

## His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 201

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 201 – We had a serious problem on our hands. Damian had kidnapped a council elder's child.

"Larkin will come looking for his son. Tandi told me he stops by every weekend to see him, that's if word of us taking her hasn't already got out," Damian says.

"I will deal with Larkin. From the files it looks like he isn't a part of this. Crux definitely, but I can't find Larkin's name on any of the documents," Kyson tells Damian.

Yet despite that, the council now had some answering to do. What were these secret meetings held for? And now it was obvious that the council had something to do with the children and women that kept being found. Kyson now had enough reason to launch an investigation into the council elders themselves.

"So, if the council is trafficking rogues with Alpha Brock, what has that got to do with the hunters?" Damian asks, just as perplexed by this information and of all the people. Why would the council share the King's blood with those responsible for hunting down their own kind?

"I don't know. It makes no sense. That was the entire point of the council. To not only keep the packs in line, but so we could be united against the hunters," Kyson answers.

"Tandi told me they k\*\*\*\*d her daughter when she tried to run. Alpha Brock k\*\*\*\*d his own daughter, d\*\*\*\*\*d her in front of Tandi. I want to go over the rogue children later to see if I can match any of the children to her daughter," Damian tells us.

Kyson nods to him and I feel my heart break for Tandi. I couldn't imagine watching something so horrific.

"So, you think that is how they kept the rogues they trafficked in line? They used their children. But how does that explain the women we have found?" I ask and my brows furrow, remembering all the trafficked rogue women Kyson had on his computer.

"Probably didn't come quietly, so they k\*\*\*\*d them," Damian offers, wiping a hand down his face.

I listened to them discuss everything and Gannon came to join them along with Liam, who Damian seemed to get along with for the most part. Yet I noticed Gannon remained between them both as they went over everything they knew. Yet Tandi's words kept replaying in my head. Talking about how 'Crux would take over once the royals are d\*\*d, Crux technically had Landeena blood.

Hearing a knock on the door, I glance at it to see Kyson get up and answer it. When he opens the door, I notice it's Dustin. Before I even registered what I was doing, it was so flippant I didn't realize how easy it had become.

"I release you from my command," I said before waving my hand at him to come in, still lost in my troubled thoughts of Tandi's words. Had he not crushed me in his hug, I would not have recognized I even released him.

"Thank g\*d! Do you have any idea how annoying it is not being able to touch you?" Dustin growled as he crashed on top of me. I let out a breath and hushed him back when Kyson cleared his throat.

"G\*y or not, get off my mate! Azzy," Kyson growls, wiggling his fingers at me to come to him. I roll my eyes, feeling his jealousy b\*\*n hot through the bond. Dustin chuckles but climbs off me where I was pinned beneath him on the armchair. He kisses my forehead but lets me stand, and I wander over to Kyson, who sat at his desk. He swivels in his chair before pulling me on his lap.

Dustin had moved to Liam's side, and both had their heads bow down going over the documents Dustin bought with him that he gave to Gannon earlier.

"You've been quiet," Kyson murmurs next to my ear. I had been, my mind stuck on one thing Tandi said, but there was something that didn't make sense. The only part of the entire thing, and that was Claire, Kyson's sister.

"What are you thinking?" Kyson purrs, tucking me closer to him as I stared at the Kingdoms on the map. More importantly, my parents' kingdom.

"I want to go home," I tell him and everyone in the room falls silent to look at me.

"You are home," Kyson growls as worry bleeds into the bond, but I shake my head. Something was pulling me to go back to where it started, as if it would somehow make sense if I did.

"The answer is at home. I know we are missing something." I told him.

"There is nothing there for you anymore, Azalea,"

"You're wrong. My family's history is there. My history is there." I tell him, turning on his lap to look at him.

"It's out of the question. Do you have any idea how much work goes into rebuilding a kingdom? Getting the security and everything sorted? I can't leave here, Azalea," he snaps, clearly not wanting to debate this.

“I don’t mean to live there, Kyson. But the answers are there. We are missing something, so much doesn’t make sense. Crux’s involvement doesn’t make sense.”

“Yes, and as Damian and I were discussing earlier, we will go to the council and present our case. At the very least, we need to make sure Tandi’s son is kept with her, and Brock’s pack is dismantled. At least then we can find out what Crux’s involvement with the hunters is. There has to be a reason or Tandi is wrong, and they were newer council members. The council was built to protect the werewolf and Lycan way of life. They are bound to pact they swore too,” Kyson explains.

“When did you take over the council?” I ask.

“After your parents were k\*\*\*\*d. The council went to the next in line Kingdom, or the next kingdom of reigning power,” but see that is where I was struggling to keep up. If the council is bound to their holder, why would Marrissa k\*\*l Claire? She worked for the hunters, or supposedly did.

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## **His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 202**

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 202 – Yet the feeling through the bond, I could tell Kyson fully believed that it was just a coincidence. He was unbelieving that the woman who raised me was innocent. He needed to blame her, yet after everything, I wasn’t so sure. I just needed something. Some part of the puzzle, some way to awaken my memory of that night. I had dribs and drabs. I saw Marrissa in her hunter’s uniform and the insignia, yet why did I feel it wasn’t her that called the hunters in?

I listened to them debate and argue, but how did this all link to the missing rogue women and children? So many questions were left unanswered or in doubt. Then there was Ester and Trey’s story on top of Tandi’s? Looking around at them while they were discussing what to do next, I met Trey’s eyes. He also was deep in conversation, his gaze flicking back to the box of documents as he rummaged through it.

“How did you know I was alive?” I asked him and everyone fell quiet, turning their attention to me.

“The sire bond. I could still feel it. I was sired to you. It wasn’t until years later when it went dormant that I truly believed you were d\*\*d, as everyone else did.” Trey answers and everyone turned their attention back to what they were doing, yet for some reason that sat weirdly with me.

“What if that is the link to d\*\*d children and rogue women?” I think to myself, only realizing I spoke the words out loud when everyone stops again. Kyson leans forward, kissing my shoulder as I sat on his lap.

“What are you talking about?” he asks but Trey also seemed to be thinking.

“When did the children start going missing and turning up d\*\*d?” I ask.

“After your parent’s murders,” Kyson and Damian answer.

“Have you got a list of the approximate ages of the children?” I ask, and Dustin clears his throat.

“The archives have lists of those found and locations, but not all of them were identified,” Dustin says.

“What about the rogue women? When did they start getting k\*\*\*\*d?”

“Sporadically. Sometimes entire rogue camps were found d\*\*d,” Gannon answers, and I bite my lip.

“What are you thinking?” Kyson asks behind me and I turn on his lap.

“A pattern,” I answer.

“There is no pattern. If it was a serial k\*\*\*\*r, there would be a pattern, but there is none. No preference for type or ages, nothing. The only link is they were rogue, and spanned half the countryside.” Damian answers.

“That’s because the hunters weren’t k\*\*\*\*g them for the sake of k\*\*\*\*g them,” I tell him, and Trey gasps.

“They were hunting you! They knew you were alive!” he says before rushing out the door.

“Where are you—” but Trey was gone before Kyson could demand an answer. Kyson leans back heavily in his chair.

“If that were true, they would have had to have known you existed. Which I suppose Marrison would have told them, but what if she had a sudden change of heart and couldn’t go through with it?” Damian scoffs with a shake of his head.

“Unless she was never a part of it,” I tell him. Kyson growls behind me. Yet how could he not see what I did?

“Just hear me out. What if she didn’t have anything to do with it? If what Ester says is true, then Marrison was sired to me. She couldn’t have let them k\*\*l me. So if she was part of it, why wouldn’t she just hand me over to the hunters or tell the hunters that I am there? Why would she run with me?” I ask, looking at them all.

“Okay, say it is true. Why do you have memories of her wearing the hunter’s uniform that night? And why would she k\*\*l my sister? And who else would have been their inside person?” Kyson snaps.

“What if she didn’t k\*\*l Claire? I know you want to believe it was my mother, but why would she wait years, working here and not just help the hunters get inside the castle grounds again?”

“Because she was working her d\*\*n way up the ladder, is why!” he snaps.

“Or maybe you don’t want to look at the fact that you had a mole in one of your people! I don’t think she k\*\*\*\*d Claire. I believe she was framed!” I snapped back.

“And what use would be framing her? If she was innocent, why would she come to my kingdom if not to k\*\*l us too?” he said standing up and I caught myself on his desk before slipping off his lap.

“You’re wrong!” he says before storming out of his office. Damian growls and clicks his tongue before going after him. Yet nothing I said would make him see. He needed a villain and my mother, or the woman who raised me was it. He didn’t want to look at fault in his own Kingdom. He was too busy seeking it in mine.

“I know I am right. I want to go home. I need to remember.” I breathe.

“Azalea, he won’t let you leave here,” Gannon says.

“Good thing it is not up to him. He can come or not, but either way I am going home,” I tell him.

“For what? You can’t just leave,” Gannon says.

“The Kingdom has been left the way it was, untouched. We need answers, and the only way to get them is to start from scratch,” I tell Gannon.

Gannon clutches his hair. “And if you’re wrong, then what? We have been investigating this since the first kingdom fell. The first Kingdom, Azalea. We would have found proof. We know the hunters are behind it. We know Marrison was the lead hunter.”

“No, you think you know. And what purpose would she have in keeping me alive?” I tell him, also walking out.

They didn't want to see any fault in their investigations, but they were ruled by fear and anger. As for me, I am an outsider, so my perspective of it is different. If they would just hear me out.

I knew Marrissa and one thing I know for sure was that she loved me as if I was her own. I have no idea why she ran from Trey and the Landeena guard, but love knew she had to have had a reason.

I just needed to get Kyson to start thinking with his head and not out the vendetta he held with the woman who raised me.

Feeling through the bond, I could feel how implosive he was, feel his frustration and anger, as I sought out our bond. What I wasn't expecting was to find him in his old quarters.

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## **His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 203**

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 203 – Upon entering the room, I find him sitting on the floor at the side of his bed, holding a picture of his sister in his hands as he stares into the distance. Taking a look at the guard that followed, I shook my head before closing the door and turning around and approaching him.

His anger had forced him to shift, yet now all I felt through the bond was immense sadness. Soul-crushing pain coursed through the bond and inward pent-up rage. All my anger over our tiff left when I looked at him. His eyes are fixed on me for a moment before he looks down at the photo in his hands.

"This picture was taken a week before she was k\*\*\*\*d," he murmurs as I make my way over to him. I stop beside him when he opens his arms, and I move to sit on his lap.

"She was going to name her son after our father. They decided on Valor. That was my father's name," Kyson tells me, and I take the photo from his hands and look at it.

"You and Claire were close," I state, and he nods, burying his face in my neck and inhaling my scent.

"She was my best friend. And I couldn't save her," he says, and I feel his pain ripple through my chest.

"When I returned home, Clarice asked where she was. Said she hadn't seen her all day, and her quarters were locked. I had a master key, and I figured she was asleep when she didn't answer the mind link." Kyson tells me.

"You found her, didn't you?" I ask him.

"Yes. She didn't come down for dinner, so I used the key to get in. I wish I could erase that day from my mind, but no matter how much I try to, I can only remember how I found her," Kyson says while wrapping his arms around my chest.

"She was only a week out from giving birth. I saw her that morning, and she insisted I go. Claire refused to come with me and refused my offer to stay. Said she had something to take care of," Kyson tells me, and I s\*\*\*\*w, feeling as if a lump had formed and was caught in my throat.

"She was still in her pyjamas as if she went back to bed after I left. Her mate was d\*\*d beside her, his throat was cut, and a dagger was in his chest." I could feel the pain it was causing him to tell me this.

I could feel was like he wasn't speaking the words but reliving the day that destroyed him most

"Claire, I could tell she fought. She had stab wounds on her hands, one of her fingers was sliced off. Yet it was pointless; she ultimately suffered the same fate as her mate. We found copious amounts of wolfsbane and silver in her blood work from the autopsy report. She had needle marks on her neck and thighs. The wolfsbane weakened her. Yet, it was not enough to k\*\*l her before Valor was cut from her.

I believe she gave up after that. She didn't care to fight once she lost him. She never even shifted. It was as if she accepted her d\*\*\*h and no longer wanted to live without her son," Kyson tells me.

"Kyson, I'm..."

"I should have saved her. I should have been here. I could have saved my nephew. I could have saved our daughter. But I am always late. Always too late." Kyson says, and I stop.

"Our daughter?" I ask him, my brows furrow. "Another person I failed. The most important of them all, and I wasn't here," Kyson says before I feel him shift back to his human form beneath me. He started crying, yet I was caught by his words. Our daughter? I grip his fingers.

"No, I was too early. You don't know that."

"I do know that, Azzy. I had Doc check," he says before reaching into the bedside drawer. He pulls out a leather box and sits it on my lap. I shake my head, not wanting to open it. I could feel its weight, and it was too big to be a jewellery box. My hands shook as I opened it to find a tiny, pink teddy bear urn. It was a little bigger than my hand.

"I had her cremated. I didn't want her little body rotting in a box for the worms to eat," Kyson tells me as I stared at the box that contained what should have been our future.

Kyson pulls it out, holding it in his hand before unwinding the chain that is wrapped around the bear's throat. It held a crystal. He placed the teddy in my hand, and I felt my heart become crushed to smithereens all over again. Kyson sweeps my hair to the side before kissing my neck and placing the chain around my neck. I pick up the cerulean blue stone and gaze at it. "Same color as your eyes," he whispers as he does up the clasp.

"I had some of her ashes placed inside, so she would always be with us. Wherever we went, she would always be a part of us. I wanted to give it to you when I brought her home, but I didn't want to upset you" Kyson murmurs as I brush my thumb over the face of the teddy. I nod because it is all I can do, words failing me. Yet I could feel his heartache as if he screamed it at our loss.

"I won't fail you again. So if you want to go home, I will take you. I'm sorry I yelled at you. You have no idea how hard it is to believe one thing for years, only to find out I was chasing a ghost all that time," Kyson whispers while tugging me closer. Kyson buries his face in my neck and nips at my jaw while tears p\*\*\*k my eyes.

"She didn't do it," I whisper.

"I'm starting to believe you are right. I believe I have spent the last decade chasing a phantom," Kyson says.

"But if I am right, Kyson. That means someone on your guard or personnel did it," I tell him, and he nods against my shoulder.

"And if you are wrong?" he asks in return.

"Then I will drop it. But I need to be sure. I know Marrissa could have panicked and did it. I am not ruling that out, but with the evidence, it doesn't make sense why she would wait so long."

"Because she wasn't in the castle. She was a gardener and a stable hand before that. She had no access to my sister or me," Kyson says, and I chew my lip. Now I was questioning everything again, yet the pull to find answers was more vital than ever. But how did Marrissa tie into everything? Because if she was part of it, why would she sacrifice herself to save me?

I turn on his lap so I can face him, and Kyson grips my face in his hands when I stare down at the small urn in my hands. "Thank you," I whisper when he tilts my face back up to his. He lets out a breath before pressing his forehead against mine.



“All is not lost as long as we have each other,” he says, pressing his lips to my forehead.

“Come on. We should make arrangements to leave and prepare for the council. I have no doubt that they will be on our doorstep soon. I want to be prepared for when they get here. I don’t want to be surprised again,” Kyson tells me.

“And what of Larkin? Will Damian punished?”

“No, because I am going to show you how to use that voice of yours,”

“How? They have your blood in their system, and what I just command them to accept that Tandi is to remain here and for him to forget his son?” I ask.

“Well, first you learn how to command me, then once you have mastered that, you show the council who the ruling family is, who you are,” Kyson tells me.

“You’re going to let me command you?” I laugh, trying to picture him kissing my feet or quacking like a duck.

“Well, when you say it like that, I am not so sure I want you commanding me,” he chuckles.

“I think I like the sound of making you my b\*\*\*h,” I laugh and he growls, snapping his gnashing his teeth at me.

“We’ll see, but first, I want to shower, then I need to feed you. In case you are right, I don’t want you accepting help from anyone of my guard, only Trey and the Landeena guard or me.”

“And Abbie?”

“Yes, and Abbie, just until we know who can be trusted,” Kyson says, and I nod when he stands abruptly. I clutch the bear tighter, wrapping my legs around his waist and gripping his shoulder with my free hand.

“Come, my Queen. We have a kingdom to rise from the d\*\*d,”

“And council to b\*\*n the ground,” I tell him, and he growls.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 204 – For the first time in ages, I woke feeling wide awake. Kyson was asleep beside me, his breath moving across the back of my neck where his face was buried in my hair. The room was still a little dark, though. The sun must be rising because some light filtered into the room through the gaps in the closed drapes. But it must be only early, though, because I couldn't hear any workers tending to the stables or yards.

Moving under the blankets, Kyson's heavy arm draped over my waist tucks me closer, rolling me over to face him. "Where are you sneaking off to?" he purred with closed eyes. He snuggles closer.

"Nowhere. I just woke," I tell him, and he yawns, nodding his head before kissing my collarbone.

"I don't want to get up yet," he mumbles before skimming his nose across the column of my throat and forcing me to tilt my head back as he scented my skin, his whiskers tickling as he nips at my neck. His calling slips out as he kisses and sucks the skin.

"Kyson, we have things to do today," I tell him, and he nips at my jaw.

"The only thing I want to do is you," he says, and I roll my eyes and he rubs his stubble across my skin, making me cringe.

"I thought you were going to teach me to command you," I ask him and he hums before moving and pushing me back onto the bed and looming over me. He presses his knees between my thighs before climbing between them and settling his weight above me.

"Command me to stop then," he laughs before nibbling my lips, and I chuckle at his playfulness. It reminded me of when I first met him. It also made me realize how much I missed that person, yet so much had happened since then. We had both changed. Our relationship had changed. It seemed so long ago and so much simpler back then.

"You're meant to be commanding me," he growls, nipping my lips before kissing me. My lips tingle as the bond flares to life.

"No?" he purrs, nibbling on my bottom lip before his tongue pushes between them. His scent overwhelms me, and I kiss him back. Our tongues tangled as he fought for dominance, tasting every inch of my mouth.

"You're meant to be commanding me, Azzy," he laughs against my lips, making me realize I was getting carried away by the feelings he was invoking.

"Stop," I laugh as he attacks my neck with lips, his stubble tickling. "Real convincing," he chuckles while moving lower before growling when the shirt I am wearing gets in the way of his traveling lips.

Kyson rocks his hips against me, his hand moving down my side to grip the hem of my shirt. He pushes it up, his hands leaving goosebumps along my flesh as he pushes the shirt up, and sit up a little, letting him peel it off. He tosses it aside before growling when he dips his head down, sucking my n\*\*\*\*e into his mouth, and I grip his hair, tugging his head back.

“Stop!” I command, and his eyes flash black, and I smile as my command comes out, thinking it worked when he smirks. “Make me,” he purrs, and I huff.

“Why doesn’t it work on you?” I growl, knowing I used it.

“Because you don’t want to hurt me for one. Also because you don’t really want me to stop,” he laughs, biting down on the hardened bud. I hiss and grip his hair jerking his head back.

“That hurt!” I growl at him, and he gnashes his teeth at me before pecking my lips, and my lips part as I kiss him back before biting his lip hard. He growls, jerking back.

“See! B\*\*\*\*y hurts,” I chuckle before sitting up on my elbows. He watches me pulling away briefly before sighing when I run my tongue across his bottom lip, sealing the bite mark I left when he laughs, gripping the back of my neck. He kissed me harder, deeper. His tongue invades my mouth and steals my breath before he shoves me back on the bed. I wrap my legs around his waist as he rocks his hips against me and his er\*ction.

His lips move south, teasing my flesh, and slick dampens my thighs as desire courses through me, making my skin heat and my breathing grows harsher as he moves lower while unwrapping my legs from around his waist and settling between my thighs. His breath sweeps over my core, making me shiver, and my hips lift invitingly before his tongue flattens, moving across my wet p\*ssy, making me groan and grip his hair as he runs his tongue between my folds before sucking hard on my cl\*t.

I m\*\*n as lightning heat rushes through every nerve ending and makes my toes curl. He growls, making me look down at him to find his onyx eyes watching me when he sits up on one elbow, and I glare at him for teasing me.

“Ah, what are you doing? I didn’t say stop,” I whine at him, and in return, he gives me a seductive smile before leaning down and breathing his warm breath against my lower lips. He smiles before sucking the inside of my t\*\*\*h, and my hips bump against his face.

“Kyson!” I growl, and he laughs before dipping his face between my legs only to let his warm breath tickle my skin. lyrics sit up on my elbows and glare down at him.

“Kyson, I swear to g\*d, if you leave me like this, I will ...”

“Order me!” he growls, running his tongue over my lower lips again, and I drop back onto the bed only for him to stop and his words finally register. My face heats up, I couldn’t, I wouldn’t demand such a thing! Kyson chuckles before lifting my legs over his shoulders and dragging me closer, yet his lips teased my thighs and everywhere else but where I wanted them.

“Kyson!” I snarled.

“Yes, my Queen,” he laughs, brushing his stubble across my thighs before nipping at my cl\*t with his teeth and making me groan. He sucks on it, and sigh, melting against the soft mattress as he sucks and licks my flesh, turning me into a writhing mess as I climbed higher and closer to my climax. My skin pr\*ckled with heat, and I moved hips against his face.

His tongue dipped inside me before he licked every crease and every inch in slow, teasing strokes. My walls flutter, and my cl\*t pulsates as I get lost in the feeling, only for him to stop. My eyes opened, and I could feel his amusement at my frustration when love growled at him, staring at the ceiling.

“Kyson!”

“Yes? What is it?” he purrs, blowing on my heated flesh.

“You know what!”

“I don’t think I do,” he laughs. I clamp my knees on either side of his head. He laughs, gripping my knees and pulling my legs apart.

“You could always command me,” he says, but I don’t think I could speak such vulgar words. It is one thing wanting something, another demanding it.

“No,” I whine, mortified when I glance down at him. His eyes glaze over when someone goes to open the door. My heart lurched in my chest, knowing what they would see, and I squirmed, yet Kyson held my thighs and my eyes widened in h\*\*\*\*r. Does he not hear the door?

“Shut the door!” I command in a panic. No way did I want to get caught in this position.

“That wasn’t so hard, was it?” Kyson chuckles, and I glare at him.

“Who was that?” I demand.

“Dustin. Though you probably would have scarred him for life if he walked in, good thing you commanded him,” Kyson chuckles, and I glare at him, but he smiles before looking down between my legs.

“Hmm, what to do?” He purrs, gripping my thighs and pulling my legs further apart.

“F\*cking eat it, is what!” I snapped at him, becoming annoyed.

“Hmm, someone is cranky when she doesn’t get her way. Though love, I would be more careful when throwing words out like that. What if I bit you or actually ate it?” he said, and my eyes widened in h\*\*\*\*r. He was right. Thank g\*d I didn’t command that one.

“Well, there is one way to k\*\*l the mood,” I tell him when his calling slips out with the force of a freight train, making my hips buck against his face, and slick drenches my thighs as I m\*\*n as he awakens the bond, forcing it back and amplifying my desire ten-fold.

“Kyson,” I whined, my voice a breathy m\*\*n when he still does nothing but uses his calling on me. He chuckles before his tongue returns to his teasing and draws me closer, only to stop again. I grip his hair, jerking his head back.

“DON’T STOP!” I growl at him, feeling my aura slip out, and he smirks before I let him go, and his tongue moves back between folds before he sucks on my cl\*t, and my eyes open. Wait, I just commanded him.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 205 – Kyson chuckles, pushing my leg higher before forcing his tongue inside me before trailing it back up and flicking over my cl\*t, making me m\*\*n. I roll my hips against this face, and he growls, pinning my legs to the bed while his tongue swirls around my cl\*t and my stomach tenses. My back arches as he continues his assault on my cl\*t, sucking it hard into his mouth, and shoving me into bliss as I peaked and fell blindly. My vision goes white as I ride out my org\*sm, my stomach fluttering and my inner walls clenching. I fall against the bed in a breathless heap.

Yet he doesn’t stop. I squirm as he laps at my oversensitive cl\*t, the sensations were becoming too much when I realized I told him not to stop. My eyes widen, and I push up the bed, only for him to grip my hips and drag me back.

“Kyson!” I hiss before m\*\*\*\*\*g when he sucks on my lower lips. He laughs yet doesn’t stop because he couldn’t.

“Kyson!” I m\*\*n, my hips jerking away from him, only to drag me back.

“Stop. Stop. Stop.” I pleaded, unable to take anymore. I wanted to go back to sleep.

“Kyson, Stop!” I moaned, clenching my eyes shut, and he did and I let out a breath.

“That is why I said be careful with your words, though I would have happily stayed down there forever” he laughs before kissing my sensitive skin.

I laid back on the bed, and Kyson crawled up the bed towards me. He hovered above me for a second, dipping his head and kissing me. He forces his tongue into my mouth, making me taste myself on his lips.

I felt the way that my skin came alive under his kiss, and I wanted more. Those kisses trailed down towards my b\*\*\*\*s, circling around my n\*\*\*\*s.

My b\*\*\*\*s had never felt so sensitive before. The flick of his tongue against my n\*\*\*\*e made me shudder. His teasing kisses moved higher to my collarbone and neck, and he sucked on my mark making tingles spread all over as he settled his weight between my legs.

I saw the desire that was flaring up in them. I saw how much he wanted me and wondered if he could see how much I wanted him. The soft way that his lips touched me made me shudder and long for more. Yet fear also lingered, though I had nothing to fear with Kyson.

It started with a kiss. Then another, leaving me breathless when he pulled back and looked down at me. “What’s wrong?” He asks but I shake my head. Nothing was I was being silly, yet last time s\*x led to a baby. A baby we lost.

Kyson kisses me gently before I watch him sit up on his elbows, and he sighs. “Azalea?” he murmurs and I knew he could feel my indecision through the bond and my hand trembled as I tried to push his shorts down, knowing he wanted this which made me feel guilty that I thought to deny him.

I could feel the outline of his hard c\*ck straining against the fabric. I knew what to expect, yet his hand gripped mine, stopping me.

“No. Not unless you tell me why your mood shifted?” He said.

“It’s fine,” I replied, hearing how small my voice sounded when I spoke.

“I want you to be sure,” he said, cupping my face in his hand.

“I’m sure,” I said.

“And I don’t believe you,” he growls, leaning down and nipping at my lips.

He leaned forward, looming over me and looking at me, concern etched into his face. He watched me then looked down his body to where his c\*ck was inches away from my p\*ssy. I felt how my p\*ssy twitched with the need for him as the bond flared, feeling his

body pressed against mine. It was frightening to have my body control me like that, but there was something very freeing about it, too.

He kissed my cheek, though, attentive to how I was feeling.

“We don’t have to, Azzy,” He said softly, feeling my worry, but he had it wrong. I wasn’t worried about having s\*x with him. I was worried about getting pregnant. I knew I wasn’t ready for that again.

“No, I want to,” I tell him before pulling my lip between my teeth.

“You don’t want me to knot you?” he says. My face heats, and I look away but also nod. Yet Kyson doesn’t seem mad. The feeling through the bond was understanding.

“We can use protection, or we can wait. It’s up to you,” he says, kissing my cheek.

I nodded, surprised a little by how gentle and understanding he was. He rocked his hips against me, and I gasped. Gosh, how I wanted him, and I could feel he needed this, needed some connection.

My hand moves to his hip, and I push down on the waistband of his pants.

“Azzy?” He purrs.

“We can use protection,” I tell him, and he smiled playfully, his eyes flashing black with excitement. “Really?” I nod, biting my lip and he pecks my lips before moving and reaching into the drawer beside the bed. I watch as he tears the condom between his teeth before pushing his pants down and slips it on before he settles back between my legs.

I wrap my arms around his neck, tugging him closer so I can kiss him, and he obliges, smiling against my lips as he kisses me back. I wanted this, wanted him.

When the tip of his c\*ck first touched my entrance, I felt a shudder of pleasure return through my body, removing the tension I felt moments ago.

I felt his shaft slip inside me, inch after inch, moving inside and filling me, stretching me around his thick girth. Every little movement that he made sent shudders of pleasure through me.

My body had never felt that sensitive before, and it was overwhelming.

I relaxed and let my body take the lead kissing his chest; Kyson let his calling slip out, knowing what I wanted. I felt a kind of euphoria wash over me, and a calmness at his tenderness.

He rocked his hips back and forth. He started out so slowly and so gently at first, but every time that he picked up the pace and went a little harder, I started to m\*\*n louder and cry out. I think he could tell that I was ready to take more, and he f\*cked me harder and faster.

With every little increase in pace, I felt my body shudder with pleasure as gave myself over to my senses, gave myself over to him.

Before I knew it, my inner walls clenched tight as an almost violent org\*smic eruption rolled through me. I saw stars and moaned. Still, he kept thrusting in and out of me while kissing me, his lips devouring mine.

His thrusts became harder, brutal as he pounded into me, pushing me through wave after wave.

His movements were hard and fast as he chased his own org\*sm. Leaning up, I kissed him harder, m\*\*\*\*g into his mouth while my walls gripped him.

He groaned into my mouth, and I felt him losing control; his eyes darkening impossibly more.

His body trembled as he thrust deep into me a few more times with a jagged and desperate rhythm when I felt his c\*ck twitch inside and the base of his c\*ck swelled as he came. In moaned as his knot forced its way inside me before becoming lodged and he stilled, falling heavily on me. I shuddered with aftershocks trying to catch my breath when he rolled, pulling me on top of him. My body was alive in a way it hadn't been before.

"I love you," Kyson whispered, kissing my temple as his fingers trailed up my side.

"I love you too," I told him while turning my face and kissing his chest. For once, it seemed we were in the same place, not separated by command or tension or either of us fighting the bond. Both present and just enjoying each other's embrace instead of being at war and ruled by angered emotion.

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## **His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 206**

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 206 – Azalea

As nothingness crept through me and I gave myself to the oblivion of sleep. What I wasn't expecting was to wake up in a different reality or a nightmare. I couldn't be sure but it felt off, surreal and out of place.



I couldn't figure out where I was or why I was here as I was placed down on something soft before a woman walked away. The woman stood by the door, peering out the crack in a lavender colored robe that swept the floor, her dark hair braided down her back as she peered out.

At first I thought I was dreaming of losing my child, the sounds of wailing children echoed around me. The room was dim, orange hues cast the walls in shadows and illuminated what appeared to be a nursery.

Sloping mountains covered in snow, and blue skies and forest covered the walls, soft beige and pinks covered the crib in which I sat in. The loud noises coming from beyond the door had me clutching my ears, and I screamed. And that is when I recognized where I was. I was in the Landeena Castle. I was at home, and this was my room, therefore this was no nightmare, it was a memory, one I found myself trapped in.

The banging outside made the woman rush back in and shut the door, my screams grew louder when the banging stopped. The woman turned, pressing her back against the door and bracing her arms on the wall. That is when I looked into the eyes of a petrified mother, my petrified mother. Queen Tatiana.

"Tatty, it's me, open up," Came a voice I had grown up with, a voice I never thought I would hear again before my mother stepped aside and let her in and the woman burst in brandishing a sword.

"We are under a\*\*\*\*k. Garret, where is Garret?" Marissa asked, clutching my mother's arms.

"I don't know, he was in bed. I heard her wake and came to check, then as I was leaving I heard gunfire," my mother says before looking over her shoulder at me. Marissa also does before rushing to the wardrobe, she grabs blankets out, her maids uniform covered in blood. She thrust the pink blanket at my mother.

"Go. Take her out the window. I will find Garret," Marissa tells her before rushing over and plucking me from my crib, she thrusts me toward my mother who backs away.

"Who are they?" my mother asks her and Marissa shakes her head.

"You need to run," Marissa tells her but my mother shakes her head and grits her teeth.

"Who are they, Marissa?" Marissa whimpers and tears flood down her cheeks, my tiny hands wipe her face before patting her cheek. "Ma Ma, don't cry."

"Marrissa answer me! Have they come for us?" my mother asks and Marrissa sniffles.

"You need to run, you're wasting time," Marrissa says trying to pass me off to my mother. My mother backs away from me.

"They don't know she exists. I run, they will hunt me and find her. Go, I will hold them off,"

"Tatty no!" Marrisona says, grabbing her robe when she turns to run out the door.

"Take her to the Valkyrie Kingdom. If it is safe, give her to her mate," my mother says before rushing out the door only to stop. "Tatty, no!"

"Keep her safe," my mother says and Marrisona jolts as my mother's command rolls over her.

"Don't you fight it. You owe me this much." my mother says and Marrisona shakes her head. Tears streamed down her face yet she halted in her efforts to stop her.

"What about Trey?" Marrisona asks and my mother freezes. She looks over her shoulder and smiles sadly.

"He will look for you. He will find her," my mother says before disappearing out the door.

"Mummy! Mummy!" I scream, watching her leave me when Marrisona hushes me trying to quiet my cries for my mother. She sets me back down in my crib before looking for a bag and jamming whatever her hands reach inside before tossing the window open.

As she does the door bursts open and a hunter rushes in. Marrisona and him square off when she dives for her sword, and slashes through the air. The sword bites into the man's shoulder and he falls to the ground before she brings the sword down again, spraying the room in blood. When she is done she drops the sword before rushing over to me where I stood clutching the railing of my crib screaming.

"Hush, Ivy. Hush," she murmurs and I quiet down watching as she goes to the window before cursing and slamming it shut, she looks around nervously before looking at the man on the floor. She quickly rushes over shutting the door before ripping at his clothes and pulling them on before she tugs my nightie off and places new clothes on me and tucks a blanket around me.

"Ma Ma, where is mummy?" I whine. My little hands shook as I gripped her shoulders.

"She went to get daddy, she'll be okay. Daddy is strong. Daddy will protect her," she says, kissing my cheek. She opens the door peering out into the hall where bodies lay, and blood stained the windows and roof.

"Close your eyes princess, and hands on your ears," she whispers and I nod, tucking my face in her neck and placing my hands over my ears.

Darkness overwhelmed me and I sobbed, my tiny hands not enough to stop the horrendous screams that rang through the castle halls when Marrisona started running.

She ran before I heard her shoes screeching on the tiled floors, jostling me in her arms. I open my eyes and peer over her shoulder as she turns a corner only to stop again. Men come up behind her and she turns and I see men down the other end of the corridor.

She twists and turns trying to watch them before jumping off the balcony with me to the floor below, I land on her chest and I hear the air expel from her lungs as she cries out before she stops. She took a few moments to get up while I banged on her chest and her eyes flew open and she rolled with me in her arms. She staggers clutching anything she could to remain standing before looking to the bottom floor. Men fought and a massacre was happening before our eyes when she turned.

“I need you to be really quiet for me,” she says and I nod. She looks around before her eyes stare at something when I hear men scream that she was on the floor below. Marrisona rushes to the wall and opens a laundry shoot. She stuffs me inside.

“Close your eyes Ivy, hands over your ears. Ma ma will be back,” she says before shutting the door. I stare into the darkness of the laundry shoot before hearing Marrisona’s voice.

“Cedric, it’s not what you think. Listen to me,” Marrisona pleads.

“You k\*\*\*\*d the Queen! My Queen!” he roared.

“No! Listen to me,” Marrisona says, and I clench my eyes shut when I hear the fighting begin. The snarls and growls are horrendous.

Time slips by, I don’t know how long passes yet the noises grow louder the screams more tortured when finally the door opens and Marrisona is reaching in for me. My heart lurches in my chest and my breathing sounded loud to my ears. Marrisona was covered in blood, even her face, and I backed away into the corner scared of her.

“Come on, it’s me.” she coaxes.

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