

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 18

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 18 – Ivy POV I was awoken by a crashing noise. My body was instantly alert at the sound before I heard running and got up to stick my head out the door. The noise appeared to be coming from the King's room. Guards rushed in before he bellowed at them.

"Get the f**k out," He screamed before I heard glass breaking. The guards rush out, and I hear one of them say to get his Beta, the rest remaining in the hall alert but standing guard while another guard runs off. last looked at the clock, and it was a little after 2 am.

"What is going on?" I heard Beta Damian demand as he stalked down the corridor in just his boxer shorts. The guards stiffened, and one stepped forward.

"The king appears to be drunk and is destroying his room," The man says. The Beta runs his hands down his face.

"You know what date it is we are nearing, and you know of what we found a few hours ago, I will deal with it and get me his servant," he said, looking at my door where I stood watching. I freeze, having been caught.

"Ivy, I need your help to clean up," He says, and my hands tremble. I look down at my clothes before nodding. Turning around, I grabbed my shoes when I spotted the blanket that was covering me. Picking it up, I sniff it, and it is drenched in the King's scent. It was the one from his bed, the other gone. Did he return while I was asleep again?

"Ivy, now please," Beta Damian says and spins around to see him standing in my doorway. Hearing another c***h from the room and Beta Damian rushes out, and I quickly follow, snatching my shoes up. He pushes the door open, and I gasp at the sight. The entire room was upturned and destroyed except his bed.

Even his precious books were tossed around carelessly, and a mirror was smashed. I stepped into the room before realizing I didn't have any supplies. Beta Damian was murmuring to him as he tried to calm down the King. He was sitting in the corner of the room with his head in his hands. The drapes were torn with claw marks down them.

I quickly rushed out and down the stairs. Clarice was already at the cleaning cupboard with a basket full of supplies and a broom.

"Go, go, give this to Beta Damian or Gannon. They are the only ones that can get close to him when he gets like this. Just leave it at the door and knock," She says, stuffing everything in my arms.

"Does he get like this a lot?" I ask.

"Only when it's nearing the anniversary, and the rebels making an appearance appears to have set him off. In thought this might be the year he didn't break. Keep those supplies up there. You will need them," Clarice told me. Great, I was going to be awoken every night because of some anniversary that triggered him. Though I was curious what anniversary it was that affected him this way.

Walking up the steps, I hear Beta Damian talking and hear growling. The sound is menacing, and I froze on the steps. "F**k, where did she go?" I heard Beta Damian mutter.

"Kyson, you need to calm down," I hear his Beta talking as I quickly rush up the steps before I listen to things being tossed. I knock on the door, and Beta Damian flings it open what I wasn't expecting was for him to jerk me inside the room. Clarice said he would take them from me and to stay away from him.

The King was pacing, and I couldn't tear my eyes away from him. Fur was sprouting on his arms, his claws slipping out, and he rubbed a hand down his face before he stopped. A deep, menacing growl left him when he suddenly shifted before turning on me.

I screamed and jumped back. I had never seen a shifted Lycan before. I knew they stood on two feet, heard the stories, but it was one thing hearing the tales and another witnessing it.

"Kyson, it's just Ivy, your servant. It is Ivy! Kyson, not an intruder, can't you smell her" Beta Damian says, as he launched himself in front of me and in the King's path as he barrelled toward me. My heart was beating like a drum in my chest as I clutched the broom in my shaky hands.

He shoves past his Beta and sniffs the air, stopped in front of me. His canines protruded, his face was lengthened into a wolf's, showing off his sharp teeth, he was at least three feet taller, and I only came to his stomach. He would need to duck to fit through the door now he was that tall. His claws were so long and looked deadly. His breathing was harsh and his fur so black it had a blue hue under the dim lights. I couldn't move; I was petrified he was going to eat me. I was about to be ripped to pieces. He leaned down and sniffed my face. I was shaking and was worried I would wet myself; my legs trembled that badly; I thought they would give out at any second.

"Ivy" His voice rumbles, and I shiver. Beta Damian lets out a breath.

"Yes, Kyson Ivy. Your servant girl remember her?" Beta Damian comes and takes the broom from my hands. My hands locked around it.

"He won't hurt you. He just has trouble recognizing people in this form; his anger sometimes blinds him to everything. Just remember not to touch him or approach him from behind, and remember he is more animal than a man in this state" I had no intentions of touching him at all. I didn't even want to be in here

right now, especially while he was in this form. He looked terrifying. Gosh, what chaos my life has turned into so suddenly.

I reach down, grabbing a rubbish bag, refusing to take my eyes off him in case he attacks me. Beta Damian starts helping me clean up when the door opens, and the King suddenly grabbed me and shoved me behind him, a feral growl leaving him when I recognize that it's the man from the car, Gannon.

"It is Gannon, my king," He addresses the King bearing his neck.

"Sorry, Gannon," the King says, and the man lets out a breath walking in and grabbing a bag. I was still trapped behind the King on this side of the bed, and he was blocking my way. Would it be rude if I walked over the top of his bed to get past him? I chuck that thought away. It would definitely be rude.

I cleared my throat awkwardly, but he didn't hear me over the low growling coming from him. I look to the other two for help. Was his Beta laughing at me, trying to squeeze past him. No matter what, I was going to brush up against him. I hesitantly reach up and tap his shoulder with my index finger. His reflexes are so quick, I didn't even see him move, and I trip over my own feet, stepping away from him when he is suddenly facing me.

He blinks, cocking his head to the side and staring at me peculiarly. His silver eyes reflected back at me. I swallowed, bumping into his bedside table when I took a step back.

"I um, can I get past" I squeak out, trying to step around him but everywhere I step, he stepped in my path until I step right into him. His furry hands grip my arms and lift me, leaving my dangling in the air.

"What are you doing?" He asked, gosh his voice was so much deeper and rougher. I didn't expect him to be able to talk in this form. Werewolves can only mindlink but not speak. My feet lift off the ground entirely as he brings me at eye level with him.

I blink, stunned at how close his face is to mine before I start to hyperventilate, my vision tunneling. I was having a panic a****k. He was going to eat me, he was going to eat me, and his teeth looked so sharp, and long was about to become a Lycan snack.

"Please, don't eat me," I blurt out, trying to pull away from him. My breathing becomes harsher, and I start to feel dizzy when my eyes rolled in the back of my head, and darkness swallowed me. He can k**l me now; at least I won't feel it.