

His Lost Lycan Luna Chapter 4 by Jessica Hall

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 4 – Kyson POV

Pulling into the sleepy pack community, I was already annoyed. We hadn't even been here five minutes. Damon, my Beta, was driving, and I looked over at him as we pulled up. I open the mind link to my men in the other cars. I purposefully masked my aura and my scent, but I knew that wouldn't be enough if I wanted to keep my identity a secret.

I didn't want them alerted to who I was. They knew I was meant to be arriving, but I wanted to know what was truly going on, and picking up on who I am would make them be on their best behavior. I have been watching this pack closely for the last few years since Alpha Brock handed down his title to his son, Dean.

I didn't like him and wanted to truly see how he runs things in this small sleepy village.

"Keep your Aura's up to mask mine," I tell my men before hearing a chorus of "Yes, my king" come through the link.

"You really don't like this, Alpha, do you? You are going to extremes to mask who you are," Damon states. He was right, but I had suspicions the new Alpha had been k*****g off rogue children. Reports from neighboring towns had said they kept turning up their bodies in the surrounding forests. There is strict laws prohibiting their deaths until proven guilty or until they turn of age. It was unacceptable, and we needed to put a stop to it before more children were harmed. Rogue or not, they are still kids. It disgusted me how they could k**l off children, which is exactly why the law was brought in to stop the pointless deaths of innocents.

"Just be alert," I tell him as we pull up out the front of a run-down orphanage; I thought it odd that only two rogue girls were listed in the orphanage. The numbers should be higher, which alerted me to the change in titles in the first place. The previous Alpha did everything by the book, but I had heard rumors the new Alpha was terrible in most aspects of running a Pack. The pack had taken a slow decline, putting their pack into debts the kingdom had been digging them out of to stop the human communities from looking too deeply into the town that resided here. Looking out the window, I see children playing and lots of them as they skipped and ran around. The small brick fence around the building had missing bricks, and the building itself looked so run down and decrepit looking, making me wonder what they did with all the donations. I look around and get out of the car, and my Beta comes over. Looking up at the brown bricked building.

"Place looks like a dump," He comments, and I have to agree, this was no place for children. Even the play equipment was so weathered that I was surprised to find it supporting the children's weight playing on it.

I noticed two girls come out of the building. They were definitely the oldest out of them when I caught a whiff of their scents telling me they were the two rogue girls that resided here, they would both be coming of age soon and learn their fates, yet something nagged at me as I watched them be greeted and jumped all over by the children. The children clearly loved the two girls, hanging off them and trying to get their attention.

A woman looking somewhat frazzled, rushed out, we were early, but that was the plan. We wanted them to be unprepared, and by the look on her face, she wasn't expecting us to be two hours early.

The woman rushes over, introducing herself as Mrs. Daley, the headmistress for the dilapidated place. "You must be" She looks around, confused at all my men before her eyes fall on my Beta hesitantly. His aura masked mine, making me appear to be a soldier like the rest of the men. I fought the urge to blast her with mine, to make her step away.

I can't stand women who were only looking for the next opportunity. It was clear this old hag was trying to impress someone, her makeup over the top, and she had a ridiculous amount of pheromones sprayed on her. I never understood why she-wolves thought they needed to spray themselves in that c**p. To me, it smelt as bad as cat p**s. Lycans could easily smell the difference, werewolves may find it appealing, but Lycans found the fake stench revolting. She looked like mutton dressed up as lamb. My lips pull back over my teeth in disgust before I forcefully make myself calm my revulsion of her down.

"I thought the Lycan king was coming?" she purred, a little disappointed; I have to mask my repugnance at how desperate she sounded, her eyes roaming over my men hungrily before falling on me. She holds her hand out to me, and I look at it before my Beta takes her hand, shaking it when I make no move to shake hers.

"He couldn't make it; he sent us instead," Damon tells her. The wind shifts again, and I feel a growl seep its way to my throat before I quickly suppress it, looking around for the smell. I could smell the rogue girl when my eyes snapped to the other girl. She had the deepest black hair I had ever seen, so dark when she moved it had a blue hue to it. She stares at me curiously before looking away when the other girl grabs her attention.

I watched her, completely forgetting about this annoying woman with her high-pitched voice talking to my Beta about g*d knows what. Something about this girl piqued my interest; I just couldn't put my finger on it, something stirring within me and awakening urges hadn't felt before. Both girls hesitantly walked past us, and before I could stop myself, I grabbed the girl's arm looking down at her. Her heartbeat frantically, her eyes wide and her fear so strong I could almost taste it.

"Rogue," I stated, looking her up and down before my eyes fell on her sapphire blue ones, such an odd blue, I thought to myself. Werewolves usually had amber

or brown eyes, sometimes green, rarely blue. She bows her head in respect to us. When I heard a growl that was quickly stifled, and I had a feeling her fear wasn't because of me but because of the headmistress who was glaring daggers at the girl.

She wouldn't be able to feel my aura. I suppressed without meaning to. When she drew near, it diminished more; my own body's reaction to her shocked me. On some deeper level, it was like my subconscious was making sure not to scare her. Her eyes dart nervously to the woman off to the side of me. What I wanted to know was why she feared this vile woman. Did she hurt my girl? I shake my head at my sudden possessiveness; she wasn't mine, I try to remind myself. But why the strange urge to protect and keep her near?

Mrs. Daley's eyes narrow at the girl before me, her lips pressing in a line. "Yes, Sir, they are just on their way. Run along now, girls," Mrs. Daley tells them, and they rush off up the street.

"Now, if you will follow me, sir. I will show you around the facility," She says. Facility? The place looked like it should be condemned.

"What's with you?" My Beta asks through the link; when I realize, I hadn't moved, and am still staring after the two girls who huddled close together while they walked. I force myself to move, following after the birdlike-looking woman. She had the pointiest face and sharp facial features.

"Those girls, follow them and stay out of view," I tell him before he turns around quietly, walking after them. Gannon, my third in command, takes his place beside me and follows me inside.

Inside was clean but sparsely furnished; she showed me around, telling me about the different activities the kids appear to enjoy and some other rubbish. Yet the girl I couldn't seem to drag my mind away from her, which made me curious.

"The two older girls that were here, what is the deal with them?" I ask.

"Oh them, need not mind about them. I don't think they will be around much longer" The woman looks at me over her shoulder, trying to figure out what to call me.

"I'm sorry, I didn't get your name," She says.

"Gannon," I tell her, and I see Gannon's lips tug up in the corners at me stealing his name.

"Right, Gannon, well those two girls are nothing but trouble, been here eight years and a right pain in my a*s," She says.

"Their names?" I ask her, following her upstairs to the bedrooms, peering in each one.

"Um..." She pauses, and I stare at her. How does she not know their names? She blushes before looking away and trying to change the subject.

"You didn't answer Mrs. Daley, the girls' names?" Gannon asks her, knowing I wanted to know, my Beta and he knew something was up with me, yet I couldn't even explain it myself. I had never shown interest to anyone in these packs when I visited, but there was something about that girl that enticed me.

"I don't know; I will have to look up their names," She says, wandering off, and Gannon follows after her into an office. I was about to ask but was glad when Gannon did.

"They have been here for eight years, and you don't know their names?" He asks, just as shocked as me.

"They are rogues, sir, not worth knowing," She states, pulling out some papers; the longer it took, I realized she didn't have any files on them, which irritated me.

"Then what do you call them if not by their names?" Gannon snaps at her. She was clearly shocked by his tone, and I smirk at her.

"Usually rogue or You or" Gannon holds up a hand, dismissing her, also disgusted that this woman would be so discriminative of them for being rogues. It wasn't uncommon, packs never bothered to hide their dislike for rogues, but even they gave them the basic decency of using their names.

"That's enough, move on," I tell her wanting to get this over with already, this woman was infuriating me, and I was finding it harder and harder to hide who I was the more she spoke. All I wanted was to go find those two girls, telling myself it was just out of curiosity and not the dark-haired beauty that was taking up my thoughts, having caught my attention completely. Damon would watch over them until I figured out what I wanted to do.

The mind link opens up, and I feel Damon come through. "My king, is there a particular reason I am following them?" He asks curiously.

"Just want to know where they are going," I tell him.

"Seems to be some meeting; the new Alpha just arrived and has called them to a stage. It seems to be some sort of hearing" He pauses for a second before I hear his voice again flit through my head.

"Wait, it is the determination of whether they stay or not," Damon tells me when I realize something, the dark-haired girl; I never sensed her wolf, so she wasn't even of age to be determined.

"If he auctions them, buy the dark-haired girl," I tell him.

"Yes, my King," He says, closing the link. It was common practice, I never agreed, but the Packs kicked up a stink when we said the children were off-limits. They

agreed to stop k*****g them if they could choose their fates when they came of age. Most packs banished or took them in, but some still sold them off or k*****d them, though the two last options were frowned upon unless warranted.

Walking back outside, Mrs. Daley shows us the run- down equipment and some of the kids' paintings hanging on the clothesline to dry. The link reopened abruptly.

"He is sentencing them to d***h. What do you want me to do?" He asks.

"Stop it; I will be there soon. The dark-haired girl isn't even on age for him to decide her fate," I tell him. Abruptly, turning on my heel, I walked out, knowing Gannon would deal with the headmistress for me.

"Sir, I still have a few things to show you," I hear her voice call out, but I ignore her, something pulling me toward the center of the village, urging me to that raven-haired beauty. I couldn't explain it; something in me wanted her, and the thought of someone harming her made me want to k**l whoever dared to try.