

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 226

His Lost Lycan Luna (Kyson and Ivy)

chapter 226

His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 102

Kyson POV

We were just sitting down and going over everything we knew. There were piles and piles of documents scattered across my desk between Damian, Cedric, and me as we tried to piece together this puzzle when I got an email from Crux just as it hit dinner time.

I was waiting for Gannon to arrive; he was waiting for Abbie to take Tyson from him so he could come down and help us. Tyson was being fussy and refused to go to Clarice earlier, so he had been stuck in his room waiting for her to return

“Crux sent the tracking information,” I tell Damian, who immediately comes over to peer over *my* shoulder as I pull up the maps and coordinates.

My brows furrow in confusion, and Damian exhales, placing his hands behind his head as he paces.

“What’s it say?” Cedric asks. He was trying to write out a timeline the best he could of everything we know so far about the council, the hunter attacks, and the Kingdoms.

“Says he is still within the Kingdom limits. According to this, he never left,” Damian breathed.

“So we have a traitor within the Kingdom?” | growl.

“Or Larkin is the traitor?” Cedric offers. Damian shakes his head, “No, I don’t like the man, but Azalea commanded him. You already know this. There was no way he was lying.”

There is no way he would abandon his son” | add, knowing for sure.

“Crux could have forged this?” Cedric says, scratching his chin as he comes over to look at my laptop.

"If so, then where is Larkin?" I breathe. All this was giving me a headache. I just wanted to hide away with Azalea and forget the world.

"Well, according to this, down by the old mill just inside the surrounding forest," Cedric says, pointing to the map.

"I can have some men go check the area," Cedric offers. I shake my head.

"No, it is late, and that area of the woods is too dense. It can wait until tomorrow. If it is an attack. I would rather have the daylight, see what is coming," I tell him when I feel the mind link open up. Azalea's bond tugs at me, and I smile, opening the link.

"Where are you? Are you still in your office?" she asks me.

"Yes, but we were about to head to the old ballroom. More room, and we need help going over old case files. So the Landeena guard and our guard are coming to help sift through everything," I tell her.

"Okay, well, I have Abbie and Gannon with me. Dustin is going to get Peter and bring him up. Trey and Liam have gone down to the archives to retrieve staff documentation,"

"Staff documentation? And why are you bringing Peter up?" I ask her and feel her nervousness loud and clear through the bond.

"Yes, Peter, I think I know who is helping Crux," she tells me.

"And how did you come by this information?" I ask her.

"Something Abbie said about Peter being used as a pawn. I think it was Ester, Kyson. Too much doesn't add up, and

I want to question him, but I also want to look at Ester's files." I think for a second and look at Cedric.

"Well, I will send some men down to help drag everything up." I tell her, getting out of my seat. I nod toward all our boxes, and they immediately start boxing everything.

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"Okay I am on my way. The kitchen staff can deliver dinner to the ballroom." I tell her, cutting off the link. I pondered her words. She felt so sure, and I wasn't about to doubt her not anymore.

“Take a photo of that board. There is a huge whiteboard in the storage room off the side of the ballroom. There is better than trying to squeeze everyone into my office. Plus, there are toys and crap for all the kids to play with” I tell Damian and Cedric.

We box everything up and head to the ballroom. It felt like déjà vu and pointless. So many times, we had combed through all these documents, the archives, the crime scene photos. We never found anything, and I was worried once again we were wasting time.

When we get to the ballroom. I can see through the huge double doors that Dustin had Peter in the far corner, sitting in a chair. He looked petrified and out of place. Azalea kept her word and hadn't been inside yet, and was waiting for me by the doors.

I reach for her the moment I am close enough, tugging her close and inhaling her sweet, intoxicating scent. Letting it calm me and stop me from wanting to kill her brother. Abbie was waiting inside with Clarice, helping set up the two long tables and laying out food, while a few of Cedric's most trusted Landeena guards came to help bring up all the files. Liam and Trey walk in moments after us with three enormous boxes each and stack them on the other table.

Looking around at everyone and how quickly the room was set up and transformed, it looked as if we were about to head into war. I suppose, in a sense, we were with the way everyone is combing over paperwork. Cedric copies the photo on his phone onto the huge whiteboard. Everyone watching him.

“What's he doing?” Azalea asks me.

“Making a timeline. The only thing we know for sure is it has to do with the Kingdoms. The missing rogue children, and somehow the council ties into it,” I tell her. No wonder we found nothing. There were no other connections anywhere.

“Larkin?” she asks, and I shake my head.

“Crux sent the coordinates. Cedric will check it out tomorrow. It is too dark now,” I tell her.

Later that Night.

Azalea whimpers as I continue to force her command over Peter. She was exhausted. He had passed out once again, and this was the third time. Abbie had left an hour ago, unable to watch with Tandi. Azalea had thrown up twice at the thought of hurting her brother. Trey stood off to the side with a blank expression, and Cedric tapped his face a couple of times, trying to re-wake him.

Other than that, everyone had left except my guard and Cedric and two Landeena guards. Gannon stared up at the board curiously as he and Liam went over everything

when Clarice returned after putting her boys to bed. She glances at Peter and then looks away.

“Please, Kyson, he knows nothing. Now you’re just torturing him,” Azalea whimpers. I sigh, believing she is right. Peter mumbles, drooling on himself.

We have got no extra information out of him. Her command had him falling over himself to answer, yet this one question bothered me. After the hours he endured. I was positive that he was no longer a threat to Azalea and that he also had no intention of hurting her again.

We had also concluded that he panicked when he killed our daughter. It was never his intention to kill her. He didn’t realize it was wolfsbane he was poisoning her with initially. Yet every time we had asked him where he obtained the wolfsbane, he couldn’t remember.

We had been trying for hours to command the answer out of him, but his answer remained the same.

“How can he admit to giving it to her but not know where he got it,” Cedric growls, tapping his face.

“Leave him. He doesn’t know,” I sigh, shaking my head.

“But he gave it to her,” Cedric growls angrily at him when Peter starts crying.

“But what if he was commanded to forget?” Trey offers. He had suggested it earlier, and now I was beginning to believe him. Azalea squirms on my lap, her desire to check on him pulsing through me. Yet here, she is surrounded by her own guard and mine. He would be dead within a blink of an eye if he tried anything, though he was far too weak to do so. The boy could barely lift his own head.

“Go,” I whisper to her, and she jumps off my lap, rushing toward him. Trey instantly steps in her way, and so does Cedric

“Stand down and back up!” she snarls the order, and Trey growls, backing off under her command. Cedric also does, and I get to my feet, wandering over to her as she lifts his head.

“I don’t know, Azalea, I don’t know,” Peter pleads.

“I know, I know, but we had to be sure,” she whispers to him, and he nods his head limply. She looks over her shoulder at the table.

“Get him some water and a damp cloth,” she says, clicking her fingers at Cedric. He quickly goes to do as he is told and brings her a bottle of water. I grip his head, lifting it.

Her heart sputters in her chest frantically. Her hand snapped out to grip my wrist as she peered up at me.

I tilt his head back, and she lets out a breath when she realizes I will not hurt him. She uncaps the bottle and tips it to his lips, helping him drink. Cedric comes over with a wet cloth, and she wipes his face, which was saturated with sweat after enduring hours of her command.

“Dustin, can you help him to a room?” Azalea asks, peering up at me. I could tell she wasn’t asking for permission. I press my lips in a line.

“I will stay the night with him,” Dustin assures her and me, so I know he wouldn’t be leaving wherever he is placed. “He can stay with Liam and me for the night,” Dustin tells her. Peter’s eyes widen in fear at the mention of Liam’s name, and he glances at him where he stood with Gannon.

But I wouldn’t be arguing; that man slept with one eye open. If Peter tried anything, he would wake to a knife in his gut before he ever managed to sit up.

“That is fine, but use my old quarters. Tandi and Abbie are in yours. I don’t want him around their families,” Dustin nods his head, grabbing his arm and hauling Peter to his feet.

“Are you right with him? I just want to go over this one more time,” Liam asks Dustin. Dustin nods.

“One of the Landeena guards will wait with him until you’re ready, Liam,” Cedric tells him, and he nods, turning back to the board, and Cedric motions to one of the Landeena guards, who grabs Peter’s other arm.

“Azalea, no. You stay here,” I tell her, and she growls but reluctantly does as she is told. We had a deal. Peter *being* here came with conditions and rules I wasn’t breaking.

Turning back to the board we had established some sort of timeline, yet so much was missing. And still, it made no sense to me how Crux was involved or what my sister had to do with it. Yet Azalea was insistent on everything

being connected. She is convinced Ester is Crux’s mistress.

stares at it. She was getting better with memorizing dates, names and the kingdoms after staring at the damn thing all night while I went over it and over it trying to piece the council into somewhere.

Azalea comes over, looking over the huge board. I could practically feel her thinking. Tension writhes within her. along with confusion and determination,

“Okay, I know everyone said Ester and Crux aren’t involved with each other, and you’re looking for the council’s connection?” Azalea asks.

I peer down at her, and she looks up at me, and I nod. “Go on, this is your theory, so let’s hear it, then,” I tell her, and Clarice wanders closer to listen. Everything pointed to the council, but we can’t place them anywhere on this timeline.

“We shouldn’t be looking for the council timeline. That can come later,” Azalea says, looking over the table of documents. She picks up the hunter’s insignia and chews her lip.

“Forget the council. Place Ester’s timeline on it,” Azalea says, and I sigh, yet it was worth a shot. I watch as Gannon and Trey move toward the table, gathering documents before they start making a timeline of events with the minimal information we had.

2004- Azalea was born

2007- December Ester falls pregnant.

2008- February-Landeena Kingdom falls. Azalea is missing. Marrison Talbot is missing.

2009- Ester returns to the Valkyrie Kingdom and starts working as a castle servant.

2013- February Valkyrie Kingdom attack. Claire is killed.

2014- Marrison Talbot was killed. Azalea and Abbie are placed into the orphanage.

2022- Azalea Landeena is found and returned to the Valkyrie Kingdom.

I stare at it, seeing nothing that helps us or links the council. Azalea clicks her tongue.

“See, nothing?” Gannon says. Azalea scrunches up her face as she thinks.

“So where was Ester for the year after my family was killed?” Azalea asks, looking at Trey.

“And where did you go after the Kingdom fell?” she asks him while still peering over at him.

“With the Landeena Guard looking for you,” Trey says.

“Add it to the board. I want to see what matches after my parent’s kingdom fell” she says, her brows scrunching together.

“What is the point of this?” I ask her.

"Tam trying to figure out how no one recognized Marissa or Ester, two women that were at both Kingdom's, when they fell" I sigh. If we were mapping out a timeline of every person, we would be here all year and still not be finished.

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Mis Found Lycan Luna Chapter 103

Azalea POV

We were missing something. I could feel it, and it was right on the tip of my tongue. One thing that would tie everything together, yet there was also how the council was involved and why Crux would go against his own uncle, my father.

I watch as Trey adds his details to the board, trying to find anything that could link Ester to the rogue murders or the council.

2004- Azalea was born.

2007- December Ester falls pregnant with Peter.

2008- February Landeena Kingdom falls. Azalea is missing- Marissa is missing.

Trey 3 months in Valkyrie Hospital for silver poisoning.

Trey was released from hospital in May and went looking for Marrison and Azalea.

2009- Ester moves back to Valkyrie Kingdom, starts working as a castle servant.

2010- Trey returned to Valkyrie kingdom started working at the Mill.

2011 Trey failed the guard trials

2012 Trey failed the guard trials

2013- February Landeena anniversary Valkyrie Kingdom attack. Claire was killed. Marrison on the run.

2014- Marrison Talbot killed. Azalea, and Abbie are placed into the orphanage.

2014- Trey rejoined guard trials and passed, became royal guard.

2022- Azalea Landeena found and returned to Valkyrie Kingdom.

I sigh. So he wasn't within the castle grounds while Marissa was. I chew my lip when Clarice speaks up.

"You worked at the Mill? You must have known my husband," she says, smiling sadly.

"Who was your husband?" Trey asks her.

"Emanuel Lounges." she answers.

"Ah, yes, I worked alongside him. Nice man, I didn't realize he was your mate though,"

"I hadn't changed him yet. He died just before we lost Claire," she whispers, bowing her head to the King, who

smiles sadly at her.

"Wait, Emmanuel Lounges?" Gannon asks and we all look at him.

"Yes, you met Emanuel once in town with me," Clarice tells him and he nods.

"Yes, but I didn't know his last name was Lounges?" Gannon exclaims.

"What's that got to do with anything?" I ask him, curious as to why out of everything that was the one thing he picked up on

"He died the night of the Ravana Pack attack?" Gannon asks Clarice.

"That's correct, the 2012 attacks, when the hunters hit nine packs that month. He said he had family left in the pack Went to help. Kyson found him and brought him back home to me." Clarice says before swallowing as she glanced

at Syson.

"Ravana Pack attack?" I ask, confused.

"Small pack that is not far from here. There are over 80 small packs in this state," Kyson tells me, and I nod. I knew it was big, I just hadn't realized how big.

"Ah, now I remember where I heard that name from Abbie mentioned her aunt, Sia: That must have been who he was going back for. Emmanuel told me he had two daughters in Ravana Pack that were estranged," Trey says.

“Excuse me?” Clarice asks, and everyone turns their heads to look at her. The look on her face was horrified.

“Sia Lounges?” Gannon asks abruptly. Yet I couldn’t take my eyes from Clarice, who looked like she was on the verge of tears. She shakes her head.

“Wait, enough!” I yell, cutting everyone off as they reminisced on the past. One that was becoming more and more confusing

“Clarice?” I ask her.

“No, my Emanuel didn’t have children. He would have told me. He was going back for his siblings,” Clarice says, and I chew my lip. “Clarice!” I whisper, but she shakes her head.

“I think it is time I go to bed,” she says, bowing her head before leaving.

“Crap, I didn’t mean to upset her,” Trey curses, watching her go.

“Not your fault, Trey. But now, I have a strange feeling that this is bigger than any of us realize.” Gannon murmurs,

“What do you mean?” I ask him.

“Sia Lounges, Vivienne lounges, were Abbie’s aunty and grandmother, they lived in Ravana Pack, after being forced out of their first pack. Emanuel was too late. They were already dead by then,” Gannon tells us.

“But what’s that got to do with any of this, though?” I ask, still confused.

“Because I met Sia Lounges, through Crux. He sent me to her mother, Vivienne Lounges. I met Sia at a pub they owned.” Liam explains.

“Why would Crux send you to Abbie’s grandmother?”

“Because she was a witch, and I needed a location spell. The job I was doing was also for the council, when I couldn’t find the person I was looking for in Cypress. Crux sent me to her.. She also run an apothecary shop inside her house.” Liam explains.

“And Sia lounges had ties to the hunters.” Gannon explains. Kyson growls, and Gannon hangs his head before turning back to the whiteboard.

“I’ll go check on Clarice,” Damian murmurs, rushing out after her. Kyson wanders over to me and wraps his arms around me before looking at Gannon.

"You and Liam add it to the timeline and everything you know about Sia." He tells them before pressing his lips on my hair.

"And you and I are going to bed; I have to be up in the morning to look for Larkin. And it is past midnight. You need

to get some sleep." Kyson says, leading me out of the ballroom. I was wide awake, and too nervous to sleep, but he was right. I had been standing for hours and it was starting to take a toll on me. Plus, my feet were killing

We head toward the stairs, but I stop when I hear crying coming from the kitchen along with Damian's hushed voice trying to calm down Clarice. "I feel terrible; I thought she knew he had kids," Trey murmurs, following us up the

steps.

"It's not your fault," Kyson tells him, and Trey swallows. We climb the stairs and I was about halfway up when a sickeningly sweet smell wafted to me before I heard someone groan. I sniff the air, recognizing the scent to belong to Abbie.

"Abbie?" I called out, grabbing the banister and rushing up the steps. Abbie stood clutching her stomach and leaning against the wall. Sweat coated her skin and her face was all flushed.

"I need a doctor. Something is wrong," she whimpers as I grip her arms. She leans into me and I look toward the corridor from near her quarters.

"Why didn't you mind-link?" Kyson asks her and her brows crease.

She shakes her head.

"I forgot I can," she groans, clutching my arms when Kyson growls, grabbing her and sweeping her legs out from under her. He turns and looks at Trey, who starts rushing up ahead to open doors from where Abbie came from when I feel the mind-link open up.

"Gannon, get to your quarters immediately," Kyson says through the link.

"Is Abbie and Tyson alright?" Gannon asks.

"Azalea and I will take Tyson for the night. Just get to your room," Kyson snaps at him.

"I'm on my way. What is going on?" Kyson growls, and I could tell he was mouth breathing, looking at Trey so was he, and my eyes widened on my gasp as it hit me just as Kyson said it.

“Can’t you feel her, Gannon? Abbie is in heat,” he says, pushing his way into Gannon’s room. Tyson was asleep on the bed, and Trey quickly grabbed him, rushing out of the room while Kyson laid her on the bed.

“Hang on, Abbie. Gannon is on his way.” I whisper, brushing her hair back. “It hurts,” she sobs, curling into a ball.

was like someone slapped him. His pupils dilated, and he growled. I backed up as he shook his head, realizing it was me and not another male. He watches as I creep along the wall as if he remains frozen on the spot, unable to

move.

“It’s Azzy, Gannon,” Abbie whines, and his head whips toward her. He blinks before moving toward the bed, and I rush past him and bolt out the door. Slamming it shut behind me.

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Mis Found Lycan Luna Chapter 104

Azalea POV

Kyson woke early to Tyson trying to climb out of bed, which in turn woke me. Rubbing my eyes, I could hear arguing outside the door between Pustin and someone else. The door was slightly ajar as I sat up, and Tyson was running toward the door, but Kyson scooped him up before he reached it.

“Where are you off to, little man?” Kyson asks, bringing him back to me. I grab Tyson, wondering how Abbie is and if her heat has subsided. Yet as the voices got louder, it piqued my curiosity. “Lim, Lim,” Tyson tuts grasping air and pointing to the door.

“I need to go shower,” Kyson says, pecking my lips just as Liam’s voice reaches my ears, and I realize it is Dustin and Liam arguing. “Lim, Lim,” Tyson toots squirming to get

out of my arms before he turns limp on me and slides out of my arms. His little feet pound toward the door, and I groan, racing to stop him, not wanting to interrupt their

obviously heated argument. Yet Tyson shoves through the door, I quickly grab my robe, pull it on, and move closer to the door.

“Just go. You’re supposed to be watching Peter,” Dustin snarls at Liam just as I step outside the door. Liam was standing by the stairs, and Tyson rushes toward Liam, who scoops him up as if it is second nature to take the boy. He props him on his hip while Tyson smacks his chest, screeching “Lim, Lim,”

“See, this is exactly what I mean, Liam. What happens when you want kids? I can’t give you that; I am a man, not a woman” Dustin snaps, pointing at Tyson. Liam looks at Tyson in his arms.

“What has kids got to do with anything? You always have some fucking excuse, Dustin.” Liam retorts.

“Language, Liam,”

“The squid don’t know what I am saying. It’s been three damn years, Dustin, and you still turn me down?”

“BECAUSE YOUR NOT FUCKING GAY. I AM GAY, LIAM. YOU’RE NOT!” Dustin yells at him. Dustin sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“You mark me, then what? Later on down the track, you want kids and leave me for a damn woman. I don’t do vagina Liam, I don’t swing that way, and I won’t handle seeing you with another woman if we are exclusive. It is better to keep things the way they are,” Dustin tells him.

“I don’t want to be with anyone else, only you. How many damn times I gotta tell you that?”

“You say that now. I see you with Tyson, Oliver, and all the other kids. You will want kids,” Dustin tells him. Liam snarls, looking down at Tyson. “Do I look like father material to you? I would fuck some kids up raising one. I don’t want kids, even if I eventually did. We got what..” he looks at me.

“A handful of kids downstairs that need adopting, take your pick. Then what excuse have you got? I don’t want kids; I only want you, you Dustin, the rest we can figure out later.”

“You’re bisexual, Liam, not gay. You will want another,”

“What has my sexuality got to do with anything? I can be considered Mysexual, too; I fuck myself regularly; I beat Mrs. Palmer a few times a week, too. Really give my left hand a fucking workout when you’re in a bad mood, but that doesn’t mean I want to continue fucking it. Damn it. I have a left arm like Popeye!” Liam snaps at him.

“Again, Liam language!” Dustin growls, and Liam shakes his head, wandering over to hand me Tyson. I take him, and Dustin sighs.

“Sorry, Azalea, he is just leaving,” Dustin tells me, and I see Trey still as a statue by the window.

“Ah, who is watching Peter?”

“Don’t worry about him. Tied him real good to the bed. He ain’t going anywhere,” Liam tells me. I shake my head and look at Trey, who groans.

“I guess I will go get him then?” Trey says when I raise an eyebrow at him.

“Handcuff keys on the dresser. You’ll need a knife to cut the ropes off, knotted them real good.” Trey nods when Liam clears his throat.

“Wait, you’ll need these too,” Liam says, digging in his pocket. He tosses two keys to Trey. “The little one will release Ball Gag and the skinny one. is for the choker. I told you he wasn’t going anywhere. Dusty poo likes a little bondage” Liam says, winking at me before turning back to Dustin while Trey holds the keys up, looking horrified at him. Dustin’s face turns bright red. I just blink, not really needing that information.

“Go, I have work to do. We can argue later. Azzy doesn’t want to hear this shit” Dustin says, waving him off. “You’re causing a scene,” Dustin says.

“I am not causing a scene. You are. Three years Dustin, I have been asking you to let me mark you, three years, and you still turn me down,” Liam snaps before walking off and following after Trey. Dustin turns to face me.

“Sorry,” he mumbles

“Trouble in paradise, Dustin,” Kyson says, coming behind me, trying to put his cufflinks on.

“That was quick,” I tell him.

“Larkin, remember, I am leaving the guard here with you and going with Cedric.”

“Wait, you’re going by yourself?” I ask him.

“No, Cedric will be with me.”

"Maybe take Damian and Gannon with you?" Kyson shakes his head.

"I am not leaving you here defenseless. I should only be gone a couple hours max. I'll be fine. And Gannon is still locked down with Abbie's heat," he tells me, kissing my forehead and wandering off.

"I'll be back soon" he calls over his shoulder, and I sigh, looking down at Tyson. "Let's go see Clarice and get you out of your jammies," I tell him when Dustin moves toward the window. He grabs a backpack.

"Liam came and got his clothes already. That's why he came down. I forgot the bag," Dustin says, holding it out to me. I take it, and he follows me into the room. "What's the deal with you and Liam anyway?"

"He wants to be exclusive."

"You aren't already?" I ask him.

"Not from his lack of trying." Dustin tells me.

"Then what's the issue? He seemed pretty upset."

"I know he will leave me, eventually. It is better this way."

"You mean because he also likes women?" I ask, remembering Tandi.

"Yes and no, he mainly does that to piss me off. I told him I don't care who it's with; I know he will leave me for a woman eventually," Dustin tells me.

"I don't think he would, not if you let him mark you."

"You sound like Gannon. He said the same thing the other week" Dustin groans.

"You don't believe Gannon?"

"No, I just don't want him to resent me later because he has marked me. And once he does, I won't allow him to fool around with women. Which wouldn't work if he decided he wanted kids. I can't give him that, so-" He shrugs as I pull Tyson's top off.

"Can always adopt, as Liam said," Dustin shakes his head, passing me Tyson's tank top when we hear a knock on the door. Dustin goes to answer it. He opens the door, and I realize it is Tandi.

"Clarice and I are taking the kids out to play on the hill after breakfast if you want to come," she says, with Hunter in her arms.

"Yep, I will be down in a minute. Where is everyone eating?" I ask her.

"Ballroom, we are taking the few orphanage kids out with us while the weather is nice, a storm is meant to hit this afternoon, and they will end up stuck inside if it sticks around" she tells me. I nod.

"Okay, I will be right there. I just gotta get changed," I tell her, and she nods before turning and walking away with Hunter. I finish dressing Tyson and Dustin, watches him for me while I quickly get changed, and I mind-link Kyson.

"Can Peter come to the hill with the kids? Trey and Dustin will be with us?" I ask him. Yet after last night, I think we had all determined Peter was no longer a threat to me. It was sad, really. Everything he did was for his mother, only for her to abandon him once again. He seriously believed if the king got rid of me, she would be allowed back in the castle where he could see her.

"Yes, but stay with our guard; I love you," he tells me.

"I love you too," I tell him, cutting the link off. We make our way downstairs. A handful of children, Clarice's boys, Hunter and Tandi, were already here when Trey brought in Peter. He sits at the table with his face down.

Yet, after about twenty minutes, he was animatedly playing with a few of the orphanage kids while I wandered over to the whiteboard to look at the added parts Liam and Gannon put up about Sia and Vivienne. Liam came over and leaned on the table next to me as I stared at it. Liam helps me read the newest parts since I don't recognize the wording.

"So, did you find out why Sia was kicked out of the Vermillion pack?" I ask Liam. He nods his head,

"Yes, Last Night Irang the alpha the of Vermillion who pulled the records from back then," Liam tells me, wandering over to the table. He picks them up, but Dustin takes them from him before he can show me.

"What's it say?" I ask him.

"That they were kicked from the pack for Vivienne's works in witchcraft and the illegal dealings with wolfsbane,"

"Illegal dealings?" I ask.

"Yes, though we never found who her supplier was, after digging around last night with the King's resources, we are pretty sure she was the one supplying the Hunters with wolfsbane," Liam tells me.

"One thing I wanted to ask. When did you meet Abbie? Gannon told me she has memories of her grandmother in Ravana Pack. But that you don't remember meeting Vivienne despite Abbie saying you were there," Liam asks, grabbing one of the markers and moving toward the board.

"I was about Five years old. All I remember is Abbie's family was being chased by rogue bandits. They were attacked; Marrissa and Jordan helped them and after that, they stayed with us,"

"Why?"

"Abbie said she met with her Grandmother a few times when she was a child," Liam shrugs but adds it to the board.

Inod my head, turning back to the drawing board, and Liam walks me through what everything says again.

2001- Liam meets Sia via Crux at a pub in Vermillion Pack for locations spell.

2002- Gannon meets Sia, and she rejects him. Sia moves to Ravana Pack after being kicked out of Vermillion Pack.

2004 – Azalea was born.

Gannon kills Sia, buried outside Ravana Pack.

2007, December – Ester falls pregnant with Peter.

2008, February – Landeena Kingdom falls. Azalea is missing. Marissa is missing.

Trey spent 3 months in Valkyrie Hospital for silver poisoning.

Trey was released from the hospital in May and went looking for Marrissa and Azalea.

2009 – Ester moves back to the Valkyrie Kingdom, and starts working as a castle servant. Started in the stables.

2010 – Trey returned to the Valkyrie Kingdom and started working at the Mill.

2011- Vivienne is killed. Gannon investigated rogue murders, and Vivienne followed him and tried to kill him out of vengeance for Sia. Body buried off the river near the bridge.

2011 – Trey failed the guard trials

2011- March Ester moves into the castle as Claire's personal servant.

2011-May-Marrissa starts out in the stables at the castle.

2012- March Emanuel dies in pack attacks trying to get to Ravana Pack.

2012 – Trey failed the guard trials

2013- January-Marrissa starts working as a castle servant.

2013- February – Landeena anniversary. The Valkyrie Kingdom attacked. Claire was killed. Marrissa is on the run.

2013-May-Kyson created Pack Oath for Royal Guard

2014 – Marrissa Talbot was killed. Azalea and Abbie are placed in the orphanage.

Trey rejoined guard trials and passed, became Royal guard.

2022- Azalea Landeena is found and returned to the Valkyrie Kingdom.

I stare at the board, trying to piece it together before looking at Liam. “Crux is how you met Sia?” I ask him and he nods.

“Yes, I needed a location spell done,” he tells me.

“So Crux knew Sia?” I ask again.

“Yes, Crux had worked with Vivienne in the past,” Liam tells me.

“And there is your link. I just don’t understand why Crux would work with Ester and how it is connected with the council besides Crux,” I tell him, and he seems to think for a second.

“Did Ester know Sia?” I ask and Liam shrugs. “No, idea,”

“But she knew Crux?”

“Everyone knows Crux. He has been on the council for centuries,” Liam states, and I sigh. Yeah, that was a dumb question. It still didn’t explain about the rogue murders or Claire. Clarice claps her hands loudly, drawing all the kid’s

attention.

“Come on, we can play outside until lunch, but then we need to lock everything down. A storm is brewing, kiddos, so sun while you can.” Clarice tells them, and I smile, moving towards Tyson, who was sitting next to Tandi. I grab him, and we take the kids to the hill by the cemetery and stables. The kids instantly take off, yet Tyson Wanders around,

following Tandi and me. Liam takes off to play with the kids as they all roll down the hill having races.

“Where is Damian?” I ask her. She pushes some hair behind her ear before looking at me.

“Looking into Alpha Brock, he is trying to see what he can find out about Paige for me,” she says, and I press my lips in a line when Tyson tugs on my shirt, trying to get my attention.

“Du, Du,” he toots, pointing toward the stable.

“Yep, duck, duck,” I tell him, and he waves to it, still holding my shirt fisted in his hand while he kept squawking the Du, Du. “Gosh, he is an idiot,” Dustin laughs, pointing at Liam covered in grass, rolling down the hill, and knocking the kids over that squeal, trying to jump over him as he rolls toward them.

“Dustin!” we hear called out, making us look toward the castle. He wanders off to speak with Trey, and we turn our attention to the kids playing when Hunter starts fussing.

“I am going to go put him down to nap while Damian is still up there. I will be back,” she tells me, and I nod. Yet as time passed, the sky began darkening with the approaching storm, and Tyson still hadn’t returned.

“Du, Du,” Tyson yells, and I look down at him just as the wind picks up.

“Come on, kids, inside. This storm is coming over faster than we thought,” Clarice calls out, and I move to help pick up the toys scattered along the ground with Tandi. Tyson refuses to go with Clarice or Dustin, yet he was him in his jacket and Beanie so I let him follow as we picked up the junk the kids dragged out.

“Dustin, Liam, run these in,” I tell them, pointing to the huge plastic tubs. Tandi and I filled with balls and skipping ropes.

“I’ll grab the last one,” Tandi tells me, rushing to the top of the hill while Clarice leads the last of the children inside with Peter. Liam. Dustin carried the tubs in while Trey was helping tug the clothes off the line with the servant.

“Come on, Tyson,” I tell him, holding my hand out to him. Only when I look down do I not see him.

“Tyson?” I call, turning and looking for him.

“Tyson!” I yell out, and I look at Tandi.

“He was just here!” I tell her.

Tandi looks around from the top of the hill, looking around frantically just as the wind starts howling loudly.

“Tyson!” I scream when Trey runs over.

“What’s going on?” he asks, jogging over.

“I can’t find Tyson!” I panic.

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His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 229

His Lost Lycan Luna (Kyson and Ivy)

chapter 229

His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 105

Trey looks to the tree line of the forest, and so does Tandi. “He can’t have gone far,” Tandi says, moving toward me while my head twisted from side to side, looking for him.

“I will go check the forest edge,” Trey says.

“What’s going on?” Liam and Dustin yell out simultaneously when they see us staring in every direction.

“Tyson, I can’t find him!” I yell out over the howling wind. Dustin and Liam look at each other before Liam jogs over to us.

“I’ll check the cemetery,” he says, running off and calling out his name.

“Clarice is checking inside in case he somehow got past one of us,” Dustin tells me.

Tears prick my eyes at the thought of losing him. Abbie would never forgive me if something happened to him. I just couldn’t understand. I turned away for only a second.

“I’ll check out the front,” Dustin says, running off before I hear the mind-link open.

“Azzy, what is going on? Why are you upset?” Kyson mind links.

“I have lost Tyson!” I admit while frantically searching the gardens. Tandi looks around at all the cubby holes surrounding the castle.

“All guards look out for Tyson, Gannon, and Abbie’s son,” Kyson yells across the link.

“What about Tyson?” Gannon boomed through the link. Dustin answers him while Kyson continues talking to me.

“I’m on my way back, Love. We found Larkin’s empty car,” he told me, and I was going to ask what he meant. When Tandi called out.

“He isn’t inside in the kitchens or laundry. I checked the cellar too,”

“I just don’t get why he would run off” I tell her as she reaches me.

“We’ll find him. He can’t have got far,” Tandi tells me, looking around. The storm had really picked up. The clouds closed in and took the light with it as thunder boomed loudly and lightning streaked the sky with flashes of streaking light

“He was right here, though. He was right here, tugging my shirt, looking at them..”

"The ducks!" | blurt, my eyes going to the stables. The ducks were no longer on the little hill above the stables, and my heart fluttered in my chest.

"The lake!" | shrieked in panic as I took off toward the stables. I rush to the narrow path and look down toward the lake and small pier. I couldn't see him anywhere when Tandi nudged me.

"There!" she says, pointing toward the stables where the ducks were huddled outside the stable doors. My eyes widen, and I take off down the path toward the stables. The wind whips my hair around my face as I reach the bottom just as thunder rumbled across the sky. Followed with the deafening crack of lightning.

The ducks squawk and quack, flapping their wings as I step through them. I rushed into the stables, almost slipping, catching myself on the stable door as I turned and peered inside. Relief floods me when I see Tyson chasing a baby duck between the stalls. He had it cornered and was trying to coax it out with a piece of straw.

"Tyson!" I breathe in relief, clutching my chest. My heart racing so hard that I thought I would have a heart attack. At the sound of his name, he looks over his shoulder. "Du, Du," he cackles with laughter.

"Yes, duck, duck," I chuckle as Tandi walks in behind me.

"There you are, little man. Gave us a fright," she says as I scoop him up off the filthy floor. The horses were spooked and carrying on. Hay was blowing around the stables from the open doors, making the wind whistle loudly.

"Come on, we should get back before this storm hits. I don't think it will be long before the rains pelt down." Tandi says as the wind chimes and buckets clang noisily and the rafter creak, the tin roof groaning under the wind: the horse's hooves on the floor are loud as we make our way back out.

"Du, Du," Tyson says, squirming in my arms, wanting to catch the petrified baby duck.

"No, we can play later. Don't you want to see mummy?" I ask him when we hear a bang.

"Heeelp!" | stop looking back into the stables at the spooked horses.

"Did you hear that?" I ask Tandi. She looks around but shakes her head, and we head toward the doors.

"Help!" I hear the sound of choking coughs as we draw nearer to the last stall before the doors. I stop looking at the spooked horse inside.

"I heard that!" Tandi says before we hear the loud banging noise thump again. The horse jumps and goes up on its back legs, knocking some bales of hay down that were stacked on top of each other in there with the horse, which I thought was a little odd.

"Help!" comes a croaked voice again before rapid, loud coughing.

"Tanner?" I call out as Tandi opens the gate of the stall. The horse rushes past, and we barely jump back in time as it barges out of the stables taking off into the storm.

"Damn it!" Tandi curses as she tries to stop it.

"One of the guards will grab her," I tell her.

"Down here!" comes a barking cough, and Tandi turns to look at the floor and the giant floor-to-ceiling stack of hay that covered the entire rear wall

"Tanner? Is that you?" I yell out.

"Who is Tanner?" Tandi asks, kicking the hay around to see if he had fallen over in the ruined stall.

"The gardener and one of the stable hands," I tell her when the coughing gets louder,

and Tandi looks behind the bales of hay on the far wall of the stall when she steps on something hollow. She stomps her foot down, and I peer into the stall.

She bends down and sweeps her hand across the floor. :

“Down here,” comes the barking noise again, and Tandi sweeps her hand furiously.

“Larkin?” she yells, and I place Tyson down to help her.

“We can’t find him! Where did you go, Azalea?” Trey calls through the mind link.

“We found him,” I quickly tell him, having forgotten with all the noise and becoming distracted. I gasp when Tandi hits a handle and looks at me. “Is that a trapdoor?” I whisper to her, forgetting about Dustin in my head.

Tandi pulls on it, but it doesn’t budge. “Here, help me,” she groans, and I grab the other handle, and together we rip it open. I fall on my ass, tripping over one of the fallen hay bales. Tandi jumps back as it flings open.

“Ah, thank god!” comes the croaky voice of Larkin.

“Larkin?” Tandi says, peering down into the trapdoor. I get to my hands and knees and peek into the trapdoor, finding blue and purple lights. Larkin was tied to a chair that had fallen over. All around him were rows and rows of potted plants beneath the lights on tables. I sniff the air.

“Wolfsbane!” I whisper. My eyes widen at what I see, and I open the mind-link to report to Trey, Liam, and Dustin.

*Trey, we found..” when I see darkness. Pain rattled across my head, and it was like everything slowed down.

One second I was peering into the trapdoor. The next, I was on the ground, my eyes zoned out as my head hit the floor, when a shovel clanged loudly next to my head.

My ears ring loudly, and I could feel the trickle of blood slowly sliver into my vision as it drips from where I was hit.

Tyson, I could vaguely hear, was screaming, yet despite being near me, his voice sounded distant. I tried to make sense of what happened before Tandi screamed, and I blinked, fighting to stay conscious when she was shoved into the trapdoor, and the lid was slammed shut.

Just like that bitch Marissa! Just gotta stick ya nose where it doesn’t belong!” I hear an angry voice. The mind link opens, and the last thing I hear is Kyson’s panicked voice when Tanner grabs the scruff of my shirt, fisting it below my chin as he lifts me before I see his fist fly toward my face, and darkness swallows me.

I swallowed, my tongue feeling thick in my mouth, and my arms hung limply by my head. I turn my head, looking around to find myself upside down over Tanner’s shoulder, and we are deep within the woods. The mind link was going crazy when I hear shouting in the distance and smelled the smoke from a fire somewhere.

The stables are on fire, and I hear people shouting. Tanner curses and mutters, trudging through the woods, and I remain silent when I hear his phone ringing.

“Kyson!” | murmur through the mind-link, barely able to hold a conscious thought. My head was pounding like a drum, my skin laced in goosebumps from the dropping temperature.

“Where are you, Azzy?” he rushes out.

“Woods. Tanner.” I murmured. My consciousness waned, and I felt queasy and so heavy as I swayed with each step he took

“What else did you expect me to do? Just meet me at the tunnels! The plan can still go

ahead! The hunters are already on their way. This changes nothing.” I hear Tanner yell at someone on the phone before darkness sweeps over me once again.

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His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 230

His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 106

Kyson POV

Everyone was frantically looking for Azalea, Tyson, and Tandi as Cedric and I pulled up. Trey was in a panic because he could tell she was unconscious, so he couldn't feel her through the sire bond. I couldn't feel her either through our mate bond.

Cedric and I raced toward where we could see smoke. I had been trying to force the mind-link to reach her. When I felt her pain, I knew something terrible had happened, and I nearly ran the car off the road as I was smashed through the bond. Though how trouble found us, I had no idea. I left the entire guard here but Cedric, and still, shit went wrong and wasn't enough to protect her.

Now all I could think about was finding her. Damian, Gannon and Dustin I had to order to find Tyson and Tandi, the compulsion from the oath had them frantically caught between their Queen and their mates and children. Something I may have to reconsider. Azalea would be devastated if their desire to help her overruled that of Abbie and Tandi or their children.

“Fire! The stables are on fire,” Trey says, pointing to the stables. I could hear Damian shouting orders through the mind link while I was trying to reach Azalea when Gannon gripped my arms. It was utter chaos.

“Where is Tyson?” Gannon asked while Abbie raced across the lawns toward the stables, screaming for her son. Guards were using hoses and buckets, trying to put the fire out. As I ran through the back doors of the stables. The trapped horses inside their stalls were bucking and trying to break out as the flames drew nearer, licking up the walls and roof.

Liam was frantically ripping stalls open and letting the horses out. Dustin was calling out for Tyson, who I could hear crying, yet the smoke was so thick, the heat intense the

closer we got to the front of the stables. Black billowing smoke spewed out, making it difficult to see and the fire raging as the doors banged in the wind.

“Got him,” Dustin yells before rushing past me yet I couldn’t see Azalea anywhere or pick up her scent with the smoke. Dustin rushes out with Tyson in his arms. I cough, choking on the smoke, checking the stalls for Azalea when I feel her wake. The mind-link flickers weakly like she was trying to reach me.

“Kyson,” she murmurs. Her consciousness was weak through the bond, and I could feel how much pain she was in, my own head throbbing along with hers.

“Where are you, Azzy?” I rushed out, knowing she won’t be conscious for long.

“Woods. Tanner,” she murmured, and I could feel her slipping away from me. “Stay with me, Love. Hold on. I need you awake, so I can find you,” I tell her, but the link dissolves no matter how much I try to hold on to it.

“Get to the woods. It’s Tanner,” I scream across the link and hear the howls of the Landeena guard outside as they take off through the woods in hunt of their Queen. “On it,” Liam yells out from somewhere outside.

Liam and Trey, who I knew, rushed off the moment he felt that sliver of her consciousness. He would be trying to follow his sire bond. I try to navigate my way out of the enormous stables when I hear Damian’s voice.

“Tandi!” Damian screams out as he rushes into the stall across from me.

“Kyson, help me,” Damian yells as I am about to run for the door to go after Azalea. With a growl, I move to help him to find her top half trapped beneath a trapdoor. He opens the lid, and I rip her out. The trap door falls heavily to the ground with a loud thud.

“Tanner, your gardener. He took Azalea,” Tandi gasped as I heard the cracking of the tin above us. It was going to cave in any minute, and we needed to get out of here.

“Larkin is down there,” she gasps, choking on the smoke. I passed her off to one of the guards, who was helping free the horses. He quickly takes her and runs out with her. My vision burned as the smoke got thicker. My lungs wheeze with each breath.

“The old tunnels and I think I figured out who was supplying the wolfsbane to that witch, Damian growls as I look into the trapdoor. Larkin wriggled on the ground shackled by rope, and silver chains that I could smell were doused in wolfsbane.

“Don’t just stand there. Help me,” he chokes out. Damian grits his teeth and I know he believes if he let him die, all his issues would be solved.

"I need to find Azalea," I tell him. I couldn't care less for Larkin right now when my mate was in the woods somewhere. Shifting, my vision adjusts, and my hearing strengthens as I shove out the doors and run for the forest.

I can hear every crunch of twig and leaf, even over the raging storm, sniffing the air as I run. I pick up her scent in minutes, along with the savage sounds of fighting. Bursting through a thicket of trees, I find Azalea unconscious on the ground.

Liam and Trey had Tanner pinned to the ground as he thrashed and snarled. His brown Lycan form is drenched in blood, yet I race toward Azalea. Rolling her over, I scoop my arms beneath her.

As I hold her in my arms, her head rolls backward. Across her hairline and into her hair, there was a deep gash. In addition to that, her chin was also covered in a large bruise.

"Don't kill him," I snarl as Liam grabs his head, getting ready to break his neck.

"Get him to the old dungeons. We need answers," I growl at them. Tanner roars, trying to flail and get free, knowing precisely what the old dungeons are used for.

Tanner is dragged through the woods by them. Dustin comes to help, and as we finally reach the back of the castle near the stables, I find Abbie clutching Tyson up on the hill.

Gannon had Tandi dragging her away from the raging fire of the stables. My men were still trying to put out the flames, using a pump and pumping water straight out of the lake just as the rain hit. It poured, making the ground slippery, but it would be an added help to douse the flames before it spread to the surrounding forest.

Running past the stable, Damian smacks Larkin back as he hacks and coughs. He looks up as I pass him and nods his head.

"Lock the place down," I call across the mind-link. "And get me the town Doctor," I order, hearing a unison of yes's call through the mind-link. Stepping through the threshold into the huge foyer, Azalea begins to wake.

"Tyson!" she mutters.

"We got him, Love. Tandi too," I tell her, hugging her closer and inhaling her scent as I climb the stairs. Dustin is hot on my heels, and I see Liam drag and kicking and screaming Tanner through to the kitchens.

"Dustin, you are to wait with Azalea," I tell him as I push the door open with my hip. I lay her on the bed before moving her hair to look at the gash.

Yet also being careful not to cut her with my claws. She drowsily stared up at me, her eyes rolling, and I could see she had a severe concussion. Leaning down, I like the

wound trying to seal it, and it takes a couple of tries with me, pinching the skin together but eventually seals shut.

“Mind—link with what the doctor says, also when she wakes up. I tell Dustin, who nods, taking her hand in his as he sits with her. Stepping out of my quarters, Abbie rushes past me and into the room. Gannon behind her.

“Need me to handle the gardener?” he asks, but I shake my head.

“No, that bastard’s mine!” I growl before moving toward the stairs. Walking back through the corridors, it was chaos. The storm was in full swing, and guards and staff rushed around to secure everything and lock us down.

Moving through the kitchens, I headed for the pantry. I walked down to the cellar before walking down to the cells. Moving to the back cell, I find the trapdoor already open and descend the stairs to the old Dungeons.

The draft was cold here, and the concrete steps made my heavy footsteps echo off the old stone walls. I hear the clanging of the chains and Tanner’s screams as Liam and Trey chained his arms and legs to the old wooden rack. The rack had rollers at each end, and once secured, you could turn the leavers, and it would stretch them.

It is a rather painful and gruesome death. Reserved for the worst kinds of people. Tanner was one of those people. He touched my Queen, and he would pay with his life but not before I tortured the answers out of him.

The old iron—barred door creaks as I pull it open, and Tanner’s cries grow louder when he sees me step into the cell.

Trey snarls and backhands him. His head whips to the side. “Get back to your sire; I will handle him,” I tell Trey, who was all too happy to go back to his Queen.

Moving around the table, Liam clips the silver strap across his head so he can’t lift it while I grab a hose and funnel.

“Get me some wolfsbane,” I tell Liam, who rushes off to get what little supply we had left. Funny how we struggled to source it, and this fucking worm had been growing it beneath our noses this entire time.

“I can explain,” Tanner whimpers as I set the funnel beside him for when Liam comes back. I drag my claws down the side of his face and lean down.

“That you will,” I growl before grabbing his hand and lifting it. I place it on the vice—grip before twisting the lever. His screams echoed off the stone walls as I crushed his hand slowly. Listening to each bone break. And this would be just the beginning. No one

wants to be down in the dungeons with me. You know you fucked up if I bring you here because once down here, you never leave. Or if they do, it's in pieces.