

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 34

Alistair:

Rage consumed me at the top of the bluff. I didn't have to travel any further to know what was waiting for me down there. The smell of blood was thick in the air.

The sun was coming up, irritating my eyes and making my skin itch.

She is gone.

I didn't want to admit it to myself, but now that she wasn't here, I had no choice. The little wolf got under my skin.

I returned from the realm of the forgotten to find the men taking turns hurting the girl. No matter what they had done to her, she held her head high without so much as a whimper.

As much as her strength attracted me, it was the smell of her blood that hooked me on her. It was... intoxicating.

I can't get that scent out of my mind.

It coated the walls of the cabin for sure, but even at the top of this bluff I could smell her as clear as day.

I shook my head trying to regain perspective. I have business to attend to.

I ran through the forest, the world a blur around me. The howl of the wind consumed me as I ran through the hag's charm straight into her lair.

"I have been expecting you." She murmured, sipping her tea.

"You know with your betrayal comes consequences," I replied as I sat down in her dusty living room.

"Ah... you may have lost this battle, but now... now you can win the war... unless you still want to kill me, my king." Her eyes bore into me like she was looking for the soul I lost long ago.

"Is that so?" the woman was intuitive. I would be a fool to think she didn't know what would happen next.

"Do tell," I said, reaching my hands to her so.

Her wrinkled hands were planted firmly in mine, gripping them tightly. I closed my eyes as flashes of book pages and the girl writing something down on paper danced around my mind. Flashes of her hanging in the cabin as... realization strikes her... she shifts, busting the cuffs from her hands... standing there on all fours is a magnificent beast cloaked in black. The only shred of another color on her is silver dancing across her back. It looked like...

My eyes shot open as the old woman took in my expression with a smirk.

"The girl is the mark you are looking for, vampire. The one to grant you the power you seek. Unfortunately for you, she is already spoken for. Paired with the Alphas of Clearwater. Both are already marked by her. A powerful mark, unlike any others I have seen of its kind. Thick black swirls under the collar of their shirts and up along their jawlines. If they mark her back, you will have missed your opportunity." She laughed a diabolical tune at my expense.

I jumped to my feet seething.

"I will just have to make sure that doesn't happen." I stood.

“Wait, my king. There is more.” Her lips swept across her teeth. Evil shines brightly in her eyes.

I sat back down, reaching out my hands again. The words of a prophecy from long ago rang in my mind like church bells, almost too loud to see the pictures in the vision. Their moon goddess stood proudly as the girl gave birth to a son. As the light intruded on his still-sensitive eyes, the child opened his eyes in resistance. They glow as brightly as the cosmos.

The witch pulled her hands back as the vision of the boy faded.

“If you let the girl, be marked and impregnated, you could take that child as your own heir. He possesses a power even greater than hers and is destined to do incredible good. But... what if... he was convinced to do great evil instead? Imagine the power you could have with the boy at your side.” Her eyes drifted behind me in the distance. It was like she too was imagining the same outcome as I was.

My thoughts were on a different path entirely though, something much... better.

I left the witch's lair with her, thinking I would lie low until conception occurred. However, I made it clear to the shifters that if I didn't have the mark by tonight, I would attack.

I crossed into the third realm ready to explode.

I burst through the doors of the castle with steam blowing from my ears.

“Your Highness, what a pleasure. Is there anything I can do for you?” Lance asked.

“Rally the troops. When the moon is at its highest, we ride.” I growled, sitting on my throne as the king of the damned.