

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 165

Book 2 His Found Lyoan Luno Chapter 40

I slid across the seat, muttering to myself, and my temper rippled just like my aura. "What's wrong?" Azalea asked me. "Just border controls forgetting who they are speaking with," I answer.

She nodded, and we started moving again, yet the further we got into the sleepy town that was in the middle of nowhere, the more anxious Azalea became. My earlier mood was gone and replaced with anger for their Alpha, thinking he could tell me I couldn't enter without notification. Who does he think he is?

"Abbie told me Katrina took over the orphanage?" Azalea asks, snapping my attention to her and out of whatever mood I slipped into.

"Yes, after Mrs. Daley left," I tell her, not wanting to tell her Gannon skinned the woman alive and hung her in the basement. The pictures he took made my stomach turn; Gannon was one sick bastard. I shook the thought away and watched as she chewed her lip.

"What are you thinking right now?" I ask her, and she rubs her belly without realizing it. I tried not to smile at how she cradled the slight bump in her hand,

"I wondered if the children would still remember me," she says.

"You want to go back there?" I asked, a little shocked. She shrugs, chewing on her fingernail, looking unsure,

"I think I do," she finally answers.

"If we have time on the way home, we will stop in there," I tell her.

“So we are just here to see the Alpha?” Azalea asks.

“Yes. And once we are done, I will take you to see the children if you like.” she nods, her eyes becoming a little glassy. I wasn’t sure if she missed the children who lived there or because she knew she was coming back to this place and it scared her.

I knew this place haunted both her and Abbie. And after the tortures they endure at this place, I was once again second-guessing bringing her here.

It took another ten minutes before we pulled up out the front of the Pack house. Alpha Dean and Alpha Brock stood waiting out the front on the porch. However, when Azalea glanced out her window and looked at them, her mood shifted through the bond. Her eyes burned brighter, flickering, and almost glowed, her jaw clenched as she glared past me and out the window.

Climbing out of the car, I was surprised when I heard her door open. We had discussed she would wait in the car with Trey, but she got out. The convoy of cars also pulled up, and my men jumped out to secure the perimeter. Trey jumps out of the front passenger seat with Liam and Liam shut her door while Trey moved behind her. Damian glances at me, but I shrug, wondering why she suddenly wanted to come inside. Her mood had changed so swiftly I struggled to decipher the weird mood she was in, but seeing the two Alphas had awakened something within her.

The Alpha walked down the steps, holding his hand out to me, and I could hear Azalea walking around the other side of the car to me.

“What a pleasant surprise, “ Alpha Brock says, his eyes glinting before moving to Azalea behind me. His lips part, and Alpha Dean also pauses to stare at her. It took me a second to realize why they had paused. Her aura was magnificent, so strong and commanding. She stops beside me, and Alpha Dean’s hand shakes as he offers it to her, and I hear Damian huff when she doesn’t take it and just stares at it like it was diseased

“Lovely to see you again, Ivy,” he says warily, glancing at me. Azalea waves his hand away. I don’t know where this sudden confidence came from, but I enjoyed seeing the power she was using.

“That’s Queen Azalea, to you, Alpha. Now move,” she says, pushing past them and walking up the steps. They gaped at her, and Liam rushed ahead of her to open the front door. I had no idea what was going on with her, but I would run with it to see what else she did. The two

Alphas all but fall over themselves, chasing after her and offering her coffee or tea, but she ignores them. Stepping into the foyer of the place, she snarls at them.

"No. I wouldn't trust you not to spit in it! And we aren't here to chat, we are here for..." she glances at me, and my eyes glaze over, and I mind link her.

"Looking for all the rogue reports. And to go through their archives," I tell her. If she wanted to handle this, I would let her because I don't think she realized what she was doing, and I liked seeing the sudden fear on their faces that she invoked by using her aura.

These two men who were responsible for nearly destroying her but were now falling over themselves, trying to appease her. She tells them what she is looking for, speaking clearly and confidently.

We don't keep such files; lv...My Queen," Alpha Dean corrects himself. Azalea raises an eyebrow at him. And I could see Trey smiling behind her. He leaned down to whisper to her, and she glanced at him.

They gape at her, and I can't believe they had the audacity to lie when they had no issue trying to label her as a traitor. And I knew very well that the archives were kept in the basement.

"Your archives are kept in your basement. And you should have reports of every rogue that steps over your borders. If not, that is an

Infringement on your behalf, and if he is simply you refusing to hand them over that is punishable by death. Beheading sounds good?" she says, looking at me.

*As you wish, my Queen," I answer.

So which is it, you don't have the archives I have requested or you don't want to hand them over? Either way Alpha, you seem to find yourself in a direct violation of Lycan law and your next answer determines the severity of your punishment," she says staring at them both. I had no doubt Trey was feeding her laws through the mind link. Both Alpha's stumble over themselves to answer.

What we meant is that we haven't dug them out. We weren't aware of your arrival of the King's. If you come back in a few days, we could have them ready." Alpha Dean answers her.

If I wanted you to dig them out and remove any incriminating evidence, we would have called prior. But seeing as your pack is under investigation for the mistreatment of rogues, I don't want you handling any such evidence or give you a chance to get rid of it completely." she tells him

"Mistreatment of rogues, my Queen. Whatever happened with Mrs. Daley, I assure you, your King has seen to her punishment," Alpha Dean tries to say. She ignores his rambles.

"I would also like to see my files and Abbie's. So if you could point me in the direction of your basement, that would be very helpful," she says. Alpha Brock glances at his father before motioning down the hall, looking very ticked off he was being ordered around by her.

Azalea follows them to the stairs and up the corridor at the side before stopping at the door next to the steps. Alpha Brock opens the door and glances at his father.

"May we ask what you are looking for exactly? Most of the files down here are outdated and have nothing of use to anybody," he asks, and Damian answers.

"What we are here for is of no concern to you. She told you already. So if you would step aside," Damian says.

"We can show you down. It will be easier if we help, and..." Azalea growls, and her aura has him pressing against the wall.

"You heard my Beta. Now step aside, Alpha." she sneered, the last word glaring at him, daring him to speak against her. He swallows. The charged air around her was so thick and angry I fought to remain where I was. Now that's my Landeena Queen! The Alpha quickly stepping away from her and Liam goes down first to check the place before signally it was clear.

Azalea looks at me and opens the mind-link again and I knew she was waiting for permission. "Go on. If you want to take over, I won't stop you," I tell her and she quickly steps inside and starts descending down the steps. I stroll past the Alphas when Alpha Dean stops me.

"Are we in trouble, my king?" he asks.

"That's for her to decide," I tell him before following after my mate.

