

# His Lost Lycan Luna Chapter 15 by Jessica Hall

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 15 – The movement makes me cringe in pain as my ribs throb before clenching my teeth to stop from crying out. Quick movements always gave me sharp pains and caused my breathing to hitch.

“Sorry, did that hurt?” He asks. I shake my head.

“Don’t lie. Why do you lie about being in pain?” he asks while he starts to unravel the bandages. Unsure of whether to answer, I remained quiet. Dobber’s always got you in trouble.

“I asked you a question?” he says, tapping the side of my leg and making me jump and blurt out an answer.

“Mrs. Daley would double our punishments if we made noise,” I murmur, remembering the first time I cried out. I was eleven the first time she whipped me. Three lashes turned into six. After a few times, we learned quickly not to make a noise. It was always worse if we did.

“Is that why you have so many scars?” he asks.

“No, we learned to keep quiet. No matter how well we did our chores, Mrs. Daley would always find something to punish us for.”

I grit my teeth as the pressure removes when the bandages go down to the last layer.

“What happened to your ribs and back?” he asks, his fingers brushing my ribs, and I cringed before gritting my teeth, a stifled whimper leaving my lips as he presses on the worst one.

“You don’t have to be quiet, Ivy. I won’t punish you for being in pain. You would have to do something pretty extreme for me to want to punish you,” he murmurs.

“Can you lift your arms above your head?” he asks, and I try to lift both arms, the left pulling at my side making my arms tremble.

“That’s enough; this side looks like you have broken it. How did you do that?” he asks.

“Fell down the stairs, Sir,” I tell him.

“When?”

"The day we got here?"

"You have been working for two days with broken ribs and didn't say anything?"

I choose to say nothing. "You should have said something, Ivy. You can't be expected to work like this if you are in pain."

"It's fine; I can still work,"

"No, you will stay in here with me, so I know you're resting,"

"That's not necessary; I can still work."

"It wasn't a choice. You remain with me," King Kyson says before grabbing a jar of ointment and rubbing it on the cuts. I remained still while he cleaned the markings branding my skin, my face heating the longer he touched me. I felt d\*\*\*y and embarrassed that he was touching me, his servant.

Yet the feel of his skin on mine felt oddly warming, my skin tingling everywhere he touched. He moves behind me, the bed dipping more.

"Stay there," He says before climbing off the bed and walking over to his dresser. He grabs a black shirt out of the drawer, then climbs back on the bed and retakes his place behind me.

"I think you should leave the bandage off; let it get some air," He says before I feel his fingers pinch my bra, releasing the hooks. I shriek, covering myself before I feel his breath on my neck.

"Shh, Ivy, I can't see you," he whispers, and I stiffen at his closeness, feeling the heat radiating off his chest and seeping into my back. His nose skims along my shoulder to the back of my ear, his hand on my stomach pulls me closer to him.

"I love your scent," He whispers, and tingles flood over me everywhere, and I s\*\*k in a breath. He suddenly clears his throat, pulling his face away from me.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to... you just smell nice," He says.

"It's fine, sir," I tell him, a little startled that he admitted sniffing me and the fact he thought I smelt nice, most Rogues smell awful to pack wolves, yet again he was a Lycan, so who knows.

"Kyson," He murmurs.

"Pardon, Sir,"

"My name, it is Kyson, say it, Ivy," He says behind me. I shake my head at his words, looking toward the door.

"Say my name Ivy; I won't let anyone punish you for using my name," he says before sliding my bra straps down my arms before placing it beside him and tugging a shirt over my head.

His fingertips graze the sides of my b\*\*\*\*s, making me shiver. It was the black shirt he got out of the dresser. I look down at it before sniffing it, his scent making my mouth water.

"Do I smell nice?" He asks with a soft laugh.

"Yes, like Vanilla and berries," I told him before slapping a hand over my mouth for what embarrassingly blurted out. He laughs softly, his fingers fiddling with my ponytail before he gently removes my hair tie. My hair falls to my waist, and he runs his fingers through it, I shiver at the feel of fingers on my scalp.

"You still haven't said it yet," He says.

"Said what?"

"My name", He says, and I shake my head.

"I will get you to say it eventually" He almost seemed to be taunting, his tone playful.

There is a knock on the door, and I go to get up when he pulls me back down, his hand moving under his shirt, his thumb rubbing my belly.

"Come in, Damian," He says, and my heart beats erratically. Beta Damian walks in with a tray of food and glasses with ice cubes.

"Where do you want it, Kyson?" He asks.

"Just leave it there," the King says behind me, and my face heats when King Kyson presses his face into my neck again. His Beta never looks in our direction like he expected me to be half undressed here and practically sitting on his King's lap. How many servants had he found in this position, I wondered. Surely, this wasn't normal behavior, or maybe it was. Is this why Ester hates me?

"Anything else?" Beta Damian asks him.

"No, that is all. I will mind-link if I need anything," The King says. I see his Beta nod before walking out and shutting the door.

"Relax, Ivy," the King tells me, but I find that near impossible when he could tell the guards to k\*\*l me at any second, and they would without hesitation. He gets off the bed and retrieves the tray before pouring whiskey into a glass.

"Have you drank before?" He asks, and I shake my head.

He hands me the glass, and I sniff it. "I won't tell if you don't, but it will help with the pain," He says, pointing to my ribs. I sip it and nearly spit it back in the glass, and he laughs before pouring the ice from the other cup into my glass.

"There, I watered it down a bit," He says before pouring himself a glass. I sniff it again and shake my head, trying to pass it back to him, but he adds more whiskey to the glass, half filling it.

"Drink it," He orders, and I am unable to help myself. I bring the glass to my lips. He watches me over the rim of his glass, and I cough when I finish, drinking it all in one go.

"Sorry, I don't like ordering you, but I knew you wouldn't drink it. You may feel woozy, but you shouldn't hurt as bad" Woozy, I felt warm and, after a few minutes, relatively heavy.

"Eat," He says, placing the tray between us. The tray was filled with small sandwiches cut into triangles and carrots sticks and dips, along with an assortment of cheeses and different crackers.