

## His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 236

### His Lost Lycan Luna (Kyson and Ivy)

Chapter 236

Bonus Chapter

Liam POV

They say luck comes in threes, and I was beginning to believe that old superstition as I sifted through the rubble. Brick after brick, rock after rock and dust, well you get the picture, anyway, I was knee deep in shit! Not literal shit but you know, the kind of metaphorical ... Aaah, nope! I am pretty sure that may have been actual shit and not a rock that time. I toss it over my shoulder hearing a grunt and near squeal with joy when I find my trusty apron. I clutch it making sure it is in one piece. It has a small burn hole but never mind that, it adds character!

“Oh please, no. Of all the things to survive. That thing should have been the first to burn,” Dustin groans behind me. I narrow my eyes at him, what a vile thing to wish for! Does he not know how hard I worked to get it smelling like barbequed death and marinated Doyle steaks?

“That is not coming with us!” Dustin declares.

“I think I might wear it when we get married, one day,” I tell him and he scrunches up his face.

“You will do no such thing!” he snarls, yet I was caught on the fact he didn’t deny he was going to marry me.

“It’s a piece of art! See this stain right here?” I ask pointing to it.

“That is an impression of a face! Peeled it clean off. I think my butterfly impression is rather good, you can even see his bulbous nose,” I tell Dustin and he shakes his head.

“There is something wrong with *you*, you know that, right?” he says sifting through the rubble.

“You just don’t know how to appreciate art,” I tell him, shaking my head as I toss my apron over my shoulder and move a piece of wall from one of the chimney’s. I nearly wet my pants with excitement, okay maybe I did, a little. What can I say, I am old and

I'm allowed to pee a little. The old pipes aren't what they once were. Sometimes they leak.

I knew luck came in threes! I never doubted it for a second, as I stared down at Crux. His mangled body all crooked, his arm twisted the wrong way, he coughs and I quickly lift my head looking around. Dustin had his back to me, salvaging what he could. Everyone else was too distracted as they too searched for what they could salvage. Crux coughs and I quickly slap a hand over his mouth not wanting to alert the others that somehow, by the grace of the Goddess, this fucker was gifted an extra life. And gifted to meeeeeee!

I start digging him out when I open the mindlink looking for Gannon, who was over the far side with Abbie and Tyson. He hadn't left her side since she returned to us, though that sire bond I would have to do something about. Like I knew the risk and all when I was secretly feeding her my blood.

She made Gannon promise not to try to change her again after his failed attempt. However I, made no such promises to her. And I knew Gannon was worried about her attempting suicide again. So I made sure that if she tried again this time she would have my blood in my system, so she would change. I may not have made a promise to her, but I did make a promise to my brother. I think he scared her when his blood healed her, burned the wolfsbane right out of her system and he panicked, so he tried to drown her to force the change. She made him promise never to attempt to change her again after that.

It was just sheer luck that it worked. Because since she already had her wolf it made it tricky changing her into a Lycan. Sometimes they would heal too quickly. And it was always the brink of death along with Lycan blood and venom in their system that forced the change. Completely dead, they is dead. But that dangerous edge between is what forces the gene to change. Which is why, when changing someone we usually need *permission from the King*.

Sometimes it doesn't go as planned and intervention is needed, or resuscitation can take a few goes for the gene

to kick in. Regardless, by my first stroke of good luck it damn well worked! Though the sire bond was kind of a bitch, Mainly because I didn't want the girl looking at me all goo goo eyed. No, those eyes were reserved for my brother and my brother only. And my eyes are reserved for my Dustypoo.

And now the Goddess granted me the best prize and a third stroke of luck!

"Psst" I hiss at Gannon and I see his head turn looking for me.

“Why are you whispering? It’s a mind–link, no one can hear you but me,” he says and I wave my arms in the air so he can find me, he nods and lifts his arms as if to say ‘what?’ I wave for him to come to me but he shakes his head.

“Get here now! I need you to help me haul the body off!” I hiss at him through the mind–link.

“Huh?”

“I want to make a kebab out of him. You know, up the bum,”

“What are you talking about?” Gannon snaps at me and I roll my eyes at his tone.

“Come here and I will share him,” I tell him.

“Huh?”

“You know, a head on a stick, a chicken stick or kebab. Quick before anyone notices, and they ruin my fun!” I tell him. Crux groans and I press my foot on his windpipe to shut him up while waving my arms for Gannon to come help me.

“I swear if you are making me walk over there to show me something stupid or to toss another rock at me, I will fuck you up!” he growls.

I wait for him to come to me while chatting animatedly to Dustin who still hasn’t turned back to see my treasure. And oh what precious treasure it is! I was picturing ways to torture him that had my cock straining in my pants with my excitement. I wonder if Dustin would be down to fuck over his dead carcass? I shake that thought away, he definitely wouldn’t be! Maybe he will let me fuck him while I wear his skin as a suit? I ponder that before deciding against it and decide skewering him shall be enough.

“What is it? For real? That smelly old thing survived but my fireproof safe got destroyed? What the actual fuck!” Gannon curses.

“That is not all that survived,” I whisper and nod my head for him to look over the rubble at my feet. He peers over before looking around, a smirk on his face.

“What do you want to do with him?” he asks. See, this is why this man is my best friend and brother! He understands and gets me because he is just as fucked in the head as me. He gets it. He gets me and my need for sadistic, wicked torture. There is no better feeling than watching a grown man shit his pants because he knows he is looking death in the face. Or how their fear smells like burnt hair. The way light fades from their eyes as they take their last breath. Makes me all tingly and hard just thinking about it!

“Help me get him to the bunker,” I tell him.

“Hey Dustin, can you go sit with Abbie and Tyson for me?” Gannon calls out. Dustin lifts his head from sifting through all the crap holding a broken cup he found and he thinks I am sentimental about my apron. What the heck did he want a cup he can’t drink out of for? Half the side was missing!

Dustin nods before climbing over the crap to walk to the other side where Abbie and Tyson were with the King and Queen, and taking his broken cup with him, at least my apron was functional, if he taking that thing with us my apron is definitely coming.

Gannon and I start digging the bastard out and he groans when Gannon accidentally steps on his busted leg.

“He’s going to scream when we pull him off that roo bar,” Gannon says as we examine the bar penetrating through his gut.

I glance around trying to find something to muffle him before taking my shoe off and removing my sweaty sock. “What pretty lips? Now open up wide!” I snarl and he coughs.

“Kill me!” he rasps out.

“Not until we get you to the bunker,” I tell him, jamming the filthy sock in his mouth and slipping my boot back on. With another glance around we quickly drag him out.

“You grab the…” I looked down trying to find a way to grab him so that we could get a good grip on him for a quick getaway, but one leg was bent awkwardly. “You get the ass and I will get the head.” I tell him.

“You get the ass! You’re the ass man, not me!” Gannon says.

“Fine! I will get the ass, just hurry up before someone sees us.” I tell him, and we struggle for a few seconds. Crux mumbles incoherently in pain before we take off for the old trail behind the garden under the clotheslines. As we reach the forest edge we see Peter and we both stop dead in our tracks, caught red-handed with our new plaything. Both of us eye him while I consider whether or not I will have to julienne his ass.

“I saw nothing,” he says, strolling away and scooping up an apple off the ground. Good boy.

“Quick!” I hiss and we rush for the safety of the trees.

Thank you almighty Moon Goddess for this blessing! I think to myself as I laugh. This shall be fun! Coming up with a Crux kebab. “Hopefully, he tastes better than the Doyle steaks. He was a bit chewy.” I tell Gannon, and he chuckles.

# His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 237

## {Epilogue }

### His Lost Lycan Luna (Kyson and Ivy)

Chapter 237

Epilogue

Azalea POV

One Month Later

We salvaged whatever we could. The thought of rebuilding led to the inevitable truth, a place that had become but a distant memory would now be our home, where we would rebuild our lives and our kingdom. Days we spent sifting through what was left of the castle. I felt a little guilty that I had destroyed the place but as Kyson told me, home is with our people not in a physical place.

However, sifting through the wreckage that we once called home, we managed to save a few precious things. Though how they survived was beyond me.

A few of Kyson's treasured books and Clarice's favorite egg flip survived too. Oh and let's not forget that dreaded apron Liam loved, the one that smelt as bad as it looked.

And of all the things to survive, I kinda hoped that wasn't one of them. But sure enough, it did, and his face lit up like a kid on Christmas when he showed me. I had a funny feeling his idea of a fabulous Christmas present involved blood and gore. And maybe more aprons.

Along with the knick knacks was my father's sword, the other was a jewelry box my mother gave me when I was a baby. However, with finding that precious jewelry box we learned it wasn't just a jewelry box, and the silver ballerina that twirled on top was in fact a key that unlocked a false bottom, hiding the real gift. Inside, what perceived as just an oversized pendant, was in fact the Azure Talisman which resembled an oversized Moon stone. Only when held up to light could you see the Azure crest of vines within its crystalline depths.

I learned from Cedric that it was a broken piece of the sword and was used to create Lycan Bloodlines. The stone represented my mothers' gifts and the sword my father's. Brought together they represented a sort of yin and yang, a constant balance, and created infinite power, yet in separate hands they kept peace. One never over taking the other, truth in the face of deceit and manipulation, love in the place of hate and war.

Cedric told me my father searched for the Talisman but it was rumored as myth and legend. Yet my father believed that it was with my mother and he was right. And all along it sat in a jewelry box right beneath his nose.

It showed how far my father's greed went, that he would give her an ultimatum. That she would either hand it over or he would force her to marry him, believing he could gain the advantage of her power through my birth. It also showed how much she was willing to sacrifice to ensure it did not fall into his hands she instead sacrificed herself just to keep the peace. But the most precious thing salvaged of all, was our lives and the lives of those we thought lost to us forever.

Damian managed to find Tandi's daughter, she was with Alpha Brock's mother the entire time, nothing beat the look on her face when Damian came through for her. He was determined to either bring their daughter home or get vengeance for her, though he kind of took care of both. Alpha Brock didn't want to hand her back or give up her whereabouts, it was Alpha Dean who did and Alpha Brock barely escaped with his life, though I had no doubt he wanted to kill him. Paige was safe and well and returned to her mother. Tandi had her family now with Damian. Abbie had Gannon and Tyson and for once we could all breathe, and we were happy.

Now we would finally find peace when we have known none. So as I looked up at the huge iron gates of what was once the Landeena Kingdom, I knew we were finally home. A fresh start. But the first thing to go would be the Landeena crest, it would be replaced with the Valkyrie one. Home for so long was some *made up* sentiment, embedded in us for so long that we forgot the meaning of it, growing for Abbie in me it meant death, we truly believed that would be the only home we would know *freedom and peace*.

But I learned, home was never a place or a thing but within all of us. Home was with those we loved. So I knew we would eventually find happiness here in this place that laid desolate for so long, forgotten and haunted by the ghosts of a past I never knew was mine.

Yet a future I was indeed excited to live in. One beside my King.

Arms wrap around my waist as his hands slide up and over my stomach, a growing bump that holds our future. "What's *wrong*?" Kyson asks as his hands gently trace over my growing belly.

"Nothing. I just can't believe we are here, of all places," I tell him as I watch the Landeena guards race around and secure the perimeter, almost as if it were muscle memory and they had never left.

"And where is that my Queen?"

"Home, with you, us" I whisper, glancing over my shoulder at him. He brushes his nose against mine.

"Home is wherever you are," he murmurs, brushing his lips gently against mine briefly before the cars start pulling into the circular pebble driveway. This place reminded me of Marrison. I had hardly any memories of this place, but for some reason it felt like she walked through those gates beside me. As if I could feel her, hear her in whispers traveling in the wind.

So many sacrificed for the Landeena name, for the Azure name. For so long my mother, the only woman! remember as my mother, was villainized for her betrayal yet she was betrayed by everyone, including her mate. She raised me, loved me and paid the ultimate sacrifice of her life to ensure one day I could come back here and take the throne again.

To some she would always be remembered as the villain but to me, she would always be my mother. Always be the reason I was standing here and righting the wrongs of my father, righting the wrongs that were bestowed on our people. The Landeena's are dead. The Azure's dead too.

I may share their blood but I am no longer share their name, I not them. I would do better and restore the Royal names, yet I would never take theirs again. Those names instilled fear, ruined honor and forged a path of destruction. Praised for the wrong reasons, loyalty given to them blindly not earned. Those two names were blessed and cursed and were no longer part of the future I now chose or wanted.

Staring up at the place we shall now call home Abbie moves toward me, bumping her shoulder against mine. I smile looking over at her, Tyson on her hip.

"Ready?" she asks and I nod and Kyson unravels his arms from around my waist and takes my hand, leading me toward the huge stone staircase. Everyone bustled around to get the place ready, as what was left of our people moved in. Reaching the top Cedric is waiting by the door with Trey, the blessed sword that belonged to my father in his hand. I couldn't imagine what it must be like for them being back here, yet they looked almost relieved. Like this place never stopped being home for them.

Cedric bows his head and Trey offers me his hand. I place mine in his only for him to turn me around to face the courtyard, to see the hundreds of faces of what's left of mine and Kyson's people, what's left of the fallen Kingdoms staring back at us.

"We pledge our allegiance to Kyson Keller Valkyrie, Emperor of Lycania and the Emperor of Valkyrie and Azalea Ivy Rose Valkyrie, Empress of Lycania, and the Empress of Valkyrie, the true heir and Empress of the Kingdoms. I bleed for Valkyrie, I fight for Valkyrie, I die for Valkyrie. We are Valkyrie and our Empress and Emperor have risen. And so has the Valkyrie Guard. We pledge to serve and protect." They bow their heads and fall to one knee in unison.

"A the Kingdom shall rise, we shall rise with it. And if this Kingdom falls, we too shall fall," they finish.

In awe of their display and how quickly they would accept this new place as home. I turned to Cedric and retrieved my sword, my finger's wrapping around the hilt, the talisman was cool beneath my palm and I pledged to *my* people,

feeling it warm in my grip.

"I pledge allegiance to Lycania and to my people. I'll bleed for them, I'll fight for them, I'll die for them I am now and forever more, Azalea Ivy-Rose Valkyrie, Empress of the Lycania and this is now our Kingdom, And my people are more than my life." I tell them before gripping the blade and swiping my hand from the hilt to tip

Yet as my blood washes over the steel it transforms. Gone are the crests and symbols of Landeena. In its place, etched in blue and red carved into the replenished steel lay the makings of a new *one*. A *mixture* of all the Kingdoms that rose and fell, the Kingdoms of Lycania. The steel glows and heats, branding and forging and I could feel the power that lay within its steel, feel the rightfulness of it in my hand when hands moved *down my arms* from behind and the familiar sparks I loved rushed over me.

Cedric takes my sword and Kyson lifts my bleeding hand to his lips from behind me, the *warmth* of his chest seeping into me as he traces the slice with his tongue, healing the wounds left. And the scar it leaves matches the new crest now emblazoned in the steel.

'More than my life. Always more,' Kyson whispers.

### **Author Note**

Hey Guys, hope you enjoyed Azalea and Kyson's story, Abbie does have her own book Mated to the King's Gamma if you want to check it out. I will be writing Liam's story but won't be posting it until it is either complete or nearly complete.

Also don't forget to check my Face Book Page Jessica Hall Author Page so you can follow for print and kindle editions, also I do have my store going online soon too, amongst the merch is Liam's apron! Plus lots of other goodies.

Also don't forget to check out my other books, I do have completed ones here but also a heap on kindle and in print for those looking for completed books and not wanting to wait on updates,

Current ongoing ones are

Mated to the King's Gamma (Hoping to finish that one up this week)

Tempting Darkness

Alphas Possession.



Any way bye *for* now, hope *you* enjoyed the book