

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 43

Harley:

I pulled the arrow from my foot, grunting as the burn worsened.

“Do you know what telekinesis is?” my wolf stretched, looking more relaxed than I felt.

As the creatures kept closing in on us, I panicked!

“I swear if you tell me they have telekinesis I will vomit.” I whimpered, as I calculated who was close enough to me to attack first.

“No, girl. You do!” Her tongue flopped out while her tail wagged happily.

“Listen, I can only tell you once how to do this right now. If you fuck it up, get ready to fight because they will be pissed if it doesn’t work. I need you to picture our magic flowing through you. Think about it like lavender tendrils of chaotic static consuming your body.” she said with golden retriever energy.

I kept my eyes circling the creatures. The pukwudgies were way too close for my comfort and I don’t think I have enough time for her crash course. But I did as she said anyway. I thought of lavender-colored electricity manifesting across my skin.

Every hair on me stood on end and my hair started whipping around me violently.

“Alright now, relax! Rein it back in. Control the amount of power you are seeing, contain it.” She said, jumping around in excitement.

I inhaled deeply, focusing on making the chaos around me shrink into a vibrant glow. I looked at my fingers and my pale tattooed skin looked translucent under the power surging through my fingertips.

“Focus on the pukwudgies. Slowly extend your hands in their direction, and see in your mind what you want them to do.” Drool was falling from her maw as she shook her fur out.

I couldn’t see into the forest past them, so I did the only thing I could think of.

Extending my hands in their direction, I envisioned the magic in me wrapping them in a giant bubble and when the magic left me wrapping around them like purple snakes, I got so excited that I almost broke focus.

I lifted my arms into the air, shocked as the critters came off the ground hissing and squealing like I had tossed them into a frying pan of hot oil.

“Am I killing them?” I asked fearfully.

“Yes. I was thinking you would just throw them far away, but don’t feel bad about it. This is just another of our powers. I am impressed you are using two at once. But it is you or them. They don’t stop until you die or you kill yourself. I want to go home to my mates, Harley. And we will at whatever cost.” She was right. Those things were going to hurt us.

“HARLEY!” Alistair’s voice rang behind me.

My focus broke and the now silent pukwudgies dropped to the ground lifeless with smoke coming from their corpses.

I turned with a cocky glare, knowing damn well I was going back to this psycho man’s house with him because there was no way in hell that I was going back into that forest with no pants on.

“Ohhhh... we are in trouble.” My wolf flopped down much too content in his presence for my comfort.

Alistair:

I will bust her fucking ass when I get my hands on her. She had run straight into the forest of illusion. A death trap for anyone, especially for someone who has no idea what they have walked into.

The moment my feet hit the tree line I had to force myself to continue. A buzz resonated through the forest like a downed power line, and the energy emanating from whatever was causing the sound was like stepping outside into a very hot and humid day after you had been relaxing in an air-conditioned room. Sweat broke out on my forehead and, for the second time in my life, I was scared. What if I was already too late?

A whoosh of air wrapped around me, and I almost fell. I know exactly what is happening. She found her magic. I ran faster, wanting to see what hell she was raising on some unexpected creature. I never expected to find her in anything but my t-shirt, frying over two hundred pukwudgie with her power.

I almost gasped at her magnificence!

Her arms were raised high, and the forest was lit in a purple glow. Her hair whipped wildly around her waist as the nasty little creatures screeched in pain.

“HARLEY!” I yelled at her.

They were all clearly dead, but she still held them in the air scorching their lifeless bodies until I yelled for her. She must have lost her focus because they all fell from the sky with a smokey thud.

She turned to face me with an arrogant little gleam in her eye.

“I thought I made it perfectly clear when I said you wouldn’t create problems like this for me.” Her arrogance faded at my words, but she still stood unphased by me.

“You should have told me you had a girlfriend. It was inappropriate for you to make me stay in your room. Not to mention you fucking her in the hallway was...” she faked a gag in my direction and a smirk crossed my lips. What a dramatic little thing she is.

“Are you jealous, kitten?” I stepped closer, letting my eyes roam her body.

“What? NO! Are you delusional, Alistair?” she yelled.

“God, my name sounds so good coming from your lips,” I spoke softly, stepping closer to her.

She started to back away from me, stopping with a hiss. I let my eyes follow in the direction hers was now looking and if my heart were still beating it would have jumped into my throat at the sight of her swollen and bloody foot.

“Damn, I forgot about that.” She grumbled, lifting it up as her blood trickled down her foot dripping from her toes.

“Fuck, come here.” I rushed her, scooping her up against her protesting.

I cradled her little body in my arms while she tried to fight me. I sighed as my body erupted in her warmth and, for the first time, I could tell my touch had elicited a similar feeling in her, even though she kept attempting to wiggle free.

“Harley, either you stop wiggling right now, or I will throw you over my shoulder and bust that naked little ass of yours.” She stilled instantly, making me chuckle.

“Good girl. Now tell me what caused your foot to be hurt like that.” I said, pulling her closer to me, since she was too fearful, I would follow through with my threat. She didn't fight me anymore.

“A pukwudgie arrow.” She scowled, crossing her arms in a pout.

I tried to hide my concern, I didn't want her to panic. I kept the fact that their arrows are laced with a potent poison to myself. Choosing to just get her home quicker so I could fix it. I ran faster, making the forest blur around us, her arms stretched out wrapping tightly around me and her nails dug into my back like she was trying to hold on for her life.

I stopped at the mansion's front door, kicking the door open, unable to hide my fear. I sat her on the large island in the kitchen and grabbed her a bottle of water. The little brat has been too stubborn to even drink since getting here.

“Drink that,” I murmured before starting to look through the cabinets for the first aid kit I hadn't had to use since moving in here.

“No,” she snapped.

I am so sick of her bratty fucking attitude and now is not the time to push me.

I grabbed a fist full of her hair, jerking her head back roughly. Her pink lips parted slightly and her hands pushed against my chest in an attempt to create distance between us.

“Either you drink it, or I make you,” I growled, holding the bottled water up again.

She snatched it quickly, taking a long drink. I gently released her hair and continued my search for the kit.

“FUCK IT!” I roared, slamming my fists into the marbled countertop on either side of her.

“I can't find the first aid kit. I need to suck the poison from your foot before it spreads into your blood any further.” The crimson glow of my eyes bounced off her pale skin.

“W—What? No way in hell! Nope, not happening. I am immune to the poison and can handle the pain. Your mouth is not coming near me.” She shook her head and scooted herself further back on the countertop.

That’s it. I have had enough of her fucking attitude.