

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 69

Harley:

I woke up with a twin on each side of me, and Alister with his head in my lap and a very angry goddess glaring daggers at us.

"Selene." I tried to sit up, but my mates wrapped their arms around me, pulling me back into them.

"Harley. It is too late. Eros has surfaced." Her tired eyes blazed with disappointment. I have tried multiple times to go fight Eros tonight. But it always ended with the four of us fighting and then having hot makeup s*x.

"I must go, Harley. We will not be seeing each other again until this is over. I'm afraid the universe depends on the holy ones being around as much as the holy ones depend on you. I know this isn't fair, we know far too much has been put on your shoulders, but just look at how far you have come. We are all so proud of you, Harley." Her smile was softer now.

Before I go, I need you to know something. This is the war that was prophesied and it will be much worse than what was originally predicted, but I know if anyone can come out of this on top, it will be the four of you." She smiled, trying to reassure me. But the only thing

her words had done for me was strangle me. My b***d ran cold at the thought of the many deaths that would occur in the face of this war.

Prophecy be damned. I have to do this alone. I will not drag my mates or the people that I have sworn to protect into a war that I could have prevented from happening.

“The holy realm must be made impenetrable because of Eros, and it will take all of us to be there to ensure that it stays that way. Please be safe, my child. If Eros is successful in his endeavors...” Her voice broke away and she shook her head clear of the last thought that had crossed her mind. She left me with no directions on where to find this man, or how to kill him when I did find him and then she just left without another word.

I shoved the massive arms pinning me to the bed and sat up despite every muscle in me screaming for rest. I limped over to the bag that Denny had brought me for when I was released. I quickly got dressed in skinny jeans and a tee shirt. The jeans were rubbing the stitches, making walking unbearable.

I tore the denim that covered the stitches, holding my breath as the three of them stirred. I was taking in every feature of their handsome sleeping faces and the tune of their soft snores while I laced up my boots, and I couldn't help but feel guilty about leaving them like this. What if I never come back to them? At least, if I don't, the last memory that they will have of me is the three of them falling asleep lying wrapped around me while I told them how much I love them.

I took one final look at the three of them. I wonder if they know that I have forgiven them. The love that has consumed my heart and my mind is theirs completely. The rejections, the ten years I ran from them, and the f****d up Stockholm Syndrome situation that Alistair

and I had before we discovered the bond that we share is minuscule in comparison to that love.

I snuck into the bathroom so I could pee before I ran off and all hell breaks loose. I heard them stirring and grunting as the three massive men fought for space on the small hospital bed.

"How do we get out of here?" my wolf had been silent since I hadn't left when the Goddesses told me to. I never meant to defy the goddess, but I couldn't leave my mates on bad terms either.

"Call the sword to you. It will know exactly where we need to be." I could tell by the way she kept her back to me that she was mad at me.

I finished my business, and I closed my eyes. I thought about the way the metal of the sword came to life in my hands. The hum of its power seems to flow through me freely when I wield it.

"Come to me," I whispered, calling out for the blade.

Just like my wolf said, the sword appeared in my hands, shimmering in its magnificence, humming to life the way it always does.

"What now?" I asked her. She scoffed, lying down and covering her face over with her tail.

"Look, I know you are mad, but we need to get out of here before they wake up," I growled at her.

"No, Harley. It was prophesied that the marked one, meaning us, would lead an army to fight. And honey, as huge as your ego is, it is no army. I am not on board with this, and you should think twice before trying to rewrite what has already been written in the stars.

She closed herself off to me, leaving me with more bile rising in my throat. I know this is the wrong choice. I know it is. But... I have put them through so much. Not just the boys, but my pack and the kingdom's people too. This is all because of some divine bullshit that says things must go one way.

But this... this will be done my way. I focused on the sword humming in my hands. It knows me as well as I know myself and the b***d fueling its fire is mine. I closed my eyes again, becoming one with the blade.

"Eros," I whispered, cutting into the fabric of time and space, reluctantly stepping through the portal that I had created.

When the blinding lights calmed down, I almost gasped. The earth was charred black and the only thing floating in the air was dying embers and smoke. What the f**k did he do?

"He busted through the gates of hell, Harley. Eros is no joke. You should have never taken this so lightly." My wolf grumbled still curled around herself.

The sword in my hands started to weigh a metric ton, telling me that I was going the wrong way. I turned and turned until the weight on the blade lifted. Of course, the path it had taken me on was mostly engulfed in flames. I hadn't even realized that I knew where I was until I stumbled upon the twelve twisted trees. He had headed in the direction of the portal Alistair had taken me through the first time I was in the kingdom. Since I had merged realms, I wasn't sure if this place was even still here or not, and here it is as naturally beautiful as always. What had he wanted here though?

The crunching of branches under heavy feet startled me. I turned with the sword drawn, ready to slice through whatever was sneaking up on

me. Time stopped, the beating of my heart slowed down to almost nothing, and my lungs collapsed under the weight of the thickening air.

Bare feet caught my eye before anything else. Those bare feet led upward to blue jeans that were straining against chiseled legs, a six-pack that was glistening in whatever light was left in this dark place, and massive white pearly wings were tucked neatly at his back and, even though everything from those, broad shoulders down was cut from a stone of clean-cut perfection. His shaggy blonde hair sat tussled on his head and his blue eyes were trained on me in a deathly stare. If he wanted anything right now, it was to kill me.

"Eros," I grumbled, readying myself to end this for good.

His dark pink lips pulled over his teeth in a mesmerizing smile before his wings spread wide, lifting him off of the ground, stirring the ash and soot under our feet into a cloud meant to blind me.

I readied myself for an attack that never happened. He blinded me with soot and ash and he left with nothing more than a smile on his godly face.

I jumped realm after realm, relying on the weight of my blade to lead me. It was the lightest in my realm and yet the weight of it was still much heavier than it should have been.

He got away from me...

"Go home to our mates you i***t. He is clearly not here, and you missed your chance to kill him AGAIN. Go home and let them help us before you get us killed." My wolf snapped at me.

I wondered for a bit longer in search of the winged god before giving up and taking her advice. I stepped through the portal covered in soot and anger. Knowing that when those portal lights dimmed down, three sets of eyes would be looking at me with the same anger I was feeling. Only theirs would be directed at me.