

### His Found Lycan Luna Chapter 3

Kyson POV

My body shut down. However, I could hear everything going on around me clearly. Everything! Damian's frantic screams for help were loud, yet my body was foreign to me, numb. I could no longer feel the cool breeze, or the hands grabbing me and moving me. Feeling was completely gone. Although my mind was alert. I only knew I was being moved because I could hear what was happening around me. It was like my body suddenly died, and I was just a conscious mind living inside an empty shell.

"F\*\*k! He's burning up!" I hear Liam gasp somewhere off the side of me.

"I will get the Doctor," I heard Clarice say somewhere off in the distance.

"No! Just open the doors. He needs Azalea. It's her heat!" Damian says.

"Liam, grab the other side of him," Damian orders.

I could hear them climbing the stairs, their feet moving on the corridor floors, and the creak and groan of the doors being ripped open.

"Dustin already brought Ivy up here?" Damian asks someone before I hear Trey's voice.

"Yes. Gannon just escorted him back to his room," Trey answers.

"Open the door," Damian tells him. Ivy's scent I could smell. It was odd. I had a sense of her, yet not my own body.

"Out Trey, you aren't needed in here now."

"Yes, Beta," Trey answers, and I hear the door click shut.

"Help me get him on the bed and strip him down," Damian says, talking to Liam.

"Now what?" Liam asks.

I felt nothing and could only listen as they tried to figure out what to do.

"Um, ah, he is gonna k\*\*l me! I need to strip her down too, but if she wakes, I know she will look for Abbie," Damian curses.

"I have some Justin's handcuffs," Liam says.

"Some what?" Damian asks, and I was wondering the same thing.

"Justin's handcuffs. Just in case you need it. Here, I keep a pair on me at all times, you know, just in case I need to handcuff someone."

"I don't even want to know what you get up to,"

"Indeed, you don't, Beta. Now, I am a team player. If needed, I will perform," Liam says.

"Perform what? Give me those handcuffs," Damian says.

"I can swing both ways. If it saves the King, I can close my eyes and stick one in him," Liam says, and if I could move, I would have strangled him for saying such things.

"That won't be necessary, Liam. Go see Clarice."

"Yeah, rightio, Beta. The offer still stands. If it's just a good f\*\*k he needs, I don't mind breaking him in." "Out, Liam!" Damian.

"I'm going. No need to get your panties in a wad. Wanna check on the boys, anyway."

"Huh? What boys?"

"Some stowaways. All good, Uncle Liam is on kiddie duty until Clarice gets off," F\*\*k! Why did I let him on as my personal guard? The man could fall in a barrel of titties and come out s\*\*tting his thumb, that is for sure.

I hear Liam leave before hearing Damian move around to the other side of the bed. I heard the clink of metal as he placed the handcuff on my wrist before hearing him attach it to Azalea's.

"S\*\*t! I should have told Dustin to stay," I hear Damian mutter to himself.

"Azalea?" Damian says, and I could hear him tapping her, trying to rouse her awake. "S\*\*t! Azalea, I am going to undress you, okay?" my growl echoes in my head but doesn't appear to be heard by anyone but me. I couldn't help it, I did not want anyone to see her in a state of undress, especially while vulnerable during her heat, not that Damian would ever do anything to harm her or upset her, the man was a gentleman.

"My King, if you can hear me, you will have to get over it. I will try to undress her with my eyes closed," he mutters before I hear him tearing her clothes off. Talking through each step like he was asking permission that neither of us could give him. Yet, it put me at ease, and the first spark of feeling I got was when he draped her on my chest. Her skin helped slightly, but I was still p\*\*\*\*d and unable to move or feel anything else. The sound of sheets moving around us told me he was covering her nudity.

Hearing a knock on the door, it opened with a creak, and I heard Trey's voice.

"I don't mind watching over them if you want to get some rest, Beta," he says, earning a growl from Damian.

"I am not going anywhere while they are vulnerable. You aren't needed here. I will call you back when you are, so get out!" Damian tells him.

Silence filled the room, and Damian never left. I could hear him turning pages in the book he was reading. What felt like hours later, I slowly got feeling back, yet I could not move, not even open my eyes no matter how much I tried. After a while longer, Azalea stirred, and I listened to Damian berate her, and me, in a sense. Although he was talking to her, I listened, knowing he was right, and I felt terrible she was copping his anger over our stupidity, mostly mine. I should have listened to her, and now I had to make it up to her.

When Damian leaves the room, I listen to her talk to herself. Her voice brought me comfort, her touch put me at ease, and then she marked me. It smashed through every barrier and gripped my soul. Her fear for me slammed into me as the bond was forged, and I had never felt such immense relief when she did. She was of cially mine, and I was hers. Our bond forged for life.

Azalea didn't move from me. She occasionally whispered to me and bit me as her heat drove her to the edge of her sanity, and instinct came over her. I lost count of the number of times she asked me to wake up. I listened to her sing her Kingdom anthem, listened to her harsh breathing as she struggled with her heat.

I wanted to comfort her, let her know I was okay. Wanted to ease her suffering, not that I was sure she would let me. Time seemed to slow, and painfully so. She was in agony as she squirmed above me, her claws raking down my skin as she rubbed her face against my chest.

I could hear the sheets tearing as she fought the urge to mate me. She didn't want me unconscious, yet pain ravaged her, and my heart broke, knowing I could do nothing to help her right now. Her tears w\*\*t my chest as she writhed in pain. It was torturous, pure agony as I listened to her beg me to wake up. She wanted my calling and kept pressing her ear to the center of my chest like she could somehow hear it and let it calm her if she listened hard enough.

Her claws rake down my sides, her teeth biting me wherever she could. Nesting and trying to ease her pain, anything to distract herself from her heat. Still, as my temperature dissipated, hers rose drastically when eventually I feeling returned in my fingertips, my movement slowly returning.

Azalea was crying in pain and out of re ex, I went to touch her, to calm her, and my fingers were suddenly tangled in her hair. She froze, and I blinked up at the ceiling, my surroundings coming back to me to find her face all red and blotchy from her crying and her heat as she peered down at me.

"Shh," I whisper, turning my head to kiss her forehead. She rocks her hips against me, dropping her head back to my chest, her ear flat against the center. My calling slips out, and she bathes and soaked in it, her body calming instantly as I run my fingers through her hair.

Her breathing evens out when she suddenly starts purring, gently rocking her hips against me and coating my hardened c\*\*k in her arousal. I groan, closing my eyes at the feel of her w\*\*t p\*\*ty sliding up and down my shaft. I wanted to bury my c\*\*k inside her, feel her walls sp\*\*m around me while she m\*\*\*\*s. My c\*\*k twitches at the thought, and she m\*\*s softly. Gripping her hips, I forgot about the handcuff, but she didn't complain as I gripped her awkwardly and pulled her higher.

"I am not touching you until you say it, love," I murmured into her hair.

"Please! Make it stop!" she g\*\*\*\*s, trying to move lower. Her teeth sink into my chest, her claws scratch my shoulders, so I roll, slipping her onto her back and kissing her. Azalea responds instantly, kissing me hungrily and wrapping her legs around my waist.