

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 63

Adoria:

"This is perfect," I said, looking in the mirror. With the newfound information, we learned from the "Queen", plan B must commence.

I ran my fingers through the silky waist-length hair I had seen whip around her shoulders so often. I must admit, standing here looking at her body in the mirror, I could see why they were all drooling over her. Her body is fantastic. Her lips are soft, her t\*\*s are perky, and her h\*\*s and thighs are magnificent. I turned to look at her a\*s again. I leaned in, putting ChapStick on her plump lips.

"Your magic has really outdone itself this time, mother," I called out.

"Did you expect anything less of me, Adoria?" she asked smugly.

"Of course not," I called out, pulling on a similar pair of jeans and boots that Harley always wears.

"Now, all you have to do is convince Lance that you are Harley. Then you tell him that Adoria blasted you into The Nothing and cloned herself to look like you and that the clone is in the Clearwater pack house with your mates. He will ready the army for his Queen. That army is more than enough to take down the four of them and their

shifter army. The army will invade Clearwater and you will take your place on the throne. You may have to look like that forever, but at least she is cute." My mother waved her hand around me.

I pulled the black tank top over my head and braided the long black hair just like hers was when she blasted through my door earlier.

"I can do it," I spoke more confidently than I felt. But Lance is a naïve little bastard and I have faith that even at my worst I can trick him with this version of her.

"Good, let's go child." With a wave of her hand, she turned herself into a clone of the sword of death. This is the only way I will be able to open the portal as Harley did.

I sliced into the fabric between worlds. I landed in the woods right outside the mansion and before I went in, I placed mother softly against a rock and I rolled in the dirt, messed my hair up, and made a tear in my shirt. I picked the sword back up, ran into the mansion, and frantically called for Lance.

"Yes, my queen?" he appeared out of nowhere just like I had expected. I dropped to my knees in front of the goblin, and I turned on the waterworks, sobbing into his smelly robe.

"What has happened, my queen? Where is the king?" he asked, gripping my shoulders.

"Adoria, she snuck into the pack house and used her magic to ban me to The Nothing. I happened to have my sword and I cut open The Nothing coming here. Lance, she cloned herself to look just like me. They have no idea, Lance. My mates are in danger. What do I do?" I sobbed dramatically at the goblin's feet.

He squeezed my shoulders tenderly, wiping away my tears.

"I will ready the army, my queen. Fret not, your highness." He rushed away to prepare the army and I stood up on my feet wiping the tears away with a smile on my face.

"The tears were a nice touch," my mother whispered wickedly. By nightfall, we will burn Clearwater to the ground.

Harley:

"I don't think that is a good idea, Harley. You need to regain your energy before you jump realms again." Alistair said softly, almost fearful he would upset me. I knew he was right. My body was exhausted from the weight of the power. But I don't know what else to do. I have no other choice.

"I agree with him, little bird. You have used way too much today. Denny wouldn't want you to do this to yourself. We will find his heart, baby. But you need to be healthy when you do, otherwise, you will not be able to use the power you need to bring him back.

His words struck a chord in me. Could it be possible that my magic could run out? I envisioned the lid going back on the container, unwilling to risk it.

"What do I do then?" I whined.

"You take a nap and let us talk about this. Let us help you, love. Once we have a plan and you have rested, we will follow any road you

decide to take. You know that." Alistair said, engulfing me in a hug. His scent wrapped around me, calming every nerve ending in my body.

With a yawn, I asked them to compromise and let me take a nap on the couch so that way I would be close to them. Once they agreed, they tucked me into the couch with a fuzzy blanket where dreams of b\*\*\*d and war flooded my brain.

Axel:

"Can Adoria even jump realms?" I asked Alistair.

"No, and that's another reason I wasn't sure why the sword led her to an empty room. It shouldn't have steered her wrong." He rubbed his stubbled chin in thought.

"Maybe it didn't. When you killed the girl in our pack, the rogue you sent to kill her had taken a scent suppressor. Where did you get it?" Atlas asked him.

"Whoa, Whoa, Whoa. I didn't have anyone kill anyone. I always made it abundantly clear no one was to be hurt." Alistair said, seeming shocked.

"Well, that definitely didn't happen," I said.

"Well, I didn't give anyone a scent suppressor to kill a child. Are you kidding me? I told you both I wasn't a bad man or power-hungry, and I have only ever murdered when I had no choice. I am very f\*\*\*\*\*g old, and Harley has a higher headcount than I do." He pointed to our tiny mate. She has a higher headcount than me and Atlas too.

"I know exactly where someone could get scent suppressors though," Alistair murmured.

"We will wake Harley in a little while and go check it out. We can't leave her here alone." He said, looking at the couch again.

"Could you and I go, and Axel stay here with Harley?" Atlas asked.

"No!" I blurted.

"We do not split up!" I growled.

"Agreed," Alistair said.

Harley:

The shadow wolves had whisked me away the minute I fell asleep. I stood silently watching the two of me at war with each other. Head-to-head they snarled at each other as their blades clashed brutally. The b\*\*\*d was running down one of their foreheads clouding their eye, and the other me had a deadly gash in her side and a swollen face.

"I will not be last to you, you b\*\*\*h!" she yelled at me.

The other me didn't break focus. She moved with graceful precision, wearing the other me down. She knocked her to the ground after cutting the tendons in her ankles. She drove her blade directly into the heart of the other me. The blade she was holding shifted and shimmered, turning into the old hag that I had killed inside the forest charm that one day.

"You killed my daughter!" She yelled at me. Her hands glowed a similar magic as mine and she blasted me. The force of the attack made my shadow wolves throw me violently back into my body.

I sat up clutching my chest checking my body for wounds that weren't yet there... was that a vision of the great war to come?

My men surrounded me, shooshing me, trying to comfort me.

"I'm going to die..." I fell back against the couch wiping the hair from my eyes.

"No matter what, you have to live Harley." The goddess's words played back in my head.

"You are not going to die, Harley. I will never let anything take you away from us. The three of us are a force to be reckoned with when it comes to you. I would kill anyone that stood in the way of us being beside you." Alistair spoke softly from beside me.

"You were shown that vision to know what you were up against. The you that the other you killed was Adoria, cloned like you. Your sword was a clone of her mother." My wolf said confidently. Maybe she was right... maybe this was to show me what would happen so I would know the sword was going to shift.

Bile rose in my throat from everything going on and I barely made it to the bathroom this time before the contents of my stomach spewed from me. I could hear my mates asking if I was okay but the only reply I could muster was, to yell and tell them it was nerves. I used to puke during midterms and finals all through college. I thought I would be past this spell in my life and here I am.