

I'll Have to Catch You

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Lycan/Human romance! awww! (snippet)

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1 - Umbrellas are cool

Fwip! Koun held the umbrella he had just opened over Sashoota's already wet head. He smiled as she glanced at him. "It's the thought that counts, right?" Sashoota shook her curly blonde hair and wrapped her own cold fingers around the umbrella handle. "You don't have to do everything for me. I know how to carry an umbrella." Koun released his hold on the umbrella and shrugged. "I know that.." he said quietly, "But from the way you were just standing out here in the rain, it didn't seem like you were thinking about umbrellas." Sashoota didn't reply. Instead she looked ahead at the muddy road before them. Three miles to go until they reach the next city. Sashoota was running away. She had been unlucky enough to run into a lycan right after it had killed a man in the ally. Unfortunately for her, it was a lycan law that any human who saw one must either be killed or changed. Sashoota did -not- want to be a werewolf, so it left only one option left for her fate. She turned her gaze to the boy standing next to her. Koun was the werewolf that was supposed to kill her. It was he who she saw killing the man. But he wasn't going to. Koun had found her just that morning in a hotel she was staying at to tell her. He also warned her that because he wouldn't, his pack would. Sashoota planned to just run away from all of the lycan's anyway, but she knew they could find her easily. No doubt werewolves would be amazing hunters! Flash! Koun had just taken another picture of her as she stood in the rain. Sashoota turned to face him, "Koun! I'm wet, muddy and my clothes are clingy! Don't start taking pictures of me now!" Koun laughed, pushing his sunglasses onto the top of his head. This exposed his grey eyes--or at least his grey eye. His right eye was sealed shut by two scars running over it. "Sorry, Sashoota, I couldn't help myself. Besides, I think this'll turn out to be my favorite." Sashoota shoved the lycan photographer in front of her. "Maybe you should walk in front of me." Koun tilted his head in a similar fashion as that of a confused puppy. "Why? What difference does it make? Sure, you're soaked from the rain, that's why I gave you my umbrella. But I'm even wetter than you are." It was true. Koun's long hair, heavy with rain water, kept falling into his face, yet he insisted on flipping it back out of his eyes. The soaking 'puppy' turned to face the human Sashoota with a playful grin. "So what's the point?" he asked her. But Sashoota wasn't listening. She had just caught a glimpse of a wet lycan hottie with clothes clinging more to his muscular body than her dress to her own thin one. In a second Sashoota had bolted off ahead of him down the muddy road, blushing. She had never had a boyfriend and had never been left alone with one outside of her family for more than ten minutes. And she had definitely never gotten quite the chance to see such a good-looking man like that all wet and smiling at her. Because of this, you could say she was, um, kind of shy. It took Koun a bit to realize that she was gone, but when he did, he turned and chased after her. He caught up easily, even with the ground being so slippery--because of his lycan blood. "Sashoota," he said to her as he ran by her side, "What's wrong?" Sashoota panted to catch her breath as she ran. How could Koun do this so easily even when he was carrying large bags of luggage over his shoulder? Sashoota closed her cerulean eyes as she continued to jog. "My face is red!" "You might be getting sick from running in the rain without using that umbrella right!" Koun reached to take the umbrella for her. "Slow down! You're going to slip in the mud!" Sashoota opened her eyes. "So?" Koun smiled. "I'll have to catch you."