

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 186

More From The Web

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 186 – I grit my teeth as I watch Cedric rise to his feet; he bows to me. Honestly, lyrics had waited for this and knew without a doubt it would happen. Landeena guards were always and foremost for the empress or emperor, just like my men serve for me.

“We heard of her return, my King, we mean no disrespect. We appreciate your generosity in taking the Landeena people in. Still, we always stand behind Landeena. We just needed to be sure, and when her power vibrated through the sires, we knew she truly was a Landeena,” Cedric says, bowing his head. My brows furrow at his words, and I look toward Trey, who nods to Cedric, and it makes me wonder how far back Cedric and Trey went. It was clear Cedric respected Trey, but for whatever reason, it remained unknown.

“Keep her guardian close, my King. Trey is your biggest asset. There is a reason Tatiana forced Garret to sire Trey to their daughter,” Cedric says before offering me the Landeena sword. Trey holds out his arms for Azalea, and I hesitate a second before eventually handing her to him, and he swiftly walks off.

“You will come to see me the moment Liam returns to stand guard,” I tell Trey while taking the sword. Surprisingly, it was quite light. The Landeena crest and marking ran the length of the blade.

“No need, I have returned my King,” Liam calls out somewhere, and I look up from the sword. My eyes glance around the crowd of Landeena people, and Trey stops mid-stride to turn to face me. Liam pushes through the crowd, his hands wrapped around Peter’s arm and Ester’s. Cedric growls at Ester, and she flinches away when Cedric steps directly in Liam’s path.

“You dare taint the Landeena name with your spawn,” Cedric snarls at her but ultimately leaves her fate to me and steps aside. I glance at Trey, but Cedric is the one who explains. “Trey came to me when looking for Ester’s parents. I was the one that escorted the w***e home.” Cedric explains, and Trey growls when Liam shoves Ester toward me. I press my lips in a line looking at Cedric.

“This sire your people have?” I asked curiously.

“To the firstborn Landeena true heirs, not illegitimate spawn, I knew I should have k****d her when Trey told me to,” Cedric says, nodding to Trey before following his people off the castle grounds.

“Delivered alive, my king,” Liam says before tugging his shirt off. He tosses it at Ester, who crouches at my feet. I sneer at her, not wanting her anywhere near me.

“Cover-up,” Liam snarls at her before walking off toward Trey. He holds his arms out for Azalea, and Trey passes her limp body to him.

“My office now, Trey. And someone find Damian,” I tell them before turning on my heel and walking off. I knew they would follow. If not it would be stupid for her to try and run again with the Landeena guard present, having just walked off. I didn’t doubt Cedric to actually k**l her. His snarl of disgust showed how he felt about her. Yet I had questions and I wanted answers.

Damian was leaning against my office door when I came in. He rubs his eyes, looking like he has only just awoken. He pushes my door open, and I step inside, followed by Ester and Peter.

Trey walked in behind them. Falling into my chair, I sing out to Clarice who pops her head in. I knew she would be hovering around somewhere. She nodded to me, knowing what I wanted before wandering off.

“I am stationed outside her door. The Queen is tucked in bed nice and safe,” Liam mind links.

“When she wakes, bring her to me,” I tell him before cutting off the link. Looking around the room, Peter moved toward the window on the far wall looking out. His mother stood in front of him, and I motioned toward the chair next to Trey across from me. He growled but said nothing and only looked away when she sat beside him.

Damian flops down onto the chaise near the window where Peter is standing nervously and as pale as a ghost. I wanted to boil the b*****d alive, yet Azalea had mercy on him for some reason.

“Someone better start talking. And fast,” I tell him, leaning back in my chair. Neither of them speaks until Damian does.

“I will pull fingernails and teeth if needed. So f*****g speak!” Damian growls behind them. Trey looks over his shoulder at him before looking at his sister.

“Start from the beginning,” I tell her wanting to hear what she had to say. She looked away guiltily, yet something nagged at me the most. If she was at the Landeena Kingdom, how did she not notice Marrissa when she was here? She literally worked alongside her. Trey wasn’t here, and we found evidence to back his story.

He was indeed off hunting Marissa with the Landeena guard and hospitalized, but Ester was, meaning she had to recognize her.

When no one said anything, I was about to ask when Clarice knocked on the door, she held a tray of coffee in her hands, and Damian immediately got up and grabbed his. I felt terrible he had been all but running everything, and I could see it was taking a toll on

him, not that he would complain. I would have to send him off soon for a break. At this rate, he would be d**d on his feet, with broken sleep and barely any time off.

I grab mine and thank Clarice, who seemed to hover, and I sigh. Her eyes darted to Peter nervously like she expected me to drag him out and whip him to d***h. As tempting as that was, I wouldn't do it. Not without Azalea now, I couldn't risk the bond. She held all the power, and I knew she would be questioning everything now, so I needed answers to those questions.

Nodding to Clarice, she moves to sit beside Damian.

"Now speak," I turn to Ester, but she remains quiet. Trey sighs and leans forward, bracing his arms on the desk.

"Tatiana was to marry Garret to build an alliance. It was a contractual marriage," Trey says with a growl.

"So, how do you play into this?" I ask him.

"I was originally one of Garret's guards. Before Tatiana agreed to the marriage and moved to the Landeena Kingdom, I discovered she was my mate when we visited her Kingdom."

"And Garret agreed to let you remain alive?" I asked incredulously.

"He didn't know at first. We kept it from him. It took 20 years before he figured it out. But Tatiana knew that divorcing him would put me in a dangerous position. Garret could have selected any of her sisters, but he only wanted her, refused the other girls despite her efforts to convince one of her sisters would be better," Trey explains.

"So, how did he find out?"

"Cedric. He overheard Tatiana and me a few years before Azalea was conceived. Tatiana had trouble getting pregnant. They believed it was because of the bond, Tatiana agreed to the marriage yet she refused to let him mark her until Garret gave her no choice, k**I me and he takes her by force, or she allowed him to mark her and I could remain as her personal guard," Trey answers.

"There shouldn't have been a bond once she was married and marked," I say, and Trey sighs.

"Wrong. Azure and Landeena are moon blessed. They could still recognize their mates even after Garret marked her. She never stopped loving me and I her. They could choose to reject their mates too, but Tatiana couldn't go through with it. We believe rejection would have severed it on her end, not mine, possibly have k****d me," Trey says.

“Yet Garret k****d his human mate for her?” I state, and Trey nods when Ester speaks up.

“No, he didn’t,” Ester spoke softly.

“You are not his mate,” Trey growls at her.

“You think I don’t know that? But she didn’t d*e. Garret turned her,” Ester snaps back.

“No. Tatiana would have known,” Trey said as they bickered.

“She knew. She found out before she died, she was furious that Garret wouldn’t allow her to be with you when he had his mate,” Ester says when Damian stands. He grabs a chair from beside the bookcase, brings it over to the side of the desk, and sits on it.

“Garret k****d his mate. It is what started the hunter’s war,” Damian says, but Ester shakes her head. Damian and I look at each other, and Trey stares at his sister as if he doesn’t recognize her.

Share

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 187

More From The Web

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 187 – F**k! I wasn’t even sure I knew the stranger sitting across from me now.

“Okay, wait. First, explain your sire bond. Then we will get to Ester,” I tell them, starting to lose track of what was going on.

“When Garret found out about me, he wanted me d**d. Tatiana used his infidelity against him. Said if he k****d me, she would divorce him and move back home. This was after Azure fell, but it was a bluff. There was no one left in Azure, but she would have walked. Azure held control over the council, meaning Tatiana now held control over the council. Garret wanted to overthrow all the Kingdoms and Garret needed an heir, so they compromised. Tatiana would carry his child, and she would turn a blind eye to his infidelity,” Trey explains.

“And he to hers?” I asked, trying to figure out the dynamic of their relationship. Trey shakes his head.

“No. Once Azalea came along, Garret was paranoid that I would k**l his only heir, so he sired me to Azalea. Not that I would have hurt her. She was Tatiana’s daughter. Therefore, I would never harm her, knowing it would hurt my mate. I would never do that. I loved Azalea like she was my own. For almost four years, I watched her grow.

There was no way I would hurt her.” Trey answered.

“And then what?” I asked, and Trey swallowed and looked away, leaning back in his chair. I watch as he folds his arms across his chest.

“You don’t want me to answer that, my King,” Trey says, and I growl.

“You will, though. I am not in the mood to play games with Trey. So f*****g answer and truthfully. I need to establish if you are a risk to my mate despite the sire bond,” I snarled at him.

“Tatiana was off-limits,” Trey answers, and I look at Ester, but she was watching her brother just as curious.

“Yet Garret let you remain, after finding out and after his child was born?” Damian asked, just as confused.

“Part of the sire agreement made by Garret was that Azalea was promised to me when she came of age,” Trey answers, and my inner beast rushes forward at his words. The desk flies toward the ceiling. Trey moves just in time before it crashes against him and Damian rips Ester away as it was upturned. In seconds, my hands were wrapped around his throat, and Trey glared at me. His jaw clenched as my Lycan side came forward and I shifted, my claws slicing his skin, and I flexed my fingers, strengthening my grip.

“I said you didn’t want to know!” Trey snarls. “It’s why Garret cheated in the games! He needed his daughter’s hand back.” Trey snarled, his nostrils flaring with his own anger, yet he remained unflinching, undefensive, as I squeezed his throat. His face turned purple when Damian’s hand gripped my shoulders.

Peter whimpers in the room’s corner, hiding behind Clarice, who was now on her feet.

“Kyson, let him go,” Damian whispers behind me. Yet he was trying to take my mate from me. That’s all my mind could register. Azalea is mine, and I wouldn’t allow him to have her.

“Kyson, think. We need answers. The ones that only he has,” Damian says, as his grip tightened on my shoulder. A shudder runs through me, yet I let him go with a growl, shoving him away.

Ester was picking up spilled papers with Clarice while Trey went to set the desk back upright as I tried to force myself to shift back. Damian passes me a bottle of whiskey, and I snatch it from him, gulping it down, and trying to stifle the raging anger that threatened to consume me.

“I will send for more coffee, Clarice says.

“And I will grab a mop,” Ester says, and I growl.

“Peter stays! I want to make sure you return. If you try to run and I will have Liam drag you back and force you to watch as I k**l your son!” I snarl at her, and her eyes dart to Peter, who was about to follow her. She points back to the chaise, and he looks at me but quickly obeys his mother, taking his seat.

“I’ll wait with him until you return,” Clarice tells Ester, and she quickly rushes off. Gannon shows up, and I knew Damian must have called him because he came in with some clothes just as I shifted back.

I pull them on while glaring at Trey, who takes his seat. When Ester returns with a mop and broom, my office becomes crowded, and Clarice leaves quickly to retrieve coffee.

“Peter can do it! Sit!” I snap at Ester, and she nods quickly, passing them to her son, who Gannon watched with eagle eyes.

Damian clears his throat, and I nod for him to take over. I wasn’t in the right headspace now knowing that information.

“So you were promised Azalea?” Damian says, and Trey turns his attention to Damian.

“Yes, but I won’t act on it. I don’t think I could even look at her that way, knowing she was Tatiana’s daughter.

And I am not sired in that way if the King had let me explain. Azalea would have had the ultimate choice in the end. But that is why Garret tried to cheat you out of the games for years before Tatiana conceived Azalea,” Trey explained.

“And what did Garret get out of this deal?” Damian asked.

“I wouldn’t pursue Tatiana, and I could remain by her side. I had no intention of being with Azalea. I was waiting for her to leave Garret, and I would take my rightful place by her side,” Trey says.

“So your loyalty was never to Garret?” Trey shakes his head.

“No, it was to my mate and Azalea. Garret wanted to ensure his heir lived, so Tatiana suggested the sire to save me when he said he would k**l me once he became paranoid again after she was born.”

“So, how do you come into the picture?” Damian asks Ester.

“Mum let it slip once that I had brothers. When I asked about them, Dad and I had a fight. He kicked me out and said mum’s past should remain in the past, and that they

weren't my brothers," Ester says, and Trey's lip pulls back over his teeth at the sound of her voice.

"So you went looking for them?" I asked her, and she nodded.

"Yes. When dad disowned me, I lived with my grandparents," Ester says.

"My grandmother helped me locate them, so I went looking for them,"

"And why did your father disown you?"

"He found out I was secretly looking for them. We were already fighting. My father could be very strict. He kicked me out and said I was destroying his relationship with mum. So I moved in with my grandparents. They helped me get a hold of Trey." she explains.

"Ester wanted to meet us, and we knew that financially, she was a burden on our grandparents. So my father took her in and I got her a job as a cleaner at the castle," Trey answers flatly, sending her a glare.

Ester drops her head. "You knew she was my mate," Trey growls, and she purses her lips.

"So you and Garret became involved?" Damian asks her.

"Yes. Ivy was nearly 4 when I left after Tatiana learned I was sleeping with her husband. I was one of his personal servants,"

"How did she find out it was you?" I asked. Besides the obvious pain, it made no sense.

"Marissa caught us. She tried to k**l me. Marissa told Garret to get rid of me, or she was going to tell Tatiana.

Said she understood the alliance, but besides Tatiana, she wouldn't share," Ester says, and my mind was blown.

Leaning back in my chair, I looked at Damian, trying to figure it out.

"Wait. Marissa told her? That's how she found out?" Trey asked her, clearly shocked by that information.

"You weren't the only one sired to Azalea," Ester says.

"What, b*****t! You aren't sired to Azalea!" Trey snarls at her.

"No, but Marissa was. Why do you think she took her?" Ester sneers at her brother just as Clarice returns with coffee.

“Wait, what?” I asked.

“Marissa was Garret’s human mate. Tatiana got to keep you. Do you really think Garret would k**l his mate and let her keep you?” Ester asked.

“Wait. Hold up! Marissa was a werewolf,” I tell them, and Ester shakes her head.

“No, she was the hunter’s daughter. Garret took her and turned her. That is what caused the war. Her father didn’t want his daughter with a Lycan. So Garret kidnapped her, changed her, and faked her d***h. After he got married to Tatiana and conceived Azalea, he had Jordan introduce Marissa to Tatiana as a servant looking for a job,” Ester said.

“Marissa’s husband?” Damian asked.

“Jordan wasn’t Marissa’s husband. He was her guard assigned by Garret to keep tabs on her. He was a werewolf from the pack Garret had hidden her in.”

“You’re wrong. Marissa was a werewolf,” Damian says, shaking his head. We should know we had looked right into her background.

“Wrong. Did any of your reports ever say she was seen shifted? Garret covered it up. Marissa wanted me gone when she learned I was a side w***e,” Ester says bitterly.

“Wait, Marissa was Garret’s mate?” I asked. Ester nods.

“It’s why Garret refused to get rid of her when Tatiana complained about her,” Ester explains.

“So, you knew who Marissa was when she came here?” I demanded, and her shoulders slump, and she nods.

“And you didn’t say anything?” I snarled.

“She threatened to tell everyone about Peter. When she found out I was pregnant, I was forced to leave.

Marissa became jealous and contacted the hunters. They were supposed to k**l Tatiana and me, but I had already left by the time they decided to try to take them and Marissa couldn’t stop them, so she went along with it and kidnapped Azalea to keep her safe, said Azalea was all she had left of Garret. I didn’t think she would go after your sister when she came here,” Ester says. My hands shook with rage and I clenched them to stop from punching something or jumping across the desk to k**l her.

My sister died all because she refused to speak up, and I blamed Azalea for it when the woman who sat across from me could have prevented the entire thing.

"My King, Azalea has awoken," Liam mind links.

"Do you want me to bring her to you?" he asks. I press my lips in a line.

"No, I will come to her," I reply before looking over at Damian.

"Azzy is awake, I tell him and he nods.

"So, what do you want to do?" he asks while looking at Peter and Azalea.

"I am going to see my mate,"

"And them?" Damian asks.

"I can't k**l Peter," I growl not now he has been openly claimed as a Landeena. I stand about to walk out the door when I pause.

"Your mother will take your punishment," I say turning back to the room. Peter whimpers and Clarice gasps.

"You want me to k**l her?" Gannon offers and Peter screams rushing toward his mother only for Gannon to rip backward and knock his feet out from under him. He lands on his a*s and sobs while Ester looked resigned to her fate.

"No, 500 lashes," I tell Gannon, only to pause and my eyes fall on Peter.

"And you will do 250 of them. I see one piece of her back unmarred when I return. Not only will you receive the same, but I will also then make you k**l her by the time I am done with her," I tell Peter. Peter whimpers, and tears brim in Ester's eyes. Her lips quiver but she only speaks when Peter begs not to do it.

She looks over her shoulder at him. "A punishment must be served,"

"Mum please, I can't,"

"But you will or the king kills me, so choose Peter, which is it you prefer?" she snaps at him. He drops his head.

"Count everyone, and call me down when he is done. I will deliver the last 250, which will be silver and wolfsbane dipped." I tell her, and she sucks in a shuddering breath before swallowing and looking away. She bobs her head once, accepting her punishment. Trey just stared with eyes ahead at the wall.

"You will watch her receive her punishment. If you make a move to stop it, you will be pulled from my guard and Azalea's," I warn him.

“No issue, my King. I told you that already. My loyalty is with Azalea,” Trey answers, and I nod before walking out and heading up to find my mate.

Share

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 188

More From The Web

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 188 – Azalea POV

Rolling over, I pressed my face into the soft pillow. It felt like I had a hangover. My head was pounding, everything felt too bright, and my brain was sluggish as the events from earlier slowly returned to me.

My skin buzzed with an odd sensation that made my skin prickle with goosebumps. “My Queen, I feel you are awake,” a stranger’s voice said inside my head.

“Don’t be alarmed. My name is Cedric. I am part of the Landeena guard and I was your father’s Beta. I have been waiting for you to wake,” his calming voice says. How do I use the mind-link? I thought with a sigh while trying to work out how to use this newfound mind-link.

“You are using it, My Queen,” Cedric chuckles.

“You can hear me?”

“Yes, and know that your powers have awoken. You should be able to reach all of us, command all of us, and find all of us through this link. You’ll get the hang of it,”

“I remember hearing you even when I was passed out. You revoked your pledge to my mate,” I tell him. I remember the tingling sensation as their tethers linked to me.

“We were and always will belong to the Landeena Kingdom. Landeena is our home. You are home for your people, My Queen,”

“And the guards, they all agree?” I asked him. Unsure about this new tether.

“Yes. All 71 of your guards will fight, k**l and d*e for you,”

“I don’t want anyone to d*e for me,”

“But we will and you’ll understand soon enough. Your powers are awoken now, you just need to learn how to use them. So feel free to call on Trey or me, or any of us. We are your people, and you are ours. You have no idea how happy I am to hear the bloodline lives on, and what a bloodline. I can’t wait to see you at full strength. See what you can do,” I think over his words for a second when the door opens. Liam steps in.

“My guard is here. I have to go find my mate,” I tell Cedric as Liam stops, scrutinizing me.

“Very well, My Queen. We are posted around the castle. Call me through here if you need me.”

“Wait. Umm, how do I call you through here?”

“Just think of my voice. You’ll figure it out. Trey will show you. Stick close to Trey. Trust no one, My Queen, not until you know for sure they can be trusted. Landeena had a lot of enemies,”

“So I shouldn’t trust you,”

“No. But I will earn it. But I assure you, we can be trusted. We didn’t just pledge to you, My Queen. Your father assured your safety, us guards were personally picked and set aside for you. We were given no ties, just a command when we pledged. We didn’t just pledge, we tied our lives to you. We all thought Trey was mad when he said you survived. He kept insisting we look for you. We did for years,”

“I don’t understand,”

“He was your sire, and we figured he had it wrong. We even convinced him of it after a few years. Trey insisted that you were alive because he was,” Cedric tells me before cutting the link. My brows furrow in confusion.

“The King is on his way,” Liam tells me, and I nod, swinging my legs over the side of the bed.

“Who were you talking to?” Liam asks curiously, and I startle.

“You knew I was talking to someone?”

“Yes. Your eyes turned white,” he says.

“Cedric,” I answered, and he nodded.

“Where is Kyson?” I ask Liam. He bites his lip before he sighs.

“He is organizing the punishment for Ester and Peter,”

“Punishment?”

“Yes. Punishment,” Kyson says behind him, making me jump, having not heard him. I look over at him to see him standing just inside the door.

“Leave us,” Kyson says, strolling over to me and Liam quickly does as he is told. He closes the door behind him.

“You challenged me,”

“You were going to k**l him. He is a boy,” I tell him because I couldn’t bring myself to say he was my brother.

“What punishment did you give him?”

“Not the one I want, but I kept my word. I won’t k**l him,”

“And Ester?”

“Alive,” I let out a breath. I didn’t like the woman, but I didn’t believe she deserved d***h for sleeping with my father.

“What else?”

“What else?” Kyson repeats, coming to sit beside me on the edge of the bed. He drags me across his lap, turning me to face him, so my legs straddle his waist.

“We found out some information about your family. I am sure Trey will tell you more. And since I commanded him, you will have to as well. Yet Ester was forthcoming with information.”

“And you commanded her?” I asked, and he nodded.

“Yes, of course. She didn’t fight it, so I know she spoke the truth, or at least her truth. But I have to ask,”

“Ask what?”

“Do you remember Marrissa ever shifting into her wolf?” he asks, and my brows furrow. I tried to think back, sifting through any sort of memory, yet those memories were so grainy, so fractured.

“No, I don’t think so. Even when they...” I swallowed, being sucked back to that night. That night stayed fresh in my mind. The night I watched them k**l her. We had been running for hours when they circled us. We had stumbled into another pack’s territory. Abbie and I were hidden inside a hollow tree. Abbie clutched my hands, and we both tried to remain quiet. Yet as we watched through the cracks of the broken trees, not even we could hold back our screams. Not even then did she shift. My father, I mean Jordan, moved so fast. He wouldn’t stop fighting until Marrissa called out to him. I always thought her words were odd.

“It’s the only way to keep her safe,” she said, falling to her knees. Abbie’s parents still fought. Their wolves were ripped apart, and her screams drilled into my ears when Marrissa fell to her knees and looked at our hiding spot. “Don’t fight them. Don’t run. Remember, mummy loves you,” and she let them slaughter her, almost as if she was resigned to her d***h. It was only moments later that Alpha Dean was ripping the tree trunk apart with his warriors to get to us.

“Azalea?” Kyson says, shaking me, and I snap out of where my memories took me. I blink, shaking the remnants of it away.

Share

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 189

More From The Web

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 189 – “No. No, I never saw her shift,” I answer him.

“And Jordan?” I shake my head again. Tears burned my eyes, and I lay swallowed down the emotion that made a lump form in my throat and threatened to choke me. How could I still love the monster who raised me? Maybe because to me, she was never a monster but a mother, it was hard to differentiate between the two sorts of people she could be. But after what she did? How?

Some logical part of me knew she was the reason my real mother was d**d, yet the memories I hold closest were always her. She may not have been my real mother, but she raised me as her own. She loved and cared for me. Or at least I thought she did. And yet the woman who was my mother I had no memories of and my family were the strangers to me, or maybe she just overshadowed any memory I did share with them?

Kyson’s calling slips out. Only then did I realize I was shaking, and his hands slid up my arms softly. My entire body was trembling, and I gave in to the noise, letting the calling soothe me as I calmed my nerves.

“Why do you ask?” I murmured, knowing he must have a reason.

“Ester told us Marrissa was your father’s mate and was a Lycan. Just like Trey was your mother’s.” I sat back up, startled by the news and confused.

“What?” I asked and sighed. I didn’t know what to think. Everything was so confusing and still made little sense to me. Titles and bloodlines and kingdoms were so new to me yet I was expected to be able to follow the rules of a world I wasn’t taught to live in, the expectations and weight of that were finally sinking.

I knew nothing of this world, or any world for that matter. Or mate bonds and alliances and I thought this life was difficult. I couldn’t imagine watching from the sidelines as my

mate was with someone else. What would that do for the soul? Your heart? Four broken souls and four broken hearts are doomed to watch each other try to be happy with another. I couldn't imagine the torment that would cause the bond.

So much to figure out.

But first, I needed to focus on what punishment that was bestowed on Peter and Ester right now.

"What punishment did you give my... brother?" I force the word out. It tasted bitter on my tongue.

"500 lashes..." Kyson answers.

"What!" I shrieked, and Kyson gripped my arms.

"Not Peter. So wait and let me explain," he says, clasping my arms tightly. I quickly nod, deciding to hear him out before losing my mind at him.

"Ester. She knew who Marrissa was and could have prevented my sister's d***h. She needs to be punished for that."

"Peter can't heal. He hasn't shifted yet," I tell him, knowing there was no way he could survive that many lashes. "Ester is receiving the lashes.

Peter will administer half of them. The other half, I will." I shake my head. He expected Peter to whip his own mother? It sounded barbaric and cruel.

Kyson growls at me when I glare at him. "You won't let me k**l him, and I can't without breaking the laws! You will go along and agree Azalea. You don't have to like the ruling, but you will stand by it, or I will k**l Ester. If you don't want me to k**l them, you will agree." he snaps at me.

"You can't k**l Peter," I tell him.

"No. By law, I can't. But, that won't stop me from breaking that law if you disagree. So either you agree to their punishment or..." I growl at him, I won't let him k**l him. Peter is a child!

"He k****d our baby!" Kyson snaps.

"Ester could have prevented my sister's d***h! They need to be punished. And if you won't let me k**l them, then this is it. What they did is punishable by d***h. And I will not be seen as weak because my mate is too soft," he growls.

“Soft? You are the only one who sees mercy as soft, My King. Mercy is not soft, there is a strength within it. It takes a stronger person to forgive than it does to punish another.”

Kyson laughs, pushing me off his lap and standing. I turn on the bed and watch him walk over to his bar.

“They don’t deserve forgiveness. Not even this is enough. Mercy is for the weak. Forgiveness? They will find none from me,” he snarls, tipping the bottle to his lips and chugging half the bottle. I hated when he drank.

“Then you truly are the weak one then.” I sneered, getting to my feet when the bottle smashed into the wall making me jump. He moved so quickly, that I barely found my feet when his hands gripped my arms tightly as he growled.

“You are weak! Falling to your knees to save an enemy. Forgiveness gets you k****d. It gets you nothing!” Kyson roared.

“No! You’re wrong,” I growled back, gripping his wrists. Anger coursed through me, and he let go, glaring down at me.

“You know nothing!” he growled turning away from me.

“I know I forgave you!”

“Forgave me? I never did anything to warrant needing forgiveness!”

“No? You just nearly k****d me when you destroyed our bond!” I spit at him.

“Yet I forgave you for it. I forgave you for using the d**n calling on me to get your way. I forgave your stupid punishments. I forgave you! So if that makes me weak, then what does it make you for accepting it?” he growls but adds nothing.

“I am not changing the punishment, and you will not ask me to. They need to be punished for what they did.” He snaps.

“I agree, but you won’t k**l them,” I tell him, and he seems shocked.

“As you said, I don’t have to like the punishment, but one must be given. But once it’s done, it is done Kyson. I won’t allow you to continue punishing him.” I tell him.

“And you won’t interfere?” He asks, and I s*****w but shake my head. I understood he needed vengeance, yet vengeance was never my thing. I couldn’t harbor the sort of hate he does. It sounded exhausting, but I understood his need for it.

“Afterward, you let them go,” I tell him, and he growls and clenches his jaw.

“Only if you stand by your word and don’t interfere or try to stop it,” he answers. I swallowed.

“Just don’t k**l them, and you let them go after,” I tell him before storming past him and out the door.

“Where are you going?”

“To find Abbie,” I snap not bothering to turn around yet I knew he was following. Liam falls in line with me but remains quiet while I looked for my friend.

“Azalea!” Kyson calls.

“What!”

“You said you would stand by it, that means you come with me, and do just that!” Kyson says grabbing my arm.

“You want me to watch as you whip someone, no!” I tell him. I didn’t want to see that, I knew exactly what kind of pain that was and I sure as h**l didn’t want to witness it.

“You said you would stand by my decision,” Kyson says and I press my lips in a line and glare at him. Now I was wondering if he was also punishing me for challenging him.

“Fine, then lead the way, my King.” I motion and he growls but grips my hand tugging me after him.

Share

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 190

More From The Web

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 190 – We stepped into a courtyard I had never been in before. My heart nearly stopped when I saw Ester tied with her hands chained above her head to the wall. Her clothes were torn at the back from where the whip had slashed her flesh, yet the wounds were healed, and she panted.

Kyson growls, and anger coursed through the bond. Peter stood with a whip in his hands that he swiftly dropped, shaking his head and looking at Kyson pleadingly. Clarice stood off to the side, nibbling her fingernails. The skin on her face had tears trekking down it and dripping off her chin.

Though Trey’s expressionless face as he stared at Peter shocked me the most. This was his sister, and he showed no care for her at all. It was shocking to see.

"Again! You have twenty more, Peter." he snarls, stalking over to him and snatching the whip from the ground. He thrusts it at Peter, who flinches away from him. Bile rose up my throat, and I looked at Kyson squeezing his hand, and he turned his head, looking at me.

"It's only twenty," I tell him, and Ester glanced over her shoulder at me. Her face flushed red, and she panted before looking at Kyson.

"Hurry up, Peter. Finish it!" Kyson snaps.

"P***k." I hiss under my breath, and Kyson growls, leaning down to whisper in my ear.

"Watch your tone," he whispers next to my ear.

"Watch yours." I retorted, ripping my arm from his grip. I make my way over to Clarice, who explains Ester was taking it rather well, and Kyson overhearing that, did not sound impressed.

He walked over to Liam and talked to him before Liam walked off. Though I was quite shocked at how fast Ester was healing. The moment the whip pulled away, her skin closed. Being whipped was one thing. Seeing someone else made my skin prickle and itch.

I couldn't stand the sound of the crack being made, the way it whipped through the air, the sound of tearing flesh. Flashbacks smashed me as I tried to block them out, and I wanted nothing more than to run. At this moment, I truly hated Kyson. Hated who he had become.

Yet once Peter finished, her skin was red and angry but no longer bleeding. That seemed to bother Kyson. He wanted blood, and plenty stained the stone ground, yet he was not sated by it. For the most part, I stared at the rose bushes, blocking out what was going around me until I heard Ester shriek when Liam walked in with a bucket. The potent scent of Wolfsbane reached my nose, and Clarice whimpered beside me, and I sat up straighter.

"Kyson!" I hissed. He growls, I know they need to be punished, but this seemed excessive even for him. I watched in h***r as he dipped the whip in the bucket, and my heart lodged in my throat, and tears sprung to my eyes as he pulled it out. The cracking sound sent spray everywhere and her scream I felt to my core.

One scream and it sent me back to a dark place and had me twisting where I sat on the edge of the garden. The contents of my stomach spewed out into the garden. Kyson, though, was almost rabid, not caring he made me sick.

Not caring for her screams or Peter's begging. He wasn't present, lost in his anger, and by the 100th one, Ester hung limply in the chains, yet still, he didn't stop. I was trapped

in the darkest parts of my mind. The darkest places I thought I would never be trapped in again. Only this time, my mate's actions trapped me there until Clarice shrieked beside me.

Her hands that held me gripped me tighter. And Peter's blood-curdling scream made goosebumps rise, and my ears rang loudly, ripping me out of my own head that was tormenting me. Peter lay on the ground, and Kyson stood over him with the whip in his hand. Ester was a b****y mess, and I could have sworn that some of the white meaty-looking bits of her back were exposed bone.

"Leave him," Ester breathed. Yet she couldn't move to lift her head. I gaped at the scene before me. Peter clutched his face. That was bleeding profusely. Kyson was enraged and, at some time, had shifted.

I swallowed as he breathed heavily, and the nearby gardener was pale as a ghost as he looked at Peter and Ester. He reached forward, gripping Peter's arms.

"Please, no more! She can't take anymore! Let me take her place." Peter pleaded.

"No!" Clarice shrieked.

Kyson snarled, his upper lip pulling back over his teeth, and a sinister glint was in his black obsidian eyes. He tilts his head to the side.

"I'll allow it,"

"He is a boy!" The gardener defended. I had no idea when he got here, but he obviously cared for Peter.

"He can't even heal!" Kyson shrugs, turning back to Ester. The whip cracked in the air, and her scream made my blood run cold when Peter escaped the gardener's clutches and tossed himself in front of his mother. Trey clenched his jaw and looked ahead, the only sign that he disagreed with Kyson's actions. He was controlled solely now by his rage and hate for the pair. I saw him raise the whip, and I never even registered the movement as I tossed myself in front of my brother.

Peter couldn't heal, I couldn't, and I wouldn't allow Kyson to k**l them. The sentence he gave Ester turned lethal when he had Liam bring out the Wolfsbane. Enough was enough.

I felt the sharp tendrils of fiery pain split up my back and tear my dress and shoulder. I hissed, and my back arched, but I gripped Peter, managing to stay upright as my own scream reverberated around the area.

Pain licked up my spine, and I clenched my teeth when I heard a roar. Gold flecks flitted brightly, tainting my vision, and a collective gasp was heard when suddenly Trey

smashed into the wall beside Ester. I turned to see Liam trying to hold Kyson back, and my leg realized Trey had attacked my mate. Trey got to his feet, and my command rolled over him moments later.

“Stand down!” I snapped at him, and he whimpered, yet just that simple command made me s**k in a harsh breath as I turned to face my mate, who was now staring in h****r at me. He takes a step toward me with outstretched hands before shaking his head.

“Move!”

“She has suffered enough!” I seethed through clenched teeth.

“When I say she has,” Kyson growled, challenging me, but I refused to move. I nod toward the gardener, who comes over and grabs Peter, dragging him away when I start undoing the front of my dress.

“Fine then. I will take her place.” I tell him, popping the buttons on my dress.

“No!” Kyson snarls.

“You would have allowed Peter. And Peter, I won’t allow it. Therefore, he takes his mother’s place, and I take his. So which is Kyson?” I tell him, letting my dress fall to the ground, leaving me in just my undergarments. Everyone averts their gaze, as I knew they would. Ester groans, and I glance at her and s*****w when I see her flesh sizzling. It must hurt. The one lashing down mine seared up my spine like wildfire, and I wanted to douse my back with water.

“Azalea, move!” and I do. I turn around, offering my back to him, and he gasps where he had struck me instead of Peter. I knew what he saw. Years and years of healed lash marks and one like Ester now had carved in her back.

“Azalea!” Kyson snarls, and I hear him come behind me, his long furry fingers wrapping around my arm as he grabs me and spins me to face him.

“What is Kyson? Can’t bear to see your mark on my flesh yet revel in hers? No! I won’t allow it!”

“Then I k**l her.” he sneers, and Peter screams.

“You said lashes! You are already k*****g her. Look at her!” I screamed furiously in his face. He seemed taken aback but did look at her back, her flesh torn open and blood pooling at her feet.

“Enough. Or I take her place,” I tell him, and he looks at me. His eyes narrowed, and I could see the fury behind them, the argument I knew that was coming, but here with witnesses, he refused to give a show to them. He wanted us a united front, but I would

not stand by this a moment more. I never agreed in the first place but understood it had to happen, but he said he wouldn't k**l her and any more would.

We stood off, neither of us willing to bow to the other, and the air between us became tense.

"No, your place, my King. Landeena's word is final."

"Not over me. It's not my queen. You may be Landeena, but I am your mate, and Alpha hierarchy still holds weight," he snarls.

"Want to test that theory?" I asked him, though it was a test. I had come to notice he would back down when my title came into play, making me realize I was so much stronger than him. He seemed surprised, and his eyebrows rose, yet my assumption was correct hierarchy the Alpha was always most assertive, the most dominant in a mate bond but not against a Landeena, and that realization was eye-opening when he took a step back from me.

"Just remember, you may have power. That doesn't mean you know how to use it."

"Yet, Kyson, not yet, but I think you and I both know you are dreading the day lyrics do," I tell him, and he growls.

"Release her, " he snaps before turning his gaze back to me. "Cover up," he snaps, turning on his heel and storming off.

Share