

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 46

Alistair:

I sat down at the head of the table waiting for the meeting to start. Normally, I would have had this meeting in my home, but with Harley and Adoria being there, I wanted privacy. The old woman is coming. I need to know if the future has changed since having Harley here.

I need to know why I feel what I feel about her and to know it isn't just my dick thinking for me.

I sat quietly with my hands folded on the long conference table. My hands were clammy, and the uncertainty of my decisions was catching up with me. Had I made a mistake?

"Hello, my king." The old woman came into the room in a shimmer.

"Did you forget how to use doors?" I snarled.

Her grin widened revealing her rotten smile.

"Shall we begin?" she asked as her smirk faded.

I nodded, ready to receive the answers to the questions that were twisting my guts.

"Has the future changed in my favor?" I asked her as the butterflies in my stomach took flight.

I wanted to ask her if Harley was indeed mine. The reactions our bodies have to each other say she is mine and I would give her myself entirely right now. But I

wasn't ready for the answer yet. At least living here in my delusions, I can pretend I still stand a chance with the blue-eyed warrior plaguing my every thought.

The witch sat at my right, extending her wrinkled and pale hands to me. Exhaling the tension from my body, I neatly tucked away the things I didn't want anyone to know before placing my hands in hers.

I could feel the magic rumbling from her fragile hands as she closed her eyes looking into the pool of future possibilities.

"Her eyes shot wide." Did you take the girl?

"I did." I nodded.

"You know she thinks she killed me." She chuckled.

"Ran her hand right through my clone's chest and pulled its heart out. It really was a sight to behold." She chuckled, closing her eyes once more.

"Hmmm." She rumbled, continuing to dig.

"What?" I asked excitedly.

"Your soul... it." She stopped speaking, turning up one of her unkept brows.

Has she finally lost her mind? I haven't had a soul in centuries.

"You feel it, don't you?" she rumbled.

I didn't answer her, fearful she wasn't speaking about what I was hoping she was.

A surge of power exploded between us, blowing the woman backward out of her chair where she landed with a thud against the wall.

"What the fuck happened? Are you okay?" I got to my feet, quickly assisting her back to her seat.

"The alphas have been called upon by the goddesses that created the girl's soul. If they are successful in their journey... the portal will be opened." I stood knocking the chair back in fury. I will burn that realm to the ground before I let them take

her away from me. I will skin them both with my bare hands before they get the chance to lay a finger on her.

“Wait, I am not done!” She grabbed my arm, pulling me to a seated position.

“You feel something for her, don’t you?” I snatched my hand from hers.

“I want her powers. Nothing more.” I growled.

“You can’t lie to me, boy. I have seen the past. You are bonded to the girl. Even without the beating of your heart, you feel the pull for her.” She pointed her bony finger at me. I wanted to rip it from her hand, but I was too distracted by her words.

I sat back down in the chair. Rubbing the short beard that had formed on my chin.

“What did you see?” I shouldn’t have asked. Any form of weakness gives people the wrong impression, but I need to know.

“That soul that once woke you up in the morning was taken by the man who turned you into a vampire. That soul was reincarnated again and again until it was born into one of the twins. Axel to be precise. The first time you had relations with your mate's sister, you released your mate's soul. It was reincarnated as the girl so she could continue her mission...” her words trailed off like she was considering her next words carefully.

“The poor girl... three mates... I killed the one who tried to claim me. I couldn’t imagine having three.” She shook her head.

“Three?” I questioned.

"The alpha twins and you, my king," she said.

Three mates... that’s unheard of. It was rare for one to be mated to two, but it did happen. I have never heard of someone having three mates.

“I will leave you to it.” She said, shimmering back to God knows where.

I left the office and stopped by the café on my way home. I got Harley some breakfast and a large coffee since she was still sleeping the last time. I checked in.

We really need to talk and I need her to be caffeinated enough to be willing to listen.

I made my way through the front door to see Adoria standing there with her arms crossed patting her foot.

“Do you want to tell me why that little bitch is lying in our bed half naked? Did you fuck her?” her voice sounded like nails grating on a chalkboard.

“Not now, Adoria. We can speak later. I need to talk to Harley first.” I blew her off.

She grabbed my arm, trying to pull me back to her.

“No. If you go up there, I will leave and I won't come back.” She stomped her heeled foot like a toddler in the middle of a tantrum.

“Go.” I shrugged.

If she left on her own, that would be easier for everyone. Now, that the hag confirmed what I already knew, that Harley is my mate.

Nothing in this realm or any other will keep me from her.

Atlas:

Atropos stood gracefully before us. But even in her grace, she was intimidating as hell.

“While I typically choose the manner in which one will die, I also work with the fate and destiny of things. Fate has brought the three of you together time and time again to continue to meet the needs of the universe. You two are the first to EVER reject your mate. You blame it on your father and neither of you were sure if it was what you wanted and yet, at that moment, where you sent her into the forest alone and heartbroken, you both felt relieved.” The screen started again as she spoke, showing a disheveled Harley with a tear-streaked face walking into the forest. Her

gaze looked lost and a little dead. My chest clenched remembering that day and Atropos hadn't been wrong. Back then, I felt relieved.

We were stupid kids who thought the world owed us a favor.

"In order for you to move on to the next step, you must kill that part of yourself." She waved her hands at us and a whoosh of wind surrounded us.

Axel and I were coughing as the earth settled, trying to clear our lungs.

In front of you are the weapons that have chosen you. From now on, these are yours and they will follow you back into your realm.

The minute you touch those swords, your task begins. She stepped back, folding her hands in front of her.

There in the dirt behind us stood two hoplite swords. Both were incredible weapons. I stepped over to mine with Axel at my side. We pulled the swords from the dirt, turning to face her again.

"Now what?" Axel asked.

"Turn and face your opponent." She pointed behind us.

We both turned to see ourselves standing in front of us with swords drawn. They charged us while swinging their blades wildly.

I focused in on the other me. I blocked his first swing, and as he applied pressure to his blade, I kicked him in his stomach, sending him falling on his ass. I drove my blade downward trying to run it through his chest, only to be blocked. While he was on his back, I tried to use that position to my advantage, but he rolled from my continuing attack and stood to his feet. I thought about why I was here and about everything I could lose.

He swung again and I yelled out as the tip of his blade cut from my left temple diagonally, ending its assault on my chin. I closed my injured eye, running at him. I sliced through his dominant arm and landed a good gash on his ribs. His arm was hanging low, barely attached, with the sword still in his hand gripping it tightly. His shocked expression made me want to stop, but I knew I couldn't. I swung my blade again, landing it on his neck.

My blade's sharp edge sliced through him like butter and his head came off rolling to a stop at the feet of Atropos.