

His Lost Lycan Luna Chapter 6 by Jessica Hall

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 6 – Kyson POV

I couldn't understand my actions, yet I couldn't let the girl die. And the panicked way she begged for her friend, I couldn't bring myself to deny her anything. I was pretty confident if she asked to bring the entire orphanage, I would have told her yes, though it confused me. I couldn't explain it. She was a rogue werewolf, nothing Lycan about this girl. However, the thought of letting her die made my stomach turn and my heart twist painfully.

Both girls sat like statues in the back of the car. They didn't utter a word. By the dark-haired girl's sharp intake of breath, I could see that she appeared to be in pain for some reason. Did I hurt her when I grabbed her? But then I also noticed the other girl kept trying to hold her arms, keeping her from leaning back, but I would hear the girl hiss in pain with every bump.

"Pull over," I tell my Beta Damon. He pulls the car over, and the cars behind and in front follow suit.

"Gannon, switch places with us," I tell my Gamma through the mind link. I got out of the car, pulled up along the freeway.

Damon also gets out, looking at me over the car's roof questionably. He raises his arms, wondering what is going on. Ignoring him before opening the back door and grabbing the girl's arm. Her entire body trembles and I realize maybe it wasn't such a good idea pulling over. They probably thought I was about to kill them and dispose of their bodies.

My judgment was correct when she started begging me. "Please just let us go. We won't tell anyone. You won't have to see us again," she says, trying to get out of my grip.

"Enough, tell your friend to get out," I tell her, and her eyes fill with tears; she nods before blinking rapidly, fighting her tears and swallowing. She drops her head before holding her hand out to her friend. The other girl slides across the seat before gripping her hand.

"We promise, we will just go, and you won't have to kill us, we won't tell anyone," though what they would tell anyone in the first place was beyond me. We hadn't done anything that would need to be hidden. She also seems to realize that.

"Are you going to kill us?" She asks, looking up at me. I watch her for a second until she looks down. I find her questions cute. No one would dare question my intentions, yet she couldn't help but ask despite her apparent fear.

"Have you given me a reason to k**l you?" I ask her, and she looks at me before looking at her friend.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to grab you, I...I?" She stutters like she wasn't sure what she was apologizing for.

"Are you not allowed to touch me?" I ask her. Her brows pinch together at my question.

"No, you are a King. I am a rogue," she explains; her answer irritates me. I have never liked being touched, yet her touching me didn't seem to faze me. In fact, I wanted her to feel her touch with her tiny hands. I grip her hand, turning it over.

Her palms were calloused and blistered, and some parts rougher from doing hard labor, I had seen miners with smoother hands. I grab her other hand, turning it over, which is the same. Such tiny hands, turning it over, which is the same. Such tiny hands, showing how hard she has worked, the skin chapped and peeling in places. Placing her hand on my chest, my skin tingles delightfully, and I feel my chest vibrate, a purr escaping me that I quickly muffle before she realizes. Having heard it, Damon clears his throat, and I have no idea what came over me.

I look at him, and his eyes flicker when he mind links me. "You sure there isn't something going on with you and the rogue girl?" He asks, a smile playing on his lips. I felt possessive over her, and I didn't like him calling her rogue girl. I growl at him, and she jerks her hand away, stepping back closer to her friend when she hisses, her back arching as she bumps into the other girl.

"Are you hurt?" I ask her, grabbing her arm to steady her.

"No, sir," she says. She lied and clearly is in pain but wouldn't admit it. I could smell a lie and wanted to punish her for it; I let it slide, she will learn not to lie to me soon enough.

I pull her toward the limo, and Gannon gets out and moves to our car. I hated the limo, but I could find out more about these two girls there. I open the back door and push them inside the vehicle. They quickly slid across the seats, and Damon and I both slid across from them. Damon taps on the glass, and the driver starts the car.

"What is your name?" I ask my raven-haired beauty. She chews her plump lips, and I find my gaze settles on them while she fidgets with her hands.

"Rogue, Sir" they both say in unison.

"No, your names," I demand; they both look at each other confused.

"You know the names given to you when you were born," Damon clarifies.

"You want our real names?" The other girl asked, and it was evident she didn't know how to feel about that.

"Yes, I assume you both have names other than rogue," I tell them.

"Her name is Abbie. Mine is Ivy," she says quietly before looking back at her hands. I could hear both their heart rates accelerate, their fear perfuming the car. Damon reaches into the ice bucket, grabbing some bottles of water out.

He offers them one, but neither of them moves. Their fear was starting to irk me. We had done nothing to earn their fear.

"Take it," Damon tells them, and the oldest one, Abbie, reaches forward, taking it from him.

He offers one to Ivy, and she shakes her head. "We can share," they both say like it would be an awful thing accepting the other one. Growling, they both flinch away from me. I needed to get away from them; I wanted to try to speak to them, but their fear of me was ticking me off, and her scent was overwhelming me. I wanted her but didn't because I knew it was wrong to want her, and I couldn't explain it. Urges I never felt had my blood pumping fiercely, making me feel hot and somewhat flustered.

"Pull over," I call out, and the driver does. I get out, slamming the door. Damon does the same though he shuts his door gently. I walk back to the car, climbing in, and Gannon sighs, getting out like he was bored and sick of playing musical chairs.

"Sit with them," I tell him, and he nods, walking back to the limo.