

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 47

Harley:

I was heading downstairs when I heard Alistair and the girl I had caught him fucking in the hall fighting. My heart hit my ass when he told her to go, that he wanted to talk to me. Even my wolf's ears perked up at that.

“Get control of yourself, we will not be excited that he wants to talk to us. That’s stupid!” I grumbled at my wolf who was sitting on her butt doing happy taps with her front paws.

“Straighten up. If you get the zoomies and give me a headache I will kick your fuzzy ass.” I snapped at her, but she wasn’t listening. She was still zoned in on them.

“Alistair, I have spent years at your side since my sister died. How can she come in and within a couple of days have you ready to let me just walk out like this?” the woman was pouting like a child, and I could tell by the way his shoulders were tensing up that he was getting angry with her.

“Do you think that coffee is for me? It smells good.” I said to my wolf.

“Adoria, if you want to leave, then go. Either way, I am going to speak with Harley now.” Alistair was doing well holding his temper with her.

I turned on the stairs and ran back to his room. I jumped into his bed with my heart thudding in my throat. Why does he want to talk to me? That coffee had better for me. Why is he being mean to his girlfriend?

“You know it is rude to eavesdrop?” He said as he entered the room.

I threw the covers off in a huff. My wild hair covered my face.

“I wasn’t eavesdropping. I went in search of coffee and happened to catch the tail end. I could care less what you and your girlfriend fight about... do you have coffee?” my fingertips were tingling in anticipation of my bittersweet caffeine.

He chuckled, passing me the large hot cup. I popped the lid off, surprised that it had creamer in it. I took a long drink, uncaring that the taste buds on my tongue were burning alive. He stepped into his closet. I could hear him changing his clothes and rattling something around.

“We need to talk and as much as I love seeing you in nothing but my shirt, you may be more comfortable in your own clothes.” He stepped out of his closet handing me a bag.

I flipped it open, getting a bit too excited at the panties inside. Fuck yes! CLOTHES!! I snatched the jeans, black tee, bra, and panties from the bag and ran inside with my coffee in hand. After I got the clothes on, I used his deodorant and hairbrush and stole one of the hair ties on the sink, wadding my messy hair up. Now all I need is a toothbrush and I can feel human again.

“You know if you are going to steal someone you should really accommodate their needs,” I grumbled, stepping out.

“I will have to get Lance to get your things moved in here. You have everything you need in your room, but I find I rather enjoy you being in my chambers instead.” A sly smirk crossed his face.

I flipped him off, settling myself on the floor in front of the massive windows. The moon was still hanging high in the sky. Had I slept through the day?

“Time is weird here.” He said, seemingly able to read my thoughts.

“What did you want to talk about?” I asked, ignoring my thudding heart.

He came over to me. My eyes wandered, taking in his muscled legs, and his v-line peeked from his waistband. I had never noticed the gorgeous ink scattered across his chest but it really is beautiful work. His shaggy hair hung over in his eyes slightly but I could still see his eyes burning through me as I took in his body.

He sat in front of me on the floor leaning back on his hands.

“Did you know I used to be human?” he grinned.

“I did not,” I said, sipping my coffee.

“I was. I spent that entire life concerned with money and status. I had barely lived at all when I was murdered by the vampire who turned me... I learned today that my soul was reincarnated. Would you like to know who my soul was reincarnated into?” my thoughts trailed slightly unsure of if I did or not. For the sake of peace, I decided to nod my head.

“Axel Grimm.” He murmured.

My coffee lodged in my throat like gravel, and I choked coughing up a lung. He reached around patting my back and when I was somewhat able to breathe again, I choked out the only word in my mind.

“Bullshit.”

“Honestly, that was my same reaction. But it is true. I was shown the vision.” He laughed, settling back into his relaxed position.

“So, what are you saying exactly?” I asked, finally getting control of the ache in my chest at the mention of my mate.

“You were also my Cordelia. Her spirit reincarnated as you and that is why I am so... drawn to you.” My body flushed at the way his eyes trailed across me. He took in every inch of me before his eyes settled back on mine.

“You are drawn to my powers, Alistair. Granted, you may want to fuck me too, but you and I both know you want my power and that’s it. And to come in here trying to say you and I are mates, pisses me off. I have mates. You had a mate, and I am sorry she died, but enough is enough now. Enough mind games, enough of the polite handsome captor shit. Either kill me and take my power or let me go home. Please note if you choose the first one, I will do you the same way I did the pukwudgie and I will fry your ass.” I growled.

“You think I am handsome?” His boyish grin went wide, showing me the deep dimples kissing his cheeks.

“Really? That was all you took from that?” I rolled my eyes.

“Harley, the twins are on a journey as we speak with the goddess that created you. If they succeed, the portal will be opened and they will come in and, as pissed off as that will make me, I will let them take you home. I no longer have an interest in your powers. All I want is the opportunity to make you see that I am your mate too. I don’t want to hurt you, or the twins anymore... I just want a chance.” His eyes were trained on the floor, and it made my heart clench in an all too familiar way.

My hand moved on its own, settling on his cheek. His icy skin felt like putting your hand in freshly fallen snow, but instead of that aching pain that you get from snow, it was more like working outside in one-hundred-degree weather with humidity so high that you can barely breathe the air and then finally getting to step inside of a cold shower. His face relaxed into my hand and my thumb rubbed soft circles on his stubbled face.

“He is telling the truth, Harley. I feel the mate pull for him.” My wolf howled in excitement.

Her truth slammed into me as I settled back into my spot. I felt something for him too. I was just too scared to admit it. But now that it is out there, what am I supposed to do?

Axel:

I watched as the life faded from my eyes before turning back to my brother, who was standing in front of Atropos. He nodded at me in approval as I walked forward to join him.

“You have killed the piece of you that makes you act with uncertainty. Good job boys, and good luck.” Atropos said as she faded out, disappearing completely.

Atlas and I made eye contact. Both of us looked around at the empty forest and behind us, seeing that the versions of ourselves we killed were no longer there.

“Now what?” I asked into the emptiness.

“You two are certainly impatient.” Athena had appeared out of nowhere, taking in Atlas’s cut-up face and the bleeding wound on my abdomen.

“You two look worse for wear.” She chuckled, waving her hand over us. I hissed as the wound on my abdomen closed and Atlas sighed in relief as he opened the eye that had been gashed open.

“Thank you, Goddess,” we said in unison.

She nodded her response, and I pulled my blood-soaked shirt over my head that was now threatening to dry and stick to me.

I pulled my sword from the dirt where I had stuck it.

“What’s next, Goddess? I am ready to get my mate home.” I said, popping my neck to release the tension that had settled there since Harley had been taken.

“Aren’t you an eager beaver?” She chuckled.

“Let us get to it then. You both acted without regard for anyone but yourselves when you rejected Harley. Your father gave you an out and you took it without even talking to her about where she stood or how she felt. Despite the fact that you are both good Alphas to your pack, you could be better. In war, acting without regard for others can have everyone around you killed. Good luck.” She stepped back, and with a wave of her hands, our lungs were filling with gas.

“What the fuck?” Atlas said around his coughing, trying to use his shirt to cover his mouth.

He took his shirt off, tearing it in two, handing me half and we both tied our pieces over our noses and mouths. It didn’t stop the burn of the noxious gas, but it helped some.

“What are we supposed to do?” I scooted my feet, noting that the ground we were stepping on was dirt and no longer grass.

“Get low, let's see if we can get a clearer view of where in the hell we are,” Atlas yelled around his makeshift mask.

We got low on our stomachs and the view did clear some. It looked like we were in a dead-end valley of dirt, but the walls were lined with wooden spikes and spears. At the end of the valley against the wall was a group of people. Three children, two women, and a senior man. The earth beneath us rumbled and rolled and the walls inched closer together, stopping in a cloud of dust.

“The walls are going to close on them. We have to get them up there.” Atlas screamed, pointing upward where I could see a small entryway of light beaming through the gas cloud.

We got on our feet, running to the end of the valley as the earth rumbled once more, closing the walls in another foot. When we got to the end, the women were consoling the screaming children while the old man tried to find them a way to climb up. The wooden spikes and spears were also sticking out of the walls of the smaller space leading up and out into the light above us. If we could raise them ten feet, they could use the wood protruding from the walls of the earth like the rungs of a ladder.

“Atlas, if we can lift them, they can climb.” I grabbed his arm, pulling him forward.

I grabbed the old man by his shoulders, yanking his attention from the holes he was trying to dig into the walls for them to climb.

“We are going to lift you first. You make sure the children we send up get pulled out at the top.” He shook his head yes so hard I thought he would hurt his neck.

Atlas and I stood facing each other against the wall. We locked arms, giving the man a base to stand firm on. Once he found his balance, we raised him high, holding him steady as he started climbing the wooden pieces. Next was a girl of about age nine. She squealed as we raised her high on the wall. She just barely had enough height on her to reach the wood but she used her upper body strength and managed to pull herself up onto the first wooden piece.

“I’m scared!” she cried, gripping the wood tightly enough to give herself splinters in her little hands.

“You can do this, sweetie. I can tell by the blue in your eyes you’re a brave little girl. The strongest woman I have ever met has blue eyes just like you. You are a warrior princess, kid. You can do this!” I yelled back at her.

She wiped the snot from her face, nodding. Finally finding her courage, she stood and grabbed the next wooden rung, beginning her journey upward.

The other two were too small to climb on their own, so Atlas and I found some rope that had been used to tie some of the spears on and we used a bunch of that to tie the little ones tightly to their mother's backs. Finally, both women and children

were climbing upward and I lifted Atlas up as the walls started moving again, leaving only about 12 feet before they closed completely. He reached down, grabbing my hand as I jumped, helping to pull me to the first rung. Both of us grunted in exhaustion as we climbed up.

I could see the older man struggling to continue, but the little girl was out. I smiled because I knew she was a tough little thing. My chest swelled in pride thinking of the strength she mustered because of little bird, and the thought of little bird gave me the strength I needed to forget the burning ache in my arms.

“I can’t do it. Go around me, I will catch up.” The senior yelled at the first woman who was now trying to make her way around the man.

“Keep going, you can do it. There isn’t much further dad. Please!” The woman under him wailed in fear.

“I’m just resting, sweetheart. Get that baby out of here!” he yelled to his daughter, who reluctantly did as he had said.

We made our way to the man. You could tell by the sweat coating him and his ragged breathing that his remaining strength was waning quickly.

“Come on, we can help,” Atlas said, helping to brace his back while I braced his foot, taking the other and lifting it in my hand.

The rumbling earth kept shaking us, making it harder for us all to hold on.

“You two get out of here. You are going to get killed trying to get an old man out of here. Get my daughters and the kids to safety.

“No, fuck that! We aren’t leaving you here. Climb!” I yelled using my alpha command.

Adrenaline coursed through me when the man started climbing the rungs with everything he had left.

We finally made it, the light was streaming onto us and in just three more feet, he would be out and we would have passed this step too.

The earth rattled closing in on us more. Only about six feet is left surrounding us now.

The old man grabbed the next rung as it creaked, breaking under his weight. We grabbed him as he tumbled, pulling him the rest of the way up. The wood under Atlas and I were both ready to snap from the pressure of the excess weight and it started slowly pulling its way from the earth.

We both looked at each other nodding, knowing what the other was thinking. We used our remaining strength to throw the man out of the hole, reuniting him with his family as the wood gave way.

We plummeted to our deaths together with one last thought in our minds.

We failed her again...