

Their Warrior Luna

Chapter 7

I took my helmet off, taking in the shocked expressions of Denny and two others I didn't recognize.

"Harley, shit. Are you okay?" the fear in his voice was almost pitiful.

He started patting me, looking for the wounds that caused the blood to cover me. He's taking their deaths harder than me.

"It is not mine, Den. There were six rogues about fifteen miles out. Your patrol is shit, or I wouldn't have had to take care of three of them myself. The others fled. You may want to push your patrols out for a better scope before they get too close." His jaw clenched, but he nodded, and when his eyes glazed over, indicating a mind link being formed. I breathed a little easier, knowing he had taken my advice.

In the last ten years, Denny, more than my parents, knew my position in Byron's pack and had some hint of what I was capable of. Neither he nor my parents knew my wolf was dormant, though, and I fear that could cause issues here.

"I'm going to the house, Den." As I was putting my helmet back on, he stopped me.

"Harls, the house was burned down in the attack. I have you a space on the beta floor of the pack house." He couldn't make eye contact with me because he knew the magnitude I would carry.

No. Fuck no. I will NOT sleep under their roof.

"Denny... Are you kidding me? No. I will rent a room." I crossed my arms in an attempt to hold myself together. I feel like I could explode.

Sudden exhaustion crashed into me, my body sore from the rogue attack, my stomach growling from the dinner I left behind at Amari's party, the anger of the situation just too much to swallow. Inhale. One. Two. Three.

"That isn't an option either." Denny finally found his balls and met my eyes.

He seems concrete in his decision, and that pisses me off more.

"Just a few days, Harls... please! I need my sister." Denny may be my big brother, not to mention he is the big bad beta of Clearwater. But he got mothers emotional side, something I was thankfully spared.

"Fine. Let's go." I nodded to the truck I assumed was his.

My chest was ready to cave in at the thought of being around them. I was so fucking stupid and weak back then that I couldn't even accept their rejection. The minute they turned eighteen and realized I was their mate, they immediately rejected me to 'spare' me the loss of the bond. I have dealt with that loss every fucking day since. It's my fuel, my drive. I knew I would be strong enough to accept that rejection one day. But I wasn't expecting it to be today. I came to plan a funeral. Instead, I have to accept their rejection, looking like Carrie.

I let Denny lead us even though I know this place like the back of my hand. Denny pulled us into a garage, and I shut off the bike, climbed off, and threw my backpack at him.

"I know this isn't ideal." He mumbled, helping me peel out of the jacket that had dried to my skin.

Don't, Harley. You are stronger than this. I swallowed the rising emotions.

"I need a shower Den." His eyes looked over my blood-soaked everything, and a smirk formed. "I think you look pretty badass, Harls." His laughter was bubbly and familiar and made me happy.

"I look and smell disgusting, Denny. Take me to my room so I can wash the rogue guts out of my hair." A smile tickled my lips as we walked through a door that led us into the kitchen, where we turned up a staircase that let us avoid everyone.

Everyone except the kitchen staff, who were doing their fair share of staring at me. Denny pulled me into an elevator, hit the number 2 button, and then scanned a card he turned around and handed me.

“This will give you access to the beta floor while you are here. It is always two. One is the alpha’s floor, and the third is the gamma.” A silence wrapped around the two of us.

The reality of my visit sank in.

“Did they suffer?” I wanted so badly to keep my voice level. I needed to sound stronger.

He shook his head no but couldn’t look at me. It made me wonder if he was being truthful or not. The ache in my chest returned when the elevator opened, letting us both trudge in.

This floor was set up like a four-bed, three-bath house with everything but a kitchen. The room Den had set up for me was done in creams and whites, and while I prefer darker stuff, it’ll do for a few days. Not to mention it had one of the nicest king beds I had ever seen before. Denny stood at the door, watching me make my rounds of the room, smiling at my approval. I snatched my backpack and ran into the ensuite bathroom.

The steam rising from the marbled shower had me giddy. I scrubbed rogue guts and blood from me, watching it swirl down the drain. Now that mom and dad are gone, I have to find a way to be in Den’s life.

I washed and scrubbed until my skin was clear and my hair smelled like heaven again. Once I was satisfied I was clean, I wrapped in a huge fluffy towel and pulled black sleep shorts and a tank from my bag. I left my hair loose to air dry and ran out of the bathroom to find Denny in the kitchen with a bunch of takeout, drinks, and my katana from my bike.

“FOOOOD!” I ran towards the coffee table, grabbed a box, and relaxed into the taste of bad Chinese food.

“Damn, slow down, sis.” Denny laughed, digging into his boxes and shooting me a scowl when I nailed him with an egg roll.

Pleased with the food baby I created, I grabbed a bottle of his expensive whiskey and a shot glass, and a few other necessities and settled into the floor in front of the fireplace to clean my katana. I took a shot and got to work on my girl.

“How come you didn’t shift?” Denny observed me, but I was just looking at my blade.

I adore this blade and treat her better than I treat myself.

“Didn’t need to.” I shrugged.

“You have the whole pack talking, you know? Between the kitchen staff seeing me hustle a blood-soaked kid up the stairs and the mess, a few men went out to clean up. The rumors are buzzing that I smuggled in a ninja kid.” His childlike grin made his dark circles seem less dramatic.

I do not need to draw attention to myself while I am here.

“Oh yeah? That’s no good.” I grinned, taking another shot.

People confusing me for a child isn’t as surprising or flattering as it used to be. Now it’s just annoying. Even though I have a C cup and a thick ass, my five-foot stature ruins it for me. Denny is six foot two, for crying out loud. I do look like a kid compared to him.

A sudden knock at the door broke me from cleaning, and my heart was trying to leap through my shirt.

“Calm down. It’s just our Gamma Nathan. Just relax.” Denny’s hands were out like he was trying to convince a stray cat it was safe with him. Truthfully, I felt like a stray right now.

I took another shot and kept cleaning my blade. A low whistle rang from the doorway, and this classically cute guy strolled in, looking me over. Den whispered something in his ear, and his smile fell off. He cleared his throat and formally introduced himself. He handed Denny some folders and sat on the couch, reviewing the contents.

“I was part of the cleanup this evening. I can’t believe you did all that damage with a sword on your own.” His eyes were full of excitement, like he really thought I was a ninja or something.

I smiled at him, but it was more out of politeness than anything.

“Well, actually, I am... I.” my words caught in my throat. How do I explain my position to a stranger?

“If it wasn’t for her unsevered tie to this pack, Harls here would be the head warrior of Alpha Byron’s pack.” Denny said, sounding almost... proud of me.

“She didn’t even shift Nate. You believe that?” They were really eyeing me now.

“On that note. I am off to bed.” I stood cleaning my mess up and exchanged good nights with my brother and the gamma. I quickly sank into the bed's covers, drifting into the darkness.