

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 49

Harley:

Alistair and I had sat looking at each other for some time now. Neither of us had spoken and the silence was getting awkward. Something just feels so off about this. How can I have a third mate? Axel and Atlas Grimm were all I had ever dreamt about and somehow I ended up with both. This though... is weird.

I opened my mouth to voice those feelings when his bedroom door slammed open, and his girlfriend came in with mascara and eyeliner running down her pale face. I'm not sure why she had been crying but I assume it had something to do with him telling her she could leave.

"How could you pick this mutt over me?" She whined her frustration.

"Whoa, leave me out of your shit lady." I sipped my coffee, scooting back for a better view to watch the drama.

Alistair looked at me like I had offended him, but the reality is. He fucked up. There is no telling what promises he has made to her and this is his problem. I won't be a part of it. My feelings are still for my twins. The love I have is theirs, even though there is something between Alistair and me too. It is still new and very undiscovered.

"Adoria, you are crossing the line. You have no right to come in here like this and you know nothing about Harley or our situation," Alistair growled.

"Situation? You mean how she looks just like Cordy and every time you look at her your dick gets hard because of that." She screeched.

I took another drink of my coffee, enjoying the drama unfolding. There is something about a man getting his ass handed to him that amuses me.

“ENOUGH!” he shouted, making her shrink into herself.

“Alistair, what have you told her was going to happen between the two of you and how long has it been happening?” I asked softly.

If he has made a life with her, whatever is between us can never be. I’m not that girl.

“Whatever you are thinking, Harley. Don’t do it.” My wolf whined in my head.

Before anyone else could answer, Lance came in panicking.

“Sire, there has been a leak from nothing! The dark ones are spilling into this realm like a waterfall. There are thousands, my king.” He panted.

“What is nothing? Who are the Dark ones?” I asked.

“I need you to stay here. Both of you stay here. I will handle this. Lance, prepare the army.” Alistair snarled.

Fuck that, I need to release some of the pent-up chaos in me.

“I’m coming.” I stood up, looking for shoes.

“Absolutely not.” Alistair grabbed my shoulders with a look of fear in his eyes.

“If you think being my mate means you get to tell me what to do, then you would do well to learn as my other mates have and let me make my own decisions. Either I walk out of here at your side, or I sneak out killing anyone who tries to stop me and fight anyway. Got it?” I chugged the rest of my coffee, eyeing Adoria’s feet.

She was wearing some kind of boot but there wasn’t a heel on it and the size looked right.

“Give me your shoes.” I stuck my hand out to her.

“Excuse me? No.” she scoffed, crossing her arms.

There is no time for her childish games and I am not the man who put her in her feelings this morning. I walked closer to her noting how she looked down at me. I hit her in her jaw so hard I heard it crack as she fell to the ground knocked out. I pulled her shoes off lacing them onto my own feet.

“Let’s go.” I grabbed Alistair’s hand, pulling him out of his room.

“You have to take their heads, that is the only way to kill them. Once their heads are gone, burning them is the only way to ensure they stay dead. The Nothing is a shadow realm of black death. Nothing is there, but anything can end up there. If someone or something ends up there, they turn into a dark one.” He gave me the run down as we ran outside to an armory-type thing. I grabbed an emerald and black hoplite sword from the corner. Gasps rang around the brick walls, but I just walked around their gazes and whispers.

“How the fuck did you get that?” Alistair growled like I had pissed him off.

“It was sitting in there and it was pretty. Is it yours?” I offered him the sword as my wolf whined, also not wanting to let him have it. It is very pretty but it fits perfectly in my hand and the hum of its cool metal is tantalizing.

He stepped back as if the sword would hurt him if he took it.

“No one has been able to wield that sword in ten thousand years, Harley. It kills anyone who tries to touch it.” His shocked expression lingered on the sword in my hand.

“Well, I’m not dead, so... let’s get to it then,” I grumbled, walking down a path by the building. Another vampire stepped in front of me but was careful not to get too close.

“I—It... It is that way, my queen.” He too kept his eyes on the sword.

I turned to look at the men walking into the forest. I turned to walk that way too, but the sword got heavier, making me stop to look at it. The emerald stone in the center of the handle grew hot in my hand. Maybe it was a delayed effect?

I wanted to let it go but my fingers weren’t working.

“Let it guide you.” My wolf whispered.

“I think I would prefer this way. Please don’t call me queen again, it sounds weird. Harley is fine.” I said, sidestepping the weary vamp.

I let the sword guide me in a completely different direction than what the vampire had said. I trusted that the sword feeling feather lite meant that I was going where it wanted me to. What I didn’t expect was for the forest that I had stepped into to get swallowed by a tar-like substance that was killing the vegetation entirely. The sword glowed brightly in my hands. It shook in my hands, overwhelming me with a power I had never felt before.

Energy surged through me like I had been plugged into a wall socket. Black waves ebbed and flowed between me and the blade like the waves of the ocean.

“It’s time, Harley. Wake up!” my wolf howled loudly in my mind, and I hunched over clutching my head as a ripping pain circulated through my entire body.

Axel:

Clementia disappeared, as Atlas and I cried. I didn’t even know why I was crying now, I just couldn’t stop. Mom hugged us goodbye, kissing our cheeks one last time until we meet again. Dad stepped up to us and every ounce of anger and hatred I had for him was gone. Before me was the same man I had looked up to as a child and I hugged him tightly, letting all of the hurt in me that I held so tightly towards him out through tears.

“I shouldn’t have killed you.” My voice was so strained it hurt to speak.

“Shh. You did the right thing, my boy. No need to be sorry or hurt. It was the right thing. I am so proud of you both. Just know mom and I check in on you all, all the time. I can’t wait to see my first grandchild. We will be there for that too. Okay?” I nodded at his words as he took Atlas into his arms too.

“I love you, boys.” He whispered as he disappeared in our arms.

“That was so sweet!” Atlas and I both turned to see a crying Circe.

She cleared her throat and straightened her spine, jutting her chin out.

“Let’s keep going, I have received word that we are running low on time,” she said, dusting her dress off.

“What do you mean we are running low on time?” fear spiked at her words.

“My boy, it is January the second. Time works weirdly here.” She shrugged.

“What? That’s two weeks!! We have been doing this for two weeks? Are we even alive anymore?” Atlas snapped.

Circe snapped her fingers, shutting Atlas’s rant up.

“Enough boy. Agonalia is soon and you must have Harley marked by then. The vampire too, otherwise…” her voice trailed off as the weight of her words settled into us.

“That blood-sucking bastard is not marking our mate!” I roared.

“Hush! This is a topic for another time. For now, you must do your part to understand the awakening that Harley will go through. Small magic will happen as her powers awaken. It is when she takes her true form that you may be fearful of her. But the universe needs to be charged and she is the only one that can do it. The realms are slowly dying, boys. Slowly being swallowed by The Nothing and if it happens in full… there will be nothing we can do to stop it.” Her eyes pierced us with a certainty that sent shivers down my spine.