

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 38

Harley:

Panic consumed me before I even had the chance to take in my surroundings. Flashes of Alistair grabbing me in the woods while I stood beside him smiling. He left that version of me there... with my mates... with my pack.

“It was a damn golem.” My wolf grumbled, stretching lazily.

“Let’s get the fuck out of here,” I growled, sitting up in a bedroom decked out in blacks and reds.

“Can’t toots. No one is coming for us, and we are stuck here for twenty-nine days.” She crossed her front paws, laying her head down again.

“Explain what you mean quickly before I have a fucking heart attack,” I said through gritted teeth.

“We were dragged into the realm of the forgotten at the peak of the full moon. That portal won’t open again until the king of the damned opens it. Or the moon is full again. Alistair can come and go as he pleases. He is the king of the damned. This is his realm... the moon will open the door again in twenty-nine days. We need to be ready then. Because something tells me he isn’t letting us out.” Her tongue fell from her mouth, seemingly unbothered by this information.

I am speechless.

I am... pissed!

“Why aren’t you more bothered by this?” I growled at her.

Her head tilted to the side like she didn’t understand my question. She isn’t sharing with me, and it is really getting old.

“Spit it out.” I snapped.

“Keep grinding our teeth like that, and they’re gonna shatter... I don’t know how to tell you I am used to this. I have been your wolf... well... always. It is always the same thing.” She stretched again, walking into the darkness of my mind to ignore me and my questions.

“What does that mean? Of course, you have always been my wolf. Bring your fuzzy ass back now!” My eyes lit up as my anger took hold of me.

I screamed until I lost my voice, and when it did, I rampaged. I tore the silk sheets, clawed the mattress to shreds, broke the bed frame, and busted the chandelier. I was so swallowed in rage that the presence of someone else hadn’t registered to me. I took a bed slat and started on the walls busting long holes in the drywall.

“Enough.” His voice was so calm but crashed through my brain, numbing my anger.

No. Not again. I fit the effect that his husky voice had on the otherwise jagged areas of my brain.

“Fuck you!” I snarled.

I went at him with the slat drawing it back. If I can’t leave for twenty-nine days, then I will wreak as much fucking havoc here as I can until this realm spits me out to save itself.

Before the wood met his chiseled jaw, his massive hand wrapped around it, splintering the wood in his knuckles.

I am going to enjoy killing this bastard.

With a smirk, I kicked him in the stomach as hard as I could, then backed away to give myself room for my next attack.

His head slowly raised from the crouched position my kick to his abdomen left him in. The black hair that he normally keeps slicked back in a bun was hanging shaggy over his crimson eyes.

I ran, I ran as fast as my legs could pack me, tearing into him with everything I had. Hit after hit, he dodged everything I was throwing at him.

My fury wrapped around me like a vine strangling everything that didn't resemble that rage.

I ran again, unwilling to be the lesser of the two of us. I leaped, wrapping my legs around him. I laughed the minute his hands touched my thighs, I had him. I wrapped my hand in his shaggy curls, and I drew my fist back, hitting him in the nose.

My joy was short-lived when my feet hit the ground. He moved so quickly that I couldn't track him. His icy hand wrapped around my wrist yanking me, and his foot came out tripping me on my face. My hands were pinned at the dip of my back, and his knees were on either side of me.

"Enough." He whispered in my ear.

His breath fanned against my neck and his frigid skin felt like ice against me.

"Let me go!" I yelled, trying to roll from his grip.

He pulled my arms tighter, stilling my attempt.

"You are mine now, kitten. You will not cause any more problems like this for me, understand? If you do, I will punish you any way I see fit." He pushed against me as his hardened length made his point for him.

"Are we clear?" he growled.

“If you attempt to take me, I will spend every day of the rest of my life making sure you have to piss out of a catheter bag. Do you understand?” I thrashed against him, still hyperaware of his hard dick between us.

His laughter bounced around the room so bubbly and loud that, in other circumstances, it would’ve sounded nice.

I don’t know what he finds so funny, but he is fucking up not taking me seriously.

His weight pressed against my back, and his breath tickled my ear.

“I don’t have to take the women that I bed, kitten. They beg me for it.” I could hear the smile even behind the smoke in his voice.

His weight lifted from me, but he never left the room. I stood on my feet with the same burning question that had plagued me from the moment he pulled me into the vision the first time.

“I will have Adoria and Lance fix this for you. Get dressed. Dinner is in thirty minutes.” He left before I could ask.

“That was interesting.” My wolf hummed.