

## His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 231

His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 107

Azalea POV

Dustin was beside me, holding my hand when my eyes fluttered open. Relief flooded me when I opened my eyes and saw the canopy over my bed, along with Dustin's face peering down at me, not Tanner's.

"Finally," Dustin breathed, and I watched his eyes glaze over as he mind-links someone.

"Tyson, Tandi?" I ask.

"Downstairs, everyone is in the ballroom. This storm is horrendous," Abbie says, and I feel the bed dip beside me. Abbie sweeps my hair back from my face. Tyson was on her lap, his head resting against her shoulder. He was fast asleep.

"Why the ballroom?" I croak, sitting up. Instantly pain rattles through my skull, and vertigo washes over me as I try to remember anything besides seeing Tandi chucked down the trapdoor.

"Love?" I hear Kyson's voice flit through my head, making me clutch it.

"Sorry, I will be up soon. You have a bad concussion," he tells me, and I nod before remembering he can't see me.

Dustin taps my shoulder, and I look up. He holds a bottle of water out to me before passing me some pills.

"Painkillers," he tells me, and I nod. He drops them into my palm, and I pop them into my mouth before he helps me tip the bottle to my lips so I can swallow them down.

"Where are you?" I mind-link Kyson trying to ignore how the mind-link feels like someone is drilling a hole in my head. I grit my teeth through it, and Dustin moves off the bed and wanders to my closet.

"I'll be there soon, but we found out some answers from Tanner," he tells me.

"You're with Tanner? Where?"

"It doesn't matter where; I don't want you down here. I am sending Liam back up there to sit with you. He is swapping places with Gannon for a bit; he is now on his way to me." Kyson says when Liam interrupts the link.

"I will be up soon, my Queen. Just need to shower quickly." Liam tells me before he cuts the link.

"I'll see you soon," Kyson assures me before he, too, cuts the link abruptly, and I don't even want to know what he is doing to Tanner.

"Once you're up to it, I will send for something to eat. You should try to eat," Dustin tells me.

"Shouldn't we be heading to the ballroom?" I asked.

"No, the storm is almost over. We just put those living in the east and south wings down there. The roof leaked, and the place got flooded. And a tree fell through the servant's quarters wall. We are unscathed here so far."

"Yeah, it is blowing over, though now I know you're awake and okay. I might go down and help Clarice and check on Tandi if you don't mind?" Abbie tells me.

"No, of course, you didn't have to wait with me," I tell her, and she raises an eyebrow at me as if that was the stupidest thing I had ever said. I roll my eyes, causing me to wince at the motion, and she laughs softly. Abbie leans over and presses her lips to my head.

"More than my life," I whisper.

"Always more," she replies before cradling Tyson and wandering toward the door. Dustin asks Clarice to have one of the cooks bring up a snack despite telling him I was fine and just thirsty. Only ten or fifteen minutes later, Liam walked in freshly showered. His hair was still damp as he strolled into the room.

He pecks Dustin on the cheek, who was watching me like he was waiting for me to drop to the ground as I pull Kyson's robe on; Dustin got from the closet.

"Kyson said you got some information from Tanner?" Liam bites his bottom lip, and I raise an eyebrow waiting for him to answer.

"He was supplying the hunters and Vivienne with wolfsbane. We also found out the connection to the council and Ester," Liam tells me. I sit back on the bed, and Dustin cracks his neck and yawns while tiredly stretching his arms above his head.

"What's the connection?" I yawn before glaring at Dustin. His yawning was contagious; I just woke up. No way! should be tired. He smirks and shakes his head.

“So turns out when Garret kicked out Ester. He ordered Crux to take her for an abortion.” Liam tells me.

“He ordered Crux to take her?” I asked shocked. Liam nods his head.

“Yes, and Crux was to take her to Vivienne. She was known for her concoctions and could make a potion to abort a Lycan fetus,” he explains.

“How does that link to Tanner, though?”

“To abort a Lycan baby, they used to give liquid mercury and high doses of wolfsbane, Vivienne was out of wolfsbane, so Crux had to meet her supplier. That supplier was Tanner. Apparently, when Ester started working here, she was blackmailing Tanner for his little side business. They had an agreement that neither of them knew the other,”

“But she didn’t have the abortion,”

“Yes, we know. Apparently, she cut a deal with Crux,” Liam tells me.

“What kind of deal?” I ask. Liam shakes his head.

“Tanner doesn’t know. He just knows they have one,” Liam tells me.

“So what is Kyson doing now?”

“Trying to find out what his plans were. How much he was plotting with the hunters, anything really.” Liam tells me, and I nod.

Kyson POV

Gannon pulls the funnel out of his throat slowly, and Tanner chokes, gurgles, and sputters on the wolfsbane. His tongue sizzled in his mouth, his blood-drenched the floor, his hand trapped in the vice was almost completely split down the middle, and I twisted it hearing the last crunch as the vice-grip completely closed. His hand split in half.

His screams made my blood buzz. Gannon grabs the old lead sprinkler. It was a Medieval torture device used to shower victims with molten lead. However, we improvised. Instead, Gannon filled it with sulfuric acid. It was essentially a giant ladle with an iron handle. The sphere at the bottom is filled with acid. Gannon begins shaking the lead sprinkler, showering Tanner with acid.

His screams were hoarse yet still horrific as Gannon sprinkled it over his legs. “What have you got planned with the hunters? Where is Ester, Tanner?” I ask him. Gannon pulls the lead sprinkler away, yet his flesh continues to be eaten away. Gannon then

reaches for the baking soda to neutralize it. His screams turn to wailing as he runs out of breath from choking on wolfsbane and the harsh screams leaving him.

“I hope they kill all of you.” Tanner rasps. I click my tongue and move to his feet. Grabbing the top of his foot and his ankle, yank and twist, turning his foot, so it was the wrong way. The bones break and he screams. I let his foot go moving the next.

“What are they planning, Tanner? This will end when you tell me what I need to know,” I growl.

Tanner laughs, the sound sadistic as he cackles his head off like this is some sort of joke.

“Has the storm stopped?” he asks before he chokes his own blood. Gannon slaps him, but he still chokes on his own blood, and Gannon quickly removes the silver strap holding his head in place before turning his face to the side so he doesn’t choke before we get the information we need. He spits the blood out and smiles wickedly as he dazedly looks up at the ceiling.

“Pain, such a fickle thing, you won’t break me, my King,” he sneers the last part before he laughs. I growl, grabbing his other foot, about to break it.

“Oh, how she screamed, yet no sound came out. That is when you know you broke them,” he taunts, and Gannon looks at me.

“Plop,” he chuckles. “Just plopped right out her at her feet.” he laughs sadistically.

“Although, it even made me sick when she stuffed your nephew back into her. Like I knew she was unhinged. But she lost the plot, completely lost it. Made even me sick. You should have seen the look on Claire’s face. Killing her mate. Now that was priceless. Fucker didn’t stand a chance. She woke up as I drove that dagger through his chest. But her baby? She was dead the moment he fell at her feet, almost as if her soul left her as she stared down at him.” I felt the blood drain from my face at his words.

“He’s baiting you, Kyson. He wants you to kill him,” Gannon snaps, gripping my wrist as my fingers go to wrap around his throat. I hadn’t even realized I was moving toward his head.

Tanner laughs and giggles like a schoolgirl. “That bitch just couldn’t keep her mouth shut. Had to run to your sister when she caught Ester and me packing our deliveries to send to the council. She ran, she did.” he laughs.

“Who ran?” Gannon demands, his grip on my wrist tightening as my hand shook, hovering above his throat.

“Marrissa, she moved into the castle and found Ester, didn’t she? Started plotting to rat her out, but then she had to go a step too far by following us. Bitch ran straight to Claire. She just couldn’t mind her own damn business, had to get involved.”

“Claire, always the goody two shoes, did everything by the book. She should have taken it straight to you. Instead, she confided in the council and asked to have a meeting with us the next morning, she had rang the council, and Crux gave us a little heads up. So we took care of it,” Tanner laughs.

My other hand moves, and Gannon grips it before it comes down on his head and growls.

“Keep your fucking head or get out,” Gannon roars. How could he say that? He killed Claire and tried to kill my mate. Killed my nephew!

“The Hunters. What is their plan?” Gannon demands before he starts turning the handle on the rack. Stretching his limbs. Tanner screams as his body stretches. I wanted to kill him, but Gannon was right. We would get none of the answers we needed if we killed him prematurely.

“Plop” Tanner laughs just as Liam wanders down the steps, whistling as he comes down.

“Storm has blown over. Wow, look at you growing like the weed you are.” Liam taunts him but Tanner laughs at his words.

“I always did like you, Liam” Tanner chuckles. Liam tilts his head to the side, and Gannon twists the handle beside me, his body forced to stretch, and his skin tears under pressure. His screams ring out loudly.

But I have listened enough to this maggot and needed answers now. So I shoved Gannon and Liam to the side, plunging my hand through his diaphragm. I fished through his innards, reaching for his spine and wrapping my

fingers around it as he choked and gasped through the pain. I stop myself just as Tanner shudders from going into shock. “Wait!” he rasps with his lips turning gray. My claws pierced through his abdominal aorta, his blood pooling around my hand

“Where are they?” | roared in his face as his eyes widened in horror, mouth open on a silent scream, and I stopped moving my finger’s allowing him to answer through his agony. He smiles, his eyes fluttering and his eyes rolling in his head, and I know he is about to pass out or bleed out, whichever comes first. Despite laying on his deathbed, he smiles, and my heart thumps erratically in my chest at his following words.

"They're already here." Tanner breathes, and I growl, clenching my teeth, squeezing my fingers around his spine, and ripping my hand out. Along with his spine, it pulls it from his body, blood spraying all over us.

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Azalea POV

Dustin had a hold of my arm as I walked down the steps. I kept trying to shake his hand off my arm because he was making walking difficult. I felt fine now that the painkillers had kicked in, and my head didn't feel on the verge of exploding and pulsating like someone was throwing a concert inside my skull.

"Dustin, I am fine," I tell him. The storm outside had finally blown over, and I could see a few of the servants lingering by the doors as they peered out at the destruction it had caused. When one of the guards moved toward us, we had just reached the bottom of the stairs near the kitchen's entry.

"A tree has crushed the main gates. A few of us will go out with chainsaws to remove it. Damian wants to check the town to see if anyone needs help," he tells Dustin, who nods, waving him off. We started walking down the corridor toward the ballroom when we spotted Rachel, one of the servant's that worked in the kitchen, peering out the enormous windows that ran along it.

"Bloody storm was wild," she tells us, turning back to the window.

"Obliterated the east wing. It will need re..." The bang was horrendous, and blood splattered my face as the window where she stood exploded along with the entire wall. Stone and debris flew everywhere, and chaos ensued just as the mind-link opened up, and Damian screamed through the mind-link that we were under attack.

Dustin shoved me out of the way just as a second explosion went off, and I ducked for cover. The ground and building rocked and shuddered from the blast.

"Get to the tunnels!" Dustin screamed out to anyone nearby while trying to shield me as gunfire rang out loudly outside. Bullets pelted through the windows making the remaining glass rain everywhere.

"Azalea!" Kyson screamed through the link, and I could feel him racing to get to me. Felt his presence get closer when men in armor started coming in through windows, doors, and blown-out walls.

Dustin shifts, shoving me toward the ballroom.

“Get inside and lock the doors!” He snarls before turning and racing to join the fray as hunters come from every direction. I take off running, keeping low, only to trip and land flat on my face. Dust covered me, making it hard to see when I felt my hands become wet. I blinked, looking down to find I had tripped over a piece of Rachel’s torso. Her limbs littered the corridor, and I shrieked. Scrambling to my feet and rushed toward the doors at the end of the hall.

“Abbie!” I scream, praying that once I open the door, I don’t come face to face with dead children and staff members, yet as I approach the huge doors, they burst open, and I see daylight filter in from a blown-out wall. When Clarice rushes out, the kids race toward me, and I wave my arms, knowing they are running straight into the action. She grabs them, turning them toward the right corridor.

“Get to the tunnels!” I yell at her, and her head whips up and turns in my direction just as Abbie and Tandi rush out the doors. We meet up and take off along with the servants that survived the blast toward the back doors.

“There are tunnels in the woods! There’s a bunker not far from here!” Clarice yells through the mind-link, and I scoop up Oliver as he slows while Clarice clutches Logan’s hand. Our feet pounded on the stone floor to the double doors that led toward the gardens when an explosion went off directly behind us. The roof crashes down around us, and am tossed into a wall.

I see black momentarily, and my ears ring loudly when Tandi grips my arm. I could see her lips moving, yet I heard no sound. She yanks me to my feet, and we start running again, I see Peter grab Oliver as he chases after Clarice.

“Where are you?” Trey yells through the link just as someone outside opens the doors. Everyone screeches to a halt, and Clarice shifts, snarling savagely as she puts her body between ours and the door. Yet when the doors open, it is Trey.

He waves us forward, and everyone piles out as he points toward the forest. Servants rush out, ducking their heads. and I see Abbie behind me, clutching Tyson. She was bleeding and struggling to hold him, and Trey took him from her before we all started racing toward the tree line and the cover of the trees.

Kyson, I could feel he was injured, yet with everything going on, I didn’t have time to worry. Too busy trying to get out of the corridor before the roof caved in completely. Bursting through the doors, smoke filled the sky and the smell of gunfire. Shouting and screaming rang out loudly, and the place had turned into a war zone. It was hard to tell our guards from the hunters, except for the insignia emblazoned on their chest armor.

I push Abbie forward after Trey, and we race up the small incline when I see Clarice stop up ahead. Oliver, I could see beside her; I was holding her hand until Peter

grabbed him and took off with him. Tandi stopped beside Peter and Clarice, yet as she paused and looked back at us, her eyes widened, and a blood-curdling scream left her as she looked past me toward the hill of the cemetery. My eyes scanned my surroundings, and it was as if time had stopped.

Logan wandered around the carnage like a little boy lost, dazed, and covered in dust and blood. I don't think; I just reacted and took off for the hill as Lycans fought men around us. Reaching for him, I wrap my arm around his waist, pivoting on my heel as I swing him into my chest. My foot slips on the soft wet grass, and I hear the whizz of bullets as they barely miss us. Out of my peripheral vision, I can see Gannon by the flat terrain before the hill down to the stables, fighting alongside his men. Kyson, I couldn't see but knew he was alive.

Trey screams at me and shoves Tyson in Clarice's arms while I race to get back to the small amount of safety that the side of the building offers. Abbie waves me forward, and my feet slip on the grass, Logan rolls out of my arms, and I blink dazed and reach for him just as I hear Abbie scream.

I look up to see her running toward me before a bullet grazes my shoulder as I grab Logan. I hissed, the pain searing into my arm as the bullet went through, yet still, I ran towards it. The growls and snarls tear through the air around us as Abbie reaches for Logan in my arms when her eyes widen, looking behind me.

Her body collides with mine, arms locking around me in a hug, and she turns me. My eyes lock onto the hunter behind us. In his hand, he held a gun aimed at me but was now aimed at Abbie. Seconds before, I hear her gasp, and her body jolts against mine.

My heart stops as I feel the bullet hit her in the center of her back. Her gasp would forever haunt me, but not as much as her following words.

"More than my life," she rasps out in choking pain, clutching me as she takes the bullet intended for me. My eyes widened in horror, my scream was visceral and echoed off the trees and above any noise around us. "Abbie! No!" I screamed, trying to clutch her limp body as she collapsed against me, Logan trapped between us as I tried to hang onto her.

Gannon's howl was more of a wail as it rang out loudly through the sky and tore through me.

"Abbie! Abbie!" I scream, trying to wake her, and I hear Tyson scream behind me somewhere. My eyes go to the hunter, who raises his gun again. Only Trey collides with him, taking him down. Yet I couldn't move; I could only scream as I clutched her. Abbie's blood drenched my arms as her head rolled back, her eyes vacantly looking up at the sky as blood dribbled from her parted lips.

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### Kyson POV

Once his heart stopped beating and he lay dead on the rack, I cleaned my hands and most of my face to not scare any of the staff or the children too severely while trying to figure out our next move. I would also have to send

make sure no hunters or council are, in fact, here as Tanner claimed. Gannon and Liam were prepping to dismember the rest of Tanner, so he could be thrown in the furnace for disposal. I headed to the stairs when everything shook violently above me. The ground rumbling knocked me off balance. Smoke and dust filled the air making it difficult to breathe and see, and my lungs were restricted as I tried to right myself.

My ears finally stopped ringing as I got to my feet in fear for Azalea. I could barely make out Gannon and Liam through the haze, and the noise coming from upstairs was horrendous. Looking through the smoke and crushed rock, I see Liam and Gannon. They were banged up a bit but thankfully alive. I pivoted and sprinted for the stairs when searing pain ripped through my side. The hunters! They were in the tunnels leading past the dungeon. Rage overtook me as I shifted. My vision became consumed with red as the insignia became visible a few yards away.

They have taken enough from me, Azalea, and everyone in this Kingdom! Made orphans and refugees from their sick agenda. I could see Gannon and Liam shift in my peripheral vision. They would not take any more lives while I still stood. We were in rhythm, eviscerating the lot of them. Not one heartbeat remained in my keen hearing other than my own and theirs as I listened for footsteps while screaming orders through the mind-link for the staff and Azalea to get to the tunnels or bunkers.

I told Gannon and Liam to go protect Azalea and the others, not that they had a choice with the pact oath. It would be natural instinct to them, leaving me to check the tunnels. I stalked through the back tunnels making sure there weren't any hunters left hiding.

I got no reply from Azalea, yet I could feel she was alive, although panicked. Trey, I knew, was trying to get her and

giving me a run-down of what was going on above while I scoured the tunnels, ripping the wires from bombs planted beneath the castle everywhere.

The ceiling above exploding sent rocks and debris crashing down on me as I hit a fork in the tunnels. I turned to my left, wanting to take the tunnel that came out by the river, when the tunnel started exploding, I was forced to run in the opposite direction toward the tunnels leading to the stables and forest.

I was nearly at the opening directly beneath the burned-down stables and could hear fighting above as I drew nearer, echoing through the tunnel. Over the noise, I barely catch the whizzing noise that perked my ears all too late. Burning pain crumpled me to the floor.

A dart embedded in my torso. As another hit the center of my chest as my knees hit the ground. I yanked it out, the stench of wolfsbane entering my nose. I lifted my head and snarled, looking for the person responsible through the thick smoke.

There wasn't enough wolfsbane to kill me, but enough to slow me down, and too many would knock me out. Getting to my feet, my hand on the stone wall helps push me up, and I stagger as the wolfsbane poisons me.

I was trying to burn it out of my system as a voice I despised echoed in front of me. Ester!

"You just had to take that whore as your mate! I would have forgotten Crux's plan altogether, but no, you had to choose that whore. I should have been your Queen, not her." she snarls, holding the dart gun up aimed at my chest.

"I was willing to forget Crux's deal, but then, like a fucking ghost of the past, that bitch returns! I should have killed her when I had the chance, should have killed her that night in the forest when we found them!" Ester snarls before

pulling the trigger. I throw myself against the other side.

The dart narrowly misses me as it hits the ground behind me, just as another explosion goes off above. The entire tunnel shakes and I see her eyes widen when she realizes it is about to crumble down around us. With a arowl. I take off the way I came, knowing there is another tunnel that leads to the forest on the opposite side.

Ester roars behind me, and I hear her following me as she continues her rant. Luckily, the dust and smoke offered some cover. I knew I wouldn't get close enough to her while she held that gun. The wolfsbane was searing in my veins, and I was growing weaker by the second. I cringe, and duck as another explosion goes off in another tunnel.

"I got her! I found the Queen!" Trey yells through the mind-link as I push past the collapsed tunnel and turn for another. It should spit me out into the forest beside the bunkers. The tinging sound of Ester unleashing a dart with her gun whizzes past my head.

I just needed to get out to the open, knowing I could take her out. In these narrow tunnels, she had the advantage of being not only smaller but also the gun, ensuring that I would be forced to keep my distance. One more dart and she would take me out, and she knew that. That is why she kept her taunting as I forced my feet to keep moving.

“Marrissa told me Azalea was dead. Stupidly, I believed her. Had I known she was alive, I would have finished her off too. Her father ruined me, used me!” she screams as I try to keep moving. I just needed to burn it out of my system. If I stopped, I knew I wouldn’t get back up. What was in those darts? I cursed, my legs faltering as my pace slowed.

“I thought he loved me!” She laughs like a maniac. I could hear her drawing closer.

“Turns out he was fooling around with me to piss off my brother. What better way to get back at his wife’s mate than to fuck his sister? Then he tried to destroy me and take my baby from me. I kept him thinking maybe Garret would change his mind once he was born. How was I supposed to know he wouldn’t inherit the Landeena gifts? And he shunned me again, but I made him pay for that mistake. Crux was right. Garret Landeena was nothing but a manipulative prick!” I hear her.

Seeing the light up ahead, I feel another dart skim past me, the feathers grazing my arm as it narrowly misses me.

The sounds of panicked servants reach my ears, and relief floods me, knowing they got out and were near the bunkers to take cover, so I knew Azalea must be close by. I just had to get to her. Seeing the narrow opening up ahead, I push harder, forcing myself to run, and I drop my shoulder.

This one came out on the mountainside, with a wire gate blocking the entry. I see kids rush past the exit headed for the bunker with the castle servants, and my shoulder crashes against the mesh, making them jump just as Peter runs by me.

I crash through the mesh just as she growls and tosses the now empty dart gun at me. It hits me on the downfall as I burst through the meshed gate and spill out onto the mountainside. My body rolls as my momentum is off, and I slam against a tree.

Ester growls, stepping out of the open tunnel, and stalking toward me. Yet the wolfsbane in my system burned my veins like acid and scorched my insides as it made its way through muscle and tissue.

I groan, pushing up off the ground with one hand, knowing I had to get to Azalea and end this bitch. My vision blurs as she stalks toward me, and I force myself up, swaying as I clutch the tree I rolled into. Staggering, I swing wildly at her, and she laughs, jumping back as my vision doubles. Yet I could feel it was slowly and painfully burning out of my system. Whatever she gave me was stronger than just wolfsbane. However, the more I pushed through the pain, the toxins burned out slowly. My muscles no longer spasmed the way they had been, though my vision was dangerously blurry.

“I thought I enjoyed killing Claire, but I think I will enjoy killing the Lycan King more,” Ester laughs when I see a shadow move behind her. My eyes flick back to her, Yet as she flexes her fingers, her claws slip free, and she raises

her arm to end me. My reflexes are slower yet still, my hand whips out at the last second, catching her wrist, when I hear a scream.

Ester tenses and staggers, forcing me to let her go as she stumbles toward me onto one knee. Only when I do notice Peter behind her, a branch in his hand. He lifts it, swinging it again at her head before turning into a frenzied rage and raining blow after blow down on her as I get to my feet again.

“I loved you! I loved you, but you couldn’t love me!” he roared, repeatedly swinging the branch at her head.

Tears streaked down his face as he bashed her head in, crushing her skull into the earth. Brain matter spilled out her ears and through the back of her skull as it cracked open like an egg. Yet he still swung, the branch breaking in his hands when I grabbed him, hauling him back with my arm across his chest.

He screams, brandishing the broken branch, and I look down at Ester. Her head was crushed under his blows and no longer distinguishable to the eye. “Where is Azalea?” | gasp, and Peter looks up at me over his shoulder.

“With the others, I will take you,” He tells me as he points toward the castle, and he runs ahead while I stagger, trying to keep up with him. I could hear fighting and the chaos of war.

Peter runs up the incline as more children rush down the hill with staff. I see Clarice standing at the top when she suddenly screams, making my heart splutter in my chest, and adrenaline fuels me to move faster.

| slip on the wet grass, coming up behind her to see Azalea stop, and Trey screams out for her at the exact second. I tracked her movements to see her go after Logan, who was walking into the line of fire and in the wrong direction. My eyes widen in horror, and my heart pumps erratically.

A gasp escapes me when I see Azalea run directly into the path of the hunters to retrieve him. It felt like everything slowed down, time almost stopping for a few fateful moments. Or maybe I thought it did as I watched my mate risk her life to save the boy.

Trey shoves Tyson into Clarice’s arms and runs after her just as I regain my footing on the slippery slope when Abbie screams out to her. Azalea lifts her head and looks at Abbie just as Abbie’s body collides with Azalea’s, her arms locking around her in a hug, and she pivots. At that second, I noticed the hunter with his gun aimed directly at her.

The bang of the gun going off echoed, and my heart stopped in my chest when I watched Abbie jolt in Azalea’s arms.

“More than my life,” Abbie rasps out, the whisper catching on the wind and reaching me just as Azalea’s visceral, agonized scream does. “Abbie! No!”

The sound was so broken, soul-crushing and gut-wrenching as her agony sliced through my chest like her scream cut through the wind, silencing everyone briefly as they looked in her direction. Azalea’s pain for her loss broke my heart as I felt hers incinerate in her chest.

I stumble down the hill toward her as she wails and cries out for Abbie, clutching her tightly. Azalea hung on to her, trying to hold her limp body as Abbie collapsed forward against her, Logan trapped between them,

Gannon’s howl had me lifting my head to see him tearing across the paddock and barreling toward Azalea. Tyson screams for his mother, kicking and screaming in Clarice’s arms, making her drop him. Clarice chases him just as Trey tackles the hunter, who lifts his gun and points it at Azalea.

“Abbie! Abbie!” Azalea wailed and screamed, trying to wake her as she shook her, clutching her tightly.

Hunters laid strewn across the ground, most of them dead as my guards and the Landeena guards took out the last of them on the hill, yet I could see more were coming up from the river and from around the sides of the castle. We were severely outnumbered and all I could think was I needed to get to Azalea, yet she was moving, and wasn’t letting her go, she just stopped as if a part of her died along with Abbie.

Logan escapes from in between Azalea and Abbie, running to Clarice as Azalea rocked back and forth on the ground with Abbie clutched in her arms. “More than my life! More than my life!” she screamed, as if saving it loud enough would bring her back.

Gannon falls to his knees, clutching his dead mate in his arms, forgetting the war going on around us when a blade

slices down my back, forcing my attention back to fight. I am forced to fight my way to them as spin to find a hunter had come at me from the side, his dagger embedded in my side, and I pull it free, my claws sinking into the side of his neck as I slash at him.

Trey moved alongside me as hunters came from everywhere. From up over the hills, out of the forest, and spewing out from the castle, they just kept coming. Even those who tan for safety in the bunkers were now spewing back onto the battleground as hunters chased them back toward us.

The Landeena guards, my guards, form a circle around our Queen. Clarice flees with the kids, and Peter barely makes it past our circle of defense that offered little safety as all guards covered the Queen.

Guns were drawn and aimed at my body, my back becoming a target as they unleashed on us. I clutch my stomach as a bullet embedded in my side, then my stomach. Pain ricochets through me, and I stagger as I keep fighting. Nothing else mattered. Only getting to Azalea did.

Another bullet pierces through my shoulder when I hear her scream as she feels my pain. The ground shook when was brought to my knees. When Crux's booming voice echoes through smoke and dust as they surrounded us. They would always know this day as the day the Valkyrie Kingdom fell. The day the hunters took the Lycania Kingdoms down.

We were circled entirely as Crux stepped out of the shadows and smoke and onto the battlefield. His smug smile of triumph seared into me. He was a traitor to his own kind. A betrayer to all.

## **His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 234**

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

Chapter 234

#### **His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 110**

##### **Azalea POV**

She was gone, and I watched in horror as Gannon stole her from me, clutching her to his chest, and I felt dead. Like I took my last breath when she did, all life left me. She died for me and I felt completely and utterly numb until I heard his voice slice through the air as it mocked me. His slow methodical clap made me see red as I lifted my head to see I was circled by the Landeena and Valkyrie Guard, shielding me instead of fighting.

My eyes scanned the destruction to find Kyson getting to his feet not far from me. The sight of my mate made my heart beat when Crux's voice brought me back to my surroundings.

He took Abbie from me. He wouldn't take my mate too. "I have waited for this day since I learned of your birth," Crux laughed. My blood boiled, sizzled and my skin warmed with tage.

"The almighty Landeenas finally fall. The Landeena Kingdom should have been mine. He promised it to me. I took down my own mother's Kingdom for it!" he yelled as

everyone halted under his voice. The hunter's guns trained on us. They knew we were cornered and thought there was no way out for us.

That fucking name. That fucking name everyone was obsessed with. The Landeena name meant nothing to me anymore. I know the sins that name carried; the heartache bestowed upon the Kingdoms from it, and the reign of terror it has caused.

I could feel the blood of that name burn through me along with my mothers, feel it in my toes as they tingled along with my rage. Yet I wasn't just Landeena. My father's name brought shame to me. I no longer wanted it. Crux could have it. That name took more from me than anything else.

Yet as I watched Gannon clutch my sister's dead body in his arms as Liam tried to pry Abbie free of him, it angered me more. Gannon fights him, trying to draw her nearer, when Liam punches him and knocks him back, his hands replacing Gannon's as he brings his hand down on her chest, pumping her heart as if he could save her and bring her back to us. Turning my head and seeing my mate on his knees made pure rage slivers white-hot through me. The ground vibrated beneath me, and I could feel its energy, breathe life into me like it was part of me.

"Your father lied to me, then took Tatiana as his Queen. His enemy he took as his Queen and birthed her spawn. It was never yours, Azalea. Your father promised it to me. The Landeena name was to be mine!" Crux roared in anger.

"You can have the fucking name!" I screamed in anger as I rose to my feet. My guard tensed and took protective stances encircling me, but I wanted to see the face of the man who thought he would be our downfall, see the life drain from his eyes when I took it from him.

"Stand down!" I scream at my guard when I see them move to protect me. My command rings out loud, my people drop to their knees, and Crux laughs, clapping his hands slowly as he strolls closer. Kyson's fear bleeds into me, and I could feel his eyes on me, his heart beating in his chest in sync with mine as I stared down Crux, who smiled sadistically.

"Landeena's used to be gods. The Landeena's were feared among the Lycania Kingdoms, and your father brought shame to the name, but not anymore. His reign ends here today with you, just like the Azures. You're all that's left," Crux called out to me.

He was right because I could feel their blood singing in my veins, feel the power that had awoken and now writhed through me, strong like a flexing muscle, he was right. I am Landeena and Azure by blood, but that is not all.

"You're wrong. The Landeena's and Azures may be dead," I tell him.

“Almost,” Crux said, pointing to me. I laugh, the sound wicked as the ground beneath my feet begins to shake, my

aura pressing out, and I feel its strength as it wraps around my people like a shield.

“But I am not a Landeena or Azure. I am Valkyrie! And you shall not take my Kingdom!”

## **His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 235**

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

Chapter 235

**His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 111**

**Kyson POV**

I couldn't move as the power of her command rolled over everyone forcing us to our knees as she stood off, glaring daggers at Crux. Her eyes, emblazoned with her anger, glowed like beacons in the night.

“But I am not a Landeena or Azure. I am Valkyrie! And you shall not take my Kingdom!”

Azalea roared when I felt her anger erupt like lava spewing from a mountainous volcano. The hunter's fear burned the air with a thick stench. I wanted to gag at the scent as their guns started going off as they unleashed, their bullets whizzing through the sky yet stopping on a shield she created around us, bouncing off its walls as she lifted her hands.

The ground split, creating a crater dividing us from them as vines shot from the ground, wrapping around the hunters like tentacles and ripping them into the earth as the violence from her rage fueled her guards' angry roars. Fire lit up the sky as her anger scorched the air around us and burned everything it touched, turning the grass black as it seared the earth, yet locked under the safety of her aura's shield. It did not touch us.

Crux's eyes widen as the sky darkens, and he realizes he didn't beat her. He awoke her. A kingdom shall fall but in its place, the Empress of Lycania rises.

Her power turned the place dark as night, the clouds rolled across the sky angrily; furious as the skies screamed down just as hell rains down on earth when her powers awakened coming forth. Lightning streaked the sky and hit the ground, burning caverns into the earth as the volts plunged into our castle, obliterating everything in its path.



Rocks and mortar exploded from my castle as it crumbled and broke, sending the debris hurtling toward us. Yet they couldn't break past the barrier which she created. I gasped at the power, feeling it writhing through the bond and healing every inch of me. As she raised her arms, her shield shuddered as the wind whipped and howled around us when her scream of anguish from everyone she had lost, the ghosts of everything that tainted and haunted her, exploded in a war cry of command.

I now understood what the history books spoke of: the Landeena and Azure power. They were indeed gods as I watched the air ripple with screams as her soul erupted from her like a shock wave, and it flattened everything in its path as it burst free of her.

The forest was flattened to the earth, our home, our Kingdom was reduced to rubble as if a hurricane of her anger wiped everything out. Only leaving us as the bodies of our enemies as they exploded with her anger and blood rained from the skies, their blood staining us and bleeding back into the earth.

Just as fast as it erupted, it stopped, the silence so deafening I wasn't sure we survived it as her shield dropped, and I was able to move to her. Her sadness split her heart down the middle and tore her apart as I grabbed her. I clutch her tightly, hanging on to my lifeline, which is her.

Azalea POV

Gannon's wailing as Liam tried to revive her brought me to my knees. And my head dropped into my hands, covering my face as I sobbed, falling on my knees beside them, just as Kyson's arms caught me. How could the moon

goddess be so cruel?

Giving me the power of the first Lycans but robbing me of my sister with no way to correct it. Abbie deserved the kindness, loyalty, and love Gannon offered. After everything thing she had endured and survived, it felt like the cruelest slap in the face; a betrayal to take someone so pure.

Dustin tries to rip Liam off her, but Liam shoves him back. "Come on, Abbie," Liam growls furiously. Dustin and Trev arab him, hauling him off just as Gannon holds her again. Clutching her tighter. "She's gone, she's gone. There is nothing you can do," Dustin tells Liam, but he shakes his head, reaching for her.

"No, I have been feeding her my blood," Liam snarls, tossing him off, and my head lifts at his words. No sooner did the words leave his lips did we hear her gasp. I blink, unable to believe my eyes while Gannon rocked back and forth, wailing loudly at his lost love, her eyes open dazedly. Yet, they were obsidian as her hand rose and clutched Gannon's arms, making him jump as she sucked in a breath and her eyes returned to their emerald color, life returning to her deathly pale skin.

“Abbie?” I whispered, choking on my sob as her hand moved to Gannon’s hair. “Abbie!” I screamed, and Gannon jumped at the feel of her hand in his hair as he lifted his head. Liam sagged against Dustin, collapsing between his legs as he breathed heavily.

“I told you, brother, I wouldn’t let you lose her again,” Liam breathes heavily, catching his breath. My chest warms as sparks of the bond flood me along with relief, and I lean against my King as Clarice lets go of Tyson, who crashed against his mother and father, crying and clutching them. Gannon crushed them both as he held onto them.

We had survived, yet our home didn’t as I looked around at what I had done, the destruction I caused, and the carnage left behind, but we were alive, we were not dead, and that is what mattered. The rest we could figure out.

“More than my life,” I breathed out in relief.

“More than my life,” everyone breathed out in a chorus, repeating my words.

“More than my life,” Kyson whispered next to my ear.