

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 141

Book 2. His found Lycan Luna. Chapter 16

“My Queen,” she says and nods. Dustin walks over and opens the door for me.

“Abbie?” I whisper.

“You didn’t have to do this,” she tells me, yet the tension in her body had left, she looked more relaxed.

“Yes, I did, you needed to see,” she looks out at all the naked guards and staff.

“Did you have to make them do it too?”

“No one made them do it, Love,” Gannon whispers, and everyone in the hall bows or tips their heads to her, and her cheeks flush pink.

“So, can I take you somewhere now and can I put some pants on, it is a little chilly?” Gannon asks, and I give her a nudge.

“Go, no one cares what you look like,” I tell her, and tears brim in her eyes as she hugs me.

“More than my life,” she whispers.

“More than my life,” I tell her.

“More than my life,” all the guards and staff murmur in unison, making my heart skip a beat.

I look at Dustin, who nods, keeping his eyes on mine. I wait for Abbie to disappear around to the stairs before racing to the cupboard for clothes. Clarice steps into the room as I pull on some pajamas and I let out a breath.

“You’re a Good friend,” Clarice says, wrapping a sheet around herself.

“I can’t believe everyone did it for her,” I chuckle. Clarice chuckles.

“Yes, but also you, you are our Queen, where you go, we follow even if it is doing something as silly as being naked,” she says when Kyson’s voice booms through the link.

“For god’s sake, please tell me she has clothes on now,” he growls.

“I have clothes on,” I tell him, and he growls and goes to say something, but I cut him off.

“I will deal with you when you get home,” I tell him.

“With me? You better bloody run when I get home,” he snarls.

“Good, I will do it naked,” I tell him, and he growls, but I shove him out of my head.

“He is a little angry.” I sigh.

“Don’t worry, my Queen, you have an entire castle to back you,” she says, and my brows furrow, remembering how I was able to override the commands of Kyson.

“How?” I ask her

“How what?” Clarice asks.

“They all listened, Kyson commanded them, and they listened to me instead,”

“Ah, now that is something you need to ask your king about, my Queen,” she chuckles before walking out. I sigh and sit on the bed. Now to deal with my King when he comes home.

The day passed by quickly, I had a doctor stop by to take blood. I worked on my reading with Liam and Dustin. At first I was a little embarrassed of my earlier spectacle, but as I walked the halls it was like it never happened, everyone completely normal despite all of us being naked this morning.

After dinner, I went to bed yet I could feel Kyson burning anger dissipate, he almost seemed giddy and excited to get home which I thought odd and it made me wonder why his mood had switched, because his anger festered all day through the bond. It was still there yet not even a quarter of what it was earlier.

Crawling into my nest I was rearranging the edges, twisting them as I tried get comfortable looking for my mates scent that had only gotten weaker throughout the day, it was making me anxious. My eyes opened when I heard the door open and Kyson stepped in. I sat up waiting for his wrath, having decided I was

too tired to argue with him, so I would just listen to his ranting if it meant I could sleep.

Kyson was quiet as he moved toward me. He stopped next to the bed and shrugged off his jacket tossing it on the end of the bed. His silence was worse as he watched me, undoing his cufflinks, he set them on the bedside table before unbuttoning his shirt. His scent filled the room, making me purr involuntarily. He smirks when I do, watching me fight the urge to throw myself at him.

“You are in trouble,” he says and I gulp waiting to hear it.

“But I think I can forgive you,”

“You think or you have?” I ask forcing myself to remain where I am, I wanted to bite him, taste his skin and inhale his scent, like a damn animal. It infuriated me yet my mouth watered all the same. Kyson raises an eyebrow at me before taking his shirt off and offering it to me, I reach out for it wondering what he is playing at. He lets me take it before walking off into the bathroom. I hear the shower turn on yet he still hasn’t answered me and his silence was almost worse than his wrath.

“Kyson?” I call.

“My Queen,” he says in return making me purse my lips at his weird behaviour. When he finishes showering he comes out and tugs the duvet back I was huddled under.

“You didn’t eat all your dinner,” he growls, reaching for me. My skin tingles from his touch and his warmth instantly bleeds into me as he lays me on top of him.

“I wasn’t hungry.” I tell him, nipping at his chest, he lets me, brushing his fingers through my hair, as the calling slips out of him.

“I thought you were angry?” | ask.

“I am,” he answers and I sit up, straddling his waist.

“You don’t seem angry?” I tell him.

“Clarice said you didn’t eat your lunch either?” Kyson growls, his fingers tangling in my hair, he tugs me back down and pulls my head back before brushing his lips against mine gently.

“Who cares if I ate, did you find out anything about the murdered rogues?”

“No, nothing, and I care if you aren’t eating and so should you,” he says and I roll my eyes pushing off his chest only for him to tug me back again. His lips brush gently across mine.

“Because you’re eating for two,” he purrs before his tongue invades my mouth.

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Book 2 His Found Lycan Luna. Chapter 17

Two days had passed, and I never thought I would be so excited for Kyson to not be home. He was driving me up the wall, watching me constantly, stuffing vitamins down my throat. A week and he was already overbearing. Kyson had explained that one week in human pregnancy is equivalent to three or four weeks for Lycans, but if this was a week; 4 would hate to see what

a fortnight would bring. However, I was excited to know that Abbie was coming back tomorrow, there was only so much to do around the castle, and Kyson forbade me from helping Peter, the stable boy. Also from helping Clarice, I was bored out of my mind. So today, when I woke up to find he had gone somewhere, I was a little relieved not to have him breathing down my neck.

However, he had allocated me a babysitter in the form of Liam. Liam was alright, a little crazy but definitely entertaining, and Dustin didn't seem to mind having him around either.

"My Queen," Liam says while walking into the room. I roll my eyes and scoot the edge of the bed when I see him walk into the room. In his hand was the dreaded vitamins and some smoothie Kyson had been making me drink three times a day that tasted dreadful.

"Bottoms up," he says, holding out the green chunky-looking drink and the pills.

"I will pass on that," I tell him.

"Your royal pain in the ass said I was to ensure you drink this lovely concoction that looks like snot, and baby shit, my Queen," I shake my head.

"Can't be that bad," he says, thrusting the cup toward me.

"Have you tasted it?" I ask him.

"No, but I watched him make it before he left, and he was very insistent that you drink this lovely glass of vileness,"

"What he doesn't know won't hurt him or my stomach," I tell him, cringing. It was a taste you would never forget."

*Just a sip and I can say I watched you drink it," Liam offers. I raise an eyebrow at him, he would have to pin me down to get me to drink that.

"If you can stomach it, I will try," I challenge. Liam shrugs and sighs, holding the glass up.

“Not much I haven’t had in my mouth, my Queen, but if it gets you drink it, I shall have a little sippy sip,” he says, while bringing the glass to his lips. He tips the glass up, drinking a mouthful. I watched him try to swallow, covering his mouth with his fist as he gagged and coughed. He forced it down like he was swallowing a golf ball looking very pained. At the same time Dustin walks in behind him with my breakfast.

“Good God, that tastes worse than that prostitute I went down on,” Liam gasps shaking his head and I pull a face, and he shrugs and Dustin gives him a look of disgust. “What, the woman could have told me. How was I to know she was a hooker, and I was her fifteenth client for the day,” he mumbles the last part. I pull a disgusted face, and so does Dustin. I really could have gone without that information.

“Wait, if she was a prostitute, how did you not know?”

“To be fair, I was pretty drunk. I thought it was a hotel. Turns out, instead of a mint on my pillow, it had a woman.” Liam says, taking another sip of the drink as he rambled. He heaves, spitting it all over Dustin. Dustin then covered in the green substance, and Liam drops the glass on the tray Dustin is holding. Liam frantically starts digging in his pocket before pulling out a small glass bottle that fits in the palm of his hand. I knew it was liquor by the potent scent. He chugs it down quickly, gulping it down until the small bottle is empty.

“Ah, nasty,” Liam says, wiping his mouth. I press my lips in a line trying not to laugh at the horrified look on Dustin’s face as he stood frozen. Liam, finally turning his head, notices he spat the drink all over him and chokes on his laugh before turning serious again when an enraged Dustin glares at him,

“Well, that shirt was damn ugly anyway, all good. I will get you cleaned up.” Liam says, taking out a handkerchief to scrub

Dustin's face.

Dustin growls. "It's my uniform. You are wearing the same one."

Dustin says while Liam cleans his shirt and face.

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*One sec," Liam says, licking the handkerchief wrapped around his finger before scrubbing at Dustin's chin.

"They're good as new," Liam exclaims.

"You did not just clean me with your spit," Dustin snarls.

"Ah, come on, Dustin, not the worst part of me you have had on your face," Liam says, and Dustin's face turns bright red. He shoots Liam a look.

"Liam!" Dustin snaps.

"What, I was just saying," Liam shrugs.

"Little sensitive this one," Liam says, sending me a wink.

"Do you have no manners? She is the Queen. You can't speak like, ah," he thrusts the tray at Liam before storming out.

"Wonder what crawled up his ass.... Besides me, of course,"

Liam says, watching him leave. I didn't know what to say to that, so I just ignored Liam's comments and wandered off to the bathroom, shaking my head. I showered quickly and got changed, wanting to go find something to do.

The castle was pretty quiet today as Liam escorted me downstairs. Most of the guards went with Kyson because they were raiding a nearby pack, so only a handful was left here, and the place was locked up like a fortress.

"We could go for a walk in the gardens, my Queen. The King doesn't," Liam falls silent, his hand gripping my shoulder. Liam stepped down the last few steps before I suddenly found myself slammed against the wall, his hand going over my mouth.

My heart beat erratically as he held a finger to his lips. Gone was the fun-loving man I was used to as his eyes flickered oddly, a sadistic gleam in his eyes as they darkened and his canines

protruded past his top lip. I could hear Clarice frantically talking down the hall before the doors next to the staircase burst open. Liam shoved me behind him as men in armor flooded the halls from every direction. My hands shook as I clutched the back of Liam's shirt, where he shoved me behind him.

Guns raised, four other men, who I could tell were Lycan, walked in wearing suits. Clarice rushed in after them bursting into the foyer.

"May I ask what this is about, MR Crux," Liam asks, motioning for Clarice to come to him with his hand. She rushes to his side and whispers something to him, and I only catch the last part about how they took the guards out. She glances at me nervously behind him. Liam nods but doesn't move his eyes from the men surrounding us with their guns trained on him.

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The mind-link opens up as Liam calls for the guards, yet no one answers. However, Kyson does feel the open mind link and invades it.

"What is it?"

"The council is here. Get home," Liam tells him.

"Don't let them in. I am on my way,"

"Too late,

"Azalea?"

"Get here, Kyson. I am all that is left," Liam growls, slamming the link shut.

"How may I help you, gentlemen," Liam asks, walking down to greet them.

"We have had a complaint," the tallest of them says.

“So you thought you would break into the Kingdom? The King isn’t here, so I am sure we can reschedule,” Liam says. The tallest of them would even match Kyson in height, his obsidian eyes stared at me curiously, and he sniffed the air.

“Clarice take the new girl upstairs,” Liam says, but the man steps forward, and Liam’s hand falls on his chest. The energy shifts and Clarice grabs my arm, pushing me up the stairs.

“She remains. We aren’t to see the King but to find two women, an Abbie and Queen Azalea,”

“As I said, the King isn’t here, and neither is Abbie or the Queen, Liam growls, looking at the man who still had his eyes on me. The men surrounding him moved in closer the moment Liam moved, guns pressing against him, and my heart thudded painfully. I felt sick.

The man watching me tilts his head to the side. “Now that would be a lie because she reeks of the King’s scent,” he growls.

“And as I said, the King is not here, so I will escort you off the premises, gentleman. No need to frighten everyone here.” Liam replies.

Clarice grabs my arm, and I follow her when another voice fills the room. The command behind it makes me freeze.

“She goes up those stairs shoot him, and the woman,” I stop, and Clarice gasps, as her eyes meet mine, the fear behind them as she stared at me made me swallow while I tried to figure out what was going on.

“Clarice, take her upstairs,” Liam says, and I swallowed, turning my attention back to these men surrounding Liam.

“What is this about?” I demand, and the man smirks as my command roles over him but has no effect.

“If you would come with me, my Queen,”

“She is not going anywhere with you,” Liam snarls, turning his

head to the man watching me intently. The men holding guns step aside to allow the other three men into my line of vision, all of them dressed impeccably in tailored suits.

“You must be Azalea. I see you have met Mr. Crux. I am a council elder. My name is Denali,” he says. He seemed to be the one with the most authority out of the lot of them. It oozed off him. He smirked, his cold blue eyes looking up at me as he swept thick blonde hair from his face. He had a thick accent I couldn’t place. “And this is my brother, Larkin, he says, motioning toward the man beside him in a blue suit, his blonde hair was tied at the nape of his neck, he was a little shorter, but he had the same cruel, sharp features as Denali. “And this Kendrick,” he says, motioning to the last man that was missing an eye. A long jagged scar went from his hairline to his chin, his lips scarred and twisted into a snarl.

He took a step toward me, and Liam moved quickly, stepping into his path and grabbing the front of his suit jacket.

“Touch her, and I remove your other eye,” Liam snarled.

Kendrick snarls back at him; however, Denali is the one who
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speaks.

“No, need for that, Liam, you are outnumbered. We are here for the rogue girl and the Queen, no reason for things to turn messy.”

“Not without the King present,” Liam says turning his attention to Denali.

“We are well within our rights to enter. As council members we have immunity into any pack even the King’s Pack. We also have a warrant and an entire pack to back the claims. She will be given a chance to have her say, but for now she must come with us

“What claims?” Liam demanded.

“There are only two laws that are upheld to this degree, Liam. You know that, so if you would follow me, Queen Azalea, we can settle this and bring the other girl,” he said, motioning toward me.

“Abbie isn’t here,” I tell him.

“Very well, this, won’t take long, we brought the truth serum, so it should be settled quickly,” he says, motioning for his men.

They move toward me, and all hell breaks loose as Liam suddenly shifts. Denali is instantly ripped backward along with the other two men when the guns start going off. But I don’t get a chance to see what happens as Clarice rips me up the stairs. I could hear gunfire and fighting, screams and footsteps chasing after us.

“Kyson,” I screamed through the link.

“An hour out, fucking pull over,” I hear him scream at someone through the link.

“Hide, I will find you,” he says, cutting off the link. I felt him shift through the bond just as Clarice stuffed me into a room. She looks around, and so do I as I hear footsteps. My entire body shook, and I found myself in the forbidden room across from Kyson’s old quarters.

“Stay here. I will lead them away.” Clarice says.

“Lock the door,” she says, cracking the door open and peering out. I went to go after her when she slipped out and shut the door. I quickly locked the door and glanced around toward the window. Hundreds of people stood out front the gates, and I stepped back so they wouldn’t see me.

“Where are you?” Kyson says through the link.

“The room across from your old Quarters,” I tell him, watching in horror as I see Dustin laying unconscious on the cobble driveway along with a heap of guards. Men were handcuffing their hands behind their back, all of them unconscious with darts

sticking out of them. Yelling could be heard, and I could hear Liam fighting still as he was dragged out, yet he was hit with another dart, his body twisting and arching as he was forced to shift back.

Multiple darts were in his back, legs, and neck when a guard wearing black camo lifted his gun and shot him in the chest three times with more darts. His legs went out from under him and blood-drenched his entire body when I heard a shrill scream I watch petrified as Clarice is dragged out kicking and screaming with the two boys she had taken in. Denali wipes his face with a handkerchief as he walks out toward the gates when I spot her. I was certain it was the same woman.

The woman that watched from the servo after Kade was killed. Denali talks to her through the gate. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but the three other men also stood off to the side, watching him before he turned around. The man with the missing eye wiped the blood off his face before snarling and kicking Liam in the stomach. My hands go to my mouth, so consumed with fear, I forgot Kyson, who was talking to me through the link.

"Azalea!" he snapped. Denali turned around before reaching for a microphone of one of his guards. He turns to face the castle bringing the microphone to his mouth.

"Queen Azalea, you have been summoned by the council, so you need to step outside," He says, slowing. He looks up at the windows, and I remain back out of his line of vision.

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"You have two minutes to step out, or we will use deadly force, beginning with," he looks around before one of the guards grabs Oliver. Clarice loses it, shifting and attacking the guard when Mr. Crux punches her knocking her to the ground before grabbing the boy.

"Two minutes or the rogue boy dies,"

“Azalea!” Kyson snaps at me.

“They’re going to kill them if I don’t,”

“Don’t you fucking dare,”

“They have Oliver,”

“Azalea, I am not far out. Remain where you are,” Kyson says as I watch in horror as they push tiny Oliver to the ground on his knees. Mr. Crux pulls a pistol from inside his jacket and presses it to his head.

“Two minutes Queen Azalea, I can not kill any Lycan here but a rogue, even a child I have the authority too,

“I have to go.” I tell Kyson.

“No, remain where you are,” he orders and I grit my teeth.

“How far out?”

“20 minutes,

“It’s too long,” I tell him, forcing his command off.

“One minute,” Denali calls over the microphone, and Oliver cringes away from the gun held at his head,

“Azalea?” Kyson says, his panic smashes into me. Mr. Crux presses it to his temple, and I rush toward the window throwing it open.

“Wait, I will come down,” I scream to them. Mr. Crux lifts his head to look at me while Mr. Denali smirks.

“We thought you would change mind.” He nods toward some of his men, who race toward the castle.

“They will meet you at the foyer doors,” Denali called through the microphone, and I nodded, moving back inside the window. I glance around at the baby’s room. One that was made for me had Kyson found me when my parents were killed, however nothing here offered any sort of protection. Swallowing down the bile in my throat, I move toward the door and open it.

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Book 2. His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 19

The moment I stepped out of the safety of the castle doors, I was surrounded and grabbed. They dragged me to the front of the castle, and Kyson was in my head the entire time, telling me to stall them. His fear was potent, and I wondered what sort of history he had with the council that they would be daring enough to go against the Lycan King.

“Azalea, my Queen. So lovely for you to join us,” Denali purred, and my skin crawled as he approached me. He clicked his fingers at one of his men, who shoved me toward the iron gates and handcuffed my wrists to the solid bars. My heart skipped a beat as everyone took a few steps back as they watched beyond the gate. “Fear not. You will have your say. We just have a few questions for you. This is merely a precaution,” Denali says, gripping the back of my neck to turn my face toward his.

“Are you really that gutless that you had to wait for my mate to leave?” I ask him, and he laughs sadistically. He stepped away, and I could see Oliver kneeling next to Clarice, crying, huddled in Logan’s arms. Turning my attention back to Denali, he sneered at me.

“It is a mere coincidence that the king wasn’t home. We were sent the report and investigated; this is just a questioning.”

“If that is all it is, why did you feel the need to take out my guards and handcuff me to a damn gate?”

“Because we are aware of the pact the guards hold, they will fight. We haven’t hurt them, just made them more compliant,” he states.

“What Pact?” I asked, a little confused.

“The King never told you?” He asks, and I glance around at the

crowd of onlookers watching me.

“Regardless, I am here to administer the serum, ask the questions, and choose punishment if necessary,”

“15 minutes, love. Keep stalling. Leave the link open, so I can hear what is going on. Help is coming.” Kyson says in my head. I swallow when Mr. Crux approaches with a vial.

“The Landeena Kingdom, head to the castle your Queen needs you,” Kyson calls through the link. I didn’t have time to process his words, and I knew the town was a good 15 minutes from the hill on which the castle stood.

“What is this about?” I ask, knowing full well by the woman standing on the other side of the gates watching me. Denali follows my gaze and motions for one of the guards to let her in. The gate is opened beside me, and the smug bitch steps inside her heeled boots clinking on the stone driveway before they close it, nearly jamming my fingers. She moves behind me and stops beside him, folding her arms across her chest.

“Cassandra,” I snart

“So you do know each other, wonderful. Cassandra here says you commanded Abbie to reject her husband, Alpha Kade and made him accept the rejection; she also claims that you also stole the pack’s future Luna,” Denali says.

“That is not true. Abbie tried rejecting him. He was abusing her,” I told Denali before glaring at Cassandra. “With her help,” I growled.

“That wasn’t what I asked. I asked if you abused your power as the King’s Mate and broke a sacred law regarding mate bonds?”

“As I said, he was abusing Abbie. He sexually assaulted her,”

“And where is Abbie to verify this?” Denali asks, tilting his head toward me. He nods to Mr. Crux, who moves toward me with the vial. I clench my teeth together.

“Kyson!” I rush through the mindlink.

“Any minute.” Kyson replies when Denali grabs my hair ripping my head back while Mr. Crux pinches my cheeks, stuffing the vial in my mouth. Denali checks his watch while I cough and gag at its taste, yet something about it reminded me of Kyson.

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“You can fight the effects,” Kyson links to me. “Focus, love, that serum is made from my blood. You can resist it,” he tells me.

A minute or so goes past, and Mr. Crux nods to Denali.

“Did you command Luna Abbie to reject her mate, Alpha Kade?” Denali asks. I grit my teeth. Fear so palpable it made goosebumps rise on my skin as the urge to answer rolled through me, making my body tense.

“Nearly there, fight it,” Kyson snarls when I hear a commotion outside the gates. Denali glances out the gates to the cobble road where Kade’s pack stood before waving some of his men to sort whatever is happening out. They rush out the gates, and Kade’s pack members murmur amongst themselves looking down the road.

“Answer me,” Denali demands. I don’t know what Kyson meant about fighting it. Fighting against it caused me to break out in a sweat, my stomach twisting painfully.

“Yes,” I gasped. Fighting breaks out outside the gates and down in the gully before the driveway in. Denali looks toward the commotion outside the gates.

“Enough proof, bring the whip,” he says, wandering off to talk to someone behind me. I look over my shoulder, twisting my neck to see what is going on behind me. I gulp when I see the barbed whip in the man’s hand, Denali was talking to the man with one eye, glancing nervously back at me.

“Tell them I commanded you too,” Kyson yelled through the

bond.

“I can’t,” I said.

“You can and fucking will, your pregnant Azalea, tell them I commanded you too,” I try to open my mouth to lie, yet whatever the truth serum contained wouldn’t allow me to breathe a lie.

“Azalea!” Kysin booms in my head. I choke on the words, trying to spit them.

“Don’t you dare fight me. I’m sorry, love, I have no choice,” he murmurs when I feel his command smash me through the bond and mind-link. It rolled over me, causing crippling pain as he ordered me to blame him.

“Kyson ordered me to do it,” I blurted. Mr. Crux gripped my face, and Denali came back over.

“Excuse me?” Denali asks.

“Say it again!” Kyson commanded through the bond, sweat glistened on my skin, and I felt like I would be sick.

“The King ordered me to command them,” I choked out, gasping for air. Denali and Mr. Crux look at each other before turning to Cassandra

“Is what she says true?” Denali asks her. She opens her mouth and closes it.

“Well?” Denali snaps.

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“...I don’t know. I only got there to see her command them both. What does it matter? She still did it,” Cassandra says in her nasal voice.

“Good girl,” Kyson says, letting the command slide off me.

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Denali and Mr. Crux talk amongst themselves while Cassandra digs her smokes out of her leather jacket.

“How could you, after everything you did to her?” | ask Cassandra. She pops her hip, lighting a smoke before stepping closer

“My husband is dead because of her. Your mate killed him. I now have to raise my kids without their father because of that bitch,” Cassandra spits at me. I growl, my canines slipping past my gums as anger courses through me. She turned to face the council members who were whispering amongst themselves behind me.

“She still commanded them, but I have one more question before we proceed.” I turn my head, and he steps closer.

“Did you know it was against the law to break a mate bond against their will?” Denali asks. My brows furrow, wondering why he was asking, yet the urge to answer hit me instantly.

“Yes,” I breathe.

“And you still did it?” Denali asks.

“He was hurting her, so yes,”

“Well then, regardless of whether the King commanded you, you knew better. Being his mate, you are capable of fighting his

commands, therefore will be held accountable,” Cassandra smirks at his words puffing on her cigarette.

“What are they going to do to me?” I asked Mr. Crux, who was still standing beside me. Though I already knew by the whip in Kendrick’s hand. My heart raced a little faster when Mr. Crux started ripping the back of my dress open.

“You broke a sacred law, you may be the King’s Mate, but you abused your authority, so you will be punished. 1000 lashes, or until Cassandra deems fit,” he chuckles. “About time the King is held accountable for errors,” Mr. Crux sneered. I swallowed and chuckled.

“Silly girl, just because you’re the King’s mate, that doesn’t give you the power to break the law,”

“He was abusing her,” I scream at him.

“And where is your proof?” Mr. Crux demands.

“Ask me, or is your truth serum not 100 percent,” I spat back at him. He grips my chin, pinching it tightly.

“Truth or not, you broke the law. We uphold it. We were looking for a reason to take him down, but if we can’t, you will do,” he laughed.

“Coward,” I laughed. Mr. Crux grips my hair, yanking my head back painfully.

“Oh, Kendrick will. He won’t hold back, not after the king took his sight,” I swallow, and my breathing becomes a little harsher.

“Your people are coming. Tell them who you are. It will buy you some time, I didn’t want to risk but we have no choice”

“What?”

“Your parents—” I didn’t get a chance to listen to what he said when I felt the crack of the whip bite into my flesh, making me scream, hooks slashed up my spine and dug into my shoulder, and my scream was deafening when he ripped them out.

My knees buckle underneath me. My blood sprays across those on the other side of the fence when all hell breaks loose. Kade’s pack starts running toward the fence, suddenly trying to get in. My knees dragged across the ground from the force of the gate being pushed inward. I couldn’t see past them to see what was happening and didn’t care when the whip tore into me again.

Gunshots rang out, and I hung limply in handcuffs, my wrist bent backward painfully and on the verge of snapping under my weight. I feel the barbs tear out of my skin, ripping my flesh away. My head hung limply, and all I could think about was the pain radiating through my back when someone’s head was shoved through the iron-barred gates beside me. I blink deliriously, finding it odd. How did it fit through the bars?

Screams rang out loudly, but all I could do was blink at the man’s head stuck between the bars. It took me a few

moments to realize he only had a torso, from the waist down was missing. My head rolls to the side, and I see the men in armor

backing up, guns trained down the driveway as they fire. I thought my eyes were deceiving me when I watched around 50 Lycans ripping into Kade's pack members and the council's men, ripping them limb from limb. People running everywhere to escape.

I couldn't tear my gaze away from the horrors on the other side of the gate, my eyes wide, and I felt sick to my stomach. I could hear screaming, and I turned my head to find it was Cassandra. Her hands cupped her mouth as she watched her pack getting torn to shreds. Suddenly I dropped to the ground, and I didn't even realize someone was uncuffing me. My body was limp as I stared around at the slaughter. Hands grab me ripping me against someone's chest. My back arches as I try to get the pressure away from my back.

Seconds later, the iron gates burst open, and I had a knife pressed to my throat by the person holding me as the Lycans stalked into the castle grounds.

I was vaguely aware of Kyson talking to me, yet I could not understand what he was trying to tell me.

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“Get the car ready?” Denali says. The Lycans circle us before dropping on their knees around us. The whole thing was surreal as I looked around, trying to figure out what was happening, when I noticed Dustin roll as he started to wake.

“Take so much as one step toward us, and I will kill her. You have all just interfered with the council. There are severe penalties for obstructing justice.” Denali says, walking past me to address the Lycan’s kneeling. They growl and snarl, watching him. But the council members were all Lycan, and I felt his aura demand them to submit, forcing them to remain where they were.

“Now, I am willing to let this slide, so back up,” Denali ordered.

“She may be King Kyson’s Queen, but she will be held accountable for her actions,” Denali snarls and Dustin laughs maniacally.

Denali turns his head to look at him as Dustin sits up, his arms still cuffed behind his back. He starts ripping at his handcuffs, once twice, thrice, and I hear his wrists snap and shoulders dislocate before he rolls his shoulders, bringing his hands around to the front. Kendrick runs at him, but Dustin moves quickly, sweeping his legs out from under him and pivoting on his knee, so he was suddenly on Kendrick’s back, his knee pressed to the back of the man’s neck.

“And who are you? Let Kendrick up now,” Mr. Crux growls, dropping me at Denali’s feet. Dustin rebreaks his wrist before gripping Kendrick’s hair and ripping his head back.

“No, wrong question Denali. The question you should be asking is, who is Azalea? Does her name ring any bells to you?” Dustin sneers.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 146

Book 2 His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 21

Denali looks down at me, and Cassandra cowers behind him, clutching the back of his suit jacket. Denali looks at her, shoving her off and making her stumble. She shrieks, landing on her ass.

Kendrick moves underneath Dustin's knee, shifting, but Dustin growls before grabbing his head and twisting it so it faces him.

Theave, throwing up as he broke Kendricks's neck. Dustin then gets to his feet and wipes his hands, pulling the darts from his legs and chest.

“Does the name Azalea Ivy Landeena ring any bells for you,” Dustin asks.

Mr.Crux, Denali, and the other man, Larkin, looked at me where I had collapsed on the ground, my blood was pooling around me, and I struggled to keep my eyes open, Kyson presence growing closer the only thing keeping me awake.

“The Landeena's are dead,” Denali states, yet he looked unsure as he glanced between Dustin and me. Though I had no idea why my heritage mattered to the council.

“Ask her who her mother is,” comes Kyson's voice, my head turns toward him, and he growls when his eyes meet mine. The Lycans standing around us moved out of his way as he marched through the gates. He stalked straight toward Denali, like he was

prey before gripping his throat. Denali gasps as Kyson lifts the man bringing him nose to nose with him.

“You dare come into my Kingdom unannounced and attack my Queen,” He roared in his face. Denali grips his hands.

“The law states we can enter;” His words choke out entirely, and his face turns purple as Kyson’s grip tightens. Kyson nods to Dustin, who rushes toward me, pushing me up against him, so I am sitting up.

“Your laws are bullshit, and you know it, she told you I ordered her to command them, and you still put your filthy paws on my mate,” Kyson says. Mr. Crux grips Kyson’s shoulder.

“Crux, I will give you two seconds to correct that mistake,” Kyson warns him, and Crux puts his hands up in the air, backing away in surrender. Kyson looks at him.

“You will mind your tongue around my mate, now as I was saying, Denali. You are now being sentenced for treason,” Kyson snarls, letting him go. He falls to the ground at Kyson’s feet, gasping and choking for air, sucking in huge lungfuls while gripping his throat.

“Treason?” Larkin asks, rushing forward. Kyson growls at him, and he stops dead in his tracks.

“Now, I would like to introduce my mate,” Kyson says, motioning toward Dustin. Dustin scoops my bloody body up in his arms, and I rest my head on his shoulder. Dustin crouches

beside Denali, who lifts his head to look at me, his face flush and red as he gasped.

“Recognize those eyes, Denali?” Kyson asks, and Denali gulps, looking up at him.

“You made the mistake of thinking my mate was just an ordinary Lycan. Now you will be punished for treason and attempted murder of her majesty Azalea Ivy Landeena, the rightful heir to the Landeena Kingdom. I may fall under council laws, but—”

“How is it possible,” Denali asks, looking to his brother Larkin before looking at Mr. Crux.

“That kingdom fell,” Mr. Crux says, stepping forward.

“Yes, and now it rises,” Kyson says, motioning toward all the Lycans on their knees. They all growl, glaring at the council elders. Yet my vision was becoming blurrier as my wounds bled all over Dustin.

“Now, can anyone tell me why the Landeena bloodline is exempt from the council’s laws?” Kyson bellows, looking between the three men.

“My King, I swear had I known.” Denali stutters.

“No one knew. I knew the hunters would come after her. Only those in my castle knew her true identity, and you have not only harmed my pregnant mate but broke the very laws you are supposed to uphold.” Kyson boomed.

“We were only-“Mr. Crux says but one look from Ky on makes him shut up,

“Looking for a way to punish me, I am not stupid, I know the council has been looking for a reason to take me down for centuries Had she mentioned who she was, I know you would have killed her before I got here, but now that I am. Who dares to answer the question I asked ?”

Denali swallows, getting to his hands and knees, “Have leniency. I didn’t know who you were,” Denali says, aripoing my arm, but Kyson puts his foot on his shoulder and shoves him back while Dustin stands with me ckratching me

closer

“My King, my brother didn’t know. Surely you can’t punish himn for such an innocent mistake,” Larkin says, rushing forward to defend his brother. Kyson turns to look at Denali’s brother,

“He should have thought about that before he dares touch the Empregs of Alpha’s,” Kyson growls before his foot comes down on Denali’s head as he stomps it. Larkin wailed as Denali’s skull crushed beneath his foot, and Crux ran at Larkin and grabbed him as he rushed toward Kyson. I lurched forward in Dustin’s arms, throwing up as brain matter splatters the ground.

Kyson, ignoring a wailing Larkin, turns his attention to me before taking me from Dustin. “Shh, I got you now,” Kyson whispers, his calling washes over me as he turns to face everyone.

“I suggest you leave. Enough council members have died. Dustin, take that bitch to the dungeons, Cassandra screams and tries to

run, but Dustin grabs her quickly, and Kyson turns to the rest of the Lycan still on their knees.

“Kill the lot of them,” he says as my head rolls back, and I see what’s left of Cassandra’s pack start running, their screams ring out loudly when Kyson turns on his heel and walks toward the castle.

Kyson lifts me higher, burying his face in my neck, the sparks from his skin soothe the pain coursing through me.

“Hang on, love, I will take care of you,” he purrs.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 147

Book 2. His found Lycon Luna Chapter 22

Kyson POV

Azalea whimpered as she jostled in my arms. Her blood streamed down my arms as I made my way to the bedroom. I kick the doors open, and they bang against the walls. Dustin comes rushing in behind me, runs past me and toward the bathroom, he shoves the door open, and turns the shower on.

She was losing so much blood, and I know those barbs are dipped in wolfsbane and water-hemlock. They always are to prevent healing. Water pours from the showerhead, and Dustin turns to me. He uses his claws to shred what’s left of her dress, letting it fall away in tatters to the floor.

“Give her here, you shift,” he says, holding his arms out for her. I passed her to him, she was like a ragdoll in his arms, her body all floppy, and he stepped into the shower forcing her back under the spray, trying to rinse the poison off her while I shifted. Using one hand, he turns the other showerhead on, turning the head and aiming it at her back. Moments later, Liam runs in, looking worse for wear. I didn’t even care he could see her naked. My sole focus was on stopping the wolfsbane from soaking into her system and killing our baby.

“What do you need?” Liam asks.

“Alcohol,” I tell him, knowing I was about to ingest whatever was in her system, and hopefully, the alcohol would burn it out

“On it,” he says, disappearing out the door. Dustin’s arm moves to the back of her neck and the other under her ass, exposing her back to me, and I waste no time running my tongue over her wounds, healing them and sucking the poison out where the barbs dug into her

flesh, and ripped her flesh off in chunks.

A growl escapes me, the wolfsbane burning my throat, and I heave, retching when I get a huge mouthful of it. My hand hit the wall, steadying me as I retched and threw up before healing the other two long gashes up her back. Her wounds eventually closed, and I knew the wolfsbane and water hemlock were gone, or she wouldn’t have healed.

My throat was on fire, and I pressed my face under the stream, banging my head on the showerhead because I was taller than it

in this form. Liam rushes back in with a bottle of tequila. Not my go-to, but it would do. He breaks the cap thrusting the bottle at me, and I grab it, retching again as my surroundings spin, and I was suddenly seeing double. My legs give out under me when I am suddenly forced to shift back. My ass hitting the hard tiled floor.

“Shit, take her,” Dustin says, passing Azalea off to Liam. Liam grabbed her, wrapping a towel around her before disappearing out the door while Dustin crouched beside me while I gasped for air. My lungs felt like they had been engulfed in flames, my blood boiling in my veins. He prys my mouth open just as Liam comes in. Dustin prying my eyelids open, his hair drenched and so were his clothes as he peered down at me. He looks over his shoulder at Liam.

“Azalea?” | mumble.

“Damian just got here. He is with her. He sent for a Doctor,” I nod or try to. Dustin gripped my jaw, yet my arms felt numb as I tried to lift the bottle to my lips. Liam snatches the bottle from my hand.

“Come on, big fella, down the hatch it goes,” he says, tipping the tequila down my throat. I gasp, breathing it in, and it goes down the wrong pipe. Choking and sputtering.

stin can give you some pointers on how to swallow if needed.” Liam mocks, and Dustin growls at him. Liam poured more in my mouth this time, not waterboarding me with it. I gulp it down, feeling it warm my stomach and entire body. Ghastly stuff, yet I could feel it diluting the poison I ingested, feel it working through

my system, not that it made me feel much better by the time he was finished pouring half the bottle down my throat.

My head lulls forward as the poison burns out, leaving me shitfaced and on the verge of passing out drunk. Liam slaps my face with his hand tilting my head back. My eyes try to close, and he smirks, chugging the rest of the bottle before passing the now empty bottle to Dustin.

“Never thought I would see the day where I had to carry you over the threshold bridal style,” He chuckles, grabbing me, he tosses me over his shoulder, and the tequila was a serious threat of coming back up. “Hmm, caveman style, what can I say I am barbarian,” Liam chuckles.

“Pretty fucking ugly bride, though,” he laughs, slapping my ass. If I could, I would hit him for that. Damn, this man was a handful sometimes. I knew he swung both ways, but he was daring, that is for sure. He walked out of the room, dropping me on the bed, and Damian was over the top of me, chucking a towel over my waist and prying my eyelids open.

“Council” i mutter.

“Gone, those that showed from the pack are dead, Cassandra is in dungeons,” Damian says. I sighed.

“Rest. I have everything handled.”

“She knows now,” I try to tell him, and his eyes dart past me. I try to turn my head to see her, but I felt ridiculously heavy.

“She does, but you have the bond, she loves you, Kyson” Damian says. Yet that wasn’t my worry. Once she figured out her Alpha voice, she outranks me, yet even that wasn’t what I was worried about. I could control her with the calling, it is one thing she could never resist. What worried me was her realizing I kept it from her. I don’t know why I did. I was afraid she would leave because she had the power to do that.

Empress of Alpha’s could not be tied by no bond, she could walk away, and I would be destroyed and powerless to stop her. I couldn’t lose her. Yet now it would be out, everyone would know, and they would come for her. It was only a matter of time. Her blood was more precious than gold, and if she shares the same gifts as her mother, I know she has one trait of her father’s. But if she obtained both, they would come for her. Come for her, and our baby. Her blood was the key to putting the werewolf and Lycan species into extinction or it could be their salvage. If the hunters get wind of her, they will never stop, and without a doubt, I would spend the rest of my life fighting to keep her safe.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 148

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 148 – Abbie POV

Gannon had told me Azalea had been hurt because of me, well, he didn’t say because of me, but that is sure what it felt like. She wouldn’t have been put in that situation if it wasn’t for me. She would never have endured what she did if I had listened and never gone with Kade. It ground my gears that even though he was d**d, my past with him was haunting me from beyond the grave, that there were still repercussions from everything.

Gannon's phone starts ringing, and I glance at where it sat. Damian's face popped up on the screen, and Gannon pulled the car over to answer it. I wondered what bad news we would get this time because if Damian was calling instead of mind linking meant it was important. When he was mind-linked about the council, he nearly ran us off the road, so maybe that is why Damian was calling this time instead?

Gannon got out of the car and sat on the hood talking on the phone, he glanced nervously back at me through the window before turning away from me, and I could hear his voice rising, but he walked off so I couldn't hear the conversation.

We were pulled over on a highway. Cars zipped past, making the car shake. Gannon runs a hand through his hair before turning around to look back at the car. Leaning over the back seat, I grab his jacket. The temperature had dropped, and it was windy outside of the car. I pull it on and climb out. I wanted to stretch my legs anyway. We had been in the car for hours, and my a*s was going numb from sitting so long.

I stretched my arms above my head before walking around the front of the car while Gannon moved further away, talking angrily to Damian. I lean against the hood of his car and watch him, catching the end of his conversation.

“You should have just k****d her. You could undo everything I have done, just get rid of her and be done with it,” Gannon snaps, hanging up the phone. He growls, turning to face me. I rummage in his jacket pocket, finding some red sugar clouds. He always

had candy on him. Yet I don't ever see him eat it. I shrug more for me. I giggled, opening the little bag and pulling one out while he lit up a smoke.

“Everything alright?” I ask him, and he nods.

“It will be,” he says, wandering over to me.

“You found my stash?” he laughs, pointing to the red sugary clouds in my hand. I smile, popping another in my mouth.

“You always have them, yet you never eat them?” I chuckle. The tips of my fingers turned red from digging them out of the bag. Sugar coated my lips, and I quickly licked them, savoring the sweet taste.

“I don't like sweets,” he laughs.

“Then why buy them?” I ask.

“I buy them for you. I know they're your favorite,” he says, and I let out a breath.

“What?” he asks.

“Nothing, you had me worried for a second, I thought,” I shake my head, not understanding why my mind went there.

“You thought what?” He asks

“Nothing, it was a stupid thought, just don't worry about it,” I tell him. His brows furrow, and he draws back on his smoke, watching me before blowing a smoke cloud in the air.

“How much further?” I asked him.

“About three hours. Why, anxious to get away from me?” he chuckles.

“No!”

“Come on then, let’s go,” he says, holding out his hand. I slide off the hood, and he walks around, opening my door. I shook my head at him, and I wasn’t sure if he just liked opening doors or thought I didn’t know-how. I shake my head and climb into the car. We drove, listening to the radio for a while. He was suddenly very quiet, and his aura was all over the place.

I pull the candy’s from my pocket again, and he glances at me. “What were you thinking before?” he asked, and I looked at him. He points to the bag in my hand. I didn’t want to answer, suddenly feeling ashamed for even thinking it, I know Gannon, and he isn’t that sort of monster.

“What did Damian want earlier?” I asked instead.

“I’ll answer when you do?” he retorts, and I sigh. I look out the window watching the scenery go by.

“So?” he asks. I shrug, turning back to look at him.

“When Azalea and I were little, the butcher used to offer us candy to help him in the basement. We never did. He always gave us strange vibes. We always thought there was something off with him, so when he would ask, we used to tell him Mrs. Daley gave us chores, which she did anyway, so it wasn’t technically a lie,”

“You thought I was a creep?” he asks appalled, as he should be, no one would like being thought of that way which made me feel guilty yet soon as he said it for some reason that memory came to me.

“No, just when you said you didn’t eat candy it came to mind, it’s just where my mind went for some reason,”

“Well, I am definitely not a p*****e. That I can assure you, and do you mean Doyle, that same butcher?” I cringe hearing his name but nod, looking back out the window. All that seemed like a lifetime ago, yet at the same time I would always remember every detail, remember it like it was yesterday, it only needed the right thing to trigger it and bring to the forefront of my mind.

“He’s d**d now. You don’t have to worry about him,” Gannon says, and I s*****w.

“It’s my fault, though. I went down in the basement with him. I knew I shouldn’t have, but Mrs. Daley said she wouldn’t feed us for a week if I didn’t help him bring the meat down to the freezers. I shouldn’t have gone down there. We always made sure we were never around and made sure we were busy when the butcher came to drop the meat off, we both knew something was off about him,” I tell him.

“Then why did you?” Gannon asks.

“Because if I didn’t, she would have made Ivy, I mean Azalea. We hadn’t eaten in three days. Mrs. Daley used to make us share whatever scraps were left over. We hadn’t eaten in three days. There was nothing left over. Mrs. Daley said if I helped him stack the freezers, we could eat with the rest of the children, so I went

down there. If she had said I would have got lashings if I didn't, I would have taken those instead, but we were hungry, and Azalea's back was badly torn up already. She couldn't take more lashings, and some were down to the bone. I just didn't expect what I got when I went down there," I murmured.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 149

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 149 – "That doesn't make it your fault," Gannon says.

"Anyway, Azalea found me afterward. We cooked dinner, and she fed us. We had a bowl of rice to share. Both of us were starving, yet neither of us touched it. That was the payment, a bowl of rice, Mrs. Daley then called us ungrateful, and Azalea," I close my eyes. Guilt flooded through me and shame.

"Azalea took 39 lashings for me that night. It was only supposed to be five. Then Mrs. Daley made it forty, but I wasn't going to tell her she was one short,"

"Was supposed to be five?" Gannon asks. I nod, feeling terrible, knowing how much she endured for me.

"Yeah. Mrs. Daley threw the bowl at her when we refused to eat. It hit her in the face and split her eyebrow open. When she brought the cane down, she used to have this whip that went around the handle, which was usually reserved for Azalea." I tell him, sucking in a shuddering breath. A whimper escapes me at

the memory of what she endured that night, just so I didn't have to.

“What happened?” Gannon asked.

“Mrs. Daley gave her the five lashings, but when it was my turn, Azalea...” My face burns with shame at my next words. “I couldn't sit, it hurt too much, yet Azalea was already hurt and still she did it,”

“What did she do?” Gannon asked. I chewed my lip and glanced out the window as that night burned through my vision like I was right there all over again.

“She attacked Mrs. Daley so she wouldn't hit me with the cane. Azalea slapped her, and I was so shocked I just stood there. We were petrified of that woman, yet Azalea slapped her. She got another five lashings for it, but then when it was my turn again, she got back up and hit her again, knocking her over.” Tears burned my eyes, and I could still see the blood gushing from Azalea's face where the bowl hit her, Azalea had worn my stained clothes because I couldn't bear to put them back on afterward, Mrs. Daley already whacked her good for that before dinner for wasting clothes. Only to suffer more for me.

“Mrs. Daley smacked her head on the coffee table. She had a nasty bump, she then sent me to my room, but I stayed on the stairs. Mrs. Daley said Azalea was going to get 40 lashings for messing up her face before the Alpha visit.”

“Forty Lashings?” Gannon asked shocked. He growls when I nod.

“Most of the scars Azalea has are because of me. She always took most of my punishments after that. Mrs. Daley was brutal with her. That night Azalea collapsed on the ground, and I watched as she just kept whipping her over and over until she wasn’t moving. I thought she was d**d. I waited for Mrs. Daley to leave, and I helped her clean up as she did me,” I tell him. The car was silent for a few seconds until I couldn’t handle his silence any longer or his burning aura.

“So, what did Damian want?” I asked him, changing the subject.

“They have Cassandra in the dungeons,” Gannon answers and I gulp, biting on my lip to stop it quivering.

“It’s up to you what they do with her. That’s what Damian called about,”

“I get to choose her punishment?” I asked, horrified. Gannon grips the steering wheel tighter, his knuckles turning white under pressure.

“You don’t have to do anything, you don’t want to. You don’t even have to see her if you don’t want. I can handle it when we get back it is up to you,”

Gannon says. I s*****w and nod.

“And the council?”

“Kyson k*****d Denali and Kendrick. The other two he let go,”

“Why would he let them go?” I ask, confused.

“Because Mr. Crux has immunity. Despite Kyson hating him and Larkin he left alive, to serve as a reminder, that no one is untouchable, Denali and Larkin are from very prominent families,”

“What do you mean, Mr. Crux has immunity?”

“He has immunity because he is Azalea’s cousin,” Gannon tells me.

“Then why isn’t he ruling?” I ask confused.

“Because he was an illegitimate child to Garret’s brother. Plus, Kyson always held out hope Azalea was alive and that one day he would find her. He refused to believe she was d**d until he had proof,” Gannon tells me.

“What do you mean?”

“The Landeena’s kept her a secret. Kyson knew he would be betrothed to any daughter they had, but for some reason, they never told anyone she was born. We never knew until we heard of their slaughter and found the nursery,”

“So why did he think she would be alive?”

“Because Landeena blood is special. When we learned there was a child, and we couldn’t find her, we at first thought the hunters took her,”

“But if hunters k****d them, why would they want to keep the child?”

“Because Landeena’s are venomous,” Gannon says, and my brows furrow. I look at him, and he sighs.

“Landeena blood is more potent than even the King’s,” he adds.

“I am not sure what you are saying,” I confessed.

“They were the only ones that could make a human a Lycan. Lycan’s like me can turn a normal werewolf into a Lycan, but the Landeena’s could change a human into a Lycan,”

His words shocked me. “Wait... Does Azalea know this?” I ask and Gannon shakes his head.

“And you can’t tell her, Abbie. Let Kyson do that,”

“I am not going to lie to her,”

“I’m not asking you to. I’m just saying don’t mention it unless she says something, just don’t deliberately bring it up. Give Kyson a chance to tell her first,”

“Why are they different, though?”

“Because they were the first Lycans. They were created by gods, or so the story goes anyway,”

“So the Moon Goddess?” Gannon nods.

“But if hunters wanted to get rid of Lycans, why would they want to become one?”

“Same reason anyone would, to gain immortality. Landeena blood is the only blood that could make humans immortal. We believe that is why her parents kept her hidden by everyone except those in the castle”

“They were worried someone would try to take her,” I state with a sigh.

“And they did,” Gannon says.

“So what, she just has to bite them?”

“Yes, there is more to it tho. For me to change you, I only have to mark you, which is part of the reason Kyson wouldn’t do it. You could sire to him, basically become an extra mate. It’s rare for that to happen when you already have a mate, but it has happened in the past,” Gannon explains.

“Can Azalea do it?” I asked thoughtfully. Gannon clenches his jaw but nods.

“Yes, but I would rather change you myself,”

“I know, but-“

“You think you aren’t worthy of me, but you are. I am the one not worthy of you, Abbie. I want to be with you. I don’t care about your past or the s**t that has happened. I told you I could wait for anything more as long as I can have you as mine. The rest we can figure out. Just let me love you. That is all I am asking for,” he says, cutting me off and becoming angry.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 150

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 150 – Gannon sighs heavily. “I’m sorry. I just want to be the one to do it,”

“Okay, I won’t ask Azalea,” I tell him and he lets out a breath.

“But-“

“But you still aren’t sure you want to be a Lycan,” Gannon says.

“No. I was gonna ask if we could do it tomorrow and not when we got back home,” I tell him, rubbing my temples.

“Wait. You will do it?” Gannon asks. I look up at him to see his shocked face.

I had been unsure, and he had asked multiple times, and the answer was always no. But the last day or so, I wondered if I should. I could be with Azalea, and I had Gannon. I loved Gannon, but I also worried he would get bored of me since I am not even sure I can have s*x or be with anyone that way. At least not yet anyway, but would he still want me anyway.

“Yes, I will let you change me but do we have to-“

“No. We don’t have to have s*x, Abbie, but you know it would eventually send you into heat with me marking you. Azalea changing you won’t, neither would Kyson because he has a mate, but I don’t have a mate. So I wouldn’t just be changing you. I would be claiming you. I just want to be clear on that. You will go into heat eventually,” Gannon says. I s*****w and nod.

“I know, just, I want a little bit more time,”

“And you have all the time you want, and I don’t have to do it tomorrow. I just ask if you are going to become a Lycan. When you choose that, I just hope you choose me to do it,”

“Okay. But we can tomorrow; I just want to check on Azalea first. Do you think she is awake? I wouldn’t mind ringing her too since it will be too late to see her by the time we get home,”

“You can try her on my phone,” Gannon says, handing it to me. I take it from him, and he tells me the pin number to get in it.

“You know how to ring her?” I nod. I had plenty of practice, but when I noticed the time, I decided to send a voice text since I can’t write; usually, Gannon types for me.

I open up the messages only when I do I see a picture message from a thread he was in. I gasp, at the mutilated body of a woman and Gannon looks at me.

He glances down at the screen before trying to snatch the phone.

“I thought you were ringing her,” He growls, trying to reach for his phone.

“Why is Blaire on your phone?” I ask, staring down horrified at the screen.

Why? I had no doubt it was her. I would recognize her face anywhere, it haunted my dreams, and I always wondered what happened to her. I hoped she got free of the pack but here she

was d**d on his phone screen. Yet as I scrolled through the photos, I began to feel sick.

“Blaire?” Gannon asks.

“Pullover. I am going to be sick,” I tell him, and he rips the car to the side of the road.

I toss the door open, throwing up. I empty my stomach. Seeing her mutilated body made me sick, and I dry heaved when I had nothing left but bile. Gannon raced around the car, snatching the phone from my hand and pocketing it. He goes to grab me, but I take a step away and stand up.

“Did you k**l her?” I ask, horrified, wondering why he would send that to Liam.

“What? No!” he says, stepping toward me, but I take another step back.

“Abbie?”

“Why is she on your phone?” I demand and his brows pinch. Gannon pulls his phone out and looks at the screen.

“You know this girl?”

“Yes. Her name is Blaire. She was one of Kade’s girls. Now answer me. Did you k**l her?” I ask him.

“No. Of course not. She was one of the bodies we found, I sent to Liam so he could forward them to the packs so we could try identify her. Wait ... she is from Kade’s pack?” He asks.

“Yes, I just said that. She was one of the rogues there. She worked in the b*****l,” I tell him. Gannon looks at his screen again and flicks through the pictures. He takes a deep breath and shakes his head.

“What?” I ask him.

“We found a nurse not far from Blaire but in the opposite direction,”

“You want me to look. You think they are linked?” I ask, taking a step forward.

“Just let me zoom in on her face. lyrics don’t want you seeing the rest,” Gannon tells me. I nod, already wishing I could unsee Blaire’s body.

He turns the screen to show me, and I stumble back, clutching my mouth, tears brim in my eyes. “You know her?” he asks.

“She is the nurse who helped me escape. She undid my handcuffs,” I tell him and I choke on a whimper. Gannon comes over, wrapping his arms around me, and he kisses my hair. “I’m sorry, love,” he whispers, and I clutch the front of his shirt. He rubs my arms before pulling away from me.

“We need to get back. I need to speak to the King and Damian about this,” he says, and I sniffle but climb back in the car, and he shuts my door.

He gets back in the driver’s seat before reaching over and grabbing a blanket, a water bottle, and some mints. Gannon puts the blanket over me, and I shakily open the water bottle, gulping

it down. He turned the heater up, the night turning colder. Or maybe it was my shock because he was still in a shirt and didn't look cold.

“Come on, let's get you home,” Gannon whispers, pulling back onto the road.