

# His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 19

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 19 – Waking up, I look up at the ceiling only to see the bed canopy and not my dim light. Blinking, I was vaguely aware of people talking when something beside me moved. I quickly looked around, seeing Beta Damian at the end of the bed and Gannon. Turning my head, I found the King sitting beside me, and I was in his bed.

“Sleeping beauty awakes,” Beta Damian says. I jerked upright, only for a hand to land on my shoulder and push me back down. My back protesting at laying on it.

“Lay back down. I gave you quite the scare. I didn’t mean to, but you will stay in here tonight,” The King says, and I shake my head, trying to get back up.

“You stay with me tonight,” He repeats, and I look to his Beta and Gamma, and they said nothing in my defense. Are they really going to leave me in here with him? He was a beast a few seconds ago. What about what Clarice said?

“I’m sorry to get you all out of bed. Leave the rest. I will have it fixed tomorrow,” King Kyson tells them.

“You sure you can handle the mess?” His Beta asks.

“I am sure I can manage,” the King tells them, and both men’s eyes dart to me for a second before they both b\*\*e their necks and walk out, leaving me alone with a man that just turned into a savage beast. I thought I was going to d\*e for sure. The door clicks shut softly. My breathing picked up again. Despite the room’s vast size, I suddenly felt claustrophobic and caged in like a mouse trapped in a lion’s cage. I actually prayed I passed out again. Terror filled me, and I was suddenly too scared to move.

“I won’t hurt you, Ivy. I didn’t mean to lose control like that,” He says, his voice perfectly calm like nothing happened.

“You can speak freely, Ivy. It’s just us, not that Damian or Gannon would ever speak against you,” He says, and I was already very aware of the fact that they just left alone and trapped in here with a man that just looked more like a monster than a person, not too long ago.

I swing my legs over the side of the bed, wanting to go back to the safety of my room. “Lay back down now,” He orders, and I instantly do, unable to fight the command as it washed over me like a tidal wave of pure Alpha Dominance. His blankets are soft under my hands, but my back is screaming in protest, and I can’t help the whimper that escapes my lips.

"What's wrong, answer me?" He says, leaning over me.

"My back, please, I can't lay on it," I tell him, and his eyes widen.

"Sorry, I forgot, you may roll on your side," He says, turning me to face him.

"I am man, not a beast now, don't be frightened," He says, grabbing my hand and placing it on his chest and holding it there. All I could do was blink at the man that was becoming bizarre by the second, and what was wrong with him constantly touching me? Does he have a rogue fetish?

I had heard of strange fetishes mentioned by the adults at the orphanage. One of the gardeners Abbie and I once overheard speaking to Mrs. Daley about having a Rogue fetish, that he liked being a puppet master. He said he hoped that we would be auctioned when we came of age so he could buy Abbie to use for his fantasies.

We had no idea what he meant back then. We were only 12, and it wasn't until we grew older that we learned what he truly meant by those words and the intentions behind them. She would become his s\*x slave, dominated by some sicko. Abbie swore she would k\*\*l herself if he brought her.

"I know you're scared, but please don't fear me. I don't want you scared of me. And just for the record, Lycans don't eat people," he says with a soft laugh.

I was beginning to wonder if this was the same man from before. I briefly entertained the idea that he had a lobotomy while I was passed out. He seemed so carefree now, just an ordinary person with how he was talking. I could almost forget he was a king.

"You seem confused," He states, and I nod. He still had a hold of my hand.

"You are the only person other than Gannon and Damian that have got near me in that state and lived to tell about it. In my Lycan side, I was able to recognize you when I lost control," He says, and my brows pinch. Was that supposed to make me feel better about the situation, that he didn't k\*\*l me?

"You don't speak much," He states. What was I supposed to say? I was a filthy rogue that he ordered to lay in his bed with him for some reason, and he was rubbing my hand that was encased in his huge one like I was some pet he was trying to decide whether or not to put out of its misery. He yawns, covering his mouth and rolling on his back, yet he doesn't let go of my hand, still holding it in his.

I wanted to tug it away from him, but I also liked the feel of his big hand covering mine, the tingles making my body relax, and I yawn too, wondering what time it is? He eventually falls asleep, soft snores filling the room, and I think I laid for about an hour before I gained the courage to reclaim my hand before carefully sitting up. I made sure not to move the bed too much. Standing up, I take a step, and the floorboard creaks under my foot, and I freeze. My heartbeat thumped in my ears frantically. I glanced over at him before taking another step when he spoke.

"I am going to give three seconds to get back in the bed with me, or you may find yourself tied to it and unable to ever leave it, Ivy. The choice is yours," King Kyson says.

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## Chapter 20

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"Can I... just go back-"

"One,"

"But-"

"Two," "My King, I don't think" he moved too quickly for my eyes to track when suddenly the air was knocked from my lungs, and I was pinned beneath him. I could hardly s\*\*k in air as I was that panicked, my brain suddenly forgetting how to breathe, just completely forgetting a natural bodily function as my fear stole the capacity to function out of me.

"Three," The King smiled down at me. He purrs, the noise making his chest vibrate against mine. When he moved, I became very aware of the fact he was pressed between my legs, and his entire body covering was mine. He dropped his face closer to mine, running his nose along my cheek.

The purring emanating from him grew louder before he pressed his nose in my neck and inhaled deeply, sending my heart rate leaping and spluttering in my chest. I tried to remind myself Lycans don't eat people, he said they don't eat people, yet he was sniffing me like he was about to devour his favorite meal, and he was savoring its scent before consuming it.

"I could devour you, and it would never be enough," He growls, and goosebumps rise on my arms at the sound of his voice.

"But Lycans don't eat people," I squeaked, praying he wasn't lying, as he ran his nose back up my neck and across my cheek, stopping at my lips. The King laughs, his stubble tickling my face while I stare wide-eyed at his erratic behavior.

"Not that sort of devouring," he laughs, shaking his head.

"So pure," he mumbles, rubbing my lips with his thumb, his eyes trained on them. I silently prayed Damian and Gannon would come back. I didn't even care about the position they would find me in as long as they could get me out.

"No, I am rogue," I blurted, confused. We were the least pure there was. We had no pack, nothing. We were the mutts of society. Kyson pulls away from me, sitting up on his elbows and looking down at me; although his position never changed, his weight wasn't crushing the air from my lungs any longer.

"How old were you when you were brought to the orphanage again?"

"8, my king," I answered.

"And you had no schooling at all, not even before that?"

"No," Kyson clicked his tongue and looked away. He appeared to be annoyed at my answer. Did I say something wrong?

I shifted beneath him, trying to get out from under him, but when his eyes moved back to mine, they made me freeze and shrink into the bed.

"You know nothing about Lycan's or werewolves or anything at all?"

"I know how to clean; I can cook a bit too," I didn't understand why he was questioning my ability. What good would any knowledge be when I am a Rogue.

"Do you know what s\*x is?" My face heated, that word I did know. I nod, shrinking back further from him.

"But yet your virgin, pure," He emphasizes the last word, and my face heats further at my idiocy of what he meant before. The lack of oxygen must have muddled the brain or stunned it. I must have sounded like an idiot. No wonder he questions me. He must have thought something was wrong with my lack of intelligence. Embarrassment flooded me when his words finally registered.

Wait, did he want me to become a s\*x slave as some packs do to the rogues? The thought horrified me. Tears burned the backs of my eyes, and I squeezed them shut, trying to will myself to calm down and not make noise. He was the King; he could do what he wanted to me. I was a rogue; he was King. He could k\*\*l me, and no one would care to even ask why.

"Is that why I am in here? Are you going-" I ask before stopping like knowing would somehow lessen the h\*\*\*\*r of it.

"Ivy, I am not going to have s\*x with you. I was just asking a question," He says, brushing my cheek with his hand. I open my eyes and peek up at him. He almost seemed sad before his eyes flickered black for a second. He sighed heavily and dropped his head on my chest.

"I hate how skittish you are; I could k\*\*l your headmistress," he growled. I didn't know what to say to his words.

"I don't want you to be scared. I don't know how many more times I can say that before you believe it. Even Abbie spilled stew all over Damian earlier, and she

begged at his feet for her life. It's madness," Kyson growls. I wondered if she was alright. I hadn't seen her in what felt like ages. I missed her terribly.

"I won't hurt you, Ivy. Not ever, understood?" I nod, and he growls, and my eyes widen a fraction more at the sound.

"No, say it," the King says.

"I understand," I whispered.

"No, say it. Say I won't hurt you,"

"You won't hurt me," I spluttered out, turning my face away from his angry gaze. Only his fingers on my chin turn my face back to his.

"I won't hurt you. I don't want to hurt you. Therefore I won't," The King tells me. He studied me for a second, his hand moving back to my face, and his thumb brushed over my lips again before he tugged the bottom one down.

"Um, Sir," he smiled like my awkwardness amused him some way.

"Kyson," He murmured. His eyes flicked to mine for a second, yet his thumb remained playing with my lip. He settled his weight back on me, and my breath lodged in my throat like a ball threatening to choke me to do d\*\*\*h.

"I have to leave the Castle tomorrow. I need to go to a nearby Kingdom. Damian and Gannon will remain here with you unless you want to come with me." The King says. There were more Kingdoms near here?

"I thought you were the last Lycan Royal?" I asked without thinking. He smiled back at me.

"There is that voice. You can ask me anything, Ivy. I like your questions, like hearing your voice," I s\*\*\*\*\*w. The King laughs softly, the sound making his chest rumble against mine.

"It reminds me that you are still breathing," He laughed again. Great, even the King was aware of my brain cells that randomly died in his presence.

"And yes, I am the Last Lycan Royal. Damian and Gannon don't want me to leave the Castle since the rebellion has risen from the shadows again. But we need to go back over old crime scenes. The Castle lyrics will be visiting used to belong to the last fallen King and Queen."

A memory tinkered in the back of my mind pulling me back to a time I tried not to remember. We were camped out by a stream; Abbie and I had been lying on the grass under an old oak tree. My mother and Abbies were sitting around the fire. Abbie and I both got up to wade our feet through the water. I was humming, humming to a tune. I have no memory of where I heard it, but it always brought comfort to me for some reason.

"Girls, not too close to the water. It is deeper than it looks," my mother scolded. She always panicked when either of us went too close to the river. Neither of us could swim a s\*\*\*\*e to save our lives. I nearly d\*\*\*\*\*d once when we were on the run. Sank straight to the bottom like a stone, my father had pulled me out, and it had made me wary of water since.

I looked over at my mother when noise sounded amongst the trees, and her startled expression went to both of us. My father burst through the trees and I had never seen him so scared. "Run" He bellowed as he ran straight toward me when my mother grabbed Lina, Abbies mother's hand, and yanked her up.

"It's the King's guard," they have come for us, they have come for,"

"For what?" I had asked as my father gripped me around the waist and jumped in the water, swimming to the other side. Lina had Abbie who was screaming for her father, but Lina said nothing as she swam across.

"Why are they chasing us," I asked, scared when wolves burst from the tree with savage snarls. "Because of King Garret and that b\*\*\*h Queen Tatiana,"

"Now, run, don't stop, don't look back, run!" My father snarled before shifting, and Abbie gripped my hand, and we both took off running. I shake the memory away.