

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 133

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 133 – Kyson POV

Azalea falls asleep quickly, and I run my fingers up and down her spine, enjoying her closeness and her scent. Relief flooded me, she was officially mine, and I was hers. An overwhelming feeling washed over me, and I had never felt so complete before as I did now. Yet worry gnawed at me. I knotted her. Lost in the moment, I forgot to pull her off.

Azalea is most fertile while in heat, and the fact I knotted her just upped the chances of me getting her pregnant. Worry ate me, not because it happened but because it was clear to me that Azalea had no idea what I was talking about when I told her. Her confusion at my words made me worry more. Would she hate me if I got her pregnant so soon? My troubled thoughts clawed at my insides and gave me a headache. .

Time slipped me by as I became trapped in my thoughts. When I finally feel the swelling at the base of my c**k go down, I am able to slip free of her body. I groan when I notice the d**n handcuff still attached to my wrist. Opening the mind link, I feel Damian hoping he has the key.

Yet I could feel he was asleep, though Liam wasn't, his mind link buzzing like a live wire in my head. I push on his tether, and he lets me in.

“Finished already, my King, that was fast. Need me to show you how it’s done,” Liam taunts.

“Liam!”

“Sorry, my King. Offer still stands,”

“Like the offer to give me a good f**k?” I ask. A stupid smile slipped onto my face as I thought of the brute...

“If that is what my duty requires, I am up for the task,”” he laughs.

“That will not be necessary, but I appreciate the offer,” I chuckled.

“You should get laid more often. You seem to be in a cheery mood now you got rid of the blue b***s,” he mocks, and I look down at Azalea and sniff her hair. She reeked of my scent, making me purr with contentment.

“No need to purr at me, my King. I’m pretty sure your calling doesn’t work on me, but hey, I can pretend if that is what you are into,” Liam snickers.

“Sorry, Azalea distracted me,” I admit.

“Sure, now what can I do for you? I assume you want something or did you just drop into my thoughts for a friendly chat?” Liam asks.

“Well, I was trying to get a hold of Damian about this customary piece of jewelry I appear to have attached to me,” I tell him.

“Oh, my Justins! Do you like those? I have a hot pink fluffy set too,”

“I would like them off and was wondering if you had a spare key since Damian is asleep.”

“I do, and Damian is definitely asleep. I am looking at him,”

“Hmm, so who is on guard?” I ask.

“Just little ole me, I noticed Damian needed a grandpa nap and Trey. Hmm, don’t like the fella, reminds me of ferret,” Liam growls.

“A ferret?” I ask.

“Yep, cute and fluffy, and then it bites. I had a ferret once, only it bit me, then I wrung its neck, twisted it all the way around, those fuckers’ bite hard,” he rambled.

“The key, Liam,”

“Oh right, should I slide it under the door, open and toss it. I could try my ninja skills, creep on in slowly and take you from behind.”

“Liam!” “Right, I am getting ahead of myself. Should I knock?” he asks, and I roll my eyes.

“Now, why would you knock?” I ask him. “Well, don’t want to be rude, now do I,” he says when I hear him knock twice. I tug the blanket up and cover Azalea.

“Come in,” I laugh. The man was bat s**t crazy, but I could see why Gannon liked him so much. He was a funny b*****d. He pops his head in and wiggles his eyebrows before covering his eyes with his hands and peering out the gaps between his fingers.

“I see nothing,” he says, stumbling over his feet.

“Well, well, well, what have we here?” he asks dropping his hand and sauntering over to me. His calculated movements reminded me of a cat. I roll my eyes at him and wave him forward for the key.

He holds it out to me, then pulls his hand back at the last second. I raise an eyebrow at him.

“Liam, have you been drinking while on the job?” I asked, sniffing the air.

“Just a smidge, my King, want some. I won’t tell if you don’t,” he says, sending me a wink.

“Not a good thing to tell the boss,” I scold.

“I may be many things, but a liar I is not. If you don’t want to know the answer, my King, don’t ask,” he says, his eyes glistening mischievously.

“Can I have the key, Liam?” I ask. He sighs and quits his mucking around, offering me the key. I take it from him and undo the cuff before rubbing my wrist.

“You seem troubled, my King,” Liam says, tilting his head to the side. I look at him. He was drunk, but even I knew he could

handle himself in this state. He passed the guard trial while obliterated, literally woke up when the starting gun went off, having dozed off at the line, and still placed 5th.

I bite the inside of my lip and look down at Azalea.

“Ah, I see. You knotted her, didn’t you?” He says and I nod, stroking her hair. Liam wanders off into the bathroom, and I hear the bathtub turn on as he rummages around in there.

“Get her cleaned up. Never know, might be able to wash it from her,”

“Wash pregnancy from her?” I scoff.

“Hmm, I do have another suggestion, but I would like my limbs to remain attached, especially the right hand. I am rather fond of it,” Liam says. He leans forward, cupping his mouth with his hands. “I w**k with that one,” he whispers, and I groan. That was far too much information.

I roll my eyes and he snickers, the scent of vodka reaching my nose and I look at him, waiting for him to answer.

“Morning-after pill,” he whispers. My brows furrow, and he shrugs.

“I mean no offense by that, but if you are worried, I could I retrieve you one?” he says.

“Liam?”

“We can keep it on the down-low. No one has to know. I know it is a taboo thing with Royals, but if you think of it, Royals are taboo anyhow, right? Few of you left,” He rambles.

“Just ask Doc to keep it to himself, though he knows lyrics just don’t want it getting out. Especially with Clarice. She would be far too excited, and the place would be baby-proofed tomorrow, I also don’t want Azalea to feel pressured,” I tell him.

Liam nods, rushing out to do my bidding while I get up. I carry a sleeping Azalea into the bathroom, climb in the hot bath, sitting her on my lap, and wash her. She moves around, waking, but my calling forces her back under as I wash her the best I can. I heard Liam slip into the room again before shutting the door. When I am sure he is gone, I sit on the edge of the bath and dry her before setting her in the bed and tugging the blanket up.

I noticed the pill sitting on the table with a bottle of water. Climbing back in bed, she instinctively moves closer before crawling on top of me, pressing her body to my chest, and she grabs my hand, placing it over her. I chuckle, running my fingers up her spine.

“I feel cold,” she yawns, snuggling against me. “Because your heat has subsided,” I tell her, and she shivers, nodding her head sleepily.

“Do you want kids?” She was already asleep when asked, and I knew she would stay in this dreary state for hours. I brush her hair with my fingers for a while before letting myself drift off. I would have to ask her when she would wake. It wasn’t my body

or my decision. However, I had to tell her there was a chance she could get pregnant.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 134 – Waking the following day, I tucked her nest around her. Azalea had built it around us in her sleep, growling at me when I moved out of it a couple of times. I always secretly loved seeing female Lycans nest. As dangerous as a nesting Lycan was. I liked the possessive nature behind it. I loved how they never lost that primal instinct over time and after changes in tradition.

It was inbuilt in their DNA, just like our calling is in us men. Azalea burrows underneath the blanket she had shredded, feathers covering every inch of the bed as she disappears beneath it. Grabbing some shorts, I walked to the door to see Damian standing guard. Wide awake and looking alert.

“My king,” he nods. .

“Watch her for me,” I asked him and he nods to me. I head for the stairs, only I stop.

“Don’t enter. Azalea is”

“Nesting. I heard her shredding the bed earlier. Also heard you try to save your pillow from her. It woke me,” Damian laughs, and my lips tug in the corners.

“When I return, you can go off duty. I won’t be leaving her side,” I tell him, and I turn for the stairs again when Damian speaks.

“Dustin, My king?” I stopped, a growl slipping out of me as I turned to face him.

“He wants to return his post,” Damian continues.

“Trey, has it handled?” I say, but I was now a little uneasy about Trey.

“About that. I have removed him from her guard.” My brows furrow, and I turn to him.

“Very well,” I answer.

“You agree?” He asks, shocked. Yet ever since Liam said something last night, it bothered me.

“Dustin doesn’t trust him, and despite what he did, I know he wouldn’t have done it to put her in harm’s way. Liam said something last night too, so keep a close eye on him,” I tell Damian.

“Certainly, and Dustin?”

“He can return to his post, but,”

“I will tell him to keep his distance. You are doing the right thing, my King,” Damian says.

“He’s her friend,” I answer.

“And yours, my King. He is yours too,” Damian says. I nod, walking downstairs toward the kitchens. I was starving, and I didn’t want to bother Clarice, so I figured I would make mine and Azalea’s breakfast. Or was it lunch? I had completely lost track of time. Only when I entered the kitchen did I stop and sniff the air. Rogues.

I stared at the two boys sitting on the bench with a bowl between them. They were licking an eggbeater each, and both of them froze when I stepped into the kitchen. Yet Clarice was not in sight, and neither were any of the chefs, so I assume it was between shifts.

“Hello?” I tell them, walking into the room and glancing around. How did they get in here, and where did they come from? They both stared at me like stunned rabbits. The oldest of the two tucked the younger boy closer, like he could protect him from me. I watched them for a second. The youngest looked like he was only 3 or 4 years old. Yet I could tell by their faint scents they are siblings.

“What are your names?” I ask. The oldest boy answered while the youngest cowered away from me. I checked my aura, making sure it hadn’t slipped out, but I gave them no reason to fear me. Yet looking at them, they were skinny and bruised. It made me wonder where they came from.

“I’m Logan. My brother’s name is Oliver,” the oldest boy answers. He goes to jump off the bench, but I shake my head, and he remains where he is.

The little boy looked up at me as I approached him. I could tell they were scared, their little hearts beating rapidly like a hummingbird's wings in a gust of wind.

“What are you making?” I ask them, looking in their bowl. It looked like a cake mixture.

The youngest boy scoops some out with his finger, holding it out to me. His brother nudges him, nervously but I thought it was cute to offer.

“Want some,” he whispers, and I smile, grabbing his little hand and licking his finger.

“And that is Clarice's famous mud cake. You two must be special if Clarice is making cake,” I tell them before scooping some batter out with my finger and eating it. They giggle, the sound warming, considering how frail they both looked.

The youngest boy, Oliver turns on the bench and grabs a wooden spoon, offering it to me. I take it, watching as they both use a teaspoon and their egg beaters to scrape the sides, and I join them. I wanted to ask questions but didn't want to scare them. When the back door to the laundry swings open, the boys jump off the bench and hide behind me as Clarice walks in with a washing basket.

“Now, you boys didn't eat all my batter, did you?” she asks, turning around and spotting me with the wooden spoon in my hand. I quickly hide it behind my back. Her mouth falls open, and she glances around for the two boys currently hiding behind me. Oliver sticks his head out, and relief floods her features before her

face turns stern, and she places her basket on the bench and folds her arms across her chest.

“Boys, why are you hiding behind the King?” she scolds before spotting her empty mixture bowl. She clucks her tongue.

“Did you eat my mixture?” she asked, and I glance down at them. Her lips tug in the corners, and the boys step out from behind me. Logan, the cheeky little thing, points at me.

“He helped,” Logan snitches.

“It that so, my King,” Clarice asked.

“I was merely helping by making sure it didn’t go to waste,” I tell her and she chuckles turning her attention to the boys.

“Well, you best get me more ingredients, boys. I can’t make a cake with no mixture,” she tells them, and they scurry off toward the pantry. Logan stops at the door to the enormous pantry and looks back at me. “Are you really the King?” he asks.

“I am,” I tell him, and his eyes widen before he rushes inside after his brother.

“You are teaching them bad manners,” Clarice scolds me.

“To be fair, they had eaten your batter before I came in and helped,” I tell her, and she laughs.

“So, are you going to make me ask, or are you going to tell me where they came from?”

“Gannon and Liam brought them here, now I know I have a full schedule, but they are no-fuss. I can still do my tasks. And I will keep them in line...” Clarice gushes and I touch her shoulder, stopping her.

“You can keep them, Clarice,” I tell her, knowing her too well. She loved kids, and I would never turn away a child. Clarice lets out a breath.

“Thank you, Kyson,” she murmurs.

“They really are good little boys, timid but sweet,” she says, her eyes sparkling as they rush back out with flour and cocoa in their arms.

“Will you help?” Oliver asks, and Clarice goes to excuse me, but I shake my head.

“Of course,” I tell him, scooping up the boy. He was almost weightless, and I looked at Clarice, who ruffled his curly locks and smiled sadly.

“Where?” I ask her.

“Where do you think?” she asks, and I nod. Looking at Logan, I noticed a few lash marks on his shoulder where his shirt slipped down a bit.

“Gannon took care of it,” Clarice answers.

“Yes, I know he would have, but someone needs to take care of that Alpha,” I tell her, and she nods once.

“I will see to it,” I tell her, while turning my attention to the angelic little boy in my arms. Someone definitely needed to take care of that Alpha.

“And I will have you moved one of the bigger guest quarters to accommodate the boys too,” I tell her.

“Thank you, Kyson,” she says, smiling at the boys who were excitedly waiting for her to make more batter.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 135 – Azalea POV

Every muscle ached when I woke the following day. Kyson was nowhere to be seen, and his side of the bed was cold. Sticking my head out from under the blanket, I groaned when I saw the mess I had made. I knew I made it because I had not seen Kyson nest once since being here. He must get sick of replacing all the bed linens and his clothes. Yet as I stuck my head out, I wanted to curl back inside my nest.

As tempting as that was, I knew I couldn't stay in bed all day, or what was left of the day, so I forced myself out of bed. Only when I did my legs give out from under me, pain ricocheted up my spine and twisted throughout every muscle. Bad enough, we had to go through the heat, but to suffer afterward seemed beyond cruel. Hobbling over to the door, I stuck my head out, keeping my n***d body behind the door. I find Damian standing there in front of my door. I was hoping to see Dustin, but right now, I couldn't care less as long as he could help. .

“My Queen,” he says with a swift nod before turning his attention to me. He looks through the gap in the door behind me.

“Is everything alright?” he asked.

“Have you seen Kyson?”

“He is in the kitchen. I can go get him if you like?” I shake my head. If he was in the kitchen, surely he would be back sometime soon then.

“No, it’s fine, but can you ask Doc for some painkillers?”

“Ah, I see. Certainly,” he says, touching my forehead. His hand felt cold against my skin.

“You’re still a little warm,” he says, his brows pinching together before sniffing the air.

“Yet you’re not in heat, must be after-effects. I will go see what I can find. It will probably ease off when Kyson returns, just the bond fretting, so not to worry,” he says, and I shut the door.

I half wished I was a regular werewolf. They didn’t seem to fret or have these bizarre compulsions I got.

Growing up knowing one thing only to find out you’re something else entirely really made things confusing. How I could fret for someone I just saw. It made no sense to me. I made my way to the bathroom. My legs trembled as I stood outside the water spray while waiting for the water to heat. I stepped under the water as

soon as it did, hoping the added heat would loosen my aching bones and wash the tension away.

Hearing a knock on the door roughly 5 minutes later, Damian announced himself, and I sang out from the bathroom to let him know it was okay to come in. He stops next to the bathroom door with his back to me.

“I set some pills on the bedside table. There is already a water bottle there.” He tells me.

“Thank you,” I tell him, rinsing the soap suds out of my hair.

“Anything else, my Queen,”

“Azalea! Did the King say anything about Dustin?” I ask nervously before rubbing my eyes and looking at his back just outside the door.

“Yes, Dustin will return to his post today,” Damian answers.

“So he is okay?”

“Yes, Kyson hasn’t punished him, but I am sure you can convince him otherwise,” Damian says. Hopefully, I could convince Kyson not to punish him. He shouldn’t be punished, just because he came with me. Either way, I intended to leave. If he wants to be angry with anyone, he should be mad at me, not him.

“And Abbie?”

“With Gannon. She is a little sore, but she is okay. I have given him the week off to spend with Abbie until she readjusts to being here.” I nod, forgetting he had his back to me.

“Anything else, my Queen?”

“Yes, stop calling me my Queen,” I tell him, and he laughs.

“Very well, Azalea,”

“Thank you, you can go unless you want to chat,” I laughed.

“Somehow, I don’t think the king would approve of me standing here chatting with you while you shower,”

“Wouldn’t make much difference. You already saw me n***d, but you are probably right. Best to not push the King’s buttons,”

“I will be outside if you need me,” he says before walking off. I heard the door click shut, and after a few minutes, I climbed out, wrapped myself in a towel, and walked into the bedroom to the closet to find some clothes. Setting them on the bed, I dried myself when I noticed the pills on the bedside table.

Grabbing the water bottle, I twisted the cap off. I drank half the bottle, not realizing how dry my throat was, only stopping when I remembered I needed water to s*****w the pills. Grabbing the two foil packets, I tried to read what they said, but the words were too long, and figured they were both some form of painkiller. I popped the first two out and swallowed them down before snapping the foil on the other grey pill. It smelled funny, and I tried to remember where I had smelled that scent before.

Shaking my head, I tipped the bottle to my lips when the door opened. Dropping the foil empty foil packet back onto the bedside table, I went to put the tablet in my mouth when the wind was suddenly knocked out of me as I landed on the bed.

Kyson grabbed my hand and landed on top of me on the bed. “Geez, Kyson,” I snapped at him as he pried my fingers apart.

“What’s got into you?” I demanded. Kyson takes the pill out of my hand before letting out a breath. “Ah, thank the Moon Goddess,” he sighed. I stared up at him, wondering why we had to thank the moon goddess. Thank her for making me sore because I would rather curse her out.

Kyson sits up, and I notice Damian standing in the doorway looking petrified when Kyson looks over his shoulder at him.

“She didn’t take it,” Kyson tells him, and Damian visibly relaxes.

“Sorry, I didn’t know,” he says to Kyson. Well, that makes two of us because I still didn’t know what was going on right now.

“It is my fault. I shouldn’t have left it there. You can go,” Kyson tells him, and Damian shuts the door. Kyson turns back to look down at me before holding up the pill.

“This is not a painkiller,” he says, climbing off me. I blinked up at him, waiting for him to explain, and he leaned down, pecking my lips.

Kyson lets me sit up before dropping the pill in my hand. “That is the morning-after pill. Do you know what that means?” he asks.

And no, I did not, so I shook my head. Kyson scrubs a hand down his face.

“I didn’t mean to, but I knotted you,” he said. I remembered him saying that last night. It was why I couldn’t move afterward.

“You take that it will k**l off an unwanted pregnancy, but it has to be taken within 72 hours if you’re human. Since you’re Lycan, you have roughly half that time to take it, but the choice is yours.”

“Wait, you impregnated me?” I asked, horrified while looking at the pill in my hand.

“I’m not sure, but you are more fertile during heat, and since I knotted you, the chances are even higher, so if you don’t want to be pregnant, you can take that, to stop it,” Kyson says before looking at the pill in my hand.

“Do you want me to take it?” I asked him, staring at the pill.

“What I want doesn’t matter; it is your body. The choice is yours,” Kyson tells me when I hear arguing outside the door. Kyson looks over his shoulder at the door. He growls, but climbs off the bed and walks over to the tray Damian had placed on the dresser. He grabs it walking back to me.

“Here, I made you something to eat. I will be back in a second. Just need to sort out something,” Kyson said, and I could feel he was angry about something as he glared at the door before storming outside.

I stared down at the tray, which had different meat, eggs, and toast. Staring at the pill in my hand. I sighed, not knowing what to do.

Did I want kids? More to the question, though, did the King? Assuming he wants to continue his royal bloodline, I also suppose mine. However, I wasn't sure. I never gave babies much thought. I honestly didn't see myself having a future, let alone one where I could have children. But if I took it, wouldn't that be going against the Moon Goddess, but at the same time, Kyson wouldn't have given it to me if he believed that would he?

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I wanted to explain more, but when Damian called through the link that a fight had broken out down the corridor between Trey and Dustin, I had no choice but to sort it out. Leaving the room, I saw Dustin punch Trey, knocking him down the stairs only to chase after him. Damian was trying to separate them when Trey tackled Dustin as he rushed down the steps. Damian grabs the back of Trey's shirt and rips him off Dustin just as Dustin goes to a****k him again. My hand wrapped around his arm, jerking him back.

“What the f**k is going on here?” I snarled while Trey shrugged off Damian's hand.

“Answer me?” I commanded. .

“I don’t want him near the Queen. He can’t be trusted,” Dustin snarled.

“And you can, a*****e. You ran off with her and put the Queen in danger,” Trey spat back at him.

“Yes, also your fault. Azalea wouldn’t have even known where to go if you didn’t show her on her phone!” Dustin growled, taking a step toward him, but my hand fell on his shoulder.

“Is this true?” I ask Trey, who turns his attention to me. He sighed, scratching the back of his neck.

“Yes, my King. But I did not know she would go off after Abbie,” Trey admits.

“And you would let Dustin take full responsibility for what happened?” Damian demanded.

“I didn’t run off with her. I would have dragged her back to the room had I known,” Trey defends himself. Damian shakes his head, looking at me.

“You have two seconds to explain yourselves, now,”

“Dustin hates me because he blames me for the trials and keeps sabotaging me every chance. Damian pulled me from her guard because of him,” Trey says before glaring at Dustin.

“Damian didn’t pull you from the guard; I did. There are too many rumors about both of you right now.”

“Yet you stationed him?” Trey scoffs.

“Yes, because he is one of my head guards, and Azalea trusts him even if right now I don’t,” I growl, looking at Dustin. I wanted to beat him senseless, yet Abbie would probably be d**d or, worse still, stuck there if they hadn’t gone.

“She was determined to go. Better I went with her than her go by herself, my King. You know I would never put her in harm’s way. You know I wouldn’t risk her like that unless I had no choice!” Dustin says, and I growl.

“You had a choice. You could have brought the Queen back to her room!” Trey yelled.

“Because that worked. Azalea snuck out on you, and you didn’t even know she was gone,” Dustin retorted, and Trey looked away. Damian rubs his temples and shakes his head.

“You are giving me a headache,” Damian growled.

“May I be of some assistance? Liam says, making all of us jump. He was sitting on the windowsill above the stairs. We all look up, not one of us noticing he was even there. My brows pinch, wondering how the heck he even got up there. He jumps down, landing next to Damian on his feet.

“How did you get up there?” Damian asked.

“Ninja skills. I’m as quiet as a mouse and quick and agile as a snake,” he said, and I tried not to laugh, and I saw Dustin trying not to smile at his words. Trey, however, held a sour expression.

“And why were you up there?” Damian asks.

“My ears were burning, my senses telling me there was information to eavesdrop upon,” he says.

“Are you drunk?” Damian asks. Liam shakes his head, straightening up.

“The question you mean, Beta. Should be, are you sober... that would be a never,” Liam giggles. I roll my eyes.

I wave him forward, and he straightens himself like some prim and proper gentleman, though he was a gentleman, either way, sober or drunk. Come to think of it, I think his question was correct. I was yet to see him sober. It made me briefly wonder if he could function without the liquor, although I knew I had a drinking problem, so I couldn't really judge.

“What are you proposing?” I ask.

“Well, you still have to go away, my King, to investigate the killings, and I would rather stay behind. I am sick of looking at d**d little ones; Uncle Liam is not made for the kiddie horrors, so I volunteer to watch the Queen, with Dustin, of course,” Liam says, motioning toward Dustin and sending him a wink. Dustin shakes his head with a laugh.

“You want Trey to take your place on my guard?” I asked.

“But I was the Queen's guard,” I hold my hand up, shutting off Trey's protests when Liam looks at me, his eyes glazing over before his voice is in my head.

“You already know how I feel about the ferret. Dustin is clear about his feelings. What better way to catch a rat than having him by your side, my King? Azalea is safe with me. You know that, but if I remember correctly, Trey is not under the guard pact!” Liam says, making my brows furrow. I glance at Damian, trying to remember when I set the pact, but Liam was right. It was after the fall of King Garret and Queen Tatiana, and just before the death of my sister. Trey got here just before her end.

“What is it?” Damian mind-linked.

“Ask Clarice if Trey was there when Azalea’s food was tampered with,” I ask him, and he nods, walking off down the stairs.

Turning my attention to Trey and Dustin, they were glaring at each other.

“Trey, you’re swapping with Liam. Liam will be on guard with you, Dustin.” I tell him, and Dustin nods, heading up the stairs to my room.

“He is a f*****g drunk!” Trey accused, glaring at Liam. I blinked, only to find Trey shoved against the wall, Liam’s hand around his throat and a knife under his chin.

“Watch it, boy, or I will be wearing your skin as a suit. Watch your tongue, talk about me like that again and I will remove it for you, one of the King’s guards or not. I will show you what a drunk can do, and what a pretty suit you would make,” Liam warned, tapping the side of Trey’s face with his knife. Trey swallows and nods quickly.

Liam growls before shoving off him and walking up the steps to his post, while Trey presses his lips in a line, looking away.

“5 am. We leave in the morning. Be ready,” I tell Trey before turning on my heel.

“Yes, my King,” I hear him answer before walking off. When I reach the top level, Dustin nods at me. I press my lips in a line, turning to face him.

“You are not off the hook. Unfortunately, my punishment for you,”

“I think putting up with me would be punishment enough, don’t you think, my King,” Liam chuckles. I cluck my tongue, turning back to Dustin.

“It is yet to be decided. Don’t f**k up again,”

“I won’t, my King,” Dustin says, and I nod to them, pushing the door open and going to find my mate. Azalea was sitting on the floor by the fireplace, playing with her tablet and an open book.

“Did you eat?” I ask her, and she nods, pointing to the empty tray on the dresser without looking up from the tablet she was typing away on. I sigh, walking over and grabbing it. Opening the door, I go to hand it to Liam when I notice the pill sitting on the tray still. My heart raced a little faster seeing it sitting beside her empty plate.

“Azalea?” I ask, looking over my shoulder at her. She looks up from where she is sitting on the floor to stare at me.

“Did you mean to leave that on the tray?” I ask her. She scratched her neck, and I could feel her worry through the bond and she grew nervous. She was scared of answering, but did.

“You said it was my choice. I don’t want to take it,” she says before biting her lip, her eyes on the tray in my hand.

“Liam!” I tell him, and he takes the tray before shutting the door. A giddy feeling rushes through me, knowing she wanted kids.

“You know what that means, right?” I ask, walking over to her.

“That I could get pregnant,” Azalea answers and shrugs.

“But I also might not be pregnant too, so, we’ll see,” I stop beside her, and she looks up at me.

“Are you angry?” she asks, but I shake my head, sitting beside her and pulling her on my lap. I was the complete opposite, but I worried how she would take it. Although now I held relief.

“No, I didn’t want you to take it, but it wasn’t my choice,” I tell her, kissing her cheek and wrapping my arms around her waist. I bury my face in her neck, inhaling her scent, and she squirms away from my ticklish stubble.

“What are you reading tonight?” I ask her, kissing my mark on her neck. Azalea shivers and she holds up the book.

“Treasure Island, you seem to like this one,” I tell her, and she leans back against me while I take the book and open it.

“I have to leave tomorrow, but Dustin will be here with Liam,” I tell her, finding the spot she was up to.

“Can’t I come,” she asks.

“I thought you wanted to see Abbie. Maybe next time,” I tell her. Azalea sighs, but as soon as I mentioned Abbie, I knew I was right in that assumption. Opening the book, I read, stopping now and then to let her try. Her reading has become better, and she could identify a few different words by the time I had stopped.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 137

**Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 137 – Kyson
POV**

The next few days passed by quickly. We were no closer to finding anything on the rogue children, but another woman was found, and we were going to investigate. Like Blaire, we found she was rogue, only this one was different. She was found wearing scrubs and appeared to be a nurse and not the usual s*x worker, so we had trouble figuring out any pattern. Getting ready to leave again, I felt like I had spent hardly any time here lately. I missed Azalea terribly when I was away, usually crawling into bed late at night while she was sleeping only to leave early in the mornings.

“Ivy!” I whisper, shaking her shoulder, and she groans, rolling onto her back.

“No, let me sleep. I will do it later,” she whined, and I growled, scooping her n***d body up off the bed. The same argument every morning as I hauled her to the bathroom and dropped her on the toilet. She huffed and glared at me with tired eyes. .

“I don’t understand why you have me testing every morning. It’s too early to tell,” Azalea growled but held her hand out for the pregnancy test. I unwrapped it, passing it to her, and she glared at me until I turned around.

“Because Lycan pregnancies are only 12 weeks compared to normal pregnancies or werewolf pregnancies, if you are, we should be able to tell soon,” I told her and she mumbled incoherently.

“You know I can’t just pee on demand, right?” she says, and I roll my eyes, turning the tap on, hoping the water made her need to pee, it worked yesterday. I tap my foot impatiently, waiting with my hand out for the test. Only when she passed me, she giggled as she dropped the test in my hand. It took me a few seconds to figure out why she was laughing as she dashed off into the bedroom.

She didn’t put the cap on, and the part she peed on was now in the palm of my hand. I blinked at my hand holding her pee and dropped it on the counter, quickly washing my hand.

“Azalea!”

“That’s what you get for waking me,” she laughed, and I growled.

I could still hear her giggling as I waited for the test show. I growled, inconclusive, nothing appeared, this time the test was faulty. S**t, I rifled under the sink for another and stuck my head out the bathroom door to look at her to find her inside her nest, still laughing to herself.

“You little Brat! It was faulty. You need to do another,” I tell her.

“No can do. I no longer need to pee,” she said as stalked out of the bathroom. I try unraveling her nest, earning a feral growl from her. She swiped at me as I ruined her nest, trying to get to her. She frantically tried to put it back together, making me worry. This is precisely why I wanted her to do the test, her nesting was becoming out of control, and it had only been three days.

She assured me she felt the same, yet her instincts told me otherwise. I would call Doc to do a blood test, I thought to myself as I helped her rearrange her nest; feeling bad I upset her before I had to leave. Leaning over to kiss her, she growled at me, her eyes on my shirt, and I rolled my eyes, peeling it off, knowing she wanted it for her nest.

My poor bed was reduced to torn sheets, clothes, and duck feathers as she ripped the d**n pillows every night. She reaches for it, but I pull it back before she could grab it, wanting a kiss. She growls but leans forward, knowing what I want. Just before her lips brushed mine, she snatched my shirt from my hand, and turned back rearranging her nest.

“Brat!” I scolded, leaning across the bed and grabbing her hips, dragging her toward me. I nuzzle her neck and purr, letting the

calling slip out. Azalea relaxed before turning her face toward mine, her lips parted as I kissed her, and my tongue slipped between her plump lips as I kissed her, my tongue tasting every inch of her mouth, savoring her taste. With a sigh, I let her go knowing the others would be waiting for me.

“I will be home as soon as possible,” I tell her, watching her crawl beneath her nest. I stopped by my office on the way down to the car to grab a fresh shirt that was the last one I had left in the room. Thankfully I had a cupboard full in the office. Slipping one on, I step out of my office while buttoning it up.

Walking out to the car, I find Gannon standing beside it. “I thought you had the week off?” I tell him as he opens the door. I duck my head, stepping inside.

“I do, but I wanted to speak to you before you left,” Gannon tells me, peering in the car at me. Trey clears his throat behind him, and Gannon steps aside to allow him to climb in the back with me. I was wary of him, especially since finding out he had, in fact, been around and handled Ivy’s meals. Yet, when love commanded him and questioned him, it was clear he was not the one that p*****d her food, so we were still no closer to finding the culprit at the same time.

After spending the last few days with him, I was getting the same strange vibes, or maybe the rumors about him and Dustin going around the castle set me on edge. Regardless, until the person responsible was caught, I only trusted her with very few people, and Trey wasn’t one of them right now.

Turning my attention to Gannon, he looked at me.

“What do you need?” I asked him.

“I want to take Abbie away for a few days but wanted to clear it with you first,”

“Of course. Where are you taking her?”

“Don’t know yet, somewhere, but I will be back before my week off is over,”

“Take your time, Gannon. I can manage without you. Besides, when was the last time you had time off anyway?” I ask, knowing it had been years. Like Damian and Dustin, the man never took days off.

“Thank you,”

“Just make sure Azalea sees Abbie before she goes,” Gannon nods just as Damian climbs in the car also. Opening the mind link, Gannon stops as he goes to shut the door, but I didn’t want to ask aloud with Trey in the car, few people knew, and I wanted to keep it that way, not that he was paying attention too busy playing on his phone.

“Have Doc come to take blood from Azalea for me before you leave,” I tell him and nod.

“Still no luck with the tests?” he asks, and I shake my head.

“Will do, anything else?”

“Yes, enjoy your time off,” I tell him, and he smirks, shutting the door.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 138

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 138 – Azalea POV Walking out of my room, I was greeted by Liam, who came over and looped his arm through mine like we were best buddies. “And what adventure are we going on today, my Queen?” he asks, and I chuckle, looking around for Dustin.

“Dustin went to get your breakfast,” Liam says as I glance around.

“I’m not hungry. I just want to see Abbie,” I tell him with a frown as I walk down the steps toward Gannon’s room. Abbie hadn’t left the room since that first night back, and I know that is why Gannon wanted to take her somewhere, and I wanted to see Abbie before she left.

Kyson told me she was leaving through the mindlink. It always freaked me out when he used it. Not used to having someone in my head, let alone being a part of something. Abbie was rogue again, and I hated that, but she refused to let Gannon mark her. Every time I asked Kyson to make her pack, he said she refused and he couldn’t unless he changed her.

I knew why. She didn’t think she was worthy of having good things, but that wasn’t all. If Gannon couldn’t change her, then she wouldn’t be Lycan, and I don’t know what I would do without Abbie. Gannon stopped by not long after the King left to let me know he was taking her somewhere and that they were leaving after lunch.

Walking through the winding corridors and toward the back of the castle, I knocked but got no answer. Looking up at Liam, he gripped the door handle and pushed the door open, and stuck his head in the door.

“I think she is showering,” Liam whispers, although he had a strange look on his face like he knew something I didn’t, so I push the door open wider and step inside.

“I will wait here. Gannon isn’t here,” Liam says, sniffing the air and looking away from me awkwardly. I give him a nod before stepping into the darkroom. The c*****s closed, and no light made it a little difficult to see as my eyes adjusted to the darkroom. I managed to kick my toe on a coffee table and felt like cursing the d**n thing. Making my way to the bathroom, I knock on the door.

“Abbie? It’s me,” I call out to her, but I get no answer. However, it sounded like she was crying behind the door, and I suddenly knew why Liam didn’t want to come in. Glancing around the room, I open the door and close it behind me. Turning to face the dark bathroom, I find the mirrors are covered over with large sheets of black paper, the bathroom darker than the main room, the air thick with the salt of her tears and the billowing steam.

I instantly broke out in a sweat. It was like a sauna in here. Muttering could be heard from the huge glass shower stall that was fogged up.

“Abbie?” I whisper, opening the shower screen. I find her in the bottom of the shower, scrubbing herself viciously while pressed into the corner. Her skin is bright red from the heat of the

scalding water. I knew she wasn't okay. Everyone knew that but seeing her like this broke my heart. She stops like she hadn't realized I was here. Her head lifted and she just stared vacantly ahead. A scourer clutched in her hand, something you would clean a heavily stained pot, not skin with.

"I can still feel his hands, Az, still taste his vileness in my mouth," she whispers while staring off vacantly. A tear slips down her cheek before disappearing down the drain with cascading water. Her lip quivered as I stepped into the shower, my clothes becoming saturated, and the water was scalding hot. I move over to her near the far wall and sit beside her. Some parts of her skin were bleeding like she had scrubbed herself raw. The scars that littered her body are raw and angry but thankfully healed, now just raised from the scrubbing.

"Sometimes it is okay to remember the dark parts, Abbie. Just don't stay there too long, don't let it trap you, don't give him the control he no longer has over you," I tell her, and she turns her head to look at me. I grabbed her hand, clutching the scourer, and laced my fingers through hers.

"I don't want control, I want to forget, I want to hate him and still not love him. How can you still love someone even after they do something like that? I should have listened to Gannon. I should have stayed," Abbie whispers.

"It was the mate bond. That wasn't really love, just some twisted version of what you perceived as love," I tell her.

"I was naive, stupid," she scolds herself.

“No, you wanted something more than what we have been given, and that’s not your fault,” I tell her. I sit with her, letting the boiling water scold my legs. Thankfully she only had her legs under the water, the rest of her pressed against the wall. Yet her skin was raw and raised.

“I can’t live like this, Az. I don’t want to anymore. I don’t want to be the broken doll,”

This wasn’t my Abbie, this Abbie had given up. This was what was left. She looked as helpless now as she did when we first stepped into that orphanage. Only then we were younger, and children. Children only know what we are told, accepting of whatever fate we are handed because we don’t know better.

Yet now that we are older we see the horrors of the world with a different light, we see the monsters, the lies and understand nothing about our childhood was normal. What we thought was normal no longer is, and this new normal we are still uncertain of. Comfortable with pain because it was normal, comfortable in our own misery that was normal, so broken was normal. How do you fix normal?

How do break the cycle of a thought pattern, pain is not normal yet all we know, or I did know until I met Kyson, Abbie hasn’t met her new normal she is still suffering in the version we grew up with. And I knew she was tired, tired of the old normal. She wears her resilience like armor, but now laid b**e I knew for once she didn’t want to keep carrying it.

“You’re not broken,” I whisper despite the fact she looked it.

“I am. I don’t know who I am anymore,” she whispers, staring off vacantly.

“You’re my best friend, my sister. You are more than my life,” I tell her squeezing her hand.

“No, we are you! We are rogue, we are whatever they let us be and nothing more,” she says.

“Only if you let yourself be, you are not what he did to you, Abbie, you are not what the butcher did to you, and we are not what Mrs. Daley made us believe,”

“You aren’t. You are a princess and soon to be Queen, you are Azalea Ivy Landeena, I am rogue, I am nothing, and now everyone knows what they did, everyone knows the d***y things I wished I could forget, I am sick of them looking at me with pity, sick them looking at me with disgust, sick of being what he made me!”

“Then be Abbie,” I tell her putting my head on her shoulder.

“But I don’t know who she is” Abbie murmurs, her voice emotionless.

“What they did to you is not you but a reflection of them. That is who they were, were Abbie. They are d**d, and you are still breathing. They don’t get another chance, but you do, so take it, don’t let them chain you down in the memory of what they did. They don’t deserve it. Live because you can and want to,” I tell her and she shakes her head and pulls her knees to her chest.

Abbie puts her head in her hands, and cries. Her shoulders shook, and I couldn't begin to imagine what she was going through, but she would get through this. She had to because this world wasn't worth being in without her.

“You sound like Gannon, but even he looks at me the same as everyone else, even you do; I know you can't help it, but-” she choked out, her entire body shaking.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 139

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 139 – “I don't look at you with pity, Abbie. I know who you are, and that is all I see. I see you, and this is not you. You are better than them. I see the girl I am willing to die beside, the girl I jumped with, the girl that kept me going when she wanted to give up herself, and you are not giving up, more than my life Abbie. I am here, and you staying right here with me, you go I go, so which is it, are you jumping because if you are, I am jumping with you,”

“You have a mate and are Queen, so don't say that. I am nothing compared to you,” she says and I hear in her voice how much she truly believed that.

“You are everything to me. You always have been. My title doesn't change that, and you have Gannon and will be my Beta, so don't tell me you are nothing because the only reason I am still here for any of this is because of you,”

Abbie chuckles and shakes her head but lifts it placing it against the wall. “I am a werewolf. You are Lycan, I can’t be your Beta, and I wouldn’t know the first thing about being a beta.”

“You think I know how to be Queen?” I laugh, sitting up to look at her.

“I can’t even read, but we have people here that will help us. I have Kyson. You have Gannon, and me.”

“Yeah, until he tosses me aside, when I can’t give him what he wants,”

“He wants to change you and mark you. He isn’t going anywhere, and even if he does, I am still right here,” I tell her.

“You would change me?” she asks.

“Wouldn’t think twice about it, but we may have to ask how though, because I am not sure how to,” I chuckle, and so does she before her smile falls.

“Who would have thought freedom would be worse than the chains that restricted us,” she whispers.

“Freedom isn’t something given, Abbie. It’s a mindset. Only we can free ourselves,”

“Do you feel free?” she asks, and I sigh.

“I don’t know, but I know we aren’t the orphan rogues anymore. I don’t know who I am either, but I am determined to find out, and I prefer we find out together,” I tell her and she swallows.

“More than my life,” she whispers.

“More than my life,” I reply.

“More than my life,” Gannon’s deep voice says, making us both jump, neither of us heard him come in, and I swipe my hand down the glass to find him leaning against the sink basin.

“Gannon?” Abbie sighs, shaking her head beside me.

“How long have you been there?”

“Long enough, now hop out. We are leaving,” he tells her but she doesn’t move.

“I told you I am not going,” Abbie says, staring vacantly ahead.

“You are. You can’t stay in here, love. So please,” Gannon begs, crouching down in front of us when he opens the door. I look to Abbie, who makes herself smaller like she was trying to hide her body away from him.

Gannon’s eyes flit to me for a second before he scrubs a hand down his face, and I see the blacked-out mirror behind him, glancing back at Abbie and looking at her scarred skin. We nearly looked the same.

Hers were jagged, but my back looked like it had gone through a mincer, and so did my arms and the backs of my legs, yet the front of me wasn’t so bad. Abbie, however, was marred, but hers were jagged yet less, though I had no doubt hers caused her more pain because the scars would heal, but the marks on her heart, I wasn’t so sure.

Nonetheless, I could tell she was ashamed of her body, what had become of it, and if that was what was preventing her from leaving the room, she needed to know she had nothing to be ashamed of. Her scars couldn't be hidden by clothes like mine could, but that didn't mean she should feel ashamed of them.

“Can you get out, please?” she whispers, her knees close to her chest.

“I have already seen you n***d, Abbie,” Gannon tells her. Her face flamed red, and her lips quivered, and I knew I was right, and by the way she scrubbed her skin raw, I knew she felt d***y, felt on display by the marks that marred her.

“I can't go out there,” she whispers, and I look at the scars that ran down her neck and mutilated her shoulders and the cuts on her face that left white lines once healed. To me, though, she was still beautiful. lyrics remember the shame I felt when the King asked me to get changed in front of him, the way Abbie begged at his feet for me. Gannon sighs but gets to his feet and walks out, he looked angry but never once voiced that anger at her.

“It's just skin, Abbie,” I whisper. Yet to her, they were memories, and I understood that, that I did understand, and I hated mine too. Hated the way it looked against my skin. Hated the reminder.

“He mutilated me. It is one thing, everyone here knowing another having the world see,” she croaks.

Trying to feel for the mindlink, I push on it, hoping I could open it myself, yet when I struggle, Kyson opens it for me. It was so weird trying to feel for him in my head. The bond was one thing,

but the mind was something else, and Kyson made it look easy but it wasn't.

“Why do you feel embarrassed?” Kyson asks.

“Abbie hates her body,” I tell him.

“And that makes you embarrassed?” he asks, and my face heated as hot as my shame.

“Hmm, I don't like this feeling. Where are you?” The King asks.

“In the shower with Abbie,”

“I see,”

“Not like that. I have clothes on, but,”

“But what?”

“I want to take them off,”

“Your both girls, I don't see a problem with that,” my face heated even more. I was not afraid to be n***d in front of Abbie. G*d knows how many times I had been n***d in front of her and her me.

“Spit it out, Azalea. Your worry is making me queasy. What is it?”

“Say I walk outside in the castle n***d?”

“Definitely not,” Kyson growls. Which angers me and fuels my next answer.

“I wasn’t asking permission,” I tell him though I was kind of hoping he would give it because I didn’t exactly want this to cause an argument.

“Then why are you telling me?”

“So you don’t have to find out from the staff,” I tell him.

“Azalea!” he snaps.

“Will be n***d walking the corridors,” I answer.

“Like h**l, you are,” I cut him off, only for the mindlink to open up again and he forced his way back in my head.

“Somebody shut off the d**n cameras,” Kyson snarled through the mind-link opening it for all castle staff. Their voices, flitted through my head making me dizzy.

“We have cameras?” I asked.

“Yes, they were installed two days ago. You are not doing this,” Kyson tells me.

“I am,”

“Why are we cutting off the cameras,” Gannon’s voice says suddenly through the mindlink. So many voices were making my head hurt and I struggled trying to shut them off only for Kyson to force back in my head.

“Do not let Azalea leave the bathroom,” Kyson growls at him.

“Pardon, my King,” Gannon answers. Abbie touches my arm as she stands, making me jump and pulling me back to focus on the room.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 140

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 140 – I watch her grab a towel and wrap it around herself, and I stand, stepping out of the shower. My face is already heating. I start shredding my clothes dropping them in a wet heap as Abbie sticks her head out the door. Kyson was yelling at me through the mind-link and the guards and I tried my best to ignore him.

“I will get you some spare clothes,” Abbie says.

“Don’t bother,” I tell her, and she glances at me but quickly rushed into the room. Kyson was still talking through the mindlink, arguing with Guards to leave Gannon’s quarters. While Liam asked neverending questions, it was hard trying to keep tabs on how many people’s voices were suddenly flitting through my head.

I grab a towel and dry myself, and Abbie runs back into the room with a cami and shorts, trying to pass them to me while she starts pulling on a turtle neck and long pants.

“Here,” she whispers, but I shake my head.

“Az?” I go to step past her when she stops in front of me.

“Gannon is out there,” she says, gripping my arm when he suddenly opens the door standing completely n****d. I had no idea where to look, so I stared up at the roof, and so did he. Awkward.

“Hang on, we doing this in style,” Liam says through the mind-link and I look at Gannon who sends me a wink.

“I swear, Azalea when I get home,” Kyson starts.

“Well, that sounds like a challenge, my King,” I tell him.

“Put some clothes on, and Liam, stay away from my mate,” he snaps.

“What? Na, I am streaking with her, got my best apron for this, and if Gannon is strutting his stuff, so is me, sometimes you gotta air out the skinsuit,” Liam says.

“I said clear the halls,” The King commanded.

“Everyone remains at their posts!” I commanded back a little shocked at how easily I did.

The King growls “Azalea!”

“My King?” Clarice says, through the mindlink.

I could hear Abbie asking what was going on, but I grabbed her hand almost blindly as everyone’s faces flitted through my head along with their voices.

“I can’t do this with you in my d**n head,” I tell Kyson.

“Good because you aren’t doing it,” he growls.

“What is going on?” Clarice asks.

“Azalea is about to streak through the d**n halls,” Kyson tells her.

I focus on the mindlink, trying to get him out of my head. When I manage it, I am still standing in the bathroom though now I can see Gannon. I made sure to keep my eyes above the waist. I did not want to see more than I needed to. However, I was shocked to find his flesh torn apart more than ours.

“Are we doing this?” he asks, looking at me.

“Doing what?” Abbie squeaks looking between us.

“Oh good, I am not late,” Liam says, busting into the bathroom with only a floral apron on.

“Oh la la, my Queen, lovely birthday suit,” he said, not even being subtle as he looked me over. I swallowed under his leering gaze.

“Eyes off my mate Liam,”

“Hitting above your belt there, my king,” Liam chuckles, earning a growl through the mindlink Kyson kept forcing open. Liam reaches past Gannon, grabs my wrist jerking me to him, and loops his arm through mine while Abbie stands stunned. She grabs my arm as Liam tugs me toward the door.

“What are you doing?”

“We are showing you. You aren’t the only one a little broken,” Gannon says, offering his arm to her.

“Man, the King doesn’t shut up. Bit Bossy if you ask me. How do you put up with him,” Liam says. As Kyson kept trying to order his men out, when I realized something, his commands on Liam and Gannon were not working. That realization hit me at the same time it hit Kyson that I knew something was amiss.

“Azalea?” he asks.

“I love you, but I am doing this for Abbie,” I tell him, and he growls.

“Them Cameras better be f*****g off?” he calls through the open mindlink.

“Already off,” I hear Dustin call back.

“Well, now this is definitely an adventure so I guess we are off,” Liam says, opening the door and bowing. Abbie giggles behind me, and I glance over my shoulder to see Gannon put his hands over her eyes when Liam shakes his a*s at her. I try not to laugh and close my eyes, willing myself to step out the doors and not run back for the bathroom.

“You are in so much trouble when I get home,” Kyson snaps at me.

Anger courses through me, and Abbie gasps. I open my eyes at the sound and gasp myself. All the guards were still stationed where they were, their clothes at their feet in a heap, their eyes straight ahead and hands over their privates. I look at Abbie, who was fully clothed, gripping Gannon's arm tightly, looking like she wanted to run back into the room.

“Ready, my Queen?” Liam laughs, looping his arm back through mine. I nod my breathing heavy and look straight ahead before I start walking. I headed for the King's quarters, and I could hear Abbie crying behind me as she followed Gannon. Every staff member lined the halls n***d, eyes straight ahead, thankfully. My chest warmed knowing they did this for her. Kyson growled through the bond angrily, and I could almost sense the angry look on his face.

As we walked the halls, I felt a strange weight lift from not only me but Abbie as her crying stopped. Each person we passed bowed or nodded and she looped her arm through mine. She rests her head on my shoulder as we climb the last set of stairs to find Clarice and Dustin standing up top n***d.

“I knew you were a fine lady, Clarice, but d**n,” Liam says, giving a whistle.

“Liam, you are not too big for me to spank or wash your mouth out with soap,” she scolds.

“Lucky me, which knee would you like me over?” he laughs, and she folds her arms across her chest and her eyes narrow at the man.