

Chapter 6

KYSON

It is difficult for me to understand my unusual behavior, yet I cannot allow the girl to die. I'm supposed to be investigating the pack, not picking up its strays and bringing them home with me. Then seeing her fear-stricken face as she pleaded for her friend... I shake my head at the memory. Normally I have no issues telling someone no...Yet I couldn't bring myself to deny her anything.

Damian watches me curiously, and I know he is wondering what has come over me. Hopefully, he figures it out, so I know too. Because I'm pretty confident that if she asked me to bring the entire orphanage, I would have said yes. Which is damn ridiculous. But for some reason, I am drawn to this girl like a moth to a flame.

However, it confuses me why I would agree to such a thing. I've never experienced anything quite like this. I can't explain it. She is a rogue werewolf. There is nothing Lycan about this girl, and I have nothing against werewolves. It's just they've never piqued my interest the way this girl seems to have captivated mine.

The thought of letting her die makes my stomach turn, and my heart twists painfully in my chest. I have witnessed Death countless times,

even by my own hands. Dead bodies have never bothered me; hers shouldn't have, either. Yet the thought of her being killed horrifies me for some unknown reason. I tell myself that it must be because I know she is underage to be decided for yet. I'm a killer, sure, but not a monster. I do have a heart, unlike that disgusting excuse for an Alpha. That seems like a plausible answer.

Peering over at the back of the seat, I see both girls sit like statues in the back of the car. They haven't uttered a word but by the dark-haired girl's sharp intake of breath. I can see she is in pain. I'm sure I never hurt her. Maybe I did, and I am unaware...

Did I hurt her when I grabbed her? She squirms in her seat, her hands placed in her lap. I turn in my seat so that I can get a better look at her. Her eyes are straight ahead. Despite her clothing that looks far too small for a girl of her age, her natural beauty is undeniable. Her dark hair cascades in waves over her shoulder. I find myself admiring her, taking in her every angelic feature.

Her lips are full, and the softest pink, and her eyes are a bright and piercing blue I haven't seen in years. Her eyes dart to me nervously, and I don't miss how she sniffs the air subtly when her eyes meet mine, which seem to see through to my soul, calling on it before they quickly move to the floor when she notices me staring at her.

She has a softness about her that makes her seem vulnerable, yet with the vacant look she has in her eyes when she lifts her gaze back toward the window, I note the hardness in them. She accepts her fate even if she wouldn't have chosen it for herself. Her beauty is breathtaking, soft,

and subtle. However, her acceptance almost appears enduring. It saddens me to wonder what she has endured. The girl beside her moves, drawing my attention to her, her fingertips grazing her hand, and she grips it.

The possessiveness of her grip on the girl's hand beside her tells me she would go to great lengths to protect her or lay her life down beside her. When we hit a bump, she grits her teeth.

The other girl moves, and I've noticed the way she keeps trying to hold her arms, keeping her from leaning back, but I hear the girl hiss in pain with every bump.

“Pull over,” I tell Damian. 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 mindlink. I get out of the car, which is pulled up on the freeway.

Damian also gets out, looking at me questioningly over the car's roof and raising his arms, wondering what is going on. I ignore him, opening the back door and grabbing the girl's arm. Her entire body trembles, and I realize maybe it wasn't such a wise idea to pull over. They probably think I am about to kill them and dispose of their bodies.

My judgment is proven correct when she starts to beg me.

"Please, let us go. We won't tell anyone. You won't see us again," she says, trying to get out of my grip, angling her body to protect the red-haired girl.

"Enough!" my words come out in a growl, and she falls silent immediately and drops her gaze.

"Now tell your friend to get out," I tell her, and her eyes snap back to mine. She clenches her teeth, and her eyes fill with tears.

She nods once before blinking rapidly, fighting tears, and gulping down her fear. She drops her head slightly to peer inside the car. She holds her hand out to her friend. The other girl slides across the seat and takes her offered hand.

"We promise we will just leave. You won't have to kill us. We won't tell anyone. We promise," her friend starts to plead.

What they would tell anyone is beyond me. We have done nothing that needed to be hidden. She falls silent as she seems to realize that.

"Are you planning to kill us?" the dark-haired girl asks, peering up at me. I study her for a second, and her cheeks flush when I don't drop my gaze. However, she looks down quickly, and I smirk. I find her questions cute. Typically, no subordinate would dare question my intentions, yet she can't help but ask despite her apparent fear of me.

“Have you given me a reason to kill you?” I ask her, and she shoots her friend a furtive look. Her lips part slightly as if she realizes something I haven't yet. Her gaze returns to me, and her bottom lip quivers.

“I’m sorry, my King. I didn’t mean to grab you, I... I...” she stutters, as though she feels the need to apologize but doesn't know what for. “Please, my King. I know I shouldn't have put my filthy hands on you. Punish me. But you don't have to punish her. She won't say anything,” the girl beside her yanks on her arm, and the girls look at each other. The red-haired girl glares daggers at her. “More than my life,” she growls at her.

“You did nothing wrong,” she says.

She ignores her friend, returning her attention to me. “I accept whatever punishment you give, sir, for touching you, but please spare Ab...my friend,” she finishes. My brows furrow, and I glance around, now more confused than ever. Did she really think touching me warranted death? My eyes move to Damian, who is watching them curiously, too, when my eyes move to Gannon, who is watching the red-haired girl. Yet the look on his face is like he is staring at a ghost. When he notices me staring at him he shakes his head and leans against the car—pulling a smoke from his packet and lighting it.

“Touching me deserves punishment?... A punishment like death?” I question, but she answers as though it is a statement and not a question.

“I understand, my King,” she says with a swift nod while the girl beside her whimpers, dropping her gaze.

"My King?" the other girl whispers softly, head down. She nudges her, but the red-haired girl goes to speak, only to be cut off. "You've done nothing. You didn't touch him," she hisses at her.

Yet the girl holds her gaze defiantly, but I am surprised by her next move. The red-haired girl quickly reaches out and smacks my arm. The girl snatches her hand.

Damian's brows raise, and he shakes his head. "Unbelievable," he mutters, clearly not pleased with her offhanded agreement to such words and the other girl's willingness to die along with her if I so choose. Gannon, on the other hand, snickers while the girls return to statues of innocence.

I watch them curiously. They do not fear punishment but merely accept it, which raises more questions. I have seen grown men kick and scream to get away from me when I announce them being chunked in the dungeons, now sentencing someone to death. There have been a few instances in which I have seen questionable behavior, but seeing young girls stand so resolute, their faces a mask of acceptance, seems strange to me.

Reaching my hand out, I grip the dark-haired girl's chin, lifting her gaze back to me, but now her eyes almost seem vacant.

"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, and her answer irritates me for reasons I can't explain. I have never liked being touched, yet her touching me didn't phase me. The way she snatched her friend's hand to prevent her from touching me amused me.

"Because I am a King, and you're a rogue?"

She nods once.

But I want her touch, crave it for reasons unknown to me. I grip her free hand, turning it over and making her gasp.

Her palms feel calloused and blistered, and some parts are even rougher as a result of strenuous labor. I have seen miners with smoother hands. I grab her other hand, turning it over to find it appears the same.

Such tiny hands, showing how hard she worked, the skin chapped and peeling in places. Using my other hand, I pop the first three buttons on my shirt. Placing her hand on my chest, my skin tingles unexpectedly. I feel my chest vibrate, a purr escaping me that I quickly muffle before she realizes she has some bizarre effect on me. She gasps, trying to pull her hand away, but I hold it, refusing to let her go.

"And what if I want your touch?" I ask her.

"Then I guess I would have to touch you, my King," she answers, her voice emotionless, toneless. My eyes flit to the other girl whose eyes have turned glassy as she stares vacantly when I notice her hand twitch at her side, glancing down at their hands, the girl's locked pinkie fingers. A possessive growl tries to escape me, and I muffle it quickly.

Damian, having heard it, clears his throat. I do not know what came over me.

I look at him, and his eyes flicker when he mindlinks me. 'Are you sure there isn't something going on with you and the rogue girl?' he asks, a smile playing on his lips.

I still can't explain it, but I feel possessive about her. It even irks me that he's calling her a rogue girl. I growl at him, and she jerks her hand away, stepping back closer to her friend. She suddenly 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 is lying and is clearly in pain, but won't admit it.

I can smell a lie and want to punish her for it. I hate liars, and the fact that she tried to lie to me is downright disrespectful. She should know better than to lie to her King. For now, I will let it slide. However, she will learn not to lie to me soon enough.

I pull her toward the limo, and Gannon steps aside with a groan and moves to our car. I hate the limo. It feels so formal, but I can find out more about these two girls there when I can face them. I open the back door and push them inside the vehicle. They quickly slide across the seats, and Damian and I both slide across from them. He 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 gaze 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 are born,” Damian clarifies.

“You want our real names?” the other girl asks, and it is clear she doesn’t know how to feel about that.

“Yes. I assume you both have names other than 'rogue'?” I reply.

“Her name is Abbie. Mine is Ivy,” Ivy says quietly before looking back at her hands. I can hear both their heart rates speed up and smell their fear perfuming the car. Damian reaches into the ice bucket, retrieving some water bottles.

He offers them one, but neither moves. Their constant fear is really beginning to irk me. We had done nothing to earn their fear.

“Take it,” Damian tells them, and the oldest one, Abbie, reaches forward to take it from him.

He offers one to Ivy, and she shakes her head. “We can share,” they both say as if it would be an awful thing to accept the second one.

Growling as I watch them, they both flinch away from me. With the scent of their intense fear, I realize I need to get away from them. I wanted to speak to them, but their fear of me ticks me off, and her scent is overwhelming me, driving my senses wild.

Urges I've never felt have my blood pumping fiercely, making me feel hot and somewhat flustered while her scent is driving me mad. My pants are even becoming tighter! Never in my life have I had the urge to mate someone as intensely as I want to mark and mate Ivy.

“Pull over,” I call out, and the driver does. I hop out, slamming the door. Damian does the same, though he shuts his door gently. I walk back to the car, climb in, and Gannon sighs, getting out like he's bored and sick of playing musical chairs.

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