

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 48

Atlas:

“Wake up, princesses!” Athena’s voice busted through the silence of my mind like a bulldozer.

I struggled to get my eyes open, and I felt like my whole body was broken.

“OUCH!” Axel yelled.

I looked over to see his right arm twisted and broken. I winced for him because I knew it hurt. I tried to sit up and help him but I couldn’t... I couldn’t feel my legs. Panic swelled in me, clenching tightly around my already thudding heart.

“Calm down boys, I can fix it.” Athena chuckled as she waved her hand.

I yelled as my spine reconnected and Axel looked like he would puke when his arm started snapping back in place.

“Alright, now that you are together again. I’ll turn you over to the next step. Good job, boys. I am so proud of you.” Her smile was warm and kind and that only made my confusion grow.

“But we died!” Axel snapped.

“You did!” She laughed, clapping her hands as if our failure amused her.

“But you said you were letting us go on?” I said, still trying to get used to the blood flowing back into my legs.

“Yep, you learned your lesson. Harley would be so proud.” Her eyes lit up at the mention of our little mate and a wave of sadness consumed me. I miss her so much.

“I don’t understand,” Axel said, rubbing his no longer broken arm.

“You sacrificed yourselves for strangers. Without a second thought, you both made sure that man made it out of that hole and back to his family, even if it meant giving up your chance to get back to Harley... like how she stopped those rogues and almost died to save those women and children. You never run when someone needs you the most, you stay and you fight... regardless of the outcome. Your choices were honorable, and the sacrifices you were willing to make showed you learned your lesson. Until next time boys.” She waved her hand, evaporating into a smoke that sucked through the ground.

Axel and I both flopped back on the ground sighing in exhaustion.

“Come on, fellas. It hasn’t been that bad, has it?” I sat up to see who was here to kick our asses this time.

Clementia stood over us taking in our muddied and bloodied states with a smile on her face. You know, for them to be goddesses, they all seem to have twisted minds or just really enjoy watching us get hurt.

“Nah, it has been a cakewalk.” Axel stood reaching his hand out to me, helping me get to my feet.

“What’s next?” I asked, stretching my limbs.

“You all changed as time went on. You realized your mistake of making the rejection, but you failed to do one very important thing.

You never gave yourselves the grace of forgiveness, even though Harley forgave you. She even marked you as hers and you still held on so tightly to your regret. It takes up so much room in your heart that there is little room for the important things,” She said, backing up.

“I don’t know if I will ever be able to forgive myself for rejecting her. I have regretted it every day since and I don’t know what you

plan on having us do but I think I will die with this rock in my stomach. Even if we leave here in one piece, successful in this journey, and have her back in our arms, I don't know if we will ever be able to make up for all of the stupid and careless ways, we have hurt her and hindered her trust in us." Axel said, dropping his gaze to the grass.

"It isn't just about rejection, child. So many things start with your inability to forgive and move forward. Harley was just the last piece in that muddled chaos. Your last thought when you thought you were dying was how you had failed her again, nothing more. Just the ways you failed her." She said with sad eyes.

He looked at me and I knew he felt it too. We both know we fucked up and ruined Harley on so many different levels, and how can we just let that go? We can't. That kind of regret doesn't just go away.

"But it does, Atlas. It can just go away." I looked up, searching for a familiar voice. I think I may be losing my mind being here.

"MOM!" Axel blurted.

He ran to her, picking her up and squeezing her tightly into him as big tears fell from his eyes. I wrapped my arms around them both, letting my tears fall silently. She died when we were just kids and dad had turned into a bitter bastard. The same bitter bastard he died as.

"Okay, okay. I know." She said, rubbing our hair out of our faces.

"I miss you both so much." She let her tears fall too as she cupped our cheeks.

"What are you doing here?" Axel asked, still unwilling to turn her loose.

"I am where your inability to forgive started. You both blamed yourselves for my death and then you blamed yourselves for your father changing after I was gone. That was such a big burden for two little boys to carry. I was brought here to let you know it wasn't your fault and that there is nothing you need to forgive yourselves for when it comes to my death, boys. It was a freak thing that no one could have predicted. I was pregnant, and I lost the baby. My body was unwilling to let her go and the infection just spread much too quickly... I love you boys so much and I would have given anything to change the past for you. If I had been there, none of this would have ever happened. But sometimes these things happen for a reason. Everything happens for a reason. But you boys didn't do anything

wrong.” her eyes trailed over our tear-soaked faces. Neither of us even knew she was pregnant. We just thought she had gotten sick somehow, despite how rare it is for a wolf to pass away because of an illness.

“I was the awful thing that fostered your inability to forgive. I was granted access here to apologize for my behaviors and hopefully help you let go of all the things I made you lock away so tightly. This is all my fault boys; I am so sorry.” I whipped my head around to see our father standing behind us looking very sheepish.

I tore from my mother’s embrace ready to rip his head off a second time when my mother snatched my arm with a strength that shocked me, pulling me back to her side.

“Listen to your father boys, both of you need to hear what he has to say.” She growled, pulling us into her little arms.

“When I lost my mate, I lost so much of me. Your mom was always everything that was good and right about me. I forgot how to be

myself, I forgot how to be an alpha, but most importantly, I forgot how to be a good father to you boys. I made you reject Harley and I told you it was because she was weak and unsuitable to be your Luna. But the truth is, I just never wanted you to experience the pain of losing her to death.” His eyes misted over as he took in the three of us.

“I am so sorry. I am so fucking sorry boys. You deserved so much more from me, and I hate that I lost sight of what was important.

You did the right thing by taking me away from the world. I deserved every single hit you gave me, Axel.” I have never seen our father seem so honest and vulnerable. He wasn’t even angry, and I don’t ever remember a time seeing him happy.

The screen behind the goddess started flashing again and this time it showed a time when Axel and I were just kids. We had gone to get Denny so we could all go to the fort we built as kids. Harley was sitting there on the ground crying; her little knee was busted up bleeding down her leg and her cheeks were red from the tears streaking her pale cheeks. Even then, she was so tiny. She was probably about seven here and she looked to be about five.

Little Axel ran up, pushing her curly hair from her blue eyes. I squatted down in front of her too, gripping her chin softly and making her look up at us.

“I fell.” She sniffled hard, still holding her leg.

Axel pulled out the bandana he used when we played cops and robbers and gently cleaned all the blood off of her leg.

“Go get Denny and ask Mrs. Ashwood for a band-aid.” Little Axel said as calmly as he still is today.

I took off running to get Denny and the bandage, but the video kept playing on Axel and Harley.

Axel pulled her into his arms, letting her snuggle into him the same way she still does, and my heart busted open. We have always loved her. Even when we had a shitty way of showing her how much we loved her. Axel's next words to her clenched my heart and made tears of sorrow and anger and regret pour from both of us like a fountain of renewal.

“It’s going to be alright. You’ll learn to fly one day, little bird.” He shushed her, rubbing small circles on her back and rocking her little body as her crying turned to small hiccups.