

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 60

Adoria:

"The charm is out. I am confident the king cannot get back through the portal." My mother is confident in her abilities, but I worry she underestimates the power that Alistair possesses.

"Thank you, mother." I bowed to her.

"It is the least I could do, Adoria. After all, when you are queen, you can repay me for all of my hard work." I knew by the glint in her eye that whatever plan she had once I took the throne wasn't anything good.

"Yes, mother." I walked out of my chamber, leaving her there.

I still hadn't convinced Lance that Alistair wouldn't return, but now that the charm is up and blocking the portals, he has no choice but to take the throne as the king and I made sure they would figure it out soon too. I gave my mother specific directions before she closed the portal off. I wanted her to leave Harley a little gift.

Harley:

I woke up wrapped tightly in Atlas's arms. My whole body was littered with soft aches from last night, but I smiled at the soreness kissing my skin. Images of his massive hands gripping the headboard and f*****g me against it made me blush and I covered my head, smiling into his bare chest.

"I can hear your heartbeat, kitten. We know you are awake." Alistair said from outside the door.

At least he said we. I guess that means they didn't kill each other last night.

"Coming!" I yelled, almost tripping over myself.

I yanked the door open with an innocent smile on my face like Atlas hadn't made me scream his name for four hours straight last night.

"Oh, we know you did kitten. We drooled all night over the sweet sounds you were making." Alistair was leaning on the door frame eyeing me hungrily and Axel was right beside him looking me up and down.

The smile faded from my face when I saw the bruises on my wrists. s**t, I was busted. I don't know how the rules work though. Is it okay for me to just have s*x with one or do I have to have s*x with all three all the time?

"So, I will be ready to go into the other realm in a sec... I gotta... shower first." I stepped into the bathroom, locking the door behind me.

I showered quickly. I have that suffocating feeling in my chest like I have another vision coming, but this time it's different. I can't quite put my finger on it. I decided after last time nothing frilly would be worn in Alistair's realm.

I came out in a towel surprised that they had cleared the room. I grabbed skinny jeans, combat boots, and a black tank top. I braided my hair in one strand, letting it fall behind my back. But no matter how many breathing exercises I had done, there was nothing that lifted the weight in my chest like the way I dug my nails into my palms until b***d coated my fingertips. It was always my go-to maneuver, and it wasn't working. Just like usual, I sat waiting to be swept into a blinding vision, and for the first time since I started seeing the blinding images and blurred words, it never came. What the f**k is happening right now?

I rubbed my eyes until those glittering colors coated my vision and still nothing I had expected came.

"Something is wrong." I linked the twins but was surprised when Alistair came through the door first. He wrapped his arms around my waist, picked me up, and rushed into the territory in a blur. He seemed paler than usual, and his crimson eyes were trained ahead.

"I need to know what's going on!" I yelled around the whoosh of his speed.

"It's Denny." He wouldn't look at me when he said his name...

I knew it was bad and my chest caved in on me. I felt like I had grabbed a live wire and my bones would turn to dust under the heat flooding my system. I exploded in a burst of flames that would not dare burn my mate.

"Is he dead?!" he wouldn't answer my question. He just ran with everything in him.

I wailed; overcome with grief that I wasn't sure was necessary yet... but I did. I did know. My brother was dead and that weight in my chest was the weight of his loss.

The flames sizzled as my tears slid down my cheeks. Alistair stopped sitting me down beside Denny. A scream tore through me, seeing my brave big brother with his lifeless eyes that were turned to the sky. His chest had gaping holes in it, and his once-pink cheeks were now pale. His skin was still warm, to the touch and something about that was wrong. He can't be dead and warm can... can he? The flames surrounding me died out completely.

"What happened?" I asked them.

"We don't know. That isn't a wolf attack though," one of them said.

"Bring him back." My wolf's howls in my head were deafening.

"How?" my voice was broken, almost nonexistent from screaming even in my head.

"Put your hands on him, Harley. Hurry!" My fists tangled in his shirt. His limp head swayed from my tugging on him.

"Cover his heart. Think of it like an AED. See the magic you have been using and send it to him, see it sewing him back together entirely... just like new." she said.

"It isn't working! It isn't working. Please goddess, no!" I screamed until my voice cracked under the weight of Denny's loss.

I lost her completely. Her howls dulled into a low whimper, it swirled in my head like water going down a drain. No other voices would register either. Laying my hands on him didn't work and I lost it completely. My body vibrated like an earthquake that only I could feel. The lid came off the figurative container that Alister told me to cap off and only use if I had to. I used everything in me, every ounce of swirling magic that I could feel running through me. My world ignited in a purple glow, but I couldn't see anything but Denny. My big brother was always supposed to meet his mate, have pups, and be that incredible dad that our dad was for us. He was supposed to sit with his kids in the yard tossing around each other sparring. Kissing Ferra sweetly while my nieces and nephews yelled something about how gross they were. It was never meant to be this way. He wasn't supposed to leave me either.

I couldn't hear anything but Ferra screaming at the loss of her mate, and somewhere in that mix of her screams and of my wolf's howls. The world went quiet, and all I heard was them pleading with me. I could hear them. The only three reasons that I kept myself tethered to reality when the deliciousness of a power I never could have imagined swallowed me whole.

"Come back, kitten. Come back to us." Alistair's voice was low, but it was there.

"Come on, little bird." Axel's voice was coming in a little clearer, but still, it was low.

"We need you baby." Atlas's voice came in the same way as the others. It was low, and I knew they were pleading with me, but I didn't understand why.

"I'm still here," I called out, but I don't think they could hear me.

"We love you so much, Harley Grace." Their voices came through like a foghorn making waves in my focus. Darkness was swallowing me entirely, and while I was slipping into the abyss of my grief, Denny's lifeless eyes were all I could see.