

## His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 196

More From The Web

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 196 – And a challenge they were not. One kick to the head and the first one went t\*\*s up and the second a throat punch and a love tap had him sprawled over his buddy. This was their security? A child would put up more of a fight, take a hit better, too. These men had glass jaws, that is for sure.

Shaking my head, I stalk up the steps, following her peaches and cream scent through the halls. Yet the more I walked, the more pent-up rage filled me that she was making me hunt her down.

“I’m fine Stacey, just go. He will reject me and be gone once he hunts me down.” I hear her voice reach me through the thin walls.

Up here, this level wasn’t as dressy as the floor below, showing this may be where the women lived. The paint on the walls flaked and was peeling. The floors were in need of a good polish. Above my head, the lights flickered and were old-style, not like the led one’s downstairs. These were hanging lights that swayed and blinked the more I moved down the corridor.

Hearing a door up head I lift my gaze to see a woman step out of a room and she quickly closes it before spinning and spotting me, she drops her gaze hurrying to the neighboring room. Yet that brief opening of the door was enough for me to locate a strong whiff of my mate’s scent emanating out of the room she came out of.

Approaching the door, I grip the locked door handle and twist it until the entire thing crumbles in my hand and disintegrates. I stare at the broken brass doorknob.

Some security systems they have, s\*\*t security officers and locks on doors that snap under the slightest pressure. Shoving the door inward, I hear shuffling and my eyes scan the sparsely furnished room before finding her in the corner by the tiny bathroom standing next to a crib.

“I told you, you don’t want me. Just let me set my son down so I don’t drop him when you reject me,” she says, stunning me.

Yet I couldn’t tear my gaze from the bundle wrapped in her arms. I blink in shock. A toddler was squirming, sucking his formula down. She sets him in his crib which had few toys. She messes his dark black hair before turning her focus back to me.

“I’m ready now. Get it over with?” She says swallowing yet I stared at her kid in the crib. He would only be about two years old.

“The boy is yours?” I wondered how my luck could get any worse. My mate is a w\*\*\*e and now she has a kid?

“As I said. Get it over with,” she says, smiling sadly at her son.

“I’m Lycan. I can’t reject you unless you want it to risk k\*\*\*\*g one of us,” I tell her, stepping closer, yet she moves protectively in front of the crib where her son stared through the wooden bars up at his mother.

She curses, clearly not understanding but taking my word for it. “Well, I can’t leave with you. I already lost my daughter. I won’t risk my son, so you need to leave before they catch you here,” she says and love hear her sharp intake of breath and the way her heart rate increases.

“You have another kid?” I demand. Her lip quivers, and she looks up at the ceiling, blinking back tears before looking at me.

“Had. They k\*\*\*\*d her when she was four when I tried to escape with her. I won’t make that mistake again,” she says with a trembling voice, her eyes burning with unshed tears.

“Who k\*\*\*\*d her?” I ask disgusted someone would k\*\*l an innocent child.

“Her father did,” she says sniffing as she played with her son’s hair.

I look at the crib and nod once. “Pack your stuff. We are leaving,” I tell her.

“Did you not hear what I said? I am not risking my son,” she growls.

“You can bring him, he will be safe at the castle, you’ll be safe with me, and so will your son,” she laughs, wiping a stray tear while shaking her head.

“Nowhere is safe,” she mutters.

“What is safer than being with a Lycan?” I snap at her idiocy.

“His father is one!” she growls back and I blink at her, a little shocked. My eyes go to the crib where the boy is. Yet he was too young to distinguish yet because his scent was dominated by hers.

“Who is the father?” she shakes her head and takes a step closer to the crib.

“Who is the father, Tandi?” I asked.

“Council Elder Larkin, Elder Larkin is Hunter’s father,” she says, and my brows almost shot into my hairline.

“He k\*\*\*\*d his own daughter,” I asked. If he did, that was a sure way to take down the council.

“No, Alpha Brock k\*\*\*\*d her. Paige was Alpha Brocks from—“

“I’m aware of who Alpha Brock is. He is half the reason I am here. We are investigating the Rogue murders and looking for trafficked rogues,”

“Well, you’re looking at one. I was from Alpha Brock’s pack. I lived in the orphanage, run by that Mrs. Daley,” she says, shocking me further.

“You were from the orphanage?”

“Yes, I was sold to Crux when I was 16 and worked here ever since,” she says swallowing, yet she appeared to be in her mid-twenties, all that time my mate had suffered here in this place since she was a child herself?

“I know you’re scared, but grab your son. I will keep you and your son safe. Larkin won’t get near him once the King handles the council,”

“You know the King?” she asks.

“I’m his Beta, and yes. He is a good King. He won’t let harm come to you. But you may just be the piece we need to take down the council and the Alphas.”

“He will stop Larkin from taking my son? He can do that?” she whispers, looking at him where he was pulling himself up to stand.

“Yes,”

“But the council holds power over the King,” she murmurs, looking at me.

“They don’t hold power over the Empress though, the King, yes, they can resist him. But no one can resist the Landeena Empress,” I tell her, and her brows furrow.

“Landeena? I have heard that name before,” she ponders.

“Well, you should. They are in every history book,”

“No, I mean here. Mr. Crux, he is Landeena,”

“Yes, but he doesn’t hold the name, nor is he an heir to the throne. He was an illegitimate child to Garret’s brother,”

“But a Landeena Nonetheless,” she states.

“Yes, but Garret’s brother was never blessed the way Garret was. Only the firstborn of each bloodline. Crux doesn’t carry the name because he didn’t inherit the power that

came with it," I explain, not that I had time. We needed to leave and preferably before the goons, they call security downstairs to wake up.

Unable to wait for her to choose, I walk over to her, pushing her aside and grabbing her kid. She shrieks before attacking me as if she thought I was going to hurt him.

"You want your son, you get dressed and follow. I'm leaving for the castle, so come or don't, but your son is coming with me," I tell her, knowing she would follow if not for herself but for him. She glances around the room, reaching for her son, but I pull away before leaning into his crib and grabbing his bottle and blanket.

"Just get changed, everything else you need I can have arranged," I tell her, and she makes haste, throwing on a jumper and jeans before stuffing a bag full of Baby stuff.

"Please," she says, holding her hands out for her son. I pass him to her.

"Stick close," I tell her, opening the door and walking when I feel her little hands grip the back of my shirt. I reach down, grabbing her hand and holding it before hurrying to the stairs leading down.

The moment we step onto them, gunfire rings out and I shove her back behind the wall when I am hit in the back of the shoulder.

"Stay! And keep down," I growl before my clothes shred as I shift, jumping the down the steps and attacking when the Mind link opens up.

"We heard shots," Dustin says.

"Get Liam's crazy a\*s in here," I tell him, slashing my claws across the throat of one man. Blood sprays across the walls when I am shot from behind in the hip and I rush through the closest door.

"Liam!" I scream, knowing I can't take all of them when I can't see them all, and they were armed.

I ducked out of the way when the wall was suddenly blasted with gunshots just as I ducked down behind the bed. Bullets rip through the walls, whistling above my head as I ducked down and spray the bed. I growled when I heard him.

"Yoo-hoo, Ladies," Liam calls from the hallway and I lift my head. Half the wall was blown out and I could see around four or five men in the hall holding guns through the gaps.

"Get out of here, you'll be refunded," one of the security guards says.

“But I’m not here for the girls,” I hear him tell them. It almost sounded as if he was pouting and they point their guns in his direction. I get to my hands and knees, waiting for the one I could see closest to the door to turn all the way. What the f\*\*k was Liam doing?

“State your business, why are you here?” a gruff voice replies.

“For you of course,” Liam laughs when I see the man closest to the door suddenly fall, a knife embedded in his throat and all h\*\*l breaks loose, despite that Liam cackled while I rushed at them crashing through the wall and tackling another one.

“She’s upstairs, Dustin,” I call, punching the man as Dustin blurs past me as he jumped clean over me. Gripping the man’s head between my hands, I twist, snapping his neck before turning and pouncing on another one.

Share

## **His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 197**

More From The Web

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 197 – Azalea POV

Kyson was stoking the fire while I looked over old maps. Kyson was trying to teach me about the Kingdoms and what each represented. To me, it was gibberish, yet I was determined to learn.

He also explained everything about Ester and Trey and how Marrison was my father’s mate, which explained why she never shifted, though I didn’t understand why she and Jordan wouldn’t try to save themselves.

They could have taken down Alpha Dean’s Pack easily, being Lycan. There were also holes to me that didn’t make sense. Walking back to me, Kyson sits behind me on the sofa, his finger fiddling with my hair as he twisted it into a braid.

We had a good afternoon; Kyson almost seemed to have a lobotomy. Whatever Damian had said to him had changed his entire demeanor. I shiver as his fingers brush the back of my neck, making me cringe a little at the ticklish feeling when I knew I was treading dangerously, but it had been playing on my mind all afternoon. So I needed to ask.

“Can I ask you something?” I ask him, leaning back and placing my head on his t\*\*h.

“Hmm,” he hums, tipping my head forward to finish braiding it.

“You said you commanded Ester, right?” He hums in agreement again, and my brows furrowed. I could tell through the bond he didn’t like this line of questioning.

“How strongly did you command her?”

“Fairly strongly. Enough to drop her if she lied. Why?”

“Just some things don’t make sense to me,” I admit.

“Like what?”

“For one, why my mother... I mean, Marrissa never shifted when Alpha Dean’s men attacked! If she was Lycan, she should have been easily able to k\*\*l them,” I tell him. He fell quiet for a second, and I could feel that he was thinking.

“I wondered that too, but Garret died. It could have done something to her Lycan side. Lycans weaken drastically after a mate dies. Most d\*e, and if she was sired to you, it might have been the only thing keeping her alive,” Kyson says, and I sigh.

“Well, what about Ester not recognizing her?”

“She did recognize her. Marrissa threatened to tell us the truth about Peter if she snitched on her.”

“But that is the thing that doesn’t make sense. Landeena’s have immunity. You would have been forced to protect Peter. Marrissa had to have known that; that hardly seems like much of a threat to me,” I tell him, and his fingers stop again.

“I thought that was a little odd too. Ester probably didn’t want Peter to become a target for hunters?” I shake my head. What safer place would there be then to be protected by the King’s guard? Then again, is that why Marrissa refused to fight to protect me? She did say as much, but if that were the case, she wanted to protect me. Why not drop me on Kyson’s doorstep? Marrissa obviously knew he was searching for her and the council.

“I think you’re looking too much into it. Ester was commanded. She can’t fight my command.”

“Unless she had drunk Landeena’s blood?” I offer, yet Kyson shakes his head.

“Peter hasn’t shifted yet. It doesn’t work like that. He has no Alpha aura either. His bloodline is watered down. His blood would have no effect on her against me,” Kyson says, and I nibble my lip. It was on the tip of my tongue. I just couldn’t think of it. Something was amiss, and I could almost feel it in my bones.

“I think it is stress making you overthink,” Kyson says, tipping my head back, yet one thing kept playing on my mind, and I was almost certain of it.

"I think Marrison was framed," I murmur, and Kyson tips my head back, forcing me to look up at him.

"You are not defending that woman!"

"What if I am? It feels wrong. I knew Marrison, and she loved me. She would never have hurt me like that?"

"She was sired to you. Of course, she loved you. You kept her alive," Kyson growls, dipping his face and nipping at my lips, but I turn my face before he can deepen it. Kyson sighs.

"I don't want to fight over this, Azzy. Please. We had a great afternoon. Don't ruin it," he says, and love s\*\*\*\*w. Despite that, my mind was made up. Marrison didn't do it, and now I had to find a way to prove it because Kyson refuses to believe he was wrong for all these years. That they had it wrong, but how do I explain her k\*\*\*\*g all those children or his sister?

"I get it. You want to see good in the woman who raised you, but ..."

"No, it's not that. The more I have thought about it, the little things keep popping up, and now I am kind of regretting not questioning her myself,"

"You don't trust what she said under my command?" Kyson asked incredulously. My brows furrow.

"And you are sure you commanded, and she couldn't have resisted it? No doubt?" I ask him, and he falls quiet.

"I am sure, Azzy. Please, no more talking about it. Let me have one night without worrying about the drama in our lives, and enjoy the night," Kyson sighs. He gets up, muttering to himself, walking to his bar in the corner.

"I hate when you drink," I tell him, and he stops glancing at me over his shoulder.

"I am only having one,"

"It's never one, and you know it. You think I didn't see how much you drank after the-" I trail off, shaking my head. Don't go there. Don't go there, Azalea. I scolded myself.

"It helps,"

"Help get you drunk and turn into an asshat," I tell him, turning back to the maps I couldn't read but had a general understanding of by the mountains. When I looked up at him again, he was shaking his head, pouring himself a glass, and I clicked my tongue.

“I won’t mention anything else tonight if you put the glass down,” I tell him, tilting my head to the side, watching him.

“And if I drink it?” he asks, turning with the glass in his hands. Yet I knew he was drinking because it numbed him but also helped him dampen his urges. Regardless, it wasn’t a permanent solution. Glancing around the room, my eyes fall on the bookshelf.

“Read to me?”

“You want me to read?” he asks, wandering over to the bookcase. Yet he puts the glass down on the coffee table as he picks a book out.

“Rapunzel?” I shake my head.

“Prince and the pauper?” I shrug, and he pulls it down before retrieving the glass, and I press my lips in a line. He moves to the bed, propping pillows up before sitting down before seeing me glaring at him.

“It’s one glass!” He growls, patting his chest. I raise an eyebrow at him, moving toward the bed and climbing into his lap. Though when he picked up the glass, I snatched it from him, downing the entire cup, fighting the urge to spit the burning liquid in his face. It was like swallowing jet fuel and was disgusting when I realized it wasn’t his usual whiskey but something much more pungent.

“Well, that is what you get for stealing my drink,” he says as I cough and sputter. He deposits me beside him, getting up and taking the glass back to the bar. Jumping off the bed, I swipe the bottle before he can grab it.

“Azalea, you can’t drink the whole thing! You will be on the floor after barely a quarter of that!” he growls angrily. I tip the bottle to my lip, already cringing from the strong smell.

“Go on then. I will grab it when you pass out,” he says, folding his arms across his chest. I s\*\*k in a deep breath, wondering if holding my breath will make it not b\*\*n or taste so bad.

I chugged some down, the fiery liquid making it feel like I was drinking lava, and my eyes watered before I gasped, sucking in a choking breath and coughing. Definitely could be used as some kind of fuel. Kyson reaches for the bottle, I snatch it away, and he growls at me, but I growl back at him.

Share

## **His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 198**

More From The Web



Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 198 – “Nope! Every drink you drink, I drink then,” I tell him, and he snarls, his canines slipping out.

“And according to my calculations, it will take your entire bar for me to catch up with what you’ve drunk in the last week,” I tell him.

“Azalea Ivy-Rose Landeena, give me the d\*\*n bottle!” Kyson scolded me like I was a d\*\*n child.

“Make me!” I tell him, swallowing more, only to find it didn’t b\*\*n this time. Maybe I scorched my throat and tongue so badly that it k\*\*\*\*d the nerves? Nevertheless, the more I drank of it, the easier it went down until it was like drinking water. Hitting the quarter mark as Kyson said, the room swayed a little. My belly felt queasy, and I felt ridiculously hot. Moving toward the window, I had to open it. The fire made me feel like I was overheating.

Only the movement wasn’t in my best interest, as I stumbled, feeling like my body was weighed down by lead metal.

“What is this stuff?” I tried to ask, but even my words slurred.

“Sunset Rum, and it is 85% alcohol. You usually mix it. You’re lucky to be standing still with how much you have drunk. If you weren’t Lycan, you would be on the floor,” Kyson growls at me, reaching for the bottle. I pulled it back.

“Well, on the floor I go,” I tell him while drinking some more when he snatches it from me as I sway backward. I hadn’t even realized I was falling until he caught me around the waist.

“No more!” he growls, nipping at my neck.

“I don’t like it when you drink!” I slurred.

“And I don’t like you drinking!” he snaps back before sighing. “Fine, I won’t drink, but you don’t either. That was stupid,” he says, placing the bottle on the bar before scooping me up. I couldn’t feel my face or my tongue as I tried to feel it between my teeth.

“Azalea, you’ll bite your tongue off!” Kyson snaps, jamming his fingers in my mouth.

“What?” I tried to speak around his finger invading my mouth, and he growled before he jumped.

Kyson hisses and sucks on his index finger that was bleeding, and I wondered what happened to him until I saw my teeth marks.

“I did that?”

“You think,” he says, shaking his head before moving toward the bed. He laid me down, and I felt so heavy. How could anyone like feeling like this? It was so off-putting. Kyson moves away.

“Kyson,” I slurred, trying to roll my head, which felt like a bowling ball.

“I’m chucking another log on fire,” I watched him, waiting for him to sneak to his bar. Surprisingly, he doesn’t, instead climbs back in bed, and I retrieve the book. He drags my d\*\*d-weight body on top of him before opening it.

“Don’t do that again,” he whispers, kissing my head. My eyeballs felt heavy as I tried to stay awake while he read, but darkness swallowed me after a few minutes.

The following morning, I was woken by the mind-link. Damian was trying to wake Kyson, and my head pounded. Groggily sitting up, I find Kyson d\*\*d to the world when I hear a knock on the door. Dragging myself from bed, I answer the door.

Trey stood on the other side, and I blinked up at him.

“What’s wrong?” I asked before mind-linking Damian.

“Damian, stop; I am up. I will wake him but stop yelling,” I tell him.

“I’m not yelling, wake him, I am downstairs, and we have an issue,” he mind-links back. I focus back on Trey.

He sniffs me. “You’ve been drinking?” he asks.

“Stupidly, yes, help me wake Kyson. Damian was mind-linking.” I tell him, pushing the door open wider and letting him in. Trey moves to the bed and shakes Kyson while I retrieve my robe when Trey shrieks.

Glancing at him, my eyes widen when Kyson hugs him, crushing Trey against him before Trey pushes off him.

“Stop, Azzy,” Kyson mumbles. I laugh when Kyson suddenly sniffs his hair and growls. His eyes fly open, and Trey goes flying as panic courses through the bond as he lurches upright. His eyes go to me, and he lets out a breath, noticing I am fine, before glaring at Trey.

“Why the f\*\*k were you in my bed?” Kyson snapped, rubbing his eyes.

"I was waking you, not climbing in the b\*\*\*\*y bed with you," Trey growls, getting to his feet. He shakes his head, muttering about Alpha King's being idiots. Kyson glares at his retreating body.

"What's going on?"

"Damian needs you downstairs," I tell him.

"He is back?" Kyson asks, scrubbing a hand down his face.

"You were drinking?" Kyson shakes his head.

"No, you did enough of that to affect my d\*\*n bond, so thanks for the headache," Kyson says. Getting to his feet. He grabs a shirt, pulling it on before walking over to me. He kisses my head before grabbing the rope and tying it together.

"Are you coming?"

"I'm allowed? I thought I would have to fight you to go down there."

"You wouldn't win," he chuckles.

"Really?"

"Mm," he says, grabbing my hand.

"I reckon I could take you,"

"I reckon you could try," he laughs, leading me out of the room. He kisses the back of my hand before leading me downstairs.

He yawns before shaking his head. "I was actually having a good sleep until Trey climbed in my d\*\*n bed to snuggle with me," he growls at the last part.

"I did no such thing, and you're a terrible hugger,"

"Azalea doesn't mind,"

"Yeah, probably because you didn't crush her in your armpit as you did to me," Trey retorts. I chuckle as they bicker when we hear a commotion outside.

I could see cars lined up when I heard Damian arguing with someone to get out of the car.

Stepping outside, I saw Damian arguing with someone, yet the door was blocking my view of them.

“B\*\*\*\*y h\*\*l, woman, how many times do I gotta tell you, I am the King’s beta. I live here. What do you think? I would bring you here if I didn’t?” Damian snaps when I hear a child start crying.

“Great, now you woke him,” Damian says, standing upright, and I notice the toddler in his arms.

“Give him here. Give me my son!”

“No, you want him. Get out of the d\*\*n car!”

“Man, they have done nothing but b\*\*\*h and fight the entire way back,” Liam groans.

“Fine, but if your King abuses me for trespassing. You bet your d\*\*n a\*s I will whoop his,” the feisty woman snaps.

“Good, whoop his a\*s. He is right behind you. Let’s see what you got, short stuff!” Damian says. “I would love to see it,” Damian snaps at her. The woman turned around so fast I was surprised she didn’t get whiplash, though I did as I gasped and rocked back on my heels.

“What is going on?” Kyson growls. Damian scrubs a hand down his face, looking exhausted or defeated. I wasn’t sure.

“Kyson, this Tandi, Tandi, his royal highness the King Kyson, you know the one you want to beat?” Damian mocks. Yet my eyes were pinned to the woman, and her eyes were also on me, her mouth opening and closing like a fish.

“Taylor?” I choked.

“Ivy?” she stammers.

“Taylor?” Damian says, taken aback, but my feet were already moving as I raced to her.

“Oh, my gosh, it’s really you,” I shriek, throwing my arms around her.

“What are you doing here?” Taylor cries, clutching me. She started crying, and I couldn’t contain my tears either.

“Wait, what about Abbie?” she says, holding me at arm’s length.

“She is here; I can’t believe you’re alive,” I cried, clutching her face in my hands.

“Hang on, what is going on? Who is Taylor?” Damian says, and I look at Taylor.

Share

## His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 199

### More From The Web

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 199 – Damian stared at me in confusion as I stared at him. What did he mean? Who was Taylor? She is standing right in front of him?

“Hello, can someone tell me what the f\*\*k is going on? Did you give me your w\*\*\*e name?” Damian demanded, and I gasped at what he called her. Yet she snarled, spinning on her heel to glare at him.

“I’m Taylor. It’s my birth name. My middle name is what I go by now,” Taylor snaps at him. Damian takes a step back from her before growling at her and wincing as if he was pained.

“And I want you to hand over my son before you drop him,” Taylor growls, holding her arms out to the air.

“Not until I know you are inside and not going to try to run off on me again,” he retorts. He then shakes his head when I notice the bundled-up toddler sleeping soundly in his arms. A smirk crosses Liam’s face as he prepares to assist Dustin in removing a few suitcases from the car as he snickers behind him.

“Give me my son, you p\*\*\*k, before I cut your b\*\*\*s off,” she snarls at him, pulling my attention away from Dustin, who I was still yet to release from my command. Using the mind link, I send Trey a message telling him to get to Abbie and bring her here as soon as possible. A few seconds later, he darts back inside the castle as he rushes away from beside me.

“Woah, Woah, what the f\*\*k is going on? Who is she, why is she here, and—” Kyson sighs, looking between all of us, and Damian is the one who responds to his question.

“Tandi, Taylor, whatever her name is, was one of the girls from the b\*\*\*\*\*|—” Damian sighs and looks rather exhausted, as if he has tried to explain this story to everyone a thousand times. “she is also my mate,” Damian says, scrubbing a hand down his face while holding the child closer and rocking him with one arm, wincing as he does so.

“Tandi, I don’t go by Taylor anymore. She died a long time ago,” Taylor says, and I got that. To me, Ivy felt d\*\*d, too. She was the person I once was, and I no longer identify myself with that name or person I used to be anymore. Having experienced so much in the past few months, I didn’t believe it would be ever possible for me to relate to the person I once was.

Kyson gapes at Damian in shock, not being able to conceal the shock in his face. However, it was less shocking to me that he was her mate than it was to discover that she was still alive after all this time.

Mrs Daley told us she was d\*\*d, yet hearing she was sent to work at a b\*\*\*\*\*I all this time was horrifying.

“What the heck is going on around here? Everyone is finding their d\*\*n mates these days, so much for it being a rare occurrence,” Kyson mutters, nudging me.

“Yeah, I sure a s\*\*t don’t want to be catching that d\*\*n disease. I will need to get me some mate repellent, ain’t that right Dusty poo,” Liam says, coming over to us. The nickname was not appreciated by Dustin, and he flipped him off while Damian glared at him, and I wondered what Liam said that Damian was so upset about.

“Well, Tandi, I’m Azalea. Nice to see you again,” I smile. Her brows furrow in confusion, and she looks at me oddly.

“Why does that name sound so familiar to me?” she ponders. “And what are you doing here, and where is Abbie?” she asks, trying to take her son from Damian, but Damian holds him higher, not allowing it.

“It’s a long story, and Abbie?” I smile to myself as I hear her coming up behind us. The sound of hurried footsteps caught my attention, and I turned to see Abbie standing in her tracks as she stumbles out of the door. In a state of shock, Trey grips her arm to keep her steady as her mouth opens and closes in shock. As Abbie looks at me with the same shock that I felt upon seeing Taylor, I find myself sputtering as I see the look on her face as she looks at me for confirmation, as if she doesn’t believe what she’s seeing.

Several steps behind her, Gannon and Tyson emerge from the castle. I watch as Abbie’s lip quivers when I nod to her, telling her it was Taylor before her feet were moving quickly, and she collides with Tandi. There was barely enough time for Tandi to catch her before Abbie’s legs and arms were wrapped around her.

“I thought you were d\*\*d,” Abbie gushes, squeezing her tight, and I move closer. Taylor, who is now Tandi, reaches over, squishing us together as she embraces us. “How, how?” Abbie says, placing her feet down as tears stream down her face. Kyson, Gannon, and Damian all just stood there gawking at us while we fussed over each other when Tandi turned to Damian and pins him with her glare.

“My son, now. I did what you asked,” she said, and Damian looked at her, but it was Gannon who nudged Damian to hand her son back.

“Give her son back. She looks like she bites, like an angry gremlin,” Gannon mumbles.

“She f\*\*\*\*\*g does. She bit me already, twice actually, while pitching a fit,” Damian growls in annoyance as he reluctantly hands her son to her.

“You have a child?” gushed Abbie as she pulled back the blankets to take a closer look at the toddler in Tandi’s arms. Turning back to Gannon, she holds out her arms for Tyson, who flails in Gannon’s arms, wanting her to take him into her arms.

Share

## His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 200

More From The Web

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 200 – “Who is this little one?” Tandi asks while reaching out and gripping Tyson’s little fingers as Abbie holds him. I swallowed; watching as they speak of their children left me suddenly feeling out of place when I felt the heat of Kyson’s chest press against my back before feeling his breath on the back of my neck.

“One day, my love,” he says and I nod at his words and instinctively my hands went to where my hands once held my bump. Instead they held only my flat covered stomach.

His arms circle my waist, his hands sliding over the backs of my hands as he laced his fingers through mine and I let out a breath, looking up at him as he leans down and rests his chin on my shoulder. He pecks my cheek, and I turn my attention away from them to Damian, who is watching his newfound mate worriedly. I focus on him, not wanting to see them bond over their babies while my arms lay empty. I was happy for them, ecstatic that she was alive, yet my loss was too fresh to jump on board with gushing baby talk.

“What’s wrong?” I asked Damian, who snaps himself out of his thoughts, to look at me.

“Gannon, Abbie, take Tandi to my quarters and help her settle in, please. I need a word with the King and Queen,” Damian says, and Tandi’s head whips to the side to stare at me. Her eyes widen when recognition hits her at what Damian called me.

“Azalea, Queen Azalea Landeena, I knew I heard that name,” she exclaimed.

“You have heard of the Landeena’s?” I asked her, shocked, because I knew she couldn’t read like us unless she had since learned.

“Yes, of course,” she says when Kyson huffs behind me. “Everyone has. It is in every history book, love. You and Abbie were the only ones oblivious to who they were, who you are.” he purrs beside my ear when Tandi speaks up while shaking her head.

“No, I can’t read. No, I heard about it at the b\*\*\*\*\*I when hunters come in sometimes. Amazing the things you hear when you aren’t supposed to be listening,” she says blowing out a breath.

“Hunters?” Kyson asks her lifting his head to look at her.

“Yeah, the ones that work for the council, Larkin, introduced me to a couple of them, they creeped me out,”

“You know Larkin,” Kyson asks her.

“Yes, she does, and that is what I need to speak with you both about. Because I just stole his son,” Damian says behind me. Kyson straightens, and I look at Tandi’s son in her arms, knowing this was going to cause issues, yet I was still stuck on the hunters working with the council, and clearly, that was Kyson’s thoughts as well.

“You said the hunters work with the council?” Kyson asks Tandi. She nods her head and shrugs.

“Yeah, I have seen them a few times. Larkin and Crux seem pretty buddy, buddy with them. They hold meetings at the b\*\*\*\*. They all wear patches and call themselves the rebels.” her brows furrow as if she is thinking hard, trying to remember some detail.

“Mr Crux holds the meetings. He has worked with them for years, and they have meetings yearly for some blood ceremony or some c\*\*p. B\*\*\*\*y freaks always drinking each other’s blood from a cup, and they call me diseased since I am rogue, those fuckers sitting around drinking blood as if they think they are bloodsuckers,” she says with a swift shake of her head.

“Did you say blood?” I ask a little shocked by her words. Why would the hunter be drinking blood? Tandi nods. “Yep, like clockwork. Every February 1st day of the month is the annual meeting. They talk s\*\*t and spout changes within the council. Dawning their stupid insignia’s about how Crux will take over once the royals are d\*\*d.” she says with a shrug as if we should know this already.

Turning my head, I look up at Kyson, confused, but I had a feeling they weren’t drinking each other’s blood but Kyson’s. By the look on his face, he had drawn the same conclusion.

“Dustin has some documents you will want to see, too. We got Alpha Brock and Dean. They have been trafficking rogues for years,” Damian says before turning to look at Gannon, who walks over to escort Abbie and Tandi inside the castle.

I wanted to go with them, but now I had more pressing matters that I refused to be left out of and for once, Kyson let me join him, grabbing my hand and leading us back inside toward his office. Even so, as Damian scrambled up the two measly stairs, he hissed, grasping his side, and Kyson reached out to steady him as he hissed clearly in pain.

“I’m fine, b\*\*\*\*\*s shot me. Got this one out but still have a bullet lodged in my shoulder, but f\*\*k, it still kills,” Damian groans.



“Why didn’t you let Liam dig it out?” he asks, and Damian glares at him in response.

“No way is that fool coming near me with a knife,” Damian groans again as Liam flies past, gripping his shoulder, causing Damian to growl as his back arches in pain.

“He is just upset I tried out his mate for him,” Liam taunts and my eyes widen. As Damian swings at him, Kyson steps in his path and absorbs the brunt of what Damian hurls at him and narrowly misses Liam.

“Liam, go!” Kyson orders and Liam quickly saunters off, chuckling to himself as he does so.

“Permission to k\*\*l the b\*\*\*\*\*d,” Damian growls.

“Permission denied, come on let’s get you cleaned up, and I will deal with Liam later,” Kyson says, helping haul Damian toward the office.

Azzy, are you coming with us or are you going to see your friend?” Kyson asks over his shoulder. I rush ahead and open the office door.

“I’m coming with you,” I answer, and he nods and assists Damian inside.

Share