

## His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 221

### His Lost Lycan Luna (Kyson and Ivy)

Chapter 221

His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 97

Azalea POV

Kyson grips my arm as I walk up the stairs to our room. "I'm not drunk," I tell him, not that I minded the sparks racing up my arm. Or his scent clouding my brain. "I wished you woke me. I don't like you being far from me," Kyson tells me. While nodding my head, I yawned. I was exhausted, yet I could feel that Kyson was wide awake now that he had awoken.

Pushing the door open, I rush toward the bed and face-plant onto it, wanting nothing more than to curl into a ball beneath the covers. Kyson wanders over to the fireplace, chucking an extra log in while I try to get out my pants and shirt before crawling under the blanket

The bed dips beside me as Kyson climbs into bed beside me; I snuggle into his side, and he pulls the blanket up, encasing me in his arms. Surrounded by his scent, it doesn't take long before I crash and burn, sleep taking me.

However, it isn't long before I am also awoken by his movement beside me. My eyes flutter open when I feel his arm move beneath my head as he turns the page of the book he is reading. "What are you reading?" I ask while yawning, the words coming out all jumbled.

"I don't speak yawn?" he says, and I tilt my face up to look up at him. He smiles, leaning down and kissing my nose.

"One of the books Cedric gave you," he answers, before pressing his lips to my forehead.

"What's it say?" I ask him, curious about what gifts my parents had and what ones I could have possibly inherited.

"Not much, really, I only just started reading it,"

"Can you read it to me?" I ask him, but he rolls away from me. He sets the book down on the bedside table before rolling into me.

“Hmm, I can, but—” he doesn’t finish. Instead, he smiles deviously and presses his lips to mine before flooding me with his calling.

The sound vibrates from his chest, awakening my desire and every sense in my body, calling me to him; I kiss him back hungrily when his calling stops abruptly. Yet, he had awoken it already, and now, instead of being hungry for knowledge, I was hungry for him.

Kyson laughs against my lips as I crawl on top of him. My lips travel down his neck to where my mark lay on his neck. His hands gently trail up my sides, making my entire tingle and heat under his gentle touch. My fingers trail down his chest before moving between our bodies, and I squeeze him through his boxers when he growls, flipping me onto my back and pressing his body between my legs.

Kyson grips the waistband of my panties before sitting up between my legs as he tugs them down my legs..

I lifted my hips so he could remove them before he tossed them aside. His heated gaze ran over my body as he pushed my thighs apart, flat against the bed. My legs trembled with anticipation as he settled between them. His hot breath sweeps across my lower lips, and my hips lift, wanting his mouth on me.

Kyson smiles, lowering his head before his teeth graze my inner thigh as he nipped his way down. He sucks the inside of my thigh next to the apex of my legs, and my hips buck, but his hands grip my thighs, pressing them into the bed and holding me still

“Well, aren’t you a demanding little Vixen today?” he purrs before teasing me with his tongue along the crease of my leg.

“Kyson,” I breathe, wiggling my hips. He chuckles softly before sweeping his tongue across my slit. I moan, melting against the mattress. He buries his face between my legs, his mouth covering my pussy. His hand pushes against the back of my thigh, forcing one of my legs higher as he draped one over his shoulder and settled between them.

His mouth teasing as he swept his tongue flat across the seam of my lower lips, making me moan as my skin tingled and burned with desire. He growled softly before his tongue peeled my lower lips apart. He ran his tongue through them to my clit and sucked hard on it.

My heart pounds uncontrollably and heat floods and pools in my stomach, warming every inch of me as sparks rushed across my skin. His tongue swirled and sucked on my clit, driving me wild,

and making me whimper at the building sensation as he continued to torment me with his tongue.

Kyson tasted and licked every piece of me before dipping his tongue inside my tight channel and lapping at the juices spilling from me. My legs trembled when I felt the first slivers of pleasure tighten the muscles of my belly. He slid his finger deep inside me while sucking. My inner walls squeezed and clamped down around his finger as he pulled out slowly.

His finger drenched in my arousal and slid in and out effortlessly as he added another, stretching me open. My inner walls squeezed as the friction built, and I moved my hips against his mouth. Heat washes over me, and I moaned as my sensitive nerves pulsed against his tongue.

My walls fluttered when my orgasm ripped through me, his fingers plunging in deeper, my inner walls clenched as he continued his relentless sucking and licking, making me cry out.

Everything tingled, my thoughts solely consumed with the pleasure he was inducing, solely consumed with him. When I finally burned so hot, I was holding my breath, I tumbled over the precipice, falling blissfully as I reached the peak of my climax. My moan echoed as I came hard.

The slickness of my arousal spilled out of me, and my body tensed and spasmed as I rode out the waves of pleasure, leaving me breathless. Kyson slipped his fingers from me, his hot tongue lapping at my juices before he kissed and crawled up my body, settling his weight against me. His lips, slick with

my juices, molded around mine as he plunged his tongue into my mouth, forcing me to taste myself.

I smile against his lips, enjoying his touch, enjoying him. It felt like we hardly had time for each other so I was thankful for this moment despite being exhausted from being up all night. Kyson always had a way of making me forget the torment life throws at us, and right now I wanted nothing more than to forget with him.

His hips thrust against my entrance, making me jolt at the over sensitive nerves as his erection pressed against me. My hand moved down his side, and I pushed the waistband of his boxers down his hip before he tugged them down and got rid of them by kicking them off.

His thick hard cock pressed against my lower lips, and I felt the head of his cock slide between my lower lips over my clit as he rocked his hips against me, coating his himself in my arousal as it slid through my folds.

I arched my hips, rolling them against him, and moaned into his mouth before reaching between us, my hand stroking his hardened length as my fingers wrapped around his shaft. He groaned, thrusting into my hand. His lips traveled down my neck before sucking his mark and nibbling on it and I tilt my head to the side, offering him more.

Kyson purrs and I loved the sounds he made, loved how the bond tugged, wanting me to claim our mate over and over. He was mine, and I was his. There was no greater comfort than knowing that, he was fighting alongside me. That now we fought for each other instead of against each

other. No more fighting just us.

I wiggled my hips, rubbing against him, before gripping his hair and bringing his lips back to mine. He kissed me harder before taking his cock in his hand and positioning himself at my entrance. Moving my hand to his hip, I tugged him closer, rolling my hips against him. He pressed the tip against me, his cock gliding into my soaking wet channel, stretching me around his thickness and making me moan into his mouth at the feel of him filling him.

Kyson kissed me harder, biting down on my lip as he sank deeper, making me gasp.

I rolled my hips against him as his teeth teased my bottom lip into his mouth, my juices coating his shaft as he rocked his hips gently against me. I chased the slow friction, rolling my hips against him and meeting his slow thrusts, wanting more, needing him to move faster.

I kissed him harder. My hand on his hip tugged him closer, and he moved quicker, building up the friction as he dragged his cock out before slamming back in.

I gasped into his mouth at the slight pain before it turned into moans, muffled by his lips as they devoured mine. The only noises in the room were my cries of pleasure, and the wet sounds of our bodies coming together.

Kyson drove his cock into me harder when I pushed on his shoulder, wanting to change positions.

“You can’t go on top, Azzy; I am not wearing anything, so I have to pull out or I will knot you,” he purrs, nipping up my neck to my lips.

“Then knot me,” I murmur, pushing on his shoulder, and he stops, pulls away, looking down at me. I could feel his shock through the bond, feel his desire to do as I suggested. Yet, also his caution as if he was afraid to get his hopes up.

“If I knot you—”

“I can get pregnant. I am aware, Kyson,” I finish for him, and he stares at me for a second.

“A baby is never a bad thing, though timing kinda sucks. However, I don’t think the timing will ever be right, not for us anyway, so if it happens, it happens. If it don’t, it don’t—” I tell him.

"You want to try again?" he asks, and I could feel his heart racing against mine as hope and excitement bled through the bond. "I need to hear you say it, love. I want to know this is what you want and not just you saying it because it's what I want," Kyson tells me warily as he watches my face.

Yet listening all night to how Abbie and Tandi gushed over their children while I longed for the child I lost made me only crave being a mother more, made me crave seeing Kyson become a father. I lost my family twice, and I suddenly longed for family more than anything, which meant creating one with him. I knew. he would be a great father because, despite everything in our

past, he was a great mate, a great King.

"Yes, my King. I want to try again." I tell him, and he smiles, his eyes sparkling as he nods. His arm slides underneath my lower back.

He sat back on his knees with me on his lap, pulling me on top. His hands gripped my ass as he moved me up and down his hard length, our positions changing. I readjusted my legs and locked my arms around his neck.

Kyson nipped my collarbone, making me gasp at the sting before tracing his tongue over it, and I gripped his hair, tugging his head back to kiss him. Our bodies move as one like a well choreographed dance. Kyson groaned into my mouth as I rolled my hips against him, one hand squeezing my ass in a bruising grip while the other went to the center of my chest as he pushed me back slightly, dipped his head, and sucked on my nipple.

My skin heated and tingles rushed over my body when I felt the pressure in my lower stomach build, and his knot expand, pressing against my opening as it swelled. My heart pounded in my ears when I felt my walls clench as I lifted my hips, his cock dragging along my inner walls, sending me over the edge with one hard thrust. I dropped my weight, taking his knot as it locked into place. My hips rock slowly as I ride out the remnants of my orgasm when his hand wraps around my throat, tilting my face down to his as his mouth covers mine.

My entire body spasmed and tingled. My breathing was ragged as I tried to catch my breath while his seed spilled into me and

warmed my insides as he groaned into my mouth.

My movements slowed before I stilled, and Kyson shivered, clutching me closer; his lips pressed against my chest as we both tried to catch our breath while his fingers traced up my spine.

My entire body relaxed; I felt boneless as I relaxed against him. Kyson lifted his head, his lips going to the side of my mouth before nipping at my lips. "I love you," he murmured against my lips. I smiled, kissing him back.

"I love you more," I told him before my back hit the mattress as he leaned forward, pressing his weight against me.

"I could argue that you are wrong. And that I love you more," he laughs. I laugh with him.

"But you won't because I am right," I tell him. He raises an eyebrow at me.

"Is that so, my Queen?" he says, rolling onto his back so I straddle his hips. I smile down at him, my hands on the center of his chest.

"Say it, say I love you more," I chuckle. Kyson chuckles, shaking his head.

"Not a chance. You won't win that one, my Queen. I will always love you more," he says.

"Your Queen, I thought I was more than that?" I muse, pursing my lips.

"Empress, whatever," Kyson growls. "Same difference," he laughs.

"No, pretty sure I am of higher rank than you, now," I chuckle. "Maybe you should call me Alpha," I laugh.

"Not a chance. I am the Alpha of this relationship. And you are an Empress and I am your mate, therefore emperor," he laughs.

"Hmm, right then," I tell him, climbing off. He grips my hips, holding me in place.

"Azy, I am knotted to you," he hisses.

"Well, Alpha, I guess we are in quite the predicament," I tell him and his eyes narrow.

"How so?"

"Because you just found yourself stuck in a get-along knot. So who wears the pants now, my King?" I tell him and he laughs. I move, making him stop and he grips my hips.

"Azy!"

“My King, I think I may go get a drink. Are you thirsty?” I tell him, wiggling trying to climb off him.

“Are you trying to rip my dick off?”

“Well, that depends. Who is Alpha?”

“Okay, just stay damn still; I want my junk intact,” he curses.

“Say it then?” | tease, and his eyes sparkle with mischief before he grips my hips and rolls, pinning me beneath him.

“Oh, how easily our roles are reversed, Empress,” he teases as struggle to shove him off.

“I can always order you off,” I tell him when he jams his fingers in my ribs and tickles me. I squirm away from his torturous fingers.

“What was that? I can’t hear you, my Queen. Who is whose Alpha?” he asks, pressing his weight on me and pinning me in place, yet I couldn’t catch my breath or hold a straight thought as his fingers tickled and prodded every sensitive area.

“Say it, and I stop,” he says and I laugh. Tickling really is the worst torture.

“You, you are the alpha,” | squeal, laughing, and he stops while laughing as I try to catch my breath. Kyson smiles and leans down, pressing his lips to mine softly.

“I love you,” he mumbles.

I open my mouth when his fingers dance across my ribs in warning; making me laugh. “I love you too, my King,” I purr back at him, and I feel him smile against my lips, having won this one.

## **His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 222**

### **His Lost Lycan Luna (Kyson and Ivy)**

Chapter 222

**His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 98**

**Kyson POV**

Azalea fell asleep pretty quickly, yet as the sun rose, I knew I had to get out of bed, so I decided to check in with patrols, and with Damian who was meeting me at my office.

We were supposed to be heading to the Landeena Kingdom today. Yet not hearing back from Larkin was starting to bother me. He is supposed to let us know by this morning. Yet all week we have haven't heard a word from him.

"Something is going on?" Damian tells me as I hang up the phone from trying to ring Larkin for the third time this morning. It was suspicious. I didn't know who to trust, but one thing was certain, the council couldn't be trusted.

And neither could anything we thought we knew. Nothing made sense.

"I think you need to hold off going to the Landeena Kingdom, my King. It isn't safe. I have a bad feeling about this," Damian tells me and the worry was clearly etched on his face.

"Azalea won't like it, but I think you are right," I tell him, and he sighs in relief just as Gannon steps into my office.

"How is Abbie?" I ask him when he smirks. He sits down and I press my lips in a line, trying not smile when I see she had finally marked him.

He clears his throat awkwardly. "Good, yep. Everything is good," he chuckles, and it was good seeing him for once happy about something. I know he has struggled badly with Abbie and her PTSD.

"Azalea?" he asks, changing the subject.

"Damian and I were just discussing we should postpone the trip to Landeena," I answer him.

"No word from Larkin," he asks and Damian and I both shake our heads.

"Nothing," I answer and Gannon sighs.

"Do you want me to send Liam and Dustin to the Cypress in search of him?" Gannon asks, but I shake my head and

scratch my chin while I think about what the best approach would be.

"Not yet. We will give him today, if no answer by tonight, and he is still unreachable. We storm through the council," I tell them and they nod.

Damian gets up from his seat before pausing. "What is it?" I ask him. I knew he wanted to ask me something, I could read him like a book and he had been nervous all morning.



“Tandi wants—” I wave my hand, cutting him off, already knowing what he is about to ask.

“All the children that were adopted had their pictures taken. All documentation is in the cellars. She can have access to them. I will let the guards know,” I tell him and he nods.

“Do you really think Paige is one of the children?” Gannon asks us both. Larkin could be lying, but I highly doubted. He genuinely appeared disgusted with Tandi’s claims and also truly believed Brock didn’t kill his own child.

“I hope so if not—” Damian pauses, looking at me.

“If she isn’t permission granted, you don’t have to ask, not when it comes to children,” Damian nods. And I knew if he couldn’t find Tandi’s daughter. The next place he would be going is to drag the information out of Brock by any means possible.

I watch them leave, and I smirk as Gannon leaves seeing how happy he was. At least that would be one less thing playing on Azalea’s mind. Abbie was a constant worry, and after her attempt to kill herself, I knew it heightened to

magnitude levels, Azalea would not cope with losing her a second time. Yet as he goes to walk out the door, I call to him.

\*Ah Gannon, a moment please,” he stops, looking back at me.

“Close the door, I need to speak with you,” I tell him and he sighs, looking at out to the hall before shutting the door. He retakes his seat across from me and I sit back, watching my friend.

“Sia?” | ask.

“Liam told you?” Gannon asks, and I shake my head.

“No, Dustin did,” he nods his head, knowing Liam must have spoken to Dustin.

“Dustin told me about Liam’s involvement but said nothing about you. I want to hear it from you,” I tell him and he sighs.

“Sia, Abbie’s aunty was my mate.” He breathes out.

\*And Liam helped you cover up her death?” he nods his head.

“You did not need to keep that from me, or Damian. I figured something went down,” I tell him, pointing to his chest. We all saw his scars, we all knew what caused that sort of damage. We also knew something bad happened for him to want to end it. Yet we didn’t

want to pry and I trusted Liam to come to me if he was worried about Gannon. I knew he would tell us one day the story behind them.

“And her body?” I ask him.

“Outside her old pack along with her mother’s,” Gannon tells me.

“The mother?”

“Came after me years later when she learned what happened to her daughter,” I nod in understanding.

“How did Abbie take this news?”

“Not well at first, but she understands why I did it,” he explains.

“Is that all?” I ask him.

“There is more, but I can’t tell you, my King. I won’t risk Abbie,” I swallow.

“If I look into Sia’s background, what will I find Gannon?”

“Are you asking because you already know, my King?” he asks in return.

“I’m asking as a friend. I am asking for my Queen. Your Queen. If there is anything I need to know, this is your

chance to tell me,” I tell him.

Gannon looks away and that is answer in itself for me.

“Abbie’s parents weren’t involved,” he says.

“Abbie won’t be punished for her family’s mistake, Gannon. You have my word, but the fact you never told me you found your mate in the first place has me worried. The fact you didn’t tell me says either you knew I wouldn’t approve or suspected something was amiss,”

“I want your word, my King. Abbie stays out of it,”

“Your Queen would have my balls if I tried. Rest assured, Gannon. I have learned from my mistakes, I won’t punish her like I did Azalea. We may be products of our parent’s but we aren’t them,” I tell him. Gannon seems to think for a

second.

“Sia worked for the hunter organisation, so did her mother. Liam and I found out she was one of the hunter’s suppliers.” he tells me and I purse my lips, peeved he didn’t tell me, but she was no longer a threat.

“Suppliers?” I ask him.

“Yes, her mother was selling Wolfsbane to the hunter organisation,”

“She was growing it?” I ask him, but he shakes his head.

“We found no evidence she was growing, but she definitely obtaining it from somewhere,”

“You won’t keep anything like this from me again. I understand why you did. But we could have figured it out together.”

“Sia was trying to weasel her way into the Kingdom. She was very insistent I change her. I wanted to wait. When I refused her, she went to Liam and tried to have him kill me,”

“She wanted access to my kingdom?”

“It appeared so. All she talked about was coming here and me changing her. It set off alarm bells, yet I never figured out her intention. She never told Liam anything that was suspicious either. Then, when I thought we figured it out and she was willing to accept me, I walked into an ambush. Luckily, Liam knew me better than her. Brotherhood won over the mate bond,” he tells me. It explains why he and Liam are joined at the hip usually. I nod in understanding, thankful it also did.

“You can go, maybe see if Abbie and Azalea want to help Tandi. It will keep them distracted while we try and figure out this Larkin issue,” I tell him and Gannon nods, getting up from his seat and walking out, leaving me much to think about.

## **His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 223**

### **His Lost Lycan Luna (Kyson and Ivy)**

Chapter 223

**His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 99**

**Azalea POV**

Later That Afternoon.

We sat on the cellar floor, going through documents and photographs. Tandi would hand them off to Abbie when she was done, who would re-stack them back in the boxes. Yet the longer we dug through everything, the more disheartened Tandi became.

“How old would Paige be now?” I ask her.

“Seven in February,” she answers with a sigh.

“Well, that rules out these kids out,” Abbie says, handing me the pile full of toddler photos.

“We might have to do a DNA test. She could be different from how you remember?”

“I will recognize her,” Tandi says with confidence.

“How can you be so sure?” I ask.

“I’m her mother, and she has a scar. She had a scar down one side of her face, required stitches, went from her chin to her hairline. She fell off the stairs when she was three and landed on a glass table,” she tells me.

“Brock beat me good for that one, considering I wasn’t even watching her. Asshole had me entertaining one of his friends, and he was supposed to be watching her for me. He broke three of my ribs that night,” Tandi says. My stomach drops hearing that as she sifted through the photos.

“Well, I will start with this pile,” I tell her. Tandi spoke so easily of such tragic circumstances, as if desensitized to her own trauma, it saddened me how much she had suffered since I last saw her at the orphanage, back when she was Taylor

“This place gives me the creeps,” Abbie says, rubbing her arms as she set the box back on the shelf. I glance over my shoulder at her as she looks around. We spent hours down in the cellars combing through every child’s information when Tandi tossed the last one in the box. None of them were Paige. She gets up just as Damian walks in to check on us.

“Hun?” he asks as she walks toward the stairs. She pulls her arm away before he can grab her and runs off up the stairs and he turns looking at me and Abbie.

“None of them were Paige,” I tell him, heartbroken for Tandi. She was so excited when we came down here only to leave heartbroken. Damian swallows, staring after her as she takes off.

“Go, Damian, take the afternoon off. I will speak to Kyson and let him know,” I tell him and he nods.

“Thank you, Azalea,” he says, rushing off after her. Abbie and I pack everything up before climbing the stairs and coming out of the pantry. Yet as I do, I see Tanner, the gardener in the kitchen looking rather lost, clutching his wide brim hat in hands as he looked around the kitchen. He jumps when we come behind him.

“Tanner, what can I help you with?” Clarice says, coming back into the kitchens from where ever she was.

Tanner looks at me but addresses Clarice. “I was going to see if you could ask the King or Queen for a few moments of their time,” Clarice growls and I hadn’t heard her growl at anyone in anger before.

“I told you yesterday this wasn’t your issue. Leave it be,” she snaps at him and my brows furrow in confusion.

“It’s fine, Clarice. What is wrong, Tanner?” I ask.

“My Queen, I will sort it and speak with Kyson. You don’t need to handle this one,” Clarice says, pushing me toward the doors with Abbie.

“It’s your brother, my Queen,” Tanner calls out and we all freeze.

“You dare mention him to her after what he has done?” Clarice snarls, spinning on her heel and pointing an accusing finger at him.

“He’s just boy Clarice. How can you say that when you have helped raise him with me, you know how useless his grandparents are with him and Ester, well,” he shakes his head.

“I’m sorry, my Queen. I just worry for him,” I swallow but nod my head and he turns to leave. Clarice watches him go and I could see his words upset her deeply.

“Wait, Tanner. What of my brother?” I ask him and he stops.

\*My Queen, you don’t have to deal with this, the King can,” Clarice says, but I shake my head. Kyson had enough going on, and he was my brother.

“His grandparents kicked him out, and he…” Tanner tries to explain.

“He what, Tanner?”

I have been sneaking him into the stables at night,” Tanner says, while dropping his head in defeat.

"You've been what?" Clarice screams at him. Tanner flinches at her anger. I hold up my hand.

"Where is he now?" I ask.

"Hiding down by the river until it gets dark so he can cross the river without being seen, my Queen. I know what he did was wrong, but he is just a boy. He has no one else."

"He has Ester," I tell him, but he shakes his head.

"Ester, that woman is trash. She doesn't give a shit about him. The moment you kicked them out of here, she left when no one was watching, he has been on his own since," Tanner tells me and I swallowed.

"Wait, when did Ester leave?" Tanner pauses to think for a second, counting on his fingers.

"The night Elder Larkin left. Peter came to find me. Ester was fired from the fruit market she worked at, and he asked for money for food. I asked him why he couldn't go home. His grandparents tossed him out and his mother once again abandoned the boy," he tells me and I sigh, looking at Abbie, who nervously chewed nails as she listened.

Looking back at Tanner, he stood nervously waiting for me to say something. "Take me to my brother," I tell him and he nods.

"Clarice is coming and" I sigh.

"I need to get the King. I am not making any decisions without him." I tell the gardener.

"Thank you, my Queen. I can bring him to you, I can bring him here if you like while you get the king?" he says.

"I'll make him something to eat," Clarice says, grabbing the bread and I nod to her.

"Okay, I will go find my King," I tell Tanner before turning on my heel and going in search of Kyson. We had come to far now to start hiding things from each other now. Looping my arm through Abbie's, I tug her toward the door and we head toward his office.

As soon as we step out of the kitchens and move up the corridor, Trey and Dustin come out of the staff lunch room and trail us. They left us to sift through the paperwork, knowing the guards in the cellar would watch us and it felt good giving them some time off. They must get rather bored following me all day, not that they ever say anything. Walking into the room, I hear Kyson's phone ringing, we enter silently.

“Crux!” Kyson states, answering the phone and placing it on loudspeaker so I can hear. Kyson pushes his chair out and pats his knee, wanting me to come sit on his lap. I walk over to him and he pulls me on his lap, wrapping his arm around my waist and pressing his lips to my shoulder.

“My King, I was wondering if you have seen Elder Larkin?” I hear Crux’s voice. I look at Kyson, who motions for me to remain quiet

“Why?” Kyson asks him. I could see Kyson found his call rather suspicious.

\*Well, he has been missing for several days, that is why. He is unreachable, and I checked his car coordinates and it says he is in your kingdom, My King, so one would assume you had seen him considering he has been there for a week.” Crux answers. Now that made no sense at all.

“I want this tracking information you have,” Kyson tells me.

“Of course, I can email it through. Is everything alright in your Kingdom? I have been hearing some startling rumors,” Crux asks.

“Rumors like what?” Kyson asks.

“That your men stormed through one of my businesses for one, that one of my workers was kidnapped by one of your guards and eight of my security killed. You wouldn’t happen to know anything about that, would you? I looked into it but someone wiped my security footage, which I found rather odd. Then Larkin was tracked there before found he spoke with you?”

“Well, Crux, I would be less worried about my kingdom and more worried about yours. Rumors are circulating and I beginning to notice something.”

“What is that, my King?” Crux asks in a tone that almost sounded mocking.

“Everything leads back to the council,” Kyson says.

“Doesn’t it always. I will send you the tracking data. When you find Larkin, ask him to ring me, please.” Crux tells Kyson.

“Will do,” Kyson answers, hanging up on him and glaring at his phone screen.

## **His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 224**

### **His Lost Lycan Luna (Kyson and Ivy)**

## Chapter 224

### His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 100

#### Kyson POV

I tap Azalea's leg. I needed to speak with Gannon, Liam, and Damian. Something was amiss. Yet when I went to get up, Azalea grabbed my hand. Her nervousness smashed into me, so I stopped. "It's alright, love, we'll figure it out," I tell her, moving past her. I stopped again when she refused to let go of my hand.

"Azzy, love," I try to assure her.

"Peter is waiting for us in the kitchen," she blurts out, and I look at her.

Peter was back on the castle grounds? I thought her nervousness and worry were over Crux, not over her damn brother. I growl, furious that he would come back here. More importantly, how did he get past my guard?

"I'll handle it," I tell her when she jumps to her feet.

"No, I want to help him," she blurts out, and I stop as I grip the door handle.

"No, Azalea, I won't allow that," I tell her. Hasn't he taken enough from us? I accepted her decision, allowing him to live. That was enough for me. I certainly didn't want to be helping him.

"Ester abandoned him again. His grandparents kicked him out. He has been staying by the stables and at the river," she tells me.

"The answer is no, Azalea. He was not to come back on castle grounds,"

"He is a boy, Kyson," Azalea defends him.

"And some would still say you're just a girl, Azalea. You are not much older than him. He knows right from wrong. He knew what he was doing," I tell her. How does she not see that?

"Can we just hear him out, please?" she asks. My mate was far too forgiving. Almost as if since he was her blood, she felt she had to give him a second chance. But sometimes second chances turn into third and fourth chances until eventually it costs your life or ruins everything you have built. I won't lose my mate to him again.

"You aren't obligated to help or love him, Azalea. Not after what he did," I tell her.



"I know that, Kyson. Peter isn't bad. He made a mistake." She defends him.

"A mistake? It was more than a mistake, Azalea. That so-called mistake cost our daughter's life," I tell her, and she flinches at the mention of our loss.

"We all make mistakes, Kyson. He will live with his mistakes for the rest of his life. I just don't want my brother to be one of mine. I don't want that guilt hanging over me, and I need to know I tried."

"No, Azzy. This is just your genes talking, not common sense. Your gifts, the infinite need you'll always have to help, to love, and nurture. Unfortunately, that is one trait I will always hate that your mother has passed down to you. You'll always feel obligated, even above and beyond reason." Azalea says nothing.

She knows I am right. But I also know she wouldn't be able to handle the guilt if something happened to him if she didn't help. Damn, Azure's handing that down. I learned so much reading those few passages of Cedric's book.

Azure's were magnificent for their ability to forgive and move on, for their elemental gifts, and for being empathetic, it made me wonder if that was part of why Tatiana put up with Garret and remained with him. Unfortunately, she also inherited a few of her father's traits. I had seen that first hand and been on the receiving end of it.

His temper, his command, and his bite. We were yet to see all of Azalea's moon-blessed gifts, and I think the possibilities are infinite when it comes to Azalea. Because one thing I realized with startling clarity and why the moon goddess blessed both bloodlines with opposing gifts, they were to balance the other out. They were never supposed to come together, for it would throw off balance.

Opposites don't always attract. One was benevolent and the other malevolent, but once together, they detonated. Together, they were unstoppable and an impossible force to reckon with, and I suddenly understood Garret Landeena's purpose in marrying Tatiana Azure. It was to gain what he was lacking, another power trip. Yet such qualities together would make it near impossible to live with. Landeena's ego would always overrule any guilt he felt.

"You know I am right, yet you want to help him anyway, Love. Want to find some redeeming quality, but what if there isn't one?" I ask her. She looks away from me and swallows. I could feel that Landeena temper rise within her. That need to know was just as strong, so I knew I was on the losing end of this argument. That Landeena stubbornness would be the death of me and possibly her if we weren't careful.

"I need to know. I can't abandon him as everyone else has." she says with finality in her voice.

“Are you sure you are doing this for him or for you, Azzy? What is it you’re hoping comes out of this?”

“Both. Kyson, I want peace. I won’t get that by knowing I could have helped but didn’t. I won’t get peace from turning my back on him.”

Hearing her words, the guilt and anger behind them, I knew my assumptions were right. To live with such passion, guilt, anger, and confusion was exhausting for her. She needed this, even if it hurt her in the end. She needed to know she did all she could to save him.

Typical Azure trait. Azure’s sacrifice would be seen as never enough in their own eyes. Azalea was never supposed to exist; she was both Landeena and Azure. She inherited both bloodlines, along with it their best and worst traits of them.

Love and war that is what the Azures and Landeenas represent. Selfishness, greed, ego, and power were the Landeena kingdom’s undoing. Love, compassion, loyalty, and sacrifice were the Azures.

Two things I now recognize in Azalea. Love and war, she inherited both. She loved fiercely, forgave quickly, became angered easily, and went to war for those she loved even if they didn’t deserve her Love. And I feared that would be my Queen’s undoing. And I knew the gifts bestowed on her had also cursed her. This is why the Goddess made them the opposite. Therefore, they were never to be fated together. Neither’s power could outweigh the other, and the illusion of peace evened the playing field. Until they learned each other’s weaknesses and realized what they lacked was in the other.

With a sigh, I kneel before her. I wish she would see reason and the fear I have of her getting too close to the boy that almost destroyed her. Destroyed us. And she expects me to watch that again.

“Last chance Azzy, I mean it. No more helping after this, promise me. If he hurts you, promise me you will not give him any more of your time. Promise to let me deal with him,”

“But he’s a Landeena?” she whispers. Yet that immunity would no longer protect him from me if he hurt her or tried to get between us again.

But you are not, you may be born of them, but you aren’t your father, you aren’t your mother, you are Valkyrie now, mine as I am yours. I won’t watch him destroy you again. I won’t allow him to destroy what we have built. And I certainly won’t stand by and watch you destroy yourself over him. So promise me, this is the last time. If Peter does one thing wrong, you let me end him,” I tell her. Azalea swallows but lets out a breath.

“Last time,” she whispers, and I sigh before pulling her to her feet.

"We'll deal with Peter, and then I need to speak with the guard, including yours. I want to be prepared for anything." I tell her.

"Crux said he was sending you the coordinates of Larkin's whereabouts, though."

"Yes, he said he would. But I have a funny feeling he is buying time, trying to throw us off. He will find some excuse not to send them right away," I tell her.

## **His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 225**

### **His Lost Lycan Luna (Kyson and Ivy)**

Chapter 225

#### **His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 101**

##### **Azalea POV.**

After we sorted out Peter, Kyson left me with Abbie, Liam and Trey. We headed back to her room to check on Gannon and take Tyson from him so he could meet up with the King and Damian to try to figure out their next

move.

Kyson was right, and Crux still hadn't sent through the tracking information. So now Kyson was having to find another way to obtain it, yet the more I thought of it, the more I believed Crux was taunting us. He knew we had him backed into a corner and was now plotting against us harder than ever.

I just didn't know how he fit into it all, yet I had this nagging feeling I was right. And that everything was connected in some way. "I can't believe Kyson let Peter stay," Abbie says.

"Not without conditions, and he is to have Dustin with him at all times until we figure out what to do with him." I tell her with a sigh. It was better than him sleeping in the stables.

"I just don't understand how Ester abandoned him again, and where would she go?" Abbie murmurs. I didn't understand it all either. It also baffled Kyson. She fought to have him not killed, only to dump him the first chance she got

"It's almost like he was some pawn to her, saved him for some benefit to herself. She doesn't deserve to be a mother," Abbie tells me, and I stop in my tracks.

"You're right," I mumble, and my brows furrow as I try to make sense of it. Trey stops running into the back of me when I halt. He grips my arm to steady me, so I don't fall over.

"I know. What mother does that to her son?" Abbie continued. Not realizing I had stopped and was stuck in my own head.

"Azalea?" Trey murmurs. Abbie's footsteps stop when Liam grips her shoulder, pulling her to a stop, and I look between them both as they stare at me, the cogs in my head turning. Ester had access to both Kingdoms. Both Kingdoms were attacked by hunters.

She had a reason for hating my father when he shunned her while she was pregnant with his son. Yet Marissa was at both Kingdoms too. Although, I know she didn't do it. What benefit would she gain by killing her own mate and keeping me hidden?

"What is it?" Liam asks.

"It's Ester," I murmur. Yet what reason would she have for killing Claire? It was the only thing that made little sense to me. What would she gain from that, and why did Marissa run afterward?

In the memory I was given, my mother specifically told Marissa to take me to my mate. So my mother had to know Kyson was my mate before even we knew. She knew I would be safe with him, yet why did Marissa not hand me over to him? And why did she run from the Kingdom afterward?

"What about Ester?" Trey asks.

"What Abbie said, Peter is a pawn to her. It's the only thing that makes sense. Explains how she could abandon him after fighting for him. My father shunning her is what she blames him for. She was also in both kingdoms. She was a part of both kingdoms when the attacks happened," I tell him. Liam moves closer, looking at Trey, also thinking.

"It was Ester that let the hunters in." Trey thinks for a second, but it is Liam who comes forward next with another good point.

"Peter also said Ester went missing the night Larkin left here," Liam says, looking at Trey.

"But she wasn't here when Larkin was. She wouldn't have known about any of it," I tell him, finding holes in what he said.

"Peter!" Trey says, but I shake my head.

"Think about it, Azalea. Who else would it be?" Trey says.

“Peter seemed genuine,” I tell him, and Trey scoffs.

“There is one way to find out for sure, command him to answer, question him, and find out what he knows,” Liam offers.

“That would hurt him,” I tell him.

“Sometimes command is the necessary evil, Azalea. Remember what Kyson told you earlier when he agreed to let him stay?” Trey reminds me.

“That I had to see past my own desire to see the good in someone,” I answer, and Liam nods while I sigh, squeezing the bridge of my nose,

I knew they were right. It was also the only way we could be certain about which side of the fence Peter was on. I hated the idea of hurting him, even though he hurt me. Yet I knew Kyson would manipulate my aura if I asked and do it for me.

“Okay, but first, I need to get Tyson. The King wanted to see Gannon,” Abbie says.

“We are going with him. I promised Kyson I wouldn’t go near Peter without him. I am not breaking that promise and giving him reason to kill Peter before we get answers,” I tell her, and she nods her head before rushing off to find her mate and Tyson. Liam watches her go, and I sigh.

“I don’t know what is going on with you and Abbie, but I am watching Liam. Now go on; I know Gannon has asked you to keep an eye on her when he isn’t with her because you linger like a foul smell,” I tell him.

“I would like to argue about the foul smell comment; I smell divine, blood, and sultry sin is a more accurate description of my scent. Just ask Dustin. He will happily confirm. But quite right, my Queen, you are observant.” He taunts, and I roll my eyes.

“Apparently not observant enough. Look at the mess we are in,” I tell him.

“Good thing you have a guard and friends willing to help you clean it up,” Liam laughs before sauntering off after Abbie.

I shake my head, and Trey offers me his arm. I loop mine through his while we wait, using him as my personal leaning post; 1

needed sleep. I hardly got enough.

“Can we stop by my room on the way? I want to grab the books Cedric gave me.”

"Of course," I chew my lip, knowing how busy Kyson is, but that was kind of his thing, so I stopped myself from asking Trey. Curiosity was killing me, yet Kyson enjoyed reading to me, and it kind of felt like a betrayal to have someone else do it.

"What are you thinking that has you pulling that face?" Trey asks.

"Nothing; I am trying to figure out how Claire fits into it all. She is the one part that makes absolutely no sense. Ester getting vengeance on my father, though petty, is still motive enough. But to kill a pregnant woman?" I ask.

"Like mother like son," Trey says. "We'll figure it out, though I am not sure Ester would be smart enough to pull such a thing off. Yet you are right. There are too many coincidences surrounding her, and now her sudden disappearance makes her look even more guilty. Either she has the worst timing and simply is in the wrong place at the wrong time constantly. Or we are missing something entirely." Trey tells me.

"And if she is guilty, it means someone was helping her. She flew under the radar and swept through two kingdoms without raising suspicion. How is that even possible?" I ask him.

"The same way it is possible that none of us knew she had a child or, in my case, kept the child. Secrets always come to light, even the best-kept ones. Nothing stays hidden forever. You are proof of that. And if someone is helping her, my bet is on the council and Crux

"Wait, Tandi said Crux had a mistress?" I ask him.

"No, Crux wouldn't be involved with someone like her, not someone his uncle was with," Trey says with a shake of his head

"Unless they both had motive," I tell him, and he seems to think. But what motive would Crux have? What would he gain by killing his own uncle?