

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 44

Harley:

I scooted myself back onto the island. There was no way in hell he was putting his mouth anywhere on me.

“He isn’t wrong, Harley. You may be immune to the poison, and the pain may be tolerable for you. But our foot may fall off and we don’t need that now, do we?” she snickered at me.

“No. You can’t possibly be okay with a man who isn’t our mate putting his lips on us.” I narrowed my eyes at her.

I had been so caught up in our bickering that I had been unconcerned with Alister until his icy sparks shot through my legs.

His calloused hands gripped my knees, pulling me forward on the counter. His fingers tightened, pinning me in place. My ears rang and I licked my lips praying I could find my voice.

“What—What are you doing?” my voice was barely above a whisper.

My whole body was lit with goosebumps from the chill of his undead hands gripping my thighs.

“I am so fucking sick of your bratty attitude,” he said through gritted teeth.

His hands slowly made their way up my thighs.

“Stop... You should stop.” I could barely think straight, and I scolded myself for even entertaining the thought of liking the way his hands felt on me. He never offered to go any higher after I told him to stop, but he didn’t remove the vice he had on my thighs either.

“I am going to fix your foot, and you are going to be a good girl and sit still while I do so. Are we clear, kitten?” his grip tightened on my thighs, and I rolled my bottom lip between my teeth, nodding reluctantly.

The air between us felt unbreathable. He smelled like dark whiskey and honey and the cold from his hands on my thighs had settled between my legs like little frosty kisses. My face was flushed, and my wolf seemed as worked up as I was. After he fixes my foot, whatever mind fuckery he is playing on me stops. I would never betray my mates for him and I am sick of myself having these feelings when his hands are on me.

He scooped me back up, taking me to his room. Being against him makes my stomach erupt in the same butterflies my mates give me... and that can’t be right.

He sat with me on the side of the huge tub in his bathroom. Once he got the water to the temperature he wanted, he twirled his finger in a circle signaling me to turn and put my foot in.

I hang my mangled foot over the tub nervously... what if it hurts?

“Oh, it’s gonna.” My wolf rumbled.

I clenched my teeth, closing my eyes tightly. I stuck my foot into the steaming water hissing when it felt like I had stuck my foot in a garbage disposal.

“That really burns,” I whined, blinking back the tears.

“You are doing incredible, kitten. It will feel much better once I get the poison out.” He rubbed the top of my head.

I wanted to swat his hand away, but I had gripped the tub tightly to keep from screaming and I was fearful if I let it go, I would scream.

He took a washcloth and gently cleaned around my wound. He patted it dry and took me back into his bed.

“You may want to lay back. I hear the first bite is overwhelming for werewolves.” He grinned at me, taking a kneeling position in front of me.

“For once, listen to him, Harley. I will be pissed at you if our foot falls off.” she wiggled around finding a lying position like it was her foot that was going to be gnawed on like a bloody steak.

I leaned back, gripping the sheets. My eyes were shut tightly, and I was trying to get control of my heart rate, which was beating painfully.

“Fuck... that may have been a bad idea.” He groaned.

I opened my eyes wide at him thinking something was wrong. His eyes were locked between my legs and his bottom lip was between his teeth. I had completely forgotten I was only wearing his shirt. My blush consumed my face entirely and I tried to close my legs. His hands grasped my thighs again, more painfully this time. I sat up whimpering.

“I’m sorry, I can control myself. Lay back.” He said, releasing the grip on my thigh.

I retook my position, gripping the sheets, eyes shut tightly, panting anxiously. His breath fanned my foot and his icy tingles erupted up my leg as he sat between my legs.

“Tell me before you do it, okay?” I screeched.

He laughed softly, making chills erupt up my spine.

“Please—Please warn me. I am freaking out!” I exclaimed as my whole body shook.

His fingers started making soft strokes on my leg.

“Stop panicking, kitten. Let me take care of you.” He spoke softly but the words rattled my brain. No one has ever offered to take care of me, and it left me feeling unsettled.

“Just do it,” I whined.

“As you wish my queen.” He chuckled.

His fangs sank into my foot and my back arched on the bed. The pain I was feeling instantly melted away and was replaced with indescribable pleasure. It wasn't the same kind of pleasure I felt from making love to my mates, but it was just as deliciously incredible.

A moan rolled from me as his grip tightened. He sucked and spat the poison from my foot into the trash bin beside him. Each time he sank his fangs into my skin, I got closer and closer to the edge until...

He spat the last bit of poison out right before I...

My wolf was lying on her back wagging her tail.

Hussies. We are both big, nasty hussies!

Alistair:

Even coupled with the bitter taste of the poison, her blood exploded in my mouth, igniting every atom in my body like a livewire. Her head fell back, and a soft moan fell from her perfect lips. Her grip on the bed sheets tightened and her back arched against the silk beneath her.

The third time my fangs sank into her, her little black-painted toes curled into my hand.

Is she?...

A vampire's bite is supposed to be extremely painful for werewolves. My little Cordelia was my chosen consort and I was her chosen mate. I could make her come just by feeding on her.

In the past, though, I killed werewolves for survival. It isn't my preferred meal nowadays. But those wolves died in excruciating pain.

My mate was the only one I had bitten into that found pleasure in my bite instead of pain.

With the poison removed from her foot, I tried to pull my mouth away from her explosive force. I spat it in the bin. But before I could stop myself, my eye caught the gleaming metal piercing through her clit.

She was so wet from a bite on her foot, I couldn't stop wondering what one bite close to her sensitive area would do. Would she squirm away from me like a helpless little mouse?

I bit into her foot one last time, able to appreciate her sweetness as it burned a hot trail down my throat.

Her lifeforce tastes so fucking sweet. I bet her come would taste even better on my lips.

I released her sealing to wound off without letting her come. Her first time coming for me will not be like this. It will be a slow-burning torture that leaves her a broken and begging mess.

She collapsed against the bed, her perky chest heaved from her attempt to hide her pleasure from me.

"Is it over? Can I keep my foot?" She asked breathlessly.

"It is. I must apologize. I didn't mean to make you think you would lose your foot. At worst you may develop an infection; you would have had a hard time walking for a few days. But losing your foot would never have happened. It is already healing." I watched the blush run from her chest, up and up until her forehead was even hued in red and pink.

“But—But, my wolf said...” she stumbled on her words as her eyes showed the telltale signs of speaking with her beast.

Had her beast told her she would lose her foot if she didn’t let me suck the poison from her?

“She said what?” I grinned so hard my dimples felt sore.

Her blue eyes studied my face. She seemed to be in shock still. I bet those bastard twins of hers never made her feel that close to coming without having their dicks in her tight little cunt.

“Nothing. Can I go back to my room now? I need to lie down. I don’t feel well.” She pushed her hair out of her still-flushed face and licked her lips.

“No. But I have a business thing today, so stay here. I won't be here to bother.” I wanted to push that strand of hair behind her ear so badly my fingertips itched. But I wouldn’t let myself. This moment between us isn’t resentful or angry. I would like to keep it that way.

“Before you sleep though, I will have Val prepare you something to eat and I will bring it to you before I go. You need to eat something.” I dropped my pants, leaving myself only in boxers without thinking. I need to shower for the day, and I am not bashful.

Her eyes lingered over my body for a short moment before she screeched when she caught herself appreciating my body.

“Jesus, what are you doing?!” she squeaked, covering her eyes.

“Don’t be bashful, kitten.” I chuckled as I stepped into the bathroom, closing the door behind me.

I could hear her racing heart beating in her throat. She was trying to control her breathing and that still small bloom of hope in my chest grew a little more.

Could she ever love the monster that took her away from the life she loved so dearly?