

## 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 in. 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\*\*1 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\*\*1 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.

## His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 167

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 167 – Once there, I stopped, staring up at the building I once called home. The place should be condemned, yet the kids all stopped as I stepped over the little brick fence. Most recognized me and rushed over, trying to touch me and pull me to play with them.

“Ivy! Ivy!” they called, trying to get my attention. Katrina, hearing the commotion, rushed out the front doors, looking somewhat frazzled. “Katrina!” I gasped before moving my way through the kids. I smack into the front of her as her arms wrap around me.

“Oh, sweet girl,” she gushes, hugging me tightly. Katrina was the only one that was nice to Abbie and me. She holds me at arm’s length, checking me over. Her fingertips trailed over my shoulder, which was a little exposed.

The ends of the lash marks on my back poke out the top. She smiles sadly, tears brimming in her eyes, and she sniffles.

“How’s Abbie?” she asks.

“She is okay,” I tell her, and she nods and wipes her eyes.

“You look good, sweetie,” she says, hugging me again. One of the kid’s tugs on my shirt, and I pick him up.

“Hey, Jack,” I beamed at him. He played with my hair, tugging on it gently.

“Where is Abbie? She didn’t come to visit us?” He pouts. He was seven years old and was missing his two front teeth. His blonde hair is tied in a bun on his head.

“No, she couldn’t come,” I tell him, and he nods sadly. Katrina leads us inside and turns the kettle on.

“Kyson said you’re in charge now?” I tell her. She nods, and I look around the kitchen. It was the same. I started reaching for mugs and setting them out, and I could feel Kyson watching me. Katrina fussed, telling me not to help her, but I shoed her away, telling her to sit. She sighs and sits down heavily in a chair.

“Yep. But the Alpha cut back rations again. This place is falling apart, and Dad is sick, so I am back and forth,” she says.

“No one to help?” I ask.

“Margret comes over when I ask, but you know how she is. I swear I could run this pack better than that t\*\*t, he keeps saying he hasn’t got the money to put in this place, I checked his finances for him the other week again and he has gambled everything,” Katrina tells me, and I nod, passing her and Kyson a cup of tea. Margret was one of Mrs. Daley’s friends, and she hated children, even her own.

“What’s wrong with your father?” I ask her.

“Dementia. He needs a full-time carer now, but I can’t with this place, and mum is just as bad, so she is no help, and I haven’t got the funds to pay for one.” Katrina tells me.

“I don’t know how you girls kept up with all the chores here either,” she says, shaking her head.

“We didn’t have a choice,” I tell her, and she nods.

“I’m sorry, Ivy,”

“Azalea,” Kyson corrects her. Katrina could call me what she likes, but she nods her head. She was the only person here that was actually nice and tried to help us, but she couldn’t because Alpha Dean always had a soft spot for Mrs. Daley, despite Katrina actually having Beta blood.

“Don’t be, and it’s not your fault,”

“I could have done more.” I shake my head when one kid comes out and looks around. Tyson starts babbling. He had some disability that was never diagnosed because Mrs. Daley believed you could beat disobedience out of a child and saw speech impediment as disobedience.

He motions toward his mouth, trying to speak, but it comes out in grunts and growling. “I never know what he is trying to say,” Katrina says as he squeezes his fists, shaking as he becomes frustrated, grumbling loudly.

I reached into the fruit bowl, looking for an apple that wasn’t squishy. I clean it on my shirt and pass it to him. “Apple,” I tell her. Abbie and I learned distinct noises meant certain things to him. He babbles excitedly and takes it, rushing off.

“Apple,” she says with a sigh, and I sip my tea and nod.

“He likes the crunching noise they make, and he hates cornflakes, so don’t give him those. He has a meltdown; Tyson doesn’t like the texture,” I tell her, and she quickly jumps up and grabs a notepad from

the fridge. She jots it down, and I tell her a few more noises he makes and what they mean.

“Man, I wish you and Abbie could stay here a while to show me,” she says. Kyson shakes his head instantly and I don’t think I could even if he lets me. Too many bad memories here and love knew this place would give me nightmares when I went home.

“I have to take dad for brain scans next week. I am hoping the Alpha will come over like he said. He said he would watch them for me,” she sighs.

“Brock, what did you have to give to do that?” I ask, and she blushes, not looking happy about that. I click my tongue, already knowing the answer.

“No one else?” I asked her, and I could only imagine what she had to do for her to get him over to watch all these kids.

“We can try to help find you some help?” Kyson offers, and she looks at him hopefully.

“Please. No one is willing to help, and I have my exams coming back up.”

“You’re back studying accounting?” ask her.

“Trying when I get a chance,” she says. I smile sadly before I place my cup in the sink and nod, knowing we will have to leave soon.

“You mind if I look around?” I ask her, and she shakes her head.

“Of course not, but upstairs is a little messy,” she says. Walking back to the main hall and into the living room, I see the kids huddled around the tiny box TV in the corner.

“How many kids are here now?” I ask her.

“111,” Katrina answers. I sigh, looking around. The place is falling apart, and suddenly wish I could take them with me. Katrina couldn’t look after them by herself, and this place was falling apart. I s\*\*\*\*\*w, taking the set of steps upstairs, while Katrina tries to settle the kids that were becoming rowdy with afternoon tea approaching.

I look in all the rooms to see they are dusty; the beds are not made, and clothes are piled on the floors. “What are you doing?” Kyson asks me, following me around.

“You don’t have to follow,” I tell him. I don’t know why I came up here, yet I swallowed as I stopped at the stairs leading to the attic, dread filling me. That was mine and Abbie’s room. How often were we forced to crawl those stairs after our lashings or our chores? It felt like a lifetime ago, yet also yesterday, everything is still so fresh.

Kyson touches my arm, and I jump, stuck in my memories. “Are you alright?” he asks before turning to Liam and Trey. He nods toward the stairs and they go back down them. “I’m fine,” I tell him, blinking back tears. He looked like he wanted to say something, but I grip the broken banister and force myself to climb the steps. The door handle jiggles in my hand as I push it open.

## **His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 168**

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 168 – “Why did you want to come up here?” Kyson asks, looking around at the small space. It was the same, everything left untouched. One filthy mattress we shared, one tiny dirt-covered window, and a bedside dresser. That was it. I went to the bedside dresser and opened the top drawer. I found a spaghetti necklace that one of the kids made for us and an old tunic. I hold it up

and look at it. We hated these dresses and the stupid peasant skirts she would make us wear.

“Azalea?” Kyson whispers behind me.

“It’s mine and Abbie’s room,” I tell him. My voice sounded distant to even my own ears.

Anger boils in my veins as I peer around the small tight space she kept us in. The other side was used for storage and had a cupboard that Mrs. Daley would lock us in.

“Azalea, are you alright?” Kyson asks, and I glance at him. He is turning the wooden chair that sat in the corner. Suppressed memories come back about why that chair was up here. We had broken one similar, trying to get the Christmas stuff out of storage. Mrs. Daley made us hold the d\*\*n thing above our heads, saying we needed to know the weight of the burden she carried having to look after us.

Most would think it’s just a chair, but both of us holding two legs each above our heads for hours, we learned even the lightest things become heavy after hours. Each time we would drop it, she would hit the back of our legs with her cane.

Seeing Kyson move it, the sound of it screeching along the floor made rage b\*\*n through me. I growl, snatching the chair from him, and Kyson jumps, startled, as I toss it at the s\*\*\*\*y little window. Glass rains down everywhere as I stalked toward the chair. Yet my focus was solely on destroying the d\*\*n thing, like if I destroyed it, it would erase the memory. Erase Abbie’s cries as her knees buckled from the cane. I picked it back up and started smashing it into the floor. Breaking it to

pieces, the wood splintering off with each c\*\*\*h on the floor that shook under my feet until Kyson grabs my arms.

“Hey, shh, shh.” he says, glancing down at the chair leg in my hand. He grabs it. “Give it to me, Love,” he says softly before he takes it from me. My hands shook as I caught my breath and Kyson cups my face in his hands, forcing me to look at him. His eyes watching my face as I tried to regather myself. Yet this place, it was like I never left it. Some part of me would always be trapped in this place.

“I hate this place! Hate her! I hate what she did to us!” I cried, bursting into tears. I hated this place, hated everything about it, hated that one place could haunt and stain so much of my heart of and soul, like it was screaming out to me telling me it would always hold me here and I would never escape it. The floodgates opened like I had been holding everything in for too long.

“She ruined us.” I sobbed.

“No, love. She ruined nothing. And you’re safe now. She is d\*\*d, she can’t hurt you no more, this place is just a place,” he says, hugging me. I bury my face in his chest, feeling like an idiot. It was just a chair. I broke a perfectly good chair. I inhale his scent, letting it calm me before I chuckle, knowing how many whippings I would get if Mrs. Daley heard me crying. Kyson probably thinks I lost my d\*\*n mind, and even I questioned that possibility. I sniffle, feeling stupid and childish.

“You okay?” he asks and I nod, wiping my face and glancing around the small space and the broken chair. I needed to leave. I couldn’t stay in here any longer. It hurt too much, and I wanted out, suddenly feeling claustrophobic. I rushed down the steps needing air, feeling like the walls were closing in around me and that I was going to wake up at any moment and everything had been a dream, and I was really stuck here



still. Kyson chases after me, and I rush through the kitchen and burst into the living room, headed for the front door. But the faces of the children had my feet halting. Trey and Liam looked over at us, alarmed, and Kyson nearly ran into the back of me as I halted.

Little eyes peered back at me, and Katrina stared also startled. “Azalea, dear, are you okay?” she asks, but I shake my head. I was not okay, but as I glanced around this dump, I was no longer trapped here. But all these children were. I look at Kyson in desperation. He seems to get what I wasn’t asking out loud.

“No!” he exclaims, his eyes going wide. I tilt my head to the side, but he folds his arms across his chest and shakes his head.

“I’m not asking!” I tell him, and his lips part and he glances around at the children.

“No! What am I going to do with all these kids?” he hisses at me, but I ignore him and turn to Katrina.

“Ring the bus depot and find a driver,” I tell her, and she seems confused.

“You want a bus?” she asks.

“Yes. Maybe two. I am taking them with me,” I tell her, and she gasps, rushing over to me.

“You want to take all the children?” she asked, glancing at Kyson behind me, who was fuming.

“Yes. So ring the bus depot. I want a bus here now,” I tell her, turning to face Kyson. He growls but nods to her, and she rushes off.

“Are you insane?” he asks, and I look at the children.

“Either I stay, or they come,” I tell him.

“What are we going to do with all of them?” he asks.

“Some of the Lycan families might take them in,” Trey offers, and I nod.

“And where do you think I am going to put them?”

“The castle is big enough,” I tell him.

“Azalea!” he growls.

“No! You said I am running things here, and I say they are coming. Now get on board my King, or get out of my way,” I tell him. He growls.

“Yes, I said that, but I didn’t think you were going to bring an entire orphanage back with us!”

“Fine. You tell them then. Say no to them, Kyson,” I tell him, motioning toward the kids. He swallows and glances at their little faces and I smirk, knowing very well he wouldn’t or could utter those words. He presses his lips in a tight line.

“Fine!” he growls, and Liam chuckles.

“Come on, kids. Uncle Liam is helping you bust out of this c\*\*p box! Come on, let’s go!” Liam says, waving to all the kids to follow him. They glance around at each other and look at Kyson, unsure. He sighs and shakes his head.

“Go on then. Follow Uncle Liam!” he says, motioning them to follow him. The kids don’t need to be told twice and rush after an excitable Liam and Trey. I laughed, following them.

“Where to my Queen?” Liam calls.

“The town square. There is a bus stop.” I tell him. Katrina races out on the phone, telling the driver to come to the town square.

“You’re lucky I love you,” Kyson growls, grabbing my hand. I laughed before racing after the kids and tugging Kyson along with me.