

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 21

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 21 – “Queen Tatiana and King Garret,” I asked. I had no idea why I said it, but I had a vague memory of overhearing my mother mention those names before she was k****d. In fact, she screamed it. Screamed it with so much hatred it must have stuck with me.

“I am surprised you know those names. You would have only been a small child,” The King said, observing me again.

“I remember hearing the names, is that where you are-” I asked before shutting my mouth and mentally cursing myself. Quiet Ivy, you don’t question the King, I reminded myself, yet he said I could ask questions but old habits made me question every little thing, whether or not it was a trick, or whether he was using it as a way to find something to punish me for.

“Why do you do that? You go to say something, then stop,” he asks before rolling and tugging me with him. My stomach lurched when he pulled me to straddle his lap as he leaned against the headboard of the bed. This new position was even more awkward than the last as I went rigid. My hands awkwardly clutched my thighs as I sat up, wanting to climb off him.

The King grabbed my hands, and I tried to tug out of his grip when he placed both on his naked chest. His skin was hot beneath my palms, and I could feel his heart beating steadily in his chest while mine sputtered and wanted to rip free of my body.

“You never did answer?” The King said, making me remember his question.

“Why do you stop when you want to know something? Knowledge is key. You should ask questions. How else would you learn the answers? I like when you speak, I want to know everything about you. I find you fascinating,” Me fascinating? How could he? The only thing he could learn from me was changing his bedsheets and folding his towels the way he likes them. There was absolutely nothing remarkable about me that he could possibly want to know.

“And to answer your question, yes I am going there tomorrow, but I would like it if you came with me, would you like to come?”

“I can leave the castle?”

“Under guard, but yes, you can leave.” Why would I need a guard? I wondered, but the thought of leaving excited me.

“Can Abbie come?”

"She can, but I want to spend time with you, but if you would be more comfortable with her coming, I can arrange it,"

"Why?" I blurted like an idiot. It made no sense as to why he would want to spend time with his servant. It was odd. The King smiles, and I don't think I have seen him smile as much as I have tonight.

"So you can speak your mind, and you are capable of asking the right questions," he chuckled when his hands landed on my thighs. He ran his hands up to the apex of my legs when it hit me. I glanced down at my naked legs. Shame washed over me. Where did my pants go? I tug tried to tug my oversized shirt down when I realized it was one of his.

"My King," I ask, tugging on the neckline of his shirt I was wearing.

"Mmm," He answered, his eyes on his hands as he pushed the hemline of his shirt higher, revealing my cotton panties beneath it.

"I changed your clothes; I prefer it when you smell like me," he answers the question I needed to know. I swallowed.

"They didn't see you; I made them turn around," He murmurs, yet his eyes were still watching his hands when as they slid up to my hips, his thumbs brushed over my panties, and he sucked in a breath.

"I don't want you sleeping in that room anymore. You will remain with me. I will have your things brought in here tomorrow when we are gone" Yet I was still stuck at the question of why.

His eyes darted to me. "You want to want to know why? It must be confusing," I nodded my head.

"I have never wanted anyone the way I have wanted you, and I can't get much sleep with you so far away; I want you close,"

"But Sir, I am your slave," I speak slowly, hoping it would sink in.

"And I am the King, no one would dare question my intentions, Ivy,"

"What are your intentions,"

"What do you think they are?" he asked in return. Well, if I knew, I wouldn't be asking.

"Speak freely, Ivy. You are safe with me," I briefly wondered if I should say it, yet he kept telling me I could ask, and the burning desire to know was starting to bother me. What was the worst he could do, K**l me? At least I would d*e knowing.

“Do you have a rogue fetish?” I asked. His lips tugged up into a grin before he laughed. His whole body moved beneath me like he couldn’t contain his laughter at what I asked.

“I don’t have a Rogue fetish, Ivy. I also don’t eat people. I am not trying to have s*x with you though I wouldn’t say no if you wanted to, and I don’t want you to be my slave anymore. Does that clear up any of your odd questions, or is there more?” He laughed again.

“And what is a rogue fetish? Where did you hear that?” he asked. My face heats at his question. I didn’t think I would have to explain it to him. Shouldn’t he know?

“Um, at the orphanage,”

“At the orphanage? By who?” he asked his humor falling away quite abruptly.

“The gardener, Abbie, and I overheard him saying he had a fetish for Rogues, liked that he could do what he wanted to them and no one would care, he hoped Abbie would be sold so he could buy her,”

“He said in front of you both,”

“No, we weren’t supposed to be listening,” I scratched my neck and tried to climb off him, but his hands moved to my thighs holding me in place.

“When just before I saw you,” I shake my head.

“No, when I was 12. We didn’t understand what he meant, not until Abbie asked one of the older girls,” The King growled angrily and his eyes flickered.

“Children are off-limits, I hate how they treat the rogues,” He snarled, making me jump. Though his words confused me, wasn’t he the one that made the laws?

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 22

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 22 – “I am not angry at you, Ivy,” “If you hate the way they treat rogues, why do you let them,” I realized instantly the mistake I made. I just questioned the king’s ability to rule fairly, insinuated he was unfit.

“I ... I didn’t mean. You are a good King,” I blurted out in a panic, yet his features never changed. Though I was shocked when he answered.

“I am working on it. Adults know their crimes are responsible for them, we stopped the k*****g of Rogue children, and most packs agreed to even take them in or cast them out once of age. Some, however, did not agree with the laws. But

then some packs started k*****g them. Eventually, that also stopped, but then rogue children started showing up d**d again recently; that is why I went to your pack that day. We were investigating your Alpha."

"You want to help the rogues?"

"Yes, they are still part of my rule. Just because some are bad doesn't mean all are, Ivy. I never agreed to them k*****g rogue children. I tried to prevent it. I will try harder," He says.

"Why my Alpha, though?" I questioned.

"Because his pack is the only pack that still k****d rogues when they came of age, also I found it odd only two girls were listed in the orphanage as a rogue. It seemed odd," I nodded.

"Yes, we had a few come and go, but once the new Alpha took over, no one lived. He k****d them all," I answer him.

"All of them?"

"Yes, eventually, we were the only ones left. I overheard Mrs. Daley speaking of the rogue attacks that she expected new children to come, but they never did," I answered him. His brows pinch together, and he nods.

"I will have to go back there then,"

"So you don't have a fetish,"

"No more like an obsession," He says, cutting me off. I blink down at him before realizing where my hands had fallen.

"Sorry," I muttered, moving them off his muscular abs. The King places them back. "I like when you touch me, Ivy, so don't be afraid to," he whispered, making my eyes dart to his.

He moved my hands over his abs and over his pecs and chest to his shoulders, forcing me closer to him. My palms tingled violently, and I pulled one looking at it. My brows pinched, wondering why they did it. Turning my face back to him, I was leaning on him and his face was barely an inch from mine. His scent was overwhelmingly strong so close to his neck and I inhaled before I could stop myself from pressing my face to the side of his. I only realized what I had done when I felt his fingers run through my hair and I jumped.

"What do your instincts tell you to do Ivy?" The King asked. I couldn't answer that, my instincts were all over the place, I wanted to touch him, caress him, smell him, lick him. My mind falters at the last one. I shouldn't want to lick him what a weird thing to want to do.

“What if I told you my instincts were the same as yours, you are just better at suppressing them,” he whispered, and I turned my face to look at him.

“Pardon my king,” I asked.

“What if I want to touch you, smell you, have you close, share my bed with you, Ivy?”

“Sir?” I ask and try to pull away, but he grips my neck and pulls me back close, forcing me to lean against his chest.

“What if I wanted you to do the same? What if I wanted to kiss you?” he wanted to kiss me?

He wants to kiss his rogue servant? Yet the thought as appalling as it sounded, I wondered what his lips would feel like against mine, would the same tingling sensation b**n them.

“Would you stop me, Ivy?” he asked, his lips brushing against mine as he spoke. I swallowed. Could I stop him, was I allowed? Did I want to? I shook my head when he purred the sound making my heart rate slow, like a low thrumming calling me to him when I felt his lips press against mine. A strangled noise left my lips before I gasped as he pulled me closer.

His tongue brushed over my bottom lip before I felt his thumb press on my chin, forcing my mouth to open slightly. My lips burned and tingled, and I didn’t think the sensation could get stronger when his tongue was suddenly in my mouth, brushing against mine and tasting every inch of my mouth.

He groans, crushing me against his chest, and his grip tightens on my hair. His tongue brushed mine again, and a moan escaped me at the taste of him before I kissed him back, loving the taste of him, the feel of him holding me. I pull back against him, becoming light-headed and needing air, and he let me, pecking my lips softly. He doesn’t let me pull away, instead, pulling me down and pressing my head against his shoulder.

I inhale his scent, breathing the smell of him in. He turned his face toward mine and kissed below my eye.

“So you will you come with me tomorrow, or should I organize Abbie? I have no ill intentions with you, Ivy.”

“Yes, my King,” I answered, feeling a little weird that I kissed the man and was now laying on him so casually.

“For gods sakes, woman, call me Kyson, just say it once, please,” he says, pulling away to look at me. I peek at his waiting face.

“Say my name, Ivy,” I chewed my lip, and his eyes darted to them before he brushed my face with his nose and purred.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 23

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 23 – Gentle hands moved across my skin; tingles rushed over me, and the warmth from King’s chest spread across my back. Opening my eyes, light filtered into the room but not much, and I could tell it was only early morning. The sun is just rising and chasing the shadows in the room away.

His wandering hand was beneath the shirt I wore as he caressed my skin. His touch reminded me of last night, and I felt the blood rush to my face at the memory. His purr was deep and resonating from the center of his chest and vibrating against my back as his light touch moved higher. The King moves behind me, and I roll back into him to find him propped up on one elbow staring down at me.

He smiles that breathtaking smile he has before, leaning his face toward mine. “Morning,” he growls before his lips capture mine.

His tongue traced over the seam of my lips, and his hand trailed higher underneath my shirt before he cupped my breast in large hands, his thumb flicking over my hardened nipple as he toys with it. I gasp and pull away, unsure of his touch, and he chuckles, nipping at my chin and jaw to my ear.

“My king,” I murmur. My voice sounded breathy even to my own ears. What was this insane man doing now? Yet he ignored my words; his only answer was in a low growl that made me jump as his hands continued to squeeze and play with my breast.

My entire body felt warm at his touch as his lips moved back to mine, swallowing any words I may have wanted to say. My body felt foreign as his touch made everything tingle and heat. The King pressed his knee between my legs as he forced me onto my back. His leg pushed between my thighs, and a new sensation moved through my abdomen, between my legs. A pulse I had never felt before, it made me uncomfortable, and I jerked away, breaking the kiss. The space between my thighs felt wet and pulsated.

“Ky- son,” I stuttered out, feeling flustered as his hand trailed across my lower stomach.

His hand stopped, and he pulled back to look down at me. His eyes trailed over me, and he growled, the sound made my pulse quicken, and my legs tried to snap shut, but his knee prevented them from closing.

The King smirks as he looks down at my trembling legs before his eyes move back to mine. His hand moved across my stomach before his fingertips snuck beneath the waistband, and my hand moved quickly to grip his wrist.

"Am I making you flustered? You feel warmer?" He chuckles, leaning closer, brushing his nose across my cheek, and inhaling my scent. He purrs, making my grip tighten on his wrist as the throbbing between my legs worsens.

"You smell good enough to eat," He growls before pressing his face into my neck; his tongue tastes my skin before he sucks on the same spot. A purr tore out of me, and my face turned away, offering him more of my neck like it was suddenly commanded to.

"That's it, Ivy, let your body tell you what it wants,"

But that was the thing; it didn't feel like my body; it felt foreign. I couldn't explain any of the things he was making me feel as he kept nipping and licking my skin. Only that I wanted more, but I also didn't because I knew it was wrong. This was wrong, he is a King, and I am nothing but his servant; I shouldn't even be in his room. The difference in titles, what we were doing, and the trouble I would be in flooded me with worry.

"My King," I stuttered as a violent rippling shiver rushed up my spine when he sucked on the spot where my neck met my shoulder. He growled. However, the noise sounded annoyed, and the shiver turned to a chill as his aura rushed over me, crushing the air from my lungs.

"What did I say about calling me that? I let the first time slide, Ivy. Once more, and you will be punished, I will punish you if you don't use my name," He growled.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you," I blubbered out. The mere thought of punishments from a King made my heart rate increase. My blood turned to ice in my veins as my stomach dropped somewhere deep inside of me, forming a deep pit of dread. I swallowed, and he growled again, but this time I was unsure of why as he sat up and turned away from me. His hands fisted the blankets as he sat on the edge of the bed.

My fear made worse when I saw the muscles in his back flex and tense. His spine rippled as he fought the urge to shift. I didn't understand how me calling him by his title could anger him so much.

"I have told you not to call me that, and you still continue to," his words came out slow, and the firmness behind them made my hands tremble when he growled. The noise sent a tremor through my entire body.

Images of memory flashed behind my eyelids with each blink. The times I have been punished, the darkness in the cupboards Mrs. Daley would lock me in. The feel of the whip on my back refreshed in my mind, the countless times I received the strap across the back of my knees, the weakness that would come from hunger when she would punish us by depriving us of anything to eat. Then the sound of the sword across the stone where it should have ended. I squeezed my eyes shut as my eyes burned with tears that wanted to fall.

"I haven't asked much of you, but if I ask for one thing, it would be for you to use my d**n name." the King snarled. I could hear the anger in his voice, feel his aura pressing down on me, threateningly, promising the violence of his wrath.

"Are you listening?" He snapped, and the whimper I tried to suppress broke past my lips when I felt the sudden movement on the bed as he moved. Don't make noise, the mantra we lived by.

"Tears won't help you, so why waste them? Tears help nobody only make you look uglier," Mrs. Daley's voice boomed in my head.

"Ivy?" My entire body trembled and tensed as I tried to fight the urge to tuck tail and run as he scolded me when hands ran up my arms.

"Shh, Shh," I was ripped across the bed, and my eyes flew open at the motion expecting to be tossed like garbage before I found myself in his lap.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 24

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 24 – "I won't hurt you; I would never hurt you, Ivy. I didn't mean-" The King whispered next to my ear. He sighed heavily, dropping his face in my neck as he tucked me against him. I was rigid in his arms. My entire body screamed to run, and I started to itch. My fingers niggled to claw at my skin to stop the tremors rattling my nerves.

"You're not in trouble, my love," The King whispered before he started purring, the sound vibrating against my side, and I felt my heart rate slowing. I found it odd his purr had that effect on me, like an instant muscle relaxant. My entire body turned in lax as I melted against him. The thrum lulling away my shakes.

"That's it, Ivy. I need to remember to watch what I say," He murmurs.

"I forget where you come from. You never have to fear me, Ivy,"

I tried to listen to his words, but my eyes were growing heavy. I blinked, trying to fight the urge to let them close. Each blink made it harder to open my eyes. I felt funny, like the time he gave me whiskey. The jostling of my body as he stood made my eyes open as his purring stopped. I tried to lift my head when it started again, the sound making me heavy and my head foggy as it fell back on his shoulder.

I could hear running water and feel his hands on my body, caressing and touching, becoming lost in the sensation when hot water lapped at my skin. The deep resonating purr quieted to a soft whisper, and he moved behind me, the water swished around my waist and my eyes no longer felt glued shut and opened as

the King turned me on his lap. I look around to find I am in the bath. The King sat behind me with his legs on either side of mine.

"Lift your arms, Ivy," The King says, but I was trying to figure out when he ran a bath and how I got in it.

His hands gripped the hem of my shirt before lifting it, and my arms rose above my head at the soft command as he tugged it off. My waking mind trying to figure out what was going on.

"I feel strange," I murmured to myself.

"It's the calling, something Lycan's can do; you were upset," I tried to process his words, but nothing came to mind at what he said. Maybe I heard wrong. The water moves as he grabs my hands placing them on his thighs, and I look down to see he has no pants on before looking at my naked chest.

"My,"

"Kyson," He cuts me off.

"How... Why... I um... I have no shirt," I blurt, confused at the change in the situation, my mind excessively cloudy like a fog had clouded my waking thoughts as I tried to process everything.

"You're about to have no panties, too," he whispers before I see his claws slip from his fingertips under the water. I went to grab his hands when he purrs again, my hands dropping back on his legs as if he had placed a command; he pressed his lips on my shoulder. My underwear reduced to tatters before hearing a wet slap as he tossed them from the bath onto the tile. He pulls me against him before moving my hair over my other shoulder.

"I didn't mean to frighten you, Ivy. That was never my intention," he whispered against my skin as his lips traveled up my neck to my jaw.

Wet fingers touched my chin as he turned my face up and toward his. His mouth covered mine as he licked my lips before sucking the bottom one into his mouth. He groaned, the sound making my legs tremble. I tried to pull away, but his hand on my neck and thumb on my jaw kept my face where he wanted. His legs moved underneath mine; he bent his knees, pulling my legs up and over his and spreading them apart.

His other hand on my stomach dragged me closer while deepening the kiss, his tongue tangling with mine. His hand moved higher, palming my breast before plucking at my nipple. When I felt his e*****n dig into my lower back.

His hand moved lower, caressing over my skin and moving between my legs. My legs trembled as I tried to shut them, but he pressed them against the walls of the bathtub trapping them. He purred against my lips before nipping them as his hand cupped my p***y when he growled. The aching pulse returned with a vengeance, and I was sure he could feel it.

My mind screamed he shouldn't be touching me there, yet my body demanded his touch as he squeezed firmly, his fingers rubbing my tender flesh, and I pulled my lips from his. His purr grew louder, his silver watching my face. My face heats under his watchful gaze as he tilts his head.

My skin felt hot; every part of me felt extremely hot when one of his fingers slid between the seam of my lips before brushing against c**t. My hips jerked at the sensation, and he smiled. The point of canines poked out between his lips, and his eyes flashed to black at the movement. His finger moved lower, rubbing around my entrance as his thumb brushed over the same spot earning the same reaction and a moan escaped my lips, while my eyes fluttered at the foreign sensation.

He growled softly before his lips crashed against mine hungrily, and I answered his kiss. My body aching for his touch despite being wholly aware it was wrong. My legs trembled as he kept brushing the same spot with his thumb while his finger pressed against my entrance, the water moved, lapping at my skin as his other hand gripped my breast and squeezed hard, making an audible whiny sound escape me.

I had no idea why I was allowing him to touch me this way, not that I had much choice. He was a King. Yet the feeling building in my stomach and the heat ravaging through me made me putty in his hands. And my eyes fell shut, my lips pulling from his as my head fell back on his shoulder. My hips rolled against his playful fingers and played me; they did like a well-tuned musical instrument.

His thumb brushed my c**t, rubbing and flicking when I felt his finger force its way inside me. My eyes squeezed tighter at the intrusion, and my hips jerked back when I felt the hardness of him dig into my back. My heart rate spiked at the realization, and my eyes flew open.

"Shh, Ivy, it's because I am touching you, doesn't mean I will use it," The King says, pressing his lips to my shoulder. He forced his finger in deeper, and I squirmed as I felt my walls try to stretch around it, clamping tightly around him. Open mouth kisses trail over my shoulder and neck as he withdraws it before pushing back in.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 25

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 25 – His deep resounding purr forced my body to relax, and I slumped back against him, my legs no longer shaking as I tried to clamp them shut. Instead, falling heavily over his legs. He worked his finger in and out of me, his thumb rubbing on my c**t made me moan as I gave into the building sensation. Letting him do as he pleased as my stomach tightened when he pulled his wet finger from my throbbing heat before adding another, his lips s*****w the sound that escaped me as he worked both fingers into me pushing in deep. At the same time, his other hand fell to my stomach.

He pressed on my lower abdomen, his fingers curling upward and stroking against a sensitive spot that made me gasp as he nibbled on my lip; my hips moved against his fingers. My head rolled back against his shoulder as he moved his fingers faster, rougher, stretching me around them as he curled them, my walls fluttered, clamping down on them. My moans echoed off the tiled walls as his thumb pressed down on my swollen c**t, the friction building and climbing, and I felt like I would combust as the heat made skin flush.

My mind suddenly went utterly blank, my eyes falling shut, and moans spilled from my lips, my walls fluttering and pulsating as I tensed before it spasmed. Pleasure rippled through me, making me cry out in pure ecstasy that stole my breath from me as wave after wave rippled through my body. My entire body felt heavy as I sagged against him. The King nipped at my neck and chin as I tried to catch my breath. I felt him gently pull his fingers from me.

I blinked dazedly at the ceiling when he reached for the loofah and soap, his purr lulling me quieting, and I felt ridiculously relaxed like my whole body had to turn to jelly. I felt him chuckle and heard him talking, but my brain was mush with the after-effects of what he did. He kissed my cheek, running the loofa over my skin when there was a tap on the door.

"Get out," The King says firmly, his tone leaving no room for argument as I heard the person walk away.

"Just one of the guards, we should have left an hour ago," He said as he began washing me, gently running the loofa over my heated skin. Goosebumps rose on my arms as the warmth that filled slowly left, and i shivered against his warm skin.

"Do you still want to come to the castle with me?"

"I want to sleep," I mumbled before I yawned. He hummed, brushing his nose across my shoulder.

"I loved your scent before, but I love the smell of your arousal better," He growled, nipping at my neck before sucking that spot he seemed intent on grazing with his teeth.

"How far is it? I yawned sleepily. He chuckled, running the loofa over my b*****s.

"A couple days drive, but we will stop on the way, but you need to promise not to leave my side," he whispered; I nodded. I think I probably would have agreed to anything he said right now.

"Good girl," He grabbed a small jug dipping it in the water before tipping it over my chest and shoulders and removing the soap. The King pulled the plug from the bath, letting water drain out. Gripping his knees, I stood, completely forgetting I was naked and no longer covered by the foamy-colored water.

I tried to cover myself by making sure to keep my back to him when I felt a towel draped over my shoulders. I tug it closed before turning around and facing him. He had a towel wrapped around his waist. My eyes trailed over his muscular body. His abs looked like they were hand-carved to perfection and rippled with each movement he made.

His tanned skin glistened from the water, and I stepped closer before stopping shaking my head as the need to touch him overwhelmed me. He laughs softly, closing the distance and wrapping his arms around me; my nose pressed against his chest, and I sighed as his scent invaded my nostrils and I breathed in deeply.

"We should get dressed if you still want to leave today,"

"Are you sure I should come with you?" What would people think?

"I won't go if you stay here," The King says.

"I won't leave you here by yourself," my brows pinch, and I chewed my lip. Wondering how long this would last, how long before the King tossed me aside and realized he was fooling around with his servant and someone unworthy of a King. What if we went, and he got sick of me and cast me out. At least here I had Abbie, but, I would have no one out there. The thought of leaving her sickened me.

The King led me back into his bedroom, and clothes were set out on the bed.

"Get dressed," He said, pointing to a neatly piled set of clothes on the end of the bed.

I walked over to them, looking at them. These weren't my servant uniform. Turning to look at the King, he was rummaging through his wardrobe before pulling out jeans and a T-shirt. Who brought these up here, or when did he even get them? Surely he didn't want me to wear regular clothes?

"My uniform?"

"You won't be wearing it," he said, coming back over to me. I went to shake my head when he gripped my chin between his fingers.

"I don't want you to be my servant anymore,"

"But I am, my..." His eyes hardened, and I swallowed.

"But I am, Kyson; I murmured, swallowing down the urge to use his title.

"No, you are so much more than that, Ivy," I shook my head, and he kissed the side of my mouth.

"Put the clothes on, Ivy," he whispered before letting me go. I glanced at them before scratching my arm.

"I will dress you myself if you don't,"

"But servants wear dresses, the tunics,"

"I just said I don't want you as my servant," But what else was I supposed to be?

That's all I knew. A servant or slave is all a rogue could be and should be. We weren't supposed to be pampered and treated nicely. We weren't good enough to be seen as people. His treatment of Abbie I was absurd, and I knew everyone would think the same. I knew eventually he would realize what a mistake he made. But for now there was nothing I could do but play his strange game and accept it, so I nodded and sighed reaching for them.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 26

/ [His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 26 – Kyson POV Her awkwardness was adorable, although also slightly annoying. Not her, but you could tell how uncomfortable she was doing everyday mundane things that should be normal to anybody.

And she always stood, like she was waiting for orders or waiting for me to ask her to do something unless I forced her to sit. It was beginning to irritate me. At least she put the clothes on, but now she was standing at the door with her eyes straight ahead, hands behind her back. We just bathed together, yet she was still trying to be my servant. Like it was uncomfortable for her to be herself, or maybe she isn't used to being herself and only used to the version of what everyone wanted her to be. It was like watching someone who is institutionalized.

When the knock sounded on the door, I knew the car was ready. I watched her move to open it before standing back in her corner as if she could blend into the bookcase. She shifted her weight from one foot to the other. My Beta walked in, noticing her and looking over at her. He knew she was my mate. He also knew my struggle with her to be a person and not a d**n slave that answers every whim, I even mutter about something, and she is moving to clean it or fix it.

Even when I got her out of the bath. Ivy got dressed and raced around cleaning up the mess I had made the night before. Even after telling her not to. Muttering about it was her job to clean. I shook my head and let her go about whatever she was doing. Even when I tried to help, she would get to it before I could.

It got to the point, I was trying to race her. I managed a few things being quicker on my feet than her. But I could see it bothered her that I was doing tasks bestowed initially to her like she thought she would get in trouble if someone walked in on me cleaning my own room.

"Morning Ivy," Damian says to her, and she bows respectfully, baring her neck to him.

"Morning Beta," She answered politely. Damian scratches his neck awkwardly while looking at me. I knew it also irritated him that she used his title, especially since she would outrank him once she figured out I was her mate. S**t, she will probably overpower me. I don't think I could deny her anything. However, the chances of her actually ever asking for anything I was starting to realize were very slim.

A growl escaped me when she addressed him, and she jumped, not expecting it. Her eyes instantly dart to the floor. I click my tongue before Damian's voice flits through my head as he mind-linked me.

"I thought you two were on the same page,"

"So did I, but she still insists on being my servant. She has stood there for 10 minutes now,"

"But I could have sworn you were in the bath with her this morning,"

"Yep," his brows furrow.

"Did you have a fight?"

"What? No, I think it's just how she is,"

Grabbing my phone and wallet, I toss them to Damian, who catches them, putting them in his pocket.

"Maybe she thinks she is your s*x slave or something," Damian offers, still using the link.

"We didn't have s*x," I answered.

"Ivy, come. We are leaving," I tell her and she nods, following a few steps behind us down the hall. Damian stops waiting for her to fall in line with me, but she also stops.

"Ivy," I call to her. She looks at me, and I motion her toward me before grabbing her hand. She glanced at my fingers linked through hers. Her entire body tenses as she looks at the guard who paid no attention whatsoever, just like they are trained to do.

"My-" I growled when she went to address me. I knew she was going to protest me touching her in public as she kept glancing at the guard, who was well aware of who she was to me. I was pretty sure the entire castle knew except Ivy and Abbie. How they hadn't figured it out yet was beyond me. I noticed instantly when she tried to gently pull her hand from mine, and I didn't allow it.

“They won’t hurt you. You are doing nothing wrong,” I tried to reassure her, but she was frozen in place like Ivy was waiting for someone to scream “Off with her head” for merely being near me. I was fuming at how timid she was. Damian had been complaining all week about Abbie being the same. He said it was like she was mute. She even managed to scare him a couple of times with how quiet she was.

Her heart raced when I yanked her to me, crushing her petite frame against my chest. I pressed my lips hers quickly, and she startled, glancing around before I used the calling.

One tiny little perk of being a Lycan man. I have used it on her a few times, and she still hasn’t realized what it is and why it calms her, but it only works on our mates. I used to laugh when my sister would get all worked up and be a blubbering mess or a screaming banshee from the pregnancy hormones. Until her mate would start purring, I think he could sway her to do anything when he used it.

I didn’t understand the need to use it, but I found I did it without even thinking with Ivy. It was odd to me whenever I witnessed it. I couldn’t understand how it worked. I had asked about it but now with Ivy. I understood it and why it was called a calling. It was like a sedative of sorts that only a mate could use to subdue their other half. I am sure it was used for more barbaric situations like with my mother.

My father was a good king and father, although I know my mother wasn’t his mate. It was an arranged marriage and she refused him when they married, declined to be marked by him. Neither wanted to marry, but once he marked her, that was history, and I often watched growing up how she always seemed calm around him. It wasn’t until after they passed and I saw my sister and her mate that I understood why my father always purred when my mother was near.

Ivy hadn’t been marked, and when I first did it, without her being of age, I couldn’t exactly be hundred percent positive she was my mate until I realized the calling sedated her. It could only be used on mates or those marked and taken as mates. So I knew without doubt like we suspected she was in fact, my mate, or it wouldn’t have worked without me marking her.

Ivy pressed closer, seeking me out, her body turning languid in my arms as I pulled her closer, deepening the kiss. Her tongue played with mine, and I smiled against her lips before letting her go but not her hand. Her face flushed pink, and she glimpsed around, but Damian just nodded and smiled at her. The guard stared straight ahead. She turned, looking toward the stairs, when she suddenly took a step back. I followed her gaze to see Ester. Ivy tenses and moves awkwardly, moving behind me slightly.

“Ester, what are you doing here? You don’t work on my floor anymore,” I tell her. I didn’t like the way she was glaring at Ivy. When her gaze turned to me, her entire demeanor changed swiftly.

"My King, Clarice wanted to know if you were ready to leave. She packed some lunch for your drive," Ester tells me. I nod to her, but Ivy wouldn't even look in her direction or step out from behind me.

"Is Ester not her friend?" I asked Damian through the mindlink.

"I haven't seen them together," He answered simply. I nodded and tugged on Ivy's hand. Her heart was pounding in her chest, and I glanced down at where she stood slightly behind me, staring off vacantly at the wall.

"You may go, Ester," I said without looking at her, not taking my eyes off my mate. Maybe she felt awkward because Ester is a servant like she used to be. Or I hope she used to be. I don't want her waiting on me anymore, but getting that habit to stop was becoming a challenge.

"The King dismissed you, Ester, on your way," Damian says, and I heard her footsteps as she rushed off down the stairs.

"You don't like Ester?" I asked Ivy, and she looked at me before shaking her head.

"No, she is fine. I just don't know her very well," Ivy answered when the guard cleared his throat. I glance at him. So does Ivy, and he nods to her. Clearly, something was going on I wasn't aware of. I would have to find out when we get back. But something told me she was lying. That didn't sit well with me, and if she kept it up, she would learn one way or another not to do it again.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 27

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 27 – Ivy POV

The King led me downstairs, and I really needed to pee. I had been busting all morning, and as we stepped down the last step, Clarice was waiting with an insulated bag in her hands.

"Morning, King Kyson," She said awfully chirpy. She smiled at me, and Damian took the bags from her. "I can carry them," I tell him, but he shakes his head. My brows furrow. I didn't know what to do with myself as the King spoke to one of the guards that were waiting with Clarice. However, I noticed the guard from upstairs standing behind me when I heard chattering and looked up the hall.

Abbie walked out of the billard room down the corridor, and my eyes lit up. I went to rush to her when I realized the King had a hold of my hand. Abbie's eyes also lit up before she contained her urge to do the same. However, the King felt the tug on his hand before I remained still. He glanced down at me before bringing my hand to his lips. My eyes widened, and I looked away when Clarice smiled at me. Shouldn't she be scolding me? She scolded Ester for the way she

carried on around the King and here I was, lowest of the servants here since I was also rogue and she smiles and says nothing.

The guards didn't even bat an eyelash at his outrageous affections.

"What is it?" the King asks, and I shake my head before he grips my chin tilting my face up toward his. I was pretty sure all the blood ran from my face when he brushed his lips on mine briefly. Dread filled my stomach. There were around twenty guards stationed along the walls, yet none moved.

"What is it?" he repeated.

"It's Abbie, my king," Clarice answers and he lets my chin go before looking over my shoulder. He nods to her before letting my hand go.

"Go see her if you want before we leave," he answers, and I bounce on my feet. I look at Clarice, who nods to me, saying it was also alright. I must have looked like a child in a candy store with my excitement as I rushed toward her. A sob burst from Abbie's lips when I crashed against her, smothering her with my hug. She squeezed tight like she couldn't bear to let me go, and I never wanted her to.

Her hands fussily wiped my tears and mine hers. "I was so worried when I didn't see you for a few days, I thought they got rid of you," She says before holding me at arm's length. I grip her arms when she looks me up and down.

"Where is your uniform?"

"I have to go with the King somewhere. He told me to wear them,"

"You're leaving the castle," I nod to her feeling nervous seeing her nervousness. She also knew it wasn't normal for a rogue to be taken places.

"But you're coming back, right?" she says, and I watched the blood run from her face. She glanced down at my clothes again.

"Yes, I will bring her back, Abbie," The King said, and she instantly straightened, letting me go. She bows to him before glancing between us. I felt his chest press against my back as his hand brushed my side.

"It's time to leave," He says, placing his hand on my hip. Abbie's eyes dart to his hand before going to mine. The King pulls me away from her.

"I love you" Abbie blurts, and the King stops when I look back at her. I escape his grip and quickly hug her. I kiss her cheek, and she squeezes me extra tight.

"I love you too," I whisper to her. I didn't care if I got scolded for it or even whipped. I needed that last hug in case it turned out to be my last one from her.

"So much, more than my life," Abbie whispers in my ear her voice breaking.

"More than my life," I whisper back before letting her go. The King's brows furrowed as I approached him before he gripped my hand, tugging me toward where Damian and Clarice waited. Only now there was also a suitcase beside him. I went to grab it when the guard that was usually stationed upstairs did. He nods to me, and I look at the King, but he just continues walking out the double arched doors, pulling me with him.

I really hoped the drive wasn't long, or maybe a service station was on the way. I really needed to pee. He stopped beside the Limo, and the driver opened the door. I looked back at the castle while he spoke with the driver and two men, one from each of the black cars parked near.

Ester walks around the side of the castle with a basket of apples. That side of the castle was full of fruit trees; the trees ran along the fence line up the side of the castle. She stops also spotting me and glares at me. I didn't understand her issue; I had done nothing to her, yet she was always nasty. She stalks inside quickly, and I look back at the King only to see the Beta watching me. He glances at Ester's retreating form before looking back at me. I drop my gaze before pressing my legs together.

Why didn't I ask to use the bathroom when speaking with Abbie? I knew I would have to ask. I just hoped I didn't anger the King, or maybe he would leave without me. Then I could stay with Abbie though that thought upset me for some reason.

I went to address him before settling for tapping on his arm, knowing if I used his title, he would become angry, yet I also couldn't bring myself to say it with so many people listening. The King stopped, and I moved from one foot to the other. I was about to burst or wet myself either one.

"One second, love," He said, and I chewed my lip.

"What's wrong?" his Beta asks, and my face heats as the King lets my hand go to look at some maps the two men were going over on the hood of the Limo.

"Ivy?" the Beta asks, stepping closer to me.

"I need to pee," I whispered.

"Why didn't you use the bathroom?" he asked before he sighed.

"Go on," He says, and I dart off back into the castle. I ran to the servant's bathroom. I must have looked like a madwoman running through the halls. Racing into the stall, I ripped my pants off. I cursed having them on. Not only were they giving me a wedgie, but I nearly peed myself while trying to get them off. When I finished, I flushed the toilet, feeling lighter now my bladder wasn't screaming at me. Unlocking the door, I step out to wash my hands to find Ester leaning against the sink basin.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 28

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 28 – The cruel sneer on her face told me she was in here to cause trouble. However, before she could open her mouth to say whatever it was, she followed me in here for, her words were cut off when the guard suddenly walked in. He stood there looking between us, and I quickly washed my hands, using him as my escape. When I walked toward him Ester snorted a laugh, making me stop.

“You think the guard cares what happens to some rogue s**t?” Ester spat at me.

“Ester, I don’t know what your problem is. We are the same; I am a servant just like you,” I tell her.

“The King’s quarters was my station you f*****g b****h,” She spat before raising her hand. I saw her hand come straight for my face, and my eyes widened when the guard moved quickly and gripped her wrist. I had never seen him interfere before. I assumed he wasn’t allowed, but then again, she had never gone to hit me either. Maybe they can stop violence because it would cause a disturbance.

“Ma’am, the King is waiting for you,” The guard told me.

“Unhand me, how dare you touch me,” Ester says, but I don’t wait around; instead, I escape into the hall only to run into the Beta. I bounced off his chest, not seeing him, and he grips my arms to steady me.

“Where is your guard?” he asks, confusing me. Did he mean the guard in the bathroom? I glanced at the door when Ester suddenly rushed out. Her face streaked with tears. The guard stepped out behind her before nodding to the Beta. Beta Damian, however, was watching Ester rush down the corridor.

“Do we need to have a chat?” He asked the guard, who nodded.

“I take full responsibility, Beta. I should have said something earlier,” the guard speaks, and my brows furrow wondering what was going on with him and what he was talking about. He always followed me, but he never said anything. He occasionally smiled, and he has moved a couple of times. Once to pick up a broken piece of glass and another to point me in the right direction, but it was the first time I had heard his voice.

“Is that so,” Beta Damian asks, and the guard nods showing no emotion at all as he stands staring straight ahead.

“This way, Ivy” the Beta places his hand on my back before pushing me back the way I came in from outside. The guard followed and when I walked out, the King looked angry about something. I dropped my head. He motioned for me to get in

without saying a word, and I slid into the car while he remained outside talking to his Beta.

"Find out," I heard him say before he climbed in beside me. The driver shut the door, and I watched the guard follow Beta Damian to the black car in front before they both climbed in.

My attention pulled back to the King as he leaned over me, plugging my seatbelt in, making me look at him. His jaw was tense, and he looked angry as he stared out his window. I shouldn't have made him wait. I wanted to apologize but didn't want to get scolded, so I held my tongue.

The drive was awkward for the first twenty minutes as we sat in silence before the King unclipped his seatbelt and moved to the other side of the LimoLimo. He rummaged through the small cooler before grabbing two glasses and moving back toward me. He pressed on a button, and a little tray popped out between our seats.

"Have you drank wine before?" I shook my head.

"You can speak, Ivy. Your silence is maddening," I watched as he filled a wine glass with the deep red liquid before handing it to me. I sniffed wine; it smelt fruity and sweet. I watched as he poured whiskey into his tumbler.

"Drink," He says, nodding at the glass clutched in my hand. The command washed over me gently, yet even though he barely used it, I couldn't fight it. I hated that being rogue, I was commanded so easy. Although I was glad, the servants never commanded Abbie and me. Clarice had, but it was almost a motherly nudge coming from her instead of an outright command. Yet the King had done it a few times but never made me do anything other than eat or drink.

The King ordered me to finish the glass before pouring another, but I felt woozy and so hot. The King watched me. He nods to the glass in my hand and I shake my head. It kind of snuck up on you, it tasted sweet, but its effects seemed to creep up slowly before taking you out.

"Drink it," Why was he so intent on me drinking? I wanted to puke. Yet I couldn't help myself as my hand shook while I brought the glass to my lips. I think I drank four entire glasses, each glass fuller than the last. When I emptied the glass again, he went to pour more.

"Please, my... Kyson, no more, I feel sick," I tell him, and he raises an eyebrow at me. My belly felt extremely heavy, and my face felt so hot. My eyelids were heavy, and I didn't understand why people drink.

How could they like feeling like this? I felt like s**t. He places the bottle down in the holder. I lost count of how many whiskeys he had, but they seemed to have little or no effect on him. Yet my words slurred as they left my lips, and the door beside me was pretty much holding me up as I leaned heavily against it, my vision blurring.

"You won't lie to me again," He says, and my brows pinch together, and I rested my head against the cool glass of the window. His words confused me. And why was it so hot in this car. I was sweating profusely.

"I don't like punishing you, so don't make me?" The King told me. My lips felt like rubber when he handed me another glass, my mouth dried out from the wine, and I shook my head.

"Drink it," The King says. "Now!" he commands before tapping on the window where the driver was. I feel the car slow as I s****w down the sickly sweet wine, my stomach lurching as I tried to keep it down as it attempted to rise up my throat.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 29

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 29 – I gagged, and the Limo stopped. The door opened, and I lurched toward it, stumbling out of the car, and I nearly tripped headfirst into the dirt when the King grabbed my arm. I tried to jerk out of his grip, knowing I would be sick, but it was too late, and I threw up all over the ground, narrowly missing our feet.

"You won't lie to me again, will you, Ivy?" the King asks. Why did he keep asking me that and saying it that way? I heard car doors open before the King handed me a handkerchief. As my surroundings spun, I wiped my mouth, feeling somewhat better but very unsteady on my feet. My vision was terrible, and my head was pounding. The only thing I could make out was that I was on the side of the road and the blurring green and the scent of the forest along both sides of the road.

The Beta comes over to me with a bottle of water. He cracks the lid before handing it to me.

"Get her toothbrush and toothpaste, please. I would say she wants to rid the taste completely," The King tells him, and he walks off. I chug the water down before the Beta comes over with a cloth and toiletries bag. One of the guards also brought another water bottle over, and I leaned heavily on the King, unable to hold myself up while the Beta grabbed my arm.

My entire body felt heavy and hot. The King wet the cloth before swiping my hair over my shoulder and wetting the back of my neck. I sighed at the coolness of it against my heated skin before he washed my face. I was pretty much a ragdoll as he pulled me around.

"I think she learned her lesson, my king," The Beta chuckles; I stared at him.

"I had to improvise," The King said, confusing me more.

"I don't understand," I slurred.

"You lied to me," The King says simply. I shake my head at his words.

"I have another bottle. Would you like to drink that too?" The King asked. Huh, is that why he kept making me drink as some sort of punishment but for what? I hadn't lied. At least, I don't think I did? I quickly shook my head.

My legs wobble under my weight, and Beta Damian's grip tightens on my arm. I tried to look around and found all the men out of their cars looking at the forest and road. Oh my gosh, all those people just watched me puke.

"Do you want to brush your teeth?" The King asks me, and I nod though the task seemed like it would be too much, although I needed to rid the taste.

"I spewed," I slurred, my words not coming outright. I knew what I wanted to say, but the words didn't come out correctly.

"Yes, you did," the King says while pulling me back to the car. He placed me on the seat, and didn't want to get back into the stuffy car, enjoying the cool air. The Beta handed me the toiletries bag, and my fingers fumbled as I tried to open it.

The King takes it from me before pulling out some mouthwash. He unscrews the cap before handing it to me.

"You can brush your teeth when we get to the Hotel. For now, just rinse your mouth," He commands, and I sighed and nodded. He could be strange sometimes. I heard his Beta chuckle when I do as I am commanded, and I glare at him before spitting the mouthwash into the tiny cup he hands me.

"She is feisty when drunk,"

"It appears so," The King laughs, taking the cup from my hands. One of the guards took it from him, and he motioned for me to hop in. I shake my head.

"No?" he asks.

"It's too hot," I tell him, although I don't think the words came out like that, but he had no trouble understanding what I meant.

"I know; I had the driver put the heater on," He laughed. I blinked at him, wondering why he would do that when it was stifling hot already.

"In the car, Ivy"

I lifted my legs in, turning on the seat before shuffling heavily over to my seat. I leaned against the other door when Kyson came in, turning the air conditioning

on and a little fan. After his Beta climbed in the car beside me, he tapped on the glass and spoke to the driver when he wound the window down before placing it up again.

His Beta hands me another bottle of water, and I drink it thirstily, gulping it down.

"F**k, it is hot in here," The Beta says, and I gasp at his language in front of the King. My shock must have been evident because the King laughed before tugging his shirt off over his head.

"Nope, I can't sit in here with this heat," Beta Damian whines.

"I turned the Aircon on," The King tells him. His Beta shakes his head and hops out, not even waiting for the King to dismiss him.

"He just got out, and he swore, but you didn't punish him," The King laughs before reaching for me, and my eyes opened wide as his hands grabbed me, making me realize I spoke out of turn.

The King pulls me on his chest directly under the air conditioning, and I feel the limo start moving.

"Damian is my best friend; he can do what he likes, just like you," I tried to shake my head.

"You lied," I tell him.

"I am a liar, am I?" I nodded against his chest where I was draped over him, enjoying the icy cold air conditioning blasting me. The King started tugging my shirt off, and I was too heavy to stop him and felt too terrible to care.

"When did I lie?" the King asks.

"You said I could do what I want, I didn't want to drink, you made me," I tell him, and before I could stop it, a growl slipped past my lips. I startled myself, making myself jump, yet the King laughed.

"Did you just growl at me?" he chuckled softly, and I felt my pulse slow when he didn't become angry.

"I'm sorry," I murmured.

"Don't be. You are coming of age to shift soon, you will make noises when showing emotion" I nodded, wondering if shifting would hurt. I heard it is terribly painful for werewolves their first shift.

"And, technically, that wasn't a lie though; it was a punishment, I would have preferred spanking you but somehow I think that would have traumatized you more," I must have heard that wrong, I shake my head at his outrageous words.

“But I didn’t lie,” I needed to stop talking; I sounded whiny, and I should be glad he didn’t leave me on the side of the road after I puked nearly on him.

“You did, I asked you earlier if you liked Ester, and you never told me she had been giving you trouble,” I shake my head, but this time he growls before wrapping his arms around me, holding me in place when I tried to get up.

“So you like Ester then?” he questions, and I think. I didn’t hate her, and I wasn’t one to hold grudges.

“I don’t think she likes me,” I answer.

“That wasn’t what I asked; I asked if you liked her,”

“Well, I don’t dislike her; I don’t know her,” I tell him. He nods, pressing his nose to my cheek as he pulls me higher against him. I pressed my face into his neck, enjoying his scent when he started to purr. I loved the sounds he made except when he growled. I loved his smell and wondered how much it would hurt when he tossed me aside like everyone else did, wondering if I could go without smelling his scent everywhere.

“I like when he does that?” I think to myself, and he chuckles.

“Is there someone else I should know about, some competition I am unknowingly competing against?”

“Did I say that out loud?” I asked, mortified.

“Yes, so it better be me you are speaking of. I find anyone else purring at you; I will remove their vocal cords and lungs,” the King laughs before kissing the side of my mouth.

“Why are you-,” I mumbled, my words becoming harder the more he purred.

“Sleep Ivy, I will wake you when we get to the hotel,” he says before I feel myself sucked under as sleep and his command takes me.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 30

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 30 – Kyson POV

I didn’t want to punish her, but she lied to me again and I saw no other choice. I knew something was up with her and Ester, and Ester would pay for whatever she had done. Damian said he would tell me later when we got back to the castle, so whatever it is he found out from the guard, he was afraid of speaking about in front of Ivy in case I lost control again.

Her breathing evened out as I held her, my skin tingled where hers touched mine. I unclipped her bra, letting it open, and she sighed as I pulled it off her and out from under her, her hardened n*****s pressed against my chest. I must admit I like her drunk; she almost seems to forget my title forgets her own. Yet I couldn't make her intoxicated constantly even though seeing her like this had its appeal.

I trace my fingers down her back, and a growl escapes me as I trace over the scars that littered it. She whimpers and started to stir, but I start calling on her again. I loved how she melted against me, pressing closer and turning her face into my neck. The car began to slow as we pulled over for petrol. Damian climbs in the car when it stops and slid across the seat across from me, Gannon climbing in behind him before he shut the door.

Both of them noticing her state of undress, turned their gazes to the window while Damian rummaged through the storage under his seat and pulled out a thin throw blanket. He hands it to me and I quickly draped it over her to cover her b**e back. "You can turn" I told them and they both turned to face me.

"We may need to take an alternate route; I don't like the Black Forest, there are too many hiding places for an ambush,"

"It will be an extra half a day's drive," I tell him.

"I'm sorry, Kyson, but it is not a risk I am willing to take," he says, and I peeked down at Ivy in my arms, and I noticed out of the corner of my ear he does too.

"You're right, whatever is safer," I tell him, and he nods letting out a breath of relief, I wouldn't risk her life over half a day.

"Did you find out more about her history, her last name, anything about her?" I asked, turning my attention to Gannon.

"No, but I reached out to the old Alpha. He said he would dig her files out and I could come to see him next week to collect them,"

"I will come with you," I tell him, and he nods.

"He was curious as to why we wanted to know about her,"

"What did you say?"

"Nothing, of course. I told him I wanted Abbie's files too, told him that we wanted to know if they could be trusted amongst the other servants," I nodded at his words, he was always a quick thinker when put on the spot which was why he is my third in command.

My fingertips traced down her spine under the blanket, feeling the ridges of her spine and her scars. She was underweight, which bothered me just as much as the

scars lining her back and I suddenly felt guilty for making her sick. I would have to make it up to her.

"He did say she was young when she came, and her parents put up a fight. Apparently, her father k****d the orphanage headmistress's mate," Gannon tells me.

"Would explain why she was punished so brutally, why would he let her remain as headmistress knowing that," Gannon growled while shaking his head.

"Did he say why there were only two rogue children in the orphanage?"

"No, but he became very nervous when I asked. I think he was covering up for his son,"

"Makes sense. I got the same vibe when I spoke to him," Damian tells me, and I tilt my head to look at him. He looks away guiltily.

"You weren't assigned to look into it Gannon was, so why did you speak to him,"

"Same reason, I was curious about her; I needed to know she wasn't a threat to you. It is my job as your Beta," I nod, looking down at Ivy.

"Well, is she?" I asked him with a chuckle, knowing full well she is no threat to me, no one was, but unfortunately, not everyone fights fair, and Lycans have always been hunted even by the werewolves.

"She is?" Damian says with a smirk, and I raised an eyebrow at him.

"Don't tell me it wouldn't break you if she suddenly left," Damian challenged, and I growled at his words. She was never leaving me; I wouldn't allow it. I would chain her to me if needed.

"My point is proven, physically being a werewolf, she is no match, but that doesn't mean she can't break you in other ways," Damian laughed.

"She wouldn't, I wouldn't allow it"

"But she could," he says, and I nod once, tugging her closer and burying my face in her neck. Damian chuckled before Gannon snorts, trying to hold his laugh in.

"Shut up the both of you," I snap at them. I knew they found my obsession with the girl amusing, yet they would understand when they found their mates one day.

"Don't get your panties in a knot now that you realized that she now holds all the power,"

"I am still a King," I tell him.

"And she is your Queen," Gannon nodded to her and I smiled. Yes, she would one day be my Queen if she will have me, I thought before stopping myself and realizing my own line of thought. If she would have me, IF. I look at Damian and he had a knowing look on his face, he could read me too well sometimes.

"I'm still the King," I tell them, and Damian smirks.

"So you keep saying, my King"

"My word is law,"

"For now," Gannon teased.

"I could always keep her as my servant," I tell them, and Damian folds his arms across his chest with an incredulous look on his face.

"I didn't say I would," I tell him.

"I know you won't,"

"Unless obviously, she did something bad," Gannon added and Damian and I both glare at him.

"Now, why would you say that? What bad bone does the girl have in her body," Damian asked.

"I was just saying," Gannon said with a shrug.

"It would have to be something horrendous, even then, I am not sure," I admitted. I don't think anything would stop me from loving Ivy or wanting her. She could try to k**l me, and I would probably ask her to forgive me. I chuckled at the thought.

"Something funny, my king,"

"No, Gannon, I just can't wait until her birthday, and she realizes I am her mate," I tell them before leaning my head back and closing my eyes.

"It was well into the night when we arrived at the Hotel, a little after midnight and I arranged for us to leave no later than 6 AM. I couldn't wait for Ivy to see the castle but I also couldn't wait to be alone with her either.

I covered her over with the blanket as I carried her inside the small Hotel. My men surrounded me obscuring her from the view of any other people as I made my way to our suite. Damian stepped ahead of me and searched the room before allowing me to enter. When I heard the door click shut, I placed her on the bed before climbing on it myself. She stirred now that I had dropped the calling, allowing her to wake. Her beautiful eyes fluttered open dazedly and my lips devoured hers before she had a chance to speak.

Her skin heated beneath my palm as I gripped her breast, rubbing my thumb over her nipple before plucking at it. My lips traveled down her neck and I desperately wanted to mark her.

“My King,” She blurted and the growl that left me made her tremble beneath me. Anger coursed through me before I stifled it reminding myself she just woke up and wasn’t clear-headed enough to remember. Her hands shook against my chest and I could feel her breath on my neck.

“I didn’t mean to startle you. Are you hungry?” I asked her but she shook her head and her stomach betrayed her as it protested.

“I will give you one chance to correct that answer Ivy,” I told her pulling back to look down at her. She averted her gaze to my chest and I sighed brushing her cheek gently with my hand.

“You don’t need to fear me, I haven’t hurt you, I won’t hurt you,” She licked her lips my attention diverted briefly to them. They looked dry and cracked.

“Are you hungry?” She nodded and I pecked her lips before grabbing the phone to order room service. I felt Ivy move on the bed behind me. While I waited for them to answer I moved toward the small fridge and retrieved a bottle of water before making my way back to her. She squirmed on the spot where she sat but took the water placing it beside her.