

His Lost Lycan Luna (Jessica Hall) –

Chapter 172 -

Chapter 172 – Book 2. His Found Luna Chapter 47

Kyson POV

As we stepped into the room, Azalea growled as the fresh linens scents overwhelmed her. Trey rushed into the room behind me, looking alert despite having not slept in two days.

“What is it?” Trey said behind me. I watched as Azalea moved toward the bed, sniffing the air.

“Nothing. Liam had Clarice clean everything in here. It smells wrong to her,” I tell him. Trey sighs. The only lingering scents were Gannon, Dustin’s, and Peter’s, who must have helped oversee everything because I forgot Gannon couldn’t come with us because of her command over him.

“Okay, as long as everything is alright,”

“Go to bed, Trey. Try to sleep before the sun comes up. She is safe with me,” I tell him. He nods and reluctantly leaves. I found his bond to her odd, but now trusted him. I was seeing what an advantage we had with him. It almost seemed like he could sense. Azalea growls, fixing her den as she destroys the sheets and makes her nest. She was whimpering at the crisp linen scent. She raided the closet, trying to find clothes with my scent, and learning stepped inside behind her as she snatched stuff off the hangers.

Tears trekked down her face as she sniffed each piece. They weren’t supposed to touch my stuff. I hoped they would have left a few pieces, knowing how savage she may become once her nest was ruined. She tosses them down in frustration and rips more off the hanger, sniffing each one when I grab her arms.

“Hush, you don’t need my scent when you have me. We can fix it,” I tell her when she spins around, her eyes glowing, and she looks crazed. Her eyes ran over me as she sniffed me and licked her lips. I groaned in frustration. I liked this suit too! When she looks over me from head to toe, I back away from her.

“Wait, Azzy. I will take them off, and I will climb in your nest with you. Please don’t-” she pounced on me, cutting my words off as her claws slipped out.

I catch her, my arms slipping around her waist as her legs lock around my hips. I sigh. Damn it.

Her claws ripped at my clothes, and I purred, trying to calm her frantic instincts as I turned around and moved toward the bed. My suit jacket she had claimed and my shirt as buttons went flying as she tore it to shreds.

“I really liked that suit,” I mutter, placing her on the bed as her teeth sink into my chest. As she licked me, sparks exploded across my skin. I pressed her into the clean linens earning a snarl as she let me go and rolled, taking my clothes with her. She rearranged them in her nest, duck feathers going everywhere as she ripped a pillow apart.

I loved and hated her den; I loved it because she made it, and it made her feel safe, but I hated how my clothes got destroyed; her possessiveness was amusing until she turned her savage gleam on me. I clicked my tongue and folded my arms across my chest.

“No, you have my shirt and jacket,” I tell her or what is left of them. She whimpers, the sound crushing as she stares at my pants.

“I will lie in your nest until you’re satisfied, but the pants I am keeping,” I tell her, determined to keep them. She just shredded a suit that cost me a damn fortune. Her bottom lip quivers. Damn, pregnancy hormones were making her wild. I pull my belt out of the loops, cursing before slipping them down my legs and stepping out of them. I grab and hold them out to her, and she snatches them, rolling them into her nest.

She wouldn’t be satisfied. I knew that. My scent was still faint in the sheets, and I moved toward the bed. I hated seeing her so distraught with instincts she barely understood. She growled at me when I pressed my hands onto the bed. “Where do you want me, then?” I ask, not wanting to ruin her nest until she had it the way she preferred. Her breathing becomes harsher. It is dangerous to go into a Lycan den or near a frantic pregnant Lycans nest. You don’t touch or change it, especially scents not belonging to the mate. It’s their cocoon of safety, and other scents were intruders.

Azalea grips her hair in frustration. The moment I stepped into the room, instant regret hit me when I realized how not a speck of our scents was in here. Whoever polished and cleaned it would hear about it. They know better, and this was now becoming a problem as she suddenly started clawing and ripping at her clothes, her hair, the lack of our mingled scents and cloying scent of bleach I could smell radiating out of the bathroom sending her mad.

I open the mind link, searching for Dustin, Gannon, and Clarice. They all answer simultaneously, “Yes, my King,”

“Who the fuck cleaned the room and bleached the bathroom?” Clarice gasps, and I know it wouldn’t be her. She wouldn’t be stupid enough.

“We changed the sheets and removed her clothes and the curtains like you asked,” Dustin answered.

"Then why would you wash all of my clothes?" I growl. They could have at least left some of those.

"We replaced them with the ones from your office. They were covered in your scent, and we used gloves," Gannon answers.

"Who else was in this room?"

"No one, just us and Peter when he came up to drop food off,"

"So no one else has been on here?" I asked, gripping Azalea's hands as she pulled her hair out.

"I have some of your clothes here I haven't washed yet. I will bring them up," Clarice says, slipping from the link.

"No one else should have been up there. We shut the doors to your quarters after we were done," Dustin answers.

"Well, someone has been because all I can smell is chemicals and bleach, and all my clothes in the closet smell fresh out of the press," I tell them.

"She alright?"

"What do you think? Someone stripped her entire den. Even the mattress smells like chemicals," I snarl before pushing into her nest when she claws her face. I cut the link off abruptly as I press my knee between her thighs, forcing her onto her back. I pressed my body against hers. My calling slipped out instantly as I bore my weight on her. Her breathing evens out, and she licks my chest, answering my call.

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"Shh, love. I will fix it," I purred, nuzzling her neck, and she moaned. My teeth n*p at her mark, and her legs fall open, allowing me to press between her thighs. Her body was languid beneath me as she gave in to the calling. I ran my tongue over her neck and jaw, across her cheek, where she cut her face with her claws, healing it.

She lifted her hips, brushing against my boxers, and my cock strained in my pants when her desire perfumed the room, an aroma so sweet it had pre-cum leaking out of me and ruining the silk of my boxers as I became hard. Azalea groans when I hear the door.

"Leave them just inside, don't enter," I tell Clarice through the link, and I hear the door open and quickly close.

Azalea mews and rolls her hips against me while my lips travel down her neck, and I remove what is left of her clothes, using the calling to subdue her enough that she

doesn't harm herself. Soon enough, the nest will smell the same, tamping down her anger and instincts.

Azalea panted and gazed up at me as I slipped her pants down her milky thighs before removing them and tossing them aside. I growl when her knees close; the sound vibrating through her, and her legs fall open as she watches me with her lust-filled gaze, breathing heavily.

I run my hands up her thighs, spreading her wider before settling myself between them. I suck on the inside of her thighs, and her back arches off the bed as I lick and nip my way to the apex of her thighs. Her sweet arousal made my cock throb in my boxer shorts. I watched as she shivered when my breath swept over her glistening wet lips, slick spilling from her, and she moaned loudly when I flattened my tongue and ran it across her wet pussy lips.

A moan escapes me as I tasted her sweet nectar on my tongue. My tongue delved between her folds as I parted them with my tongue and licked my way to her clit. It pulsed against my tongue as I sucked it into my mouth, making her cry out.

Her skin flushed, and I loved how she moved her hips against my mouth, seeking her release. I pin her thighs to the bed, relishing and tasting every inch of her giving her no reprieve as she came apart on my tongue. I knew what she needed and wanted and knew she wouldn't calm until our scents were mingled through every piece of fabric on the bed, making her nest complete. Azalea whined, clawing at my shoulders and tugging on my hair.

Growling at her, she let go, and her whines turned to cries as I brought her to the edge again, only to make her crash over it. The sheets beneath became soaked as I sat up between her legs.

The heat of her gaze made my cock twitch as I slipped out of my boxers and tossed them aside. Her breathing was harsh as she watched me. Gripping her hips, I tugged her down the bed before lining my cock up at her entrance.

Her hands reached for me and I lean down, kissing her, and her arms locked around my neck, kissing me deeper while her tongue invaded my mouth hungrily. I thrust into her, making her bounce on the bed and gasp into my mouth as her warm, smooth insides squeezed around me.

I growl, dragging my cock out and thrusting back into her while gripping her hip to hold her in place. Azalea turns to a puddle of writhing moans and cries as I pick up my rhythm and pound into her heated flesh, her inner walls quivering, coating my cock in her slick.

“Harder,” she rasped while rocking her hips trying to meet my thrusts and growling when she can’t. My grip on her hip was pinning her beneath me and forcing her to take what I gave her.

Her skin glistened with sweat as I pounded into her, my lips moving to her mark and her lips going to my jaw, her warm tongue rolled down my neck and made me shiver as she sucked on it, her teeth grazing and I feel my knot swelling, stretching her further. Her head falls back as I work it inside her tight confines.

Her walls gripping me and her breathing heavy when I feel it push through the barrier, and I groan when I feel her cum, her walls clenching down on me and locking me inside her. I exploded inside her, my cum coating her womb as she moaned, her pussy milking my cock as her walls spasmed around me, her body arching and I kiss her, pushing her back down as invade her mouth with my tongue. Her heart rate settles as I become locked inside her, and I roll, dragging her on top of me. Azalea buries her face in my chest, licking my pectoral muscle, and I purr for her until she falls flat against me, pressing her ear to the center of my chest while I caught my breath.

I smooth her hair down as she relaxes on top of me. The room smelled of sex, and our mingled scents which soothed and calmed her. Lulling her out of her panicked state, I sighed, trailing my fingers up her spine. Yet lyrics knew I had to get rid of the smell of bleach from the bathroom, but for now, she was calm, and I would wait until she slept. My thoughts ran rampant as she moaned and wiggled, trying to get comfortable while locked to me.

“Who was watching the room?” I asked them through the mind link. Everyone knows how Lycan women are, and to remove every scent from the room baffled me. She could have hurt herself or someone else. It was stupid on their part. I cringe, thinking of what would have happened if she had brought Abbie here while she was like that. She would never forgive herself if she hurt her.

“Us, the only time we left was to help set the ballroom when you asked.” Gannon’s mind links back.

“And you saw no one else up here,”

“No, everyone was helping, then Dustin and I went and got something to eat quickly, and I checked Abbie,” Gannon answered.

“Clarice?” I asked her, knowing she was listening in.

“Same with me. After I finished eating, I checked the door and it was still shut, and I smelt no scents up there,”

“Where did Peter go?” I asked.

“He was with me until just before dinner and then slipped out the back to feed the horses, returned the same way 20 minutes later when we were finishing up,” Clarice answers.

“Can anyone verify he was down there?”

“Yes, because he came back with the gardener who helped him,” Clarice tells me. I sigh and shake my head.

“This is getting ridiculous,” I mutter.

“And nothing else happened that was odd?” I asked them.

“No, Abbie went into town and picked up fruit and veg with Clarice,” Gannon said.

“When?”

“This morning, and Abbie wouldn’t have done that. She loves Azalea,” Gannon defends his future mate.

“I know that. I’m just trying to think of who had access to the room.”

“Just us, no one has been up here without signing in and out, and the only time we left, we ensured the floor was clear, and I just checked the cameras in the hall and nothing. Peter came up to clean the steps. He hadn’t finished his punishment from Clarice, but he never went near the room,” Gannon tells me.

“Peter would never. He is just a boy, but we must be missing something,” I tell them.

“I will ask around,” Dustin says, and I cut the link.