

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 9

Harley:

"Get up, lazy ass. We have training." Denny yelled, shaking the bed like a bear trying to break open a dumpster.

"COFFEEEEEE," I groaned, rolling myself into a burrito.

"Yeah, yeah. I hear ya. Get changed. We can grab some as we go." I rolled out of bed at his promise, digging through my bag and grabbing a sports bra, shorts, and converse.

I brushed through my hair, tied it into a massive bun on top of my head, and quickly used the bathroom, slapping on some deodorant and brushing my swamp mouth after peeing. Den was waiting in the living area, and we left together. My stomach tied itself into knots at the thought of seeing them today.

I, Harley Grace Ashwood, accept your rejection. I had rehearsed that line so many times. Now that I may get to use it, my heart is clenched with disappointment and acceptance at the thought of cutting my final ties to the boys who gave me my first and only heartbreak.

Something of excitement skittered through me, thinking about the future I could build without those ties holding me back, and I almost smiled.

We took the same stairs as last night and entered the kitchen to find Nathan digging into a plate of bacon and pancakes.

"Good morning!" he mumbled around the food in his mouth.

"Better not speak to her until she has her coffee." Denny laughed.

I give him credit. He knows me well. Nathan rolled his eyes with a smile, and when Den turned to pour our coffee, Nathan let his gaze wander over me, giving me the willies. Gross. Don't get me wrong, Nathan is attractive. Just... not for me. The thought of being romantic with someone... terrifies me... and it makes me angry, maybe? I don't really know. I just know I don't want... that.

I grabbed my coffee, sipping eagerly on the bitterly sweet heaven.

"Mmm." A low moan rumbled through me, and both laughed, snapping me out of my blissful state.

"Shut up. I will cut you both." I snapped, getting back to my sipping and doing a little happy dance in the process.

"So. What does training entail for this pack?" I asked, setting my coffee down.

"That is a Drake question." Nathan said, pointing behind me to a massive broody dude walking into the kitchen.

"What is?" he groaned, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"Harley asked what we were doing today." Den said, buttering his toast.

His eyes locked on me like we were in a weird staring contest. He wasn't looking at me like Nathan, but it was awkward.

"What? something on my face?" I asked while trying to suck my coffee down to get out of there and break a sweat.

"Huh? Nah, I was just trying to figure out how someone so small made such a big mess of three rogues that it took us hours to clean all the blood off the highway." My cheeks flushed.

His smirk was friendly, but my animalistic nature tends to embarrass me as much as it makes me proud. I took the last drink of my coffee and washed my cup out.

"I'm sorry. I usually make a mess like that. We had a breach a few months ago, and the guys made fun of me because you could see everywhere I had been. Old man Grey was pissed for a week because he had to go around spraying the blood from the grass... Den, we should probably go." I grabbed Denny by his shirt, dragging him out of the door with me, leaving the other two slack-jawed as we went.

"Your friends are weird, Den." I mumbled.

"Give them a break. There aren't many female warriors here, Harls. Never mind a female that could do what you did last night without shifting." Pride laced his voice, but his sad eyes were back this morning.

Mom and Dad.

"How are you feeling about making the arrangements today?" I wonder if he is as nervous as I am.

"Sad." He spoke softly. We went the rest of the way in silence, bumping into each other occasionally.

As we made it to the field, two girls, a blonde and a brunette, made their way over to us, staring me up and down like I stole their birthdays. The scent on their skin almost had me raging... those two had been the two that slept with the twins. The cause of my pain. They started talking with Den about God knows what, so I broke off to myself and started stretching, trying to control myself before I snapped them in two.

Have you ever got the feeling you were being watched? Yeah. I was being watched. My skin was crawling with the number of looks I was getting. Finally, Drake got the crowd's attention, his voice echoing on the field like a megaphone.

"I know we were originally planning on shifting and working in wolf form today, but I got to see the aftermath of what can be done in human form when that form is trained right. It inspired me to get that side of you stronger." My cheeks flushed again, and Denny nudged me seeming excited.

"For the first time this year, we are doing the devil's mile." Drakes' laughter rang in the open air, and I had no idea what he was talking about. No one seems excited anymore. Denny's head even dropped.

"What's the devil's mile?" I whispered to Den.

"Let's just say if ranked members were required to complete it every year, I would be very sick that day." Was the only reply he muttered.

The excitement started bubbling in my gut as we left the field on a path leading into the woods. We came into a clearing where the beginning of an obstacle course

came into view. I followed it as far as I could, but it stretched into the distance of the forest, disappearing.

Drake stopped the pack and started his instruction.

"For those who don't know what this is, this is how we determine your warrior rank and where you need help. This bad boy helps me design training plans to build up and strengthen those weaknesses. While we typically do this at the end of the year, no one in this crowd could do what I saw last night in human form, and that bummed me out a little bit." My heart was thudding at the recognition. Even without him mentioning me, too many people had figured it out already.

Rumor mill.

I held my chin up to avoid those feelings of inadequacy bubbling in my gut.

"Because this test is performed once a year, your alphas will also be present." At Drake's mention of them, I almost retched.

My body broke out in a cold sweat when the scent of destruction and danger wrapped around me. Anger started to bubble in me when sour perfumes mixed with their scent reminding me again of the hell I went through last night and multiple nights a week for the last ten years.

They stepped up beside Drake, their eyes locked on me. I held their gaze with anger and disgust. Their beautiful brown eyes were still the same, but the rest had matured insanely. Thick muscles covered their entire bodies, and they looked... delicious.

"On my count of three, work through the obstacles and try not to break anything. One. Two. Three!" my feet dug into the ground before my brain caught up.

I climbed the wall repelling down the other side. The minute my feet touched the earth, I ran, leaping over laying obstacles, jumping streams, swinging on ropes over pits of mud, fighting swinging dummies. My anger from seeing them was like throwing kerosene on a fire. Off in the distance, I heard some kind of ATV, and because I was alone, I thought I might be going the wrong way.

"Den, did I go the wrong way?" adrenaline made my fingertips buzz, and I almost felt like I was floating.

"RUN, HARLS." Denny's voice rang through my skull, and again my feet reacted before anything else, carrying me deeper into the forest.

If I wasn't so angry at seeing those bastards, this would be so much fun. Shit started flying out of the trees, and one of them hit my legs, almost making me eat dirt. Still, I caught myself giving myself the upper hand in timing the launch of the random objects. All of them shot low, which was kind of predictable and disappointing. Still, instead of dissecting this course, I ran it in search of that sweet exhaustion that makes my body feel normal. I came out into a clearing with only grass and a clear path through the forest to my left.

"Den, I am lost, man. Like... lost, lost. I am at the end, and no one is here but me. How do I get back?" I linked him.

"No fucking way! Do not move. We are almost to you." He sounded giddy, like he had been shaken up by a carnival ride.

Embarrassed by how far off-track I ran, I sat on the grass. My blush ran into my bra, and I could tell I looked hot and sunburned by the feeling of my poor cheeks. I sighed, taking in the damage my ratty converse had taken. No wonder Andrew makes fun of them. They've been through hell and are barely hanging on. They are dirty and trashy... but they are my favorite.

I laid back into the warm grass, aware of the beating I gave myself. No longer consumed in adrenaline, my muscles were screaming, I lost my hair tie at some point, and my long waves were laying anything but neat down to my waist. I laughed.

I laughed hard at my state of myself, which made me laugh harder. I was so caught up laughing at myself that I hadn't even heard Denny pull up on the ATV.

"Ain't no fucking way! Nope. Get your ass up, tiny!" Drake's words were angry, but that didn't match the smile on his face or the laughter that came from him because I couldn't stop cackling.

"Look at me." I kept laughing, standing to show them the mud caked to my legs and my hair wild and crazy.

"That was so much fun." I reached out to shake Drake's hand.

"Really, that would have been amazing if I hadn't got lost." I was smiling so hard my jaws hurt.

"Lost? You didn't get lost. You crushed it! After cleaning up your damage last night, I was already impressed with your skills, but this is unreal, man. We need to bounce ideas off each other sometimes. I am always on the look for some new training techniques." He took my hand firmly, and we agreed to exchange contact information.

Another ATV pulled up, and I didn't have to look to know who it was.

Fuck! It's showtime, Harley. Just like we rehearsed. The air grew thick with their scent. I hate to admit it would be entrancing without the smell of the whores they slept with clinging to them. I parted my lips slightly, hoping that if I couldn't smell them or the females, I could maintain my composure long enough to accept the rejection.

"We can take it from here, boys. See if you can track back and keep an eye on the rest. Gather their yearly scores and have them for us by morning." I could see the reluctance in Denny's eyes, but I nodded, letting him know I was okay.

"I'll catch up, Den." I said, watching him reluctantly walk away, leaving me with death and destruction. Breathe. Keep composure. They don't get anything from me anymore.