

# Their Warrior Luna

## Chapter 39

Alistair:

The dome portal had closed the minute I walked through it with Harley in my arms.

Her mates and their troops were closing in on us, topping the hill as soon as we stepped in.

I did it. I got her here... but now I don't know what to do with her. I placed her in the bedroom Adoria and Lance had prepared for her.

I paced the hallway for a while before I settled on taking a shower to get the scents of her mates off of me.

I was disappointed when the hot water didn't warm my skin as she did... I hadn't realized I missed feeling warmth until I touched her for the first time.

The water pelting into my chest made her sweet vanilla scent mix into the steam encasing the bathroom. Reminding me she was here.

I dried off and pulled on my favorite black jogger pants, thinking about how I should call on the mystics to help me solve this problem. She can't stay here, not in the home Cordelia and I built together. I want the girl's powers, not her. Maybe the old hag was right. Maybe I should have waited for the child.

A scream rattled the walls surrounding me, pulling me from my thoughts. She is awake.

I walked out of my room and to the door right next to mine. I could see her losing it inside there.

The little thing was on a rampage. Destroying her mattress, the bedding, and even the light fixtures and walls.

I wanted to bust her little ass so badly for this mess, but then a fleeting thought of Cordelia hit me. I need to control myself. But right now, I need to control her first. I tried calming her with my trance again. It worked the last time... though I hate using it. It doesn't belong to her. That ability belongs to my mate and my mate is long gone.

We fit until we both had exhausted ourselves, and when it was over I was rock-hard for her. The same way I end up every time I am around her. The way I slid across her tight jeans' fabric perfectly, like it was meant for me.

After I told her I would have her room fixed and to get ready for dinner, I walked back to my room trying to collect myself. No matter what I did, I could smell her on me again, I could still feel her warmth that had settled in my bones.

I closed my eyes thinking of my sweet mate's green eyes looking up at me. Those green eyes quickly morphed to a beautiful blue and I growled, throwing a chair against the wall from the sitting area.

I ran my fingers through my hair and poured myself a shot, hoping that the alcohol would numb me to the hold she had somehow gotten on me, but it only made me think of her juicy ass in those jeans.

I splashed my face with water and made my way to the kitchen where I waited at the table for her. Anger grew in me every minute that passed without her being in that chair next to me eating. I don't even eat food, but she does, and I asked my kitchen staff to prepare food for her.

I shoved back from the table in a huff with the bottle of wine. I wanted to retire to my chambers with my wine and a blood pack from my reserves and instead I found Ty, an Incubus I had employed at the request of his father in

exchange for something I had been dying to get my hands on, standing in the girl's room.

Her shirt was torn, and her lip had been busted. She was fighting him much harder than she had me, and something tells me the reason she is putting up this fight had something to do with his filthy hands trying to pry into her pants while he attempted to lull her to sleep with his song.

I couldn't make myself walk away as badly as I wanted to. My feet had already started into the room and my fist was already beating into his face one sickening crunch after the other. I managed to stop myself from killing the boy so I could figure out what the hell had happened.

Even though I already knew her answer.

“Did he touch you?” My voice was so full of gravel I barely recognized my own words. Her eyes were wet with unshed tears. My brave little kitten would never let us see her cry. But her shaking form and the blood trickling from the scratches on her shoulders and abdomen told me what I needed to know.

I cupped her face, making her look into my eyes, as my own bloodied knuckles dripped onto her cut-up shoulders.

“Did he touch you kitten? Use your words, Harley.”

“Yes,” was all she had time to stammer.

The fear shaking in her voice tipped me over the edge of no return.

“Lance. I need a hammer.” I yelled out.

If I kill the boy, the deal between his father and myself will be over. But after tonight, his father would have wished I had killed him.

I stormed her, making her breath hitch in her throat.

“Come here, Harley. Let me show you what happens when people touch what belongs to me.” I picked her up and sat her on the accent chair, giving her a better view.

I took the hammer from Lance, propping a disoriented Ty on his knees in front of her. He put his hands on the table that had once been set neatly in the sitting area.

I pulled the hammer back, watching as her little body trembled with the first contact of the hammer on his fingers. I didn’t stop hammering his hands until both were broken and bloodied. I crushed every bone I could while he begged me to stop.

“Apologize,” I growled in his face.

“I— My king, I.” I didn’t like that he addressed me instead of her, so I hit the hand closest to me again.

“Apologize to her, Ty, before my grace wears out and I send you home to your daddy in a body bag.” His eyes widened at my threat.

“I’m s-sorry, I shouldn’t h-have t-touched you.” He blubbered.

I drug him by the collar of his shirt along the floor, throwing him out of her room before I went back to her. I walked slowly, fearful I would spook her, but she was already standing with her fists clenched at her sides.

“I want to go home now, Alistair.” She sniffled.

“This is your home now, Harley,” I said, reaching to rub the single tear that was sliding down her cheek.

“Don’t touch me, I am not yours. I don’t belong here, and this is not my home. I don’t know what kind of twisted shit you are on

here. But you need to wake up and realize I have a home and mates and nothing you can do or say will change that.” She was yelling now but I was slowly becoming entranced with the smell of her blood wafting around me.

“If that is the case, why did they reject you? Why are they good enough to wear your mark, but you don’t get theirs?” I asked, calmly watching the blood run down her exposed cleavage.

I could tell I struck a nerve when her palms started bleeding from digging her nails into her skin.

“Come now, we both need to shower.” I stuck my hand out to her hoping she wouldn’t fight me anymore.

“I am not going anywhere with you,” she growled.

“Yes, you are. Your little tantrum has clearly made your sleeping arrangements unsafe for you. For tonight you will sleep in my chambers. Whether you go the easy way or the hard way is your choice.” I said, coolly leaning against the door.

She looked around the room, taking in everything she had done. Slowly, the awareness that the reason Ty could get in here, in the first place, was because the door was broken in our fight.

She crossed her arms and walked towards me in a huff, stomping like a child. I couldn’t stop the grin on my face after she passed me.

She is such a fucking brat, but it really is cute.

We walked into my chamber. Her eyes widened as the thought of sleeping in bed with me crossed her mind.

“I don’t sleep. You can take the bed.” I mumbled, grabbing another pair of pants and some underwear out of the closet for myself and a pair of joggers and a t-shirt for her.

“Here you can shower first.” I held out the clothes for her.

I was amused by her little nose scrunching up at them. They are clean. I don’t know what her problem is.

“Fine, sleep naked then.” I shrugged.

She snatched the clothes from me quickly after that. I laughed again as her little bare feet padded to the bathroom, slamming and locking the door behind her.

I had Adoria bring her some food while she showered. As I was setting it up for her, the smell of her vanilla and my soap filled the room, settling inside my chest in some kind of proud comfort.

The thought of her smelling like me instead of those wretched bastards made me feel... happy.

She stepped out of the bathroom in a billow of steam, her long hair hanging wet around her back and my clothes had never looked so fucking good.

“I had Adoria bring you some dinner.” I pulled the cover from the plate.

“Not hungry.” She mumbled, still mad at me for stealing her.

She crawled into my bed, rolling up into a little ball facing away from me. She quickly drifted off into my sheets and the sounds of her soft breathing and the beat of her heart relaxed the monster inside of me for the first time in 300 years.