

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 41

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 41 – “Ivy, wake up. We are here,” I groaned, turning my face into his chest before I felt my cheek and lips become wet. I sat up, startled, and looked at him before looking at his shirt that was covered in my drool. My eyes widened, and my face heated.

“Yes, I may have gone a little overboard with the calling, but you kept complaining your stomach hurt,” he said, unclipping the seat belt.

He leaned forward, tugged his shirt off, and reached for a hand towel to wipe his chest. I blinked before finding my fingers brushing through the hair on his chest. The King stopped before glancing at me. When I bit into one of his pecs and collarbone, I shook my head. I don’t even remember moving; I just did it.

He hissed when my teeth broke his skin, and I did not know what came over me. Some possessive urge to claim him taking over made me turn into a savage. Blood ran down his chest, and the car door opened.

“Close it,” the King snarled at whoever it was while I blubbered out an apology.

“It’s fine, my love,” he said, gripping my face. He looked down at his chest before prying my lips apart, examining my teeth, and I bit down on his finger. He groaned and pressed his lips in a line while I tried to make my jaw unlatch. What the f**k was wrong with me? He probably thinks I’m some freak.

His blood ran across my tongue. A feral growl escaped me. My teeth let his finger go, but before I could stop myself or even think to, my teeth sank into his shoulder. The door opened again, and the King growled menacingly.

“Next one to open that door will lose a hand, close it,” tears burned my vision as instincts I wasn’t used to taking over. I had no control over my actions, and I felt humiliated.

The door shut quickly, and I was mortified. By the time I had finished attacking the King, I think he had probably 20 bite marks across his chest and shoulders, and he just let me do it. Just took it, which horrified me more.

“Shh, stop crying, Ivy. It’s fine. It’s not your fault; it’s mine,” was he nuts? He didn’t ask me to do it.

“Like I said before, I went overboard with the calling. It can make you react oddly, possessively, because it strengthens the...”

“It strengthens your instincts. It’s fine. You didn’t hurt me,” he says, wiping my tears. My face was scorching with shame.

"Stop, I'm okay. You haven't hurt me," Kyson repeated, leaning he retrieved the hand towel, cleaning up the blood. I took the hand towel from him, wiping it off. The indents on my teeth littered his chest. I wouldn't be surprised if he muzzled me after this. I would deserve it.

"I didn't mean to," I cried, and he clutched my face in his hands. His thumbs pried my eyelids open, and his brows furrowed.

"We need to get your files from the orphanage. Your pupils are over dilated,"

"Huh?"

"Your eyes are changing, and your teeth have come through more. I think you're wrong about your birthday. Your pupils usually dilate days before your shift, not weeks," Kyson explained. How could I have my birthday wrong? How could my mother?

"We should get this over with. I want to get you back home." He said while tossing the b****y hand towel onto the seat.

"Come on, let's go see the castle," he says, sliding me off his lap beside him and hopping up. I grabbed his hand as he reached for the door handle.

"They will see." I cringed at the thought of them seeing what I did to him. The King sat back down in the seat and sighed before I watched his eyes glaze over. Someone tapped on the window a few moments later, and I jumped.

"It's just Damian," he whispered, and the door opened. The King took the shirt from him, Damian closed the door while Kyson pulled it on, yet I could still see some of the marks I left on him.

Once he had his shirt on, the King reached for me and kissed me before nibbling on my lips. "This place is amazing. I can't wait for you to see it," the King said while pushing the door open.

He stepped out onto a quartz-covered driveway. I followed and found we were deep within the tall peaking mountains. Tall sandstone walls surrounded the place, with blooming rose vines climbing them, and the castle was easily two times the size of the King's palace. It even had watchtowers. The stone it was made of was covered in flowering vines and moss, and it looked like a castle from some fairy tale.

A massive statue of a Lycan stood in the center of the driveway. It had a crown on its head, and the gates leading into the place were huge. I could just make out the small town outside its gates. Though it was a ghost town, everything was well maintained and picturesque.

Yet I swear I had dreamed of this place, maybe even seen before. I couldn't explain the feeling this place churned within me, but it was like a sense of Deja vu had washed over me. I shook the feeling off.

"Sir, we will go to the quarters and recheck the scene. Some scouts are also going to the river to secure it," Damian said, and he nodded to him.

The King showed me around the outside of the castle before taking me inside. Inside everything was made of marble, even the stairs. Huge crystal chandeliers hung from the roof.

The place was exquisite as we walked around.

"So, how old do you think the Queen's daughter would have been?" I asked.

"Probably around your age, maybe a little older. We couldn't determine the age. The King and Queen went to great lengths to keep her hidden," Kyson answered.

"If she was hidden, how do you know the baby was a girl?"

"All baby items we found were pink, and so was the crib, plus her name was etched into her bed." I stopped in the foyer when I saw some of his men waiting to speak to him.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 42 – He motioned for them to wait and they stopped their approach as I asked my next question. "What was her name?"

"Azalea," he replied just as the men stepped closer to speak to him.

The King stopped to talk to one man, and I wandered around before stopping at the door. The song I used to love pops into my mind, and I hummed the tune as I stepped inside. It was the bedroom, and I knew I stumbled into the m****r scene by the forensic tape.

"Where did you hear that song?" The King asked, spooking me and making me jump; his footsteps were silent behind me.

The King stepped in, and I looked at him. "I don't know, I just know it," I told him, and he watched me curiously.

"Do you know it?" I asked and he nodded.

"Yes, it was Queen Tatiana and King Garrett's wedding song. It then became the castle anthem the Queen used to sing," he told me, and my brows furrowed.

He eyed me suspiciously, which I thought was strange before he started looking around the room. He stopped by the bed, and the old sheets were covered in blood. Old stains and stab marks were on the mattress.

"Come, you shouldn't be in here," he said, showing me back out. The King led me away, but he seemed distant and deep in thought.

"Your parents' names. What were they?"

"My father's name was Jordan and my mother Della," the King nodded.

"Do you know their last names?" I shook my head, unsure.

"Why?"

"No reason, just odd. You know that song. It was only sung by the Queen and townsfolk; it was a ceremonial song," he said, and I noticed Gannon and Damian had come over to listen to our conversation.

"My King, I know we were planning on staying the night. But..." Beta Damian said when the King waved him off.

"No, it is fine; I want to get Ivy home, anyway. You also need to ring that Alpha; I need her paperwork. I believe she is closer to shifting than we believe," they both looked at me, and I blushed. I know they didn't miss the two bite marks on him that his shirt didn't cover.

The King hardly spoke on the way home, and we only stopped for fuel and continued driving through the night until we reached home late the following day. Abbie was waiting out the front for the luggage, and I bounced excitedly, wanting to go see her.

"Go on, I have a few things to do, anyway," the King said, climbing out of the car.

"Remain with Ivy," I heard him tell the guard that usually followed me everywhere. He nodded, and I rushed to Ivy's side. She embraced me and helped her carry the luggage to the laundry room. Clarice was in there when we entered.

Clarice smiled warmly at me while Abbie gushed excitedly after telling her the King wanted to claim me once I shifted on my birthday. Seeing her excitement put me more at ease. Reaching for a tunic of the shelf. Clarice cleared her throat.

"Ivy the King has told me you are no longer his servant,"

"But I want to help Abbie with her chores," I told her. Clarice looked at my guard, who also didn't know what to say, and frowned.

"I'm sorry, Ivy. But unless the King allows it, I can't let you put on that uniform. Those here would treat you like a servant in that uniform, and I don't want any staff k****d for that mistake," Clarice explained. I looked at Abbie, and my shoulders sagged.

"It's fine; I can just wear this, I guess; I will speak with the King later," I told her. Clarice glanced at my guard, who shrugged, and Clarice sighed.

"Very well, but you make sure you tell the King you wanted to help. I don't want to be scolded for making you work."

"But what else is there to do if not work?"

"Live" Clarice answered, squeezing my shoulder gently. For hours, I followed and helped Abbie. When it became late, the guard stepped away from the wall.

"Ivy, the King, is looking for you; he wants you back to your chambers," He said. I pressed my lips together, wanting to spend time with Abbie, but she shooed me away.

The guard led me to the other side of the castle. "What is your name?" I asked him. He glanced at me but said nothing.

"Come on, you follow me everywhere, I feel weird not knowing it,"

"Dustin, my Queen," He said, and I scrunched my face up, and he chuckled.

"Please don't call me that. It sounds wrong given I am rogue."

"But you will be,"

"Even then, I don't think I want to be called that."

"It cannot be helped; it will be your title," Yawning as I climbed the stairs, I stopped halfway down the corridor when I noticed the forbidden door open. Stepping closer, I peered inside, and it appeared to be a baby's room.

"Miss Ivy, I don't think you should go in there," Dustin whispered, and I went to step away just as the King turned the corner into the hall. He stopped and his eyes moved to the door.

"What do you think you're doing?" he snapped, becoming enraged.

"Nothing, I was," he came over and slammed the door shut before pointing at me.

"You do not go in there, never," he snarled, and I shrunk away from his anger.

"My King, she was merely closing the door. The wind must have blown it open," Dustin says, and the King looks at him. The guard nodded toward an open

window I hadn't noticed. King Kyson looked at me, and I quickly nodded, going along with Dustin's story, thankful he saved me. I would not go in there; I just peeked inside.

The King sighed, "I apologize, Ivy, that room is just off-limits. I shouldn't have snapped at you," he said, scrubbing a hand down his face. Kyson placed his hand on my lower back, leading me to the bedroom, and I glanced over my shoulder at the guard, who nodded to me.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 43 – Kyson POV

The guilt I felt for snapping at her was horrendous. I hated myself for it; the way she shrank back made it all the more worse. I couldn't erase the fear on her face at my outburst from my mind. My instincts were all over the place, the anniversary of my sister's d***h. Then Ivy's birthday was obviously looming, and her attitude. As well as fighting my own instincts was becoming too much. Although I knew it wasn't her fault, she was temperamental; I was at the best of times. She doesn't understand what is happening, whereas I do, since I have shifted and seen many werewolves shift over the decades.

The closer she gets, the more animalistic she will become before finally shifting. With me being so close, it only enhances those instincts and makes her urges so much more intense, as her body and brain try to process that I am her mate.

Running my hand down her spine, she shivered where she slept on my chest. Ivy whined and growled earlier, complaining that I kept putting her to sleep, but the more she slept, the better her transition when she shifts. Our bond was strong, and I could tell it was almost fully forged. I had no doubt when she shifted that she would recognize me as her mate instantly.

It was the knock at my door that pulled me from my thoughts. I enjoyed the quiet, and reveled in the feel of her body pressed against mine, so the knock annoyed me. The door cracks open, and Damian walks in before sitting down in the armchair.

"Turn away for a second," I tell him, and he turns his gaze to my bookshelf. I rolled Ivy onto her back before covering her naked body with the blanket, tucking it under her chin. She whimpered, and I jammed my pillow next to her face. And watched as she buried her nose in it while Damian chuckled.

"I see the bond has formed,"

"Yes," I tell him, walking over to him. Damian looked at my arms and chest that are covered in her bite marks. She even bit me three times while she was asleep.

"Definitely almost forged," he laughed, as I sat down across from him.

"Why the drop-in? It's nearly 1 am," I tell him.

"Have you slept?" He asked, eyeing me.

"What do you think?" He shook his head and sighed.

"Kyson, you have to sleep,"

"You don't think I have tried," I said, scrubbing a hand down my face.

"It can wait until you do," he said, hopping up.

"No, tell me. It must be important," I told him, and he glanced at Ivy on the bed before clearing his throat awkwardly. My brows furrowed, and he nodded toward her, keeping his gaze on me. I looked over to find she had kicked the blankets off.

I got up and quickly recovered her before returning, only for her to kick them off again.

Damian turned his seat to face the wall, hearing the ruffle of blankets as she overheated. "You have a thing for her being naked," he laughed.

"I like the feel of her skin. It keeps my Lycan side calm,"

"So you haven't shifted,"

"Not because of the anniversary, though I lost my temper earlier, I thought she went into," I stopped. I couldn't even bring myself to speak the name.

"Dustin told me," Damian said, and I nodded my head and swallowed guiltily.

"Well, as long as you're in control, I suppose I will tell you," he said, brushing his fingers through his hair.

"We spoke to Alpha Dean. He is still trying to find the rest of the information from the night Ivy and Abbie were brought in. And you were right about her being ready for her shift. Her birthday is in two days," I nodded. That made more sense.

"So why is that an issue? If anything, that is good news, I tell him, glad I didn't have to wait weeks.

"Alpha Dean asked for us to come to see him. He wants to be sure and has asked for some files to be sent over. He wants to know if we can come to visit him today."

"What for?"

“He wouldn’t say, just said it was important, and it is to do with Ivy.” I glanced over at her, and she was sleeping peacefully.

“When are we leaving?”

“At noon, the men need sleep before we move out,” I nodded and rubbed my chin, wondering what Alpha Dean could have to say that he wouldn’t say it over the phone.

“I am not sure Ivy will want to go back there just yet,” I glanced at her. “I don’t want her to fall back into old habits,” I told my Beta and he nodded.

“Gannon can stay, or I will. I will assign extra guards to her,”

“I would rather you remain with her,”

“Very well, I will. Try to get some sleep, Kyson” Damian said before getting up and leaving the room.

Worry ate at me as I got to my feet and walked over to my bar. Grabbing the bottle of whiskey off the shelf, I went to pour a glass before deciding to drink straight from the bottle when I saw only a quarter of the bottle was left.

Ivy moved on the bed, tossing the blanket off and bunching it between her legs. How I couldn’t wait until she started nesting and destroying the sheets. Nesting she-wolves became territorial, and I am not even sure she will allow Damian and Gannon in here when that time comes. Which by the look of her now as she bunched the sheets wouldn’t be too far off. She would make this her haven, and once I made her a Lycan, she would k**l anyone who entered her den.

My sister accidentally k****d her handmaiden when she started nesting. She felt terrible, but I would ensure that didn’t happen with Ivy. I brought the bottle to my lips and swigged from it. Enjoying the smooth, sweet taste while my eyes trailed over her. Her pink p***y was b**e for my eyes to devour as she laid on her stomach with her leg bent. My c**k twitched, and I couldn’t wait to bury it in her, but I would wait and let her decide, so until she asked, I would endure it.

Walking over to the bed, I placed my whiskey bottle on the bedside table. My hand skimmed up the inside of her leg from her ankle, brushing between the apex of her legs. A smile split onto my face as she moaned softly, pushing back against my hand. Leaning over the bed, I kissed her naked shoulder, but before nipping at her jaw, she groaned.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 44 – Her arousal caused my nostrils to flare, and my eyes flickered as inhaled her intoxicating scent. I wanted

to f**k her, sheath myself in her tight confines. I cupped her p***y with my hand as I crawled on the bed and pressed my chest on her back. She moaned, and I could tell she was waking at my touch. My nose runs across her shoulder, and I nip her skin. Wanting her to wake up, I squeezed her p***y. She rocks her hips against my hand.

I run my finger through her wet folds, and she whines, pushing against my finger as I tease her by circling it around her entrance, coating it in her arousal. "Ivy, wake up," I whisper, and she moans, pushing against my finger. I refuse to shove in her. I laugh softly, as she becomes annoyed.

"Kyson!" she growls a whine.

"Hmm," I hum as she growls at me. I circle her c**t, and she jolts, before moving back to her tight hole and shoving my finger deep inside her. Her walls clamped around it, and I slowly withdrew it before working it back into her warm wet entrance. Ivy moans, and I groan at the sound she made before sitting up and using my other hand, I pull her cheeks apart so I can watch my finger f**k her.

I added another, watching as her p***y stretched and clenched around them. She lifted her hips slightly, letting them slide in deeper as I picked up my pace, enjoying the way she shuddered and spasmed around them.

Loving the way my name rolled off her tongue and spilled out her lips as her pleasure grew. "F**k, you're so wet," I groaned as her tight walls clenched my fingers hard, her arousal spilling onto the mattress and between her milky thighs.

I pulled my fingers from her, wanting to taste her sweet nectar. Ivy cried at the loss of my fingers when I gripped her hips. She shrieked as I pulled her hips into the air. I pulled her to the edge of the bed before dropping to my knees on the floor.

"Kyson!" she shrieked, and I knew she was feeling exposed in this position. She tried to pull away when I squeezed her a*s before my mouth covered her completely, sucking her sweet lips into my mouth. The top half of her body sank into the mattress at the feel of my tongue sliding between her folds. I chuckled as she melted into against the bed. Her legs trembled as she pushed back against my mouth as I devoured her.

Her desire overruled her embarrassment that her a*s was in my a*s. I pushed her legs further apart before tilting my face. Ivy shivered when my stubble brushed her c**t as I jammed my tongue inside her.

Her sweet taste on my tongue made me groan, and my c**k ached painfully, wanting to be buried deep inside her. My hands squeezed her thighs as I opened her up wider, sucking and licking every crease and fold, before trailing my tongue between her cheeks and running it over her tight hole.

She jerked, feeling my tongue poke and prod around her back passage, but I gripped her thighs, not allowing her to escape as my tongue traveled back to her

pink, swollen p***y. I slipped my fingers in her quickly, coating them in her juices, then traced them up to her a*s crack.

I rasped when my finger met the tight resistance of her a*****e as I shoved my finger in. She bucked, but I sucked on her c**t harder as I worked my finger inside her, her body relaxing and her muscles relaxed as I fucked her a*s with my finger.

Ivy moaned and writhed as I tasted every part of her before working another finger into her. Stretching her tight hole while lapping at the juices as they spilled out of her. She pushed against my face, rocked her hips in ecstasy against my mouth and fingers before she screamed and exploded on my tongue.

I licked up her juices, gently sliding my fingers from her as she moaned, my tongue slowing as she rode out her o****m. Her sweet nectar coated my lips and tongue when she collapsed on her stomach on the bed. I chuckled, grabbing her a*s after I stood up.

Her face was flushed and her eyes heavy. I leaned over the top of her and kissed her shoulder. Standing up, I stepped into the bathroom and washed my hands. When I came out, she had fallen back asleep, and I smirked as I crawled on the bed, tucking her body against mine, and finally, I was able to settle down enough to fall asleep for the first time in two days.

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Chapter 45

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 45 – Ivy POV

The next morning, I awoke nice and warm, snuggled against King Kyson's chest. I could feel his breath move my hair as he slept, and I relaxed. Relieved that had slept for the first time in days. This was the first time I woke to him asleep. I was beginning to wonder if he did.

My body felt heavy with his leg draped over my hip and mine tugged between his. I ran my fingers through his chest hair. The sun was already up, the drapes still closed as the light seeped in the cracks on the sides. I traced one of my bite marks on his chest before pressing my lips together. My teeth ache, and my gums tingled with the need to bite him, claim him, and tried to force it down, though it was making me twitchy.

I hoped it settled down because I don't think I could live with the crazy urges I kept having. Kyson explained it was the hormones, but it only happened when near him. I had bitten no one else, only him.

Clarice said she-wolves had a tendency to bite those they feel safest with, those with stronger auras. Which in turn, made sense. We were primal possessive creatures, but I didn't get that urge around Beta Damian.

I was completely unaware I was even licking him until he chuckled, pulling me from my thoughts. Oh no, I woke him. That wasn't my intention. I tried to close his eyes with my fingers, but he grabbed my hand and kissed it before placing it on his chest.

"Morning," he mumbles, tugging me closer. I clenched my jaw, unable to reply now that I had stopped licking him. I wanted to climb on him, soak up his scent, and bite him again. The urges were sending me insane, and I tried to roll away when he removed his leg from over my waist and gripped my t***h, hauling me on top of him.

"I have told you, you aren't hurting me, so stop fighting them." I shake my head, unable to trust opening my mouth in case I bite him like a d**n cannibal.

"Maybe I should hold off," Kyson murmured to himself, and I looked at him. I wanted to ask what he meant, but I couldn't right now as I fought a battle with my mind and body. The King grips the back of my head, pressing my face into his neck. I tried to push off him, but he growled.

"I am supposed to leave today for the night. I will be back tomorrow, but now I worry I shouldn't leave you while you're like this, especially when you're fighting it. I'm worried you will fret," he says.

I tried to process words when I sank my teeth into him. He groaned, and tears burned my eyes as his blood flooded into my mouth. I hated this, hated it, hated the d**n urges overriding everything.

"You're not hurting me, love. I promise," he whispers, kissing the side of my face as I tried to stop myself. I shake my head. The King grips my hips, dragging me down his body; I sink my teeth into his chest. My nails dig into his skin as I grab him when he rolls my hips against him, and I stop and moan before biting his arm. His c**k twitched against my p***y, and I froze; he turned his face toward my ear.

"See, you're not hurting me, just making me aroused" he whispered, rolling my hips against him again.

His c**k slid between my wet folds, and I moaned at the friction. My teeth left his skin before I kissed him. My tongue invaded his mouth, and he chuckled as I mauled him, kissing me back.

He let me touch and claw at him until the urges left. The King then rolled, forcing me on my back and climbing between my legs. His hard length pressed against my slit, and I moved my hips against him, coating his length with my desire. The King groaned and pressed his hips against mine.

My walls clenched, wanting to feel him buried deep within my confines, wanting to feel him move inside me. The King clenched his jaw, and I kissed him. Tugging his face down to mine, he gripped my t***h, hoisting it up and wrapping it around his waist. I ground my hips against him, uncaring, just wanting him closer.

"Ivy?" He groaned, and my name leaving his lips like that made my walls clench. I tugged on his hip, and he pushed up on his arms, looking down at me.

He knew what I wanted, but he would also make me ask or probably beg. I growled at him and bit his bicep, tugged him back down to me. "You want this?" He purred, and a whine left my lips as he thrust his c**k between my slick folds.

"Words, Ivy, I need you to say it, or I will stop," he said, nipping at my chin. I nodded, and his nose skimmed across my cheek before he bit my lips.

"Yes?" He purred, and I clenched my eyes shut, embarrassed he was going to make me say it. My thoughts and urges alone were vulgar enough without me speaking them aloud.

"Ivy, I don't speak nods, or moans, words or," he pulled away, and I gripped his arms. He settled between my legs again, kissing me when a knock was heard on the door.

"My King, the car is ready. We have to leave," I heard Gannon's voice through the door. The King glanced at the clock on the bedside table. "Ah, I can stay. I was worried about leaving you on your own anyway," he tells me.

"You're leaving?"

"Yes, I have to visit your old pack, or do you want to come?" I shook my head. I never wanted to go back there again.

"Then I will tell them another day," he sighed.

"No, it's fine. I will just help Abbie" I answered, and he stared at me.

"What do you mean you will help Abbie, Ivy? You are not a servant," he demanded.

"I enjoy helping her, I get to spend time with her," I tell, and he sighed.

"You are to be my Queen, not the housekeeper,"

"Please," I begged. The King growled and looked away from me.

"Fine, but only until I come back and not in uniform. I will not have people treating you like the help," I nodded excitedly, and he pecked my lips.

"Beta Damian will stay, and I will be back tomorrow. Are you sure you don't want me to stay?" he said, pecking my lips. I shake my head. I did not want to be why he was kept from his work.

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Chapter 46

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 46 – Kyson POV

I felt sick knowing I was leaving Ivy, but she became excited to meet up with Abbie as she changed, making me relax a little. I followed Ivy down to the kitchens, where Clarice talked to some servants and gave directions. Clarice looked up when we entered and frowned when she saw Ivy.

“Ivy, dear, this is no place for our future Queen,” Clarice said. The way Ivy cringed at the title did not go unnoticed by me. “The King said-” I growled at how she addressed my title.

“Want to rephrase that, Ivy,” I asked her. I watched as she spluttered over the word, so I stepped closer to my chest brushed her back, and she visibly relaxed. “Kyson said I could help Abbie until he returned,” Ivy said, and I kissed her cheek and nodded. Confirming what she said and Clarice sighed.

“Very well, Abbie is in Beta Damian’s quarters,” Clarice answered, and Ivy turned to leave, she paused halfway between me and the door, like she was indecisive whether to go to Abbie or return to me. “Ivy, are you okay?” I asked while debating whether to change my mind about leaving today. Ivy nodded, but rushed back and hugged me, squeezing me tight, so I picked her up, letting her bury her face in my neck as she stole whiffs of my scent.

Placing her back on her feet, she looked hesitant to leave, though eventually rushed off. I turned to face Clarice, who watched her with worry as she left. She smiled warmly at me, and I motioned her to come closer.

Clarice stepped nearer; I pulled her off to the side. “I need to leave, but I won’t be back until late tomorrow, I wondered if you could organize a cake and dinner for Ivy’s 18th birthday tomorrow,”

“I thought her birthday wasn’t for a couple more weeks,”

“Damian spoke with the Alpha from her old pack. Ivy had her dates wrong. Her birthday is tomorrow, and I want to celebrate when I get back,”

“Of course, my King. I would be honored. Am I right in assuming you want this to be a surprise?” I nodded. Clarice knew me to well.

“I will organize something special for her then,” she beamed, and I gripped her arm, giving it a gentle squeeze. Turning on my heel, I left the kitchens and made my way down the corridors toward the front exit. The moment I stepped outside, my urges told me to go find my mate to make sure she was okay. Gannon was waiting for me out by the cars, and Beta Damian walked over to us.

"She will be fine, and I will ring you if anything happens." I looked back at the castle before giving him a nod and climbing in the car. I trusted Damian with my life, so I knew I could trust him with Ivy. He would keep her safe and put her life above his own like he had done countless times for me.

The drive was long and weary. I hated that I left her back home. Yet I was also curious about what Alpha Dean had found about my little mate. I was curious about her lineage and where she came from before the orphanage.

I would have to remember visiting Mrs. Daley and showing her the error of her ways. Her back would look like Ivy's; by the time I was done with her, she would bear the same marks she inflicted on my mate. If still in a good mood I may even let her keep her miserable life and not k**l her.

I will see though, I didn't like making promises I can't keep, and I can't guarantee I won't k**l her. The h****r stories I have heard and even the guards have overheard anger me.

Thinking of that reminded me that I needed to deal with Ester. I want her gone from the castle and away from my Queen. Feeling the mind link open up, I wished I could do it with Ivy just so I could hear her voice whenever I wanted.

"Yes, Damian," I asked when I felt his aura bleed into the link.

"Just checking in," he says.

"How is my mate?"

"She is okay, helping rake leaves in the garden," I growl. I hated the idea of her working. She had done nothing but slave labor her entire life, and when given a chance to do what she pleases, she resorts back to household duties; it was Ludacris.

"Make sure she is in bed by eight. She needs sleep before tomorrow night,"

"Yes, I was going to tell her to come in soon anyway. It is getting quite overcast. How far out are you now?"

"Why, are you worried about me, Damian?"

"Always Kyson, it is my job to worry. I understand why you left me with Ivy, but that doesn't mean I have stopped worrying about you," he answered.

"An hour out, not much longer," I told him.

"Good, tell Gannon to check in when you get there, and keep in touch," I cut the mind link, and Gannon nodded to me like he already knew to check in with his Beta.

“Do you know what Alpha Dean wanted to see me for?” I asked him, and he shook his head.

“No idea, Kyson. I rang him this morning, and he only said it had to do with her parents, that he thinks he found something alarming,” I nodded, wondering why it was so secretive.

“Anything on the children yet?”

“No, but I believe it has some to do with that no good son of his,” Gannon answered.

“Just remain alert. I want to get back to my mate as soon as possible, so in and out. S**t, I also need to deal with the headmistress,”

“I called ahead. I figured you would want a word with her. So the Alpha has had her strung up in the town square waiting for you,” Gannon smirked. My eyes flickered. She would pay for the pain she caused my mate, and she would pay dearly.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 47

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 47 – It wasn't much further until we arrived in the sleepy little town where I first discovered my mate. True to his word. As we pulled up in the town square, Mrs. Daley had her wrist tied above her head, and she stood against the podium. Shivering against the wind.

Alpha Dean and his son were waiting and instantly greeted us, though I noticed Alpha Dean stepped forward first to shake my hand, and his son kept his head hung. Alpha Dean was dressed in a suit with his jacket undone, his shirt wrinkled like he had been working all day in it, but he looked in pristine condition compared to his son, who wore shorts and a tank top. Not exactly dressed for a king's arrival. I sneered at his b**e feet. He bared his neck to me.

Smart, he didn't want me to lose my temper. I was already on edge about having to come here and leave my mate behind.

“Tied and waiting, sir, as you asked. May I ask what she did wrong?” Alpha Dean asked. Mrs. Daley whimpered at his words.

“I think the question is what she did right because there is no reasoning that could explain why you would leave a cruel, spiteful woman in charge of raising innocent children,” I told the Alpha.

"Right, right? I um. I can see that she is punished if I know what I am punishing her for?" he said, sending a glare her way. It was clear he wasn't aware of the treatment, but his son's fear was so potent I had a feeling he knew.

"Punishment is already decided, Alpha, I wanted to do it myself, but Gannon has volunteered so we could get this over with quicker. He even brought his own whip." I smiled coldly at Mrs. Daley, whose face paled.

"How many lashings did we count on the girls' backs?" I asked Gannon, turning to look at him.

"Damian and I believe around seventy on Abbie's," Gannon stated.

"And from what I could count roughly 135 on Ivy's, though I know that number is a lot higher, but hard to count when the skin is terribly marred," I growled.

"My King, 200 lashes, she wouldn't be able to stand. She couldn't possibly heal fast enough," Alpha Dean said, and the headmistress whimpered.

"Quite right, we can't have that." the Alpha let out a breath, and I turned to Gannon. "Double it, I don't want her standing at all," I told him, and the woman screamed and thrashed against her restraints. The two alphas looked at me in h****r, and I stepped toward them.

"Shall we get this meeting over with?" I motioned toward the pack house. They both hurried ahead, sending nervous glances at me, and halfway to the house, I stopped and turned to watch as Gannon unraveled the whip he brought along with him.

"Gannon?" I called to him, and his head looked up at me.

"Yes, my king?" He asked, his eyes gleaming with this revenge. G*d, he could be a twisted f****r, a s****t. Then again, I suppose I could be too.

"Make sure you swap arms. I wouldn't want you to get a cramp, or tire out"

"Of course, my king," he nodded, before stalking to where the woman stood cowering. I heard the swish of the whip as it sliced through the air before her blood-curdling scream rang through the town square as it came down on her back.

I climbed the steps into the packhouse where both Alpha stood staring out at the headmistress, horrified. It's funny they have no problem k*****g children, but they blanch watching her receive a much- deserved punishment.

The only thing better would be to do it myself, but I was eager to get home to Ivy, so when Gannon offered, I took him up on it. "My King, would you like coffee, water, maybe a tea?" The Alpha offered.

"Have you got whiskey?" I asked, needing something more potent.

"Yes, of course. Go fetch some Darius. We will be in the basement," the Alpha said to his son, who looked humiliated that his father and the old Alpha just ordered him around. I raised an eyebrow at him, and he scampered off.

Two of my guards followed me, and another stalked ahead of the Alpha and pointed to a door. Alpha Dean nodded, and we waited until he went down and called clear before I descended into the basement. The place was filled with boxes and boxes of files. A table and lamp sat in the middle of the room with pictures and various documents.

"What is all this?" I asked. Looking down at the table.

"Her parents, my King. I have some distressing news about little Ivy. I have no idea how I didn't put the pieces together before," Alpha Dean mused before handing me a picture of a d**d woman. Her throat was torn out, and her guts cut open as she lay on the autopsy table. Her face is barely recognizable as a woman, if not for the color of her long hair.

"What is this?" I asked, perplexed.

"Ivy's mother, she went by the name Della Hunley, and this is her father, or so he claimed," handing me another autopsy photograph of a man, but these pictures mean nothing to me. Their faces riddle with teeth and claw marks.

"OK," I shake my head, wondering why he wasted my time. He opened a clear bag he retrieved from a box. The clothes were b****y, but I noticed the hunter's insignia patch as he tipped it up, and it fell on the table. I picked it up.

"Where did you get this?" I asked him.

"Both her mother and father had matching ones," Alpha Dean tells me.

"Abbie's parents?"

"No, Ivy's. Abbie's parents were indeed who they said they were, and no threat just fell in with bad people,"

"What do you mean?" I asked, peering down at all the stuff on the table. My stomach rolled, and I felt like throwing up.

He rummaged through paperwork before pulling two photographs out. He handed them to me, and the blood drained from my body, and I snarled, recognizing the woman instantly. I had been hunting her ever since she k****d my sister and her family.

"I take it you recognize her," Alpha Dean asked.

"Marissa Talbot wanted for m****r in the highest degree,"

“Yes, which is why I asked you here. You see, Della Hunley is Marissa Talbot. We are yet to identify her father. He has no records, but fingerprints for the mother match and also match everything else. Ivy’s parents are part of the hunter’s organization. They are also responsible for not only your sister and her unborn child’s d***h but also King Garret and Queen Tatiana. You have a traitor living in your castle, my King.”

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 48

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 48 – Ivy POV All-day I worked with Abbie around the castle. Clarice was in an excellent mood, and the place seemed to buzz. Clarice even let Abbie choose her own chores halfway through the day, so we spent it outside raking while chucking the leaves at each other. It was the most fun we had had in ages. Both my guard and Damian followed me like my shadow. But even Dustin and Beta Damian joined when we had our leaf fight. It was great spending the day with Abbie, but when Damian got finished mind- linking the King, he called me over to him. I wandered over, pulling leaves from my hair.

“My Queen, it is time to go in. I think a storm is coming, and it is best you come inside before it rains,” he stated, turning all business-like again.

“Just a while longer, please?”

“I’m sorry, my Queen, I must insist. The King wants you in bed by 8 PM,”

“Fine, but stop calling me your Queen,” his lips tugged up in the corners and he nodded.

“As you wish,” I said goodbye to Abbie, feeling a little sad I had to go. That sadness grew worse once back in the room. His scent was everywhere, and before I could stop myself, I dashed to the bed and rolled all over it. I rolled myself up in the blanket, soaking up his scent, breathing it in. However, pain twinged in my chest that he wasn’t here with me.

I was still squirming and rolling across the bed like a madwoman when Beta Damian walked in with my dinner. I froze, then growled at him; the noise threatening. It startled me and cut off abruptly when I realized what I had done.

“Sorry, Beta Damian,” I apologized quickly.

“You can call Damian Ivy, and don’t be. Kyson was worried you may fret without him. It must be hard to be away from him,” he placed a tray of food on the coffee table, yet I wasn’t hungry.

"If you get too uncomfortable without him, sing out, I will be in the hall all night anyway, but maybe put some of his clothes on. It will help," he said before nodding and leaving the room. Once showered, got out and put on one of Kyson's shirts and picked at my food, not really tasting it, my hunger gone.

All night, I tossed and turned, my stomach cramping and pain I couldn't explain ravaged through me. The pain was almost crippling as it writhed through me. I felt manic and delirious, snapping and snarling, pacing the room. I did not know what was wrong with me, but everything was telling me to leave, to go and look for him. I must have started crying again because the door burst open, and I burrowed under the blankets on the bed. My growl was thunderous, and I tore off the bed, about to a****k, before stopping when Beta Damian grabbed my arms.

"Ivy, it is me. Your Beta." I shook my head and clutched my chest. Embarrassment washed over me, but it was nothing compared to the pain I felt. The distress and anguish in my chest hurt most.

"What is wrong with me?" I cried, collapsing on the ground.

"You're fretting. It's natural. I will ring the King. Maybe speaking to him will help ease the discomfort." I nodded. Beta Damian pulled his phone from his pocket and dialed the King. I listened to it ring before he stepped closer to the bookshelf. They spoke for a bit, and I couldn't quite hear what was said, but the King sounded angry.

"Kyson, she is right here; I will put her on," the King said something back to him.

"What do you mean?" Damian asked. And I could have sworn I heard him say he didn't want to speak to me.

"Can you at least tell me what is wrong?" Damian asked.

"But My King, but she fretting, could you please maybe just talk to her on the phone until she falls asleep?"

"My King?" Damian looked at his phone before I saw his eyes glaze over.

A few minutes later, Dustin stepped into the room and watched me warily, but I had calmed now and wanted to know what happened to Kyson.

"Can you get a hold of anyone? The King seems to be blocking me out," Damian asked Dustin. We watched his eyes glaze over, but eventually, Dustin shook his head and shrugged.

"Have you heard anything about what has happened?" Damian asked him.

"No, Beta, the King, and his men don't contact me directly," Dustin answered, and Damian nodded his head, muttering under his breath.

"Maybe fetch Clarice for me or Abbie. Yes, get Abbie and bring her here. She might help," Beta Damian said while my nails dug into the floorboards as I tried to figure out why Kyson didn't want to speak with me.

"As soon as I get a hold of him, I will put him on, my Queen, but hopefully Abbie can help you rest," I nodded and waited for her to arrive. Damian kept trying to the King. However, the King kept rejecting his calls and blocking the Mind link.

Abbie came, and for a while, I was restless. She climbed in the bed with me and stayed while I cried myself to sleep. Both of us had no idea of this fretting thing. All I knew was I never wanted to experience it again. It was horrible, and the night turned into the longest one I had ever suffered through.

When I woke the next morning, Abbie was no longer beside me and I had no doubt that she left to do her chores, yet I felt different. My sense of smell was remarkably stronger as I lay curled under the blankets. My mouth watered, and the pain returned when I suddenly found I had wandered into the closet. I lay beneath all his hanging clothes. I didn't even remember walking in here, let alone pulling the clothes from the hangers. It looked like a bird's nest was made in here out of his clothes.

The door opening caused the hairs on my arms to rise as a fresh scent hit my nose, and I didn't like it. It was interfering with the King's.

Beta Damian froze as he walked into the room, calling out to me. Yet I couldn't take my eyes off the intruder. Dustin walked in with a tray of food and my eyes tracked him when Beta Damian's hand fell on his shoulder.

"Don't move" Beta Damian murmured, not removing his eyes from me. Dustin looked where Damian was staring when a growl could be heard, and I jumped at the sound, looking for where it came from. Did I make that noise?

"Ivy, Dustin will place the tray down, and we will go, okay?" Why was he talking to me like that? I glanced down, wondering why he was acting weird, when I realized my fingers were bleeding and claws had slipped out. Startled, I looked at them, holding my hands up, examining them.

"What?" I stopped, my speech sounding slurred. I touched my mouth to find my canines had slipped out. My gasp of shock was loud in my ears.

"You're fine, Ivy. You are just nesting," Damian said. Nesting? Do I look like a d**n bird?

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 49

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 49 – After the strange fiasco this morning, once I stepped out of the room. The strange fogginess and the territorial behavior diminished, and I was fine. I walked the castle grounds with Abbie by my side most of the day. It was peaceful, yet I felt different. Everything felt more enhanced, even my sight, sense of taste, touch. It felt more intense. Even color had changed a little. Everything appeared different yet . also the same.

Abbie looked at me strangely when I tried to explain it to her. She appeared worried like she was expecting me to return to the mess I was in last night. I know I must have scared her. It scared me too. The last couple of days had been bizarre.

I tried to remain away from the bedroom all day, only going up there if it was vital. Dustin didn't seem to mind following me around and appeared to be enjoying the sunset as we headed back toward the castle from the rear gardens.

King Kyson still hadn't returned, and no one had heard from him. Beta Damian had been on edge all day because he couldn't get a hold of him or any of the King's guards. He had left to contact the old Alpha to see if he had left yet. Nearly back to the castle, I heard car tires on the gravel and the shouts of men. My heart sped up as I listened to the doors closing in the distance, and I knew he was back.

"That would be your King, Miss Ivy," Dustin told me, and I felt giddy knowing I was about to see him. I had missed him so much and one night away felt like a lifetime.

"Go on. I know you want to see your future husband," Abbie giggled. I slapped her arm, and she gave me a hug. "I have to go help Clarice with the upcoming celebrations."

"What celebrations?" I asked her. She shrugged and smiled.

"Oh, nothing you need to worry about, now go see the King. I bet he missed you just as much as you missed him," she said as we approached the front of the castle.

Abbie went toward the kitchens and i Moved toward the stairs. I raced up them. Taking them two at a time. Though I became puffed out by the time I reached the top, Dustin chuckled as he walked ahead before taking his usual spot outside our door.

My entire world stood still the moment I stepped in the corridor and spotted the King at the other end. A gasp escaped me, and the same giddy feeling I had all day whenever I went into his room returned but a million times more potent. My chest restricted, and my heart swelled with happiness as I stared at him.

Every particle of me wanting to race toward him, my soul yearning for him, for my mate. The King was my mate. I felt my lips tug up as excitement bubbled within me.

Dreams came true; and I couldn't ask for a better mate. I loved him before I even knew he was my mate. So this was just the topping on the cake. He was truly mine, and my eyes lit up when I realized. Dustin, I noticed smiled at my excitement at seeing him.

My feet moved before I could stifle down my excitement, my footsteps loud on the floors. My King, my mate, was standing talking to his Beta. They seemed deep in conversation as I got closer.

"Kyson!" I shrieked excitedly and rushed toward him. I had never been so happy. It explained so much. Did he know? He had to of known, and he kept it to himself. Did he want me to figure it out on my own? My heart leaped in my chest as I raced toward him. My stomach filled with butterflies; I was that excited.

His entire body tensed, his posture straightened, and he stole the air from my lungs when he turned around to face me.

"Mate," I whispered, trying to contain my excitement as I rushed toward him when suddenly my entire body seized mid-stride. Everything in me locked up painfully, and I felt like I was punched in the stomach.

"Halt," one word, one full-blown command, and it was given by my mate. My entire body became immobile as his aura rushed over me and weighed on me heavily. So heavy I found it difficult to breathe, and I finally took in his expression.

A murderous glare pinned me. The look he gave me made my chest hurt. Pain rippled through me as I tried to move; only my limbs were p*****d. What did I do? Did I interrupt? I didn't understand. He was all happy and cuddly when he left yesterday. Did I do something wrong?

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 50

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 50 – Kyson growls at me. The sound made goosebumps rise on my body, my hair standing on end as a shiver rushed up my spine. The King then turns his back on me before walking off and heading toward his room.

The command finally dropped, releasing me allowing me to breathe and to move. My eyes go to Dustin, but he was back to doing the seeing without seeing thing he does; his eyes were straight ahead, staring blankly at the wall. Beta Damian stared after the King in what appeared to be shocked as I made my way toward the King again.

"Kyson?" I called, and he stopped. His entire body tensed once again and rippled like he was about to shift. The King spins around to face me. He snarls, baring his teeth at me as they elongate. The look on his face and his intense gaze made me take a step back from him.

"You dare address me so casually," he growls at me while pointing his finger at me. He takes a step forward before stopping, and I catch the movement of his Beta behind him when he suddenly stops, and his hands clench into fists at his sides. Kyson turns and addresses Beta Damian and my heart near stops at his following words.

"Get her out of my face, put her in the stables. She is no longer welcome here, I don't want to see it again," he snaps, turning back toward his door. Beta Damian's eyes flick to me, then back to the King who was walking away.

"Yes, my king," Beta Damian answered as the King pushed his bedroom door open without even a glance back at me. My legs moved, and I raced to the door gripping the frame.

"Wait, did I do something wrong?" I asked. Tears burned my eyes, and my vision blurred when he slammed the door in my face and locked it. I couldn't understand what I had done? Why he was being like this? I stared at the closed door separating me from my mate.

It took a few seconds before the pain in my chest was distinguishable from that of the pain of my hand. I look at my hand clutching the frame where the now sealed door crushed it. The moment I laid eyes on my hand, pain flew up my arm, and I jerked my hand and near choked on my sob when it didn't budge.

I tried again to pull it free in disbelief, but it only caused pain. I could feel every groove of my now bent fingers that were trapped. Out of the corner of my eye, I see his Beta take a step toward me, and I s*****w and clear my throat while forcing the tears to hold back. My lips quivered, and nothing I did would have held back my choked whimper.

Don't cry, don't cry. You have had worse, I told myself as I raised my other hand to knock on the locked door.

Movement could be heard from the other side of the door before I felt the lock mechanism slide out of my palm and the door swung open.

"What!" The King bellowed, and I clutched my broken, bleeding hand to my chest. Fighting back the urge to cry out in pain.

"Nothing, my king," I whispered, unable to meet his gaze. Quickly I turned on my heel and walked away. Walked away from my mate. The sound of the door slamming again was loud and I was halfway down the stairs. Movement caught my eye, and I saw Clarice and Abbie walking out of the kitchens, chatting to each other excitedly. They both looked up at me.

"Oh my gosh, Ivy, what happened to your hand," Abbie shrieked, rushing over to me. Words failed me and I could only stare as she fussed over me. Unsure what hurt more, my hand or my heart that the King just tore from my chest.

"I will get the first aid," Clarice says before hurriedly rushing back toward the kitchen when two guards walked over and stopped beside us. My eyes went to the tallest one.

"Miss Ivy, you need to come with me," One of them said, and I looked at him and nodded.

"Just a second, just let me wrap her hand first. How did you do it, Ivy?," Clarice says as she rushed back out with a box in her hands.

"I'm sorry, but I have been asked to escort her out of the castle immediately," the guard answers and my heart sinks somewhere deep inside me, forming a pit.

"What, why? Do you have any idea who this girl is? The King would pitch a fit," Clarice argued with him.

"I am aware she is the King's mate. The King was the one who gave the orders, now Ivy, if you would follow me, please," the guard said, turning on his heel.

"Wait, where are you taking her?" Abbie asks, holding my arm.

"Just let me fix her hand. She is bleeding everywhere," Clarice begged, but the guard seized my arm and yanked me away.

"I'm sorry, I have been ordered," he states.

Clarice tried to hand me the bandages when the other guard stepped forward, and only then did I notice it was Dustin.

"I will take them, I will wrap her hand," he says, giving me a sympathetic look. The other guard glares at him but says nothing as he drags me toward the doors.

"Can you at least tell me where you are taking her, so I know when I am sent to come to find her," Clarice asked the guard?

"The stables, she is not to come in the castle. The King said she is no longer welcome inside". Abbie and Clarice gasped and I looked back at them. Both appeared shocked, just as shocked as me. What did I do? The guard tugged me out the door and I stared ahead.

I knew it was too good to be true. I would never be anything more than a rogue, only now I was the rogue whose mate was the King. Clearly, he came to his senses and realized what a mistake he made by choosing me. Now fate had tied us, and not even that was enough to stop him from getting rid of me.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 51

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 51 – Kyson POV

I had an entire speech thought out in my head, thought of what I would say to her, but that went out the window the moment I laid eyes on her, I lost it. She was their child. I couldn't see past what they did, couldn't see her, see my mate. The moment I looked at her, I saw that b***h that mutilated my sister and k****d her and her child. Years we hunted down the wolves that helped the hunters, f*****g years wasted to find out the ring leader was d**d all this time.

I just couldn't fathom how she could do it, she had a child herself, and she k****d a baby, Queen Tatiana's baby, helped wipe out an entire village of children before sending them down the river to me in a warning. She was a mother and did that to another mother, k*****g all those innocent children.

I have never hated anyone more than I hated Marissa Talbot. She took everything from me. Everything and everyone I cared about. Pacing my bed chambers, I tried to think. Her scent was everywhere in here and it was driving me insane. Grabbing the chair, I flung it at the wood, splintering and cracking against the wall. Yet the bond called for her, and I wanted her; I just was not safe to be around her.

The door opened, and Gannon walked in; my eyes flicked away at the damage I had caused him. His clothes were all torn and b****y from our fight from the night before.

"Where is Ivy?" Gannon asks, looking around the room, and I fist my hands. My hand throbbed painfully, and I know it was because the bond had awakened and was in full swing. I could feel her pain as if it were my own. The look she gave me when I tossed open the door made my stomach sink. Gannon growls before I find myself slammed against the wall.

"Where is my f*****g Queen," Gannon roared just as the door flung open and I punched him. He grunts before I kick him, sending him flying backward into the bookshelf. Damian gets between us as he charges at me and shoves him back.

"You have made a f*****g mistake, King or not; I won't stand by this. Now where is our Queen," Gannon bellowed. Damian caught between us looked at us both, trying to figure out what the h**l happened. We still hadn't told him, and I was in the process of telling him when Ivy walked up.

"Will someone tell me what happened and why you just made me put her in the f*****g stables?" Damian demanded. They both hated me. I hated myself for what I did. I just lost control, and if she was near me, I might have k****d her. The stables for some reason, were what came time, mind being the furthestmost place from the castle itself.

"You f*****g b*****d, you f*****g promised, she isn't her mother," Gannon snarls. If he were anyone else, I would have k*****d him for dare talking back to me, let alone touching me.

"Who, what in the world happened when you were gone, and who are you talking about?" Damian demanded to know.

"Fix it, I swear, Kyson, I have stuck by you for f*****g decades, never opposed anything you have asked, but you don't fix this. I am walking, King or not, I am f*****g done," Gannon spits at me before heading to the door.

"Where are you going?" Damian asked, trying to figure out what was going on.

"To see my Queen," Gannon snapped, and I growled.

"Wait, just f*****g wait until I know what's going on," Damian snarled at us both. Gannon growled but closed the door and folded his arms across his chest.

"Now, explain," Damian said.

"Marissa Talbot is Ivy's mother," I tell him.

"What?"

"The werewolf hunter, the one that k*****d my sister and the other Lycan bloodlines, her mother was the insider, she was the one that k*****d them," I growl, Just speaking that vile woman's name was like ingesting poison.

"That's what Alpha Dean had to tell you?" Damian gasped, looking between us while I wandered over to the bar to d****n my sorrows and my guilt.

"Wait, that is why you sent her to the f*****g stables, Kyson. For something her mother did?" Damian asked, outraged.

"He f*****g said he would leave it, forget it; she is innocent. She didn't f*****g k**l your sister Kyson,"

"You think I don't know that?" I roared. This was so fucked up; I don't think I can be around her, not without the risk of hurting her.

"What about her father?"

"They are trying to figure out his link, but we believe it was her partner, but we also think he wasn't aware of the crimes bestowed on his wife, we found nothing on him, that's why we are late," Gannon explained.

"And you're sure it's her parents?" Damian asked, sitting down and rubbing both hands down his face. He looked just as defeated as I felt.

"He was supposed to show a picture to Ivy to make sure, but instead, I come up here and find out she has been taken to the f*****g stables," Gannon growled.

"Gannon enough, it may not be right what he did but stop. Just let me think," Damian says. He knows better than anyone how much that woman haunted me. The horrors of finding my sister like that and what that woman did to her. How she could do that to another mother sickened me.

"Go, take a photo to Ivy, verify it is her mother," Damian says to Gannon, who nods and walks out. He was livid, but I had kicked her out long before my brain processed what I had done.

"Kyson, you could ruin her, ruin your only chance" Damian says, and I look away from him, not able to stand seeing him angry at me.

"I know" I tell him feeling sick to my stomach. I flexed my fingers which were still throbbing.

"Maybe you should go for a few days, getaway. I can bring Ivy back up here and watch her," Damian says, and I growl.

"I do not want her in this room," I snap at him, and he growls, shaking his head at me.

"Well, move f*****g rooms, Kyson. It's depressing as f**k that you use your sister's old room and that shrine of a room you have across from the hall of all Azalea things. You need to get over it, move on," Damian snapped at me.

"What's done is done. Ivy has paid enough for her parents' sins. You don't need to punish her for them, too," Damian said, standing up. I know the horrors she has suffered very well, and now I was another one. Logically I knew that, but the burning hatred of what her parents did overshadowed the bond. I can't let this go.

"I get it I do, but you need to find a way to look past who her parents are because you hurt her. I am with Gannon, I will walk, and I know everyone else in this castle will walk for her too, You are not the only person that has waited for the Queen. This place has been a shrine for too long. We won't watch it go back to being a p*****n of your depression. Fix it, or you are on your own, my King,"

"She isn't of royal blood," I tell him.

"No, but she is our rightful Queen, the person destined to rule alongside you, you are our King, and we all took the same pact when you appointed us as your guard, that when the time came, we would protect our Queen over you, if that means choosing her over you so be it," Damian said before storming out.

My legs gave out the moment the door shut, I collapsed on the ground. My feet going from under me. I knew they were right. Knew I fucked up, yet I couldn't control my anger.

I promised to hurt them the same way they broke me but I had no idea that the person that would be taking that punishment would be my mate. Feeling for the mind-link, I felt for Gannon. He should be with Ivy by now.

He growled at me when it was opened but didn't try to shove me out.

"How is she?" I asked.

"How do you think? She is confused, and you broke her f*****g hand,"

"It will heal when she shifts. The photo?" Gannon growls, and I could tell he didn't want to answer me.

"Gannon?"

"Yes, Marissa Talbot is her mother, but that doesn't mean she needs to pay for what her parents did, Kyson,"

"Just stay with her," I tell him.

"I was planning too. You think I will leave my Queen unguarded," I growled. She wasn't even marked yet, and my royal guard was choosing her over me.

"You really going to make her shift on her own?" Gannon asked.

"You're there," I tell him.

"Kyson, you f*****g promised her," Gannon growls, and I really needed to remember not to tell them so much.

"Kyson!"

"Tell me when she starts, and I will come down," I sigh, cutting off the link. I worried my lips between my teeth before getting up and grabbing a few bottles from the bar. It would be best if I was too drunk to shift if I was going down there. At least until I figured out what it was, I was doing.