

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 31

Axel:

The desk chair shattered when I threw it against the office wall, she is gone, and it was our fault. We failed to protect her a second time.

Our Luna, Gamma, and head warrior have all been taken. My beta is in critical condition in the pack hospital after being ambushed by wolfsbane. We are still no closer to knowing who the mole is and if they acted alone or if more managed to get around our men.

Fur sprouted from my skin at the thought of little bird.

“You need to calm down, boys. If you control yourselves, we will never be able to get them back home.” Doris said, pacing the floor.

Kicking the debris from our rampage around the room.

“Please lead us, Goddess. Please.” She whispered, cleaning the mess up.

“Get her back, now! Before I take control of the situation!” Growled my wolf.

“I am doing everything I can, damn it!” I snarled back, shattering the whiskey glass in my hand.

I rubbed the mark on my neck, needing to feel closer to Harley. How could we have let this happen?

I closed my eyes, focusing on the silver threading that binds us as one. It is still brightly lit and vibrating with life. Yet, no matter how much I reach out to it... to her... I get no feelings and no response.

What could that mean?

Byron and a snotty-faced Drew came in, taking in the damage to the room.

“You have us. What can we do to help?”

I growled, unable to be appreciative of their efforts when they asked such a stupid fucking question. If I knew how to fix this

I already would have.

We already had every available man in the pack out searching for them, and we had our best trackers on them, but their scents disappeared just outside as if they turned into thin air.

I ran my fingers through my shaggy hair for the one-hundredth time in the last hour.

Mine and Atlas’s phones rang out at the same time. I pulled my phone from my pocket, clicking the link for the request to share a live video feed. Immediately, I dropped to my knees, feeling like silver was running through my veins.

Harley’s face was so swollen and bruised she couldn’t even open her eyes and her red lipstick was smudged across her bruised face.

Her voice came through the speakers, desperate to stop them from lashing Nathan.

“NO! HIT ME!” she screamed, calling them names.

Nathan opened his mouth to protest her when they wrapped the whip around her body with a sick crack.

Our brave little mate stood silently, taking the lashings so her Gamma would not be hurt.

She commanded Nathan to shut up, using her rank over him. He tried so hard to fight it, unable to. The man with the whip could not ignore the command either. He must have been a rogue.

I can't watch it anymore.

“They want the mark in exchange for Harley and Nathan.” Atlas’s voice was full of gravel and anger, mirroring my emotions.

“We need some help here,” Drew said, laying Doris on the ground since everything else had been flipped over.

“She's just having a vision,” Atlas said, going to her side.

Suddenly, loss washed over me in agonizing waves, making Atlas and I clutch our chests.

I closed my eyes, reaching out for my little mate's tether. It was still shining brightly... so were my gammas.

“Drake.” I shook my head.

“Ummm, I am not an expert... but is this normal?” Clayton asked, picking up a notepad to fan Doris.

Her eyes were bright silver orbs like galaxies of moons and stars had combined in a soup pot.

“She is deep in the forest, on a moonlit path. Behind a charm so wicked and black.

Erase the magic from which it came and make the forest whole again.” Doris repeated.

She sat up gasping. Sweating and pale.

“The Goddess. The Goddess visited me.” Tears welled in her eyes.

“She gave me clues to find Harley.” She softly sobbed, wrinkling her nose.

“Where is a stone path in the forest?” Drew asked Doris.

My thoughts went blank; I know every inch of this territory, and nothing like that sticks out to me.

“Thistle Brook has a cobblestone walking path that spreads miles through the forest.” Denny staggered into the room, still wearing a hospital gown and grip socks.

“Denny!” I pulled my mate's brother into my arms. Harley would've killed us all if something were to have happened to him.

“I swear to god if you shake me like that again, I will puke on your expensive ass shoes.” he gagged at the motion flopping down next to Doris.

“What is Thistle Brook?” Colton asked with scrunched brows.

“The gaps between my pack and theirs weren't always overrun by rogue wolves, Clayton. Thistle Brook used to be a large coven of Witches that lived between the territories of Clearwater and Evergreen.” Byron said.

“The Doctor told me everything when I woke up. If anyone cares to tell me where we are on finding my sister,” Den said, flopping his head back, still fighting the urge to vomit.

“I think you should go back to the pack hospital and get the care you need, Dennis,” Doris said, looking at a very green Denny.

“Like hell.” He grumbled. Standing to his feet.

“Is she in Thistle Brook?” He asked me.

I couldn't answer his question, so I just looked at him. The truth is, the only two things I know without a doubt, are that she is alive and I will bring her home.

“We think so,” Atlas answered for me.

“I’m getting changed, and we can get down there then,” Den said, scuttling from the room.

“How do we erase the magic?” I asked Doris.

After a few minutes of careful thought, her eyes met mine in an intense stare.

“We have to go! Get Dennis back to the hospital, boys.” She said while dragging Atlas and me from the room.

We shifted, ripping through the night with Doris leading the way.

"We are coming for you, little bird," I whispered through the mind link, hoping she would hear.