

# His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 166

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 166 – Azalea POV

Stepping into the basement, the place was stacked to the ceiling with boxes of files, no order, nothing, just boxed and stacked. I did not know what I was looking for, and I had no clue where to even start. Damian comes up behind me, leading me to a table in the center and flicking a small lamp on.

“I’m sorry I stuck my nose in. It made me mad when I saw them,” I admitted to him. I was unsure where my bravado came from, but seeing my old Alphas ticked me off, and I hated how they made me feel lower than dirt, and I wanted to return the favor.

“No, you did well,” Damian says when Kyson comes down the steps. I waited to see if he was mad that I kind of just took over when I was supposed to remain in the car with Trey. I wasn’t supposed to step foot in here at all. Yet when he came down the last step, he had a silly smile on his face as he strolled over to me.

“Ah, this will take forever,” Liam growls, rifling through boxes. Kyson comes over, places his hands on my hips, and buries his face in my neck. But Liam was right. This would take days to go through.

“So, what do you want to do now?” Kyson asks, and I look up at him.

“Pardon?” I whisper.

“You’re in charge, boss. So what now?” he asks, brushing his nose across my cheek. I gasp, looking around. Kyson purrs behind me before tapping my hip with his hand and wander about the huge basement before stopping having no clue, it would take days...

“Can we take them?” I ask Kyson, and he nods.

"For real, my Queen? You want me to cart all these boxes up?" Liam whines, jutting out his bottom lip and pointing to Trey, "He wants to do it," Liam whispers, and I chuckle.

"No, I..." I press my lips in a line. There were hundreds of boxes down here. I look up at Kyson, and he shrugs, not offering any help.

"You're in charge, and I'm not helping. So what are you going to do, my Queen?" Kyson says, and I peer back around the room. They wouldn't fit in the cars. There were too many. I glance at the steps leading up before walking past Kyson and back up the steps to the main house. Alpha Dean and Alpha Brock stood by the doors, looking terrified of the two guards beside them. Seeing them ground my gears, the humiliation of being put on that podium in front of the entire town square while they threw stuff at us made my blood boil as I remembered the last time I saw them.

"Have you got a trailer?" I ask them. They both shake their heads.

"Find one," I tell them.

"You want us to find a trailer?" Alpha Brock asks, looking at his father.

"Don't look at him. Find a trailer, I said." I snapped, and he growls, the noise cutting off when I growl back at him. Only mine was a lot louder, and the power behind it almost made me gasp and jump before I contained those urges of shock. I felt the power ooze out of me, my aura coming out like a shield and suffocating the Alphas.

"You will find a trailer and attach it to the car. Then you will come back here, and you and your father will cart every box and piece of paper from that basement and stack them in it." I tell them.

"Every box?" Alpha Dean says.

"Are you hard of hearing, Alpha Dean? Do I need to repeat myself?" I asked him, and he shook his head. Turning to the guards beside them, I dropped my aura and spoke to them.

"Make sure they bring every box up. And if they miss one, K\*\*I Alpha Brock,"

"Yes, my Queen," they nod, and one smiles like he would enjoy that job. I go to leave when I pause to see Kyson leaning against the wall.

"Oh, and once they have attached the trailer, they have 18 minutes to cart them up," I tell the guards.

"18 MINUTES!" Alpha Brock exclaims.

"Yes. Because 18 years is a wonderful age to k\*\*l innocent rogues, so I give 18 minutes to cart those boxes up." I tell him.

"And if we don't complete it in that timeframe?" Alpha Dean asks.

"I suggest you get it done, and you won't have to find out," I tell him before turning on my heel and walking out.

Stepping outside, I let out a breath. It was exhilarating holding the control, yet also petrifying. Adrenaline made my heart rate quicken and flutter in my chest.

"Now what?" Kyson asks me. I bite the inside of my lip and look around and I see Alpha Brock rush off to his neighbor's house.

"Will the guards make sure they retrieve everything?" I ask, and Kyson nods his head.

"Then can we go to the orphanage?"

"Are you asking?" Kyson says with a devious smile on lips. I swallowed, glancing at Trey, who raised an eyebrow at me and nodded toward Kyson. I shake my head and cringe, looking up at my mate.

"No. I want to go to the orphanage, so we are going," I tell him. I was turning away from him when he grabs my arm. My heart lurches in my chest, thinking like pushed him too far, demanding him. Yet he only turns me to face him before his hand slips to the back of my neck, and he leans down while tilting my head back. His lips c\*\*\*h against mine, his tongue demanding as it invades my mouth, forcing my lips to part. He kisses me hungrily, his tongue tasting every inch of my mouth before he pulls away and smiles.

"I like it when you're bossy," he purrs.

"You say that now," I tell him.

"For now," he smiles, grabbing my hand. He kisses the back of it before draping his arm across my shoulders. We walk to the orphanage since it wasn't that far from the packhouse. It was odd walking through the streets; this place no longer gave me the same fear it used to. It looked different, run down. People stared as we headed toward the orphanage and I paid them no mind, ignoring their curious gazes.

## His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 167

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

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

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

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

"How's Abbie?" she asks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No one to help?" I ask.

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

"What's wrong with your father?" I ask her.

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

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

"We didn't have a choice," I tell her, and she nods.

"I'm sorry, Ivy,"

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

"Don't be, and it's not your fault,"

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

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

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

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

"He likes the crunching noise they make, and he hates cornflakes, so don't give him those. He has a meltdown; Tyson doesn't like the texture," I tell her, and she quickly jumps up and grabs a notepad from the fridge. She jots it down, and I tell her a few more noises he makes and what they mean.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You're back studying accounting?" ask her.

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

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

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

"How many kids are here now?" I ask her.

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

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

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

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

# His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 168

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

“Azalea?” Kyson whispers behind me.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

“She ruined us.” I sobbed.

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

“You okay?” he asks and I nod, wiping my face and glancing around the small space and the broken chair. I needed to leave. I couldn’t stay in here any longer. It hurt too much, and I wanted out, suddenly feeling claustrophobic. I rushed down the steps needing air, feeling like the walls were closing in around me and that I was going to wake up at any moment and everything had been a dream, and I was really stuck here still. Kyson chases after me, and I rush through the kitchen and burst into the living room, headed for the front door. But the faces of the children had my feet halting. Trey and Liam looked over at us, alarmed, and Kyson nearly ran into the back of me as I halted.

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

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

"I'm not asking!" I tell him, and his lips part and he glances around at the children.

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

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

"You want a bus?" she asks.

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

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

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

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

"Either I stay, or they come," I tell him.

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

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

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

"The castle is big enough," I tell him.

"Azalea!" he growls.

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

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

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

"Fine!" he growls, and Liam chuckles.

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

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

"Where to my Queen?" Liam calls.

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

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

## His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 169

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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

# His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 170

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 170

Book 2. Mig Found Lycan Luna Chapter 45

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. They 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.