

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 121

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 121 – Azalea POV

Dustin never slowed the car down once, but he glanced at me nervously when we came to a particular spot on the winding roads. We knew the castle was already aware of us leaving because Trey had mind-linked Dustin. Dustin had ignored him, so we knew the King would know by now. That made me a little nervous because I knew he would be furious. It also made me worry about Dustin. “What?” I ask him, seeing him suddenly becoming nervous.

“We are about to drive through no-man’s-land. I need you to get in the back. We aren’t sure if the hunters know about you yet. But it wouldn’t surprise me because they have eyes and ears everywhere. Nowhere is safe.” he tells me. My heart beats erratically at his words, and I swallowed. We were deep into the forest and heading toward a range that led between the mountains.

“Climb in the back and put your belt on. Stay low, the hunters have wild-game cameras in the trees, and I don’t want you spotted, and we can not stop along this stretch, especially without the royal guard with us,” Dustin tells me, and I glance at the backseat over my shoulder. I unplug my seatbelt before climbing between the seats and into the back. Looking around the back on the floor, I notice some tools, recognizing one to be a wheel brace. Also, some duct tape and rope. I bite my lip, not wanting to know why they were in the car. The wheel brace, sure, but why the duct tape and rope?

“Seatbelt, Azalea,” Dustin says firmly before shrugging his jacket off, only leaving one hand on the wheel at a time. I quickly plug it in and see him glance in the rear vision mirror. He tosses me the jacket.

“Now, get down! Pull that jacket over you. The windows aren’t tinted in this car,” he says, and I sink down in my seat just as he floors it, accelerating even more. I was shocked at how much speed this car had; I honestly thought we were moving too fast.

Everything zipped by in a blur. Dustin drove that fast; we were passing cars like they were standing still. I remained quiet, letting him focus on driving along the steep, winding road leading into the mountains.

When we came to the top, it was a harrowing drive back down the other side, and he never slowed, if anything. He sped up more, and I began to feel queasy from the motion. The car sliding around the corners made me hit the door. His eyes flickering to me in the rear vision mirror occasionally made my heart jolt in my chest when he took his eyes off the road, even if it was only briefly.

After another half an hour of driving, I heard him let out a relieved sigh, so I knew we must be coming into Alpha Kade’s territory or at least off no-man’s-land.

"How far out are we?" I ask him, and he looks back at me.

"About thirty minutes from the Packhouse," Dustin says. We drove a little further, and I saw a sign saying we were coming to a town when my phone started ringing. Dustin glances at it where it sat in the center console. We were coming to another steep incline, and I wondered why anyone would live far out into the mountains, hoping this one wouldn't be as winding as the last one. Leaning over, I grab it and answer it. What I wasn't expecting was to hear Abbie's voice.

"Pick up, pick up," I hear her say, not realizing the call had already connected.

"Abbie?" I asked, and Dustin glanced at me in the mirror, his brows furrow, and I knew he must be listening in on the call. Pull the phone away from the screen. There should be a microphone picture. Press it so I can hear," Dustin says. I quickly do as I am told before staring at the phone, wishing I could see her.

"Are you there?" I hear her ask.

"Yes, can you hear me?" I ask her, the phone volume turning a little static and crackling.

A sob escapes Abbie. "Ivy! Oh please, thank G*d." She gasps.

"I'm right here," I tell her, and she cries into the phone, trying to contain herself. "She answered?" I hear a man's voice say in the background.

"Yes, thank you so much," I hear her gush, her voice lower slightly so I know she turned her face away from the phone.

"You there still?"

"Yes, I am. I am..." The phone crackles before the phone drops out of reception. It immediately starts ringing again, and I answer it, putting it on the loudspeaker again. "Abbie?"

"Listen, I need you to come to get me. I was wrong about Kade, Ivy. Send Gannon. Please, I want to come home; I am." she falls silent.

"I don't know where I am. I can't read the sign; I am... where am I?" I hear her ask the person with her.

"Metro service station, it is in Langley," I hear a man's voice tell her in the background.

"Metro Service station in Langley. Abbie is there?" I tell Dustin, and he nods, having already heard.

"Are you okay, Abbie? We are nearly there," I recite that to Abbie, and she sighs.

"You have to be quick; I know he already knows I ran. Wait, you are nearly here?" she asks.

"You never said it back," I tell her, and she breaks down, sobbing into the phone.

"I thought you didn't figure it out." Abbie chokes out, and the phone goes grainy again.

"You always say it back," I tell her.

"What sort of car did you say your boyfriend drives?" hear the man ask in the background before listening to Abbie gasp. "A black one," she says when I hear a bell chime in the background. "Get down behind the counter," the man says, and the phone goes deadly silent.

"He found me. Hurry," I hear her whisper into the phone. I hear the service station attendant speak close to her and realize she must be behind the counter with him.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 122 – "Can I help you, sir?" I hear him ask before hearing Kade's voice.

"I'm looking for a girl. Abbie, come out. This human won't save you from me," Kade's voice growls.

"Sir, I have not seen a girl," I hear the man say.

"I can smell her. Now come out, Abbie, before I k**l this man," I hear Kade growl out. I s*****w, listening intently before hearing Abbie scream and loud banging and grunts. A furious growl tears out of Kade, and my heart sinks to my stomach, and I place the phone to my ear, and the phone goes d**d. "Abbie?" Yet all I got was the dial tone.

Dustin floors it, driving faster toward the town, when suddenly, he screams at the cars swerving off the road. It was like time slowed right down. My eyes widened when Dustin tensed and clutched his head. My gasp sounded so loud as we hit the gravel and the side rail.

The car becomes airborne as it bounces off the guardrail and flies through the air toward the forest. Dustin turns his head to look at me. A horrified look on his face as the car careens over the side rail, turning upside down in the air. Dustin's eyes were glazed over, and I could see someone had mind-linked him, causing the accident.

The sound of metal on metal as the car flipped and smashed into trees, rolling down the hill. My stomach lurched to my throat, and I was tossed around like a rag doll in the back seat, the windows smashing out and the noise was so loud. The crunching of metal and breaking windows rang out into the night as the car bounced off the tree.

My head smashed against the roof lining and landed upright beside an enormous tree. Dazed, I groan, clutching my head as I look around to see Dustin slumped forward in his seat, knocked out. Blood dripped from his head. I tugged on my seatbelt, trying to unclip it. I tried to open my door, but it was crushed from the roof, the other door pinned against the tree that had stopped rolling further down the hill. Finally getting free of my seatbelt, pain ricocheted through me with each movement.

Reaching forward, I grip the back of the front seat headrest, pulling myself forward, my fingers slipping off the leather fabric made slippery with my blood.

Blood trickled down the side of my face, some getting in my mouth and filling my left eye. I blink, wiping my face with the back of my hand and shuffling forward in my seat.

Climbing over the seat into the front passenger seat, the footwell was no longer there as the dash wash pushed right into the chair. My knee brushed something that sent shooting pain through my abdomen. Falling in the passenger seat, I choke when I see a massive piece of metal embedded in my hip and stomach.

A gasp leaves me when I try to pull it out before choking on a sob and deciding to leave it. I touch my back to find it went through, so it's probably best I left it in. Grabbing Dustin's head, I tilt it back, and he groans, his shoulders drop, his head falling forward when I let him go before it snaps upright. Dustin looks around at me frantically, twisting in his seat. Dustin clutched my arms before looking down at the metal that stabbed through me.

"I'm fine," I tell him, though I could feel my pants and shirt soaked with blood. Dustin looks around. "The King ordered me to stop," he says, clutching his head. He tried to open his door, but it was stuck against the tree. I gasped in pain, and Dustin tried to pull his legs out from under the steering wheel, which was pressed to his stomach. The whole front end of the car pushed into the front seats.

"Hang on, I will get you out." He says before groaning when he tries to unpin himself. My head pounded, and my eyes pulsed in my head to their own beat. My vision blurred as I looked around at the dark forest, only to spot the glimmer of lights amongst the trees at the bottom of the incline.

It was town lights, and I gasped. "Abbie!"

"Azalea, no," Dustin hisses, trying to pull himself free.

"That's where she is," I tell him, and he tries to grab my arm as I turn in my seat.

“Wait, the King and Gannon are on their way,” Dustin tells me. I shook my head, looking at him, but he looked fine despite being a little banged up and trapped. Abbie was right down there; I could just make out the service station’s enormous neon sign blinking like a beacon.

“No, Azalea. They are twenty minutes behind us. Wait,”

“Huh, we left hours ago,” I tell him. There is no way they could have caught up to us by now.

“Lycans can outrun even the fastest cars, Azalea. The King is running through the forest to get here, and Gannon is even closer. Just wait. You can’t even shift from the d***s in your system to stop your heat,” Dustin growls at me, punching the steering wheel in frustration because he couldn’t get out.

“But Abbie, she is right there,” I tell him. He shakes his head. I sigh before nodding. “Fine, at least let me climb out and see if I can open the door for you, so you can slide out.” He sighs, glancing at his trapped legs before nodding.

“Be careful. That rod is all the way through,” he says, peering at my stomach. I touch it and hiss, wondering where it came from before realizing it was a wheel brace on the back floor. I gulp but carefully climb through my broken window and out of the car. Blood drenched me from the movement, and I hit the ground hard, coughing and sputtering. “Azalea!” Dustin shrieks.

“I’m fine,” I choke, getting to my feet and walking around the wrecked car when I hear a blood-curdling scream. “Ivy!” her voice rang out clearly through the forest. My blood went ice cold, and I glanced through the broken windshield at Dustin. He shakes his head. His eyes go wide when I hear her scream again. My heart rate spiked, and I felt adrenaline coursing through me.

“Don’t you do it’ Dustin screams as I take off, running to where I heard her voice screaming out into the night.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 123 – Once I started running down the hill I found I couldn’t stop. The incline propelled me down, and even as I tried to gain traction, I was sliding, underestimating how steep the mountain was and I couldn’t regain my feet. I tried to grab a tree trunk only for my grip to slip straight off, and the air left my lungs as the motion of trying to stop myself sent me hurtling to the ground at an angle. The wheel brace pushed through me further, stealing my breath as pain coursed through me.

A scream tore from my lips at the agony, and I began rolling down the hill. Smashing into trees and becoming airborne, I tumbled down before hitting the bottom and seeing black as my head bounced off the hard ground.

It was only moments when my surroundings returned. I was too dazed and in agony. The wheel brace ripped out somewhere along the way. My vision blurred and doubled as I got to my hands and knees. Trees looked more like a wall encasing me as I staggered to my feet. I stumbled around blindly for what felt like forever until the vertigo and blurriness abated. The forest was deadly silent. Not even the sound of crickets could be heard. Coming out of the treeline, I was in a grassy area beside a road.

My eyes tried to scan my surroundings, and I squinted while my vision tried to correct itself. Everything looked extremely fuzzing except the neon sign which blinked and I could hear the static noise emanating from it as it did. The service station was about 300 meters from me and across the road. I was about to make my way over to it when Abbie's scream rang out loudly and sent my head turning to my left to see Kade ripping Abbie backward from the woods. Abbie was kicking and screaming, thrashing around as she struggled against him. Those pleas fell on deaf ears, however. Kade ignored her as he ripped her out of the treeline near to me.

A gasp escapes me as I pivot heading toward her, only to trip in a small dip in the grass, landing face down in the dewy grass.

My heart raced as I got to my feet. My breathing was harsh as I staggered toward Abbie and Kade. I kept falling, four times, unable to keep my legs under me, and hitting the damp ground. The air leaves my lungs in a long wheeze on the fourth. I felt like I was trying to walk on the moon, or drunk. The ground is moving under me and I clutched my stomach, trying to stem bleeding. My head pounded against my skull as I made my way over to them.

"I reject you, I reject you," Abbie screamed, and I groaned, the sound barely audible to my own ears over her screaming. Kade tosses her to the ground, and she crawls away from him as I struggle to get back to my feet.

"Doesn't work like that, Love. That is not how you reject someone," he growled at her, stalking toward her. On my hands and knees, I see a rock and grab it before getting to my feet, and I hear a scream. Only realize it is my own war cry when I rush at him, and he suddenly spins around before deflecting my raised hand about to hit him with the rock.

Kade and I crashed to the ground. The rock flew from my grip as he landed on top of me and rolled away. Kade growled, trying to pin me. "What are you doing here?" he snapped, holding me down on my back. I thought it odd. He could easily k**l me, yet he only tried to pin me. Kade abruptly froze with a strange look on his face before he growled and looked over his shoulder.

I spot Abbie behind me, the rock in her hand, and Kade's blood drips on me where she hit him with it. Kade turns to a****k her, but I grab his ankle, tripping him, and Abbie smashes him in the head with a rock again, and he goes limp on the ground, face down and unmoving.

Sitting up, I looked at her, and she rushed over to me. Tears streaked her face, dirt, and twigs in her hair and she was covered in dirt the same as me. The rock

dropped from her hand as she stepped over Kade and moved toward me to help me sit up. My hand went to my stomach, which was bleeding like a steady stream and saturating my torn and filthy pants.

“Ivy!” Abbie gushes, clutching my arms as she hauls me upright. A sigh escapes me and she clutches my face in her hands, sobbing uncontrollably. Only the moment she does. I see Kade get back to his feet, and my eyes go wide as he stumbles looking around. “Abbie!” I gasped, and she looked behind her before ripping me to my feet with a strength, I wasn’t sure how she possessed given the state she was in.

“Can you shift?” I ask her but she shakes her head.

“You?” I look down at my bleeding wound and also shake mine. Abbie whimpers and Kade seems confused. Howls in the distance rang out loudly, sending my blood cold. An icy shiver slivered up my spine.

“The pack! He called his pack!” Abbie panicked.

“We need to get to Dustin; I can’t shift,” I choke out, nodding toward the treeline, and she looks up at the steep incline when she is suddenly tackled. I scream when I see Kade sink his teeth into her neck, re-marking her. Wolves burst from the trees and across the road, coming behind the service station, racing toward us.

“You can’t touch the girl!” Kade screamed at them while pointing at me before turning his attention back to Abbie. He grips her shoulders, slamming her onto the ground. Adrenaline courses through me and I was suddenly standing.

“Submit!” Kade screams at her. Abbie’s face goes slack under his command as my body crashes into his.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 124 – Abbie shakes her head, trying to fight it off, and I hit the ground beside her. Kade rolled over the top of me.

My eyes go wide when I see wolves rushing straight at us. Snapping their teeth and snarling at us. I close my eyes, waiting for my d***h when Abbie grips my fingers, and my head rolls to the side to find her looking at me.

“More than my life,” she whispers, tears filling her eyes and her lips quivering.

“More than my life,” I murmured, closing my eyes when I watched her close hers, and we waited for d***h. Their paws on the earth grow closer when I hear a feral

snarl rip through the air, bouncing off the trees, and I hear the wolves' claws digging into the soft ground as they skidded around us.

My eyes flew open to find Dustin stepping over the top of us in his Lycan form. Dustin kicks Kade in the face as he tries to stand. He growls, but it comes out with more of a roar. The wolves jump back, and Kade gets to his feet and staggers backward.

"K**l him," I murmured to Dustin. My eyes flickered as I fought to remain conscious.

"I do. It may k**l Abbie," he growls, and I look at Abbie, tears glistening in her eyes.

"Reject her now!" Dustin tells him through gritted teeth. However, there was no command behind it. Rolling on my side, I grab Dustin's leg, and his hand reaches down, gripping my arm to pull me upright.

"Order him," I choked out as blood filled my mouth from having bitten my tongue.

"I can't," Dustin grinds out, and I look at him, not understanding.

"You're Lycan," I whisper to him.

"I'm under oath being a royal guard. I can't break a mate bond. It is law and pact sworn to be upheld; I am bound by that oath, Azalea!" Kade laughs, getting to his feet. I glance at Abbie as she sits up.

"Come here, Abbie," Kade orders, and I see her eyes glaze over, and she obeys, taking a step toward him.

My heart skips a beat as she dazedly starts walking around to her mate. Dustin grabs her arm, and Kade clicks his tongue.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," Kade says, his Pack of wolves circling around us, and we were severely outnumbered. Dustin glanced around nervously.

Lycans are lethal but against 50 plus wolves. I wasn't sure how we would fair when Dustin was the only one that was shifted.

"You are aware of the repercussions, Dustin. Don't be foolish." Kade snarled. I peer up at Dustin, hanging onto Abbie's arm, preventing her from going to Kade, and his other hand holding me against him.

I move behind Dustin and rip Abbie backward and away from Kade. Gripping her arms, I shook her, but her fresh mark seemed to have done something to her willpower; I could see she had multiple mate marks on her neck from him.

"Abbie, reject him," I murmur, shaking her.

Kade laughs and steps forward, which makes Dustin growl threateningly.

"You can't touch me. I am just collecting my mate. I haven't injured your Queen, only tried to hold her. Though by law I could, considering she tried to take my mate from me by force," Kade says cockily. "You do anything and I have a lot of witnesses," Kade says, motioning around to his pack. Dustin moves in front of us, but even I knew if he attacked Kade, the rest of those wolves would a****k us.

"Abbie, reject him," I begged.

Kade laughs louder and claps his hands. "She really doesn't know, and she is expected to be our Queen, pathetic! Foolish, you would expect the King to have more sense to pick a mate more suited to the position and keep his w****e on the side. She can't run a pack, noble blood or not, she isn't fit for the title." he chuckled.

"Hold your tongue, Mutt. You do not know what you speak of," Dustin snapped at him.

"No, your oblivious Queen isn't aware of the law. Should I educate her simple mind?"

I glance at him over my shoulder. "For Abbie to reject me, I have to accept it. Which I won't. She will leave with me."

"No, she rejects you. She can come home," I tell him. Kyson promised she could come home, she just had to ask?

"Wrong. A minor flaw in the King's law. Both parties have to accept, and if one doesn't, it is decided by the council. Only then is it forced, but until then, she is mine! And I would like to collect her now!" Kade says, moving toward us. I looked at Dustin, whose entire body tensed, and I glanced back at Abbie. I shake her anger coursing through me.

"Reject him!" I snapped at her, trying to get her attention.

"Abbie, reject him!" I yelled in her face, and she suddenly straightened. She blinks, shaking her head.

"I don't know how. It didn't work," she murmurs, coming out of whatever stupor she was in.

"He is an Alpha you have to reject as your mate and as your Alpha. State your full name and reject him using his title," Dustin murmurs, not taking his eyes off Kade. "But he is right, Azalea," Dustin glances at me. "I can't force him to accept it," Dustin whispers.

“Reject him,” I tell her, shaking her. Kade laughed. Stepping toward her, his hand goes to grab her.

“Come, Abbie,” Kade says, clicking his fingers at her. That same glazed look washes over her face at his command. I swallowed, and she pushed past me when anger courses through me. I grab both her arms jerking her back to me.

“Reject him!” I growl, and much to my astonishment, she does. My aura slipped out, and I did not know how I did, but she looked at Kade and spoke clearly. “I, Abbie Marie Barker, reject you, Alpha Kade, as my mate and Alpha,” she says. Kade growls, clutching his chest while Abbie shakes her head and blinks rapidly.

“I, Alpha Kade, reject your rejection,” he snarled before I felt his aura wash over her, and she whimpered. My fury becomes emblazoned by the fire burning in me at his words, and I turn on him.

“Accept it!” I roared, and it was like a burst erupted out of me. All the surrounding wolves yelped and cried out, and I felt the tingling sensation wash over my body and out of me as the command took hold of him and made him tense.

“I Alpha Kade, accept your rejection, as my Luna and Mate.” Kade blurted out, unable to fight the command.

Abbie screamed, clutching her chest and falling to her knees, and Kade staggered backward, clutching his chest, looking dazed.

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Chapter 125

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 125 – Rattled by what happened, he shakes his head. “You stupid girl,” he snarled before lunging at me. Dustin was quicker, however, and punched him, sending him flying backward when all the wolves suddenly ran at us.

“Run!” Dustin screamed as he started fighting them off and keeping them from us. The sound of flesh tearing and whimpers and broken bones as he grabbed any wolf that got too close was loud. The sounds were savage, but as he got rid of one, another came in its place.

My heart thudded painfully in my chest, and I grabbed Abbie, pulling her to her feet and nearly passing out from the pulling strain on my abdomen as I pulled her up. We run for the trees, and I hear Dustin fending them off. Wolves dropped like flies as he took them out. We started racing up the hill, only for one to slip past him, pounce on us, and knock us down.

The moment we both hit the ground, his weight lifted abruptly, and a furious growl rang through the air. His feet were next to my face and I gasped, looking up to see Kyson in his Lycan form. The wolf that attacked was held off of us by his hand wrapped around its throat. He squeezed his hand, and I gritted my teeth when I heard the sickening crunch of its neck breaking when he flung it away. The wolf hit a tree, Kyson tossing the wolf like it weighed nothing.

Kyson glared down at me, and I dropped my gaze back to the ground at the angry look on his face when he stepped over us. Gannon was right behind him, and he grabbed both Abbie and me, pulling us to our feet and away from the fighting.

"Thank G*d," I hear him murmur, clutching us tightly in his arms. I looked down toward Dustin, who was fighting the wolves, when Kyson's aura slipped out, and his voice boomed around us echoing through the night.

"Enough, now stop!" he bellowed, and everyone froze under his command. Dustin clutched his knees breathlessly. Kyson stomped past him and shot him a glare as he made his way to Kade.

Kade backs away from Kyson, hands up in surrender. At this moment, he truly looked like the Lycan King. He towered over everyone, standing tall and intimidating.

Power oozed off him and his aura was deadly, suffocating the wolves pinned to the ground by it. "I have done nothing wrong; I was merely getting my mate," Kade choked out before falling backward as Kyson's massive Lycan form growled menacingly, stalking toward him with calculated steps.

"Wrong!" Kyson said calmly. Somehow that made him even more sinister as I watched him approach Kade. Kade shook his head, and the wolves all looked away from him, cowering and whimpering.

"I hereby sentence you to d***h for treason!" Kyson told him, stepping on Kade's foot and making him fall on his a*s.

"Treason? But I didn't commit treason," Kade stammered, his voice more of a petrified squeak.

"Wrong, you touched my Queen. Your Pack just tried to k**l her!" Kyson snarled, grabbing the front of his shirt and jerking him forward.

"And for that, I sentence you to d***h," Kyson snapped before punching him. Or I thought he hit him until I heard Kade gasp and the sickening sound of flesh on flesh and a gross tearing noise. The wolves near him wailed, writhing on the ground in what looked like pain. Kyson shoved him backward, letting him go.

His back is tense when he drops something on the ground, his breathing loud while the muscles of his back flex. Kyson looks around at the wolves as they all run for the trees when I notice a woman standing out the front of the service station. I couldn't make out her features with my blurry vision, but seeing her for

some reason made goosebumps rise all over me as she watched. She then simply turned and walked away, disappearing into the night.

I feel the bile rise in my throat when I realize what Kyson dropped was Kade's heart. Kyson then turns toward us, and his eyes go to Dustin. I struggle in Gannon's grip when I watch, horrified, as Kyson stalked toward him like a predator hunting its prey.

Dustin doesn't even move like he simply accepted the repercussions. Lycans burst from the treeline forming a circle around us, looking for any threat having caught up with their King. Damian, one of them, and I turned my attention back to Dustin, only to see Kyson punch him so hard it knocked him out cold. Dustin dropped at Kyson's feet and just took it. Didn't even fight back.

I whimper seeing my friend hurt, and Kyson's head snaps in my direction. He snarls, his upper lip pulling back to reveal his razor-sharp teeth. He moves toward me, and I press closer to Abbie, who cried hysterically while Gannon tried to soothe her.

"Grab him," Kyson snaps at Damian as he passes him on his way to me. His eyes did not leave me and my heart beat faster as neared closer. Damian rushed to do his bidding and grabbed Dustin, tossing him over his shoulder. Kyson nods to Gannon, and he lets me go as the King approaches. His eyes looks me up and down when he grabbed me. Despite his fury, his grip was surprisingly gentle, though his next move wasn't.

"You disobeyed me!" Kyson growled. "And now you're injured!" he snapped.

"But Abbie," I tried to say before he cut me off.

"I don't want to hear it," he growled before his teeth sank into my neck. I grip his shoulders and choke on a sob when I feel them pierce and slide through my skin.

My eyes b**n with tears before they roll into my head as I am sucked under. Kyson forced me to submit, and I had no strength left to fight him.

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Chapter 126

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 126 – Kyson POV

There was no word strong enough to describe how furious I was that she took off with Dustin. I felt murderous. I wanted to strangle the pair of them for their stupidity. Although, at the same time, I had never felt such relief when we got here on time to find her alive.

"You disobeyed me!" I growled, stalking toward her. My eyes scanned over her to see her drenched in blood. Her worst injury was the gaping wound in her hip that

was running a blood trail down her leg. "And now you're injured!" I snapped at her.

"But Abbie," she tried to say before I cut her off with a growl. Her eyes widened as I reached her, and she cowered away, pressing closer to my gamma. But he knew better than to get in my way. He was also furious with Dustin for allowing her to put herself at risk despite being relieved to have Abbie back.

"I don't want to hear it," I snarled, ripping her closer, her tiny body smacking into my hard chest a little harder than I intended. I was frantic the entire run here, and now I knew she was by my side. It was overshadowed by my anger and her heat that had returned. She struggled against me, which only made my instincts want to claim her, heal her, and I regretted not explaining almost instantly when I felt her betrayal hit me. She thought I was making her submit. In a sense, I was. Although, not for the reason, she undoubtedly thought.

She would bleed out long before we got home, and I would mate her if she remained awake. Her scent was potent, as the effects of the d**g Doc gave her were wearing off. So I sank my teeth into her neck and remarked her. Her body fell limp in my arms, and I barely scooped her legs up before she slipped from my grip. I lick her neck before holding her tighter and attempting to lift her shirt when I am suddenly hit repeatedly by tiny fists in the back.

"You f*****g a*****e, you p***k! You didn't even let her explain. You just made her submit," Abbie screamed, punching into my side in a fit of rage. I look over my shoulder to find her hitting me with her tiny fists like they would do something. Gannon grabs her around the waist, tugging her back when she falls forward in his arms while flailing as he restrains her arms. She snarled angrily, leaning forward and biting me like a d**n savage.

I blinked down at her, her teeth embedded in my arm just as Gannon ripped her backward, making him fall on his a*s, her teeth pulling out of my arm painfully. She bit me!

"I will f*****g k**l you, you savage Neanderthal," she screamed, as she turned red-faced landing on top of Gannon.

Gannon growls before snapping at her. "He didn't make her submit. Stop, look!" Gannon snarled at her, pointing to where I lifted Azalea's shirt. Her wound was already healing though my hand was filled with her blood. I huff. If Abbie was anyone else other than Abbie, I would have been pissed, but I know these girls would d*e for each other. I shook my head while Gannon apologized for Abbie. Turning my attention back to my mate, I lean down while lifting her higher and run my tongue over her wound when I spot Abbie standing in front of me, having escaped Gannon.

"See? He isn't hurting her," Gannon whispers, coming up behind her, and she worries her lip between her teeth. However, she didn't look much better off herself. Abbie was rather pale and sickly looking. She lets out a breath.

"You couldn't have warned her first, instead of just going all caveman and biting into her,"

"Warn her as you did me when you bit me?" I growl. Her face heats up, her cheeks turning a light shade of pink.

"I thought, never mind. F*****g Neanderthal men, anyone would think you were raised by cavemen," she says before her eyes go behind me. I turn to see what she is looking at, to find it was Kade's d**d body lying on the grass behind me. Abbie swallows before shaking her head when her eyes turn glassy.

"Can we go home now?" she asks, looking at Gannon.

"My King, we have three cars here. They are on the top road." Damian says, coming over to me with Dustin tossed limply over his shoulder. I glare at him before trekking through the forest and up the vast mountain.

Stumbling across my car, I click my tongue.

When I reached the top, I was struggling to control myself, I felt rabid as her scent grew more potent, and even Damian glanced at me nervously as I clutched my mate closer, soaking up her scent, and trying to let it calm my urges. However, once we got to the cars and headed back home, we were halfway when I smelled her scent shift with a ferocity of a tidal wave. As my mark healed her, it also completely burned out the d**g in her system. My canines slipped from my gums, and my pupils dilated.

"The windows," I growled at Damian and Gannon, knowing if I moved right now; I would lose control completely. They quickly did as I asked while Abbie watched me worriedly. Her eyes were wide as she stared at Azalea in my arms. She moved on her seat to reach out to touch her, and the noise that left me was feral as Gannon jerked her back to sit beside him.

"She is safe, but she is in heat, so stay still," Gannon whispers to her, and I watched as Abbie sniffed the air slightly before wrinkling her nose. It took a few hours until we finally pulled into the horseshoe driveway.

Gannon pulled Abbie with him, only to find Liam had opened the door.

"The boys?" Gannon asked.

"Clarice has them. They are both tucked away in their beds safe," Liam answers. I wanted to ask, but right now, I was at war with myself and figured it could wait until I was in more control.

"Kyson, where do you want me to put Dustin?" Damian asks, clearing his throat. Dustin was in one of the other cars, and I knew he was awake; I could feel his pack tether was alert.

Looking down at Azalea, I press my face into her neck and breathe in her scent.

"You know it wouldn't have been a deliberate act of putting her in harm's way," Damian said though I could tell he wanted to beat some sense into him.

"Just think of Azalea's reaction before you act, my King. You know she won't be happy if you hurt him."

"He needs to be punished," I tell him and Damian nods.

"He does, but maybe sleep on it tonight and clear your head before deciding what that punishment should be," Damian says.

"Dungeons? Or am I sending him to his room?"

"F**k!" I mutter under my breath.

"His room. I will deal with him tomorrow," I answered, not happy, but he was right. Azalea and Dustin are close.

"Okay," Damian says, holding the door open for me, only I don't get out. I was frozen. If I moved right now. I was going to bend her over and f**k her despite her being asleep. My c**k was painfully hard beneath her and my muscles tensed as I began to sweat.

"My King?" Damian asked, and I glared out the door.

"I can't move," I said through gritted teeth.

"Right, I um. I could take her," Damian asked, but I had suffered through both his and Gannon's scent switching back and forth the entire way home as they reacted with each wave as it came, and I don't think I could bear to smell his arousal on her skin. I swallowed, knowing I had to ask for the help of the one man I wanted to k**l right now.

"Please ask Dustin to come to take her," I tell him.

"You want Dustin to take her back to her room?" I nod once.

Waiting a few moments, Dustin stepped into the limo warily. I clenched my jaw, but his scent didn't change as he approached. He didn't say anything and waited for me to nod to him before taking her. Dustin scooped her out of my arms. He stepped out of the limo while I waited, still fighting the urge to bury my d**k in her tight confines. After about half an hour, I calmed down enough to get out of the car without wanting to hunt my mate like she was my prey. Although once the cool night air brushed against me, and the fresh air filled my lungs. I felt dizzy, and my surroundings spun. Taking a step toward the castle doors, my vision blurred, and I felt delirious. It became harder to breathe and with another step, I lost all feeling as an icy cold feeling slivered over my heat-ravaged body and my heart thumped erratically in my chest. The ground rushed toward my face, yet I didn't feel a thing as I hit it, although I heard the air be expelled from my lungs on impact before my vision went black.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 127

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 127 – Azalea POV

My nose tickled as his scent invaded my nose. My entire body was overheating, and I wasn't sure if the heat was radiating from him or me. His skin was blisteringly hot while my blood felt like it was boiling and bubbling in my veins. Lifting my head, I find Kyson asleep beneath me. His heady scent made my mouth water, and everywhere his skin touched tingled and buzzed like a live wire was running beneath my skin. My thighs were drenched, and I groaned, knowing I was in heat again. But why was Kyson so hot? lyrics wondered, about climb off him and run for the bathroom to have a cold shower.

"Remain where you are. You can't move even if you wanted to." Damian's voice made me look over my shoulder. A growl escaped me; logically, I knew it was Beta Damian, yet my body reacted to the intruder near my nest. A nest I don't remember building in my sleep. The thin sheet covering me falls slightly, and Damian averts his gaze to the far wall and clears his throat, making me look down to find myself naked. Why was I naked? And who undressed me? My eyes widen, and I scramble to tug the sheet back to cover myself, only to feel Kyson move under me. No, he didn't move. I was handcuffed to him, my wrist cuffed to his. My movement made Kyson purr in his sleep while I figured out what had happened.

I stare at the handcuff before glancing at Damian. "Why am I handcuffed? Did you undress me?" I asked him, and Damian sat back in his wooden chair that I knew was from the small office behind the door on the far wall. He folds his arms across his chest.

"Yes, I had no choice. You are in heat! I need to talk to you, and you will listen to me, my Queen," Damian states and I could tell he was no going to leave until he did. I roll my eyes, and Beta Damian growls.

"Un-cuff me," I tell him, but he presses his lips in a line. "No!" he says, earning a growl from me. I wanted to check on Dustin and Abbie. Although I wasn't sure if that would be possible because with Kyson's skin touching mine, I was barely holding it together, wanting nothing more than to roll my hips against him and claim him.

"I have been with the King for as long as I can remember, and he can be a stubborn idiot at times. However, you are also just as stubborn. You put yourself in unnecessary danger and put your life at risk, and that of Dustin. You put my King at risk. Your mate!" I s*****w, looking down at Kyson. Tugging the blanket higher, I go to move off of Kyson when he speaks again.

"Remain where you are. Kyson's life depends on it. You move and could d*e, and I did not carrying him here and undress you for him to drop d**d on me now!" Damian snaps, and I freeze. "What?" I gasp, wondering what he is talking about.

"Kyson asked me not to say anything, but I will not watch him d*e when you can save him. Both of you are too stubborn to see your own flaws or each other's side. Now you will listen to me," he snaps, and I could see his frustration clearly by the tight clench of his jaw and how white his knuckles were as the skin stretched over them when he gripped the armrest of the wooden chair. Damian was usually calm. Although, right now he looked murderous, and I wasn't sure if he wanted to m****r me or the King, maybe both? So I figured it probably best to listen and not p**s off the Lycan who looked like he could snap in half like a twig.

"I'm listening,"

"About time, my Queen. Now let's get one thing straight. Everything I do and don't do is for yours and the King's safety, just like me handcuffing you to him, is for his safety." I sigh, wondering what he is getting at.

"You never grew up amongst Lycans. You are poorly educated by no fault of your own and very young, so please do not take offense, but there are things you now need to be made aware of, so you can understand the meaning for all of this!" He says.

Was this what it was like to be scolded by a teacher because I imagined so. "When Kyson had your heat stopped, it didn't stop for him. Lycan men suffer the same as women during the heat. Now, why did Kyson stop your heat, Azalea?" Damian asked.

"So I wouldn't d*e." Damian nods, leaning forward in his chair and bracing his arms on his knees.

"It is the same for Lycan men. You denying him wasn't just k*****g you, it is k*****g the King. Male Lycan's heat can not be stopped like a woman's. Just because yours has doesn't mean it did for him, which is why he is like that," Damian said, nodding toward Kyson beneath me.

I peer down at him. His skin was scorching, and his heart racing in his chest, I could it feel it thumping beneath my palm resting on the center of his chest. "Right now, your skin contact is the only thing keeping him from boiling alive, so you will remain in those cuffs until he is better."

"But that means I would have to mate him. You just said his heat won't stop even if mine does."

"Exactly," Damian says, his eyes flickering onyx, as he swallows before crossing his legs.

"What?" I murmur horrified.

"I am not asking you to have s*x with him, Azalea, but I am not letting you out of those cuffs until you have at least marked him, which will buy him a few more days. His life depends on it, so you need to put your issues aside and save your mate. I have watched King's and Queen's fall from war. I will not watch them fall

from something that could be avoided, all because of a lack of communication because both of you are too stubborn to admit when you're wrong."

I open my mouth to speak, but he gets up. "No, you will do this. You need to realize being Queen comes with responsibilities, responsibilities you do not understand, but your King does. You will d*e without him and him you. Before you find another excuse, Abbie is fine, Dustin is fine, but your mate is not. He messed up by not believing you about Abbie, but he can not make up for that mistake if he is d**d. So it is time for my Queen to grow up and take responsibility for her own mistakes. You are both at fault for this, and now you need to fix it before another kingdom falls. Only this time, it would fall because of stubbornness and ego. And that is not worth d***g for!" Damian says before storming off toward the door.

"Wait!" I shriek, scrambling to turn to face him without either exposing myself or climbing off Kyson. I only manage to tangle myself in the sheet. However, Damian stops and turns back to face me.

My face heats, and Damian purses his lips impatiently. "You don't expect me to um...he is asleep! And I don't know what to do!"

Damian sighs and glances around, his eyes stopping on the bookcase.

"Don't ignore your instincts. Your body knows what to do. Its basic instincts. Listen to them. And think of it as sleeping beauty, you know that story?" he asks, and I nod. Kyson had read that and few other princess books, one that even had a frog in it.

"Good, think of him as sleeping beastly then, but mark him instead of kissing him, though you can do that too. Just make sure you mark him first. It will help him heal enough to complete the other part,"

"So I only have to mark him, and he will wake?"

"Maybe not right away, eventually, once his temperature goes down, and effects abate" he tells me, and I sighed, looking down at Kyson. My anger toward him was not worth his life; Damian was right about that. I hear the door click shut and lock as he leaves.

Readjusting myself, I sit up untangling the sheet, my legs straddling his waist, yet his arm was d**d weight and b****y heavy as I moved. Using my free hand, I turned his face to the side before feeling my mark on my neck, wondering if it mattered where I marked him, yet I had two marks from him and could feel they overlapped each other, so I figured anywhere between the neck and shoulder must be OK. My gums tingled just at the mere thought of marking him.

His b**e chest was inviting, and I wanted to run my tongue over it; however, marking first, I tried to remind myself, shaking my head. I kinda wished Damian was in here. It was easier keeping my thoughts straight and fighting the urges rolling over me.

Leaning down, his chest brushed against mine, making my skin electrified, and I moaned at the feeling as it raced toward the apex of my legs. sniffed his neck, his scent making my mouth water, and I felt my canines elongate when I ran my tongue over his marking spot. My canines buzz as they graze his flesh and p***k his skin. The moment his blood touched my tongue, I sank them into his neck. I intended to be gentle; however, my body had a mind of its own as I felt them slide through muscle and tissue before bottoming out when I bit him like a d**n savage.

I briefly thought I did it wrong when I was smashed with his aura and essence, felt it roll over every inch of me, filling every atom and making every nerve come alive. My pupils dilated and I felt them expand, blowing wide and clearer. The feeling of him was bleeding into me, his life force moving through me and connecting to mine, it made me gasp and choke on his blood as it filled my mouth.

My entire body buzzed and warmed as our bond forged and sealed a sense of wholeness enveloped me. I pull my teeth from his neck, running my tongue over his mark, and he shivers but does not wake. With a sigh, I lay down on him, burying my face in his neck and inhaling his scent. Please wake up.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 128

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 128 – Kyson POV

My body shut down. However, I could hear everything going on around me clearly. Everything! Damian's frantic screams for help were loud, yet my body was foreign to me, numb. I could no longer feel the cool breeze, or the hands grabbing me and moving me. Feeling was completely gone. Although my mind was alert. I only knew I was being moved because I could hear what was happening around me. It was like my body suddenly died, and I was just a conscious mind living inside an empty shell.

"F**k! He's burning up!" I hear Liam gasp somewhere off the side of me.

"I will get the Doctor," I heard Clarice say somewhere off in the distance.

"No! Just open the doors. He needs Azalea. It's her heat!" Damian says.

"Liam, grab the other side of him," Damian orders.

I could hear them climbing the stairs, their feet moving on the corridor floors, and the creak and groan of the doors being ripped open.

"Dustin already brought Ivy up here?" Damian asks someone before I hear Trey's voice.

"Yes. Gannon just escorted him back to his room," Trey answers.

"Open the door," Damian tells him. Ivy's scent I could smell. It was odd. I had a sense of her, yet not my own body.

"Out Trey, you aren't needed in here now."

"Yes, Beta," Trey answers, and I hear the door click shut.

"Help me get him on the bed and strip him down," Damian says, talking to Liam.

"Now what?" Liam asks.

I felt nothing and could only listen as they tried to figure out what to do.

"Um, ah, he is gonna k**l me! I need to strip her down too, but if she wakes, I know she will look for Abbie," Damian curses.

"I have some Justin's handcuffs," Liam says.

"Some what?" Damian asks, and I was wondering the same thing.

"Justin's handcuffs. Just in case you need it. Here, I keep a pair on me at all times, you know, just in case I need to handcuff someone."

"I don't even want to know what you get up to,"

"Indeed, you don't, Beta. Now, I am a team player. If needed, I will perform," Liam says.

"Perform what? Give me those handcuffs," Damian says.

"I can swing both ways. If it saves the King, I can close my eyes and stick one in him," Liam says, and if I could move, I would have strangled him for saying such things.

"That won't be necessary, Liam. Go see Clarice."

"Yeah, rightio, Beta. The offer still stands. If it's just a good f**k he needs, I don't mind breaking him in." "Out, Liam!" Damian.

"I'm going. No need to get your panties in a wad. Wanna check on the boys, anyway."

"Huh? What boys?"

"Some stowaways. All good, Uncle Liam is on kiddie duty until Clarice gets off," F**k! Why did I let him on as my personal guard? The man could fall in a barrel of titties and come out sucking his thumb, that is for sure.

I hear Liam leave before hearing Damian move around to the other side of the bed. I heard the clink of metal as he placed the handcuff on my wrist before hearing him attach it to Azalea's.

"S**t! I should have told Dustin to stay," I hear Damian mutter to himself.

"Azalea?" Damian says, and I could hear him tapping her, trying to rouse her awake. "S**t! Azalea, I am going to undress you, okay?" my growl echoes in my head but doesn't appear to be heard by anyone but me. I couldn't help it, I did not want anyone to see her in a state of undress, especially while vulnerable during her heat, not that Damian would ever do anything to harm her or upset her, the man was a gentleman.

"My King, if you can hear me, you will have to get over it. I will try to undress her with my eyes closed," he mutters before I hear him tearing her clothes off. Talking through each step like he was asking permission that neither of us could give him. Yet, it put me at ease, and the first spark of feeling I got was when he draped her on my chest. Her skin helped slightly, but I was still p*****d and unable to move or feel anything else. The sound of sheets moving around us told me he was covering her nudity.

Hearing a knock on the door, it opened with a creak, and I heard Trey's voice.

"I don't mind watching over them if you want to get some rest, Beta," he says, earning a growl from Damian.

"I am not going anywhere while they are vulnerable. You aren't needed here. I will call you back when you are, so get out!" Damian tells him.

Silence filled the room, and Damian never left. I could hear him turning pages in the book he was reading. What felt like hours later, I slowly got feeling back, yet I could not move, not even open my eyes no matter how much I tried. After a while longer, Azalea stirred, and I listened to Damian berate her, and me, in a sense. Although he was talking to her, I listened, knowing he was right, and I felt terrible she was copping his anger over our stupidity, mostly mine. I should have listened to her, and now I had to make it up to her.

When Damian leaves the room, I listen to her talk to herself. Her voice brought me comfort, her touch put me at ease, and then she marked me. It smashed through every barrier and gripped my soul. Her fear for me slammed into me as the bond was forged, and I had never felt such immense relief when she did. She was officially mine, and I was hers. Our bond forged for life.

Azalea didn't move from me. She occasionally whispered to me and bit me as her heat drove her to the edge of her sanity, and instinct came over her. I lost count of the number of times she asked me to wake up. I listened to her sing her Kingdom anthem, listened to her harsh breathing as she struggled with her heat.

I wanted to comfort her, let her know I was okay. Wanted to ease her suffering, not that I was sure she would let me. Time seemed to slow, and painfully so. She was in agony as she squirmed above me, her claws raking down my skin as she rubbed her face against my chest.

I could hear the sheets tearing as she fought the urge to mate me. She didn't want me unconscious, yet pain ravaged her, and my heart broke, knowing I could do nothing to help her right now. Her tears wet my chest as she writhed in pain. It was torturous, pure agony as I listened to her beg me to wake up. She wanted my calling and kept pressing her ear to the center of my chest like she could somehow hear it and let it calm her if she listened hard enough.

Her claws rake down my sides, her teeth biting me wherever she could. Nesting and trying to ease her pain, anything to distract herself from her heat. Still, as my temperature dissipated, hers rose drastically when eventually I feeling returned in my fingertips, my movement slowly returning. Azalea was crying in pain and out of reflex, I went to touch her, to calm her, and my fingers were suddenly tangled in her hair. She froze, and I blinked up at the ceiling, my surroundings coming back to me to find her face all red and blotchy from her crying and her heat as she peered down at me.

"Shh," I whisper, turning my head to kiss her forehead. She rocks her hips against me, dropping her head back to my chest, her ear flat against the center. My calling slips out, and she bathes and soaked in it, her body calming instantly as I run my fingers through her hair. Her breathing evens out when she suddenly starts purring, gently rocking her hips against me and coating my hardened c**k in her arousal. I groan, closing my eyes at the feel of her wet p***y sliding up and down my shaft. I wanted to bury my c**k inside her, feel her walls spasm around me while she moans. My c**k twitches at the thought, and she moans softly. Gripping her hips, I forgot about the handcuff, but she didn't complain as I gripped her awkwardly and pulled her higher.

"I am not touching you until you say it, love," I murmured into her hair.

"Please! Make it stop!" she groans, trying to move lower. Her teeth sink into my chest, her claws scratch my shoulders, so I roll, flipping her onto her back and kissing her. Azalea responds instantly, kissing me hungrily and wrapping her legs around my waist.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 129

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 129 – Azalea POV

He had been out for hours. The waiting became pure agony, and my mind kept wondering if it was too late. I wondered if I had k****d my mate. Why didn't he tell me he could d*e? Did he seriously think I would let him d*e? Yes, we have obvious issues but none worth d***g for, so why would he risk his life? He should

have told me when I was in heat the first time I wouldn't have let him die despite being angered with him.

My skin was supersensitive, and I tried shifting to get out of the handcuffs. The limited movement made the pain worse when all I wanted to do was curl up in a ball, but the handcuff restricted that effort. When I shifted, my wrist grew thicker, and damn, did it hurt when the metal dug into my flesh and sliced through my skin, cutting off my circulation. So instead, I was forced to just lay in the same position.

Yet as the hours dragged on, I knew I was turning rabid as the heat boiling inside me grew stronger. My claws slipped from my fingertips and sliced into Kyson repeatedly as I battled with the pain and searing heat that made me feel like I was boiling from the inside out, his scent no longer soothing but excruciating as the urge to mate ravaged me.

Kyson would wake thinking I was mauling him if he woke up? That thought made me whimper, and my heart raced faster as worry gnawed and clawed at my insides. My stomach clenched painfully, and my pussy throbbed to its own beat. Damn would be kinder at this point. The pain was horrendous as I rocked my hips against him, trying to get any form of relief. Sweat beaded and glistened on my skin, my hair drenched in it as my temperature skyrocketed. The pain was so bad that I begged to be put out of my misery as I cried out and writhed.

My tears coated his chest along with my bite marks when I felt his hand suddenly in my hair. I froze, wondering if I imagined it and that the pain had driven me to madness. Only when his fingers caressed across my scalp, moving through my hair, do I realize lyrics hadn't imagined it all.

Pushing off his chest, I look down at him to discover his eyes open and staring up at me.

"Shh," he whispers before tilting his face up to kiss my forehead. A sigh of relief leaves me. He was awake. Never had I felt such immense relief before in my life. My heartbeat quickened, knowing I hadn't killed him.

My hips rock against him before I crotch against his chest, pressing my ear flat against the center, wanting the soothing essence of his calling. Kyson delivered instantly, and I was worried he wouldn't. I was worried that he would be mad and let me suffer. His calling slipped out, and I basked in it and soaked it in, my body calming instantly as it rumbled through his chest and vibrated against me, soothing my soul and the bond that was running haywire.

Kyson ran his fingers through my hair. My breathing slows before I embarrassingly start purring, imitating his calling while moving my hips against him. Gone was any sort of dignity I had left. I no longer cared as long as he gave me what my body desired, what love craved, and what our bond demanded. His hard length slips between my drenched folds, my arousal coating his cock and saturating my thighs.

A moan escapes me when I hear him groan, and his hard length brushes my c**t. Kyson grips my hips, forcing my hand awkwardly behind me as he moves me higher and away from his pelvis, making me cry out at the loss of friction that reduced the throbbing pain burning between my thighs.

"I am not touching you until you say it, love," he murmured into my hair. His hot breath moved across my neck and made me shiver, and I tried to move lower, but his grip grew tighter, holding me still. He was really going to make me say it? Yet, with the intense pain destroying me, I would beg if he requested.

"Please! Make it stop!" I groaned, trying to move lower. My teeth sink into his chest. The saltiness of his skin was intoxicating, and I ran my tongue across my bite marks, his blood washing over my tongue, only arousing me more. Even as my claws scratched his shoulders and bit into his flesh, his grunt turned to a purr.

Kyson moved his arm wraps around my waist, and he rolled, flipping me onto my back. His lips instantly mold around mine, his enticing scent making me moan as my lips part, and I kiss him back hungrily. Desire coursed through every inch of me, and wrapped my legs around his waist and dragged him closer to me.

The handcuff on our wrists clicks as he forces my leg wrapped around his waist up higher before grinding his hips against me gently. I gasp, my lips pulling from his as his hard length slides between my wet folds and hits my c**t. My hips arch as I crave the friction he offered when he growls, annoyed at the handcuff making things difficult. My hand falls to his hip, my nails digging into him.

"Did he leave the key somewhere?" Kyson asks, but I don't answer, nor do I care about a d**n key. Lifting my head, my teeth sink into his chest as I bite him. Kyson purrs, his hand going to my hair and holding my face against him. My other hand was trapped at our side. Kyson fists my hair, forcing my head back only to recapture my lips with his. His tongue delved between my lips, tasting every inch of my mouth, and I rolled my hips against him. Kyson rocks his hips against me, his fingers lacing with mine while the other was still tightly gripping my hair as he devoured my lips.

I moan into his mouth, my thighs drenched when he sucks on my bottom lips, nibbling on it. His lips travel lower and down my neck to my mark. He sucks on it, making my eyes roll into the back of my head, and my toes curl as tingles flood my entire body, causing me to tingle all over. My temperature reduces as the bond comes alive.

Kyson's hot fiery mouth and tongue continue their descent before his lips wrap around my nipple. He bites down it making me hiss before soothing it with his tongue, only to turn his attention to the other, teasing it with his hot tongue until it hardens so much it is almost painful.

Moving down my body, he kissed the side of my ribs, going lower with each kiss, sucking and nibbling on my skin, making me squirm every time his lips and stubble grazed a ticklish spot. He kissed my hip bone.

His teeth grazed over it and scraped down my flesh as he moved down between my legs, forcing my legs from around his waist as he settled between my thighs,

his handcuffed hand placed flat on my stomach, his fingers still laced through mine while his other hand gripped my t***h, pulling my leg further apart, his warm breath swept over my p***y before his mouth was covering it in its entirety. He growls, running his tongue across my wet lower lips.

His flat tongue laved across my glistening wet folds before his tongue parted my lower lips, and he sucked my c**t into his mouth. His tongue swirled around the throbbing nerves, making me cry out and writhe.

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Chapter 130

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 130 – His eyes locked on me, tongue dragging over my soaking wet p***y. He sucked hard on my c**t as he swirled his tongue around it. His mouth continued its slow and steady rhythm, making me lose myself in the pleasurable feel of his tongue on my hot, sensitive flesh.

All I could focus on was his tongue as he pushed it inside of my soaking wet Chanel, his tongue sliding inside me and devouring my juices that I could feel spilling out and coating my thighs and his lips. My skin flushed as the heat burned and rushed through me. My stomach tightened, and my legs trembled as I cried out. Waves of pleasure rippled through me as I came on his tongue. My inner walls pulsate and clench as I moan. His tongue slowed its rhythm, letting me ride out the intense, rippling effect washing through me.

Kyson purrs, lapping at my juices before kissing my c**t, making me jolt before moving up my body, pressing himself between my legs. I roll my hips against him, wanting him inside me.

Wanting the heat to abate and feel his length inside me. Kyson kisses me hard, forcing me to taste myself on his tongue, his tongue invading my mouth. My fingers move through his hair, tugging him closer.

Kyson moves his hand between our bodies as he positions himself at my entrance. I feel him press the tip in, and I move my hips against him when he pushes in a little.

My lips tear away from his, and my eyes water as I choke and clench them shut. My entire body tenses and locks up, and I grip his arm. He stills before pulling out slightly. "It's going to sting," he whispers, his lips kissing my jaw.

I writhe beneath him, trying to get away from him. I knew he was big, but I didn't expect it to b**n so badly with how wet I was.

“Breathe, Love. It will only hurt for a few seconds,” he says, kissing my lips and peppering my face in kisses. Kyson floods me with his calling, forcing my muscles to relax.

My entire body submitted to it, and I let out the breath I was holding in, my body relaxing, and I opened my eyes, tears slipping down my face. Kyson kisses me, pushing back inside me slightly. His calling washed over me, drowning me in it as he pushed inside my tight confines until his hips were flush against me. I felt full, and I squirmed, trying to get used to the odd sensation.

Kyson stills, letting me get used to the feeling of him stretching me before slowly pulling out before thrusting back in gently, working his massive c**k inside me, his lips moving to my mark, and he sucks on it. A moan leaves my lips at the sensation as tingles rush to my c**t, and I move my hips against him, my juices coating his c**k, and he stills, letting me move against him instead while I get used to the feeling of him inside me.

Kyson growls softly. Arousal floods through me when he pulls out, and he thrusts in, meeting my movements, his length slipping in me deeper, stretching me around him, a breathy moan escaping my lips at the friction building when he kisses me harder.

His tongue fights mine for dominance, and he presses his weight down on me, sheathing himself inside me, making me gasp. He moves slowly, his c**k slipping in and out, gradually building up friction, his c**k rubbing my walls, causing them to clench around his hardened length.

My hand tugged his hip, wanting him to move faster, when Kyson’s hand went under my back, pulling me with him as he rolled, so I was now on top and was straddling his lap as he moved and leaned against the headboard.

His hands run up my sides, the handcuffed one forcing my hand where his goes. Kyson grips my hips, and he leans forward, sucking my breast, a breathy moan leaving my lips, feeling his mouth on my body. He rolls my hips against him, guiding me up and down his length.

I grip his shoulder, rolling my hips to the movement before his grip loosens, and he lets me set the pace. I move my hips and find my rhythm. Feeling myself building up, my walls clenching his length, and my eyes closed at the building feeling in my lower belly that was spreading warmth through me.

“That’s it, Love,” Kyson purrs before gripping my hips and slamming me down on him, moving my hips faster. I moan, my nails digging into his shoulder as I feel myself climbing higher, reaching my peak.

The only sounds are my airy moans filling the room and the wet sounds of our bodies connecting. Kyson reached up, grabbing a handful of my hair and tugging my head back, his lips trailing down my neck and over my shoulder, his other hand squeezing my a*s as I gripped his wrist awkwardly, my hand bent from handcuff as I moved up and down his hard shaft. His c**k fills me, and I feel my stomach tighten and my skin flush, and I cry out at the overwhelming feeling inside me.

He lets go of my hair, palming my breast while sucking on the other one, his tongue flicking over my nipple. I pick up my pace before feeling the hot wave of my climax rush over me, making my walls clench around his c**k before I feel his teeth sink into my flesh, prolonging the feeling, and my p***y pulsates around him, making me moan loudly.

My body turns slack in his arms as he pulls his teeth from my skin, and I drop my face to his neck, and the overwhelming urge makes my gums tingle before I feel my canines protrude and sink them into his skin.

Kyson growls, his hands gripping my hips as he rocks them against him, chasing his release before groaning just as I pulled my teeth from his skin. My tongue rolled over my marking when I felt him still, and his c**k twitched and expanded inside me, making me gasp at the strange stretching feeling. I jump as his warmth bathes my insides, and Kyson's arms wrap around me and crush me against his chest.

"You can't move, relax," he whispers next to my ear, flooding me with his calling as I fought the urge to climb off him as his c**k continued to swell inside me, stretching me further.

"Sorry, I didn't intend to knot you, not yet anyway," he whispers, his tongue flicking the shell of my ear.

"What?" I murmur.

"Something Lycans do, I forgot to warn you. I'm sorry," He whispers, sucking my earlobe into his mouth and nibbling on it. I nodded my head, too relaxed to care. I didn't want to move anyway, so I melted against him. My breathing was harsh as I suddenly found myself now fused to him. His calling lulls me into a dreamy state, and I feel his fingers trailing up my spine as he moves down the bed to lie down.

My eyelids feel heavy as I listen to his heartbeat beneath my ear as I lay on him. His fingertips grip my chin, tilting my face up toward his. He leans down, his lips brushing mine gently. "I love you," he whispers against my lips before chuckling as I fight exhaustion as my body cools down rapidly, the heat leaving, and in its place, exhaustion courses through me.

"Sleep, my Queen," he says, kissing the side of my mouth as my eyes feel closed, and I am sucked under by the darkness of sleep.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 131

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 131 – Abbie POV

Everything was chaotic when we arrived back at the castle. One moment, I was walking through the castle doors. The next, Damian was screaming for help with the King. Gannon had to follow Dustin to the King's quarter, where they took Azalea, who was still unconscious. It was weird calling her that. Ivy. She had been to me all our lives, yet I understood her desire to get rid of the name Della or, should I say, Marissa had given her.

Standing in the corridor, I didn't know what to do with myself as Damian, and another man carried the King to his quarters. The King mumbled, but his words made little sense. I wanted to go to Azalea but knew it was not the time, but now I found myself lost as I stood there watching the flurry of people rushing around crazily.

Did I just go back to my old tasks when here? Should I look for Gannon or maybe Clarice? I wasn't sure what to do with myself, and I found myself walking around blindly until I was suddenly in my old room. I hesitantly knocked in case Beta Damian had got himself a new personal servant. However, no one answers, and I push the door open and peer inside. It was getting late, and I assumed I would see Clarice in the morning to ask where she wanted to put me.

Stepping into the room, I find the bed b**e, so I walk down the hall to the closet and retrieve some blankets and pillows. The task was made more difficult by my wounds. The stitches pulled so tight that some were cutting through my skin like cheese wire.

Bloodstained nearly every inch of me. It was congealed in my hair and under my fingernails. I quickly made the bed and then decided I couldn't sleep in this state, so I made my way to the laundry, searching for clothes. Finding the uniform servants, pajamas, and some socks, I grabbed them off the shelf before retrieving a towel and rummaging through the first aid kit for antibacterial soap. Limping to the servants' bathrooms, my bones ached. Every inch of me did.

Stepping inside, I find it empty. One side of the bathroom held stalls for showering while a half wall divided up the middle to the toilets and basins; long mirrors ran the entire length of the center wall on both sides.

As I passed it to head into one of the shower stalls, I glanced at the state I was in. My normal auburn hair was matted, twigs and leaves tangled in the knots. The clothes I was wearing were torn, and I could still smell his scent all over me. Gannon's too, but Kade's was still there. My heart panged at the thought of him.

The way he lay d**d in the dirt. My mate, though cruel, was mine or supposed to be. Looking at what was left of me as I peeled off my clothes, I was disgusted.

My skin marred from years in the orphanage was already horrifying to look at, though my scars were never deep or jagged as Azaleas. I always felt terrible for how she hated her appearance and the lashes that marred her.

She had taken so many whippings reserved for me and I had done the same for her. Looking at them, I used to think it was a reminder of what we endured and

survived. Though marks left at the hands of Kade, I saw something so much worse.

I never survived at all. Moved from one h**l to another. Looking at my ravaged flesh, I wasn't sure anyone would look at me again and be anything but disgusted by the sight of me. The multiple marks on my neck from him had turned my flesh black like it was rotting away my skin, the skin raised jagged same as the scars etched into my heart. The hollow void felt like it would never be filled again, bottomless. I pressed my lips together to stop from crying out when I peeled my shirt off, dumping it on the floor.

I hiss as I force my pants down my legs. The blood saturating my pants stuck to my skin and made me feel like I was being skinned alive. Tears blurred my vision, and I bit back the sob as my stitches opened and blood cascaded down my leg in a stream. I tried to step out of my pants when hands fell on my hips, making me jump and hiss as the stitches along my arms and ribs tugged from the movement.

"I was looking for you," Gannon murmurs. He kneels, peeling them off, and I grip his shoulder, stepping out of them. He kisses my hip bone, which protrudes beneath my skin. The blood rushed to my cheeks, knowing I was now standing naked in front of the man.

"Why are you in the servants' bathroom?" he asks, standing back up. Keeping my back to him, I covered my breast. Not that there was much point with giant mirrors. I knew he could see every vile inch of me if he glanced at them.

"I didn't know where else to go. You disappeared, and lost didn't want to bother Clarice to find out where I was stationed. So I went back to my old station," I tell him.

"You should have just gone to our room," Gannon whispers.

"I am Beta Damian's servant. I don't think he has another. No one was in the room when I went in there," I tell him. I grab my soap, placing it on the niche before hissing as I start the shower. Gannon growls behind me while I examine my arm, which is black and blue, where Kade mauled me, the stitches pinching my skin, holding it together. The water sprays out, bursting from the showerhead in a wide spray, making my injuries b**n and sting.

"Can you shut the door?" I ask him, not wanting to turn around. I hear the door close and sigh, stepping under the water, only to cringe away. My head throbs as I wet my hair before turning around. I rub my eyes to rid them of the water. When I opened them, Gannon was standing in front of me.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 132

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 132 – The door closed behind him, but he was inside the stall. I quickly tried to cover my b****s, though I had no idea why. When I asked him to close the door, I didn't mean for him to come into the shower with me.

Gannon's eyes run the length of me, then quickly dart away. My stomach sinks. This was why I didn't want to turn around. I knew what he would see, and my mutilated skin was anything but pretty. I looked disgusting, my skin carved up, and the pieces forced back together like broken puzzle pieces. Turning to face the back wall, a lump forms in my throat.

"Can you get out, please," I whisper, though I knew he would hear me with his heightened hearing.

Embarrassment washed over every inch of me, and I suddenly wanted to scrub myself raw, as if I could clean away the vile marks that laced my skin.

"Am I scaring you? I won't hurt you, Abbie," Gannon murmurs next to my ear before his chest presses against my back. He reaches past me, grabbing the soap out of the niche in the wall.

"I saw the way you looked at me, Gannon. Just go; I don't want your pity," I tell him. He growls, the sound vibrating against my back.

"The way I looked at you?" he asks, sweeping my hair over my shoulder. He dips his face into my neck. His nose runs up the side of my jaw.

I swallowed before answering, my voice coming out shakier than intended.

"Yes, I know I look disgusting, so please, leave," Gannon growls before his hand holding the bar of soap wraps around my waist, tugging me flush against him. I became startlingly aware that he was indeed naked behind me. Felt every ridge of muscle and bump press against my back and a*s.

"I only looked away because I could tell you were uncomfortable with me staring, Abbie, not because I didn't like what I could see." he purrs.

"But he ruined me. I'm broken," I tell him, my voice cracks at speaking those words aloud. Like suddenly saying them made the realization sit heavier on my shoulders. I was like a broken doll, the porcelain all broken and cracked, held together with glue, marred and made ugly, never to be whole again.

"We are all a little broken, Abbie. You're still beautiful. You always have been, always will be. Nothing he has done to you changes that," Gannon says while reaching for my arm that was shielding my chest and the stitching. Gannon kisses my shoulder, and I shiver at his gentle touch.

"Don't hide from me. You never have to hide from me, Abbie," Gannon whispers before gripping my wrist, his thumb rubbing over the back of my hand. I sighed and dropped my arm while his hand holding the soap moved over my torn-up

flesh. Gannon purrs, and I found his scent soothing as the steam heated the small space.

My body relaxes, and my shoulders drop as I lean back against him, letting Gannon help wash me. I nearly fall asleep against him when he washes my hair, my body putty in this man's huge hands. Despite the sheer size of him and the way he could break me in half, he was gentle, his fingers massaging my scalp and removing the congealed blood and gunk. Gannon chuckles, the sound making my eyes open to notice I was falling asleep.

"I wish I could heal you," he murmured as he turned me around to rinse the soap from my hair. My eyes trail over him. I had never seen him without at least a tank top on. Of course, I had seen him with no shirt on when he shifted, but he was covered in fur and never in the light. His skin was as ravaged as mine.

Littered with scars that went all the way to his hips. My eyes went to his honey-colored ones when I gasped at the sight of the thick scars branding his skin. My hand reaches to touch the enormous deep scar in the center of his chest. Claw marks raked across his flesh like someone had tried to rip his heart from him. The lines were brutal and ridged, and his chest rose and fell heavily as I traced my fingertips gently over them. Gannon's hand moves, his fingers move under my chin, and he tilts my face up, so I meet his gaze.

"Don't hide yours, and I won't hide mine," he whispers, his thumb brushing over my bottom lip.

"These from the wars?" I asked, a little shocked; I thought Lycan had healed quickly.

"No, self-inflicted," Gannon says, looking down at his torso.

"You did that to yourself?" I ask, horrified. He tilts his head to the side, examining my face.

"Why?" I blurted.

"The same reason you gave yourself that, to end it," he says, his hand moving to the side of my face. His fingertips trail down the scar behind my ear. My hand moves over his, and I touch the scar and s****w. The memory of how I got it and Azalea hers will forever haunt me. That day, I wished I could remove it from my memory entirely. If only the rope held and didn't snap.

"More than my life," Gannon murmurs.

"That is what you and Azalea say?" he whispers. I s****w and nod.

"More than my life Abbie, you are worth so much more than mine. You hold on, and I will for you, I have for you,"

"Azalea told you?" I asked him, suddenly feeling d***y.

"No, the King did. Azalea wouldn't betray you. She explained how you both shared similar scars and the meaning behind the words you speak with each other. Not what the butcher did, but I got the picture. Doyle confessed when I found him."

"You met him?" I ask, feeling bile rise in the back of my throat.

"Yes, and we k****d him for what he did. Mrs. Daley, too, he will never come after you again. I will never let anyone touch you again."

"You k****d him?" I ask. I was surprised at how little I felt about that information. He had confessed to murdering someone, but I felt nothing.

"He hurt you, so I made him hurt too," Gannon tells me, and I nod, biting my lip. What do you say to someone that confesses to k*****g for you? I should be worried he would, yet I felt nothing. Not sadness, not relief, just nothing.

"I wish I could heal you," he murmurs, and my eyes dart to him, his eyes roaming over my marred flesh before moving to the marks on my neck.

"Kade never deserved you. I hate that his marks lay on your beautiful neck." I touch them, and they feel bruised. The movement of that makes me wince.

"You will let me remove his mark from you one day; lyrics can be patient, Abbie," Gannon says, and my brows furrow at his words.

"You can remove them?" Gannon chuckles darkly.

"Yes, when I mark you and when you agree to let me be yours," he says, and I step back. I wasn't sure I wanted anyone to have that sort of control over me again, not after what Kade did.

"Shh, not now. When you're ready. I will wait. For now, having you back is enough for me," he says, stepping closer. His arm goes behind me, and the water cuts off.

"What if I am never ready?" I ask, wondering if he would walk away.

I wasn't sure if I could be with anyone, though I used to want to be with Gannon. I still do; I just wasn't sure how that would be possible now. So much has changed. I have changed, and I knew it wasn't for the better.

"I'm immortal, Abbie. I have all the time in the world to wait for you," he says before turning and grabbing the towel hanging on the hook. He wraps it around me before pulling me closer. His lips press to my forehead.

"You're worth waiting for," he murmurs, and I sighed, closing my eyes and just enjoying his closeness.