

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 32

Harley:

The silver blade slid through the thin layer of skin above my breast. The swelling in my eyes had come down just enough that I could see the red glow of the vampire's eyes staring at the blood leaking down my chest. This was despite the unbothered look on my face.

It had my heart racing.

"If you even think about it, I will rip your arms off and beat you with them when I get down from here," I growled.

His sick laughter rang loudly around the room. His tongue lay flat against the blade licking my blood from it. I never broke eye contact; fearful I would miss something.

"If anyone here gets to taste you, it will be the king, pretty girl." He chuckled, making another swipe across my side, stabbing the blade deep into my side with a twist.

"I would love to know who taught you Neanderthal manners," I said as a bead of sweat ran down my forehead.

I still can't feel the pain of the injuries, but I know my body is struggling with them.

He ripped the blade from my side as the wound cauterized itself from the burning silver of the blade.

We have been at this for hours. Several men have tried to make me scream in agony. None have succeeded. But this game they've made of it keeps Nathan safe. They aren't interested in him anymore and because of that, I can handle this for a while longer.

"Time is up." The guy on the outside of the door said knocking.

Nathan groaned waking up again. They keep sedating him with something to keep him from fighting and freaking out every time someone comes in to have their turn.

"Pathetic, bitch." I smirked.

Like the others, he left. Sick of my attitude and the hostility that comes from them not winning their running bet of who would be the one that makes me scream.

"Fuck, Harley. I am so sorry. You... it's so bad." He sounded like he was fighting to speak around something lodged in his throat.

"It will heal. It's fine." I said with a massive yawn.

Silence filled the room. I shut my eyes hoping maybe I could sleep for a bit.

"Damn... we look terrible." My girl's lazy yawn spread across my aching head like a warm blanket.

My eyes were misted over. I really did have her back. She is why nothing hurts.

"I have missed you so much, sweet girl." I leaned my head back, letting tears of joy run freely.

"We need to get free." He mumbled trying to break the chains again.

"I agree with Gamma." My wolf said shaking her fur out.

"I think the mark is a person and not a thing," Nathan whispered through the darkness of the room we were being held in.

I had thought about that too. I also thought it was a plant or a place. No matter what I looked at despite it seeming familiar I still couldn't figure out how I knew that mark.

"Who would it be?" Surely someone would have noticed that big fucking mark on someone or themselves?" I snuffled trying to rein my emotions back in.

"I don't know but there isn't any other explanation." He said trying to slip his hand from the cuff.

His skin sizzled, bubbling against the silver. He was biting his lip so hard to keep from screaming that his teeth were turning red with

his own blood.

"Gah. Fuck!" he snarled, giving up on getting the cuff off.

"Really? You don't recognize that mark?" A wolf's snicker ran through my brain.

"No, we have looked everywhere." I snapped pissed because I wanted to sleep.

"What's the tattoo on our back?" she asked with a wolfie grin.

"Oh, it was just pretty stuff I put together to cover the..."

Flashes of that day ran through my mind. Ashley, the tattoo artist I was seeing that day, spent two hours placing those stencils over my birthmark.

"It's me... I am the mark." I whispered to her.

"No. We are the mark." She laughed, wagging her tail.

Atlas:

We have been running for hours with nothing but the forest in sight. We crossed into the territory gap a while ago and the fact that we

I haven't seen a single rogue and that is making my hackles stand on end.

Where have they all vanished?

"We are about to run through a charm, be ready! Keep your head low and push it back if it pushes you." Doris yelled through the link.

"What does that mean?" Axel yelled back as the wind howled viciously around us.

Doris disappeared into the wind and before I knew it the forest was changing. I could see lights at the end of a short driveway. But I felt like my paws were engulfed in tar.

"Push it back boys!" Doris called from the porch of the cabin.

"Think of her, Atlas. The sand around my paws shifted when I thought of her." Axel called out.

So, I did. I thought about the way she danced after the first sip of her morning coffee. I thought of how her skin smelled like sweet vanilla, and how she dances to metal music no matter what she is doing. How her lip's part and her skin flush from sleep, and how perfectly sweet those pink lips tasted to me.

The tar caused me and Axel to roll into each other. The cabin was transformed into a kitchen. A kitchen that Axel and I mangled when our big wolves rolled through the small space.

"Magic is a strange thing isn't it, boys?" Doris said squatting on her hind legs beside a graying woman who could pass as someone's fifth great-grandparent.

The old woman reached out pecking my head with her cane.

"I heard that thought. I may look old to you, but I can still skin your ass to keep myself warm." Her boney finger shook in my face.

"What can I do for you, Doris? You brought muscle with you. Therefore, I assume this visit is about me beating you in that poker game forty-two years

ago.” Her legs wobbled packing her into a chair in the corner of the cabin's living area.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Agnus. We BOTH know you cheated. But that's not why I'm here. I was gifted a vision from the Goddess regarding the whereabouts of Clearwater’s future Luna. She was kidnapped and the Goddess believes she is being held behind a dark charm right here in Thistlebrook.” she told her.

“And you think I had something to do with it? That is an OUTRAGE!” She grumbled growing louder.

“Well, did you build a dark charm in this forest for a vampire and a bunch of rogues?” Doris grew louder as she spoke.

“Of course, I did. Who else would have that type of power around here?” She chuckled dryly at Doris.

My fury erupted.

I shifted uncaring about my nakedness swinging in front of my nana or grandmother time.

“WHERE is it? Where is my mate?” My hands circled the old woman's throat as I screamed.

In a blink, she was gone.

I turned to see her sitting on the counter connecting the kitchen and living room.

“I will not tell you a thing until you put that third leg of yours away! And if you try some dumb shit like that again I will turn you into an attractive rug to put in front of my fireplace, you mongrel!” She growled with lightning in her eyes.