

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 45

Axel:

“This is the only way, boys.” The lion stood with his arms crossed like a smug bastard.

“You have to cross over, you can’t die. But you have to die. Get it? Think of it as controlled chaos. I slice and dice you with my claws, fuck you up a bit. You cross over where the goddesses will absolutely kick your asses into shape, and while you are there, I am here cutting you as your wolves heal you.” Atlas and I looked at each other like he had six heads.

“This is stupid,” Denny said, running his hands through his hair.

“Stupid, sure. But it is effective, beta. You want your sister back, yeah?” he asked Denny.

“We all want her back. Let’s get on with it.” Atlas said, shaking the nerves from his hands.

Atlas and I sat in chairs where the lion tied our hands behind our backs.

His fingers extended to the claws of his lion. His first gash went through Atlas from his chest to his navel. Atlas’s scream reverberated off the walls like a reminder of all of our mistakes. I shifted in my chair, wanting to rip from the ropes and be with him. I hate this. I want my mate, and I want my brother to not feel pain.

“Fuck. I’m okay Axel.” He wailed as sweat began beading on his forehead.

My struggle lessened at his words. He met my gaze, nodding as the lion clawed him again. This time he just shook violently in pain.

“Your turn, pretty boy.” He grinned, stepping in front of me.

His first gash ran across my collarbone down to the bottom of my right rib. I bit my lip as the metallic taste of my blood danced on my tongue. My body shook like I had been standing in an arctic storm butt-ass naked as the shock settled into my bones painfully.

Gash after gash, our skin was flayed from our bones.

Unconsciousness swallowed me. I was still very aware of my body being mangled, even as my surroundings changed from our office, which was now painted in our blood, to a night sky more vibrant and beautiful than I had ever seen before.

My fingers grazed the dewed grass I was lying on. I shot upright with my head swimming.

“Atlas!” I looked around sighing in relief that my brother was next to me.

I grabbed his hand, pulling him to a sitting position as he groaned, probably feeling as stiff and sore as I did. Here our chests were marked with the scars the lion had created to get us here. I wonder if those will be there once we have healed.

“Get up ladies. You have a lot to learn if you plan on getting your girl back this century.” A woman’s voice rang behind us.

Atlas and I turned with our jaws dropping.

Before us was Selene, our moon goddess. At her side was Artemis, the goddess of the hunt and femininity. Clementia, the goddess of forgiveness. Aphrodite, the goddess of love. Athena is the goddess of war. Hera is the goddess of marriage. Circe, the goddess of magic. Atropos, the goddess of fate and destiny. Lastly, Harmonia, the goddess of harmony.

“We are in trouble,” Atlas whispered through our mind link.

“Smart and handsome.” Aphrodite chuckled.

Atlas and I took a knee for the goddesses, bowing our heads and bearing our necks in respect of the mighty women in front of us.

“Thank you, boys. You may stand. The time we have is precious and must be used wisely.” Selene said with a soft smile.

“You can say that again,” Athena said, stepping forward and scowling at us.

Atlas:

“Childish... disrespectful... immature... irresponsible... inconsiderate,” she grumbled like she was scolding us.

I looked at Axel, his eyes were dark orbs of chaos. Neither of us is used to being spoken to like that, but he clearly did not realize who was standing in front of us right now.

I jabbed him in the arm when he let a low husky growl out.

“Enough!” Selene’s serene expression faded, showing us the goddess behind those kind silver orbs.

“These women are here to help me show the two of you the very reasons the realms are being jeopardized the way they are right now. You will show them nothing but respect and appreciation. If you step out of line again, I will send you back to your bodies and strip you of your mate bonds completely and allow Harley a second chance mate.” Her voice was calm... collected even. But her words struck fear into us both.

“Yes, Goddess,” we said in unison.

Axel turned to apologize to Athena for his behavior.

“I understand your beast is at war with you. But you need to understand that the reason you are struggling so badly with keeping your mate safe and happy is because of your past mistakes and the mistakes you continue to unconsciously make.” Her aura pressed down on us, dropping us to our knees.

“It will be my job to show you where you lack discipline and show you how to fix it.” She said.

“We get to show you how to love her by teaching you to love and forgive yourselves.” Aphrodite chimed in, pulling Clementia upfront with her.

Atropos stepped forward to speak next.

“We all have a role to play here. But first, you have to see for yourselves why you are here.”

She waved her arm into the sky and, as if a projector were hanging high in the sky, flashes of the past started playing in front of all of us like a movie.

“Long before humans and supernaturals were separated by realms, everyone lived peacefully in one realm, coexisting happily. It wasn’t until war broke out that the other realms were created to have safety for everyone.

Unfortunately, having many realms coexist requires a lot of magic. Because of that, we each took small pieces of ourselves and created a supernatural thing that could act as a battery pack to keep that magic stable and charged. Harley is that battery pack.” Selene said.

“In this life and many before this one, her soul has existed with the purpose of keeping the realms from self-destructing. Her soul wandered lonely for many eons unsatisfied with her existence. So... we helped Selene create your souls to join hers. Your souls hold no power to continue the existence of everything, but Harley could not fulfill her purpose without you, and the battery pack could not exist without the heir you all created.” Artemis said.

The screen flashed many versions of Harley through the sky. But I knew they were all hers. Her big blue eyes changed from different hues of blues,

browns, and greens. Her long black hair took many colors and lengths, and even her porcelain skin changed. But there was no mistaking it was her.

As time passed, you could see the sadness in her grow. The next time her life ended and was reincarnated, that soul split into three.

Time kept going as we all stood watching.

“This reincarnation occurred before yours,” Selene spoke softly.

The screen kept flashing and my heart jammed in my throat. Harley was born sleeping. Never having the chance to grow and learn, not getting to love or be loved. The boys grew into men, never finding each other. One died of pneumonia and the other was murdered by a vampire. No, he wasn't murdered... he was changed.

The corpse rose from the dirt and fire laced my veins. It was Alistair.

“When the man was turned, he lost his soul. Hundreds of years passed without the reincarnation of your spirits because of this incident. Harley's soul searched far and wide for the two of you, unable to find you and be happy, many things took place over that time. She died giving birth once. She grew old with a man she never truly loved and was unable to have children. She was abused and beaten and sold to Alistair as compensation for her father's debt. But being with Alistair, they were able to fall in love and be one because, in a past life, they were also meant to be.” Selene was telling the story of the pieces I had managed to put together myself.

“Does he think Harley is his mate?” Axel growled.

“He IS her mate, boy. Just as much as the two of you. But he has rotten intentions towards her and her powers and those intentions can never be allowed to manifest.” Hera spoke this time.

“How do we stop him? Even if we get her back, he has stolen her twice now.” I asked, growing more anxious knowing he has had her in his realm this long.

The goddess took turns sharing a questioning glance.

“Before everything that is still in the dark has a light on it, you must learn the things required of you.” Selene's voice roared over the crowd and I hadn't noticed until now, but everyone but Atropos was evaporating into thin air.

“Well, let's get started then, shall we?” kindness radiated from her but my nerves had me shaking. What if this isn't enough to get her back, and what if, when we do get her back, she wants nothing to do with us?