

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 151

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 151 – Azalea POV

Waking up, Kyson's leg was draped across my waist and I tried to push him off. My bladder screamed for me to get up and pee and he was squashing it with his heavy leg. Instead he rolled into me, crushing me further with his heavy weight. I pushed at his shoulders when I suddenly stopped, everything coming back to me yet I felt no pain.

Kyson moves, lifting his head and yawning, covering his mouth with his hand before rubbing his eyes. I stared up at him waiting for him to explain what happened after the council came here, but he clearly had other intentions as he leaned down kissing me.

His tongue invades my mouth and lips push him away, making him growl and he hits me with his calling, urging me to submit to him.

“Is Abbie back? What happened with the council? Cassandra? How long have I been asleep?” I asked around his lips that were assaulting mine. He doesn't answer to preoccupied with mauling me.

“Kyson!” I growled, grabbing his head.

“Abbie is back, has been for a day now. Council sorted and Cassandra is in the basement,” he purrs, while collecting my

wrists in one of his hands. He shoves them above my head awkwardly, his face dipping down to my n***d chest.

“So Abbie is safe? What will happen with Kade’s pack or what’s left of them? And why is Cassandra in the basement still, shouldn’t she be d**d?” Kyson doesn’t bother answering, just nips at my flesh.

“That’s it? That’s all you have to say?” I ask angrily when I feel his tongue run over my nipple before he sucks on it.

“Hm,,” is the only answer I receive and it pisses me off.

“Kyson stop!” I snapped at him as he pushed his knee between my legs. He growls, rolling off me and sitting up on his elbow while still holding my wrists in his hand.

“Everything is fine, I sorted it. We also have a lead on the Rogues. Which is where I am going today,” he tells me.

He palms my breast with his other hand before brushing his thumb over my nipple. I ignore the bond, not reacting to his touch. He sighs his eyes moving to mine before he twists my nipple making me hiss. He chuckles and I glare at him.

“It is nothing you need to worry about,” he tells me.

“Nothing to worry about? I just got whipped and your men were knocked out and I don’t need to worry?” I ask incredulously.

“I said it is sorted, didn’t I?” Kyson asks.

“That doesn’t mean I don’t have questions,” I retort. I had so many questions, like where all the Landeena people came from and why I didn’t know there were so many left from my parents kingdom.

Why the council freaked out at the mention of who I was, also why Kyson never told them who I was? When they arrived it seemed besides Cassandra none of them knew I was Azalea the missing Landeena princess.

Kyson growls leaning down to peck my lips. “I meant what I said, you don’t have to worry,” Kyson says and I growl at him trying to pull my hands from his grip. His grip tightens and he stares down at me.

“Well, aren’t you in a lovely mood this morning,” he says, leaning down and nipping at my lips. I wouldn’t be in a bad mood if he would f*****g answer instead keeping secrets from me.

“Yes, because you aren’t answering my questions! Instead your trying to f**k me, now stop it. And let me go! I need to pee,” I snap at him. Kyson presses his lips in a line and I could feel his anger at me denying him but he reluctantly let me go. I quickly rushed off to the bathroom.

When I came back out Kyson was pulling on some clothes. He does the zip up on his jeans before pulling on a button-down shirt.

I grab some clothes, a black blouse and dark blue jeans. “You’re not coming with me,” he says looking over at me while buttoning up his shirt.

“Of course not, I am supposed to be seen and not heard right? Listen but don’t ask questions, sit and rot in the castle waiting in the dark for you to feed me a minuscule piece of information,” I snarled at him.

“Azalea, knock it off,” he says, looking at me with darkened eyes.

“I’m coming with you,” I tell him.

“No, you are staying here. Damian, Gannon, and I are only going for a few hours, so spend time with Abbie,” he says, but I ignore him instead, pulling some socks on and reaching for my shoes.

He snatches them off me, suddenly becoming angry. “I said you’re staying here!” Kyson snaps.

I purse my lips, fighting back tears. Why is it that every time I ask a question, he avoids answering or dismisses me? Kyson sighs when I sit back on the bed. He walks over and stops next to me before crouching down in front of me and placing his hands on my knees.

“I need to go check out Kade’s pack for information regarding the missing rogues, those women we found, Abbie identified from her time there. When I get back you can ask your questions.”

“But will you answer them?” I asked. He drops his head.

“There are some things that are safer if you don’t know,”

“B*****t!” I tell him and his grip on my knees tightens. He clenched his jaw and pressed his lips in a line.

“Why did the council freak out when they heard who I was?” I ask and he looks at me.

“When I get back, not now. I am busy and I don’t want to argue. I nearly just lost you, for goodness sake, let me sort some things out, then when it’s safe I will explain.” I shake my head and chew the inside of my lip.

“You’re the king, you’re always busy! Yet not too busy when you want something!” I snapped at him.

“Azalea, enough. We will talk when I get back,” he says, standing up and kissing my forehead. The King then walks out.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 152

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 152 – Abbie POV

I felt sick knowing Cassandra’s life was in my hands. Gannon groans sitting up on the couch he usually slept on. I tried to take the couch but he always refused. He stretches and his back cracks before he turns his head, cracking his neck and making my guilt worse. I set his clothes on the bed having pulled on my uniform already when he noticed me.

“What are you doing?” Gannon growled seeing the servant’s uniform I was wearing. I look down at it, flattening the front. I had pulled a black long sleeve skivvy on underneath it since the blouse opened a little along the neckline revealing my mauled shoulder.

“I can’t sit in this room all day, Gannon. I want to work,” I tell him as he comes over to me. He starts tugging at the blouse but I smack his hands away.

“You want to work? Fine, but not in this uniform. You aren’t a servant,” he growls.

“What does it matter if I am a servant or not? Clarice is a servant! Do you think so little of her too?” I ask him and he seems taken aback by my words.

“What? Of course not, Abbie. A job is a job no matter the status, I just don’t want you in that d**n uniform!” he snaps tugging at the buttons and undoing them.

“Gannon stop it! I am wearing it. Now leave me be!” I snap at him. He presses his lips in a line but puts his hands up in surrender.

“You don’t have to wear that,”

“I know,” I tell him.

“Do you? You don’t have to be a servant, you don’t even have to work if you don’t want to,”

“Why are you so against this then?”

“Because I don’t want you to think you are nothing more than a servant. I don’t want you serving me like I am one your chores,”

“I’m not,” I tell him. He points to his bed where I set his clothes out, and bite my lip as he walks over to the bathroom and pushes

the door open and growls seeing that I had cleaned the bathroom already and removed the d***y laundry.

“Really? Then why can I smell bleach?” he demands.

“I want a mate not a house cleaner,” he says, pinning me with his intense gaze.

“And mates do that sort of thing. They clean up after each other. Geez, Gannon, my d***y washing was in there too, and I sure as h**l don’t want one of the other servants cleaning up after me,” I tell him and he seems to think for a second.

“You could work in the library or the kitchens, or,” he pauses.

“The stables? Gannon, I want to work as a servant. I know what I am doing. Kitchens are full and the library? What use would I be when I can’t read?” I ask him.

“Well, you can come with me,”

“I am not following you around like a lost puppy. I don’t see what the big deal is,” I tell him, walking over and grabbing my flats and socks. I sit on the edge of the bed, bending down to pull my socks on when Gannon snatches them from my hand kneeling in front of me.

He grabs my ankle placing it on his knee and I sighed, watching as he tugged my socks on.

“You know I don’t want a servant either right?” I chuckle.

“Huh?” he says, looking up at me.

I point to him putting my shoes on. “And you are always opening d**n doors and running my baths. I can’t read that doesn’t mean I can’t dress myself,”

“Is that why you think I do those things?” He chuckles, shaking his head and I shrug.

“Here I thought chivalry wasn’t d**d. Apparently it is just non-existent,” he laughs, lifting my other foot to put the sock on. He kisses my foot.

“I do those things because I like doing them for you,”

“And same with me setting your clothes out and cleaning the room, and making our bed. It’s our room, I should be able to clean it,” I tell him.

“Our bed and our room, huh?” He laughs looking up at me. My face heats at how casually I claimed his room as my own. He places his hands on my thighs running them up to my hips before wrapping them around my waist.

“If this is our bed, I should be able to sleep in it then, right?” He laughs.

I chew my lip. “I’m playing Abbie,” he says, leaning up and pecking my lips quickly. My face heats up impossibly more and he stands up. I look at the bed before looking back at him.

“Maybe you could sleep in the bed?” tell him and he peer’s down at me.

“I was playing Abbie, I don’t mind the couch,” he says, tugging his shirt off and replacing it with the one I set out for him. When he was done he twirled his finger in the air, wanting me to turn around and I looked away while he removed his boxer shorts and pulled his jeans on.

Gannon groans annoyed and I glance back at him as he does his zip up.

“What’s wrong?”

“The King wants to leave early. He and Azalea had an argument,” he says with a sigh.

He comes over and presses his lips to my forehead before gripping my chin, forcing me to look up at him.

“There is no rush to do anything. And if you want to clean the room, fine. I just don’t want you thinking you have to, OK?” I nod and he smiles, dipping his face closer to see if I would pull away.

When I don’t he presses his lips to mine, softly and my lips part invitingly. Gannon groans pulling me closer, his hand going to the back of my head as he tipped my head back, running his tongue across my bottom lip first before his tongue delved between my lips, brushing mine gently. I kiss him back, wanting to let him have this small victory because right now that is all I could offer him.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 153

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 153 – Gannon is gentle and sweet despite the hard exterior and sharp edges as

well as the blistering fiery energy he exuded. Safe is what I felt with him and I trusted him inexplicably. Trusted him the way I trusted Azalea. His fingers massaged the back of my neck as he deepens the kiss before pulling back slightly. He sucked on my bottom lip, nibbling on it. I chuckle and he smiles against my lips before pulling away and hugging me. I hug him back enjoying his masculine scent as his arms engulfed my tiny frame.

“I will be back in a few hours and-” A knock is heard at the door and I look up at Gannon whose eyes are glazed over. He leans down kissing my nose before stepping away.

“Azalea is at the door,” Gannon murmurs, and my eyes widen. I was excited to see her, seeing her while she was asleep wasn’t the same. I needed to hear her voice and hear her say she was indeed okay. Ripping the door open, I ran into her. Her arms enveloped me instantly.

“More than my life,” she murmured.

“More than my life,” I whispered back.

Hearing those words, to me, were the most soul soothing thing. Most didn’t understand our language, not like we did. Half the time we didn’t need to speak, just the subtle facial movements, the way we moved, it spoke a language only we understood. We read each other’s body language as if it was a spoken language. So the crack in her voice told me she needed the hug just as much as I did.

Pulling back, I noticed the King, leaning against the wall behind her, keeping watch and making me nervous.

“Ready?” The King asks Gannon, though his eyes never leave Azalea. And the way she sucks in her pursed lip as she tried to stop the action made me realize she was livid about something.

“Yeah, just need to grab my wallet,” Gannon says behind me, I turn toward the doors at the end of the corridor. Azalea leans her shoulder against me. Before she even got two meters past Kyson, the harsh intake of breath she let out told me she was trying to keep her emotions in check.

“Azalea!” The King snarled. She ignores him and continues walking toward the stairs.

“Where are you going now?” the King asks. She doesn’t bother answering and instead kept walking and I press my lips in a line, a little worried. Azalea wasn’t usually defiant, one thing we were very aware of growing up was orders were to be followed. Only the King was her mate and she looked like she was deliberately trying to push his buttons for some reason.

“Where are you working today? I will come work with you,” she says, ignoring her growling mate behind us.

“I’m not sure yet,” I tell her, walking down the steps with her toward the kitchens.

“Azalea, answer me!” The King bellows from the top of the stairs. Dustin, I noticed was waiting on the stairs for her along with

Liam. He smiles softly at us while Dustin raises an eyebrow at Azalea who continued to ignore Kyson.

I could hear him stomping down the steps behind us.

The King grips her shoulder and she stops and growls at him. “I asked you a question?” he said, looking annoyed.

“I asked you one too! I got my answer. Here’s yours,” she said, turning back and stomping down the steps, she shoots him a look when she gets to the bottom.

“Trouble in paradise, my King,” Liam taunts. That crazy Lycan. Although, I actually think he may in fact be clinically crazy.

“Shut up, Liam,” Kyson snaps and I was surprised at how angry he was becoming just from Azalea ignoring him. Clearly he liked being the center of attention with her. Yet Liam was the first to move in front of Kyson though, when he reached his hand out to stop her again.

Kyson growled and it was so strange for me to see them put themselves in front of the King for her. Bound by a pack oath to choose her over him. However, I never realized it extended to his interactions with Azalea too.

I would have to ask Gannon why next time I speak to him. Gannon’s hand fell on Kyson’s shoulder not even a second later. My breath hitched in my throat when Kyson growled, turning his intimidating glare on Gannon before he sighed. He looks down at Azalea who just raised an eyebrow at him.

“It was a simple question, Azalea. I just wanted to know where you are going, so I can ensure you have proper guards,” the king says while pinching the skin between his eyes.

“Can’t know all my secrets now, can you?” she growls back before storming off. I hurry after her wondering if she was talking about what Gannon told me the other day.

“Where are you going?” I ask her.

“Wherever you are going,” she chuckles when I catch up to her and loop my arm through hers. I giggle, but then again, she never goes anywhere, so I don’t understand why he would ask.

“Liam you’re with me, and Trey. Gannon is now watching the girls with Dustin,” I heard Kyson say as he reached the bottom of the steps. The King headed in the other direction. Liam huffs and growls making both Azalea and I stop to look back at him. Gannon walks toward us with a silly smirk on his face.

“Great! See what your defiance gets me, my Queen. I have to hang out all day with his grumpy a*s and ferret face f****r,” Liam taunts. Dustin snorts trying to maintain his expressionless expression.

“Liam! Now!” The King roars stalking off.

“I’m coming! Your royal pain in my f***y,” Liam calls while jogging after him. Azalea shakes her head at Liam, and Dustin moves to her side again while Gannon follows behind us.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 154

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 154 – “So what’s up with you and the King?” I ask as we step into the Kitchen’s.

“Nothing. I just think he is hiding stuff. No. I know he is hiding stuff. I asked him about the council and what happened the other day and he never answered,” she says with a shrug.

Oliver and Logan were sitting at the bench, chopping pancakes and Azalea messed up Oliver’s hair before eating a berry he holds up for her.

“Clarice is hanging washing,” Logan tells us. I smile down at them, while Gannon went over to help Oliver use a butter knife to cut his pancakes up that he was sawing at. Azalea looks in the fridge before pulling out some orange juice. She grabs some glasses when Dustin clears his throat. She looks at him over the fridge door.

“Your smoothie,” Dustin says.

“I got juice,” She says holding it up and Dustin points to the blender. Azalea rolls her eyes walking over to it. She grabs the jug before pouring the contents down the sink.

“My Queen, you know he commanded me to let him know what you are eating,” she pours her juice uncaring.

“What he doesn’t know won’t hurt him. Tell him I am happily eating the lies he feeds me” she says holding up the juice to him

before drinking it. She places some cups on the counter in front of the boys with juice and hands me one. She offers one to Gannon and Dustin but they both shake their heads when Clarice walks in from out the back.

Gannon looks over at her from feeding Oliver some pancake on his little fork, before straightening up when she glares at him.

“He needs to learn to hold the fork properly himself, Gannon,” Clarice says, she clicks her tongue before leaning down and kissing Oliver’s little head.

“He was struggling ma, let me feed him,” Gannon says, sending him a wink. Clarice swats Gannon’s a*s with her tea towel before flicking the kettle on.

“Have you girls had breakfast?” Clarice asks.

“Yep. I had some home truths for breakfast,” Azalea says bitterly and Clarice gives her a look.

“And how did they taste?” she asks.

“Bitter, like the King,” Azalea mutters, sipping her juice. I snicker, she was indeed in a mood, making me wonder if it was the pregnancy hormones. You could just make out the slightest bump if you looked hard enough. Her belly no longer looked sucked in from malnourishment, instead her belly was flat with the slightest hint of a bump. It was trippy to see how fast Lycan baby’s grew.

“I heard you and the King had an argument,” Clarice says.

“You did?” she asks skeptical,

“Pretty sure everyone heard you both fighting on the stairs before you went to get Abbie,” Clarice chuckles. Azalea cheeks turn slightly pink.

“Well, if everyone stopped keeping things that involve me from me, we wouldn’t be arguing,” she says while looking around at everyone who averts their gaze as she says it.

She bites the corner of her lip. “You all know what he is hiding.” she states.

Clarice busies herself with cleaning the sink. Dustin found a spot on the roof to stare at, and Gannon was shoveling food in Oliver’s mouth so fast the kid looked like a cartoon character, as he chewed fast before swallowing and opening his mouth again.

Azalea growls. “Of course everyone knows but us!” she says, motioning toward me and Gannon looks at me and gives a soft shake of his head. That movement does not go unnoticed by her either when her eyes go to mine.

I could never lie to her, and the knowing look on her face that I knew had me blurt it out like word vomit.

“Mr. Crux is your illegitimate cousin on your father’s side. The council are suspected to be in with the hunters and your blood is special because you can change humans into Lycans” I blurted.

Gannon drops the fork he was holding and Dustin and Clarice gape at me while Azalea blinks at me clearly shocked. Gannon

growls before pressing his lips in a line. I had never intentionally lied to her and I wasn't about to start now.

“How hard was that? Geez!” Azalea says, sipping her juice and I let out a breath.

“Wait! Crux is my cousin?” she asks like that information she found the most shocking.

“Is that why he freaked out when he learned who I was?” she asks me, but I had no idea what she was talking about this time. I look at Gannon who growls.

“No. Because of your parents' gifts, they were probably worried you inherited them,” Gannon answers and Clarice hangs her head.

“What sort of gifts?” Azalea asks.

“I am sorry, I can't tell you that. And Abbie wasn't even supposed to tell you what she did,” he says, shooting me a look. Azalea looks at Dustin for an answer but not even he was willing to speak up about it. She puts her cup down and shakes her head. Tears burning her eyes. I wished I knew so I could tell her.

“I am over this c**p! They're supposed to be my family and no one tells me anything about them. Yet all of you had no issues telling me what a s**t mother Marissa was too me!” she says storming off out the back door. Gannon and Dustin go after her but she spins around with a furious look on her face.

“Don't follow me! And don't come near me!” she snarled and I nearly staggered back at the command and Gannon rocked on his

heels. She was gone before she even realized what she had done. None of us thought we could move an inch to go after her.

“B****y h**l!” Dusitn says.

“You b****y mindlink him! Because until she undoes it, neither of us can go b****y near her,” Gannon growls then rubs a hand down his face.

“Wait! Even me?” I ask, trying to go toward the door she walked out of. However, my feet wouldn’t let me go in that direction. At that same moment, Trey walks in completely oblivious to all us frozen. He was cupping his nose that was bleeding and walks over to the sink.

“I thought you were with the King?” Dustin asks.

“I was. Until Liam called me a ferret face f****r, so I hit him,” Trey mumbles.

“Idiot. You don’t hit crazy,” Gannon says and Trey glares at him before looking around the room after cleaning his b****y face.

“Anyway, I was left behind,” he says shaking his head.

“Where is the Queen?” Trey asks glancing around for Azalea. Gannon and Dustin look at each other.

“Did you get hold of the King?” Gannon asks. Dustin shakes his head. “He is blocking me out,” Dustin answers.

“Ah, hello? Where is the Queen?” Trey says, waving his hands. Gannon shakes his head.

“She commanded us and none of us can follow her,” Dustin answers.

“She figured it out?” Trey asks, making me realize Azalea was right, everything about her was kept from us.

“Where did she go?” Trey said. Gannon growls and looks at the door. Trey snarls stalking off toward it when Gannon grips his arm.

“You aren’t trusted to be around her,” Gannon says.

“I am the last person that would hurt her,” Trey spat back at him.

“B*****t! You’re not under the King’s oath,” Gannon snaps.

“Yes, not under oath to the King. But to the Landeena’s I am,” Trey snarls, shoving Gannon.

“B*****t! You were a d**k to her when Kyson chucked her to the stables! And always interfering with my shifts,” Dustin exclaims.

“I thought she k****d my charge is why. I didn’t know she wasn’t Marissa’s daughter. The King said she was. I believed him. If someone k****d the King would you like them or their family?” Trey demands. Dustin looks at Gannon and Gannon tilts his head to the side watching him.

“Whose charge were you?” Gannon asks.

“Baby Azalea’s. I was the one that reported Marissa. About her getting Azalea to call her mummy,” Trey says.

“Those reports didn’t have your name on them,” Gannon accuses.

“I had to fill out the same paperwork as everyone else did. You all know I come from the Landeena Kingdom! F**k! I helped search for her for years!” Trey snapped. “I would never f*****g hurt her,” he growled before stomping off out the door.

“Did you know that?” Gannon asked Clarice who shrugged.

“I knew he was from the Landeena Kingdom and was in the castle. But I thought he was guard,” she answers.

“I’m finding his documents. Mind link the King and get him back here,” Gannon growls.

“What? Why?” I asked.

“Because, if Trey is indeed pact oathed to the Landeena’s, that means someone else in the castle was p*****g her. And we have been looking at the wrong person all this time,” Gannon says, storming out.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 155

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 155 – Azalea POV

Everything was some big secret around here and it was driving me up the wall, yet at least they listened when I told them not to

follow. I needed fresh air. I felt suffocated with everyone hovering constantly. It was driving me nuts.

However, it didn't take long before Kyson was in my head. I shoved him out. I was a little shocked at how easy it was when angry. If only I could do that when I was not angry, I would have to practice.

When I walked out, I moved toward the fruit trees and saw Peter picking fruit with the gardener. He waved excitedly and I waved back while walking over to them. Peter jogs over to me and hugs me. "Hey, I haven't seen you in days," he states.

"Want to help pick fruit with us?" he asks, and I look around. I wanted to get as far away from the castle grounds as I was allowed.

"Na. Do you want to go for a walk with me? I am hiding from my guards," I chuckle. Peter looks over at the gardener, who shrugs and waves him off.

"Where do you want to walk?"

"I don't know," I tell him. "We could walk by the river. It is pretty high at the moment from the floods upstream coming down it," he offers.

"Yeah, I am not fond of water," I tell him.

“Oh, well, we could go to the stables. I am supposed to clean out the stables today but got hauled up to help pick b****y fruit,”

“Ah, I think I prefer the river walk to shoveling p**p,” I tell him, and he chuckles.

“It’s a date then,” he says, looping his arm through mine. We headed toward the river. Peter was right. The river was quite high and flowing fast. We sat down on the bank for a bit.

“So, how did you start working here?” I asked him.

“I live with grandparents, and they used to be servants here and got me the job,”

“Where are your parents?”

“Dad, no idea. Mum dumped me with them when I was born. I see her every now then, but she doesn’t really have much to do with me. She prefers to pretend I don’t exist. I am her d****y little secret.” He tells me. Well, that sounded a bit harsh.

“Your father?” he shrugs.

“Mum didn’t know his name, or so she claims,”

“What does your mother do?” I ask him.

“Works at the grocery store in town. It’s easier to pretend I don’t have a mother. It’s easier that way,”

“I’m sorry Peter, that sucks,” I tell him.

“All good. My grandparents are good enough for me,” he says, getting to his feet.

“I’ll race you back?” he says, offering me his hand. I take it and he pulls me to my feet.

“Ah, I probably shouldn’t,” I tell him. The last thing I need is to fall over or injure myself. Kyson would never let me leave the room and wrap me in bubble wrap.

“Oh right, that probably isn’t Queenly,” Peter chuckles.

“No, it’s not that,” I tell him, my hand going instinctively to my barely-there bump. Peter’s eyes follow my hands and he gasped.

“Wait. Are you pregnant?” he asks and my face heats and I nod.

“Well, come on. Had I known that, I wouldn’t have made you trek through the forest,” he chuckled. Halfway back, we run into Trey. He nearly runs straight past us before skidding along the ground and coming to a stop. He clutches his knees and looks at me.

“There you are!” he says, standing upright.

“Why are you out here?” he asks.

“We went for a walk,” Peter says, smiling up at him.

“Go on, I will take her back. Shouldn’t you be in the stables?” he asks, giving Peter a pointed look. Peter rolls his eyes and wanders off. Trey falls in line with me and we walk back toward the castle.

“You shouldn’t wander so far from the castle, my Queen. What if something happened?”

“I have the mind-link,” I tell him.

“The one you have been blocking for the past hour? The King is on his way home and he is not happy,” Trey tells me, holding some ferns aside for me. I sighed but trudged back through the forest.

Climbing over a log, Trey grips my elbow when the log suddenly gives way and collapses under my foot. I heard the sickening crack as my ankle broke and something went through the bottom of my foot. My scream echoed off the trees and Trey grabs me under the arms hauling me up and I scream again before passing out.

I wake up moments later to Trey trying to break the log open as he pulled the rotted wood away. I was leaning against him.

“Stay with me, help is on the way,” Trey whispers when he snaps a chunk off, freeing my foot a little more. Only when he goes to pull my leg out, does it catch, and I become covered in a cold sweat. I let out a shriek of pain.

“Stop! Something is stabbing through my foot,” I cried out, clutching my leg when we heard a twig snap. A furious growl tears out of the forest and Trey freezes behind me and his hand suddenly goes over my mouth.

“Shh,” he whispers. I hear the mind-link open up.

“Forest, now!” Trey booms to all the guards. Hearing another growl, but from a different direction, Trey turns behind me.

“What is it?” I try to speak around his hand. When a cub steps out of the trees in front of us. My breath hitches in my throat, knowing if the cub is here, its mother won’t be far and the deafening growl behind me tells me it was behind us.

“F**k!” Trey curses behind me.

“Don’t move!” he whispers and my heart was beating so fast as I saw it out of the corner of my eye coming up from the river. I s*****w and it makes a loud noise that makes me flinch as it heads toward its cub. The cub sniffs the air, staring at us, and I was frozen in place, especially when I saw the size of its mother. The bear was huge and I reckon at least 600 pounds, maybe more. Its claws sink into the soft soil as it comes closer before stopping.

Trey and I froze, watching to see if it would keep moving after its cub, but instead, it looked at us and huffed while I stared wide-eyed at it, only for it to charge directly toward us. I screamed and closed my eyes, covering my head. Only for Trey’s hand covering my mouth to be gone and I fell backward on the ground, my leg bending awkwardly and I shrieked from the pressure on my ankle and whatever was stabbing through the top of my foot. I push up on my hands to find Trey locked in battle with the enormous bear. The cub paces and makes noise before it takes off into the trees.

Trey’s huge malt-colored Lycan is slashed across the face when the bear rears up on its back feet. The bear’s weight crashes down on top of him when he jammed his claws in its side, making it

roar and lift up on its legs again before its front paws hit his chest, crushing him with its weight. Fur and blood sprayed everywhere as Trey fought the giant beast. It started dragging him away before tossing him into a tree. Trey tried to get to his feet only for it to sink its teeth into his shoulder and starts shaking its head.

I could hear guards running toward us and I screamed for them to help him, looking over my shoulder for them when Trey groaned and made me look back at them. The bear was on top of him and he was on his back. He lifted his legs under it, kicking it with both feet when it lifted off him briefly. He kicks it and it goes flying backward, landing on its back and he pounces on it when the cub returns and whimpers. I saw his head twist in its direction.

I waited for him to k**l it but instead, he punched the bear in the side of the head once, twice, three times before the fourth time it knocked it out. He climbs off it drenched in blood from where it tore him apart just as the guards burst through the trees. I half expected Gannon and Dustin, yet they were nowhere to be seen.

Trey growls at them before coming over to me and so does another guard and together they yank on the hollow rotted log, ripping it apart. The cub whined for its mother, sniffing her and I glanced at it.

“It’s knocked out, not d**d. We need to move quickly” Trey tells me and I nod.

“That’s why we need to get you out of here before it wakes,” he says, gripping my ankle. I swallowed. His green eyes stared back at me and I knew what he was about to do.

“Choose my Queen, or I will have to k**l it,” he says and I look at the cub nuzzling its mother. The other guards standing around in case it wakes.

“Do it!” I tell him and he yanks my foot off the huge thick nail that must have been in the tree when it fell and rotted away. My scream is silent before pass out. My eyes roll into the back of my head and the last thing I see is Trey shifting back before grabbing me and the feel of the wind as he runs toward the castle. Then I saw nothing but darkness.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 156

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 156 – Kyson
POV

A growl escaped my lips as the driver spun the car around, heading back to the castle. Trey was in my head the entire time, only to learn Azalea had commanded Gannon, Dustin, Clarice, and Abbie not to follow her, though he kept telling me she wasn't aware she commanded them. That much I believed. She wasn't aware of her alpha voice yet. But leaving the castle while carrying our child was just plain foolish. Liam and Damian remain quiet in the car, knowing anything would set me off.

As the car pulled up out in front of the castle, the tires screeched as they hit the cobblestone driveway. I couldn't risk taking her with me, yet what we needed to investigate at the packs, a letter, or my word wasn't good enough and I couldn't send my men without the risk of endangering them or the pack refusing. Which would either lead to my men k*****g them or them waiting them

out for me to get there, giving the pack a chance to destroy any evidence. Neither was a suitable option and if the pack had something to hide, they would do anything necessary to hold my men off while they got rid of any damning evidence.

Jumping out of the car, the guards at the front door quickly rushed and opened the doors before I even reached them, both men stepping out of my reach. She was one small girl, and she slipped away from them. Yet how was beyond me? Clarice waits inside the door and scrambles to my side, apologizing as I stalk toward the stairs. Pain rattles through my ankle and foot, so much so that I knew she was awake because I felt every time she passed out because the pain would end and her fear of me dissipate. She knew she was in trouble and it irked me that she feared me more than she feared whatever was going on with her.

Clarice explained what happened, and I am pissed off that the gardener didn't deter her. Everyone here knows she wasn't supposed to step outside these castle doors. Coming to the steps leading to my quarters, Gannon and Dustin stood there staring toward the door but unable to move any further.

I shove past them, and they hang their heads as I growl. Despite trying to avoid it, I had no choice but to teach her how to use her command to remove them from her order. As she screamed and sobbed for someone to stop, her voice reached my ears.

I shove the doors open, and they bounce off the walls with a crack, making the room fall silent. I see Trey leaning over her and I see

red. He only had a pair of shorts on and was covered in blood from head to toe. A furious growl tears out of me and he moves, stepping aside with his hands up in the air.

My body trembled with the urge to shift moments before I did. Azalea threw her arms out. “He isn’t hurting me!” she screams, making me halt. I turn my head to look at her, only to see the huge nail protruding from her foot, and a piece of tree attached to it. Blood stained the sheets.

“Well, he kind of was, but not intentionally,” she says. Her hands shook as she tried to grip the huge nail that speared through her foot. “What the f**k happened? You told me she hurt her f*****g foot! Not that she had a...” Kneeling next to her, I examine it.

“A 14-inch iron spike in her foot?”

“Yes, I didn’t tell you, because she wanted me to rip it out before you got here,” Trey answers. I look at her and she drops her head, her cheeks flushing. “I knew you would be mad,” she stammers, her hands trembling where she tried to get a grip on it.

“How?” I ask, trying to figure this out.

“Fallen tree. She tried to climb over it, but it was hollow. She fell through it, and of all the trees, she had to fall into one of the old target trees,” Trey answers and I grip her ankle, examining it.

Azalea hisses and grips my wrist feebly when I try to touch the flat end, holding the piece of bark to the bottom of her foot.

“Don’t!” she cries.

“We had to break the tree to get her out. After I ripped her out, I noticed she took part of the tree with her,” Trey says with a sigh.

I look him over. His mousy brown hair is a mess and his hair sticks to the skin on his face that was coated with blood. My eyes move over him, noticing the healing scratches and claw marks covering his body. He said he got into a fight with a bear, and purse my lips before turning back to her foot.

“What do you want to do?” Trey asks, and she looks at him, but turning my head, I see Trey is looking at me, waiting for an answer.

“I guess we are going to have to yank it out,” I tell him. It was the only obvious answer. Azalea scrambles back as I pounce on her, and she shrieks.

“No! Get the doctor!” she says, but the doctor was delivering a baby. Trey told me earlier he had sent someone to find him.

“No! Kyson, I can wait! No! Trey, please don’t let him!” she screamed when I pinned her to the bed. I am suddenly thrown off and hear a feral roar as I am flung into the dresser.

Shocked, I shake myself, trying to figure out what happened as I glanced around. Dazed, I got to my feet to find Trey had shifted. “F**k!” he curses, shocked, shifting back quickly.

He shakes his head and I could see he was shocked at his own actions as he looked at his hands. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to...” He looked at Azalea while I observed him wondering what the f**k was going on.

“She screamed, I reacted. It’s her blood... it’s in my system... I’m covered in it... I.” He stutters out while he shakes his head, looking at her. like growled at him, kneeling on the bed and ripping her back to me, then covering her eyes with my hand. “Put some f*****g pants on,” Azalea struggles against me, trying to escape, and I squeeze her even harder, holding her in place.

“Enough! Stop fighting me!” I command her, and she goes slack in my arms. Yet her tears, I could feel pooling in my hands. Trey retrieves some of my shorts and slips them on from the closet, and I remove my hand that was covering her eyes.

“Damian, get in here now!” I ordered through the mind-link before hearing feet on the floor outside. Damian sighs and clicks his tongue as he hurriedly enters, quickly assessing the situation.

Azalea whimpers as I position her on the bed, tucking her between my legs. I shrug my suit jacket off, tossing it aside before rolling my shirt sleeves to my elbows all while she sat there stuck under my command. Damian looks at her rigidness and his eyes darken before he glares at me.

“Is she under command?” he asks. I nodded once. The tone of his voice did not sit well with me and the outrage behind it was getting on my nerves. “It’s one thing commanding her normally, but she is f*****g pregnant!” Damian snarls at me.

“She isn’t in pain. I am using the weight of it, and that is it,” I tell him and he shakes his head.

“She was moving!” I tell him. My actions were justified. What else could he have expected? Trey looks away and swallows

clearly also agreeing with Damian. It was pissing me off with how they always jumped to her defense against me.

I pull her against me, waiting for them to move, but they don't. "Are you being serious right now?" I ask Damian when he didn't move. He growls but kneels next to the bed.

"May I?" he asks. "Yes," she stutters out.

"See, she is fine," I tell them.

"She can't move, only speak!" he snaps back at me.

"She kept fighting me! What the f**k did you want me to do, have her thrash around while we yank it out?" I tell him.

"She is barely f*****g eighteen or did you forget that? She has a nail stuck in her foot and a raging mate! I would be scared too." Damian snarls back at me. "Then on top of that, you get mad at her for fearing you! What do you expect out of her when your reaction is always anger?" he snaps at me.

"She was f*****g reckless!" I bellow shaking my head. Why am I even bothering to explain myself?

"Reckless? She went for a walk in the forest. She took someone with her, she never went alone! Do you think she can predict a f*****g bear a*****k? Or a rusty f*****g nail going through her foot? You are pissed because she didn't stay in the castle. Locking her away like a caged bird isn't how you get obedience Kyson! How many times do I need to argue this with you? She isn't going anywhere with your mark on her neck! So settle down! And drop

your f*****g aura off her! Now! Use the d**n calling to calm her, not your f*****g aura!” he says using his own aura on me. It has no effect whatsoever but his point is made, it was an uncomfortable feeling regardless.

I could feel her confusion at his words, and I sigh, dropping my aura, her body visibly relaxed and I let my calling slip out and she melts against me. “Azalea?” Trey whispers before leaning down to grab her ankle to hold it for Damian.

“Use the calling, close your eyes,” he tells her and she turns her face, pressing her ear to the center of my chest and he looks at me and swallows before looking at Damian. I cradle her head to my chest, stroking her hair and numbing her with the calling.

Yet as I watched Trey and Damian figure out the angle to rip it out at, her breathing was audible. I wondered what was up with Trey. He shoved me off her and we suspected him to be the one p*****g her, yet he saved her. He then defended her and I tried to rack my brain for an answer. Something was off, and if he didn’t poison her, then who did?

Damian taps my knee and nods to her foot and I clutch her tighter, my other arm going across her shoulders and legs could hear her breathing come in pants. I see their lips counting down, and at three I flooded her with the calling, almost knocking her out with it as they yanked it from her foot.

Azalea jerks in my arms but doesn’t scream out, and Damian holds it up to examine it. While Trey checked her foot to make sure it was all out.

“You and I will be having a chat,” I mind-link Trey. He nods in acknowledgment at my words but doesn’t look up, instead retrieves a cloth from the bathroom.

So much didn’t add up and once Azalea was sorted I was getting to the bottom of what was going on with Trey. And how he was able to a****k me so easily, and also figure out what the heck was going on with all these rumors about him.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 157

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 157 – Azalea pestered me all night demanding to know what was going on, before eventually giving in to exhaustion. One thing I did know is she wouldn’t be leaving this castle without me again. It was Gannon’s voice in my head that had me jolt upright in bed. I looked down at my sleeping mate who had passed out in her makeshift den. Slipping my arm out from under her I try not to jostle her awake. “Finally found his files,” Gannon tells me.

“Good, you and Dustin can meet me at my office and wake up Damian. Tell him meet me there too,”

Gannon and Dustin had been digging through archives trying to find Trey’s files so we could get to the bottom of this. So when he said he had them, I wanted to know now. Opening the door, I see Liam and Trey standing guard.

“Trey, you’re coming with me,” I tell him and he moves off from the wall. Liam nods and moves closer to the door. Walking down

the stairs the cool draft filtering through the castle made me shiver as it brushed against my b**e chest.

We headed down to my office. Stepping inside, I motion toward the chair on the opposite side of the desk before taking my seat. Trey sits down and folds his arms across his chest and yawns. But he doesn't look particularly uncomfortable or anxious.

“What did you mean about her blood being in your system?” I ask him, remembering his strange excuse.

Trey sighs and leans forward rubbing a hand down his face. “I am sired to Landeena bloodline,”

“Excuse me?” I asked. Sired as in sired when you turn someone? Is that what he meant? I growl and stand up, I would not share Azalea and would k**l anyone who dared look at her that way.

“Wait, not in that way, I was born Lycan, she didn't turn me. Landeena blood is different. Yes, King Garret sired me but it works similar to an oath. I am loyal to not just King Garret but the entire Landeena bloodline!” He quickly defends his words.

“Wait, how could you be sired to the entire bloodline?”

“Landeena blood is special, you already know this.” He answers.

“But you can only be sired one person, not an entire bloodline,” I retorted.

“Wrong! Same as if I have children they are automatically sired to the Landeena's as well, that bear ripped me to pieces, I was carrying her, she was also bleeding. I only needed a drop of her

blood to awaken the sire bond, though I could feel my sire awakening already. The stronger she gets it does. That is why I have been pestering for shifts as her guard,” Trey tries to explain.

“You wanted to awaken an old sire?” ask him.

“It’s more than that, the sire doesn’t just makes us loyal, it makes us pained when not near our sired, years lukas felt my sire pulling, I never believed she was d**d, not until years later when I could no longer feel the tugging of my sire blood thrumming in my veins, after that I gave up, then when her blood touched me when I was carrying her, it must have got in my system because I could feel my sire like an extra limb, an attachment, the stronger she gets the stronger my sire bond gets” I was about to ask more but Damian, Dustin, and Gannon walked in.

Gannon hands me his file and I skim over the pages.

“What’s your link with Marissa Talbot?” I ask him.

“She was Azalea’s nanny, I tried to warn the Queen about her,” he says.

“B*****t,” Gannon bellows, tossing the diary on the desk in front of him. Trey snatches it. He looks through it briefly.

“It’s a diary,” Trey says and shrugs.

“Queen Tatiana’s diary, not once does it mention you,” Gannon snarls.

“Of course it doesn’t, you think she would leave information to Azalea’s guards for anyone to get their hands on?” He snarls, flicking through the pages.

He pauses on one holding it out. “See, a guard reported Marissa and that guard was me,” he says. I take the diary and read it.

“She didn’t believe you?” I ask incredulously.

“No, she did. Garret refused to fire her,” Trey says looking away.

“And why would he do that?” I ask, forcing my command on him.

“Maybe because she was King Garret’s mistress,” he says, shocking me. I look at Gannon.

“Impossible Tatiana,” Gannon starts and Trey holds up a hand.

“She knew he was having affairs, she always knew. Yet she wanted to save her marriage, and thought she could. Of course she knew, but where would she have gone with hunters k*****g off royal families, with the only other lycan community being yours and with a baby?” He quickly explains.

“The night of the a****k then where were you?” I command him again. He puts up no resistance but his lip quivers and he wipes a stray tear. “With my brother it was my night off, Carl was on duty that night. By the time we both got back to the castle, Azalea was gone. Tatiana was d**d and King Garret was barely alive. We tried to save him but we didn’t notice one hiding behind the

bedroom door, he k****d my twin brother, shot him in the head,” Trey opens his shirt to show three bullet holes in his chest.

“A few millimetres closer I would have died, collapsed my lung, another lodged in my sternum and this one,” he points to where his heart was. “Only burned me when the bullet lodged into my Landeena crest, pendant,” he says.

Damian clears throat and leans on my desk. “What happened afterward?” He asks.

“Spent three months in your hospital with silver p*****g, check your records,” he says, nodding to me.

“Then when I was released I went hunting with a few other Landeena warriors, we went looking for Azalea, we thought we found her at one stage, but by the time we got to the camp by the river it was empty, we picked up Jordan’s scent by accident, by the time we got there, there was no sign of them, that was either years ago,” Trey says.

“9 years ago?” I ask.

“Yes, just before your sister died. We gave up, figured it would come to the trials, and failed miserably for three years. I didn’t want the last Royal family to d*e, Tatiana wouldn’t have wanted that,” he says.

“And you didn’t recognize Marissa when she was here, not even her scent,”

“No, Marissa never had a scent so I wouldn’t have recognized her by scent anyway, Tatiana and Garret were paranoid about security, she used to make everyone in the castle use scent blockers, so our scents couldn’t be tracked,”

“Not even by sight?” I asked, shocked.

“I wasn’t here when she was here, I failed the trials three years in row, I worked at Mill in town, the year you accused me of tampering with your trial was the year I was officially made guard, I hardly entered the castle ground except to drop wood off,” Trey says and I glance at his paperwork. Everything he said made sense. He was appointed guard two years after my sister’s d***h, and it was directly after her d***h that I made my men do the blood oath.

“Then why were you a j**k to her in the stables?” Dustin asked.

“I told you, I thought she was Marissa Talbot’s daughter, do you have any idea the guilt I have lived with for not being there that night? Azalea was my charge and I left, and she vanished by the time I got back! I would never hurt her, I just need to be around her now! That is why I have been so desperate to stay on as her guard,” Trey says.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 158

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 158 – Azalea POV

Waking up, Kyson was gone, and I growled. Of course, he took off. He knew I would have questions. Tossing the blanket back, I find a robe and pull it on before walking to the door to ask a guard.

Liam was outside, dancing on the spot and singing to himself. He does a whirl and freezes when he spots me standing in the doorway. I chuckle at him.

“My Queen,” he answers, smiling deviously.

“Do you know where the King went?” I ask him.

“He is questioning Trey and trying to figure out how to get you to drop your command on Gannon and Dustin.”

“Pardon?”

“You commanded them not to follow you or touch you. Now they can’t do either!” Liam explains, and I sigh and roll my eyes.

“Wait, why does he want to talk to Trey?”

“To see if he is a traitor,” Liam answers. The man saved my life and yet he is still under suspicion?

“What’s wrong, Lass?” Liam asks.

“Nothing, he just doesn’t answer my questions, or he runs from me when I have them, and now he is questioning one of my guards and hiding from me again!” I tell him.

“Stubborn man, the King, but you just have to think. There is a time he can’t run,” he says, smiling slyly. I raise an eyebrow, waiting for him to elaborate, and he chuckles.

“Was that supposed to help me?” I ask, confused.

“I don’t know, did it?” Liam laughs again.

“You’re an odd man, Liam.” I laugh and shake my head.

“That is why I am so much fun,” he replies and winks at me.

“What about Abbie?” I ask.

“She is with Clarice, though I know the king wanted you to wait here until he returned.” I raise an eyebrow at him.

“And with that look, I don’t think you intend to wait around for the King to return,” he laughs.

“No, I want to find Kyson,” I tell him, and he nods. Heading for the stairs, Liam clears his throat, and I look over my shoulder at him.

“Probably be wise to put some clothes on under your robe, my Queen,” he says, and I looked down, forgetting lyrics was n***d underneath. I sigh and quickly rush back into the room and pull on a dress before coming out. Liam follows me down to the King’s office, where I can hear arguing.

Pushing the door open, I step in, and the arguing instantly stops. “You’re awake!” The King exclaims, and I nod, moving into the room and sitting in his chair. He was standing over Trey, who sat across from me, and Gannon, too, stood behind him with his hands on Trey’s shoulders.

Dustin leaned against the bookshelf in the corner of the room with an angered look on his face, while Damian looked like he needed to crawl into bed.

Everyone stares at me, and the room falls silent.

“You should go back to the room. I will be up in a minute.”
Kyson tells me.

“Trey and Dustin are both my guards, are they not, if you’re speaking with them? I have a right to know about what,” I tell him. Kyson growls, Trey tries not to smile, and Dustin looks over at the King but says nothing.

“Wait, I thought you said I commanded Gannon and Dustin away?” I ask, turning to face Liam.

“You did. You commanded them not to follow or touch you. You came in here.

They can’t touch you or follow you, which you will have to fix. I don’t trust many with you as your guard, and until then, you are stuck with Liam or with me permanently attached to you,” Kyson says, shaking his head.

“Still my guard, therefore, I have a right to sit in?” I tell him.

“Oh, she has a point,” Liam says from the doorway.

“You were supposed to ensure she remained in the room,” Kyson tells him, and Liam shrugs, not caring for his anger.

“Would you rather me pin her to the bed or tie her down?” Liam asks, and Kyson growls.

“We can continue this later,” Kyson says, and Gannon growls but lets Trey go stepping away from him.

“Continue what later?” I ask curiously. Whatever it was, it was once again being kept from me.

“The King thinks I am the one who p*****d you. I explained how it is impossible to harm you even if I wanted to, not that I do, my Queen. It is all just a huge misunderstanding!” Trey says, and Kyson growls at him in some warning.

Yet my eyes moved to Dustin and Liam. Didn’t they accuse Trey of the same thing? Dustin shrugs, meeting my gaze. “It appears I was wrong,” Dustin admits, glaring at Trey.

“Really? He is suddenly off your creepometer?” Liam asks, looking down at Trey.

“I still think there is something slimy about him,” Liam accuses, narrowing his eyes.

“Don’t shove your prejudices against me, even if they aren’t intentional. We all know why you blame me. It’s because I am the only guard that was originally a Landeena, an outsider. I wasn’t part of the Valkyrie Kingdom. That is what pisses you off. Just admit it!” Trey snarls at Liam.

“You got in on a whim! You don’t get to waltz on in and become part of the guard without working for it,” Liam snaps.

“Enough! Everyone may enter the trials. He never cheated, and he was blood tested like everyone else,” Kyson growls at them.

“Wait! What is going on? What prejudices? What are you talking about?” I ask. But Kyson remains quiet, so I look to Dustin, who steps forward.

“When all the Kingdoms were alive, we all used to compete. Landeena’s were known for cheating. The competitions had huge rewards. They liked remaining in control. The Kings also used to compete in them,”

“I am not following what this has to do with Trey?”

“The King ones were separate from that of Guard ones. We competed, but not like that. The game trials were just for added effect to amp up the Kingdom’s,” Kyson says and shakes his head.

“What is the point, though? What would a king win?” I ask.

“Pure bloodlines, rein over the council for that year. My father beat yours one year. His bet was Landeena’s King’s first daughter. You, you were the bet between our father’s, same with the Azures,”

“Wait, slow down. How many Royal families were there? I am so confused right now? They would bet on bloodlines?” Kyson sighs and walks around his desk, and I get up out of his seat. He sits down and pulls me onto his lap. Damian takes the seat next to Trey, and Gannon takes the couch. Liam rubs his hands together.

“Storytime!” Liam squeals, making Dustin snort at his enthusiasm as Liam forces Gannon to move over, leaving Dustin the only one standing.

“I have a knee, good sir. You may use it,” Liam says to Dustin, wiggling his eyebrow. “Anyway, you like,” Liam offers, and Dustin growls, his face turning bright red.

“Will you stop with that filthy trash talk? We fucked. Get over it and stop mentioning it,” Dustin hisses.

“Correction, we are f*****g. I never said I was done with you. Now sit,” Liam says, gripping Dustin’s wrist and jerking him on his lap. Kyson chuckles behind me while Dustin looks like he is about to beat the living daylights out of Liam.

“I told you not to go there, Dustin. I warned you that he is clingy as f**k!” Gannon tells Dustin.

“I am not!” Liam growls at Gannon. Dustin puffs, annoyed.

“You’re so cute when angry, like a savage chihuahua,” Liam laughed, pulling at Dustin’s cheek. Dustin slaps his hand away. But their banter lightened the tension in the room and I turned my attention back to Trey.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 159

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 159 – “So the trials?” I asked, looking around at everyone. Damian sighs, and Kyson leans forward and opens a drawer, his hand on my belly, stopping me from slipping off his lap as he moves. He pulls out a scroll and hands it to Damian. Damian unrolls it on the desk, and

I lean forward. Trey then grabbed a paperweight and placed it on the end to hold it out while Damian did the other side. I lean forward to find it is a map. It looked ancient, the paper yellowing around the edges.

Trey points to a vast kingdom by the river, which I knew had to be this one or the Landeena's. "There are four Kingdoms. This one is the Valkyrie Kingdom, Kyson's Kingdom," Trey says, pointing to Kyson behind me.

"Your last name is Valkyrie?" I ask, looking at Kyson over my shoulder.

"Yes," Kyson chuckles. Trey looked at me like I was absurd.

"She didn't even know her own Kingdom. You expect her to know his last name? She can't read." Damian defends me.

"Plus, I never bothered to ask, which I probably should have," I answer, my cheeks burning.

"Kyson Keller Valkyrie, Valkyrie Kingdom," Kyson whispers next to my ear. He kisses my shoulder, and I nod, turning back to Trey.

"This is your Kingdom, the Landeena Kingdom," Trey says while pointing to another along the river but high in the mountains.

"So all the Kingdoms are named after the reigning King?" I ask, and Trey nods.

“Now, this one is the mountains. This was the Azure Kingdom. Which was your mother’s original Kingdom. It was also the first Kingdom to fall when she married into the Landeena Kingdom. About six months later, the Kingdom was raided. Not a single person survived. The Azure Kingdom was the largest Kingdom.”

“Azure was my mother’s maiden name?” I ask. Trey nods sadly.

“Your mother was one of twelve daughters and the only one that survived that bloodline and only because she married your father,” Damian explains.

“But how does that lead to the trials?” I asked.

“Because your parents weren’t mates. Their marriage was part of a treaty. The Landeena and Azures were constantly at war, a treaty between the oldest daughter and oldest son. Your parents brought the two Lycan packs together. They wanted to strengthen the bloodlines. Both the Azures and Landeena’s were said to have certain gifts,” Trey says, and Kyson growls at him.

“She has a right to know!” Trey exclaims.

“Not that, and not now.” Trey curses, but turns back to the map.

“Azures owned the council. They were the founding family of it after all, but when the Kingdom fell, none of the three remaining kingdoms could decide who to run it. So they made the trials, but then it turned into some sort of Olympics every year, and since it brought the kingdoms together, they ended up making it annually.”

“When I was a teenager, your father competed. My father wanted an alliance with the Landeenas. The only way to guarantee an alliance was through marriage. So when my father won, he asked for the hand of any Landeena daughter they had in the future,” Kyson explains.

“So, who were the other two kingdoms?”

“The Cyprus Kingdom, my mother’s family Kingdom, fell a few decades after the Azure Kingdom. They weren’t far apart and also part of an alliance with my Kingdom. Though a few survived and are within my pack now however, none of the royals survived.” Kyson tells me.

“And your parents were an arranged marriage, too?” I asked him.

“Yes, it is rare for royals to find their mates. Most of us are promised before we even exist, just like you were promised to me many years before you were ever a thought in your parent’s minds,”

“And what of this Kingdom?” I ask, looking at a fifth one that was crossed out with what looked like charcoal.

“That was the Credence Kingdom. They were as old as the Landeena Kingdom.” Kyson tells me.

“So Landeena’s and Azures are the two oldest kingdoms?”

“Yes. The Azure Kingdom. The first royal was a woman, and Landeena was a man. Legend says they were basically like the

Adam and Eve of Lycan bloodlines. They argued for centuries over who the real OG Lycan was, hence the treaty being made. So many people were k****d over such a foolish argument,” Kyson says, shaking his head.

“So what about your Kingdom?” I asked him.

“My Kingdom was the second largest,”

“And the Credence Kingdom?”

“They weren’t Lycan. They were a human Kingdom. The four Lycan Kingdoms took them down, or so we thought, but they rebuilt and remained in the shadows and slowly, one Kingdom at a time, they started taking us out,”

“So, what is there now?” I ask.

“That is where the council is,” Kyson tells me.

“So what is with the trials?”

“Well, when Kyson’s father beat yours, your parents refused to have children. Your father competed every year after that, trying to win your hand back. Then there were claims your father cheated, which he did. Once Kyson came of age he then started competing against your father and that is when it got really out of hand,” Trey admits.

“How did he cheat?” I asked.

“Your father put silver in the water fountains, made all Kyson’s men sick.” Damian says.

“And me, yet I still beat him,” Kyson chuckles.

“So you agreed to the marriage, you wanted it?” I ask Kyson, and he shrugs.

“Yes, I wanted the marriage. But I also wanted to maintain control over the council. Your father cheated four years in a row, then once Cyprus fell, your family went into hiding, but even after all the kingdoms fell, I kept up with the trials for the men; instead, they competed for a position on my personal guard,”

“So, only four kingdoms and a human kingdom initially existed here?”

“No, there were others, but they were minor players. These four, plus the human ones, were the most powerful kingdoms in the era, but now mine is the only one left. The entire Lycan population now lives in my Kingdom, including those left from Cyprus and Landeena,” I nod.

Dustin sighs. “So you thought Trey was a cheat, like my father?” I ask, and Trey sits back and smiles smugly.

“He never cheated,” Kyson says behind me.

“No, I won my place fair and square. Also, they are wrong in thinking I would poison my sire,” Trey snarls, and my brows furrow.

“Sire?”

“Like a blood oath, only stronger. When you were a baby, I was your personal guard, but there is one way to be a hundred percent sure to clear this up.” Trey says.

“No!” Kyson snarls behind me, making me jump.

“You want proof what I claim is true. That will prove my innocence,” Trey growls.

“She is pregnant, definitely not! I won’t have my unborn child or mate put at risk!” Kyson spits at him.

“My blood is clean, I am not tainted, she can’t sire me when I am already sired to her, and it will only strengthen my sire to her, not affect her, or your bond.” Trey argues.

“Wait, what is he talking about?” I asked, but Kyson shook with rage, and Trey glared at him.

“Meeting dismissed, everyone out, now!” Kyson orders, and they jump to their feet to leave.

“What? No!” I growl, twisting in his arms.

“Enough, we can talk about it later,” Kyson snarls.

“What are you so f*****g afraid of me finding out?” I yell at him.

“I’m not afraid of anything, so stop causing a scene. As I said, we can talk about this later!” Kyson growls. A scene? I was causing a scene!

“Yeah, you keep saying that but later never comes, does it Kyson!” I snap and try to climb off his lap, but he refuses to let go and nips at my mark in warning, which only angers me further. My claws slip out and I stab them in his thighs.

“Let me go!” I snarl.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 160

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 160 – As I struggle to get out of his grip, Liam pauses by the door, waiting to see if I was leaving, seeing as he was the only one besides Trey that could follow me. Kyson’s grip around my waist tightens, and he grips my wrist with his hand, prying my claws from his leg.

“Let me go,” I repeat.

“You would have to drink his blood!” Kyson snarls at me. He yanks my hand off his t***h, which was dripping blood on the floor.

“Do that again, and I will put you to sleep!” he snarls.

“Drink Trey’s blood?”

“Yes, and you’re not. His DNA would be in your system! So no, it isn’t happening!” I scrunch my face up at the thought of drinking someone’s blood. I never would have agreed to that anyway.

“Wait! Why not just say that? You make no sense!” I ponder, looking at Liam, and he shakes his head and shrugs.

“Because I am not smelling his scent on you, is WHY! And risking you bonding to him,”

“I am marked and mated!” I growl. Not that I wanted to drink Trey’s blood. I believe him, he had so many chances to k**l me and didn’t. He also could have walked off with the bear and it would have looked like a freak accident, but he stayed instead, getting ripped apart trying to save me.

“You’re Landeena!” Kyson growls.

“Huh?”

“It doesn’t matter. Come on.” he says, tapping my leg for me to hop up. But now I wanted to know why the heck being Landeena is so important.

“No, what do you mean?” Kyson sighs. I twist in his lap, but he glared at the ceiling, refusing to answer when Trey steps just inside the door. His voice makes me turn to look at him.

“Landeena’s aren’t tied to anyone, neither are Azures,” Trey says and Kyson roared. The growl that ripped out him sounded painful, his aura hitting all of us like a shock wave, which made me feel queasy. He moved so quickly I fell off his lap onto the floor when he shoved me off his lap and grabbed Trey. He slams him against the door and Liam jumps back just as startled.

“Kyson!” I shriek, watching Trey’s face turn purple. I get to my feet and grab his arm.

“Let him go,” I tell him. Kyson’s eyes were wild with rage and his nostrils flared, and hair spread across his body as he fought the urge to shift. Trey tries to speak, his mouth opening as he tried to breathe, yet Kyson didn’t let him go. I look at Liam, who moved the moment I did and gripped Kyson’s shoulder.

Damian also steps back in next to him from outside the corridor. “Kyson, you don’t want to k**l him; he isn’t lying. I know you know that and a sire bond is stronger than an oath! Think about this! You k**l him and you k**l her biggest protection,” Damian growls, and Kyson growls, but his grip loosens and Trey gasps loudly, yet Kyson doesn’t let go completely.

“Please!” I whispered, looking at Trey, who was trying to catch his breath. Kyson shoves him, but steps back. Trey clutches his throat and hunches over. I rub his back, glaring at Kyson. Trey clutches my arms and I help him sit in the chair. Though the fingerprints around his neck were already healing.

“What did you mean?” I ask Trey. Kyson growls and glare at him.

“If you won’t tell me, I will get answers from others,” I snap at him.

“Landeenas are not tied to anyone. They can sever a bond and live afterward, though it would k**l Kyson. You would survive. That is what your mate is worried about. You could leave him

and it would k**l him, but not you.” Trey answers, glancing nervously at Kyson.

“That’s what you are worried about? That I would leave my own mate?” I ask Kyson.

“Yes, because your father did, his mate was a human woman. First time a Lycan ever had a human mate. He changed her and made her Lycan. Then a treaty agreement was offered. Your uncle already had a wife and children, your father didn’t, so he rejected his mate for your mother, which in turn k****d the girl and that started the war with the Credence Kingdom. The Kingdoms took them out, or so we thought.” Kyson answers.

“So you think I would do the same thing?” I asked him, remembering the pain of being without him even briefly. I could only imagine the pain of a severed bond.

“No...Well, yes... Maybe. But also no, because it is nearly impossible to do. Plus, I have actually marked and mated you, we are destined mates! Lycan souls are tied once, marked and mated. For you to do that would not only k**l me, but k**l a part of you.”

“But my father did it?” I ask and Trey nods beside me.

“Yes, he was also having an affair with Marissa Talbot. Unfaithfulness is nearly impossible with actual mate bonds, but arranged marriages and forced bonds, they can still do those things. It causes pain to the mate. But for some reason, when your father rejected his mate, he lived and remarked another. We

believed it was a backup plan for when the moon goddess created Lycans so we could procreate.” Trey answers.

“Yes, but you said the Azures were the first females?”

“They were, but there would be no guarantee they would be compatible. So everyone believed that it was the creator’s backup plan that the original Landeena could reject his mate and take another. All four royal bloodlines were created at once, but Azures and Landeena were the first and considered blessed.”

Trey answers. My eyebrows raised at his words. I think I could be told this over and over and still not fully understand.

“Then after generations and Lycans breeding with humans, it created werewolves, then eventually it was generations of the bloodlines d***g out, so that is also why the royals never found mates. They were deemed to be marked and mated through alliance to keep the bloodlines strong and pure, or some c**p if you believe in all the Goddess mumbo jumbo,” Trey continued, his voice becoming clearer and by the time he finished I knew his throat was healed.

“Ok, is the history lesson done?” Kyson snaps, and Trey swallows and nods. Yet I had more questions, but with the way Kyson’s aura was rippling out, I figured it would be best not to push him.

Liam grabs Trey and hauls him out of the room quickly before Kyson goes on another strangling spree. Kyson wanders over to his bar area and pours himself a glass of whiskey and then another. Three glasses later and his aura settled some but he was still angry. I waited for him to speak, but he didn’t. After 30 minutes, he simply walks out of the room. I race to catch up to

him, I slip my hand in his and he stops. He looks down at my hand in his and sighs. He lifts it to his lips and kisses it. "I'm sorry," he whispers.

"I'm not leaving you Kyson, I am just curious about who I am. What I am, you don't need to feel threatened by any of it," I tell him. He nods but didn't say anything else, yet I knew he was hiding something.

When we are nearly back to the room, we run into Peter carrying a cloth and bucket of soapy water up the steps.

Kyson takes the bucket from him and Peter sighs.

"Since when are you on cleaning duty?" Kyson asks him and Peter follows us the steps. "Since Clarice asked me to clean the steps as punishment," Peter answers.

"What did you do?" Kyson asks.

"I forgot to feed the horses, so Clarice said. Since she had to do one of my chores, I could do one of hers," Peter says, and Kyson chuckles.

"Well, get scrubbing," Kyson tells him, putting the bucket on the top step. Peter groans, but tosses his cloth in the bucket and gets to work.

"I am going to visit your old pack today. You're coming with me," Kyson says, leaving no room for argument.

He pushes the door open.

“Warm clothes, it is supposed to rain today, get dressed,” Kyson says, wandering off to the bathroom.