

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 165

Hook 2 His Found Lyoan Luno Chapter 40

I slid across the seat, muttering to myself, and my temper rippled just like my aura. “What’s wrong?” Azalea asked me. “Just border controls forgetting who they are speaking with,” I answer.

She nodded, and we started moving again, yet the further we got into the sleepy town that was in the middle of nowhere, the more anxious Azalea became. My earlier mood was gone and replaced with anger for their Alpha, thinking he could tell me I couldn’t enter without notification. Who does he think he is?

“Abbie told me Katrina took over the orphanage?” Azalea asks, snapping my attention to her and out of whatever mood I slipped into.

“Yes, after Mrs. Daley left,” I tell her, not wanting to tell her Gannon skinned the woman alive and hung her in the basement. The pictures he took made my stomach turn; Gannon was one sick bastard. I shook the thought away and watched as she chewed her lip.

“What are you thinking right now?” I ask her, and she rubs her belly without realizing it. I tried not to smile at how she cradled the slight bump in her hand,

“I wondered if the children would still remember me,” she says.

“You want to go back there?” I asked, a little shocked. She shrugs, chewing on her fingernail, looking unsure,

“I think I do,” she finally answers.

“If we have time on the way home, we will stop in there,” I tell her.

“So we are just here to see the Alpha?” Azalea asks.

“Yes. And once we are done, I will take you to see the children if you like.” she nods, her eyes becoming a little glassy. I wasn’t sure if she missed the children who lived there or because she knew she was coming back to this place and it scared her.

I knew this place haunted both her and Abbie. And after the tortures they endure at this place, I was once again second-guessing bringing her here.

It took another ten minutes before we pulled up out the front of the Pack house. Alpha Dean and Alpha Brock stood waiting out the front on the porch. However, when Azalea glanced out her window and looked at them, her mood shifted through the bond. Her eyes burned brighter, flickering, and almost glowed, her jaw clenched as she glared past me and out the window.

Climbing out of the car, I was surprised when I heard her door open. We had discussed she would wait in the car with Trey, but she got out. The convoy of cars also pulled up, and my men jumped out to secure the perimeter. Trey jumps out of the front passenger seat with Liam and Liam shut her door while Trey moved behind her. Damian glances at me, but I shrug, wondering why she suddenly wanted to come inside. Her mood had changed so swiftly I struggled to decipher the weird mood she was in, but seeing the two Alphas had awakened something within her.

The Alpha walked down the steps, holding his hand out to me, and I could hear Azalea walking around the other side of the car to me.

“What a pleasant surprise, “ Alpha Brock says, his eyes glinting before moving to Azalea behind me. His lips part, and Alpha Dean also pauses to stare at her. It took me a second to realize why they had paused. Her aura was magnificent, so strong and commanding. She stops beside me, and Alpha Dean’s hand shakes as he offers it to her, and I hear Damian huff when she doesn’t take it and just stares at it like it was diseased

“Lovely to see you again, Ivy,” he says warily, glancing at me. Azalea waves his hand away. I don’t know where this sudden confidence came from, but I enjoyed seeing the power she was using.

“That’s Queen Azalea, to you, Alpha. Now move,” she says, pushing past them and walking up the steps. They gaped at her, and Liam rushed ahead of her to open the front door. I had no idea what was going on with her, but I would run with it to see what else she did. The two Alphas all but fall over themselves, chasing after her and offering her coffee or tea, but she ignores them. Stepping into the foyer of the place, she snarls at them.

“No. I wouldn’t trust you not to spit in it! And we aren’t here to chat, we are here for...” she glances at me, and my eyes glaze over, and I mind link her.

“Looking for all the rogue reports. And to go through their archives,” I tell her. If she wanted to handle this, I would let her because I don’t think she realized what she was doing, and I liked seeing the sudden fear on their faces that she invoked by using her aura.

These two men who were responsible for nearly destroying her but were now falling over themselves, trying to appease her. She tells them what she is looking for, speaking clearly and confidently.

We don't keep such files; lv...My Queen," Alpha Dean corrects himself. Azalea raises an eyebrow at him. And I could see Trey smiling behind her. He leaned down to whisper to her, and she glanced at him.

They gape at her, and I can't believe they had the audacity to lie when they had no issue trying to label her as a traitor. And I knew very well that the archives were kept in the basement.

"Your archives are kept in your basement. And you should have reports of every rogue that steps over your borders. If not, that is an

Infringement on your behalf, and if he is simply you refusing to hand them over that is punishable by death. Beheading sounds good?" she says, looking at me.

*As you wish, my Queen," I answer.

So which is it, you don't have the archives I have requested or you don't want to hand them over? Either way Alpha, you seem to find yourself in a direct violation of Lycan law and your next answer determines the severity of your punishment," she says staring at them both. I had no doubt Trey was feeding her laws through the mind link. Both Alpha's stumble over themselves to answer.

What we meant is that we haven't dug them out. We weren't aware of your arrival of the King's. If you come back in a few days, we could have them ready." Alpha Dean answers her.

If I wanted you to dig them out and remove any incriminating evidence, we would have called prior. But seeing as your pack is under investigation for the mistreatment of rogues, I don't want you handling any such evidence or give you a chance to get rid of it completely." she tells him

“Mistreatment of rogues, my Queen. Whatever happened with Mrs. Daley, I assure you, your King has seen to her punishment,” Alpha Dean tries to say. She ignores his rambles.

“I would also like to see my files and Abbie’s. So if you could point me in the direction of your basement, that would be very helpful,” she says. Alpha Brock glances at his father before motioning down the hall, looking very ticked off he was being ordered around by her.

Azalea follows them to the stairs and up the corridor at the side before stopping at the door next to the steps. Alpha Brock opens the door and glances at his father.

“May we ask what you are looking for exactly? Most of the files down here are outdated and have nothing of use to anybody,” he asks, and Damian answers.

“What we are here for is of no concern to you. She told you already. So if you would step aside,” Damian says.

“We can show you down. It will be easier if we help, and...” Azalea growls, and her aura has him pressing against the wall.

“You heard my Beta. Now step aside, Alpha.” she sneered, the last word glaring at him, daring him to speak against her. He swallows. The charged air around her was so thick and angry I fought to remain where I was. Now that’s my Landeena Queen! The Alpha quickly stepping away from her and Liam goes down first to check the place before signally it was clear.

Azalea looks at me and opens the mind-link again and I knew she was waiting for permission. “Go on. If you want to take over, I won’t stop

you,” I tell her and she quickly steps inside and starts descending down the steps. I stroll past the Alphas when Alpha Dean stops me.

“Are we in trouble, my king?” he asks.

“That’s for her to decide,” I tell him before following after my mate.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 166 – Azalea POV

Stepping into the basement, the place was stacked to the ceiling with boxes of files, no order, nothing, just boxed and stacked. I did not know what I was looking for, and I had no clue where to even start. Damian comes up behind me, leading me to a table in the center and flicking a small lamp on.

“I’m sorry I stuck my nose in. It made me mad when I saw them,” I admitted to him. I was unsure where my bravado came from, but seeing my old Alphas ticked me off, and I hated how they made me feel lower than dirt, and I wanted to return the favor.

“No, you did well,” Damian says when Kyson comes down the steps. I waited to see if he was mad that I kind of just took over when I was supposed to remain in the car with Trey. I wasn’t supposed to step foot in here at all. Yet when he came down the last step, he had a silly smile on his face as he strolled over to me.

“Ah, this will take forever,” Liam growls, rifling through boxes. Kyson comes over, places his hands on my hips, and buries his face in my neck. But Liam was right. This would take days to go through.

“So, what do you want to do now?” Kyson asks, and I look up at him.

“Pardon?” I whisper.

“You’re in charge, boss. So what now?” he asks, brushing his nose across my cheek. I gasp, looking around. Kyson purrs behind me before tapping my hip with his hand and wander about the huge basement before stopping having no clue, it would take days...

“Can we take them?” I ask Kyson, and he nods.

“For real, my Queen? You want me to cart all these boxes up?” Liam whines, jutting out his bottom lip and pointing to Trey, “He wants to do it,” Liam whispers, and I chuckle.

“No, I...” I press my lips in a line. There were hundreds of boxes down here. I look up at Kyson, and he shrugs, not offering any help.

“You’re in charge, and I’m not helping. So what are you going to do, my Queen?” Kyson says, and I peer back around the room. They wouldn’t fit in the cars. There were too many. I glance at the steps leading up before walking past Kyson and back up the steps to the main house. Alpha Dean and Alpha Brock stood by the doors, looking terrified of the two guards beside them. Seeing them ground my gears, the humiliation of being put on that podium in front of the entire town square while they threw stuff at us made my blood boil as I remembered the last time I saw them.

“Have you got a trailer?” I ask them. They both shake their heads.

“Find one,” I tell them.

“You want us to find a trailer?” Alpha Brock asks, looking at his father.

“Don’t look at him. Find a trailer, I said.” I snapped, and he growls, the noise cutting off when I growl back at him. Only mine was a lot louder, and the power behind it almost made me gasp and jump before I contained those urges of shock. I felt the power ooze out of me, my aura coming out like a shield and suffocating the Alphas.

“You will find a trailer and attach it to the car. Then you will come back here, and you and your father will cart every box and piece of paper from that basement and stack them in it.” I tell them.

“Every box?” Alpha Dean says.

“Are you hard of hearing, Alpha Dean? Do I need to repeat myself?” I asked him, and he shook his head. Turning to the guards beside them, I dropped my aura and spoke to them.

“Make sure they bring every box up. And if they miss one, K**l Alpha Brock,”

“Yes, my Queen,” they nod, and one smiles like he would enjoy that job. I go to leave when I pause to see Kyson leaning against the wall.

“Oh, and once they have attached the trailer, they have 18 minutes to cart them up,” I tell the guards.

“18 MINUTES!” Alpha Brock exclaims.

“Yes. Because 18 years is a wonderful age to k**l innocent rogues, so I give 18 minutes to cart those boxes up.” I tell him.

“And if we don’t complete it in that timeframe?” Alpha Dean asks.

“I suggest you get it done, and you won’t have to find out,” I tell him before turning on my heel and walking out.

Stepping outside, I let out a breath. It was exhilarating holding the control, yet also petrifying. Adrenaline made my heart rate quicken and flutter in my chest.

“Now what?” Kyson asks me. I bite the inside of my lip and look around and I see Alpha Brock rush off to his neighbor’s house.

“Will the guards make sure they retrieve everything?” I ask, and Kyson nods his head.

“Then can we go to the orphanage?”

“Are you asking?” Kyson says with a devious smile on lips. I swallowed, glancing at Trey, who raised an eyebrow at me and nodded toward Kyson. I shake my head and cringe, looking up at my mate.

“No. I want to go to the orphanage, so we are going,” I tell him. I was turning away from him when he grabs my arm. My heart lurches in my chest, thinking like pushed him too far, demanding him. Yet he only turns me to face him before his hand slips to the back of my neck, and he leans down while tilting my head back. His lips c***h against mine, his tongue demanding as it invades my mouth, forcing my lips to part. He kisses me hungrily, his tongue tasting every inch of my mouth before he pulls away and smiles.

“I like it when you’re bossy,” he purrs.

“You say that now,” I tell him.

“For now,” he smiles, grabbing my hand. He kisses the back of it before draping his arm across my shoulders. We walk to the orphanage since it wasn’t that far from the packhouse. It was odd walking through the streets; this place no longer gave me the same fear it used to. It looked

different, run down. People stared as we headed toward the orphanage and I paid them no mind, ignoring their curious gazes.