

His Found Lycan Luna

By Jessica Hall

Chapter 1

Kyson

I had an entire speech thought out in my head. I even went so far as to think of what I would say to her, but that went out the window the moment I laid eyes on her; I lost it. I know it's ridiculous because she doesn't even resemble her mother in any way. Marissa's face was all I could see the moment I laid eyes on her.

She is their child. And I can't see past what they did. I can't see her, see my mate. All I saw was the enemy and reacted. The moment I glanced at her, I could only see that bitch who mutilated my sister and killed her and her child. For years, we hunted down the wolves that helped the hunters. We wasted years trying to find out who the ringleader was, only to learn she was dead all this time.

I just can't fathom how she could do it. She had a child herself, and yet she killed a pregnant woman and her unborn baby—killed the Landeena's and Queen Tatiana's baby. The same woman helped wipe out an entire village of children before sending them down the river to me in a warning. She was a mother herself yet she killed all those innocent children.

There is no one I hate more than Marissa Talbot. She took everything from me. Everything and everyone I cared about. Pacing my bed chambers, I try to think, try to see past my rage. Her scent is everywhere in this room, lingering on my sheets, her essence filling my sacred space, and it is driving me insane.

Grabbing the chair, I fling it across the room, the wood splinters and cracks against the wall with a loud creaking thud. Despite my hatred and fury, the bond calls for Ivy, and I want her. However, it's not safe for her to be around me. My mind is warped with uncontrollable anger.

The door opens, and Gannon stalks in. I take him in briefly, noticing the damage I have caused him, before my gaze darts away guiltily. Gannon's black eyes are cold, hard, and unforgiving. His lips are lifted in a snarl, and his hair is disheveled. He's shirtless, his muscled chest covered in blood from the various wounds he sustained from our fight.

"Where is Ivy?" Gannon demands, his tone clipped and holds a warning as he peers around the room. "Well, Kyson? I swear to God if you..."

"If I what?" I snarl angrily as I fist my hands. My hand throbs painfully, and I know it is because the bond has awakened after being so near her and is in full swing. I can feel her pain as if it

were my own, feel her anguish and confusion. But I have to shake off the look she had given me when I tossed open the door or I'll be sick. Gannon growls and stalks toward me. Before I can react, I find myself slammed against the wall.

“Where is my fucking queen?” Gannon roars, his hands fisting my shirt as he glares at me. Before I can respond, the door flings open, and I punch him. He grunts, stumbling back before I kick him, sending him flying backward into the bookshelf. A few books tumble off the shelf, spilling onto the floor. With a snarl, I move toward him, but Damian gets between us as we charge at each other. Damian shoves Gannon back.

“Stand down, Gannon!” Damian snaps, his tone telling him he is in serious danger of breaching the pledge he swore to uphold.

Gannon glares at me, pointing an accusing finger. “You have made a fucking mistake, king or not. I won't stand by this. Now where is our queen?” Gannon bellows. Damian is caught between us, glancing at us both, trying to figure out what the hell happened. We still haven't told him, I was telling him when Ivy had walked up earlier, making me lose my trail of thought as I became consumed by rage.

“Will someone tell me what has happened and why you just made me put your fucking mate in the damn stables like some

wild animal?” Damian demands, looking at a complete loss for words.

“The stables?” Gannon gapes at him, then glares at me.

They both hate me. I hate myself for what I did. I just lost control, and if she had been near me, I may have killed her.

The stables were what came to mind, being the furthestmost place from the castle itself while still being somewhat covered from the elements.

“You fucking bastard, you fucking promised. She isn’t her mother. You can’t punish her for something she had no part in,” Gannon snarls. If he were anyone else, I would have killed him for daring to talk back to me, let alone touching me. But Gannon and I grew up together. He is considered family, more than a guard.

“Who?” Damian shakes his head, looking between us. “What in the world happened when you were gone, and who are you talking about?” Damian demands to know. But Gannon and I are too busy glaring at each other to answer.

“Fix it! I swear, Kyson, I have stuck by you for fucking decades, opposed nothing you have asked of me, but if you don’t fix this, I am walking, king or not. I am fucking done,” Gannon spits at me, then stomps to the door.

“Where are you going?” Damian asks, trying to figure out what is going on.

“To find my queen,” Gannon snaps as he rips open the door to my growl.

“Wait, just fucking wait until I know what’s going on,” Damian snarls at us both. Gannon growls but closes the door and folds his arms across his chest.

“Now, explain,” Damian says.

“Marissa Talbot is Ivy’s mother,” I tell him.

“What?” he asks, shocked.

“The werewolf hunter, the one who killed my sister and the other Lycan bloodlines. Her mother was the insider; she was

the one who killed them,” I growl. Just speaking that vile woman’s name is like ingesting poison.

“What? How is Ivy connected to this?”

“She’s not. Her mother killed them,” Gannon growls. “Not Ivy, she didn’t kill them, you fucking moron!” he snaps, turning his attention to me, and I press my lips in a line.

“That’s what Alpha Dean had to tell you?” Damian gasps, glancing between us, while I wander over to the bar to drown my sorrows and my guilt.

“Wait, that is why you sent her to the fucking stables, Kyson? For something her mother did?” Damian asks, outraged.

“He fucking said he would leave it, forget it. He agreed she was innocent. She didn’t fucking kill your sister, Kyson,” Gannon snarls.

“You think I don’t know that?” I roar. This is so fucked up. I don’t think I can be around her, not without the risk of hurting her.

“What about her father?” Damian asks.

“They are trying to find his link to all this. We also think he was not aware of the crimes bestowed on his wife. We found nothing on him, that’s why we are late,” Gannon explains.

“And you’re sure it’s her parents?” Damian asks, sitting on the edge of my armchair and rubbing both hands down his face. He looks just as defeated as I feel, dark circles under his eyes and his overall demeanor is drained of life.

“Kyson was supposed to show her a picture to make sure, instead, I come up here and find out she has been taken to the fucking stables like some farm animal!” Gannon growls. “You’re going to have a very hard time walking this back, Kyson.”

“Gannon, enough. It may not be right what he did, but stop. Just let me think,” Damian says. He knows better than anyone how much that woman haunts me. The horrors of finding my sister like that and what that woman did to her. How she could do that to another mother sickened me.

“Go, take a photo to Ivy; verify it’s her mother while he calms down,” Damian says to Gannon, who nods before leaving. He

is livid, understandably, but I had kicked Ivy out long before my brain processed what I had done.

“Kyson, you could ruin her by not accepting her, ruin your only chance; bonds are easily damaged,” Damian says, and I look away from him, not able to stand seeing him angry at me. His disappointment is palpable.

“I know,” I tell him, feeling sick to my stomach and staring down at my hand that seems to have grown its own pulse. I flex my fingers, which are still throbbing.

“Maybe you should go for a few days, get away for a bit. I can bring Ivy back up here and watch over her until you get your head around this,” Damian suggests, and I growl.

All I can think about is her intruding in the very place her mother slaughtered my sister mercilessly. “I do not want her in this room,” I snap at him, and he growls, shaking his head at me.

“Well, move fucking rooms, Kyson. It’s depressing as fuck that you use your sister’s old room and that shrine of a room. This isn’t healthy, especially the room you have across the hall full of all Azalea things. You need to get over it, move on, and stop

living in the past. Ivy is your chance to do that. She is not her parents, not our past, she's your fucking future, and you're about to ruin it!" Damian snaps at me.

How could he say that? Marissa Talbot took everything from me, and now I am supposed to love her spawn, accept her like her mother did no wrong? What cruel fucking fate made me mates with the spawn of Marissa Talbot? It's a fucking cruel joke, that is!

"What's done is done. Ivy has paid enough for her parents' sins. You don't need to punish her for them, too," Damian says, standing up.

I know the horrors she has suffered very well, and now I am another one to inflict more pain. Logically, I know this, but the burning hatred of what her parents did overshadows the bond. I can't let this go. So the safest place for her right now is far away from me. I sip my drink, not bothering to give an answer to his words, it would only end with more arguing.

"I get, Kyson, I do. But you need to find a way to look past who her parents are because if you hurt her..." I glance over at him, and he looks away for a second before sighing heavily. He turns his face back, meeting my gaze. "I am with Gannon. I won't see you destroy her. I will walk. I know everyone else in this

castle will walk for her, too. You are not the only person who has waited for your queen.” He pauses for a second, glancing at the glass in my hand.

“This place has been a shrine for too long. We won’t watch it go back to being a prison of your depression. Fix it, or you are on your own, My King,” he tells me. She has been here five minutes, and they’ve turned on me!

“She isn’t of royal blood,” I tell him.

“No, but she is our rightful queen. The person destined to rule alongside you. You are our king, and we all took the same pact when you appointed us as your guard. We swore that when the time came, we would protect our queen over you. If that means choosing her over you...” Damian says to my growl as he continues giving me a hard look. “...then so be it.” he finishes before storming out.

The moment the door closes, my legs give out. I collapse on the floor. My feet go from under me, and I lean against the small bar. I know they are right. And I know I’ve fucked up, yet I can’t control my anger.

I promised to hurt the people responsible the same way they broke me, but I had no idea the person who would be taking that punishment would be my mate. Feeling for the mind link, I search for Gannon. He should be with Ivy by now and hopefully have some answers.

He allows the mind link but growls at me when it is opened. However, he doesn't try to shove me out.

'How is she?' I ask, trying to keep the frustration I feel from my voice.

'How do you think? She is confused, and you broke her fucking hand,' he tells me, and I glance at mine; that explains the throbbing sensation I feel.

'It will heal when she shifts. Did you show her the photo?' I ask and Gannon growls. I can tell he doesn't want to answer me.

'Gannon?' I snarl.

'Yes, Marissa Talbot is her mother, but that doesn't mean she needs to pay for what her parents did, Kyson,' Gannon finally answers. I kinda hoped she wouldn't recognize them, but I knew that was wishful thinking.

‘Just stay with her,’ I tell him.

‘I was planning to. Do you think I will leave my queen unguarded?’ he retorts.

I growl at his words. She isn’t even marked yet, and my royal elite guard is already choosing her over me. The pact isn’t in full swing until I mark her; I can still force them against her until then!

‘Are you really going to make her shift on her own?’ Gannon asks me, making me remember she will shift tonight.

‘You’re there,’ I tell him.

‘Kyson, that is not the same. She is petrified, and you fucking promised her,’ Gannon growls. I really need to remember not to tell them so much because now he is using it against me.

‘Kyson! You gave her your word!’

Guilt gnaws at me, and I reach up, grabbing the bottle off the shelf above my head and cracking the lid. I take a swig while trying to decide what to do before answering.

‘Tell me when she starts to shift, and I will come down,’ I sigh, cutting off the link before he can protest. I pull my lips between my teeth before getting up and grabbing a few bottles from the bar. If I am going to keep this promise, it would be best if I am too drunk to shift, knowing I am going down there. At least until I figure out what it is I am doing with her.