

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 212

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 212 Book2. Chapter 88 Kyson POV

“Sleep on the bed if you want. I promise I will remain here,” I tell him. Dustin shakes his head. Instead, follows me toward the couch. I retrieve my tablet and open it up and book before deciding to do something educational. Dustin stood there watching me, and I raised an eyebrow at him.

“You are supposed to be sleeping,” I tell him, patting the couch. He purses his lips.

“Don’t make me try to order you. It will probably just embarrass me when I can’t,” I chuckle, and his lips tug in the corners, but he reluctantly sits, and I chuck the throw blanket over him.

“Now, sleep,” I tell him.

“Yes, boss,” he laughed, closing his eyes. It didn’t take him long before he fell asleep, and after an hour, he fell sideways into me, his head resting in my lap while I was trying to work out how to do the strange letter in the book. It had a dash above it, but I couldn’t figure it out on the tablet. Giving up, I move to the following sentence when Damian comes in, and I hold a finger to my lips, pointing to Dustin asleep.

“He should be on guard,” Damian growls, and I growl back at him.

“Thirty-six hours he has been rostered on for,” I snap at him, and he seems taken aback.

“No, Trey is his relief,” Damian says, looking at Dustin.

“Trey was here earlier. Dustin didn’t trust him and sent him off.” Damian seemed confused but sighed.

“Fine, I will speak with Dustin when he wakes; I brought your lunch up,” Damian says, passing me a plate. I sit my plate on the arm of the armchair.

“The King?”

“In a foul mood,” Damian says. He straightened his black shirt, which had bread crumbs on it from the sandwich he had made me.

“Can you take me to see-” Damian holds up a hand, cutting me off?

"I know what you are going to ask. The answer is no, I have to go with the King to check out something. We will be gone for a few hours."

I huff, annoyed. "The King said he would take you on the weekend. He will, Azalea, just be patient,"

"I can't be patient when I know she is in trouble,"

"The King said she was fine,"

"It was an act!" I growl, becoming angry. Why won't they believe me?

"My Queen, I don't know what else to say, The King--"

"Yeah, the King said," I growl, glaring at the plate.

"He has his reasons," Damian defends him and growls. If he has reasons, why not tell me those d**n reasons? I just want to see her, that's it. If she is fine, I will apologize for wasting his time, but until I do, I will keep pestering him because I know I am right!

I place my plate on the coffee table before carefully slipping out from under Dustin's head.

"Azalea?"

"No, he won't take me, fine! But there are plenty of others here who can," I tell him before stomping off out of the room. Excuses always an excuse.

Damian chases after me as I stalk down to the office, telling me I should leave him be. That he was in a mood! I roll my eyes and pull my arm from his grip when he tries to stop me from going into the office.

Pushing the door open, I stepped inside to find Kyson by the window. Whiskey in his hand. He looks at me and smiles, his eyes going over my shoulder as Damian steps in behind me, looking somewhat flustered.

"Everything okay?" Kyson asks.

"Yes, I was trying to take Azalea back to her room," Damian says, grabbing my arm, and Kyson snarls ferociously, making him let go. He shakes his head, and his eyes flicker. Damian backs away from me with his hands up. What is wrong with him?

"Can I speak to you, please?" I ask Kyson, who was glaring at Damian. Kyson turns his attention to me before waving me over and dismissing Damian. He glared at the door as it closed, and I approached him.

Kyson sits in the armchair, flopping heavily into it, his whiskey sloshing over the sides of his glass. I take it from him, placing it on the lamp table beside him just as Kyson grabbed me, hauling me onto his lap. He buries his face in my neck and starts purring, tugging my shirt up.

“Stop. I need to talk to you,” I tell him while pushing off his chest. He growls, ignoring me, fondling my breast and nipping my shoulder through my shirt. His skin was scorching.

“Are you alright?” I ask him, but he growls again, tugging at my clothes, trying to undress me. With a sigh and I speak, anyway.

“Damian said you were leaving for a few hours, so can you get one of your other guards to take me to see Abbie, or even Dustin could take me?” I ask him, pushing his face away that was currently buried in my neck.

“I will take you on the weekend,” he mumbles, licking my neck, his hands pawing at me. His grip was rough as he tugged and pulled me around.

“Kyson, stop. We will be quick straight there and back.”

“No, it is too far to go on your own on the weekend. End of discussion.” he snaps at me. I growl at him before shoving off him and standing up.

“Then Trey can come too?” I tell him.

“I said no!” he said snarled, his eyes flickering dangerously.

“Abbie never rang last night,” I tell him.

“She was probably busy,” and I roll my eyes. I storm off toward the door. Fine, I would go myself.

“Azalea?”

“If you don’t take me, I will go myself,” I tell him while walking toward the door. Had barely gripped the door handle when the sound of snapping bones reached my ears, and his hand fell on the door beside my head. The growl that ripped out of him made me spin around to face him.

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His Lost Lycan Luna (Kyson and Ivy)

Chapter 213

The sound was so deep and menacing it raised goosebumps all over my body. The hair on my head stood and an icy shiver slivered up my spine, making my stomach drop. The feeling rushed over me so quickly it was like I had jumped off a tall building. The plummet of my stomach as I came face to face with him in his Lycan form terrified me.

Kyson had gone, and a savage was in his place, his voice also a harsh growl as I stepped back and hit the door. His entire body shook with his anger. I suddenly understood why everyone feared the man; even when he tossed me aside, he wasn't this rage-filled. This was something else, entirely, as no part of him was human, a monster, primal and animalistic on a scale I had never seen before.

"Mine! You will submit-" His words cut off, and he blinks, shaking his head. His claws raking down the door behind me sounded like nails on a chalkboard. I grit my teeth, and he stumbles backward, looking shaken, like he had no control.

"Where is your guard?" he says, turning away from me and putting some distance between us.

"Outside," I lied, not wanting to get anyone in trouble, especially Dustin. Damian was angry enough at him earlier.

"You should go back to the room, Azalea,"

"But Abbie-"

"I said room, now go. I have to leave anyway,"

"Dustin and Trey,"

"I said no! Now get out!" he screamed at me, and I shook my head before turning on my heel and rushing out. Damian stood by the door and jumped when I came out before he sighed.

"I told you he was in a bad mood," Damian said, and I growled at him before stalking off down the corridor toward my room. Just as I reached the doors leading toward the stairs, they burst open, and Dustin crashed through them, looking frantic. The look of relief on his face when he spots me was evident as he clutched his knees, trying to catch his breath.

"You said you wouldn't leave!" he said, coming over to me.

“Sorry, I had Damian with me. I didn’t want to wake you,” I tell him, taking the arm that he offered me when Damian called after him.

“Dustin, a word,” I chew my lip, hoping I didn’t get him into trouble. Dustin sighs loudly but stops before walking back down the hall when Clarice comes up with the King’s lunch. She stops looking at Damian and Dustin, who are talking.

“Azalea, how are you feeling?” she asks, cupping my face with her hand. Before I could answer, I heard Dustin growl before yelling at Damian.

“F*****g b*****t!”

“It’s an order. You need sleep,” Damian snaps back at him.

“I will lock the door and sleep on the couch,”

“Trey is her other assigned guard. The King trusts him, and so do I,” Damian says.

“Get anyone else; I am telling you something is off with him,”

“Oh, for f**k’s sake, if this is over the assignment last year, are you still pissed about that? He proved he had nothing to do with sabotaging you,”

“No, it’s about her safety. I couldn’t give f**k about that. But-” Dustin argued back.

“What happened?” Clarice whispers to me, and I turn my attention back to her. “I’m not sure. Dustin keeps taking Trey’s shifts, said he doesn’t trust him,” I tell her when I hear a growl.

“Dustin cursed under his breath before stomping back over to me. “Come on,” he says, looking furious, and my brows pinch as he grips my elbow, leading me away from Clarice, who glanced at us confused.

“Are you alright?”

“Damian pulled me from shift for next 8 hours,”

“It’s fine. You need sleep,” I tell him as he pulls me up the stairs.

We made it back to the room in record time, with his long strides as he tugged me after him. “Slow down!” I tell him, stumbling on the top step. His hand gripping my arm was the only thing stopping me from falling.

“Sorry,” he says, leading me to the room. He pushed the door open.

“Just sleep; I will be fine,”

“Damian ordered me back to my room to ensure I sleep. Just be careful around him. I am setting the alarm and will speak to some other guards to keep an extra up here,” Dustin almost looked frantic.

“Don’t trust him, Azalea. Just stay in your room the moment I can come back; I will be here, just-” He curses, shaking his head.

“Make sure you keep the door locked. Promise me you won’t let him in here!” Dustin says, gripping my arms.

“Okay, I promise, I won’t let him in the room with me,” Not that I would; I barely knew Trey. So I doubted he would try to come in here, anyway.

“It’s fine. I will see if Clarice will stay with you while the King is gone; Gannon can’t be too much longer, surely,” Dustin mutters, rubbing his chin.

“I’ll be fine,” I tell him.

“You know where my room is, right? Wake me if you need me. You also have my number on the phone; just press number three, speed dials straight to my phone,” I nod, wondering if the lack of sleep was making him paranoid. He sighs before kissing my forehead and hugging me, something he had never done. “Don’t let yourself be alone with him,” he whispers before walking out when I nod. I watch him leave, wondering why he felt so strongly about Trey.

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His Lost Lycan Luna (Kyson and Ivy)

Chapter 214

Kyson POV

I had n idea what came over me; I almost attacked her. Her heat is still intense despite her no longer suffering its effects. I didn’t mean to snap at her, but I would have bent her over my desk if she didn’t leave. It took twenty minutes before I calmed enough to shift back. I snatch the bottle of whiskey off the lamp table and swig from it.

“You b****y idiot, are you trying to get yourself k****d!” I snap at him.

“I’m sorry, I thought you had control, or I wouldn’t have grabbed her,” I click my tongue and curse, shaking my head before tipping the bottle to my lips.

“Just let me explain to her,” Damian says and I shake my head. “No, I want her to give herself to me when she wants to, not because she feels forced because my life is at risk,” I tell him.

“Kyson?”

“The injection only lasts two days. We have some leeway. Azalea will change her mind,” I tell him, not so sure she would.

“And if she doesn’t?” I bite the inside of my lip.

“She will,”

“If she doesn’t, I tell her,” he snarls, and I growl at him.

“You d*e, then what? You let her live with that guilt. No one can protect her the way you do, Kyson. Think it through.”

“I don’t want her to feel obligated,” I tell him.

“I won’t let you d*e, and neither will she!” he snaps. Damian tosses me some pants and a shirt, realizing I was still naked. I take them, slipping them on and doing up the buttons. “We should leave. I want to get back before tomorrow,”

“We shouldn’t go, not while you’re like this,”

“Exactly why we are going. I am struggling to hold myself back. Now grab the keys. We are leaving,” I tell him, grabbing my wallet off the desk and stuffing it into my pocket. I push the doors open and walk out toward the front of the castle. I needed to be away from her for a little while, just until I got these urges under control.

However, when I reach the door, I stumble, vertigo washing over me, and the room tilted and slanted, making me stumble. My hand goes out, catching myself on the wall before I pass out. A cold sweat causes sweat to bead on the back of my neck.

Everything telling me to hurt my mate. When Damian grips my upper arm, I blink, trying to force the effects away.

“We should stay,” he murmurs, but I shake his hand off. “I’m fine, we will be gone only 12 hours max, plenty of time, and by the time we get back, the m*****n should be nearly worn off,” I tell him.

Damian growls disapprovingly but says nothing as long start walking out.

“Gannon is on his way back. He should be here before we get back.” Damian assures me.

Azalea POV

An hour passed when I heard a knock on the door. I looked toward it before hearing the handle twist, but not open.

“My Queen?” Trey called out from the other side of the door. I worried my lip between my teeth as I got to my feet and walked over to the door. I twisted the lock and cracked it open to peer out the door.

“Clarice said to come down to have afternoon tea. The King doesn’t trust anyone to bring your food to you, so you will sit with Clarice,” Trey tells me, and I nod, slipping out the door. I followed behind him as he led me toward the kitchens. Once I stepped in, Clarice made some sandwiches and smiled warmly at me before wiping her hands on her blue apron.

“I have got everything out. You can see it all sealed,” she says, pointing to the jams and spreads, and I nod before grabbing a butter knife. Clarice hands Trey a salad sandwich while I make myself a jam one.

“I know the jam is probably not what you had in mind, but Kyson doesn’t want you eating anything unless he or Damian prepared it,” Clarice tells me, and I nod before taking a bite of my sandwich. I started packing the spread and bread away while Clarice fussed I shouldn’t be cleaning. Ignore her before we all stand in awkward silence. Clarice kept glancing at Trey, and so did I after what Dustin told me. He must have noticed the tension because he swallowed down a bite of the sandwich Clarice made.

“What? Do I have food on my face?” Shaking my head, I turn my attention to Clarice, who also seemed a little stiff.

“Want to help me outside?” Clarice asked. Smiling, I nodded. Anything was better than wasting away in the room.

“The King wants her to remain in her room,” Trey says with a shrug.

“I will deal with the King. He has no reason to worry,” Clarice chimes in before I say anything.

“Yeah, I told Damian that when I took over from Dustin. Not like she can drive on out here to go after her friend.” Trey chuckles. Clarice’s eyebrows furrow at his words, and so do mine.

“I can’t drive,” I tell him.

“Exactly, and only one way out is to drive out the front gates. Unless you used the back exit, but no one goes down there, the road is too rough,” he laughed.

Clarice sets her sandwich down on her plate and places a hand on her hip. "What?"

'Are you trying to give her ideas?" Clarice asked, raising an eyebrow at him.

"What? No, of course not. And she said it herself she couldn't drive. Besides, there are guards at the front gate. She would never get past them. I was just saying he was worrying for no reason!" Trey says, sighing heavily.

The tension in the room becomes thick between them as they stare at each other. "Is everything okay?" Trey asked, glancing at us before he sighed.

"Is this about me taking over from Dustin? I swear I had nothing to do with that. I get you don't like me, but I would never place you in harm's way, my Queen. Dustin and I just have history," Trey says. And my brows pinch.

"Pardon?" I ask.

"Ah, I probably shouldn't say,"

"Well, you can't say that and not say it now, can you?" Clarice says.

Trey glances between us both and rolls his eyes.

"Dustin used to have a thing for me. I knocked him back. Straight," He points to himself.

"Anyway, we had the competitor trials last spring for the guard position. Dustin blamed me for sabotaging him by setting the clock back, so he missed the trials and didn't make the cut," Trey says.

"Ah, yes, I remember that caused quite a stir."

"Well, did you?" I ask him.

"What? No, of course not. He forgot to put his phone on daylight savings time. He slept through the trial."

"What are the trials for?" I ask Clarice.

"Just a competitor thing between the guards, makes them compete each year for ranking within the royal guard," Clarice clarifies.

"Yeah, I don't understand why he blamed me. Nobody could beat his track time anyway from the year before or any of his scores, so his job was never in jeopardy," Trey shrugs.

“He holds the record?” I asked. “Yeah, there is a reason he is your personal guard? He even beat Damian’s record one year. Damian got it back, obviously. But it still shocked everyone. Especially with Damian’s Beta genes.” Trey states. I chuckle, happy for Dustin. Although I never pictured Dustin to be so competitive, then again, he looked like he lived in a gym and was the most observant out of all the guards I had. Also, the most protective. Interesting.

“Want to help me garden?” Clarice asks. Grabbing my plate, I place it in the sink.

“She right with you for a few minutes. I want to go use the bathroom,” Trey asks Clarice.

“Of course,” Clarice says. She leads me outside. We spent the afternoon gardening, all while my thoughts remained troubled as I worried about Abbie. When the sky started to change color to orange and soft pinks, Trey led me back to my room. Once again, Abbie never rang. Yet all I kept thinking about was that back exit he spoke about. Rummaging around the room, lyrics find some maps and try to read them, chewing my lip.

I glance at the door, wondering if I could trick Trey into showing me on the map.

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Pushing the door open, I pop my head out before wandering over to him. He instantly straightens. “Everything okay, my Queen,” he asks.

“Do you know where Alpha Kade’s pack is?” I want to post a parcel to Abbie.” I tell him.

“You want to post a parcel?” he asks. I nod, biting my lip. He takes the map from me.

“Ah yeah, here, but you need her address, not just the suburb. Do you know the address?” he asks me. I shake my head.

“You can use street view; I can show you if you want.”

“Street view?” I ask, having never heard of it before.

“On G****e, you type an address on the maps on the phone. You can pull up a street view of it. You would be able to see the Pack house,”

“The Phone has maps?” I ask him. He nods, holding his hand out for the phone.

“Yep, like a Navman, will even tell you how to get there, may I? I will show you,” He says. I glance at the phone in my hand before passing it to him. Trey fiddles with it before pulling up some apps, and maps pop up. He then types in the address and goes

to some link, and I see a picture of the Pack house, which was a huge white mansion with fountains out the front.

“That’s where Abbie is?” I ask him.

“Technology is pretty cool, huh,” he laughs. I nod.

“Oh, Dustin told me he will be up soon. He got permission from Damian to return to his post.” Trey tells me. “I hope he slept.” I murmured to myself.

“Yes, hopefully, he will be in a better mood,” Trey laughs. And I nod before wandering back into the room. I lock the door before racing around. I grab a jacket before glancing at the door, being careful not to bump the phone and get out of the address. Stopping next to the door, I listen for any movement before going to the window. I push the window up and peer out into the setting sun. Looking at the side of the window, I tug on the vines to see if they would hold me before wondering what my chances of not breaking something were when I notice a drain pipe at the next window over. Closing this one, I move to the next. I chuck the phone in my pocket before throwing a leg out the window.

My heart pumped frantically as I pulled myself to sit on the edge of the windowsill. I gulp, looking at the drop. My hands shook as I gripped the copper pipe. Minutes pass before I finally build the courage to let the pipe take my weight. When the pipe doesn’t pull away, I sigh before slowly descending it until I get a safe enough distance from the ground to jump. I do.

Once down on the ground safely, I did a happy dance looking at the window I escaped from, which was cut short when I heard a guard’s voice and raced around the corner and hid.

I knew the road Trey mentioned, but I thought it was a d**d end. Making my way to the garage behind the stables. I peer in the glass window on the side door to see if anyone is in there. Finding no one, I twist the handle and rush to a sleek-looking black car. Tugging the handle, I am relieved to find it unlocked and quickly climb in before looking for the keys which were tucked under the visor. They fell on my lap, and I look at the steering wheel.

“I could do this, I can do this!” I whisper, trying to figure out where the key went. Finding the ignition, I jam the key in and twist. The sound makes me jump when it makes a weird noise from holding the key on for too long. I duck behind the steering wheel, worried someone might hear. I sit up, putting my seatbelt on when no one comes. The car goes nowhere when I put my foot on the pedal. I push on it harder, still nothing, before I glance down to see what I was doing wrong and find something strange between the seats.

I briefly remember seeing the driver once fiddling with it. I squeezed the button and moved it, forgetting my foot was on the pedal, and the car flew backward and hit another vehicle behind me when I jammed my foot on the other pedal. "Whoops," the alarm blares, and I panic, moving the stick thing again only for the car to jerk forward. How do people do this? I growl, pulling it back again, only to hit the car again. On the plus side, the alarm turned off.

Moving it again, I take my foot off the accelerator and slowly press it, and the car moves forward toward the open roller door. As I put my foot down, my heart lurched into my throat, and the car lurched forward. I take it off, easing it on and scraping the brick wall as I leave the garage. I clench my teeth at the noise. The phone person tells me I am off route and to move back to a road as I follow the dirt track at the back.

My hands shook as I moved out into the open to see guards running in my direction, and I floor it only to jam on the brake, trying to navigate the dirt path.

Hearing a tap on the window, I jump and see Dustin walking beside the car. He points to the buttons on the door handle. I press them. The roof opens up, and the window rolls down as I frantically jabbed buttons.

"This would have to be the worst getaway I have witnessed, also the slowest; I can walk faster," He laughs, and I growl, ignoring him, the car moving at a snail's pace.

"Azalea?"

"I am going to get Abbie!" I tell him. Dustin looks toward the guards. He waves them off. He clicks his tongue, walking beside the slow-moving car.

"He is going to k**l me, anyway. Stop and move over. He would be home long before leaving the driveway at this speed," He says, and I look at him.

"Hurry before I change my mind," he says, and I jam on the brakes.

He reaches into the window, moving the thing in the middle, putting it on the P.

"Move, go on climb over," he says pointing to the passenger seat.

"Really?" I ask him.

"Well, you will keep trying to leave, and if you are going to, I would rather be with you," he says, opening the door.

"The guards?"

"I will tell them I am teaching you to drive. Clearly, you need teaching. Kyson will m****r you. This is his favorite car. It never leaves the garage, although I am glad you didn't

pick the one next to it because that one is mine," he laughs, and my face falls as he peers up the side of the car.

"If he is going to k**l us, might as well before something worth d***g for, right?" He asks. I nod, and I climb into the passenger seat. He gets in and glances at me.

"Put your seatbelt on," He says, and I do. He shakes his head before continuing along the path but at a quicker speed.

"We have an hour before one of them mind links to find out I am full of s**t, and not teaching you to drive," Dustin says as we reach the road far from the castle view. He floors it, shoving me back in my seat, and whistles as the engine screams as he tore onto the street.

"Now, let's find Abbie," Dustin says.