

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 176

More From The Web

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 176 – Kyson POV

We had found a few things in the documents from the Alpha Dean's pack, such as Mr. Crux's name linking to multiple brothels in the state. It looked like he was helping traffic rogues because sizeable sums of money had been sent to Alpha Dean's accounts when they suddenly stopped abruptly a few years ago and enormous debts started accumulating. Debts from Crux's c****o.

As we sifted through the boxes, we found other strange things that didn't add up, which had me going down to the underground storage. Gannon and Dustin were pulling everything we had on Crux from the archives, and we set them on the huge wooden table in the storage room.

"While we are down here, pull all the staff records for me," I tell them and they move back to the storage boxes and start bringing them over, dropping them at my feet.

I dig through the boxes looking for council records, anything really. "You two start on the staff files. Go as far back as 14 years when the Landeena's were k****d."

"So before Azalea's fourth birthday?" Dustin asks and I nod.

"There has to be a reason someone is targeting her and it has to be someone on the castle grounds. Check all the guards, under oath or not. Also, all the cleaners, gardeners, everyone that has been on the payroll," I tell them and they both start sifting through files.

We had only been sorting through stuff for a few hours when Gannon pulled Trey's file again, and another file with his medical records confirming everything he had told us. We really needed to come up with some sort of electronic filing system. This was ridiculous.

It was a couple of hours later that I felt Azalea wake up. She told me she was going to play with the children, and I told her to take Trey with her.

"Did you know Ester had spent time in the Landeena Kingdom?" Gannon asked me abruptly, making me look up as I closed the link.

"What?" I asked, and he holds the file out to me.

"A year. Her parents reported her as a runaway, and she was located in the Landeena Kingdom and she was granted the right to stay by Garret," Gannon tells me.

"What year was this?"

“The year before Azalea was taken. Says she left a month before the a****k after a fallout with Queen Tatiana,” Gannon says and I flick through the files. I read it thinking it was odd, because why would she go there and return a year later?

Yet we found nothing else and she started working here two years later. I’ve known her grandparents. They worked for my father, but I hadn’t seen them in years.

So when her grandfather called me asking for a job for her, I gave her one.

Her parents were very strict people apparently, and she spent most of her childhood being raised by her grandparents. I am pretty sure that was where she was living again. I tried to pick my brain about why she had an odd relationship with her parents, trying to remember what their falling out was for, but I didn’t really involve myself with her.

I felt the mind link open up moments later and Azalea called me through the link, only to cut it off like she had dropped it when Trey opens it up.

“My King, have you looked into Peter?” Trey asks and I open the link to her to try to get a hold of her.

“No. Why? And Azalea, b****y answer me!” I snarl as my eyes roam over another of Ester’s files, and I was only half-listening to what Azalea was saying when I remembered something and started flicking through the files.

Trey mentioning Peter while going over Ester’s files made me remember something about her having a brother.

I knew she had an estranged relationship with her parents since they had adopted Peter! Peter! My eyes widened in realization

“It’s Peter!” I growled when Azalea screamed through the link, and I raced to get to her. My heart hammering in my chest.

Dustin and Gannon were chasing after me and I skidded across the floors as I smashed out of the cellar, my shoulder smashing against the doors, and into the kitchen’s pantry before I raced out of the kitchen. I lost my footing as I twisted to head for the stairs at the same time. I heard someone scream.

My heart felt like it stopped when I saw a figure shoved off the staircase and I registered that figure was Azalea. Her arms flailed about just as the entire banister railing came down after her. My feet tried to get friction on the floor just as Gannon and Dustin burst out of the kitchen doors. I raced to catch her when Liam jumped after her. Her body hit the stairs with a thud before I could reach her.

I froze and blinked in shock. I was too late. Trey tosses Peter into the wall and his body falls limply on the steps.

All I could do was stare in shock as Liam turned his head, screaming for help, his hands pressed down on the knife in her side. Azalea chokes, blood spurting out her mouth and dribbling down her chin, ripping me from my shock when I see Gannon and Dustin trying to move but are both unable; I race to Liam's side as her eyes roll in the back of her head and I move to her. I grip her face.

"Azalea!" I choked as she passed out.

"Get a doctor!" I scream the order and Gannon and Dustin rush off.

"Stay with me. Stay with me, Love," I tell her when I feel my knees warm, making me glance down to see her dress turning red. Blood pooling and running down the steps from between her legs.

"No. No, no, no. NO!" I panicked, sliding my arms under her before I take off running toward the doors. I clutch her to me and Liam races ahead, shoving doors open and screaming for the guards to open the gates.

Blood coated my arms from her head and from it gushing out between her legs, my clothes becoming drenched as I ran down the bitumen road shifting while running. My ears picked up the heart beating inside her starting to slow, but she was still much too early for any life to be born and viable.

My legs falter when I hear it stop, and her pulse weakens. Seeing the doctor's surgery ahead, Lycans looked around shocked, as the doctor burst out his surgery doors with his gear before spotting us and his mouth fell open.

The next second, he raced back toward the doors, forcing them open and screaming at his nurses to get a gurney.

Moving through the old brick building, the nurses rush out and I place her down, and Doc sets his bag on it before rushing off with her and I go to follow when Liam's hand grips my shoulder.

"You'll just get in the way," Liam says, but I could heal her. I was about to say that when Liam spoke, seeming to know what I was going to say.

"Some things can't be healed, my King. Let Doc work," Liam says and moments later, Damian burst through the surgery doors. He looks at me, his eyes then moving to Liam's hand holding my shoulder.

"Come on, let's wait outside. There is nothing you can do right now," Damian says, and I shake my head.

“Come on. Come have a smoke,” Liam says, pushing me toward the doors, and am forced to take my eyes away from where Doc took her through the double doors to the day surgery area.

Liam pushes me out the doors, nudging me and I reluctantly step outside, and he shoves his smoke packet in my hand, yet I don't light one when he pulls two from the packet and lights them, keeping one for himself and passing me the other.

“Azalea will be okay,” Liam says, blowing smoke into the air. “She is tougher than she looks,” he says.

“The baby?” I ask him. Neither of them says anything. Even though I knew that if she was alright, the baby wasn't going to be. Which made me wonder if Azalea would be alright after all.

The doctor confirmed that when he stepped out the doors twenty minutes later. He tugs his gloves off.

“Azalea?” I asked.

“Alive. She is still unconscious. I stitched her up. The bleeding stopped, but you could probably help that healing process,” Doc says, and I nod.

“Our baby?” I ask, grasping on to any form of hope.

“I'm sorry, My King. The fetus didn't make it,” he tells me. Fetus. I hated the way he said it, but she wasn't quite near her second trimester yet. My legs buckled under me, and I hit the ground hard at his words. My heart sank and my stomach dropped at the information.

I failed her! Peter was a child and the last person I would have suspected. I failed her, and it cost us our baby and nearly her life! How do I tell her that?

“Azalea needs you, Kyson. Get up,” Damian says.

“We lost the baby,” I murmured. Trying to wrap my head around everything.

“I know, but if you don't get up and get in there, you may lose her, too. Now up,” Damian says, gripping my arm and Liam grabs the other; they haul me to my feet.

“One foot in front of the other. Come on, big fella. Your Queen needs you.

Break later, not in front of her,” Liam says, pushing me towards the doors.

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More From The Web

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It took hours for her to wake up, and Damian went back to the castle to retrieve some clothes, so I wasn't walking around in just a hospital gown.

I had just walked back into the room to find that she was sitting up. I felt nothing through the bond to tell me she had woken, and I only stepped out a minute to change quickly. As she pinched the front of her gown, I watched her look inside before rubbing her thighs.

Her lips quivered, and she looked at her hands. Doc and I had cleaned her up, so she wasn't soaked in blood, but the way she looked at her hands was like that was all she saw. Moving closer, her head lifted, and she looked at me. Her voice held no emotion, and felt nothing through the bond at all, like the bond no longer existed.

"Did you feel it?" she asked, and my hand stopped beside her face as it reached toward her. I swallowed and stepped closer, cupping the back of her neck and messaging my fingers through her hair. Still, no reaction through the bond.

"I could feel it, feel it leave me," she whispered, staring vacantly at my chest.

"I know, love," I whispered, and she sat frozen, staring off.

"How about we get you home?" I asked her, and once again she said nothing, didn't move, not even blink. She was an empty shell, and I fought the urge to growl. I would k**l him, but first, I needed to take care of her, but he would d*e for doing this to her once little found out why.

Azalea had no reaction when I picked her up, none at all. I took her home and set her in her nest, and she laid down.

Three days later

She hadn't gotten out of bed in three days, she hadn't slept, and she hadn't eaten. Doc came and checked her yesterday and said it was to be expected, and I was too frightened to leave her side since I still felt nothing through the bond. It was like she wasn't there at all, yet she was because I was staring at her.

I brushed her hair back before trying to move her up the bed so she could rest on me, but she slid straight back down into her nest, burrowing back beneath the blankets as if they would somehow protect her from the world.

Sighing, I place the book down I was reading to her and wander off into the bathroom. I ran a bath. She needed to get moving, something. I would take anything at this point. Not even my calling roused any reaction from her.

Even the mind link was blocked. I filled the bath with bubbles and lavender, it made me crinkle my nose, but I knew she liked the smell. Walking back out, I retrieved one of my shirts from the closet. She was still in the hospital gown, but I was determined to get her into something else. Hopefully, get her to eat or speak.

Once I had towels and a shirt for her, I checked the water and waited for it to fill before shutting the water off. Stepping into the room, she was still in the same spot, and I had to untangle her from the blankets. I grabbed her, and she remained still as I removed her gown while she sat on the edge of the bed.

Goosebumps covered her skin, and laser stripped my clothes off before grabbing her and climbing in the bath with her. I set her between my legs, and she remains motionless while I wash her hair and clean her. We stayed in the water until it went cold, and I pulled her back out, drying her off and tugging my shirt over her head. Yet it angered me when she just rolled back into her nest that had no order.

Clarice had sent up soup for me to try and get her to eat, but she just rolled over. Reaching for my whiskey, I swig from the bottle. It was the only thing that kept me from losing my d**n mind. The silence was k*****g me; not feeling anything through the bond was lonely. I just wanted a reaction. Any reaction would do, so I knew she was still with me.

I eye the nest, pissed off with how it obscured her from me as she hid under the blankets when the bottle slipped from my hands and shattered on the floor. I snarl at the mess live made.

My anger became too much and forced the shift. I stormed over to the bed, ripping at her nest, trying to fix the d**n thing, yet I only managed to tear apart the mattress. With a growl, dropped onto the bed. I was about to mind-link Damian to ring Doc again when I felt movement on the bed before feeling her hand run across my fur to my chest before she laid her head on my chest.

Astonished, I stared at her. It was the first time she had moved toward me, and, of course, it had to be when wasn't in human form. I was tempted to change back, but I didn't want her to slide away in case she didn't move back into place.

I turned my face and sniffed her hair. I let my calling wash over her. She snuggled closer, and I sighed. Well, it was something; I guess.

When she woke a few hours later, life shifted back, and immediately she burrowed back down under blankets.

The next few days, I came to notice she only came to me if I was shifted, and not in human form, so I had spent the majority of my time in this state.

Hearing a knock on the door. I moved off the bed. Azalea had helped me fix her nest today; we changed the sheets and fixed it up, but she didn't rebuild it like I hoped, which saddened me; I had gotten used to the thing, such a bizarre thing for she-wolves to do, but still, I hated not curling up in it with her.

Liam enters with strips of raw meat and cubed cheese and crackers Clarice had sent up.

"Still the same?" Liam asks, and I nod.

It had been over a week, and still, she hadn't eaten. She was dropping weight like crazy. This time I struggled as I was going to try to make her eat while in this form. The claws would make it a real pain, yet she seemed more comfortable with me in my Lycan form.

"I was thinking," he said as I went to turn away from him. I stop and turn to look at him.

"About what?" I didn't want to hear about Peter or theories right now. I only cared about Azalea. Peter was locked in the cells, and I would deal with him when I could.

"About why she won't go near you when you're not shifted," he says. My brows furrow when I feel him open up the mind link.

"You can't mate with her," Liam says, and I growl, looking back at the bed before looking at Liam again.

"Something to think about," Liam says, and I nod, making me wonder if he was right. Yet I couldn't live in this form. I missed wearing clothes and using my hands properly. Claws and buttons don't mix.

Liam walks out, and I move toward the bed and sit on it before propping her up on pillows, so she is sitting up. My claws nick her arm by accident when I grab her, and I sigh, leaning down and licking the spot where I broke the skin. I watch it heal.

"Sorry," I tell her, and she just stares at me, but she doesn't even flinch. I pinch a beef strip between my claws only to drop it. I growl, trying to pick the d**n thing up again, only to drop it again when she moves to pick it up herself.

Her movements were robotic-like. She was on autopilot. Though excitement bloomed in me, she managed to eat half of what was on the plate, and despite me insisting she

eats more, she wouldn't. I set the plate aside and laid down with her again, eventually falling asleep. It felt like all we did was sleep and read. It felt wrong.

I wanted to hear her voice. Yet it was Trey talking to Abbie outside the doors that woke me. I jumped to my feet and saw that it was late in the afternoon, the sun slowly going down out the windows. I could see the kids playing on the hill as I stood, I moved toward the door. Maybe Abbie could get her up.

However, when I opened the door, I remembered she couldn't because she was still under command. Abbie was asking Trey how she was, and Liam was nowhere to be seen, so I assume he and Trey swapped places guarding Peter. I expected his grandparents to come looking for him, but no one did, or if they did, no one told me about it.

Tyson was perched on her hip. He was playing with her hair when I opened the door just as she gasped, peering out the window at the children playing on the hill. A brawl had started outside amongst some of the older children.

She thrusts Tyson at Trey, rushing down the steps to break it up. I watched from the window while Trey held Tyson.

"Maybe go help her," I suggest seeing her and Clarice both struggling to separate the kids that were determined to get the last hit in. Trey sighs, passing Tyson to me and rushing toward the stairs.

"Wait!" I call, and he stops on the steps.

"Take the boy with you," I told him, holding him at arm's length.

"You want to help or not," Trey says, and I look out the window to see guards trying to help and sigh.

"Just don't take too long," I tell him, and he nods before disappearing. I perch the boy on my hip. Tyson was only small, and he tugged on my fur when he started making strange grunting noises before wailing like he was being m*****d and pointing toward the room.

"No, we can't go in there," I told him when he started wailing and thrashing in my arms. He kicks me in the b***s, making me drop him, but I catch him before he hit the ground, setting him on the ground. He rushes off, and my eyes widen in h****r as I turn to find him in our room. Unsure how Azalea would react to him. I rushed in. He was screeching and fisting air.

"What?" I ask him, trying to hush him and glancing nervously at the bed where Azalea was. She didn't seem to hear him or didn't care. I wasn't sure. He screeched and grunted again.

"I don't know what you want," I tell him, trying to pick him up and remove him from the room. I shh him and peer out the window for Abbie. Who was scolding some of the kids?

"Your mother will be back soon," I told him. He grunted, fisting his hands and squeezing them tightly.

"He wants the books," Azalea says, and I jump, looking at the bed. Azalea is still in the same spot. Tyson also jumps at the sound of her voice and peers over at her. I set him down when he started kicking his legs and moving to the bookshelf.

I point to each book when he goes crazy, grunting as I touch one with a picture of an apple on the side. Snow White. I pulled it from the shelf and handed it to him, and was about to escort him out when he rushed toward the bed.

I chased him, scooping him up before he climbed in, only for him to bite me, making me let him go. I growled and reached for him when Azalea sat up so quickly and snatched him before I could.

She sets him next to her, and Tyson opens the book. He smacks the pages, grunting and making strange noises. It was obvious what he wanted this time. He wanted her to read it.

Azalea doesn't say anything but grabs the book from him, holding it out to me. "He can read Tyson. You know lyrics can't," she tells him when Abbie returns, and it was like she walked into a wall as she tried to cross the threshold. Azalea stared at Tyson, brushing her fingertips through his hair, and I bit my lip, knowing Abbie wanted her son when I mouthed to her.

"Can he stay for a bit?" she glances at Azalea, brushing his hair, and nods before walking off. I sighed. It was the most she had done, so I didn't want her to slip back into herself. I open the book and start reading, and eventually, Tyson falls asleep, and so does Azzy.

Trey came in a few hours later to collect him for Abbie, and I expected her to roll away from me when I shifted back, now that the kid was gone.

Instead, she moved closer and placed her head on my chest. I kiss her forehead, tucking her closer.

Maybe tomorrow will be better, I thought to myself. Either way, tomorrow, I had no choice but to deal with Peter. He had been in the cells for over a week, nearly two, and I wanted him gone for what he did.

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More From The Web

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Nothing felt real, yet the pain in my heart was proof it was. My mind felt numb, like it was refusing to feel, it's amazing how one's mind can forfeit and leave to protect you from caring. I welcomed it yet also hated it. I was irrevocably undeniably numb. Seeing Kyson though, I was worried. He drank so much, copious amounts but he never left my side. I knew he was hurting because I could feel that through the bond. His pain was something I could feel, but I disassociated with it, knew it wasn't my pain though I also knew it was the same pain. Only now I was adding to his torment.

Yet I didn't care, didn't care about anything, I didn't care about living, I didn't care about d***g, I just merely existed. Numb to everything but also numb to nothing. However, as the days passed, I was still stuck trying to remain anchored to this unfeeling place, yet I also knew I couldn't stay here. Withdrawing more and disappearing into myself couldn't be permanent.

As I watched life pass in my silence I wondered, is this it? Is this all it will ever be and will I always be this way?

I reached a point where I no longer identify myself with the man who is my mate or identify as anyone really, maybe because for so long I had no identity and yet what our child would have offered was one. Maybe that is why, maybe that is why it hurt so much to lose something I never had a chance to love, maybe because along with losing it, I also lost another piece of an identity I couldn't keep. Mum.

I thought I found myself, and then I lost it all over again and I suddenly wanted to know why. Why did he pretend to be my friend only to literally stab me? How could he Harbor so much anger for someone he would hurt them like that? Why did he take the one thing that was mine from me?

I had so many questions left unanswered. Questions that stopped me functioning because they plagued every thought. Consumed me entirely, yet as I returned to my surroundings, I wasn't sure if I had slept or was already awake the entire time, the room came into focus and my mate slept soundly beside me.

He stirs and rolls closer, burying his nose in my hair, his breath was warm on my neck. Worry resided in our bond even while he slept, as he sought to comfort me. However, I knew no comfort would come until I had answers. I needed to understand, needed it to move on, I needed to know what I did to deserve it, I needed to know it wasn't my fault. Though some part of me did know that, doubt still nagged at me, like I was to blame for the whole thing.

Reluctantly, I forced myself out from under Kyson's heavy arm that was draped over my waist. Moving across the room, I grabbed his robe, I needed the comfort of his scent, and his robe gave me that as I tiptoed to the door.

Peering back at him, he remained asleep.

He would be mad, or maybe he wouldn't, I wasn't sure. So much had changed and yet remained the same.

Though I had seen yet another side of Kyson, multiple in fact over the last few days.

One that he loved me fiercely not leaving me alone despite his own anguish, two that he had a really bad alcohol problem. I never realized its true extent until I was locked in a room with him for so long, it made me wonder if that was how he drank all the time.

A few occasions he drank himself to oblivion, and I could feel the tremors of his hands as he touched me when he went without it, feeling the frustration as he fought the urge to find himself in the bottom of another bottle, yet the bottle always won in the end.

That was something we would have to address later, for now I needed to move before I decided to crawl back in bed and wallow in my own misery, so I twisted the handle and stepped out the doors to find Trey. He looked at me as if he was seeing a ghost as I slipped out the door and closed it gently. He appeared hesitant when I moved toward him before he grabbed me, crushing me against his chest.

"Thank g*d," he whispered before holding me at arms length.

"Where's you King?" He glances at the door behind me before leaning down to look at my face, his eyes sparkled with sadness, endless hazel depths of worry stared back at me.

"Sleeping," I said, though my throat hurt to use my voice and came out raspy.

"I shall wake him for you," he says, though I shake my head. Kyson needed sleep, I knew how little he had, knew how exhausted he was, also knew he would feel like s**t after how much he drank last night before he succumbed to it.

"Let him sleep, but I have a favor to ask of you," I told Trey.

"Yes, whatever you need," he answers swiftly, while standing straight again.

"I want to see Peter," I admitted. He opens his mouth no doubt to deny me but I hold my hand up silencing him.

"I need this please, I wouldn't ask if I didn't, yet I know Kyson won't let me, and believe he is doing it to protect me, but I need this," I plead, hoping he wouldn't wake Kyson to

tell him of my plans. Treys eyes turn black and he looks torn but my blood is his sire, my blood he is oathed to.

“Can you at least tell Kyson, I am not comfortable going against him and he would see this as a betrayal,” Trey pleads. I do and he may lock me in the room, or just go k**l Peter without questioning him.

“You won’t, will you?” Trey sighs and rubs his eyes.

“At the very least, let me wake Liam to come with us, just to be extra safe,” I agreed, one could never be too careful.

We met Liam in the kitchens, he was still in his pajamas, which sat low on his hips, his chest was b**e and a tattoo of a beast clawing out of chest was tattooed on his skin.

He tugged a tank top on as he walked in making me wonder how close his room was to the kitchens. Shaking that thought away, he drops a hand on my shoulder.

“Lass, maybe you should let Kyson deal with Peter,” he says, I shake my head. I needed answers then Kyson could deal with him.

“Aren’t children off limits?” I wondered how it would be possible. Would Kyson break the very laws he swore to uphold?

“Not when it comes to treason, there is an exception to every rule,” Liam explains.

I wasn’t sure how I felt about that, I wasn’t sure if I felt anything at his words. Trey walks ahead into the pantry opening up the door inside that went to the stairs under the castle.

A chill rushed through me as we descended the stairs and I stayed close to Trey and Liam, using them like shields and they happily obliged as we navigated the winding tunnels before stopping at the cells. It was dark here with the dim lighting and two guards stood either side of the cell.

Trey snarls and Liam places his hand on my side as if he was ready to rip me from the place, yet my eyes were on the boy that sat huddled in the corner, looking like the weight of the world rested solely on his shoulders.

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More From The Web

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child and he k****d mine and seeing him so broken only made it so much more obvious that he was a child too.

Peter looks up and I move to the bars and his head snaps up to look at me and hangs his head. His knees were pressed to his chest, he looked small and meek. Though looks could be deceiving, was all of it a lie? Everything? I liked Peter, I liked his energy, his carefree personality, his bubblyness but now I see a monster in a child's body, yet monsters hurt too.

That became abundantly clear when he looked up, tears in his eyes that etched down his face and dripped off his chin.

"I'm sorry, I... I didn't mean... I panicked," he sobbed and I looked at Liam who was glaring at him.

"Panicked, you drove a knife into her, that isn't panicking that is calculated," Trey snarls, hitting the bars and making him jump. The guards I noticed stepped away from Trey, backing away from him as his body shook violently. I place my hand on his arm and he calms some, glancing down at me.

Turning to the guard I asked for the keys, Liam quickly grabbed my hand to stop me and Trey pressed closer to me like he would toss me over his shoulder for even thinking of going near Peter. But he was detained, shackled with chains around his neck, ankles, and wrists; he wasn't going anywhere.

"He can't hurt me," I told them.

"He already has," Liam replies. I look at him and press my lips in a line. Yes, he has more than he will ever know.

"I want the keys, I am not talking to him through the bars," I tell Liam who looks at Trey. They hold some secret conversation. And Trey growls but Liam lets my wrist go. Yet when the guard went to hand the keys over Trey took them.

"I'm coming in with you and you remain by my side and Liam by his," Trey says. I don't fight him on it, I knew he wouldn't budge unless I ordered him and I didn't have the fight in me to debate it. Conceding I nodded my head and he unlocked the door. Liam walked in first and stood near the wall beside Peter and Peter flinched at his closeness. Liam however just offered him a glare.

Trey refuses to step aside to let me in, and he grabs my arm when I try before pulling me to the opposite side; however, he didn't close the door, probably in case something happened I could run out. I go to sit on the steel bed but apparently that is too close because Trey grabs my arm, steering me to the far wall. Liam leans over and tosses the pillow over from off the bed to him and he catches it dropping it at his feet.

"If you want to sit you can but not near him," Trey says and I sigh but sit on the pillow and lean against the wall.

Though Trey remains standing, his leg brushing against my arm and I look up at him.

"Can you at least sit, it feels awkward with you standing," I tell him and he looks down at me before looking at Liam.

"He moves, I will break his neck," Liam says in more of a warning to Peter, but Trey sits beside me, though his entire body was tense.

Peter stares at the floor, he snuffles and wipes his nose with the back of his hand and for a few minutes I couldn't bring myself to speak. The air is thick with tension but eventually I find my voice.

"Why?" I asked him and his head lifted and his eyes snapped to mine.

"I didn't mean to, I," he moved his hands and Liam had him by his throat instantly and my shriek made him pause.

"He can't hurt me, he won't, will you Peter?" I asked him. Peter chokes and sputters, his eyes bulging but shakes his head as best he could and Liam lets him go, he falls to the ground gasping.

Peter pushes further into the corner away from him but his eyes return to mine after a moment.

"It was you that p*****d the fruit?" I tell him and he chews his lip and nods his head.

"You bleached my room?" he nods again,

"He also unbolted the stairs banister, that's why he was cleaning them," Liam growls, and Peter flinches, cowering away.

"How did you get past the guards to get in the room," Trey asks him.

"I offered to clean the roof's gutters, the window was cracked," Peter answers and I press my lips in a line.

"Was it you that morning in the room? The window was open," I tell him and he hangs his head and nods.

Trey snarls at him and he visibly makes himself smaller.

"I just wanted you to go back to Landeena, to leave the castle, I didn't mean to k**l your..." he looks at my stomach and a tear rolls down his face and he glances away.

“Liam figured it out, and I knew they would remove me from the castle, In panicked and I went to take you hostage but then he lunged at me, so I stabbed you. I swear I didn’t mean it, command me please, ask anything. I will answer whatever you like. It wasn’t my intention to k**l you but I freaked out,”

“If you didn’t intend to hurt her, why did you have a knife?” Liam asks.

“I always have it, it was my father’s,” Peter says.

“I thought you didn’t know your father,” I asked and he shrugs.

“I’ve heard of him, apparently he wasn’t worth knowing,”

“So you know who he is?” I asked. Peter shakes his head.

“No, not even my grandparents know, just said he was a deadbeat,” Peter answers.

“You don’t believe that?” I asked, curiously. I don’t know why I was asking him, I shouldn’t care, for some reason I did.

“I don’t know, but then you came along and the King made her leave, I just wanted to scare you, make you leave so she could come back, it was the only time I got to see her,” Peter says.

“See who?” Trey asks. And Peter looks at the ground.

“She never comes to see me, she pretends I don’t exist,” Peter says before clearing his throat and wiping his face.

“At least here she had to speak to me, I would ask Clarice to let me help her, sometimes she let me help her,” Peter says, wiping his face and rubbing his bloodshot eyes.

“Then you ruined it, you made her leave. I just wanted her to stay,” Peter says.

“Who are you talking about?” I asked. I hadn’t made anyone leave that I was aware of.

“My mother,” Peter answers.

“Grandpa said one day she would come around, that she would see me and come get me but she didn’t, so I got a job here to be near her,” he says.

Liam and Trey looked at each other clearly confused and so was I.

“Peter, who is your mother?” I asked, trying to figure out who he was talking about.

“Ester, and you made her leave me again. I was going to make her see, see that I could be good, that I wasn’t like my father, that she could love me, and I wouldn’t leave her,” Peter says, but I was shocked by the thunderous growl that left Trey. I jumped at the sound, not expecting it.

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His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 180

More From The Web

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 180 – “Liar! You are not that w***e’s son!” Trey growled, and Peter flinched as Trey went to get up. I grabbed his arm and it rippled under my hand when Liam moved so quickly. He knocked the air out of my lungs when Trey shifted. Liam shoved me out the cell door, the guard grabbing me before I could fall, and Liam shifted, pinning Trey to the wall.

“Calm down!” Liam snarled while Trey’s eyes were on Peter, who whimpered in the corner, cowering away from him. I swallowed, petrified, and my heart raced as I watched Trey’s nostrils flare, his face savage, and a deep reverberating growl ripped from him, challenging Liam, who returned it with a deafening one. Their aura is both potent and deadly, the testosterone in the room making me dizzy and I had to fight the urge to run to my mate, not liking the charged energy after days of only being under Kyson’s calming calling.

“Choose wisely, Trey. I was coming around to not hating you. Challenge me, and you go back on my s**t list.” Liam warns, his tone ice cold and threatening.

“Trey?” I plead, and he looks at me. He puffs out his massive furry chest before shoving Liam who barely moves but Liam releases him and Trey storms out of the cell and down the corridor.

Liam shifts back, standing in his n***d glory before glancing around at Peter.

“What the f**k was that about?” Liam says while I stare at the roof.

“Liam! Pants!” I squeaked, not knowing where to avert my gaze without seeing that monstrosity between his legs.

“Oh! Sorry, my Queen, forgot you have only seen the King’s twinkie,” Liam says, clicking his fingers at the guard who chucks him a hessian bag. Liam holds it up and looks at it.

“F*****g pants, moron! What will I do with this? Have a potato sack race?” Liam asks. The guard rushed off, returning minutes later with shorts, while I stood awkwardly staring down the corridor. Once he had pants on, I turned to look at him. He was standing over Peter, who looked up at him.

"Now you'll tell me why Trey just fled," Liam says.

Peter looks at me before looking up at Liam. "... I don't know, I barely know him," Peter stutters.

"You're asking the wrong person. Let's find Trey, but first, I want to go to town," I say, and Liam turns to face me, but my eyes go to Peter.

"I want to speak to your grandparents," I tell him.

"They didn't do anything! I swear! They aren't part of this," Peter begs, his eyes widening as fear graced his face; like wasn't sure if he was scared for them or of them.

"I just want to speak to them," I assured him, though he didn't deserve the reassurance, yet it was hard for me to comprehend Peter the boy in front of me, and the Peter that stabbed me as the same person.

"What? Why?" He says, looking at me petrified.

"Because if I am going to convince Kyson not to k**l you, I need the information to back my reasoning."

"My Queen, Kyson won't let him live after what he did, and I wouldn't recommend telling him otherwise," Liam says. I chew my lip.

"Would you let him live?" He asks, and his aura slips out with his outrage.

"He is a child. I don't forgive what he did, and he will be punished, but I won't let Kyson k**l him. That is for the moon goddess to decide. If I choose it," I tell him. Liam growls, clearly not agreeing, but I turn my gaze to Peter.

"Address, now," I tell Peter. He rattles it off, and I nod. I went to leave, only to pause and turn back to him.

"If you're lying to me, I will let Kyson decide your fate. I never made your mother leave. Kyson did. After he woke up to her trying to touch him in his sleep," I tell Peter. He gasps, clearly shocked. Obviously, not all news gets around the castle.

"Mum always had a thing for him," Peter admitted and I nodded, not knowing what to reply.

"She shouldn't have done that knowing you were his mate," he adds.

"No. She shouldn't have but this is your chance, Peter. If you are lying, tell me now because if I leave here and find out you lied, I won't stop my mate from k*****g you," I tell him.

"I'm not lying. You can command me, though sometimes it doesn't work," Peter says, glancing nervously at Liam, and I look at Liam, who turns and looks at him.

"Pardon?" Liam asks.

"Your command, it hurts but doesn't affect me as badly as the King's," he shrugs.

"So you lied when I commanded you? Faked it?" Liam growls but Peter nods his head.

"I thought you would let me go, but you didn't," Peter says, yet Peter has not shifted yet, so how could he resist it?

"We will figure that out later. For now, we should go. I just felt Kyson wake up, and I want to go before he comes looking for me. Kyson won't ask for answers. He will demand blood," I tell Liam.

"And Trey?" Liam asks.

"When we get back," I tell Liam before turning on my heel and walking out.

The mind link stirs as Kyson wakes, but I could feel he was pretty hungover.

"Azalea!" He says frantically through the mind link.

"I'm fine. I am with Liam," I assure him.

I feel the tension leave him through the bond, relief flooding through me from him.

"Where are you? I will come to you," he tells me as Liam holds me steady as I climb the stairs leading back into the kitchen. I stop just outside the pantry doors, waiting for Liam to lock the cellar door.

"I'm in the kitchen, but shower and wake up. Clarice will send up something for you to eat and get rid of the hangover," I told him while looking at Clarice, who nodded to me. She seemed surprised to see me but didn't comment on it, which I appreciated.

"That can wait. I'll be down soon," Kyson says.

"Kyson, I'm fine. I just want to go into town. Liam is with me. I promise I will come to see you when I get back," I tell him.

"Azalea," He said my name like an order daring me to challenge his word again and I sighed, knowing he was already on his way to me. I could feel him getting closer when he appeared in the doorway leading into the kitchen after a few minutes, there was no point running he would chase me down.

Yet as he appeared, the sigh that left him and how he rolled his shoulders told me he needed to see me to ensure I was alright. His smell overrode my senses and was more potent than the robe I was wearing, which had me moving to go to him. He met me halfway, pulling me into his arms, his hand going to my head while he wrapped his arm around my body, his lips in my hair.

“You shouldn’t have left without telling me. I woke up and thought...” he doesn’t finish, and I don’t question, not wanting to know where his mind just took him.

He sniffs me before burying his nose in my hair and then pressing it to my neck. A low thrumming growl leaves him, making goosebumps rise on my arms and his grip tightens but not painfully more like he was trying to remove the scent on me and replace it with his.

“Where were you?” I knew he knew, so there was no point lying.

“I went to see Peter. Liam and Trey went with me because I asked, and there were also two other guards down there,” I tell him knowing Peter’s scent was heavy down there, he growls, grabbing my face in his hands and turning my face up to look at him.

“Out!” He growls, watching me. The room was evacuated under his order within seconds. Yet he didn’t let me go. Instead, he rested his forehead against mine and let out a breath. I waited for the wrath, his fury. I could feel it through the bond as he fought the urge to break something, or maybe me. I wasn’t sure, so I didn’t push him.

“Explain... Please,” he growls.

“You wouldn’t have let me go,” I told him. He pulls his forehead from mine, looks away, and nods because I am right.

“I may have,” he breathes out.

“You don’t seem so sure of that,” I told him. I struggled to read him through the bond yet I pressed my face to his chest. He purrs, a sound I relished, calming and relaxing me.

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