

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 79

Harley:

My body has been sore from the never-ending heat over the last few days. But tonight, we went to bed completely exhausted and without a fever. I think the heat is ending but only the morning coming can confirm.

I woke up around two thinking the fever was spiking again, but I was wrong. It is something else. I don't know what yet, but it felt like a surge of something awful and sticky. I closed my eyes trying to roll myself back into the comfort of my mate's arms until a knock at our bedroom door made the four of us jump to our feet. Axel yanked the damn thing so hard I thought it would come off the hinges.

Erudite and Arsen stood at the door.

"Your Highness." They bowed to him, and he turned to me looking confused as hell. With the heat, I hadn't had time to tell them what happened in the holy realm.

"That is Erudite and Arsen. The baby's protection detail was assigned by the goddess." I grumbled, running my fingers through my hair. They walked in closing the door behind them. It is two in the morning, and I am not even pregnant yet.

"That isn't why we are here, my queen," Arsen said, looking a bit frazzled.

“The goddess sent us. We aren’t sure why, but refusal isn’t an option.”
Erudite’s words sparked fury in me. I just want peace!

Another knock sounded at the door and, in a huff, Axel yanked it open again.

“Doris!” I sang, hugging the little woman. I will never be able to repay her for saving Denny. I don’t even know how to try.

“I have something to tell you four. Sit down, we are running out of time.” She hurried us all to the couches. Her face was redder than usual as she paced the floor, seeming to be livid.

“That old sneaking bitch, I swear I will kill her when I find her. I will make her guts explode.” She told us.

“What is it, Doris?” I asked her softly.

“My mother was a woman from Thistlebrook before she met my father. She was a very powerful witch and the head of her coven. I was born a werewolf like my father. On my mother’s deathbed, she performed her final act of magic by transferring her powers into a locket. A locket that, until last night, I kept around my neck.” She wrang her little hands in frustration as she spoke.

“I play poker. I play poker with a variety of creatures that are both good and bad. Agnes is one of those creatures and last night, somehow... that conniving rat stole my locket, replacing it with a cheap replica of my mother’s.” Her tears fell down her rosy cheeks and I knew the feeling I had felt earlier was Agnes tapping into that magic creating the surge.

“I don’t know what her intentions are, but she has been nothing but bitter since the loss of her daughter. I just felt like you four needed to know.” My mind swirled. If that old bat managed to use that locket to open The Nothing... Could Eros be freed?

I jumped to my feet with my head spinning. I almost lost everything the last time I had to fight him. I can’t do it again. I won’t do it again.

I closed my eyes, calling the sword to me. Something in me is telling me that the old bitch wants to open that portal. Why wouldn't she? Adoria is her daughter.

Gasps from Arsen and Erudite could be heard when the beautiful blade manifested into my hands.

"Anyone going with me, better come on. I am so f*****g done with this s**t. I can't even plan a family because of the extra bull s**t going on." I growled. I didn't think I wanted kids at one point and here I am planning a family and while I still don't feel ready, I like the idea.

Everyone in the room gathered around me. I closed my eyes, focusing on the old broad. Not her charm, not her face, her aura. I won't be fooled this time. I sliced the air with the presence of her aura in mind and just as it always does, it took me to her. We stepped through the portal blinded by the lights of the fracture in time.

"Goddess, please! I am desperate to end this." I prayed silently.

With any good fortune, this will be the last damn time someone crosses my kingdom. My understanding and my patience were nonexistent and the moment those lights dulled, we were left in the middle of the weirdest forest I had ever seen, and l... I snapped.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" I yelled into the dark yonder.

"We wouldn't be here fighting every fucking creature known to man if you hadn't fucked things up. I am grateful you did it because we have Alistair now, but I am so sick of this! Can't one thing, one fuckin'g thing be easy?" I yelled at the twins.

"Dear, I know this isn't fair, I know you are tired. Aside from consummating the mate bond, I know you three haven't had time to learn anything about each other, and I know this point in your life isn't supposed to hurt or be this hard, but here we are, making the best of the hell we have been dealt. Now

is not the time to crumble under pressure, Harley. Stay strong just a bit longer dear. Okay? Fight like hell just one more day,” Doris said as she wiped the tears from my eyes.

“Your favorite color is black”, Axel grumbled, trying to hide the hurt in his eyes.

“If you asked her what her favorite food is, she would tell you coffee. But she will tear up anything that has cheese or peanut butter in it.” Atlas smiled sweetly.

“You dance after the first drink of coffee or bite of food,” Alistair chimed in.

“If someone asked you what your favorite movie is, you would tell them you prefer reading a good book or listening to a good band.” Axel chuckled.

“We know we f****d up, little bird. We hate ourselves for hurting you and making things so hard. We made so many mistakes.” Atlas stepped towards me.

“All three of us have. I abducted you for Christ’s sake.” Alistair said, making me laugh.

“But we love you more than any singular word could describe, and we may not know everything there is to know about you. But we are present and paying attention,” Axel added.

A low rumble of applause came from the trees.

“How sweet.” The old bat mocked, stepping from the tree line.

In this place, her aura had been magnified and looked like swamp water floating around her whole body. She had definitely taken Doris’s locket, and at some point, she had absorbed every ounce of magic in it like a sponge.

I couldn’t help but smile. My favorite thing in the world to relieve anger is fighting. She may think she is more powerful than me and hell, she may be.

But if there is one thing I know, it's that the amount of contained rage that I have tucked away is endless and it is bubbling over and she is the one with a target painted on her back.