

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 70

Harley:

"What the f**k were you thinking?" Denny had been yelling at me for the last thirty minutes.

I don't blame him. I would be yelling at myself too. Now that I have seen Eros, I don't know what we will do. This all seems like too much and my nerves have my stomach twisting in knots.

"I'll tell you what she was thinking, Denny. Not a damn thing." Axel joined in on the fun, but his words hurt worse than Denny's. I knew they would be angry with me, but I hadn't expected them to act like I was an i**t for trying to protect them.

"I was just trying to keep you safe." I hated how my voice sounded like a broken little girl's. I have spent years building myself into something that no one can touch and here I am just wishing they wouldn't be upset with me.

Axel gripped my chin, forcing me to look into his flaming eyes.

"Harley, it is not your job to protect us from something we were meant to do together. Don't you get it? You aren't alone anymore, and it is time you started acting like you have mates to help you with the weird

s**t you keep getting sucked into.” He released my jaw and started pacing in front of me. Alistair still hadn’t left the wall and Atlas was looking at Denny and Axel like he could kill them.

“They were going to send me into The Nothing alone to fight him. Why is it so wrong that I tried fighting him alone here? I don’t want you or our people involved in a war that could have been prevented by me. That is so much unnecessary death.” I made my voice stronger even though the tears in my eyes were dying to flow free.

“Harley, honey... they wanted you to go into The Nothing alone because no one else can exist in that realm. You can control the dark ones because of the sword. That sword would also allow you to navigate that realm in a way we couldn’t. It would be completely different for you than it would be for us. It would swallow us whole until it drove us insane, but there is no way of knowing what it would look like for you, but I promise it would be vastly different.” Alistair finally spoke.

That shut me up. It made me think. Then... my b***d boiled.

“Are you telling me that if the three of you kept your mouths shut and your d***s in your pants that I could have gone into that realm before the bird man from hell busted through the ground with the intention of destroying everything and killed him without endangering anyone? I thought you said I wasn’t like the normal Luna and that you were all okay with that.” I had grabbed a magazine from the table and had it rolled up, smacking my mates and brother with it before I realized I had done it.

“Now a bunch of wolves will have to figure out how to f*****g fly to even fight his damn a*s or they will have to fight him from the ground

being plucked off like mice!" I have seen Eros. He is as terrifying as he is beautiful, and his wings are as much a weapon as my sword is.

"I may have an idea about that..." Ferra spoke softly from the doorway where she had been trying to give us space to argue about my stupidity.

"Ferra baby, I don't think they are ready for that just yet. I thought we were going to wait until things had calmed down to ask them about keeping it?" Denny's demeanor changed the moment he spoke to her. His anger faded and his voice became feather soft when speaking to her. If I wasn't so damn mad, I might have thought it was precious.

"Denny, enough is enough. This could be helpful, and it would solve Harley's problem. Don't you want to be helpful?" she pulled away from his touch. That single movement hurt even me.

Sensing his pain, she stepped into him, making him look her in the eye.

"Let me just try. If it blows up in my face, I will figure it out. Okay?" she told him.

"What is it?" I rounded my brooding men giving her all of my attention. I am at square one right now and if there is anything I can do to give myself an advantage, I will do it.

"Come with me." She grabbed my hand with a huge smile on her face. We walked out the backdoor and into the forest line where she turned, looking at me a bit nervous.

She whistled a little tune and a screech busted through the night air. The trees swayed and the earth rumbled under our feet, and I damn near pissed myself when it stepped from the tree line.

"It's a...a..." I couldn't make my words form under the piercing gaze of the creature.

"A dragon," Alistair said unphased.

"This is Chomp. He saved me when I was stuck in the kingdom. When you merged the two, he found me. I would like to keep him. I also think this could solve your wolves needing to fly issue." She held her chin up in preparation for me to tell her she couldn't keep him, but keeping him was the best idea I had ever heard.

I stepped up to the purple-eyed creature, dumbfounded by its beauty. Fiery scales framed those enchanting eyes in hues of reds and oranges. My hand reached for the snout of the creature before I realized I had even stepped up to it. It pulled away from me, looking at me like I was foolish.

"May I?" I spoke the words only for him to hear. Those purple eyes looked at me with understanding and I gasped when the face of a dragon met my hand.

"I'm touching a dragon." I turned giddily to my mates.

"Chomp is a good boy." Ferra giggled, patting the side of the massive creature.

"You are a genius, Ferra. Can you ride him?" I asked, unable to take my eyes off the enchanting creature.

"I haven't tried." She said, laughing at the beast who was rolling over for belly rubs.

Smokey soot blew from the nose of the beast who was rolling in the grass while Ferra scratched his side. Something tells me we just found our upper hand in the war.

"Chomp, do you have any friends, darling?" He rolled back to his feet, taking me in again. He's either sizing me up to eat me, or he's trying to decide if I am worthy of his attention. Smoke fell from his mouth circling at my feet.

"Harley, back up," Alistair spoke urgently.

I turned with a confused look on my face, noting the fear painting the handsome face of my mate. Only then did I understand exactly why Alistair wanted me to back away from Chomp.

The teeth of the dragon took hold of my shirt and I watched the people on the ground get smaller and smaller. When Chomp's massive wings started working against gravity, taking me up and up, I could only focus on one little thing. There was no way my ratty shirt would hold up to this kind of tension and I knew if that fabric gave way... I pushed the fear aside and let my ridged body relax. My arms picked up on the waves of wind blowing me around. Spreading my arms out wide like wings, I flew through the air with closed eyes as bubbles of laughter made their way into the whooshing air. This feeling could be intoxicating. If I could let the fear at the back of my mind go completely.

But, I guess this is the reason that our bodies tell us when things are unnatural.

The moment my heart rate slowed, and my mind tried letting go of the fear freezing over my bones, the tattered tee shirt ripped through the teeth of the dragon, tearing away from my body the way I had feared from the beginning. I fell through the clouds that I had just been running my fingers through.

A seventy thousand feet free fall. That will be what kills me. Not a winged god with a jealousy-driven agenda. Not childbirth. Not even

old age. But a free fall from as close to heaven as I will ever be is what takes me from the mates that I had fought with for two days.

I closed my eyes diving into the fall. I shivered as the wind sliced at my exposed skin. How did I go from a rejected warrior fueled by rage to free-falling from the mouth of a dragon?

Chomp's screech pulled me from my pity party. I landed on the back of the scaly beast with a thud, grabbing onto the spikes in front of me, trying to hold on for dear life while chomp nosedived like we were on a mission that I didn't know I was a part of. With one more ear-splitting screech, the heat from the ground came into view.

Dragons of every size, shape, and color were flying around or soaking in the fire-filled holes in the earth. He had brought me to their nest and, quite possibly, he had brought me to the salvation of this realm.

I climbed from the back of my new friend with a smile on my face. There is no feeling greater than when a plan falls into place.