

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 56

Harley:

Sweat dripped down my brow. My hands and knees were muddy from me falling to the ground after that last attempt at reining in my power in an attempt to lift only one of my very supportive mates.

Every time I try, I only end up slinging them all three around wildly.

"Stand up. You are thinking about this too hard. This is no different than when you were in the forest... let me help." Alistair took my hands, helping me stand to my feet.

He pulled me against him. My back was to his chest and his icy skin cooled the burning anger rising in me. My cheeks are stained red because of our contact. Everything with him is still so new, so undiscovered that when he pulls me into his arms and does things like bringing me coffee and flowers, it makes me feel like a kid. I couldn't help but shuffle around in his hold. It was everything in me not to turn and k**s him right now.

"Close your eyes, Harley. Take a deep breath." His fingers trailed up my arms, down my shoulders, and then to my h**s. He pushed himself into my a*s and my eyes shot wide.

"I know you are nervous, kitten. But if you don't stop that little wiggle thing you are doing, I will take you right back inside that house and take you up against the first wall we come to." Instantly I stilled.

My whole body flushed with heat at his filthy mouth and if this wasn't so important, I would wiggle back into him just to see if he really had the balls to pin me anywhere. His chuckle broke me from my filthy thoughts.

"Now, envision your power manifesting. See the purple glow of your energy, but don't let it run wild like with the pukwudgie. Keep it contained. Always keep it contained unless, for some reason, you need to let the lid off. Keep those beautiful eyes focused and pick one of the twins. See him in your mind. Every detail you can manifest into that version of him. Lift your hand out. See the version of him in your mind doing exactly what you want him to do." If it wasn't for Alistair's hands being on me, I would feel like I was eating clouds because of the high that his hands were giving me. But I managed to picture Axel anyway. I know every detail and every feature of all three of their faces and seeing any of them is easy now.

"Atta girl, princess. Just like that." He growled lowly in my ear, kissing my hair.

I opened my eyes to see Axel floating perfectly in front of me just the way I had wanted. The huge smile on his face gave me butterflies.

"That's my girl." He clapped from up there.

"Good job, baby!" Alistair said, running up and giving me a forehead peck.

Circe seemed pleased with the progress I had made with that one because she moved on to power number two.

"Aside from your visions and telekinesis, I want you to work on mastering this one. It was awakened when you repaired the fracture in the other realm and can be extremely useful in battle.

"Voluntary shapeshifting." Rang Alistair.

"I turned into someone else?" I asked him while trying to remember the events leading up to me closing the rip with the sword.

"Voluntary shapeshifting doesn't let you turn into someone else. It is more... something... gas, smoke. In your case, you manifested a shadow form." His dimpled grin touched his ears at my confusion.

I thought about it, I remember walking through the dead ones unscathed... what had I done?

"I'll tell you what you did! You chanted "Please don't let them see me!" over and over." My wolf laughed at me.

Honestly, though, she may be on to something...

I backed away from everyone and closed my eyes. I walked through them thinking of myself as a shadow. I thought about being a kid in my room who was still scared of the dark. I always kept a flashlight under my pillow and when I couldn't sleep I would pull it out and make puppet shadows on the walls. I thought about the way they moved under the light. I thought about when I rolled over in the dark how I knew my shadows were still there, just unseen in the darkness of my room.

A chorus of gasps rang out from my men. Circe only smiled.

"Am I doing it?" I asked quietly.

I was fearful that even the small vibrations of my voice would be enough to break whatever manipulation I had over the darkness. I slowly opened my eyes because no one would answer me, only to be embarrassed. Nothing looked different. I hadn't done anything but make myself look foolish.

"Damn it." I stomped my foot.

"Stop. This manipulation is tied to your emotions. Remember? If you aren't careful you could ignite yourself into flames because of anger and frustration," Circe said as she made her way over to me.

"Just because you don't see anything different doesn't mean it isn't happening." My wolf whispered, still fearful that I would break my concentration.

"Harley, you look..." Atlas said, walking in circles around me.

"Como una hermosa Muerte." Like a beautiful death, Alistair said in a husky tone, making me shiver.

"Like a beautiful death, indeed," Axel said, unable to take his eyes off of me. I flushed at all three of their attention.

After all, what woman doesn't dream of three fine-a*s men drooling over her?

"What's happening?" Alistair asked Circe.

Immediately I panicked, slowing my heart rate as my wolf's words replayed in my mind. I can't see the changes in manipulation but they can.

"Relax, boys. I think Harley is just... what does this generation call it?... Horny?" Circe said, making me choke on my spit and go into a coughing fit.

Atlas and Alistair sandwiched me between them, patting my back and shaking my arms, and in my embarrassment, I swatted them away, backing up.

"I'm good, it's fine." I managed to choke out before backing into Axel's hard body.

"Oh, dear sweet baby Jesus. This is gonna be fun." My wolf rolled on her stomach, submitting to the testosterone threatening to choke me out.

"Enough boys. You are breaking her concentration." Circe said, shooing the smirking men back to their spots.

My trollop of a wolf whined in the absence of body heat, but I felt like I could breathe again despite the heat coursing through my veins. Sweat was beading on my forehead and my limbs were shaky.

"How do I turn it off? I think I'm using too much." I asked, feeling weak.

"Just think of your normal self." Circe shrugged like she didn't know how to make it go away.

I gave it a whirl in hopes that she was right. Relief flooded me when I felt the weight that was slowly pressing me down lift off of my chest. Axel gave me my water bottle, wiping the sweat from my face.

"We are sorry we distracted you, little bird." Axel pressed his lips softly against mine, making my body ignite like a live wire. I g*****d into his mouth as he pulled his soft lips away.

Atlas and Alistair looked at me like they were starving to death, and I was the only meal for miles.

"I am going to zap you three if you don't leave the girl alone," Circe growled at my men, making me laugh.

Something tells me when I get alone with the three again... my chest flushed at the overwhelming thought of having all three of them at once.

"Yes, Goddess." A chorus rang between the three, making me smirk at them.

The three of them are so much more alike than they'll ever know. I just know they'll be great friends one day.

Adoria:

Alistair had locked his chamber doors when he left. I can't get in there at all now. I had truly been removed from his side once again. I was pacing in my chamber again, something I seemed to have taken up since he had been marked. My nerves were shattered and I had no more work to pour myself into and I was all out of sadness and hurt to cry over. Now all that was left was a dark swirling anger that seemed to be ever-growing and all-consuming and it was building rapidly, threatening to swallow me whole.

"Get ahold of yourself, girl. You have eons before you get old and wrinkly. Stop giving that beautiful face worry lines." Mother rumbled.

She has been in my face consistently since Alistair jumped realms and has been steadily adding kindling to the fire that is burning me alive from the inside out.

"I believe I have the perfect plan to seat that plump little butt of yours on the velvet of that throne." Her smile stretched around her rotted teeth, making me shiver.

She is a truly wicked and evil woman... something else that I happily took after my mother. I let my own smile stretch across my lips at her words. There is no more room for wishing for things that will never be. Now it is time to think of only myself and show that vile vampire king what I am truly capable of and everything he will miss out on once I rip his unbeating heart from his chest.