

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 161

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 161 – Abbie
POV

Gannon was off doing an errand for the King about something to do with Trey. So he and Dustin were looking through archives. He had been nagging me about Cassandra and what I wanted to do about her, but I had no idea. I didn't like the idea of having someone's life in my hands. Yet when he went off with the King, I wandered around the castle. Going down to the wine cellars, I was looking for the cobweb brush when I heard her calling out from the cells further down the corridor.

The wine cellar ran what appeared to be the entire length of the castle, with different underground corridors leading off in different directions, and the one to my left I knew went to the dungeons. Guards stood on either side of the arched tunnel leading to them, and I glanced at them. They paid her no attention while she continued screaming out for them to set her free.

Finding the cobweb brush, I head back toward the stairs leading into the kitchen's huge pantry. Only once I am halfway up do I stop. Cassandra had three children, which had been nagging at me. As much as I wanted the woman d**d, I didn't want to punish her children for her crimes. Her husband and their father is d**d, and her life is now resting in my hands.

Leaning the cobweb brush against the stairs, I walk back down the steps, over to the corridor, and stop in front of the guards.

“Miss Abbie?” one asks, and I chew my lip, glancing toward the dark dungeons.

“Can I see her?” I asked, looking at the man. He had a mustache and light blue eyes that were almost white they were that light. He glances at the other guard, who had a full beard, dark eyes, and long hair that cascaded almost to the waist and was tied in two braids.

“One of us will come with you,” the other man says, and I nod. I start walking down the corridor when I hear her screaming out again, and I stop. Her voice grating in my head as memories of the same voice teased and taunted me while she would hold my head to stop me from trying to pull away from him. She was just as sick as him to do that to another woman. I hadn’t realized I had stopped moving until the guard’s hand fell on my shoulder. Only then did I realize I was shaking like a leaf.

“I’m right here. She can’t hurt you, miss; I have mind-linked Gannon,” he says, and I s*****w.

“Maybe this was a bad idea,” I murmur.

“It’s up to you. No one will force you to go in there, miss Abbie,” he whispers.

I looked at the man, and his dark eyes looked black under the dim lighting. In should feel embarrassed that he knew what she did to me, yet his gentle voice held no contempt, and I nodded my head but forced myself to keep going until I was stopped outside her barred cell. She sat in the cell’s corner sobbing, her head in her hands and knees to her chest.

Cassandra looks up and I could tell she was about to scream out again, but her words die out when she sees me standing there.

“I suppose you’re here to gloat?” she says, resting her head back on the brickwork. She turns her head away from me. She looked like c**p, her nails all chipped, her hair a mess, her clothes wrinkled, and she had no shoes on.

Turning to the guard, I hold my hands out for the keys, and he looks at me. “Abbie,” he asks questionably.

“Keys, please,” I tell him, and he pulls them off the key chain and hands them to me.

Cassandra looks at me and jumps to her feet as I put the key in, but I don’t turn it. Instead, I notice the bottled water just outside the cell door and pre-packaged sandwiches. I moved to the small table and grabbed two of the triangle packages and a water bottle before tucking them under my arm. My hands shook as I opened the cell, and my eyes went to her when I noticed the chain around her ankle that was attached to the wall.

Cassandra watches me warily as I enter, closing the door behind me. This wasn’t the same scornful, confident, and entitled woman I knew. This woman was helpless and looked petrified of me. She knew her life was in my hands. Gannon told her that much I knew.

I take a step toward her, and she takes one back, her back hitting the wall. I hold the water bottle out to her, and she looks at me funny, tilting her head to the side. She reaches forward and grabs it like she thought I would toss it at her.

She opens the cap and starts gulping it down thirstily. When she was done, handed her the sandwiches, which she took, and I watched her for a second before taking a few steps back and sitting next to the cell door. She watches me for a second before also sitting.

“Eat. You look hungry. I am not here to hurt you, Cassandra,” I tell her, and her lip quivers. She seemed shocked by my answer.

“Why not?” she asks, but peels the wrapper back on her sandwich and moans as she takes a bite.

“Because I am not you, I am not a monster,” I tell her, and she stops mid-bite and looks at me. She chews slowly and swallows, picking at her sandwich with her fingers. I observe her, and she can't be much older than me. Without all the makeup staining her face, she looked very youthful, making me curious about who she really was.

“How old are you?” I ask her.

“Twenty,” she answers with a sigh.

“Twenty!” I ask, knowing her oldest child was six years old.

“But Micheal is six,” I tell her, and she chews slowly and nods her head.

“I had him two days before my fourteenth birthday,” she answers, and I s*****w. How different our lives have been, though that must have been tough to have a baby that young.

“I thought you and Kade were high school sweethearts?” she laughs and shakes her head.

“No, that’s what he tells everyone. He is eight years older, although he doesn’t look it. I was one of his working girls,” she says with a shrug.

“But you just said you were fourteen when you had Michael?”

“Yeah, I was also rogue. Kade took me in when he met me at another pack, I was placed in when I was thirteen. He saved me.” my eyebrows raise at that. Saved her? Knocking a fourteen-year-old up is saving her?

“I know it sounds bad because of the age difference, but he saved me. I was to be sold off by another Alpha.”

“He brought you?” I asked.

“Yes, and I worked at his b*****l for a couple of weeks,”

“That is not saving you,” I tell her, and she looks down at her hands. “I know, but it’s better than who Alpha Dean would sell me to,” she says.

“Pardon, did you say Alpha Dean?” she nods.

“Yeah, my family was picked up outside his borders. He said I was old enough to be sold off, and he needed the money. He k*****d my parents right in front of me and handed me over to his son,” she says with a growl and shakes her. A lone tear slips down her cheek.

“Then what happened?”

“His son was done with me, and Kade was visiting. He offered me to Kade, but then Kade said he would buy me off him under the table, that no one had to know. They have been dealing in sales of the flesh ever since.”

“You mean trafficking?” I ask, and she swallows.

“I know what I did was fucked up, but,” she stops.

“When he brought me back, you figured I would replace you.” I tell her.

“I didn’t want to go back to work, and I have children now. What would become of them?” she asked before stopping, hearing footsteps coming down the corridor, she glances behind me and gets to her feet, and I hear a thunderous growl echo off the walls and stand myself. Gannon steps up next to the guard.

“Why is she in there with her?” he demands, and the man steps away from him.

“I’m fine, Gannon,” I tell him, and he looks at me, tearing his eyes from the guard. He sighs and twists the key in the lock, and opens it. Cassandra whimpers and presses into the corner further.

I put my hand on his chest when he goes to move toward her.

“Back off,” I tell him, and he looks at me.

“You’re not touching her,” I tell him.

“She helped him. How can you say that?” Gannon snapped at me.

“And she will have to live with what she did, she is a monster, but even monsters have a story, even monsters can feel, and I am not a monster, and I won’t be responsible for her children being orphaned,” I tell him and I look at her.

“She is just as much a victim as I am,” I tell her, tears burning my eyes. Gannon growls.

“No!” he snarls.

“It’s my choice. You said it’s my choice,” I whisper, and he looks at me.

“She needs to be punished for what she did. She doesn’t deserve to live after that.” He snarls, stepping toward her, and she whimpers, cowering away from him and I grip his shirt in my fist, making him stop.

“My choice, what she did was wrong, but-” I look at Cassandra. “Fear makes people do foolish things. That is something I understand,” I tell him.

“No, I am not letting her go,” Gannon snarled at me.

“You said I got to choose what happened to her, so mind link the King.”

“Abbie!”

“No, Gannon, either you get the King, or I go see Azalea. I won’t allow you to k**l her. She has kids, and I am not leaving them orphaned to suffer the same fate I did,” I tell him and he snarls. Gannon walks out of the cell, slamming the door. Cassandra whimpers before she collapses, her body shaking as she sobs. “Thank you, thank you,” she cries.

“Go home to your children and forget about me Cassandra, I was never a threat to you, but if you come back, I will let him skin you alive like he wants to do, and I will hand him the tools while he does it,” I tell her. She nods, glancing at him and her face pales.

“Don’t ruin your second chance. I won’t give you a third,” I tell her before walking out of the cell. Gannon growls and looks away from me and I stop beside him and place my hand on his chest. “Don’t be mad,” I tell him.

“I’m not mad at you,”

“Yes, you are, but that’s ok. I don’t expect you to understand my request,” I tell him and he sighs but cups my face in hand before pulling me closer.

He kisses my forehead, hugging me tight, and I wrap my arms around his waist and look up at him.

“Kyson and Azalea are on their way down,” Gannon whispers.

“Thank you,”

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POV

When Kyson got out of the shower, he seemed to be in a better mood as he walked out in just a towel that was draped low on his hips, and I was pulling my socks on. I had put on a loose-fitting off-shoulder top and jeans I only just squeezed into.

Yet my skin itched and burned, the fabric irritating my skin. The clothes felt like static on my skin, and I couldn't stop scratching. Kyson eyed me, clearly happy to see me doing what Kyson asked, instead of arguing with him. The truth was, I was excited to leave the castle grounds. I didn't care where we were going, I just wanted out of this place.

Kyson walks into the closet before returning with some black suit pants and an undone grey button-down shirt. He tosses a jacket beside me on the bed. "It's going to rain. Put it on," he says before pulling his belt through the belt loops.

"Where are we going?" I ask him.

"Well, we were going to Kade's pack, but now we are going to your old one," he says, and I look up at him, tugging on my shirt, the seam rubbing against my skin.

"Why the change?" I asked.

"Cassandra told Abbie she was bought off Alpha Dean's son by Kade."

“So?” I asked.

“She was thirteen when she was sold to Kade, so I want to find out what deals they had on the side. With Kade now d**d, only Alpha Dean will be able to answer those questions. Cassandra is apparently helpful now Abbie has decided to let her go.”

“What?” I asked, sitting up, my tone coming out harsher than intended. “You’re not letting her go,” I tell him. My skin felt tight under my clothes, and I scratched at my bump and sighed.

“It is what Abbie requested. We decided she could choose Cassandra’s fate,” he says, and I sighed but still didn’t agree that she should just get off so easily.

“Did Clarice change washing powder?” I muttered. My skin was burning fiercely.

“Hurry, I want to leave, and we need to stop by the dungeons on the way,” Kyson says.

I pulled my shoes on, but my feet ached the moment I pulled them on. My toes felt squashed, and my feet felt puffy. Kyson watches me before bending down, tugging my shoe off, and looking at my feet. He presses his thumb down on it, and my skin indents. His brows furrow, but then my skin itches like crazy.

Kyson scratches his chest, raking his nails over his skin before his eyes widen, and he grips the front of my shirt and yanks me to him. He sniffs it before I am shoved back on the bed, and my clothes shredded to pieces instantly. I shrieked, wondering what he was doing, but I didn’t have time to ask when he scooped me

up and stuffed me into the shower. The rush of cold water stole my breath when he started scrubbing my skin furiously. Yet the cold water soothed my burning skin.

Trey and Liam rushed in moments later, and I squealed, hiding behind Kyson's body, using him as a shield.

"Find out who brought the laundry up yesterday!" Kyson growls, not even looking at them, solely focused on scrubbing my flesh raw.

"Ah, I did." Liam answers.

"Who gave it to you?" Kyson asks.

"Clarice, why?" he asks, looking frantically at me.

"Her clothes were washed in wolfsbane," Kyson snarls, and I gasp. Trey wanders off and returns with a handful of my clothes and sniffs them. He held it out to Liam, who sniffed it.

"I can't smell it," Trey whispers, and Liam agrees.

"It's faint, but it's wolfsbane," Kyson growls, and I look down at my reddened skin, and Kyson's hands are just as red from my scrubbing soap on my skin. My thighs and stomach were red and angry, looking swollen.

"Get me the laundry roster," Liam snaps at Trey, who rushes off.

"Liam, go to my sister's storage room and find her some clothes and ask Clarice to wash Azalea's clothes by hand, and someone needs to sit by the dryer," Kyson snarls furiously.

Liam rushes off, and I shake my head, and tears b**n my eyes. Why does someone keep doing this? What did I do that someone keeps trying to k**l me? “Shh, Azzy, it’s alright. We will figure out who it is. I promise, even if I have to kick every person out of the castle until we do,” Kyson murmurs, and I look down at him.

Goosebumps covered my flesh as the cold water rinsed over me. He kisses my t***h before turning me to scrub the rest of me. Kyson’s fresh clothes were now ruined and sopping wet and my teeth chattered from the cold.

Once done, we hope out, and Kyson goes through the drawers and rips all my clothes out, chucking them by the door and checking his own, but his clothes were fine. He pulls on new clothes when Liam knocks on the door. I tuck the towel tighter around me when he cracks the door but doesn’t enter.

“I found some of her maternity clothes. They might be comfier,” Liam tells him, handing them to Kyson. Kyson shuts the door and comes over to me.

“You kept her clothes,” I ask, and he nods. “Yes, everything was suctioned down and packed away. I couldn’t bring myself to throw them out,” he says, handing me some tights. He sniffs the shirts.

“They smell clean. Put those on,” he says, pecking my cheek. Once dressed, Kyson gives me an antihistamine to bring the reaction down. Though my skin was no longer burning, I think washing it off quickly had saved me from any permanent reaction.

“Come on,” he says, offering me his hand. I take it, and we walk out of the room.

“Liam, have the cleaners come pick up the laundry and strip the linens, even the drapes. Anything fabric needs to be cleaned while I’m gone. Check every person in and out as they come into this room. And don’t let anyone in by themselves remain with them. No one in or out of my room without you knowing,” Kyson tells him, and Liam nods. His cheeky mood was gone, and one of Kyson’s loyal soldiers was in its place.

“Find out who had access to her clothes, and I want every staff member questioned and check the cameras,” Kyson adds and Liam nods.

Kyson leads me downstairs, and we pass Trey with a notepad in his hand.

“Give it to Liam, and you’re on guard with me today and Damian. Meet us in the dungeons,” Kyson tells him.

“Yep, I will be down soon. Clarice washed the clothes and hung them on the line. Says they were on clothes line for most of the day,” Trey says, showing him.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 163 – “Are the outside cameras installed yet?” Kyson asks while flicking through the notepad.

“Yes, but not hooked up on that side, but we have the far garden ones and front ones working. We should be able to see who went up that way.” Trey answers.

“Have Liam watch them while we are gone,” Trey nods, “Also, Clarice wants to know if you want her to pack you food and drinks.” Trey says...

“No, I will buy anything we need on the way. I don’t trust anyone right now handling anything to do with Azalea,”

“Understood. I will let her know,” Trey says before rushing up the steps. We make our way to the dungeons. We had to go through the kitchens, and I could see Clarice busy going over sign- off sheet pages.

“My Queen, I am sorry. I will figure out who had access, I promise. I will wash everything myself and sit by the dryer.” Clarice says.

“Thank you, Clarice,” I tell her, and she nods, hugging me. Kyson watches her warily. In fact, he watched everyone present in the kitchen warily, and his aura was deadly, making them cringe when we passed them, heading toward the colossal pantry that was nearly as large as the kitchen.

Kyson led me to the back, where an enormous set of stairs led underground. Kyson kept a firm grip on my arm as we descended them because it was dark, and they were pretty steep. Once at the bottom, I look around and see this part is a vast wine cellar.

Kyson leads me around like he could walk this with his eyes closed and brings me to a dark tunnel, and I see Abbie, who goes running toward me before freezing like she hit a brick wall and became stunned. It was dark down here and cold, and I groaned, realizing I commanded her too.

“You can go to her, but when we get home, we are going to have to work on you removing the command over them.” Kyson tells me.

“You will teach me?” I ask him.

“I don’t have a choice,” he grumbles, and I got the impression he didn’t like me being able to command anyone, making me wonder if I could command him, and that is why. Repeatedly I have heard Landeena’s blood is special. They have gifts, but after the way he said it and the feeling through the bond, it made me wonder if my command would be stronger than his.

Reaching for Abbie, she stood frozen, and I rushed to her and hugged her. Abbie explained about Cassandra and everything that she and Gannon found out. I wished she could come with us, but when I looked over at Kyson to ask, he was in the cells with Cassandra, his entire body tense, and I could feel he wanted to k**l the woman but was respecting Abbie’s wishes. Yet he was angered because she didn’t just affect Abbie, but I was punished for it, and I knew she would not get off so easily.

“You will endure the same punishment,” I hear Kyson tell her.

“Kyson!” I called out to him. After hearing about Cassandra and Kyson commanding her to double-check what she said was true and confirming it, I felt the same as Abbie.

It was clear Kade brainwashed her. To her, he was a hero, yet she was entirely aware of her wrongdoings and apologized countless times. She just wanted to go home to her boys, and I agreed with Abbie she was as much a victim as we were in all this.

Kyson looks at me. “Let her go; I am fine. Enough blood has been spilled. Leave it be,” I plead with him. Kyson growls and glares at her, and she backs away from him when he bends down, gripping the chain off the ground that wrapped around her ankle. He yanks it, ripping it clean off the wall. Cassandra shrieks, and my heart beats quicker, and I think he is about to whip her with the chain when he growls and drops it, but grabs her face.

“You come anywhere near my mate or Abbie, or I hear even a whisper of their names coming from you, I will have my guard hunt you down and string you up, then I will make your boys watch as I k**l you for it, understood?” she nods and whimpers.

I feel his aura rush out, and she gasps like she is choking. “You will come nowhere near Azalea or Abbie. You will never speak or utter their names again,” he says, his voice so calm it chilled me to the bone. She nods, and he shoves her away before turning to the guards, and his eyes fall on Dustin.

“Dustin, run her back to her pack and get back here and help Liam and Gannon,” Kyson orders, and Dustin steps into the cell and grabs her arm, dragging her out when Abbie runs over to a

small card table and snatches some sandwiches off it and bottled water before chasing after them.

Dustin stops, and she hands them to Cassandra before shocking me and hugging her. Cassandra stood frozen and looked pained, probably because of Kyson's command not to come near either of us.

"Thank you," I hear Cassandra murmur, and Abbie lets her go and wanders back over to me.

"That didn't feel right," Gannon says, glaring after the Cassandra.

"It wouldn't have been right either to punish her," Abbie says to him before groaning when she tries to step closer to me.

"I wish you could come with me. I don't want to go back there by myself," I tell her, walking to Abbie since she couldn't come to me.

"And play this tug of war. I can't move to you. Only you can come to me, that would be an issue, but it's ok. I don't think I could go back there, anyway. I never want to see that place again," Abbie says and smiles sadly.

I felt the same way, but Kyson would not change his mind, and much as I was not too fond of going back there, it may also be a good way to put that place behind me.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 164 – Kyson
POV

Azalea was in a strange mood. She was scared, not that she would admit it. I was kind of glad to get out of the castle with her. At least she would be safe with me. Or so I hoped. I hope bringing her back to this place doesn't dredge up unwanted memories for her or haunt her, especially after this morning. She knew I was keeping stuff from her, but I was only doing it to protect her, though some of it was for selfish reasons. Trey blurted that one out.

“Are you worried about returning here?” I ask her, but she shakes her head. Which only confirmed my original thoughts. She feared being at the castle. I was struggling to figure out who I could trust myself.

Every lead we had was a d**d-end, and I knew this one would be too. They always were, yet still, we investigated.

“What are you worried about, then?”

“Everything,” she murmurs. I could feel the weight and pressure on her. She had been thrust into a world she knew nothing about. Laws, kingdoms, and her own family history were a mystery to her. Then, on top of that, she was worried about Abbie. She was always worried about Abbie. Concerned about who was trying to k**l her and why. But most of all, she was curious to know who she was, and as determined as I was to keep it from her, I knew

she also needed to know. So I would start teaching her to use her Alpha voice even if it means hers would one-day overthrow mine.

Yet feeling her through the bond, her nervousness and anxiety worsened the closer we got, and the overwhelming urge to comfort her grew stronger. I wanted to touch her, put her mind at ease, and let her know she was safe with me.

“Come here.” I couldn’t stop the edge of a growl escaping me, but she turned her head to look at me, pulling her attention away from the window.

“Seatbelt, Azalea. Sit up, Azalea. And now, you want me to remove my seatbelt to come to you?” she spits at me sarcastically while shaking her head. My little mate was growing more cunning. Her attitude I always found amusing until it was used against me.

I growl and unclip my seatbelt before moving toward her. Sliding onto the seat beside her and slipped my arm across her tiny waist and undid her seatbelt before looping my arm around her waist and dragging her onto my lap. She growls, and I purr back at her.

She would not escape me so easily. My hand snuck under her shirt to rest on her lower belly. The slightest bump fit in the palm of my hand. She sighs and relaxes against me as I caressed it. I couldn’t wait to watch her belly grow with our child, I couldn’t wait to see what sort of mother she would be. I wanted a big family, and I wondered whether she shared the same thoughts.

To me, her scent was like a balm, soothing yet also teasing, making my mouth water. She smelled sweet, cherry, and vanilla,

and I couldn't explain the strange urges her scent enticed. I have never liked sweets, yet her scent was addictive and inviting. She smelled delicious.

So I couldn't help the purr that slipped out and vibrated against her back. My calling works every time, and I love how she melts under it. At least, that is one thing I will always have that she can't resist. I bury my face in the crook of her neck, inhaling deeply.

My c**k grows hard beneath her, and loving was glad Abbie didn't come. I felt like I hardly got time with her alone anymore, so having her so close and all mine, I couldn't resist the temptation her flesh was offering. My fingertips draw circles on her skin before teasing the waistband of her tights. My purr grew louder, and I could feel the effect I was having on her. Her arousal through the bond was intense and perfumed the small space in the limousine. Her scent became overwhelming. I was supposed to be distracting her and calming her, and all I managed was to work myself up.

“Kyson! Damian and Trey are in the front!” she hisses, gripping my wrist and trying to stop it from slipping lower. Ignoring her, I slip my hand beneath the waistband and cup her warm p***y with my hand.

“Kyson!” she squeaks, while squirming on my lap. I groan as her a*s brushes against my e*****n. Stroking the seam of her wet lower lips, she could deny me all she wanted, but she couldn't hide the feeling I was enticing out of her.

Azalea squirms as my fingers tease her folds, drawing out moisture with each brush across her slit. “Hmm,” I hum before shoving my finger inside her.

Any words of protest she did have, die off as my thumb gently rubs against her swollen c**t. Her legs open wider for me, and I chuckle, kissing her shoulder and withdrawing my finger that was slick with her arousal before sliding it back in and curling it deep within her. Her inner walls clench around my finger, and she moans softly, and her head rolls back against my shoulder as she gives in to the feeling I was building up with the friction.

However, it was short-lived when I heard the screech of tires, and the limo slowed. I growl, peering out my window, and Azalea scrambles off my lap. My hand slides out of her pants, and an angered growl leaves me as the car comes to an abrupt stop. We were stopped by the side of the road, just outside the pack borders and men surrounded the vehicle.

Snarling, I hear Damian get out of the car and listen to him talking to Alpha Dean’s men, who were trying to refuse us entry. Reaching for the door handle, I toss it open and climb out. Six werewolves were arguing with him about there not being any announcement of our arrival. My aura slips out as I stare at the man with his gun pointed at Damian’s chest. Damian snarls, unflinching, and daring the man to pull the trigger. “Issue?” I ask, shutting the door behind me. The other men were smart enough to back up, but one sniff of the air, and I could tell this man was the Beta. His scent was more substantial than the others.

“I would have thought after your Alpha’s experience with stepping out of line and giving my men orders, that the rest of

you would have more sense. Apparently not!” I tell the man while coming up behind Damian. His mud brown eyes flick to me over Damian’s shoulder and he swallows. The other five had scampered off, leaving the Beta to fend for himself when they realized they were dealing with Lycan’s and not random fleabag werewolves with no authority or rights.

The man glances around, his curly brown hair blowing in his face when he realizes his pack members had abandoned him.

“No issue, my King. I didn’t recognize you,” he stammers. Lie, the flags on the front of the limo showed our immunity.

“Did you have trouble recognizing my Beta too?” I ask. He pales, glancing at Damian, who held his signature smirk.

“I um... The Alpha, he...” the man babbles like an idiot.

“Your Alpha what? Told you to ignore hierarchy? To hold a gun to a Lycan’s chest?” I ask the man.

“He said not to let anyone in without notifying him first,” the man stammers. Damian glances at me.

“Even the king’s guard?” I asked. The man nods his head.

“Yes. Said that we must be prepared after last time. Two of your men k****d the butcher and Mrs. Daley and kidnapped two rogue children,” he says.

“You mean the p*****e I sent them here to k**l? And the headmistress that mistreated your Queen?” I ask the man. The man shakes his head.

“They were good people,” he claims, and my eyebrows rise into my hairline.

“Good people don’t rape and sell little girls!” I sneered, and he opened his mouth and closed it quickly. His hand trembled and I snatched the gun from his grip before he accidentally set it off. I tuck it down the back of my pants before punching him, and Damian whistles and leans against the hood. Nothing angered me more than this twit thinking he could deny my men from entering pack lands that were under my rule.

He grunts, clutching his nose as blood sprayed out everywhere. “Do not forget your place, Mutt! And it will always be beneath a Lycan’s feet! You dare tell my men they can’t enter on the ground I own again and I will have you tossed out and made rogue. Then you will see how your Alpha treats rogues,” I tell him. He nods, his eyes darting to Damian before he mutters an apology, and I turn, shaking my head and climbing back in the car.

Now, why are Alpha Dean and Alpha Brock so worried about my men and me coming here? Maybe this trip wouldn’t be so pointless after all.