

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 51

Alistair:

I turned back around after one of my men had told me the direction we would be heading into the forest. Harley was nowhere to be found. I wonder if she changed her mind and went back inside. No... the little thing lives because of violence. She would never sit out on a chance to fight like that. I have to find her.

“Patrick, have you seen our queen?” I yelled to one of the men guarding the armory.

“She left heading west about five minutes ago my king.” He choked out as my blood boiled.

If I had a beating heart in my chest, this girl would have already given me two heart attacks and an aneurysm. I took off running west with a small group of troops at my back. After a few minutes, I could clearly hear the thudding of her heart and the gnashing of la espada de la Muerte.

I followed both closely, coming into a clearing to find the little kitten surrounded by dark ones. Her eyes were glowing like black pearls in the sunlight and her whole body glowed with that same magnificence. Her powers... she has awakened. Soon she would take her true form and that thought was enough to send shivers along my spine. I pulled my sword, running full force at her.

In the bubble she had created around them, it was like time didn't exist anymore. She moved with laser precision and focus, decapitating one dark one after the other.

“Are you alright, Harley?” I asked, taking her by the arm, and looking her over for any injury.

It would seem she didn't know her power had awakened and was coursing through her or maybe she didn't know how to use them fully. She could walk right through them unscathed if she chose to. She jabbed her sword in my direction and for a moment I thought I had lost her, I thought the power had been too much and had consumed her entirely until I heard the thud of a dark one right behind me... she... saved me?

“I'm fine you big lug! Let's finish this shit!” she laughed, socking me on the shoulder.

Her smile spread wide on her beautiful face, making my frosted skin warm. I nodded, putting my back against hers as we fought the oncoming flow of dark ones pouring from the opening... She had found the opening. If she could sense the opening, she could close it.

“Harley, how did you know to come here?” I yelled over the power oozing from la espada de la Muerte.

“The sword wanted to lead me somewhere and my wolf told me to follow it. So, I did.” She yelled, decapitating two in one swing.

I can see where I believe the rip has occurred, but I don't have the power to see how large or exactly where the tear is... but if Harley can wield the sword, she can see it.

“Do you see a fracture in the realm that is letting them come through?” I asked loudly as she dropped to her knees, taking the head off one that was crawling toward us.

“You mean the swirling vortex of doom? Yeah, I see it! My wolf said I could close it. I just have to listen. I don't know what that means, I'm still trying to figure it out.” She yelled back.

“Stop fighting the dark ones, Harley. If I'm right, you can command them. Make them stop, they can't hurt you if you can use your powers. You are wielding the sword of death, kitten. You are untouchable.” I yelled, hoping she could hear the pride in my voice. I know she can do this!

“Who’s Seth?” She yelled back, never losing focus on her fight.

“DEATH! Harley, not Seth. DEATH!” That sword is made from the bones of death himself, that’s why it kills people. If you aren’t meant to wield it, and you try, it kills you.

Her eyes shot wide, looking at me as the last dark one close to her tumbled to the ground with its head rolling away. She took a deep breath holding it before clenching her small fist around the sword, stepping into the dark ones like I thought she could. They parted from her as if they couldn’t even see her small frame making its way to their certain doom. As she made her way to the middle of them, their movements stopped entirely, all that could be heard was the buzz of her magic and the hiss of the dark ones. I lost her in the sea of ink and fear swallowed me whole.

“Kitten talk to me, I am kind of freaking out here,” I yelled into the sea of inky night.

“Harley!” I yelled as loudly as I could.

A gust of wind blew over us, making the trees in the forest sway and creak under its force. I used my arm to shield my eyes from the dirt and debris flying over us, but the view of what I thought was Harley was obstructed. I shouldn’t have let her go alone. I stepped forward, slicing the heads of the dark ones trying to grab onto me. I drew my sword back one more time, but my blade only sliced through the air. They were gone. She had closed the fracture.

There she stood in between two trees looking like death herself. Her sword was lying over her shoulder, her eyes still glowing in blackness, the wind was whipping her long hair around her waist like smoke, and at the advancement of her powers, one perfect streak of silver kissed the hair that framed her face. If I didn’t know before, I certainly do now. I have been given another chance with my mate, and for as long as I live and as long as she will have me, I will worship her into eternity.

My feet were moving towards her before I more than registered her beauty. Her smile spread wide for me as she took me in.

“I did it.” She giggled.

“Come here,” I growled. My hand clasped around her throat as my lips met hers.

I groaned as her soft lips parted, inviting me to taste. Her tongue danced against mine in an explosion of vanilla and lust and I pulled her against me, swallowing her soft moans as her little body melted perfectly against mine.

Atlas:

“Oh, come on!!” He shouted at the bastard kissing Harley... I mean... he yelled at Alistair kissing Harley.

She pulled away from him, her normal icy blue eyes shining brightly again, being framed by a streak of glowing silver hair. Her beautiful pink lips looked kiss bruised, and her cheeks were flushed with embarrassment.

“What’s wrong?” Harmonia looked at a pouting Atlas who looked like he could cry right about now. Hell... I could too.

“Are you mad that your mate kissed another man?” Aphrodite asked, looking at Atlas with sad puppy eyes.

“No,” he grumbled. Crossing his arms. I almost laughed at him. I haven’t seen him pout like this since we were kids.

“What is it then?” I chuckled.

“I can’t be mad at her for kissing her other mate. I can’t blame him for kissing her, she is sexy as hell. But... her lips taste like warm cupcakes, and I want to kiss her too.” He looked at the screen misty-eyed.

“Me too, brother. Let’s finish this so we can get back to her.” I patted his back and turned to him to face the goddesses for our final challenge.

“We’re ready.” I nodded to them.

“I believe you are.” Harmonia nodded, smiling softly.

A soft breeze blew through the meadow. I closed my eyes, inhaling the blissful moment before we had to get our asses kicked for the last time. But when I opened my eyes, the goddesses were surrounding us in a circle.

“It’s time to go home boys,” Selene said, stepping forward. Her hands pulled together as they danced in the air like the shadows she commanded.

Two glowing orbs formed in front of us, floating gracefully before shooting into us and settling deep inside of our chests. I shut my eyes against the overwhelming glow, only daring to open them when Atlas gasped. In front of us stood the portal. It was glowing brightly again. Denny ran up wrapping his arms around us, hugging us tightly, and punching us in the ribs simultaneously.

“If you two ever do some dumb shit like that again, I will kill you both.” He laughed as he pulled back, looking us over.

“Go get my sister, assholes.” He laughed, patting our shoulders.

The lion was blocking the entry but as we stepped up to him, he handed us the swords the goddesses had gifted us in the afterlife.

“Take care of them.” he nodded, stepping aside.

Atlas and I looked at each other. Excitement rose in both of us, as we stepped through the portal of creation in search of our beloved.