

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 181

More From The Web

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 181 – “I may have, to prevent you from going without me,” Kyson whispers, and lies sigh. I was relieved he wasn’t mad, but I still had to go into town.

“Come on; I need to get changed,” Kyson says.

“I was about to go to town with Liam,”

“Why? What is it you want? I will send for it,” He asked while burying his face in my neck. My heart beats erratically at his words, something he picks up on instantly. A low purr emanates from him as he runs his nose up my neck to my jaw, forcing my head up as he scents my skin. Scenting any deception, I couldn’t bring myself to lie. Not for Peter, not for myself either.

Kyson stayed, and even though his scent reeked of whiskey from last night, which should have made me wary, I told him the truth.

“I was going to see Peter’s grandparents. Peter told me something, and I wanted to ask,”

“No!” He growled cutting me off.

“Wait. You haven’t even let me explain.”

“I don’t care what Peter said! It won’t save him from me and you won’t change my mind either! Whatever game he has played that has made you curious and feeling guilty won’t be entertained. The answer is no, Azalea,” Kyson says, and my stomach sinks. I needed answers. I just wanted answers.

Kyson nudges me toward the door, but my feet remain planted. “Azzy, please.

I don’t want to fight with you, not when you have only just come back to me.”

“Then don’t make me,” I tell him. Kyson growls and pinches the bridge of his nose, his eyes squeezing shut, and jaw hard, and I watch the hair on his arms stand on end as he fights with himself.

He was fighting a war within himself not to drag me to the room and lock me in. He didn’t want that but felt he had no choice.

“Please,” I asked. I didn’t want to go against him, but I needed to know.

“What for? What did he say to you that made you feel sorry for him?” Kyson demanded.

“I want answers about his parents. About why he did it,”

“He did it because he is a f*****g monster!” Kyson screamed at me before punching the bench. He growled, his entire body tensing as he stared down at his hand and the bowl he smashed under it.

“I ask, and you say no. I go, and I get punished for it. You don’t leave me many choices, Kyson,” I tell him while reaching for a tea towel. I wet it while he picks the glass out when the door creaks open.

“Out! She is fine. I won’t f*****g hurt her!” Kyson snarls at whoever it is before the door creaks shut.

“I woke up, and you were b****y gone and you went to the person responsible for k*****g our baby! So no, I don’t want you running around after him,” Kyson snarls.

I reach for his hand and start cleaning it. The way he said it made me sound stupid for wanting answers. Kyson watches me and turns his hand over, and I pick another thick shard from the side of his palm. He hisses, and I drop it on the bench, applying pressure to it, knowing he would heal quickly.

“I need to go, Kyson,” I whispered. Whether or not he agreed, I would find a way to go. He mutters something lyrics don’t catch, and I go to chuck the tea towel in the laundry out the back when he captures my wrist.

I look at him, and his jaw is clenched, though his grip is gentle. “Will you sneak off?” he asks me. “If I say no.

Will you go behind my back?” he asked.

“Don’t ask me questions if you know the answer already. Don’t make me feel like I need to lie to you.”

“I want to know why?” he asks.

“He said Ester is his mother, that the dagger he stabbed me with was his father. I want to know who his father is,”

“Why does it matter? He is a monster and he is lying. Ester never had a kid,”

“Are you sure?” I asked him, and he seemed to think.

“Even if she is, it changes nothing. He f*****g hurt you! K*****d our baby! It won’t stop me from k*****g him,”

“Kyson!”

“No! He will pay for what he has done!”

“Then come with me! Come with me, and I won’t have to go behind your back,” I tell him in a last-ditch effort, knowing that this was going in two directions. Him dragging me to the room, kicking and screaming, or me going behind his back.

Kyson growls and stares at me, but I hold my ground. Why couldn’t he see that I needed to do this? Needed to be at peace with this?

“I take you, and you will stop this? Will you stop defending him?”

“I can’t promise that. I don’t know what we will find.”

“Find what? What are you looking for? He’s guilty! The dagger in your stomach is enough proof of that!” he screams. I didn’t answer because I had no idea what I was looking for. I just wanted answers, something to make sense. Kyson, noticing my silence, sucks in a breath, his chest heaving as he panted, trying to calm the fury writhing inside him.

I moved on instinct and wrapped my arms around his waist. He sighs, calming instantly, and presses his lips to my head. His anguish came out in anger, something I was identifying.

“I’ll take you, but we leave if I don’t like what they have to say.” I look up at him, resting my chin on his chest.

“You don’t leave my side. You don’t argue if I say we are leaving.” I chewed my lip but nodded my head, and he dipped his head lower, pinching my chin.

“And you eat first,” he purrs, brushing his nose along mine. “Then I will take you to see them. Just don’t hide things from me.”

“Then that should go both ways, Kyson. You don’t want me hiding things from you, so don’t be a hypocrite and hide stuff from me.”

“Come then. You can’t go in the robe. Were you really going to wear that to town?”

“It smells like you,” I admit, and he kisses my hair, tugging me toward the door. We ate, and both got dressed, and Kyson, true to his word, took me into town.

He pulled up at an old cottage just on the outskirts of the forest when we heard banging from inside and things being smashed about as I climbed out of the car. Kyson instantly stuffs me back inside, and Liam growls before stalking off toward the cottage, just as Trey bursts from the doors, covered in blood. A man rushed out behind him b****y. I gasp at the sight, shocked to find Trey here.

“Trey?” Kyson asks, looking at him, and I climb out of the car. Trey clutched his hair and snarled, pacing back and forth before stopping when a woman rushed out, grabbing the older man by the arm. The woman reminded me of Ester, though she only looked to be in her forties. Then again, Lycan genes made looks deceiving. She clutches her chest when she spots Liam and Kyson in her driveway.

“What is going on here?” Kyson demands, and the woman looks at Trey, who falls on his a*s on the ground.

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“He’s my son!” she says, making all of us freeze. My eyes widen, and Kyson looks between the couple and Trey. Liam does the same, yet my eyes go to Trey.

“Ester, is your sister?” I asked him.

“That s**t is not my f*****g sister!” he growls menacingly, and Kyson roars back at him. Trey drops his head before baring his neck to me. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to speak that way to you, Azalea,” Trey murmurs.

“Okay... Well, I am f*****g lost here! Not what I thought you were going to say. Not gonna lie, but when I saw you burst through those d**n doors, I, for a whole second, believed Peter was your son and that you never knew.”

Liam says, and Trey puts his head in his hands.

“He isn’t, though. Right? Because that’s a little f****d up. And b****y gross, man. Not that I am judging or anything, but... F**k it! Yeah, I am judging,” Trey growls, glaring at Liam while my head is spinning, trying to figure it out.

“Is that what it is? Did you f**k your sister? Or is this b***h lying?” Liam asks, nudging his head at the woman.

Kyson just kept staring back and forth.

My neck was hurting from doing the same as I tried to figure it out myself.

“I did not f**k that w***e!” Trey growls.

“Wait! So Ester is your sister?!” Kyson snaps.

“She is not my sister!” Trey snarls.

“Will someone tell me what is going on here?” Kyson snarls, finding himself caught up in the drama. I moved toward Trey, but Kyson’s arm wrapped around my waist, stopping me as he pulled me against him.

“No. You remain by my side. I won’t be taking chances with your life,” he whispers. Trey glares at the woman on the small veranda when the woman speaks as she steps down the steps and onto the grass.

“Trey is my son,,” she says, and Kyson looks at Trey, and he nods.

“How?” is all Kyson says.

“My father raised me. My father was a Landeena guard,” Trey says, glaring at the man who was beside the woman.

“She is my mother and it turns out Peter is my nephew. I am Ester’s half-brother and that p***k isn’t my father!” Trey snarls.

“If I were you, you wouldn’t be a disrespectful little s**t! I would’ve beaten that attitude out of you when you were younger. You dare come in here mouthing off and demanding answers we don’t f*****g have! We don’t see Ester. She has nothing to do with us.” The man sneers.

“And where is Ester? Does anyone know?” I asked. The couple look at each other but both shrug.

“Liam, go find her and bring her to the castle,” Kyson says, although something else played on my mind.

Why haven’t they come looking for Peter? Did they care so little for him?

I place my hand on Kyson’s chest and look at him, and he sighs.

“My mate wants to ask you both some questions, though now I have a few of my own,” Kyson says, looking at Trey.

“I will put on a pot of tea, My King,” “Trey will make it. I don’t trust you,” I tell them. They look outraged at my words.

“I suppose that is understandable after what that mutt did,” the man says, and I raise an eyebrow at his words. Mutt? He would call his grandson a mutt?

“Brennon! Quiet! Go clean yourself up,” The woman hisses at him, and he growls at her but storms inside, and so does Trey. “Hands to yourselves in there,” Kyson snarls out

the order, his aura erupting out, and his grip on me tightens when I nearly give way under it, not expecting it.

The woman across from us is brought to her knees under the weight of it, and the man dropped in the doorway of his house. Trey growls and grits his teeth.

He nods, and Kyson releases him, and Trey walks inside.

“Don’t you drop on me. My side, not my feet,” Kyson growls, kissing my temple and holding me tighter. The man was fighting it when Kyson added more weight to it. He screams, rolling onto his back.

“Submit Brennon, you old fossil,” Kyson growls. Brennan whimpers, then yelps before giving in to the order.

Kyson releases him, and the woman on the ground is panting for air. She bares her neck to Kyson, and he growls but lets her up. She dusts her hands off on her brown apron.

Brennan, however, sits up, leaning against the doorframe, trying to catch his breath. “P***k like your father,”

“Wrong, Brennon. I am so much worse than him. Test me again, and you’ll find out how much worse!” Kyson snarls, leading me to the verandah.

“I’m Mavis, dear. It is lovely to finally put a face to the name,” the woman says as she shows us to a small outside setting. I went to sit down when Kyson tugged me on his lap farther away from the couple as they took their seats.

“Why didn’t you come looking for Peter?” I asked.

“He got himself in trouble. Broke the law, and went against everything we believe in,” Brennan says, nodding to Kyson.

“Brennon was oathed to my father. A personal guard,”

“Correct, and the boy broke a sacred law. A few of them in fact. Therefore, I accept the fate coming to him,” Brennan says. Mavis looks at her hand and she says nothing.

“You would let him d*e?” I asked.

“Yep! I’d k**l the little s**t myself if the King asks,” Brennan states.

“I can handle the boy myself,” Kyson says, and Brennan nods once. I swallowed. It sounded so cruel. Would no one fight for him? Though the woman’s eyes were glassy, she remained quiet and submissive to her mate.

“And Trey?” I asked just as he came out.

“Oh, mum got around, didn’t you, ma?” Trey snarls, dropping a tray on the table. Brennan growls, his eyes glaring daggers at Trey.

“Watch your tongue, boy!” he sneers.

“Why? The apple doesn’t fall far from the tree. Mum was w***e. Ester was a w***e...”

“Enough.” Kyson warns, and Trey presses his lips in a line.

“Oh, will you stop it? I never wanted you or your twin. Get over it. I was young and stupid, yet still, you blame me. Your father wasn’t my mate. What did you expect? I brought some other man’s b*****d twin’s home with me?” she asked. Wow, I thought. This woman was a piece of work. Trey shakes his head and clucks his tongue.

“No. I am glad dad raised us. His mate was my mother and worthy of the title. You, are pathetic!” Trey spits at her.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 183 – Kyson POV

Everything was slipping out of my control. We got little information from Ester’s parents. They had no idea who fathered Peter. They said he was dropped on their doorstep with a letter from Ester saying to look after him.

Azalea remained quiet on the trip home, I had no idea what she was hoping to find by going there, we only left with more questions and Trey glared out the window. Liam looked everywhere for Ester, but no one had seen her. Though her boss, at the grocer, that she was apparently now working at, said she left in a hurry, making me suspicious of her.

Azalea turned to look at me as the gates came into view. She knew his grandparents sealed his fate though why she wanted to save him after what he did was not comprehensible to me.

When we arrived back at the Castle, I asked Liam to take Azalea back to our room. She glances at me but doesn’t fight me, usually she would, her eyes search mine for a second as if she was trying to read me. I was prepared for that so I blocked her out. I could see she wanted to ask, but she remained tight-lipped and opened the door. Trey moves to get out of the car and I look at him, my hand gripping his shoulder.

“Stay where you are,” I tell him, watching out the window to make sure Liam and Azalea are gone. When they are, I let him go.

“Why didn’t you tell me Ester was your sister?” I asked him.

“She is not my sister!” Trey snarls and shakes his head.

“By blood she is your half sister,” I tell him.

“Not by choice. I should have k****d her back in Landeena.” Trey growls.

“You have a twin. Is it possible he is the father?” I asked. Though something was niggling at me, I just didn’t want to admit it.

“We aren’t f*****g inbred!” Trey says, turning in the passenger seat to look at me.

“She wanted to leave her parents, not that I blame her. You have seen her parents. Her mother let it slip that she had brothers, and she came to us. We took her in. That was the worst mistake of my d**n life.”

“How long ago was that?”

“Nearly 16 years ago,”

“Peter is 15. Is it possible his father was from Landeena?” Trey says nothing.

“Was she pregnant when she arrived?” Trey shakes his head.

“No, she wasn’t. I didn’t even know she was pregnant. She left a few months before the a****k,”

“Was she with anyone when she was with you?” I asked.

“She is f*****g w***e.” Trey snarls.

“You know I plan on k*****g Peter, right? Will that cause issues with you and me?” Trey shakes his head.

“If you want, I will do it for you,” he says, his eyes cold and the hatred he had I couldn’t understand.

“And Ester?”

“She’s d**d to me.” he says while gritting his teeth.

"I want Peter out of the picture, and I feel Azalea will fight me on it. Liam has taken her to our room. Will you have the stomach for it or should I ask Gannon?"

"As I said, I will do it for you." Trey answers like k*****g his nephew was nothing to him. Yet the same thing still gnawed beneath my skin.

"Good. Because we are going to the cells while Liam distracts Azalea," I tell him. Trey nods, not that it would change my decision. As long as he didn't outright state it, I haven't broken no laws.

"One last question," I say as he opens the door. Trey pauses and looks at me.

"Are you sired to Peter?" I ask him.

"No, no, I am not," he answers.

"Is there a chance I will be committing treason?" I ask him.

"With Garrett, there is always that chance," he says the words rolling off his tongue venomously. His words confused me because if he is sired to the Landeena bloodline, how come Peter doesn't fall under that sire? I had so many questions, or maybe that was proof he wasn't Garret's. I knew he wasn't mine. I only slept with her twice, and that was in a drunken stupor after my sister died.

Peter's paternity was bothersome. Werewolves you could tell by scent when they were related. Lycans, each of us had our own unique scent. It wasn't so straightforward.

If only it was the same as werewolves, but even they had their own unique scent to us, only slight variances that gave away when they were family. It would come in handy right now, and if our scents mingled like Werewolves did, then I might have realized Trey and Ester were siblings. However, I was curious as to what she did that made him hate her. Yet I had something to take care of and I would get answers to this sibling rivalry and the sire stuff later to see how deep it runs.

We climbed out of the car, yet as I approached the castle, I could hear arguing in the corridor. It was Azalea, and she turned her glare on me the moment I entered the hall.

"No! You think I can't feel your intentions, Kyson? We need to speak to Ester first. I won't let you hurt him." she snarls and I stop; she couldn't be serious? That boy k*****d our baby.

"I wasn't asking your permission. I told you nothing would get in the way of me k*****g him." I answer.

"He is a boy! Ester should ..."

“Ester isn’t here, she doesn’t get a say,” I cut her off while turning my attention to Liam.

“Grab him and bring him to me,” Liam rushed off, and I turned to Trey.

“Lock her in the room and wait until Liam returns. Then come down ...”

“What? No! I won’t let you do this!” Azalea says, stepping away from Trey as he tries to grab her.

“Azzy, go to the room.” I tell her, but she shakes her head, avoiding Trey’s reaching hands.

“No!” she says slapping Trey’s hands away. I nod to him and he grabs her, tossing her over his shoulder.

“Put me down! You’re sired to me, not f****g him Trey!” She screams, smacking into him and palming him in the head.

“I’m sired to protect you. And you don’t want to witness his d***h,” Trey tells her.

She thrashes on his shoulder and he starts walking toward our ward and Clarice steps out of a room on the side as he storms past her.

“Kyson, please! He is just a boy,” Clarice murmurs, rushing over to me.

“What is with you and her defending him?” I snarled.

“Because no one else is. Not his family. No one,” Clarice says.

“He k****d my baby, and nearly k****d my mate! Your Queen!” I snap at her and she flinches just as Liam comes out of the kitchen down the hall. Trey turned toward the stairs, but not fast enough before she saw him.

“Please! Please Azalea, I didn’t mean it! I didn’t mean it!” Peter cries, dragging his feet and thrashing. Liam snarls and I hear Trey grunt before Azalea lunges at Liam but Trey grabs her around the waist, ripping her back.

“No! No, Kyson!” she wails. What was wrong with her? This monster k****d her baby and she will fight for the b****d.

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I felt her order from the end of the corridor, like a shock wave as it burst from her.

“Let me go!” she commanded and Trey did, dropping her under the command.

“You will not k**l him! Not until I have spoken to Ester. Unhand him Liam!” she orders and Liam groans, fighting her command, but ultimately she takes him down, even from all the way back there. I grit my teeth, this is the last thing I needed, for her to find her d**n power over that little mutt!

Peter goes to run but I grip the back of shirt and rip him toward me and he screams, the sound hurting my ears.

Clarice whimpers and so do the guards and staff present as I toss him out the doors. He hit the ground and slid across it before getting to his feet and running.

“Freeze!” I ordered. And he does instantly, straining against the command as I moved toward him.

“I warned you, Azalea, that I was doing this. So if you want to watch it, so be it,” I tell her, stalking towards him.

Azalea attacks me, her hands grabbing me and she clutches my arms and I spin and grab her face.

Her face drenched in tears, her desperation shining back at me. “He k****d our baby. He almost k****d you,” I tell her and her eyes flick to him and her Lycan side flickers, her eyes burning brighter before dimming in defeat.

“Please, don’t make me do this,” she whispers.

“I’m not making you do anything. Just go inside,” I tell her. She shakes her head.

“We lost our baby,” she says and I nod, closing my eyes.

“That doesn’t mean we should lose ourselves. We aren’t child killers. We aren’t monsters. Ester should be able to say goodbye at the very least,” she whispers. How could she say that? Peter never gave her that opportunity.

My eyes open and her lip quivers as more tears spill over. I wipe them with my thumbs and kiss her forehead, and she whimpers. She knows she wasn’t changing my mind.

“Go inside” I tell her, letting her go and she crumples to the ground.

"No! No, no, no, please! Please!" Peter begged, but he was frozen under my command when I heard a scream. I turned to Azalea, thinking it was her.

Azalea was still on the ground sobbing when her head, turns to the side.

"Mum!" Peter screams and I turn to see Ester just at the gates.

Instead of looking at her son, she was looking at Azalea. Trey rushes out the doors with a ferocious growl. Ester jumps when Azalea stands with a speed. I was surprised she didn't faint from the motion. She tosses her hand out in Trey's direction and her command and power blasts out of her.

"Stop!" she roared, and Trey was thrown back against the doors as if hit with the weight of force field. Her command sent shock waves through me and if it was directed at me, she would have dropped me. Her eyes glowed brighter than ever, taking on an eerie look, an almost white light. They burned so brightly that it hurt my eyes to look at her.

Trey smashed against the doors, ripping one door off by the hinges completely as it crashed down beneath him. He grunted, and I sat up, shocked. I knew the Landeena's had power, and had seen the way her father cheated in the trials. His command had the power to k**l, and she had now just awoken it.

One thing that terrified me the most, and she finally realized what I was hiding from her. Her gaze goes to mine, just as Ester drops to her knees at her feet. I swallowed guiltily, and she didn't take her eyes from me, not even as Ester begged.

"Please! It's not his fault! K**l me. Please, let me take his place," Ester pleads, and Azalea pulls her gaze from me.

She was furious, and her entire body trembled with anger so hot I worried she would set the castle on fire with it.

The history books always told of the Landeena Power and looking at her I realized she held her father's power and her mothers, she would now be a force of nature, no one could contend against a Landeena and she was born of not one gifted bloodline but two. Both Landeena and Azure.

Azure the powerful, Azure the pure, Azure the great. The History books read. Azalea was also Landeena. Their history books read similarly. Landeena the blessed, Landeena the beholder of divine power, Landeena our salvation, Landeena the empress and now she had awoken it. Now she possessed what was suppressed, and I knew without a doubt that I had some answering to do. And now she had awoken it, the entire werewolf, Lycan and Hunters communities would be after her.

But first I had to take care of Peter before she turned it on me. Shifting, she would struggle to hold power long enough to contain my beast, so I gave in to it, let that side take control. My claws slashed down Peter's face.

Ester screamed, and I moved to break his neck. My fingers wrapped around his throat when Ester's words stopped me, and so did Azalea's command.

"He is a Landeena!" Ester screams simultaneously as Azalea orders me to stop. Though, her shock had her dropping the command long enough for me to grip his throat tighter and cut his air off, before I am frozen under it again. My head pounding to the force of it as I tried to fight it; she could overthrow me. However, she was using power she had no idea how to wield, and it would be straining on her until she learned to harness it correctly.

I growled, turning to Ester. "He has immunity! He is King Garret's son!" Ester cries, clutching onto Azalea's pants.

"Please! He is your brother! He's your half brother, please!" she begs, and I s*****w, look down at Peter's, my hands trembling as I squeeze his neck.

"Let him go." Azalea says, her voice trembled, her eyes flicking toward me.

I growl at her and her eyes blaze with anger, and her next words slammed against me with the force of a freight train.

"Let him go. I have lost my child and I will not witness another lose hers! Let him go!" She commands, with tears trekking down her face yet her words were clear and unwavering.

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"I would do anything to be able to have kept my baby. You have a chance to hold yours. I will never get that chance. Your son took it from me. However, I would never wish that on any mother even after what you have both done," she looks at Peter.

"Go to your mother Peter," Azalea whispers. Her command overrode mine easily, and he rushed to her, falling at her feet and Ester clutched him tightly. When Trey roared, getting to his feet.

Azalea turns to face him. His anger forced his shift as he lunged at his sister and Peter. Ester shifts taking on her brother to stop him from getting to her son. Azalea just stares at them before turning and walking off, looking defeated, and that's all I felt through the bond too. Her defeat, pain, anguish and grief when Ester tosses Trey aside and snarls, baring her teeth at her brother before they both lunged at each other, ripping each other apart.

Peter screamed for his mother and I felt Azalea stop and glance at them while Peter sobbed on the ground. I tried to piece together what was happening and what wasn't happening.

She was defending the boy she refused to acknowledge, fighting her own brother for him.

Trey swings at her, his claws slashing her face when she ducks, and she stumbles back before he pounces on her, intending to k**l her only for her to kick him off.

"All of this is your fault! Your f*****g fault because you kept throwing yourself at his feet! You knew you were hurting her! You f*****g knew who she was to me," Trey snarled, getting to his feet and stalking toward her.

"And then you decide to keep his b*****d!" Trey snarls.

"I loved him!" Ester screams back at him only to receive a kick to the stomach that sent her hurdling toward the gate with a c***h.

"He used you and you nearly k****d her for it! You nearly k****d my f*****g mate!" Trey said, grabbing her throat.

He slams her Lycan form on the ground, her head crashing into the ground when Peter jumps on his back, only to be swatted away like a fly by Trey. Yet, once again, I was confused.

"She didn't want you, you idiot! She married the p***k. Then you let him sire you to their daughter just to stay near her. You did the same thing, Trey! How is me loving him any different from you loving Tatiana?" Ester screams at him.

"I was her mate! You were his w***e!" Trey screams when Azalea's voice reaches my ears.

"Enough," she says softly and everyone freezes and I watch as she sways on her feet, Liam grips her arm holding her steady but her legs go out from under her. Trey tosses his sister to get to her, just as I reach her.

"You awoke it, and you burned yourself out." Trey tells her, clutching her face as I scoop her up in my arms.

"My head hurts," she whispers, rubbing her temples. Trey goes to touch her again, but I snarl at him and I turn to look for Ester. But she was gone and had fled with Peter. Although now hundreds of faces peered back at us from behind the gate. I gulp. They would have felt her power, though life didn't think they would get here so quickly. Armored up, swords in their hands, Landeena swords, they came to fight for her.

"Find them. And bring them back," I tell Trey and Liam, as Cedric walked through the gates, his armor holding the Landeena crest.

Liam and Trey, watch him warily as he approached Trey. He holds out his hands out to Trey with the Azure sword, her mother's sword in his hands. He kneels before Azalea in my arms and Trey looks down at Azalea in my arms. Cedric was tethered to me, the rest of the Landeena Lycans were tethered to him, and I knew what he wanted and snarled at the thought, but held her hand out anyway for him to run his blade across her palm, her eyes glowed like beacons as the steel sliced her.

"You won't hurt them, any of them," Azalea whispers, fighting to remain conscious in my arms.

"You do and I won't forg..." she collapses in my arms, going completely limp and Trey grips her wrist, bringing her palm to my lips to stem her bleeding. I quickly run my tongue over the deep g**h, and Trey takes her hand, placing it against my chest.

"Bring them to the castle," I turn to Liam, and he nods, and I curse.

"Alive!" I add. F**k! I growl, turning my attention back to Cedric and the others, all on one knee, swords in their hands, though Cedric's sword was covered in her blood.

Cedric looks up at me, and I snarl, but his gaze holds steady. He was her father's former Beta. Though he was far too old now to maintain that title so she would have to choose another, eventually.

"We revoke our allegiance to the Valkyrie Kingdom and pledge our allegiance to the Landeena Kingdom!" They all say in unison.

Cedric stands lifting the sword, all the others doing the same as they lifted their swords above their heads, one hand on the hilt while the other hand grabs the blade. They all wipe their hands down the blade, blood drenching them before they pledge simultaneously.

"We pledge our allegiance to Azalea Ivy Landeena, the Landeena Empress, the true Empress of the Kingdoms. I bleed for Landeena, I fight for Landeena, I d*e for Landeena, we are Landeena and our Empress has risen and so has the Landeena Guard. We pledge to serve and protect the rightful heir of Landeena." they drop their arms and fall to one knee, swords at their front before continuing.

“The Empress rises, we rise with her, and when she falls, we too shall fall,” they committed their lives to protect her, and I jolt as their tethers to me snapped and Azalea inhales deeply as they tether to her.

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