

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 61

Alistair:

Her whole form was wrapped in a purple glow that could damn near illuminate the forest. Her once blue eyes were turned to a glowing black and her claws and teeth had extended from her wolf, losing control the same way Harley was.

“If we don’t get her to rein in her powers, she will expend all of her energy and the power will consume her,” I told the twins.

We tried so hard to get her to listen to us, but it was like she was already too far gone. Denny’s heart wasn’t in his chest anymore and because of that, her power to reanimate the dead would not work. I stepped up to my mate. Her power would not harm the three of us, but if her mind is not there to listen, I’m afraid that not even her mates will be enough to bring her back.

“Harley, baby. I know you feel like there is nothing left. I know Denny was the last person left in your family, but you are never going to be alone, my love. You have me, Axel, and Atlas, and the three of us love you more than anything else. Please don’t make us grieve you too, sweetheart.” I reached out to touch her and the moment my skin met hers, her eyes snapped to mine and the blackness swirling in her eyes turned to blue.

There she is... she came back to us.

“What good are these powers if I can’t even bring him back to me?” she asked as more tears coated her pale skin.

“Your powers aren’t the problem, love. Whoever did this, took his heart and without it, reanimation can’t occur.” I told her the truth despite everything in me screaming to protect her from the vile nature of his death.

“W-What does that mean?” she hiccupped, wiping her little face.

“It means wolves didn’t do this, sweetheart,” Axel said, stepping up next to me.

“Can I get his heart back?” she asked with so much certainty that she could save him with that heart.

“If it was a witch, the likely hood is high, if it was something else... no.” I hate telling her the painful truth, but I can’t protect her from this pain. She needs to feel and process it.

“I can preserve him, keep him safe, unbothered while you find it, but I need to hurry,” Ferra spoke around her own sobs.

“Do it,” Harley said as tears fell faster.

Ferra stood waving her hands around Denny. His body curled into a fetal position and floated against the base of the large tree he had been leaning against. Her form shifted and swayed like tall trees in a windstorm before her body cocooned around Denny, making both of them a part of the tree. She used her Fae power to preserve Denny in the tree. I had never seen anything like that before, but I was confident that it would work or Ferra wouldn't have done it, but if we couldn't find his heart...

She closed her eyes, breathing. She stood there for some time with the three of us. Our hands were on her shaking form but if you didn't know she was quaking you would think she was just doing a breathing exercise. She squatted on the ground, laying her hands against the earth, and in minutes, she snapped back up with one blue and one black eye.

“A strong black magic has happened here, and whoever did this, went through your portal.” Her demonic wolf's voice rang clearly.

“That isn't possible, it would take an absolute waterfall of power to open that portal. Only a full moon and my hand could open that door.” My confusion was clouding my mind as I thought of anything that could have opened that door.

“That isn't true, the goddess opened it for us. Who has that much power?” Atlas said.

“I don't know,” I spoke the truth, but I hated how bitter it tasted.

“No matter, I can track it.” They were still sharing her human form and when she stood, I expected her to shift. Instead, her purple energy wafted around us as the wind whipped and howled.

She raised her hand high to the heavens and I almost fell to my a*s when La Espada de la Muerte came zipping through her air like a comet in the night sky, landing firmly in the hand of my mate. The power of the sword mixed with her magic and her normal purple glow turned as black as the night sky. She pointed the tip of the sword behind her and spoke to it.

“Take me to his heart.” Was all she spoke.

A jagged fracture in the realm occurred. One far less controlled than my own, but looking into the fracture, I saw my realm. She f*****g did it, she opened her own door.

Without a second thought, she stepped through the damn thing with the blade of La Espada de la Muerte sitting snugly on her shoulder. She looked like the queen of the damned and, at this moment, I love her more than I ever have, and I would follow her to hell if she asked me to. I stepped through the portal with the twins tight on my a*s and Harley was already heading into the mansion when the fracture closed behind us.

“She’s about to rampage, I just hope the realm can survive her.” I laughed, as her sweet little a*s swayed through the doors of my home with the three of us behind her.

“LANCE!” she screamed, sounding as demonic as ever with her wolf still sharing form.

“Yes, my queen. It’s so good to see the two of you! What can I do too—” she cut him off with the wave of her hand.

“We can catch up later. Someone broke into my other realm; they killed my brother, and they stole his heart. La espada de la Muerte has led me here.” His eyes shot wide at her question the same way they shoot wide at me sometimes. He fears her and between that and her referring to this realm as hers, I smiled.

“Llévame” she whispered, asking the sword to lead her, and a chill ran up my spine when it responded.

She walked up the stairs with the sword still sitting against her shoulder. Up and up, she went until she was standing in front of Adoria’s door. She kicked it in, and the wood shattered as the door fell from its hinges. The room was empty, so why had the sword brought her here?

A threatening growl fell from her plump lips as she started touching the belongings sitting on Adoria’s dresser. She pulled open a drawer and inside was Cordelia’s jewelry box that I had gifted her after the death of her sister. She opened the box, pulling out Cordelia’s favorite necklace. An emerald gemstone on a dainty silver chain swayed in the hand of my new mate.

“Lance!” She yelled again. I folded my arms on her chest, knowing she was about to assert her dominance as queen again, and I wanted to see it more than I wanted air.

“You are in charge again for the moment. If you see this b***h again, say my name aloud. I will hear you, and I will come. Do not trust her or anyone else. Someone in this realm tore the heart out of my brother and took it for their own use. Protect yourself from her and everyone else until we know more, understand?” she asked, squatting to look him in the eyes.

“Yes, my queen. I understand, I will call out for you if I see her again.” His response came quickly and with a bow to her.

“We need to leave. Now.” She said to us three, and the same as before, she used the sword to slice a fracture right there in the mansion. We stepped through and the moment it closed behind us my chest twisted.

“What do we need to know, Harley? Tell us what is going on, kitten.” I said to her.

She knows something we don't and whatever it is, it has her in a rush for privacy and has Lance on the offensive. My nerves were about to get the best of me as scenario after scenario played through my head. Adoria is not powerful enough to open a door, so why does she want Lance to call her when he sees her again?

"Not here. Let's go to the office first." she walked toward the pack house with her magic and her anger radiating off of her in waves.

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Harley:

The emerald in my hand was burning into my skin but I couldn't let it go. It has some of the same black magic on it that I sensed in the earth outside around Denny. She had something to do with this, I know it. I just don't know the role she played or why. She didn't even know my brother or how incredible he is, but if she had something to do with this... so help me... I would rip her apart.

I slammed the office door behind us, knowing this was the only room I knew that was soundproof. I sat the sword softly on the table and poured a shot of the whisky that my Atlas is so fond of downing before I turned to their concerned gazes. I held the necklace up letting it sway. Alistair recognizes this and I know it is Cordelia's, it was hanging around her neck in the painting above his fireplace.

"The black magic on this is the same black magic that laced the earth around Denny. Is Adoria a dark witch?" I asked Alistair. He only nodded his response.

"That necklace was a birthday gift from Cordelia and Adoria's mother." He spoke softly.

"Sit on the couch and cup it in your hands. Pull its memories from it." My wolf whispered.

I did as she said and was flung through space and time seeing every moment this necklace was worn, everything it had ever heard or seen. I experienced each moment through Cordelia all the way up to her death. I heard muffled conversations from it being in the box in Adoria's dresser, but I couldn't make them out. I know it wasn't good because most of it sounded like arguments. Then I saw myself through the eyes of the necklace when I picked it up clenching it in my hand. I was flung back into my own body and for the first time, my lungs felt stable.

"She had something to do with this, I know it," I asked their curious eyes.

"Please Goddess, guide me." I prayed to her silently, wishing just for a moment I could be in her realm. I need her... I need help.

A warm hand ran across my back and I knew it wasn't my mates because of the absence of their sparks. My eyes widened when I saw the goddess looking back at me. She heard me, she pulled me there.

"I knew you would learn to come to me." her smile was wide, but her eyes were saddened.

"I need help finding Denny's heart, my goddess. I need help." Tears flowed from my raw eyes. I wrapped my arms around her, burying into mother moon sobbing with grief.

"I know you do dear, unfortunately, though, I can't give you the answers you seek." She said sadly.

"Free will has to exist, my child. But I can tell you, you are on the right track." She pulled the necklace from my hands, turning it over in her hands. The stone lit in a magnificent light at the touch of the goddess. Shadows poured from it seeping into the holy earth and then she clasped it around my neck.

Trust in your instincts, I promise you, they will not lead you astray." She kissed my forehead, and I opened my eyes, seeing my men surrounding me looking pale as hell.

Atlas wrapped my eyes in a warm washcloth which I gladly accepted for my aching head.

"What did you see, little bird?" Atlas asked me.

"The goddess. She couldn't tell me where Den's heart was or who had done this, but she said I was on the right track." I twisted the warm stone that was now clasped around my neck in my fingers.

"She removed the black magic from this stone. Adoria, or her mother... maybe even both had something to do with this, and something tells me they had something to do with Cordelia's death." Alistair's eyes widened.

"Her uterus ruptured during childbirth. Nothing caused it." He said, unwilling to listen.

"Okay, love. But something is going on with her, I just know it." I said, sure of my gut.

Adoria:

Mother and I sensed the opening of the portal. We sank deeply into the shadows of my chamber as my door was kicked from the hinges. Harley stepped in with the three of her mates behind her and my heartbeat wildly at the sight of Alistair. No matter how many times I have seen him in my life, his handsome face always strikes me. I have loved him for so long and seeing his mark on her neck crumbled me. I had begged for that mark, I had pleaded and worked so hard trying to convince him I was deserving, and she waltzes in and gets it in days.

She dug through Cordelia's box, pulling her favorite stone from it. She rolled it in her fingers before yelling at Lance to call her when he saw me again. But they won't be seeing me again, at least... not right now.

Mother and I sank deeper into the shadows until we popped into her charm she had lived in our whole lives. I paced the dusty living room, tore somewhere between being unwilling to be here in her space with her, coming clean about everything and begging Alistair for forgiveness, and unleashing my true power to show him just what I can do.

I picked the jar up that she had carelessly sat on her kitchen table. I rolled it in my hands. I shook it, letting my anger eat me alive. I can never let her get this heart back. If I can't have my love with the man who has always had my heart, then I will take a piece of her heart bit by bit until nothing is left but her shell.

Axel:

I pulled her feet into my lap, pulling her shoes off and rubbing her feet, Alistair went to the kitchen to make her some coffee, and Atlas pulled her head in his lap, undoing her braid and running his fingers through her soft hair. She sighed at our contact, relaxing more.

The rag was still over her eyes, but I knew she was crying. Her body shook softly as Atlas and I held her as tightly as we could. I am so pissed that I can't fix this for her. I would give anything to take this pain from her.

She jumped to her feet and ran into the bathroom. She fell to her knees, puking the contents of her stomach into the toilet. She has done too much and used too much of her energy today. Alistair came in while I was holding her hair as she puked.

"I made you something to eat, kitten. Let's get some of your energy back and you can have your coffee." He spoke to her softly and with so much tenderness that something in me accepted him a little more. I was glad he was here with us... and with her.

"I'm not hungry." She groaned, wiping her mouth with the tissue Atlas had handed her.

"You need to try to eat." My brother and I said in unison, making her smile at us.

Her blue eyes were popping against her bloodshot sclera and my chest ached with her emotions that had been leaking across our bond since she saw Den.

"Fine." She growled, and she climbed to her feet. Slowly, she made her way back to the couch on shaky legs, grabbing the pickle from the plate with a cold-cut sandwich and some salty chips. She cleaned her plate even though it took us basically begging her to eat. I thanked Alistair for making all of our food too, and now, with more energy, she got up and started pacing the floor.

Harley:

“I don’t know how, but Adoria is involved in this. Where would she have gone? How can we track a witch?” I asked my wolf.

“Can the sword take you to her?” she asked.

It was a very good question. Maybe it could. It had led me everywhere I had asked and done everything I needed, but I could feel it growing tired with the last portal I had opened.

“We eat to get more energy. How would the sword of death get more energy?” she asked me. Again, it was a very good question. The emerald warmed against my chest.

“Blood?” I asked her.

She shrugged her wolfie shoulders at my question. I picked the sword up from the table I had left it on. Its magic vibrated wildly at my touch, I sliced the palm of my hand with its blade and smeared it into the emerald stone on the handle that sucked it up hungrily with a vibrant glow. It closed the wound off in my palm just like Alistair does when he feeds.

I turned to my mates, who had been questioning my actions the whole time. Alistair stood quietly in the corner of the room with his fist over his mouth and nose. His eyes were glowing bright crimson and it dawned on me. He was hungry.

I laid the sword back down, I extended my claws.

“Come here, my king.” My voice sounded more sultry than I intended. Now isn’t the time for s*x, but my mind raced with the pleasure that coursed me when he bit into my foot, and then again when he marked me.

“I’m okay, kitten.” His eyes never left me and the crimson in them looked brighter than I had ever seen.

I cut a deep slit in the fleshy meat between my neck and shoulder. The sensation in my marks alone broke me out in chills. I walked over to him, twisting my fist in his shaggy hair.

“Feed, my love,” I whispered, pulling his head into the crook of my neck.

His fangs reluctantly broke the skin, sinking deeply over the cut I had made. I dropped my head back as lust coursed my veins. I felt guilty for feeling this good when my brother and his mate were cocooned in a tree outside.

“Fk.” Atlas groaned, readjusting himself in his pants as Alistair continued to feed. My legs shook as the pressure built in my abdomen, threatening me with a release I was beginning to chase. I held his he**

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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 hips 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 blood 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 blood 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.

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Adoria:

Lance appeared back in the room that I had been sitting in pretending to sob like a damsel in distress.

"I have readied the army to invade the Clearwater pack, my queen. We will have your mates back soon, I assure you." He patted my back softly, still showing her more kindness than he ever dreamt of giving me. Something about the way everyone loves her sets me aflame. It is just the same way that everyone adored Cordelia.

"I'm coming too." I continued the fake sobs as his eyes looked over me with a sadness I hadn't known him to be capable of.

"The king would kill me if I let you lead this fight. Because he isn't here though, and you are. It is your word against all others." He looked at the floor, bowing to me in respect.

A giddy sensation broke over my skin, knowing at this moment all of the power to be had in this kingdom is mine, and I almost wanted to stay there, but I knew I had to be there to convince them all she was an imposter.

“I’m going too.” I stood to my feet, grabbed my sword, and slung it against my shoulder the same way she stood earlier.

“Very well, it is time to go then.” He said, standing and taking me by the hand.

He pulled me into the backyard where I had to get on a stage-like floor and tell the troops my account of what had happened. A bunch of those in the crowd yelled things about how love-struck and pathetic I am. No... how pathetic Adoria is. I am Harley now, and when I take the throne those that talked down on me will be the first people I kill.

“Let’s move out!” Lance yelled, waving his hand and opening the portal.

The night sky was blazing here. Thousands of stars kissed the sky, and the moon lit the ground even though it wasn’t full. I took a deep breath, smiling at the realization that this will also be my realm once the four of them are dead.

“Are you ready, my queen?” Lance turned to ask me.

“Yes, Lance. I am. Let’s do this.” I slung the sword onto my shoulder, playing the part of Harley like a professional.

The ground rumbled with the stomps and the weight of the troops. This army is magnificent and far greater than any other I had seen. We trampled through the forest knocking over trees and taking the Clearwater border patrol out entirely. I can always sell off the space if I decide not to keep it. This pack means nothing to me.

We made it to the pack house easily. These fools, they should not have ever underestimated me this way. The four of them were standing on the balcony looking smugly down at us approaching. I could see from here Harley was unshaken. Good. If I continue the trend of seeming like the distressed mate, her cool smirk will make her seem like me standing in between the three men.

“Lance, would you like to tell me what the f**k you are doing right now?” Alistair yelled down at him.

“Sire, the woman standing next to you is an imposter and by law must die. That is Adoria my king, she blew Harley into The Nothing and if the queen hadn’t had her sword, she would still be stuck there.” Lance said confidently. He had bought every word.

“Lance, Adoria doesn’t have the power or the balls to blast me into The Nothing,” Harley yelled down from the balcony with a smile on her face.

A growl rolled from me at her smart remark and before I caught myself, I charged the troops and caused the war to break out in this backyard. I stood back watching all hell break loose as their troops came around the pack house rolling into my army from each side. The four on the balcony came down joining the fight. Harley looked at me, telling the

three men that should want me. No matter. This b***h is mine too. I am so sick of being second best to anyone.

“Did you think they would fall for that? That is f*****g pathetic Adoria.” She slung her sword onto her shoulder, making her way toward me.

“Hey ya old crone. I thought you were dead?” She said speaking to my sword. How did she know?

My mother shimmered, taking her true form and leaving me without a weapon.

“You think you are so perfect, don’t you? You are nothing, just like Cordelia was nothing!” My mother yelled at her, but she only smiled back at my mother.

Her eyes turned black; they looked like a solar eclipse. I shivered unsure of what that meant as her power engulfed both mother and me.

“This is your last chance, Adoria. Call this madness off, or you both will die here today. See, neither one is leaving here today. This property is charmed so magic cannot escape it, and I have no intention of letting either of you leaches latch onto anyone else ever again.” She pulled her sword counting down from five.

I stood grabbing a sword from one of my dead troops readying myself for this fight. My mother’s hands glowed lighting up the night like a porch light.

“One.” She whispered as her whole body ignited in flames running at the two of us.

Harley:

Adoria’s sword tip broke at the contact of my blade against hers and every magic orb her mother had thrown at me was bouncing off me when it hit the balloon that I had hidden under the fire. Nothing can penetrate that balloon but me. The blessings were settling in my chest knowing that without that vision we would have lost so many of our people tonight.

I smiled when my blade pierced Adoria in the side. Her blood fell like a waterfall and her mommy dearest was pissed that I had hurt her. She came at me in full force. Good, I want her to exhaust her strength before she gets the chance to kill me.

“I have seen how this ends, child. So have you. I will not let you mess this up for me!” the crone squawked at me.

“She knows Adoria will die? That power-hungry bat. She wants all of us to kill each other so she can have both realms!” My wolf had put together the same pieces of the puzzle I had.

“You have your daughter kill your other daughter while she was pregnant. Do you think me killing her for you makes you clean of their blood on your hands? You are just pathetic as your daughter who is willing to spread her legs for whoever in the room has the most power.” I yelled, catching the old woman on the shoulder with La espada de la Muerte.

The handle of the sword lit up sending energy vibrating through me. Her arm fell off like crumbling dust blowing in the wind with her screams raging through the forest. I kept whacking at her until little to nothing was left of her. Finally, her old bones gave way leaving only a pile of dust.

I dropped my magic, knowing if I didn’t drop the barrier I would soon be exhausted and I can’t afford to be exhausted right now.

Adoria’s laughter bubbled through the forest, scaring the crows.

“Thank you for ridding me of her vile rotten a*s.” She said with a wicked grin.

I don’t know what type of dysfunctional s**t that family is about, but I am glad I am no longer a part of it.

She charged at me with her blade drawn, this time it was my turn to laugh. We crashed into each other with our blades swinging violently. When this is over, I am kicking Alistair’s a*s for f*****g such a crazy b***h.

Just like in my vision, the broken tip of her blade had sliced my forehead, causing blood to fill my eye. Off in the distance, I was still hearing war raging against the people that I have grown to love the most, but I haven’t felt a single loss since they took out our border patrol.

I created enough space between Adoria and me that she couldn’t have expected my next move. I pulled the sword high over my head letting it have the blood in my hands. As it drank it all up my body buzzed with the same power I had felt from losing Denny. The blade cut through the air cutting a fracture into The Nothing. With one final boot on the a*s, I kicked her face-first into the darkness, banning her into The Nothing to live out the rest of her days in the existence of isolated darkness.

tightly, not wanting him to stop before I got what I wanted. He picked me up, pinning me against the wall with his thick c**k poking between us.

Just like last time he pulled his teeth from my skin before I came. My blood was running down his chin and suddenly the urge to lick it off was overwhelming. My blood exploded in my mouth as my tongue dragged across his chin and up to his mouth where I invited his tongue into my mouth, greedily grinding against him. He pulled his lips from mine, making me whimper at the loss of his lips.

“When we finish this, you will be punished for disobeying your king.” He put me back down and readjusted himself the same way Atlas had. The three of them stood hard in their pants for me but, thankfully, Alistair’s promises had helped me come down from the clouds.

“I love it when they punish us.” My wolf panted, making me laugh.

I walked back over to the sword looking at it still glowing brightly. I turned to my mates, never feeling more sure about anything.

“This sword can take me to Adoria,” I told them, gripping the lively blade in my hands.

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 65

Harley:

I ran into the chaos of gnashing teeth and screaming. Metal clanking and shattering bones and the only thing hanging in the air is the smell of iron and fear. I stepped over body after body with sweat dripping down my brow in search of only one thing... well... three things.

They were fighting the troops that Alistair had spent so much time and effort on, and he was fighting his own people to protect mine. I was sideswiped by an ogre and the blade of his sword dug deep into my leg, cutting into my thigh from hip to knee, but I couldn’t feel the pain for the fear that was coursing through me. Something was coming from the back of the troops and whatever it was, it was big, and it was heading right for my men.

I gripped my sword tightly, it was so full of my blood that it felt as light as paper and I knew by the warmth coursing through it, it was ready to do whatever I asked it to do. I don’t know if it is the blood loss or the sword, but everything went quiet, the battle went into slow motion, and I watched as the people I grew up with sacrificed themselves for the protection of the home the generations before us had worked so hard to create for us. I took in Alistair and thought about how he had walked the realms for goddess knows how long and I thought about the kingdom he had built. Both of those things are a part of mine now. My hand wrapped around my throat, and I felt the warmth and love I had for them tingling in the skin covered by their marks and I knew one thing without a doubt. This must stop.

“End this Harley, before we lose anyone else.” My wolf said, as strongly and as confident as I felt at that moment.

I made my way to the stage that typically is used during pack meetings and would have been used in my Luna ceremony if I could ever find time to have one and slowly, I limped up the steps. I dug the blade into the wood of the stage to get my composure. My head swam from the gash in my thigh that I was starting to think would end me. Even with my

wolf healing me rapidly, I had fed so much of myself into the sword I was struggling to recover.

“Termine esto.” I whispered to the sword to end this. I am so tired of the destruction and never-ending chaos.

All these people are my people. I am their Luna and their queen. From this day forward, I will make sure they are equal, and together. I drew the sword back high over my head and slashed through the air. It was like the heavens had opened, letting through a blinding light of blues, greens, and purples, slashing across the universe. In my mind, I pictured the two realms I belong to merging into one and, just like in my mind, the realms did as I asked. I was so caught up in watching the scene before me that I hadn’t realized my men were at my side holding me up. My head was spinning, and my heart was ready to explode. It was thudding so hard. I stood up straighter to address the people before me, the fighting had stopped, and their heads were turned upward staring at what was once a normal night sky but now it looked illuminated by the goddesses.

“This is how it was supposed to have always been. Together, unified, and stronger because of it. This fight was senseless and because of it, good people died. You were tricked by a witch who was starving for power and didn’t care who got hurt in the crossfire. I am your Luna, your queen. I care about your well-being and your future growth. You don’t know me yet, but you will.” I stepped back into the embrace of my mates as the crowd took in each other and a low rumble of applause started between them.

The realms were one now and I like to think that, because of the sky being illuminated with dancing lights, the goddesses approved of my decision.

“I knew you could do it, Harls.” A familiar face rang from behind me, and I stilled. No... it is blood loss, it couldn’t be.

Axel and Atlas’s laughter sent blissful tingles across my spine, forcing me to turn and look in the direction I was sure I had heard... Denny.

I ran as fast as my injured leg would allow, crashing into my bandaged and tender brother who was sobbing as hard as I was.

“How is this possible?” I sobbed into his still mangled chest.

Doris stepped up with a man I had never seen before. I somehow knew I owed this to them.

“When I heard what was going on, I knew exactly where your brother’s heart was. I went and got it for you and this kind man right here, did the magic required to, ya know... sew him all together again. good as new.” Her rosy cheeks chuckled and if I weren’t covered in blood I would hug her and never let her go.

“Come here, little bird. There is something we need to do.” Axel pulled me up. Denny wrapped my other arm around his neck and, with their help, I hobbled back onto the stage and back to being surrounded by the four men I love the most.

“If you missed the queen’s speech, I pity you. It was as spectacular as she is. If you missed the battle, something miraculous happened in the middle of the madness. By the grace of the goddesses, we were blessed with an incredible mate. With her magic, she decided to mesh the two realms that needed her the most. From now on, there will be no separation of the damned and the light. Everyone in attendance here, I would like to introduce you to the amazing, incredible, Harley Grace Ashwood.” Atlas turned to me, and the crowd erupted in laughter and applause. We were all covered in blood and there was a group of both Clearwater and Kingdom cleaning the bodies of our lost.

“Is this really the right time to do this?” I asked them.

“This version of you, that is standing before them right now, is the real and true you. You will never be the queen or Luna who plans parties and plays house and it is only right that the people you will lead see you as the fierce and graceful warrior that you will always be first.” Alistair kissed my forehead tenderly and the twins surrounded me. The three of them plus Denny took me in a bone-crushing hug and, for the first time since the chaos began, my body, mind, and soul... were at peace.

I let them surround me in their warmth as the lights continued to shine. The crowd had cleared in an attempt to see where their homes and lives were going to be now that the two realms were one.

I sheathed the sword that had used most of my blood energy to cause the merging of realms. I took the steps to the elevator as the boys and even Denny ensured everything ran smoothly and I collapsed in the elevator in exhaustion. I kept thinking about how this merger would work and if everyone would be able to exist peacefully. I thought maybe after time they would live peacefully, even though I knew it would take time.

My mind flashed to the old woman and how her heart had turned to dust when I ripped it out. Suddenly my body jolted alert, and fear filled me. Her body had turned to dust with every cut I made on her skin and bone... I was so naïve to not have realized it sooner. That old b***h used a clone...

I tried so hard to struggle to get onto my feet but my legs just weren’t having it. The twins pried the elevator door open as I panicked over my legs not working.

“What’s wrong? We felt you through the bond, are you okay?” Axel scooped me up, making me wince at the pain slicing through my leg.

“I’m great. A couple of things though: I have lost too much blood and my wolf is having hell healing me. The second thing is, I think the old hag used a clone. I don’t think I actually killed her and... I kicked Adoria into The Nothing. Axel, this isn’t over. If I’m

right, that old b***h and her pathetic daughter will be back.” His beautiful eyes were looking deep into mine, probably trying to see if I was tripping because of blood loss or if I was just delusional. I saw the exact moment he knew I was firm in my realization. He clutched me tightly against him while the three of them took me to the hospital in silence.

We won this time... but was this a battle or a war?