

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 169

Book 2. His found Lycan Luna. Chapter 44

When we arrived back at the town square, I could see the Alpha still loading the trailer. Alpha Brock glanced over, noticing the children. He snarls and stomps over to them.

“What are you all doing here?” he snarls, and Liam growls at him, making him jump, having not seen him. Alpha Brock backs up with his hands up while the minute’s all stand frozen in fear. It angered me that they feared him.

“Seeing as you are still stacking boxes, I am assuming you didn’t make the 18 minutes time frame?” I ask him, walking through the crowd of children.

He backs up further. “No. Um... we got delayed,” he mutters. “See, the last box. Everything is there,” he says, pointing to his father, who was placing a tarp over the trailer.

“That wasn’t what I asked. I asked if you did it in 18 minutes?” his lips part, and he glances at his father when one of the guards steps forward.

“That is the last box, my Queen. But no, they didn’t get it done in the timeframe,” he answers, and I nod, turning to look at Alpha Brock.

“Hmm... On the stage, both of you!” I ordered, my voice coming out strong along with my aura, which I was finding more effortless and easier to use. They both rushed up the steps and stood at the top of them.

“My King, is this really necessary? We did what she asked.” Alpha Dean says.

“But you didn’t. Your Queen gave you 18 minutes, and you didn’t complete the task in that time frame.” Kyson answers him as I wander over to the fruit stall that was just closing its shutters.

“How much for all of it?” I ask the elderly woman. She jumps, not seeing me come up behind her.

“You!” she sneers, pointing her withered old finger at me.

“Excuse me?” I ask her.

“You! The rogue girl!”

“My name is Azalea Landeena! You will address me as so unless you want to join your Alpha!” | snarled. She stutters out an apology.

“Now I asked you a question. How much for the lot of it?”

“You want the entire shop?” she asks. I shake my head.

“No, just the fruit and vegetables,”

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just take what you want.”

“I don’t want to send you broke, ma’am. Despite your lack of manners,”

Kyson comes up behind me and touches my shoulder. “We have fruit at home,” he whispers, and I nod, picking up a tomato.

“I know,” I tell him, turning around, tossing it in the air, and catching it as I walk and stop in front of the stage.

“Kids,” I call out, and they all turn to face me.

“Grab some fruit,” they rush off, taking fruit from the shelves.

They all return as the buses pull up. “Now, to show you the same dignity you showed me, Alpha,” I tell them. Some of the children are eating their fruit while I chuck my tomato at the Alphas. My tomato hit Alpha Brock square in the face, splatting with an audible sound and covering him in tomato juices. Alpha Brock growls when Trey laughs before screaming.

“Food fight!” Like a mini-army, the kids turn. Their eyes light up with mischief as they toss their fruit and vegetables at the Alphas. Who try to dodge their attacks but can’t step off the small stage. When they are finished, I tell the children to grab more fruit to eat as a snack on the way before helping load them onto the buses. Once that is done, I wander back over to the Alphas covered in bits of fruits and vegetables and juices,

“You will both step down as Alpha until a new one is appointed. And I...” I looked at Kyson, needing his help; I wasn’t sure how to strip someone of their title.

Kyson’s aura rushes out, bringing them both to their knees. “I King Kyson of the Valkyrie Kingdom, hereby strip you Alpha Dean and Alpha Brock of your Alpha titles! I declare you both the very thing you despise so much. I declare rogue until you are accepted into

another pack or your new Alpha declares you pack!” Kyson says, stripping both of them of their titles.

“Wait! Wait! I will do better!” Brock begs, wanting to step off the stage, but he is stuck under my command.

“You may approach,” I tell him, and he jumps down and falls to his knees in front of me.

“Please! Please! I will do as you ask! Anything!” he begs, and I look at Kyson, who shrugs and tells me it is up to me. I bite my lip. Yet he had a point. They needed an Alpha. Glancing around, Katrina held up her hand behind Liam. She was technically Beta blood, and she was studying accounting. I smirk, knowing there was nothing more that Alpha Brock would hate more than having to answer to a woman.

“You answer to Katrina now. And until she deems you fit, you remain as roques. You will also make sure she has time to finish her course and help her any way she asks.” I tell him.

“She is a woman!” Alpha Brock snaps at me.

“Yes! But she now so much more than that. She is your Alpha!” I tell him, and Katrina smirks and folds her arms, and I look at Kyson, knowing he was the only one right now that could make this happen. He would have to teach me to give someone their titles because I had a funny feeling it wasn’t the same as stripping them of their mate bond. And I was right.

Kyson waves Katrina forward and gets her to kneel, and he slices his palm, letting his claws slip out on his other hand.

“Open your mouth,” Kyson tells her, and she obeys.

He squeezes his fist, letting his blood drip into her mouth. Before he says a pledge, she repeats it before declaring Katrina as the new Alpha. She gasps, clutching her chest, and falls backward on her bottom, and I could feel her aura slip out stronger than before, showing she was now in charge.

Alpha Brock roars, getting to his feet, and he charges at her, and she glares at him, rising to her feet calmly.

“Sit!” she orders, and he freezes, falling on his ass. Alpha Dean hung his head, looking ashamed of his son’s behavior. I was shocked at how easy it was for Katrina to command him. I hoped it got easy for me like that, and I would be able to have complete control of my aura and command as she did. He fell to his knees in front of her, doing as she commanded

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Once Kyson was sure Katrina had both Alphas under control, he escorted me back to the Limo and I climbed in the back and slid across the seat. My hands shook with adrenaline and I felt a little giddy. The feeling wearing off as the car started. I glanced out the window as the bus and the cars followed, however the bus headed down a different street, as the orphanage street was too narrow for the bus, with its low-hanging trees to fit. We slow a little as the orphanage comes into view out my window.

That place will never hurt anymore children. I unclip my seatbelt and tap on the window. Trey wound the glass window down and I told them to stop. The car does and one of the other cars follows after the bus, while the other three stop behind us.

I open my door when Kyson grips the back of my pants. “You don’t need to go back in there. There is nothing there for you anymore,” he whispers, but I wanted no remnants of this place.

“I know,” I tell him and he lets me go and sighs. I climb out as do the guards, taking positions around the cars. Trey comes over to me.

“What’s wrong?” I shake my head, moving toward Liam as he steps out of the car.

“Have you got a lighter?” I ask knowing he smoked. He lifts an eyebrow at me.

“Terrible habit. Shouldn’t smoke when up the duff,” he tells me and I roll my eyes and hold my hand out for the lighter.

“I’m not smoking.” I tell him, and he pulls a packet out before lighting a smoke.

“Since we have stopped,” he says, handing me the lighter. I step over the gate, and Kyson grips my arm.

“What are you doing?”

“Making sure no more kids ever come back here.” I tell him, shaking his arm off. Guards rush ahead of me as I walk around the outside of the building to the small garden shed out the back. Kyson follows but just watches me as I reach above the low hanging tin roof for the padlock key. I feel around before pulling it down and unlocking the padlock.

Ducking my head, I step inside and see a red jerrycan. I grab it off the small shelf and shake it to find it had a bit of fuel left in it for the mower. I crack the lid and the fumes confirm it is indeed petrol. Stepping out of the garden shed. Kyson gasps, coming over and snatching it from me.

“You are not playing with petrol!” he growls.

“Give it to me.” I tell him, holding my hand out. But he refused.

“Give me the lighter. I will do it,” he says, holding his hand out. I didn’t care who did it, as long as the place was reduced to nothing but soot and ash. I hand him the lighter when Liam bounces on the balls of his feet like an excited kid in a candy store.

“Can I help? Liam likes playing with fire.” he says, his eyes sparkling mischievously.

I glance inside the small shed when Liam clears his throat behind me.

“No fuel needed. I always have lighter fluid,” he says and I look at him over my shoulder to see him rummage inside his jacket.

“Here, hold this,” he says, passing me a knife. “Ah, and this,” he says, dropping a pistol in my hand. Kyson growls, snatching it from me.

“Liam!” he scolds him.

“It’s in here somewhere,” Liam mutters, pulling out an apron covered in blood. He sniffs it and pulls a face. “I was wondering what that smell was!” Liam mutters, chucking the apron over his shoulder and rummaging around some more. “Ah, found it!” he announces, holding up a bottle of lighter fluid. He then turns to Trey, who was watching him, like Liam was a madman.

“Here ferret face fuck, hold my shit!” Liam says, dumping his apron and taking the knife from me and his pistol from Kyson. He loads up Trey’s arms, before removing his jacket.

“Genuine leather. Can’t ruin that,” Liam says, dumping it in Trey’s arms. Kyson growls as Liam skips like a kid to the back door. He gives a ninja cry, before kicking in the back door, and Kyson shakes his head.

“Can’t take this idiot anywhere.” he curses, stalking after Liam with the jerrycan in hand. Trey nods for me to follow him.

“Think that man needs a psych evaluation,” Trey mutters to me and nudges me with his elbow. I laugh, following Trey back out the front with the guards surrounding us.

Call the fire brigade, Don’t want it getting out of control,” Trey tells one of the guard’s, who pulls his phone out. Leaning against the hood of the limo, I listen to Liam singing at the top of his lungs inside the house. I also hear glass shattering before he comes to the front window on the top floor. He waves and I laugh before waving back.

“That man is unhinged,” I tell Trey as Kyson comes out, shaking his head. He reeked of petrol fumes. Kyson stops beside me.

“The fool is going to kill himself one day,” Kyson says, when Liam suddenly sets the curtains of the room on fire, with the lighter he stole from Kyson. He starts cat calling out the window and dancing.

“Liam, get out of there! The room is on fire, you twat!” Kyson calls out and Liam stops the weird ass fire dance he was doing. The entire room goes up and he yanks the curtain rod of the window.

“You smell smoke?” he asks, smiling, and showing all his teeth. Kyson shakes his head again, as Liam climbs out the window, dancing on the roof and chanting about fire gods, or some crap. The room beside him catches on fire and Liam rubs his hands together getting ready to jump off the small porch roof when he suddenly vanishes. I blink before

hearing a crash as he fell through the porch roof. He groans sitting up, while Trey erupted in laughter beside me.

Liam holds his hand up. "I'm okay!" he announces before rolling on his side. A tile falls off and hits his shoulder before shattering on the ground.

"That hurt my fanny!" he says with a groan while rubbing his butt and skipping down the steps. Just as he steps off the last one, the entire porch collapsed.

"Wow! Talk about in the nick of time!" Liam says.

"I swear, you have nine lives!" Kyson tells him with a shake of his head. We watched the place burn, the roof caving in and the air filled with black smoke. Once we heard the sirens on the way we climbed in the limo knowing they would contain what was left of the burning rubble.

But as the wind carried the smoke away I felt myself relax as if it was also carrying my past with it. Ivy was no more, and Mrs. Daley was no more. I knew my past and what we endured would always remain but the sense of relief that came with watching that place burn gave me hope, that maybe the memories would one day fade, maybe they wouldn't hurt as much, Kyson reaches over and squeezes my hand, and I look at him.

"Ready to go home?" he asks, and I nod.

I was ready to go home, and for once the castle felt like home. As much as I was petrified of going back knowing there was someone there trying to sabotage everything, ruin me. It still didn't bring the fear this place did. And for once I felt free, free of everything and this place, free to try to move on. Because one thing I knew, if I could survive eight harrowing years here, I could survive anything.

Nothing breaks a soul more than being suppressed, nothing breaks someone more than being shackled and trapped in a repetitive loop of torture. Kyson and I had our differences, different beliefs that came with different upbringings, and different views of how we should be, Kyson was raised with a silver spoon while I was raised with whips and canes. Both of us had our own struggles to contend with and I knew most of which Kyson struggled with was insecurities while I struggled with what was beat into me, engraved making me meek and fearful of everything, something I was trying to work on. Yet you can't beat a dog every day and expect it not to flinch when you pat it. Everything takes time, but I knew Kyson could be patient. I just had to remember I had to be patient with him, too.

I knew I knew little about who I was, but I trusted Kyson would eventually teach me. As much as he angered me, I did trust him, and after today and him letting me have control, I trusted he would also one day let me find my voice, the one that was squashed living here. So with those thoughts in mind, yes, I was ready to go home Home was something I never thought I would have, but now ! realized home was anywhere Kyson was.

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Book 2. His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 46

We met up with the bus at the first service station on the way out of town, which was waiting parked on the side of the road for our convoy. The bus followed us back to the castle. I felt terrible for all the children being cooped up on the bus that long. Although we did stop twice to let them burn off some energy, and at the last stop, the children were becoming too rowdy, so Liam climbed on the bus with them. When we finally

reached the castle, it was early morning. We had arrived and were pulling into the castle when Kyson shook my arm to wake me.

“We are home, Love,” Kyson whispers, and I yawn. It was still dark outside, but the castle was lit up like a Christmas tree.

“Clarice and everyone set up the ballroom as a sleeping quarter for the children,” Kyson tells me, and I was glad he thought ahead! was too busy sleeping and forgot they would need somewhere to sleep. Kyson, however, seems to think of everything.

I climb out of the limo, and Kyson grips my arm to steady me since I was still half asleep. The bus door opens, and Liam stumbles out nearly getting knocked over as the kids rush out behind him. He stumbles past us. “I need a fucking drink,” he growls, looking worse for wear as he makes his way inside.

Clarice comes out the front doors, and I cover my ears to all the noise, trying to wake up as kids rush around everywhere, moments later I hear Abbie’s voice reach my ears.

“What the heck is going on out here?” she yells out. The kids, not hearing her, continue to rush around, and the castle staff look overwhelmed when Abbie sticks her fingers in her mouth and whistles loudly.

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The kids freeze and glance in her direction before rushing at her. Abbie smiles and is nearly knocked over when they spot her, all trying to hug and touch her. Abbie beams, reaching for them, grabbing them, and hugging them before picking up Tyson. She buries her face in his hair with tears in her eyes while I make my way over to her.

“I missed you, mister,” she says, and he makes his grunting noises, bouncing in her arms. Gannon comes out behind her and leans in the doorway, watching her as she says hello to all the kids.

Abbie, finally noticing me, pulls me into a hug with one arm. “You got them out,” she whispers, wiping her tears. I nodded sadly but now we

had to find homes for them all.

Katrina?" she asks.

"Now, Alpha," I tell her, and her green eyes widen. She glances at Kyson behind me. He places his hand on my hip and pecks my cheek. The heat of his body seeps into my back before he reaches over and messes with Tyson's hair. Tyson stares up at him before sucking on his thumb. I chuckle as the small boy stares at him like he is a giant.

They never have to go back?" Abbie asks worriedly as she glances at all the kids rushing around.

"Nothing to go back to," I tell her, looking at the kids. Abbie looks at me, confused, and I answer her questioning look.

"I made them burn it to the ground. It's gone, Abbie. All of it," I assure her, and she snuffles and nods.

"We are never going back," she chokes on emotion, tears slipping down her cheeks.

"Never, we are home now," I tell her, and she clutches me, pulling me into a hug with one arm.

"More than my life," she whispers.

"Forever more than my life. We have a home now, Abbie and we have set them free,"

"We are free, she chokes.

"Free" I repeat, and she snuffles and lets me go. She wipes her face before clearing her throat. She glances at the children who Clarice was trying to get their attention. Abbie and I both stick our fingers in our mouths simultaneously and whistle. They stop all freezing

"Line up and settle down. You will wake the entire town," I yell out at them. They all immediately line up into four rows. Abbie shakes her head and sighs, yet the kids listen and when Clarice claps her hands loudly, they straighten up.

"Now we have breakfast cooked and ready for you in your new room, but

everyone has to be quiet and use your inside voices,” Clarice says. The kids all remain quiet before she turns on her heel.

“Now follow me, quietly! She calls out to the kids and they file in after her. Abbie and I follow behind them, and Gannon stops Abbie as she goes to pass him with a hand on her arm.

Who is this?” he asks, shucking Tyson under the chin to look up at him. Tyson sniffs the air, and he must be able to smell Abbie’s scent on him because he then waves and grins at him,

* This is Tyson, and Tyson, this is Gannon,” Abbie says, smiling fondly down at Tyson. Tyson makes one of his noises, and Gannon smirks.

“Hello, Tyson,” Gannon tells him softly before placing his hand on Abbie’s lower back. Abbie starts to follow after Clarice when she looks at Gannon before looking ahead. However, instead of heading toward the ballroom.

I stopped at the stairs because I was heading toward our quarters when Abbie stopped also before turning for the stairs while I waited for Kyson to catch up, but he was talking to a guard.

“Abbie?” Gannon asks as she climbs the stairs. She doesn’t answer. She just keeps climbing the stairs, and I follow up behind her. Thinking she was coming to my room, I waited, but she turned down the opposite corridor toward hers and Gannon’s rooms. Gannon races up the steps behind her and passes me. He stops, staring after her before calling out to her.

*Abbie, where are you going?” he calls out.

“Tyson is mine. I want him,” is all she says, not bothering to turn around or ask permission. Gannon scoffs and looks at me.

“Is she being serious?” he whispers.

“Now she got him back, she won’t let him go, and if you make her choose, you won’t win,” I tell him, and his lips part. Gannon glances

down the corridor where she disappeared.

What do you mean now she has him back?"

*Abbie was his primary carer. She raised him since he was newborn," I tell Gannon. He sighs, and Kyson comes up the steps.

"What's wrong?" Kyson asks him, and Gannon looks at him.

"Looks like I have a son," Gannon says before turning on his heel and jogging after her.

*Abbie is pregnant?" Kyson asks, and I roll my eyes and click my tongue.

"No, Tyson!" I tell him.

*Ah, wait You both know we can't keep them all, right? Clarice has the two boys already, and now Abbie has Tyson. You're pregnant. I am not running boarding school here," Kyson tells me.

"I know that, but they stay until they all have homes," I tell him before grabbing his hand and tugging him back to our room.

"I need a bath" i groan, and Kyson growls.

"Am I invited to this bath?" he asks

"Only if you wash my back' I laugh, and he growls.

I wash more than your back," he says, tugging me closer and purring.