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His Found Lycan Luna Chaplet 85

Larkin seemed to relax a little once everyone was seated, though Damian lingers behind him and remained standing, keeping himself between Larkin and Tandi. I went to sit beside Larkin in the spare chair when Kyson growled, and I fought the urge to roll my eyes but moved to sit in a chair off the other side of his desk by the bookcases, Kyson reached over and dragged it beside him, and I sighed. At least he didn't want me sitting on his lap. That always feels awkward in the presence of other people. Larkin smoothed his suit out best he could and undid his cufflinks.

"So, you're from the Credence Kingdom?" I ask him, taking my seat. Kyson drapes his arm over the back of it, his fingers fiddling with my hair,

"Yes, elders used to comprise with a member of every Kingdom, except the human one, of course. They are long dead." Larkin answers.

"My mother's Kingdom?" I ask when the door opens, and Liam and Cedric walk in.

Cedric, with an arm full of old leather-bound books, takes in the scene in front of him, moving into the room while glaring at Larkin, sensing the obvious tension in the room. Trey and Liam walk back out when they see there are no chairs, dragging in two from the corridor before closing the door behind them. Thank god Kyson's office was huge because there were so many of us in here.

"No. Queen Tatiana was from Azure," Larkin says, and I nod.

"I meant my other mother, Marissa," I tell him as Cedric drags a chair from beside Larkin and sits down, placing the books on the edge of the desk.

"Marissa, I'm not sure. I know she was part of the hunters," Larkin answers, turning his head to look at Kyson.

"She was King Garret's mate. We found out recently, and Garret kept her on the side like Tatiana kept Trey, who was the Queen's mate. Garret turned Marissa," Kyson clarifies for him, and Larkin genuinely looked confused by that information. He glances at Trey, who neither agrees nor denies. He just glares daggers at Larkin.

"I didn't know any of that. Queen Tatiana and King Garret were very secretive people and paranoid. The only person allowed in from the Council was Crux since he was Garret's nephew." Larkin states.

"That is true, and half the Kingdom didn't even know of your existence, my Queen. Only those inside the castle walls did." Cedric states, and I look at Trey, who nods.

"Not even my twin knew you existed. It was kept secret. He didn't know until I raced back to get to you and Tatty." Trey says. His use of the nickname I dreamed Marissa spoke of made my brows furrow.

"Tatty?" I whisper. Cedric chuckles.

"Yes, it was her nickname. Garret used to call her it, and she hated it until most referred to her by it and she got used to it," Cedric laughs. Trey smiles sadly and looks away, but we are getting off-topic, so I turn back to Larkin.

"Tandi said you held council meetings at the brothel? That you drank blood at these meetings?" I asked him when I felt a nudge through the bond. Kyson's aura slips over me, and I blink, shocked at the sensation rippling through me.

"Don't fight it. I am your mate. I can push your aura just as you can push and pull on mine if you let me." Kyson mind-links me, and I sigh, letting him use it. Larkin suddenly

grits his teeth, and the veins in his neck bulge when his body tenses. He gives me a pained look.

"You'll learn to do it yourself, but our bond is strengthening. I can feel it, can't you?" Kyson mind-links, and I look at him. I nod my head. I could feel him with every fiber of my being, like he was part of me, attached and running through my blood just as strongly as my blood flowing through my veins.

Maybe it was because we were no longer in a battle with each other, accepting and trusting each other. And I did trust him, trusted him not to control or fight me unless he deemed something unsafe. He dropped my aura, but I knew why he did it, to show me how to handle it, how much to use.

Kyson's finger stroked the back of my neck softly, and I fought the urge to shiver as tingles spread over me. "I won't lie to you, my Queen. It isn't necessary." Larkin breathes, catching his breath. Which made me realize he had no idea it was Kyson's doing, not mine.

"Regardless, I want to be sure, and you will accept it or accept never seeing your son again," I tell him, and he swallows nervously.

"Now answer the question," I tell him, forcing my aura out.

"Yes, annually," Larkin grits out when Kyson yanks my aura back when I use too much, and Larkin's nose starts bleeding. I gasped and looked at Kyson and Cedric, who was smirking next to him. I had so many questions for him and Trey, but it would have to wait. Clearly, this was no shock to him.

"Help me. I don't want to kill him" i mind-link Kyson, who I feel tugging on our bond. It was a weird sensation like almost a psychic connection or frequency, and I wondered why he had never done it before, or maybe he wanted me to learn myself solely.

"Sorry, I am still learning how to use it," I tell Larkin as he wipes his nose on the back of his hand. His eyes widen, and he gapes at me before turning to kyson,

"Can you do it? I would like to live," Larkin says, horrified. Kyson waves his hand at him from behind the back of my head, making me glance over at it, only for his fingers to go back to the nape of my neck.

"It only works if he is touching you. And only if your bond feels safe in his hands," Cedric answers the question I am thinking,

"You were drinking Kyson's blood?" I ask, allowing Kyson to hold control of my aura. It would be safest that way. It would suck if I killed him before we got answers, plus I really don't want anyone's blood on my hands.

"Yes, his is the only Lycan Kingdom left," Larkin answers. My brows furrow at his words.

"What do you mean?" | ask.

"The Council is supposed to be unbiased. One from each Kingdom but never our own. We would share blood, so we couldn't be commanded. Except for Landeena royalty, Landeena was like the wild card. They pulled rank even over the Council. Which is why you have immunity,"

"What about Crux?"

"Crux is a bastard child, illegitmet, he has some immunity to an extent, but he never inherited the Landeen traits, Only the firstborn child holds Landeena rein. Your father was a first born and now you,"

"I still don't get how he isn't part of it,"

"Think of it like, your mother and father were the Adam and Eve of Lycans, Moon

blessed and cursed,” Cedric answers.

“Cursed how?”

“Because power like that makes a target on your back. Azures and Landeena hated each other for centuries, the two oldest rival kingdoms, which is why your father demanded his biggest contender’s hand in marriage for the treaty between kingdoms, a treaty that created you, a moon child,” Cedric explains.

“Not that it did much once the hunters got into the kingdoms,” Trey adds. But I was caught up on what Cedric said.

“Moon Child?” I ask, and I can see Kyson listening beside me intently.

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Cedric nods and pats the books. When the moon goddess created Landeena and Azure, they were each other’s weaknesses. Two halves of a whole. Neither could outweigh the other. But both were destined for others. Fire and ice. Opposites, yet magnificently the same. Both will burn you if you endure it too long,” Cedric says. My brows pinch in the middle as his words sink in. So what did that make me? What was I destined for if not for the king beside me?

“And that made them Exempt from having to hand their blood to the council,”

“Well, I sure as hell wasn’t going to demand King Garret to hand over his blood,” Larkin snorts.

“Who was an elder from your Kingdom?” I ask, turning to Kyson.

“My father was, and sister for the Valkyrie Kingdom.” Kyson answers when Larkin speaks.

“Crux represents Landeena now since he is the only one left, or so we assumed. Myself and my brother, Denali, for Credence. Your mother’s sister, Emilia, and your mother were Azure representatives, but Emilia died in the attack on Azure, and your mother quit after that.” Larkin explains while looking at Kyson when he mentions his brother’s name.

“It’s also why I know you’re wrong about the Council. We all lost our Kingdoms and our families to the hunters. No way would we work with them,” Larkin says, and Kyson opens a drawer in his desk. He pulls out a sandwich bag, dropping it on the desk.

“Tandi?” He says, motioning for her to come to him. She glances at him before nervously walking over to the desk. Kyson taps the insignia in the small bag.

“Is this the insignia you saw?” he asks when I feel his own aura slip out over her. She grips the desk, her knuckles turning white, and Damian growls and steps forward before freezing when Kyson looks at him. He nods once and turns his gaze away from his mate.

“Yes. Crux also was wearing one.” Tandis answers, but Larkin shakes his head.

“No, he wouldn’t betray us. You saw the annual meetings. I brought you to a couple of them. No way would you catch me around anyone that wore that!” Larkin says. Tandis glares at him.

“I know what I saw, Larkin. Crux and those strange men were always in the VIP function room,” Tandis growls.

“You saw them with me?” he demands. Tandis shakes her head, and his brows furrow.

“No, after the meetings. You were at the meetings. Some of the other men you work

with, the ones you introduced me to, and others. And that woman, you know, the one I said, called me slut and spat on me.” Tandi says, her eyes darkening in her anger.

“Ah, what’s her name... one of Crux’s mistresses,” Larkin asks, and Tandi nods.

“Crux’s mistress was part of the ceremony?” Kyson growls, but Larkin shakes his head.

“No, of course not. Never. She just came to watch,” Larkin states, but Tandi contradicts him.

“No, she always attends the after-party thing. I have seen her drink the same thing. She wore the patch on her sleeve.” Tandi states.

“Do you know the name of the mistress?” I ask Larkin.

“I only met her once or twice, and I couldn’t stand the woman. Crux usually left the Council quarters to meet her after Denali scolded her one night when she tried to overstep him. After that, she was banished from the Council, but he brought her to a couple of the functions.”

“So you have never met with the hunters or worked with them?” I asked, feeling Kyson use my aura harder this time. Larkin answers immediately

“Never. And I would kill anyone on the Council who would,” he answers, and I look at Kyson.

“Did you know about Alpha Brock killing Tandi’s daughter?” I demand, and he shakes his head.

“No, he didn’t kill her. I know because I have seen her,” Larkin says

“Liar!” Tandi snarls

“He’s not lying, Tandi. He can’t,” Damian says, motioning to me, and Tandi blinks back tears.

“Then where is she? I heard him chuck her over. I heard her scream,”

“He chucked a rock. Crux was on the ledge beneath. He grabbed her. Do you think we would let him kill a child? I was told not to tell you, but I tried, I tried telling you, I kept telling you to run home!” Larkin snaps when Tandi’s hand moves with blinding speed, and she punches him. He goes flying back in his chair, clutching his face, when Damian grabs her around the waist before she can pounce on him and rips her backward.

“Fuck Tandi!” Larkin shrieks, his nose bleeding for the second time.

“Where is she? Where’s my baby?” she snarls, thrashing in Damian’s arms.

“The orphanage! You crazy...” he stops when Damian growls at whatever he is about to call her. Yet I look at Kyson and gulp.

“The orphanage?” Tandi whispers. “Go home,” she breathes like those words finally made sense, yet for rogues and for those of us girls from the orphanage, home was death, and Tandi clearly believed the same. Home wasn’t a place. It was a feeling of setting one’s tortured soul free. Home was death, and death was freedom if you grew up rogue in that place while under Mrs. Daley’s care.

“Yes, the one he got you from! The one in Alpha Brocks pack,” Larkin his

I gasped, wondering which child she was because we adopted them all but a handful to Lycan homes.

“We’ll find her. We’ll find her,” Damian whispers, trying to soothe his mate.

“Alpha Brock has her,” Tandi sobs.

“No, we do. I took all the orphan children,” I tell her, and her head whips to the side to look at me, and I swallow hard.

“Where?” she says, her hands trembling as she tries to get Damian to loosen his hold.

"Most were adopted by the other Lycans in town. We will find her. They will give her back if she is here" Damian assures her.

"She was adopted? But she is alive?" Tandi asks, turning her gaze to Larkin, who nods.

"A few are still here. Clarice watches over them with Abbie. Abbie will take you to see if she is amongst the ones still here," I assure her.

"Either way, my people would have looked after her. We'll find her, Tandi," Kyson assures her, and she looks at Damian over her shoulder, and he nods, pressing his head against hers.

"If she is alive, I'll get her back," he whispers, and she lets out a breath, squeezing her eyes shut.

"So, can I sit, or are you going to punch me again?" Larkin asks. Fixing the chair.

Tandi's eyes fly open and she glares at him.

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chapter 211

Kyson POV

I was beginning to get a headache from all this drama. But watching Azalea, she wasn't fearful or hesitant

Shout asking questions. No, she demanded them with my help. I was shocked when I was able to touch her

aura.

I expected it to recoil and force me out. If it did, I wouldn't be able to touch it, let alone manipulate it. She was a Landeena, and I may have some resistance to her being that I am her mate, but overall she could make me beg at her feet once she was capable of controlling it.

Yet I was ecstatic because it meant her bond felt safe with me, that she trusted me entirely. It also meant she must have forgiven me. Our bond was solid, and now it had let me in. I could feel her as if she were an extra limb.

"Take Tandi to Abbie," I tell Damian, and he nods before I watch him wander out with her. She is no longer needed here. Yet as I turned my gaze back to Larkin, he watched her go as if he wanted to follow. He remained seated and rubbed a hand down his face, looking as tired as I felt.

"The missing rogue children? The ones that turned up dead?" Azalea asks while her sadness is bleeding into me through the bond for them.

"I swear I had nothing to do with it or the Council that I know of. Whatever Crux was up to with the secret meetings. I was kept out of it. I had no idea," Larkin says.

"What do you think of Crux?" Azalea asks. Larkin grits his teeth, resisting her command, and I force it over him harder, his eyes bulging from his head.

"Answer me!" Azalea demands.

"I can't stand him! He is power hungry, and I don't like how he handles the rogue women. I don't like his side dealings. We are supposed to uphold the law, not dabble in the shady parts of it," he growls, and my brows raise.

"So you know he is trafficking rogues?"

"Yes, that isn't illegal under the Lycan laws. You said the packs decided. That doesn't

mean I like what he does with them.”

“That law will be changing,” Azalea growls, her anger blistering hot as she glares at me. It was my fault. I never should have given them a choice, yet I didn’t think the Council would abuse it. I nod, telling her agree.

“Do you believe Crux is helping the hunters?” Azalea asks him.

“No! He is a council member,” Larkin answers quickly.

“Is that the only reason you believe that? Because he is a council member?” Azalea asks him.

“Well, yes. He would be breaking the law we promised to protect.”

“Is there a chance you could be wrong?” she asks, changing the question slightly.

“Well, yeah, a chance. But he wouldn’t. I don’t have to like him, but he is a good council member,” Larkin says.

“He knows nothing,” I breathe out, annoyed. Whatever was going on with Crux and the hunters. Larkin wasn’t a part of it. That much is clear. That didn’t rule out Crux, though.

“So I can see my son?” Larkin asks.

“I’m leaving that decision to my Beta,” I tell him. Tandi was his mate, although I don’t think he is a threat to her or her son. Larkin nods his head and sighs before folding his arms across his chest and staring up at the ceiling. “This is ridiculous,” he mutters to himself.

“The council keeps track of the missing rogue children, right?” Azalea asks, and Larkin nods, turning his attention to her again.

“We have those files here,” I tell Azalea.

“And there were no patterns in any of the deaths?” she continues. Larkin shrugs.

“None we could find. Only that it was mostly females, but the ages ranged, and sometimes entire families,” Larkin says. Azalea, I could tell, was thinking hard about something, something that was really bothering her, and I knew she was eager to speak to Cedric about whatever it was she dreamed.

“Can you get a diary or something of Crux’s track records?”

“Of course, we have to log everything, even the kilometers on the cars. They have GPS built into them. They track our every move,” Larkin says.

“Wait, so Crux knows you’re here?” I ask him.

“If he looked into it, well, yes, he could track me here. My brother set it up. He didn’t trust the newer council members Crux was recruiting. They handle the smaller packs, about five or six of them.”

“Can you get Crux’s records?”

“If you have a computer. I can log in and do it now, but it will only go back since technology advanced, not back to your parent’s deaths, my Queen. Tech wasn’t that advanced back then.” he says.

“I don’t need it to go back that far. I want to cross-reference it with the missing rogue children,”

“What about my parent’s records? Did the Council keep tabs on them?”

“No, we couldn’t get close to the Kingdom, only Crux. Your father had a soft spot for him. He felt bad that his father wanted nothing to do with him,” Larkin says with a shrug.

“Did Crux know of my existence?” Azalea asks Larkin.

“No one did, not even Crux,” Cedric answers. “You never left the castle or stepped out of the castle walls. Only a select few knew of you until after their deaths,” Cedric adds.

"So there is no chance Crux knew of my existence?" Azalea asks. My brows furrow at her question.

"Not unless someone inside told him," Cedric answers. "Why?" Cedric asks her.

"It's probably nothing," she says, though I could tell it bothered her badly.

"Speak," I whisper, nudging her.

"What if the children are dead because of me? Most of the women that have been killed recently are around my age. What if the children were just caught up in it, saw too much?"

"Larkin sometimes said, entire families. What if the recent missing children weren't the targets but their mothers or sisters? They only had an approximate age, right?" Azalea asks.

"But the hunters never knew of your existence. Everyone thought you were dead." Cedric says.

"But what if they knew I was alive when I was a kid? My mother, I mean Marrissa, was on the run. She was hiding from something it is obvious to me now with how we never stayed in one place long, and that leads me back to my dream,"

"Your dream?" Cedric answers.

"Yes, my mother told Marrissa to run with me, to give me to my mate," Azalea says, looking at me.

"But I didn't know you were my mate back then. I didn't even know you existed," I tell her.

"Doesn't mean Queen Tatiana didn't know. Your mother sometimes saw things and got strange senses. Your father tried to say she dabbled in the dark arts and banned her from using some of her particular gifts," Cedric explains, and Trey nods behind him.

"Yeah, gifts that would catch him out cheating, not that she couldn't feel his infidelity, the prick," Trey growls. I smile sadly, knowing that it must have been terrible to watch his mate in agony because her husband was unfaithful.

"So my mother could see the future?" Azalea asks Cedric.

"Not exactly, more like intuition. Sometimes when she touches someone or first met them. She didn't have full visions," Trey said. I hum thoughtfully, thinking back to all the times I had met Tatiana and how she was always so welcoming. Was that why?

"Although that would explain when King Garret always tried to sabotage the trials, why your mother made me sabotage him," Cedric says.

"My mother sabotaged him?" Azalea asks.

"Yeah, he would try to cheat, poison the water to make those competing sick. A couple of times, she had me switch the bottle over his own or empty the vials and refill them with herbs. Another was when he tried to use his powers to command everyone to fail; Tatty asked me to slip him wolfsbane and water hemlock so he couldn't, so I did." He chuckles. "At first, I believed it was her revenge for his infidelity. Everyone knew the king was unfaithful, and it shamed your mother. None of us were blind to it," Cedric says softly.

"Anyway, I thought your father hated King Kyson at first, but it turns out he was trying to win your hand back," Cedric answers. I glance at Trey, who looks away.

"And just for the record, Cedric. When you caught Marrissa on the ground floor that night, Marrissa didn't betray my mother. My mother told her to run with me, that the hunters would discover me if she ran with me. She told Marrissa to run. She was never

a traitor" Azalea tells him, and Cedric bows his head.

"When I saw her in the hunter uniform-

"You were wrong, but your Kingdom was under attack. I understand," Azalea says.

"But who let the hunters in if Marissa didn't let them in?" Cedric asks.

LY.

"Someone else on the inside," Azalea answers.

"But the King's sister, same thing on their anniversary. I'm sorry, my Queen, but you have to admit Marrissa looks guilty. Two castles she was working in, both attacked by hunters," Cedric says.

"But Crux also had access to both kingdoms. I know it wasn't my mother to both kingdoms. I know it wasn't my mother, the dream I had. Marrissa and my mother almost seemed like friends. She trusted Marrissa with me. I know what I saw, and Marrissa tried to get my mother to run with me," Cedric's brows furrow while Trey rubs his temples. Larkin just sat quietly, listening to everything, though he seemed deep in thought as well.

"I can get Crux travel records. I will also question those that the brothel too, see what I can find out," Larkin says.

"You would go against Crux?" Azalea asks him.

"If he is helping the hunters, then yes. But everything you have said is now making me question everything. You're right. It doesn't make sense. Too much doesn't add up, and Tandi verified the insignia patches. I'll check it out," he says, and I nod to him.