

# His Lost Lycan Luna Chapter 13 by Jessica Hall

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 13 – “Don’t. I am fine,” I tell him, drinking the last of my glass before grabbing the bottle. I hadn’t seen or heard a word of the rebels. They were primarily werewolves, not liking that Lycans still had control. There had been rumors that they were receiving help from human hunters over the years.

“Fourteen years, and they have come back, and so close to the anniversary too,” I tell him, swigging from the bottle, having given up on the glass. I could still remember the day I found her. She couldn’t even fight back. She couldn’t shift to protect herself and her unborn child. Her husband was d\*\*d beside her; I never forgave myself for leaving that day. That morning, I had a bad feeling about that day, knew something was amiss. It was the fifth anniversary of Queen Tatiana and King Garret’s m\*\*\*\*r. They died almost fourteen years ago. My sister’s ninth d\*\*\*h anniversary was coming up.

Queen Tatiana and King Garret’s kingdom was the closest kingdom to ours. They were aware of the threats and watched the other bloodlines get taken down. They believed it was an inside job too. The King and Queen hadn’t left their castle or been seen in four years, keeping a low profile. The only correspondence was by mail until we got the call to say they were gone. The Rebels constantly attacked on significant days, but my sister insisted I go. That we no longer had to worry because nothing had happened in the five years since their deaths.

I ignored that stirring feeling in my stomach and left to visit a pack, and I would never forgive myself. I came back and found my sister d\*\*d. One of our servants, a spy, waited for me to leave and plunged the silver dagger in their chests while they slept. I found them the following day when I returned, the servant turned rogue and vanished. She worked her way into the castle for five months prior until she was conveniently placed in my sister’s quarters.

“We will catch those responsible for your sister’s d\*\*\*h,” Damian assures me. I nod. The liquor reduces my burning anger to a simmer as it burns through my system as I tried to forget the past; nothing good ever came of dragging the past to the present.

“Now, how is your mate?” Damian asks, changing the subject.

“We don’t know if she is?” I tell him, and he raises an eyebrow at me.

“Well, we don’t, not for sure anyway”

“Are you trying to convince yourself or me that she isn’t your mate? You have never shown interest in any woman, but her? I have seen how you look at her; I know she is your mate. I have seen the reaction you have to her. Almost like you are about to jump out of your skin and mate her on the spot.”

I roll my eyes at my Beta; the man was too observant.

"I know you, Kyson, so where is she?" He asks with a smirk on his plastered on his face, and I groan.

"Room across from me," I tell him, my lips tugging up, f\*\*k. He was right. It is the only thing that explains the weird pull towards her.

"And you say she is not your mate, yet you have her sleeping in your quarters, not even Ester was allowed to stay up here, hmm."

"Fine, say she is. We don't have any info on her. She is a common werewolf and"

"And you are the King. No one will say s\*\*t to you about her being a werewolf and not a Lycan. You could always change her anyway. But if she is, and I know she is, she is now in danger. The rebels are back, and if they find out, she is your mate; Ivy will have a target on her back," Damian tells me.

"So what are you saying, spit it out?" I tell him.

"I'm saying keep her close. She needs the training to protect herself. Ivy needs you close to help forge the bond quicker, she may not know who you are to her, but the more time you spend with her, the stronger the bond will solidify to ensure she survives you changing her. It will also make you stronger; Lycan's aren't supposed to go without their mates once found, you know this, Kyson, Damian tells me.

"Yeah, I know. She's across the hall, yet even that feels too far away," I tell him, and he laughs softly.

"Don't say it," I warn him, admitting what is right in front of me. Ivy is my mate. I just didn't want to believe it, knowing she would become my weakness and the same knife hanging above my head would now be above hers.

"I won't say a word, Gannon figured it out, but I told him to keep it to himself,"

"Yes, keep it that way. I want her to find out on her own,"

"Gannon and I have canceled all your appointments this week and next. You have the next two weeks off; none of us are comfortable knowing the rebels and hunters are back, and we want to ensure yours and now our Queen's safety. We don't advise leaving the castle, my King,"

"Keep my local appointments. They can come to the castle instead; I will go crazy not working; I always need a distraction this time of the year," I tell him.

"You have a perfect distraction in the room across from you, but as you wish. We can't afford any risks, early morning meetings and that is it, my King, the advisors, agree to this, agreed the risk is too high for you to be out and about"

“Yes, and I also don’t want to leave her on her own” Damian smiles but adds nothing to my obsession with my mate.

“I will have a guard stationed on this floor at all times and one on Ivy when you aren’t with her,” Damian explains, and I nod.

“I want her watched at all times, all times, Damian. I won’t risk harm coming to her,” I tell him.

“As you wish, my King,”