

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 62

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 g\*\*\*\*\*d, 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.

"B\*\*\*d?" 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 l\*\*t coursed my veins. I felt guilty for feeling this good when my brother and his mate were cocooned in a tree outside.

"F\*\*k." Atlas g\*\*\*\*\*d, 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 head 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 b\*\*\*d was running down his chin and suddenly the urge to lick it off was overwhelming. My b\*\*\*d 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.