

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 41

Harley:

My eyes fluttered open, settling on the shadows of the fireplace dancing around the room.

“As bright as the stars, and as vast as the sky. Life would be nothing without you by my side.” Alistair sang softly, followed by humming a tune that I had heard somewhere before.

I lay there quietly thinking about earlier when he saved me from the man I later learned was an incubus. His song was slowly luring me into a deep sleep where he would take the most important thing from me.

But this song... warms me with familiarity, wrapping around me like the perfect pair of fuzzy socks.

I snuggled deeper into the covers, letting his song wash over me. I watched the flames dance across the room to the words he sang.

“A woman with a mighty hand, the keeper of the moon, swept in and took my love entirely too soon.” His humming picked up again.

My eyes drifted up the stone fireplace to the painting above the mantle. Green eyes looked back at me. Strikingly familiar eyes... olive skin and dark brown hair that cascaded down her shoulders in waves, she had a beautiful pattern painted between her eyes in a deep shade of forest green. She is stunning.

“That is my mate, Cordelia.” I melted into the bed as he spoke, fearful he knew I was awake.

“She was an incredible wolf too. Very powerful. Though, your powers seem different. She was an earth elemental.” he said, rubbing the stubble on his chin.

“Why did you take me? Why is the mark so important to you?” My voice sounded like a forced whisper; my tongue felt like sandpaper.

“It is less about the mark and more about the power behind the mark. The things it is capable of. When Cordelia died, I turned over every realm so I could look for ways to bring her back to me, and always came up short. Somewhere in the human realm was a book that held a prophecy about the survival of the realms outside of the human one, more specifically, the supernatural realms that would perish if not for the mark of the moon being inside of one of those realms.” He told his story never taking his eyes from the fire, but I couldn’t stop looking at her... the woman in the painting.

“I continued researching this mark, only learning that this bloodline descended from the goddess herself. Each female born to the bloodline would receive the mark or the family may be given an object bearing the mark if no female was born to keep the realms intact.” He continued talking.

“I woke up one night almost eleven years ago knowing that either the mark had been reborn or the object had surfaced. It called to me with the same thrum of life that existed between Cordy and me. It allowed me to easily track it to your pack. I just never expected... you.” His crimson eyes met mine with disgust.

“Look, I don’t want to be here. You don’t want me here. So just do the right thing and let me go back to my mates.” I tried holding my tone to a softer, more understanding one, instead of the rage-filled one I wanted to use.

“You misunderstand. I wasn’t expecting a grown woman... especially not one that looked identical to my beautiful mate...”

regardless of that, you will not be leaving.” His eyes were drawn back to the fire.

“I know what the witch showed you... you wanted my firstborn. My son.” My fists clenched.

“There has been a change in plans for that as well. Why would I need your powerful heir, when I have the woman who had been destined to create such a child?” he is fucking delusional if he thinks he is keeping me here.

“You can’t keep me here, Alistair. I am not Cordelia. I have my mates. Whatever powers you think my birthmark gives me... you are wrong. I am not powerful. I damn sure am not an elemental wolf. I am ordinary and I want to go home.” My wolf’s chuckle almost startled me.

I had begged her to help me stay awake when the incubus came, but we hadn’t spoken for a while since our fight after I woke up captured in another realm and a deranged vampire king’s house.

“We are not ordinary, that is an insult.” She purred.

I ignored her inflated ego, attempting to see where he thought this would lead for him. In my mind, this leads to his death and me crossing that portal in twenty-nine days. I just have to play this smart until then.

His dark chuckle vibrated through the otherwise silent room.

“Go back to sleep, kitten. It is very late,” his smile spread just far enough that I was able to see his fangs pressing down.

My heart jumped into my neck but I figured I had better listen. The more he trusts me, the more freedom he will give me and that will be how I plan my escape.