

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 191

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 191 – Kyson POV

Angry was an understatement. Azalea had just pulled rank over me. Well, not technically. I knew she didn't command me. Despite that, the threat was the same. And for Ester and her son, it aggravated me as I stormed off toward my office. I was sick and tired of coming second with her over everything. Weeks later looked after her, and she stood up for the person responsible for putting her in that state in the first place.

Damian was waiting in my office for me when I opened the door, looking over the paperwork at my desk. He looks up at me as I step inside and shut the door behind me. He gives me a disapproving look as I move toward my bar and pour myself a drink.

"What is that look for?" I asked him.

"Do you have to ask?" he says, leaning back in his chair. I pass him his drink, and he takes it, sipping it.

"Azalea?" he asks, and I growl, my Lycan side pressing beneath my skin, and I only just shifted back on the walk here and didn't feel like having to tame my anger again.

"Don't!" I warn him, and he clicks his tongue.

"Your anger and your drinking," he holds his glass up.

"Is getting the better of you!" he snaps at me as I take my seat. I sighed, and Damian got up from his seat before moving around the room and retrieving some pants from the closet behind the door. He tosses a black pair of shorts to me, and I snatch them from the air before setting my glass of whiskey down on my desk.

"How did you go?" I ask him, pushing my chair out so I can pull them up my legs.

"I want to send someone to Crux. Maybe check out the brothels, and see if they can get any intel," Damian says just as Liam wanders into the room as I am doing up the drawstring, and I slump heavily in my chair.

"Ah, you should be with Azalea," I tell Liam, and Liam shrugs.

"Well, I am here. And Trey is with her," Liam answers nonchalantly before moving toward my bar area. Instead of grabbing a glass, he takes the entire bottle before walking over, topping up my glass, then tipping the bottle to his lips.

"Saving that liver of yours, my King," he says, sending me a wink. I pick up my glass and sip it, turning my attention back to Damian, who I had sent off to look into the

council finances, and Alpha Dean's and Alpha Brock's pack finances while I was dealing with Ester and Peter.

"So you think they still have something to do with the missing children?" I ask, also agreeing. I have thought that for a while, all of us had suspicions about that pack. Yet we still had to prove our theories.

"Yes. Well, I don't believe Ester was going around k*****g children. But even after you commanded her the other day ..." Damian pauses.

"Half commanded her. I wouldn't call it a full command after what Gannon told me," Liam chuckled, and we both looked at him.

"What? Gannon said she didn't even break out in a sweat. So I would hardly call that a command," Liam says, making my brows pinch because he was right. She put up no fight at all to my persuasion when love questioned her.

"Hmm. Interesting," I mutter.

"Interesting? I don't trust the b***h. Too much doesn't add up," Liam says, and he was right. We were barely at the tip of the iceberg.

"What do you think of Trey?" I ask him.

"Ferret Face? I will admit I had him pegged wrong, but Ester..." He shakes his head.

"Too much makes little sense and can't be verified. And you saw how shocked Trey was to learn he had a nephew. And about Marrisona,"

"Yes, I have to admit the whole Marrisona thing makes little sense to me. Why wouldn't she come forward? It makes no sense. Because if Peter was Landeena, she would have known we would have protected him. So why not tell us?" Damian says with a shrug.

He had a point. Landeena's hold immunity, so who was she hiding him from?

"You think Ester is lying?" I ask them, and they both nod.

"Not completely, but I think a lot of it is half-truths.

Marrisona worked here for a few years and tried nothing against Claire. Marrisona started in the gardens here with Tanner before she moved toward the castle, even so, she still had plenty of time to a****k the kingdom. So why did it take her two years to do it, Kyson? That makes no sense to me."

“Hmm, you’re right. That sounds shady. Ensure someone is posted with Ester at all times. And Peter. I want them off castle grounds and under guard until this is figured out.”

“And what about Crux? Can I send a few men to check out these two places?” he picks up a piece of paper from the pile.

“Deluxe night and the midnight tricks gentleman’s club?” Liam plucks the paper from his fingers.

“I volunteer myself, my King. I will test these girls out, don’t you worry.” Liam states.

“Surveillance. Not a test run,” Damian scolds.

“Scratch and sniff. Taste and whiff. Whatever it is, I volunteer my time and p****r for the task,” Liam says, and Damian shakes his head.

“The sacrifices I am willing to make for you, my King. I have this one handled. I will take Dustin and ...” Liam ponders for a few minutes before his eyes fall on Damian.

“Damian! You can come. Boy’s night and you may finally get laid. It might help with that stick you have shoved up your a*s. What do you say?” Liam says, nudging Damian, who growls.

“And exactly what is Dustin going to do at this b*****I?” Damian demanded.

“The surveillance part while I test out the girls. Duh!” I give Damian a look, telling him that if Liam is going, he must go to babysit. Liam might try to bring the girls home with him. Damian groans and scrubs a hand down his face.

“F**k! Fine,” Damian says with a shake of his head.

“I best go find me some going out clothes,” Liam says excitedly before chugging the bottle of whiskey. He burps loudly. “You’ll have to drive though,” Liam tells him before holding up the bottle. “I have been drinking. Don’t tell the boss man,” he whispers, and raise an eyebrow at him, considering the boss man was watching him down the boss man’s liquor.

“He is going to be the d***h of me,” Damian groans, and I laugh.

“That is Liam for you,” I tell him, and he nods.

“Yeah. If he wasn’t trustworthy, I would have k****d him myself,” Damian chuckles, getting to his feet.

"I'll be back in three days then. Will you be alright here?" I wave him off, telling him to go. Damian needed a few days off, not that they would really be taking time off, but it would be good for him to get out of the castle. And Liam would force him to relax, which is why I didn't protest him wanting to go.

"You need me, call and I will head back," Damian tells me.

"I'll be fine. I just need to pull Azalea into line,"

"She isn't a pet, Kyson. And maybe if you treated her like your equal, she might actually listen to you,"

"I do treat her equally!" I exclaimed.

"When it is convenient for you. I heard about Ester and Peter. Yes, they needed punishment, but dragging Azalea along and forcing her to watch? Who were you punishing, Kyson? Peter or her? Because it sounded like both."

"She has to learn how things work. She needs to learn to lead," I tell him.

"Yes, lead alongside you. And every time she tries, you shut her down or use her weakness against her.

Do you want her to learn to rule alongside you? Then show her how and stop forcing her. She did what any woman in her position would do. Any person who knows what that d**n whip feels like. Azalea knows that pain. Yet you took her along to watch?" Damian says incredulously with a shake of his head as he pulls his coat on.

"They needed to be punished, Damian," I tell him, and he shakes his head.

"You're never going to learn, Kyson. You want her to respect you? Then respect her too! I am getting sick and tired of... You know what?! If you want to help her while I am gone? Teach her how to un-command Dustin and Gannon so I can have a d**n night off!" Damian snaps before turning on his heel and walking out.

I huff as the door clicks shut. Yet deep down, I knew he was right. I was, in a way, punishing Azalea for not letting me k**l them. I suddenly felt ashamed of my actions. Damian was right. My anger and jealousy were getting the better of me.

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I watched Kyson storm off before turning to Ester. Before moving toward her, I pulled my clothes back on. I untie her hand, and it falls limply at her side, and Peter grabs his mother around the waist. Looking around, I see Trey and Clarice.

“Get some rags and herbs,” I tell them, and they rush off while I unclip her other wrist only when I go to grab her and help her sit down. She slapped my hand away.

“Mum! She is trying to help!” Peter snaps at her while I stare at her, stunned.

“She has helped enough,” she growls.

“I could have let him f****g k**l you! Would you prefer I did?” I growl back at her. She glares at me. “I am the only thing standing between you and my mate,”

Ester laughs and shakes her head. “You are exactly like your mother! A gutless w***e, who doesn’t like a little competition.” she spits at me, and my hand moves before I even register what I have done. My claws slipped out, slashing her face as I slapped her just as Clarice rushed out with Trey, who carried a bucket, and they stopped in their tracks at the sound of my palm connecting with her face.

A shocked gasp leaves Clarice, and Peter also seems shocked. I definitely was, but I was too angry to care. How dare she insult my mother, whichever one she intended it for after I just stopped her from being k****d?

I never gave her the punishment. She spoke like that to me after I saved her from it. I could have let him k**l her, but I didn’t. I was willing to let my mate whip me to save her son, who k****d my unborn child, while she got a second chance with hers. My hand stung as I straightened up, and tears burned my eyes.

My mate was livid with me because I defended her, and then she threw it back in my face. Swallowing down my bubbling emotion and the hurt her words caused, I looked at Clarice and Trey.

“Clean her up and get her off castle grounds,” I tell them, walking past their shocked faces. As I move past Trey, however, he grips my arm. “Are you okay? What did she do?” he asks. I shake my head. There was no point in both of us being mad. And I just wanted to get out of here.

“Where is Kyson?” I asked.

“I’m not sure. Either his office or maybe his old quarters,” Trey says.

“I will mind link him for you,” Trey offers, and I shake my head.

“No, just make sure they are both gone before I return,” I tell him.

“Azalea, Kyson doesn’t want you on your own,” Trey says.

“I’m fine. I am going to find him anyway,” I tell him, and Trey purses his lips but nods.

“Fine, but not too far. Stay on this side. If he isn’t in his office, come back here.” I nod to him and walk off. I went to his office first, yet it was empty. The guard told me he went to find Dustin with Liam and Damian because Damian was leaving sometime tonight. With a sigh, I headed upstairs to see if I could find Abbie, anything to get my mind off what had just happened.

I find Abbie in her quarters. Gannon answered the door, and Abbie got to her feet to move toward me before freezing mid-step. She groaned, unable to go to me.

“Man, you need to find a way to remove the command,” she says, flopping back on the floor next to Tyson, who was playing with some wooden blocks. I leaned down, kissing his head and messing his hair before sitting beside him.

“I heard the King made you watch?” I chew my lip and nod.

“I’m sorry, I couldn’t watch that. I could k**l him for making you!” Abbie growls, and Gannon growls at her.

“Mind your tongue, Love,” Gannon tells her, and she rolls her eyes at him as he lays back on their bed.

We talked for a little while, but I could tell it was straining on Abbie because she couldn’t move toward me and had to consider her intentions when moving around her own room.

“Can you go into town for me?” Abbie asks Gannon. He sighs and sits up.

“He needs to learn to sleep without it,” Abbie shoots him a look, but I could tell it was something to do with Tyson.

“Gannon!”

“Fine,” he growls, leaning down to take Tyson. I was shocked to see Tyson hold his arms up, allowing Gannon to hold him.

“What’s in town?”

“That microfiber blanket. It tore in the wash,” Abbie tells me. Tyson has sensory issues, and certain things irritated him, so Abbie was right. He probably wouldn’t go to bed without it. To Tyson, it was a comfort thing.

“I think there is one in the room Kyson made up for a baby room for me, across from his old quarters,” I tell them, remembering seeing one folded on the end of the cot. I was

about to tell them I would go check when we heard a knock on the door. We all look toward the door as it is pushed open, and Kyson steps inside.

“This is where you disappeared to,” he says, his earlier anger gone. He stops behind me, and I look up at him as he reaches down, offering me his hand. I allow him to pull me to my feet.

“Are you okay?” he whispers, burning his face in my neck. I sighed. I felt better now, seeing he wasn’t still angry.

“Yes, now you’re here,” I tell him, and he kisses the side of my neck.

“Where are you off to?” he asks, looking over at Gannon.

“He was heading into town to get Tyson a blanket, but I think there is a microfiber one in the room across from your old quarters,” I tell him, turning my head.

“No, it’s fine. Gannon will buy one,” Abbie quickly says, and Gannon hums in agreement.

“No, it’s fine. I think Az is right,” Kyson says, pressing his lips to my cheek.

“I will ask Matt to bring it over,” Kyson says, and Gannon sets Tyson on the bed.

“You sure?” Gannon asks him.

“Yeah, not like anything in there is getting used,” Kyson says, and I felt the pang through the bond telling me that those words he spoke actually hurt him. I lean against him and notice the tremble in his hand on my waist.

“Come on, we can go. Besides, I am sure Abbie is sick of trying to move around the room without intentionally walking in my direction,” I laugh.

“Or I could show you how to drop your command,” Kyson whispers behind me, and I look up at him.

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“Yeah. I think if I don’t, my Beta may quit,” Kyson laughs.

“About b****y time!” Abbie says excitedly.

“I can only use it when I’m angry,” I tell him, chewing on my lip, and he sits down, pulling me into his lap on the floor. Abbie sits on her butt across from us where she stood.

“I can explain it to you. But I know you will hate it, but I can command you to drop it. Which will be easier, and you can feel the pressure behind it,” Kyson says. “If it works, I will try anything. I would like a proper hug,” I chuckle, looking at Abbie excitedly.

“And I would like to walk toward you without having to do the one, two-step,” Gannon laughs.

“So it is similar to a command. A command you add pressure, force you will on them,” Kyson says, letting his slip out slowly, though I found it wasn’t as discomforting or maybe because he didn’t intend it to be.

“To rescind it, you pull it back into yourself. So reabsorb your aura and command,” I feel him drop it behind me, and my body, which I hadn’t realized was tense, relaxes.

“So you can try. Or if you want, I can try to command you to drop the command, though I am not sure if I actually can command you now.”

“What do you mean?” I ask, looking at him over my shoulder.

Kyson sighs and looks at Gannon, who raises an eyebrow at him. “Landeena command can k**l. Your command is more potent than mine. I just know how to use mine. You don’t,” I was shocked, Kyson told me, but I was more horrified at the fact I could have k****d them without meaning to.

“Wait! I could have hurt all of them?” I stammered, suddenly scared to use my command.

“Yes, but not before you had awoken your gifts,”

“Cedric said something about awakening my gifts,” I admit.

“You spoke to Cedric?” Kyson asks me, and I nod my head, wondering if he would be angry.

“He was showing me how to use the mind link.” Kyson presses his lips in a line but adds nothing on the subject.

“Here, feel for my aura, and I want you to push on it and force it back, okay? If you can do that, you un-command them.”

“Yeah, but I don’t want to hurt you,”

“You can control it, Azzy. How much force you put behind it is something you can feel. You will know when to stop or if I am resisting it,” Kyson says. I let out a breath because I needed to do this. It was getting annoying.

We practice a few times before I finally figure it out and can lift the command. A giddy feeling fills me at doing it without being angry, and Kyson’s arms wrap tighter around my waist as I release Gannon.

“Practise enough, and you will be able to do it via a mind link without having to be in front of them,”

Just as Kyson and I were getting ready to leave, a knock was heard on the door, and a man handed Kyson the blanket, but he shook his head, pointing to Tyson, who had his hands out for it. I moved toward him, kissing his little head before hugging Abbie, who squeezed me so tight I thought she would break me.

“More than my life,”

“Always, more than my life,” she says while clutching my face between her hands. She kisses my cheek.

“Come see me tomorrow, or I can come to see you now,” she laughs, and I nod my head looking at Kyson, who nodded his head to me before talking to Gannon about where Liam and Damian went. When he is done, we say goodbye before walking back toward our quarters, yet as we take the shortcut through Kyson’s old quarters. I notice the room across from his old room open.

I could just make out a few baby things inside it. Kyson growls angrily, looking for the guard, but love move to close the door before he gets upset. Except when I do, my breath hitches in my throat, and my hand trembled as I clutched the door handle.

Tears burned my eyes as I stared through the open door at the small toys, plushies, and a cot. It looked like a toddler’s room, and I found myself frozen with what could have been. Kyson’s hand runs down my arms from behind me as he presses his chest against my back.

“I know, Love,” he whispers beside my ear.

“We could have had a room for our baby like this,” I murmur, my lip quivering, wondering what the baby would have been or who the baby would have looked like. I s****w and blink around at the stuff inside.

“And one day we will, I promise. When you’re ready, we can try again,” Kyson whispers, his hand gripping mine around the handle. He pulls the door shut, and my lip quivers as I turn away from the door when the guard appears. His eyes are wide as Kyson notices him.

“I’m sorry, I forgot,” Kyson shakes his head at him, and he quickly rushes off

“It’s not his fault,” I tell Kyson, feeling his anger.

“I’m sorry I made you watch Ester,” he says, and I look up at him

“Yeah, well, I may have slapped her and kicked her off castle grounds,” I tell him, and he tilts his head to the side.

“She said something. It doesn’t matter, but I don’t want her back in the castle,” I tell him. Kyson growls.

“I still don’t want her d**d, though,” I add. Ester was in pain, and I don’t know if she meant her words, but I wasn’t going to hunt her down to ask. As long as she stays away, I will get over it.

“Come on, I should feed you,” Kyson says, lifting my hand to his lips. He kisses it before draping his arm across my shoulders and pulling me along with him.

“So, where did Damian and Liam go?”

“To a b*****I, they are seeing if they can find anything out at one of Crux’s establishments,”

“About the d**d children,”

“Yes, and the woman, we found proof Crux was trafficking girls,” Kyson answers.

“And what are you going to do about it,”

“Well, take it before the council and present it. Teach you to use your command, so you can order him removed from it and punished for it if needed.”

“Why do I have to?”

“Because your command is stronger than mine for one and second, mine won’t work on them because they get yearly donations of my blood to drink to stop my command tainting the council.”

“But Crux is part Landeena,” Kyson nods.

“Yes, but you’re Landeena and Azure, you are stronger than any king or Queen Azalea, your and empress of Kings and Queens, your blood makes you deity,” Kyson says. My brow lifted at the thought of so much power, a power I wasn’t sure I wanted. It seemed to hold a lot of weight and meaning, and I felt unworthy of it. I felt not good enough. I

wasn't able to rule. I can't even read, let alone rule, werewolf, and Lycan laws and councils.

"So, since you're my mate, what does that make you?"

"Screwed if you turn it on me," Kyson laughs, leaning down and kissing my head.

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2 days later.

The gentleman's club turned out to be a bust and was just a strip club. Most of the workers were on the books, and none of them were rogue. The same night I had sent Liam to the b****l with Dustin, and now as I got dressed, I had to endure the constant torment of reliving his goddamn night. The man did not understand personal space. He was determined to get right up in that, sniff around, and dig through your s**t.

"Liam, can you get out? I am sure you can save this for the car," I growl at him, trying to shower in peace. Liam doesn't answer. He just keeps yapping like a d**n chihuahua. He told me he found a few rogue girls at the b****l, and now Kyson was insistent that I check it out with them, yet all Liam could talk about was trying out the d**n girls that worked there.

Stepping out of the shower, I reach for a towel when Liam snatches it off the hook beside the sink. I press my lips in a line while the behemoth looks me over with no shame, licking his d**n chops like I was a bone he wanted to chomp on.

"Liam!" I snarl at him, snatching my towel from him.

"Can I watch you f**k her with that?" he says as I wrap the towel around my waist.

"I'm not f*****g anyone, now get out. Go annoy Dustin," I tell him.

"Nope, annoy Damian. He loves it. It really gets him going," Dustin calls from the living room of the hotel we were in. I growl, shoving past him and into my room. Seriously, the man had his own bathroom and space, yet he wanted to loiter in mine! I grab my jeans and black shirt, pulling them on along with my boots.

"Oh, you will love her. Don't worry, I tried her out for you last night; amazing! She has a nice rack too, f****d the brains right out her," Liam tells me rather enthusiastically.

“Liam, stop!” I snap at him. “We are here to work, not sleep with the victims,” I snarl at him, and he shrugs.

“You’re all work and no play, but don’t worry, Liam took care of you. I booked you a few hours with her. And man, can she s**k c**k? I thought she was gonna s**k the nuts right out of me; she was like a d**n vacuum,”

“You better not have booked me in with your sloppy seconds!” I snapped at him. Liam shrugs and bats his lashes at me. I don’t know how Dustin put up with antics. I wanted to wring his b****y neck.

“She was hot, right Dustin?” Liam calls out to him, and Dustin looks over the back of the couch at him and raises an eyebrow at him.

“You know I am g*y, right? Like 100% G*y, as in I like men only?” Dustin tells him, and Liam clicks his tongue at him.

“That doesn’t mean you didn’t think she was hot! Who knows, maybe I might go for a second round when you’re done with her. I don’t mind sloppy seconds. Besides, I stretched her out for you real good. It should fit that weapon in easily. I wonder if she could take both of us at the same time,” Liam says with a thoughtful expression on his face. I gave him a disgusted look at him. The man had the most vulgar way of words and no d**n filter.

The entire drive to the place, I listened to him talk about the woman he spent the night with. It made me wonder if he realized that she was a hooker and she didn’t really like him. I highly doubt any of the girls actually liked their clients.

“I wonder if she would be down for a threesome? Or a**l, she had the perfect peach a*s. I wanted to take a bite out of it.” I roll my eyes at him, watching the road and trying to block him out. Liam squeals like a girl when we get there and is first out of the car.

“Ooh, you can see the mark I gave her,” Liam giggles excitedly, almost jumping up and down on the spot.

“Mark, you marked her and want me to f**k her?” I asked.

“No, I paid extra, so I could carve a little L on the inside of her t***h. Who would have thought a beauty like her would be into knife play, b****y pricey, but now anyone who f**s her will see the scar and know I was there first?” Liam states.

“She works in a b****l; I highly doubt you were there first, Liam,” I tell him with a shake of my head.

“Don’t ruin the mood; I can’t wait for you to meet her,” Liam says, rushing ahead and opening the door.

We enter the establishment, and Dustin nods, silently slipping out the back of the staff area while Liam walks over and sets his arm across the counter. Did this fool not realize that he only has to pay them, not pick them up? It wasn't a d**n date, but the feral growl that left me had the girl behind the counter jump when I learned that he had, in fact, booked me with this girl he used and abused the night before.

"Don't mind him, Love. He is a little uptight. On another note, is she down for a threesome or an observer? He is a little shy and needs me to hold his hand. You know how virgins are?" Liam asked, and I pressed my lips in a line. F*****g virgin? I have had more p***y than the man has had feeds. I just didn't need to pay for it! I was going to strangle him with his own d**k when we left here.

The bottom floor was similar to the gentleman's club I was at the night before. Yet up the stairs behind a black curtain, I assumed, was where all the rooms were as I glanced around.

The woman in her pink lingerie escorted us upstairs, and I followed behind while Liam distracted the woman, who was giggling at his antics. I peeked into the offices and moved around the place silently while he distracted her. I nod to him, and he turns the girl away, chatting her up and pinning her against the wall while I snuck into a nearby room. It had filing cabinets and a computer. I quickly take some photos before mind linking Dustin.

"Third floor, fourth door on your right," I tell him, and he hums through the bond before answering.

"On it, just get Liam to keep her distracted, so I can slip upstairs,"

"Yep, I slipped back out to find Liam making out with the girl and all but dry humping her against the wall. I clear my throat, and she blushes, pulling away. "Right, sorry. Your friend distracted me," she says.

"Clearly, can we get this over with?" I asked her, motioning for her to lead us to the room and to this mystery woman Liam kept talking about that was apparently a rogue. She shows us down a few more corridors.

"Dustin is checking out the office," I mind link, Liam.

"Yeah, he mind linked me; I will handle this one," Liam says when the woman knocks on a door. A feminine voice behind the door answers.

"Come in." Liam bounds into the room excitedly, and the woman who escorted us moves down the hall when she is called by another woman. I shake my head and step into the room when her scent hits me.

Liam skips to her side, and she greets him how I expect a worker of this establishment to do. With a big fake smile and bright eyes. Yet as I step into the room, I find Liam spinning her around with his hands holding her full b****s. My eyes ran the length of her hourglass figure to her chocolate brown eyes that widened as she gasped.

“Tandi, this is my friend Damian, the one I was telling you about,” Liam introduced her as he spun her toward me. Yet her lips parted, and she took a step back, bumping into Liam, her entire petite frame shaking, and I growled, realizing that Liam had f****d my mate!

“Damian?” Liam asks, alarmed by my reaction when I feel my claws slip out and his eyes dart to them. I take a step toward him. “Mate!” I growled and Liam shrieked as I charged at him.

“It was Dustin, it was Dustin. He f****d her brains out, not me,” Liam screamed as I crashed against him before punching him. The woman screamed.

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My mate’s scream echoed off the walls when Dustin ripped me backward and I landed on top of him. Liam groans, sitting up. His lip is split open, and his nose is bleeding. Even so, I still couldn’t help the menacing growl that rumbled through my chest. I wanted to k**l him. Liam wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and is panting. When a startled squeak sounds from the door. Dustin’s arms locked around my waist prevented me from moving from where I was crushing him.

Twisting my head, I see the girl who escorted us up here when she went to scream for who I am assuming is security. A blur of motion rushed past me, grabbing her and clamping a hand over her mouth before she could.

Liam drags her thrashing body into the room and kicks the door shut with his foot. “Misunderstanding love, nothing to worry about, shh,” he breathes, letting her go and shoving her toward my mate. My mate had her hands clasped over her mouth as she stared at me in h****r.

I growl at her, still angered. Some part of me knew it wasn't Liam's fault. How was he to know? Yet my Lycan side wanted to k**l him, knowing he slept with her and was as equally pissed that our mate turned out to be a prostitute.

"Calm down, Damian, you can't draw attention to us here," Dustin says, his behind me, his hands gripping my shirt when I try to get up.

"I need to get out of here," I seethed through gritted teeth, every instinct telling me to rip the place apart and k**l anyone that touched her.

The two women took terrified steps back as I rose to my feet, my eyes flick to my half n***d mate cowering beside her and I sneer. I couldn't help it.

"Put some f*****g clothes on we are leaving," I snarl at her and she looks at the frightened woman beside her. The woman clutches her arm, and I turn to look back at Dustin.

"Tell me you got what we needed?" I snap at him and he pulls some files from inside his denim jacket that were rolled up.

"All here," he says, catching his breath now that I wasn't crushing him. He looks past me, looking at my mate behind me.

"What do we do about her?" Liam asks, pointing to the other woman standing petrified next to my mate. I clutch my hair in frustration. F**k! This was not part of the d**n plan, and I take her Crux will know we were here, yet I couldn't leave her either.

Kyson is going to lose his d**n mind over this, "command her to keep quiet." I tell Liam and Dustin gets to his feet. He offers his hand to the poor girl whose fear was so potent it was the most dominating scent in the room.

"I won't hurt you, but you need to come with me," Dustin says, and she stares at his hand as if it were snake that would bite her before glancing at my mate who had yet to speak beside scream when I attacked Liam. I ignore her, knowing if I look at her, I may lose control again.

"Go, I will be fine," my mate whispers nudging her though I could see the way her hands trembled.

The girl hesitantly steps forward, yet doesn't take Dustin's hand. She was more eager to escape the room but before she could bolt, Liam draped his arm across her shoulders, ensuring she didn't run. They leave the room, shutting the door behind them.

Turning my attention from the door, I face my mate and look her over and she was trying to cover herself up before she walks over and grabs a blue silk robe. long watched as she slipped it on and tied the silk belt around her waist.

"Your name?" I asked her, though I remember it started with a T. Moving across the room toward her, I went to grab her when she jumped onto the bed and moves out of reach. She ran across it to get away from me. My growl makes her freeze, her eyes darting to the door.

"Run and you will regret the action," I tell her, noticing how her eyes went toward the door.

"I asked for your name, so answer me," I snap at her.

"Tandi, it's f*****g Tandii," she snaps back and the fire in her eyes surprised me as she glared at me. It irked me because it wasn't like she caught me f*****g whoring myself out.

Some logical part of me knew I should ask questions, but my Lycan side was pissed that she was a prostitute, which only overshadowed any common sense.

"Just reject me and get it over with," she snaps, and my eyebrows rise at her words. Ignoring her tone, I sigh.

"I'm Damian," she nods once acknowledging it, although she adds nothing. I press my lips in a line.

"Get your stuff. We are leaving," I tell her, however, she shakes her head. My jaw clenches and a snarl tears out of me.

"It wasn't an option," I grit out.

"I can't leave, so reject me, or I will reject you," she says and I laugh. She would really reject her own mate? Someone willing to take her away from this place?

"You do, and I will mark you on the spot. I am a Lycan. I can't reject my d**n mate or I would have in a heartbeat," I tell her. Yet seeing the hurt in her gaze, I instantly regretted the words. I knew I was only speaking out of anger from the situation of how long found her.

She swallows, looking at the wall and nodding her head. Despite her wanting me to reject her, I notice the way her eyes turn glassy, as if my words hurt her more than she was willing to admit.

"Done, Beta. We can leave when you're ready," Dustin Mind links.

"Meet me at the car," I tell them, moving toward her and her eyes widen before she bolts for the door. My arm snakes around her waist as her hand grips the door handle.

"Believe me, you don't f*****g want me. Just let me go," she growls at me.

“Not my choice, we are leaving,” I snap at her and she tosses her head back. Her head smashed against my nose, making me let her go when I feel the crunch of it. Blood spurts out of my nose and lips groan just as she tosses the door open, making an escape.

I give chase. My fingers grip the back of her robe, ripping her back when she pivots, her robe tearing as my claws slip out and she palms me in the face, making my head snap back with the force before kneeing me in the b***s. For such a small petite thing she could defend herself, I suppose working here you would learn a thing or two.

My breathing hitches and my nuts feel like they are suddenly lodged in my d**n throat as I try to breathe around the pain. She rushes out the door and I clutch a nearby dresser, pulling myself up only to run out the door after the woman.

Looking up the hall, she was running toward the third floor. With a snarl, I chase after her, grabbing her ankle on the stairs and she pivots, kicking me in the shoulder and pushing me back, only to race off again.

“Stop!” I order, and she freezes as my command rolls over. Yet I could tell she was trying her darndest to fight against it. Sweat rolled down her forehead, and she gritted her teeth, her fists clenched at her sides, and she breathed heavily.

Moving up the stairs, I drop the command as I grab her wrist before yanking her back down the steps. “I can’t go with you, you don’t understand I have a—” noise in the hall below makes her gasp as security strolled down the red corridor.

Their eyes move to me, dragging my mate when they a****k before I could command them to stop. One swung at me and I only just duck back out of the way, the movement forcing me to let my mate go or risk her getting hurt.

Her footsteps could be heard racing up the steps behind me while I squared off with the two baboons who dare challenge a Lycan. I shrug. I needed to b**n off some of this anger, anyway.

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