

His Lost Lycan Luna (Jessica Hall) –

Chapter 174 – Book 2 His Found Lyca Luna Chapter 49

Azalea POV

I woke up, and it was already the middle of the day. Light breaking through the open drapes and lighting up the back of my eyelids made me open them and squint around the room, peering at the windows; the sun looked pretty high in the sky and a cold draft caressed over me, making me shiver. The heavy drapes shifting with the breeze.

Linhaled deeply; the scent was wrong and I couldn't pick out why I felt that way until I realized Kyson was no longer in the room and it was missing his intoxicating scent. My den was quiet, and the scents blown away with the breeze. It unnerved me and made me restless. Chucking the blanket back, I forced myself out of bed and I rushed toward the window, slamming it shut with a growl.

Why would he open it? I snarled, catching my reflection in the glass. My hair was a mess, and I was naked, yet I could still smell Kyson's faint scent on my skin, but my nest smelled nothing like him, just me. My skin itched, and I missed my mate already; with a sigh, I stared past my reflection before jumping back when I spotted the grassy patch on the hill.

The kids were all playing and rolling down the hill, racing each other to the bottom. I chuckle when I see Abbie and Clarice watching over them. Abbie was sitting at the top with Tyson in her lap and Clarice was playing with the kids and rolling down the hill with him. Laughter rang out loudly outside. They all seemed so happy and I wanted to join them while they have fun.

Turning around, I moved to the closet and grabbed a dress from off the hanger. It was a loose fitting long sleeve dress and I tug it on after finding some under-garments. I was just pulling the dress over my head as the mind link opened up, and Kyson's voice flitted through my head.

"You're awake, I will come back up," Kyson tells me.

"No, you don't have to. I am going to play with the kids outside. What are you doing?" I asked him while tugging the dress down over my little bump. I caress it with my hand. My skin was feeling harder as the life within me grew each day.

"Going over the files with Gannon. Are you sure I will come back to be with you, if you like?" Kyson says.

"No, unless I should I come help?" I asked him. I suppose I should; the children could wait and Clarice and Abbie had everything under control by the look of it.

“No, just take Trey with you. And you have an ultrasound appointment this afternoon. I will come grab you just beforehand.”

“Are you sure?” I asked, slipping some sandals on my feet.

“Positive. Have fun. I love you,”

“Love you too,” I tell him, cutting the mind link. I pull my hair into a messy bun on my head before walking out and finding Trey and Liam by my door.

“Afternoon, Azalea,” Trey says from where he stood.

“My Queen,” Liam says with a slight bow.

“Hey Liam, Trey. I am going to see Abbie and the kids and Kyson wants you to come with me,” I tell Trey, and he nodded, offering me his arm.

I loop my arm through his and we headed for the stairs leading to the ground floor. Halfway down, I spot Peter kneeling on the steps and scrubbing the wooden beams of the guardrail with a toothbrush.

“What did you do now, Peter?” I asked. The boy seemed to be getting into an awful lot of trouble lately. Peter looks up at me and grins, showing his pearly white teeth.

“I was mucking around with the gardener, and I threw a mud pie at him, but missed and hit Clarice, and her white sheets,” Peter laughs.

“And why were you throwing mud pies?” I asked, trying not to laugh.

“He threw one first! So he should be helping me clean the damn stairs! I swear, she just punishes me so she doesn’t have to do it.” Peter pouts.

I shake my head and continue down the steps when Liam comes up behind us.

“My Queen?” he calls from the top. I stop on the middle landing, looking back up the steps toward him.

“I want to go shower and eat. I have been on duty since last night. I have called Dustin to take over for an hour. Is that alright?” Liam asks

“Just go. He won’t be long any way. Besides, Peter will tell him if anyone comes up here,” I said looking at Peter, who nods his head.

“You’re fine. I will keep watch,” Peter says, and Liam’s eyes narrow at him on the stairs.

"It's fine. I will wait for Dustin. I was just letting you know, My Queen," he says.

"Seriously. Liam. Just go. Dustin will be here soon. What could happen?" Liam for some reason, looked very indecisive and was staring at Peter weirdly like it was the first time he was truly seeing him.

"Why does Clarice send you to clean these stairs?" Liam asks.

"Huh?" Peter said, looking up from his scrubbing.

"Why were you up here yesterday?" Liam asks him while tilting his head to the side. I have no idea what he was talking about, but Peter's brows furrowed in confusion as he peered back at Liam.

"Pardon? I don't understand? Clarice sent me to clean the stairs," Peter says to him before glancing at me.

He tosses his toothbrush into his tool bucket and his can of polish and rag while staring at Liam with fearful eyes. I walk back up the steps, wondering what got into Liam because I didn't like the way he was watching Peter.

"Yes. But why these stairs?" Liam growls, pointing at them.

"There are plenty of stairs in the castle," Liam says to him while stepping down a step and I look at Trey, who seemed just as perplexed at Liam's strange behavior, making me wonder if Liam was drunk.

"I dirtied Clarice's sheets," Peter stutters.

"That wasn't the question I asked," Liam says. This ice-cold tone of voice sent a chill up my spine when I feel his aura slip out. It wasn't like Kyson's, weaker but as one of his Gammas, it was a lot stronger than a normal Lycans, and Peter whimpers under the pressure of it.

Chapter 175 – Book 2 His Found Lyca Luna Chapter 50

Trigger warning!! Read at your own risk!! Azalea gets injured!!

"Liam!" I hissed, rushing to Peter. Sweat glistened on his forehead and his hands clenched into fists on the steps.

"Did you remove the scents from the King and Queen's room?" Liam asks, and I gape at him.

"Liam! He is a child! Drop your command!" I snarled at him as Peter gripped my arm, looking at me pleadingly with tears in his eyes.

“Kyson!” I call through the link before Liam’s voice pulls me back when he addresses me.

“My Queen, every day he cleans the same stairs. Why would Clarice send him to do the same ones every day?” Liam says before his eyes move to Peter again.

“No. No. I didn’t.” Peter gasps.

“Didn’t what? Why were you up here yesterday?” Liam asks, motioning for me to come to him, but Peter clutched me tightly. “Don’t let him hurt me, I did nothing,” Peter begged while clutching my dress and arm, like I was his lifeline.

“What’s going on?” Kyson asks through the link, sounding frantic.

“I... I don’t know Liam is accusing Peter,”

“Peter, accusing him of what?” but Liam’s booming voice makes me jump before I could answer. Trey growls at him behind me.

“Answer me!” Liam commands, taking another step down. Liam’s eyes go to Peter’s hands clutching onto me.

“Liam, calm down; he is just a boy,” Trey says.

“And the boy will answer,” Liam growls back.

“To bring lunch up and help Clarice with what you asked of her. I didn’t touch the clothes or anything in the room. Clarice wouldn’t let me. She made me stand at the door while she passed me baskets,” Peter blurts out under the command unable to fight his aura any longer.

“Why the same stairs?”

“Clarice said to clean ones where she could see me,” Peter blurts.

“Clarice said to clean them?” Liam asks.

“Well, not specifically these stairs.

Just where she could see me if she left the kitchen. These are the closest steps,”

“So, why did you choose these steps?” Liam asks, stepping down another step toward him.

“Liam! enough!” I tell him.

“No. I was just thinking. And out of everyone that has been questioned, Peter never has been,” Liam says, his eyes darting to Peter holding me again, and then to the tool bucket on the step in front of him. The closer he got, the stronger the scent of liquor I could smell emanating off Liam. He was drunk.

“He is a boy!” I tell him, outraged that he would take his drunk ramblings out on Peter. Peter looked petrified and his hands shook as he clutched me, tears trekking down his face.

“I was a boy once too, My Queen. And I had already killed someone long before I was his age,” Liam says, his steps calculating as he took them one at a time. I glanced down at Peter, who growled when I heard the mind link open up. And Trey’s voice flitted through it.

“My King, was Peter ever questioned?” Trey asks, and I tried to focus on my surroundings as Liam stalked down the steps toward Peter, and the savage gleam in his eyes frightened me when Peter whimpered.

Prying Peter’s fingers off my dress, I stand and take a step up. I go halfway up the steps, blocking Liam from him.

“Ah no. Why? Has something happened? And Azalea answer me, I am on my way,” Kyson growls and Liam reaches for me, to jerk me to his side when I felt a sharp pain in my side that stole the air from my lungs, before I heard Trey’s ear-piercing scream behind me. And it was like time slowed right down. I saw Liam’s hands reach for me, and his eyes widened but I staggered back, my hand going to my side when I felt the pain twist through my abdomen, my eyes going to my side to find a dagger in my flank and Peter’s hand holding the hilt, my hands soaked in my blood.

I gasp, choking on my breath that I couldn’t seem to catch, when a snarl tore out from behind me. “That’s for my mum!” Peter says, when I am slammed against the bannister. I tried to grip it to stay upright, but the entire thing gave way as my weight touched it. My scream stolen on the heart stopping realization that I was falling.

My stomach plummets somewhere deep within me. I felt the blood drain from my face, turning me cold at the sensation. Just as Liam nearly impales himself trying to catch me, and Trey tackles Peter, who just stared vacantly at me as I grasped for something to hold and only grasping air.

My body hit with a loud thud. Pain enveloped me, and I felt my head hit the stairs on the ground floor stairwell.

The wooden railing crashed down on top of me, and I couldn’t move. I just stared at the ceiling and the floor above, where Trey had knocked out Peter.

Liam jumped off the second floor after me, his feet hitting the ground only seconds later. But it was too late. I felt the warmth of my blood trickling down my neck, my head pounding and my back throbbing. The coppery taste of blood filled my mouth, and I tried to breathe around it, but only choked. It was like when you knock your foot when it has pins and needles, that strange sensation, yet it was my entire body that felt like that. My eyes felt like they were pulsating in my head to a rhythmic beat in my skull.

My vision also throbbing and so were my surroundings. Liam, I could see, was putting pressure on my side, and left could fuzzily see his lips moving fast as he screamed. Or I think he screamed, because I heard no sound leave him. No sound other than my heart beating in my skull.

I was fading, my vision becoming tunneled and I couldn't move, yet the oddest sensation warmed between my legs, like I wet myself. I had no idea why I felt that above all the pain. But for some reason; it was all I could focus on. Like that was the most important sensation above all the pain.

My mind transfixed on the warmth leaving me when everything went black.