

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 14

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 14 – Ivy POV The following two days were a disaster. Ester kept sabotaging me and trying to get me in trouble. So far, I had been in trouble off Clarice, a cook, and now I stared down at the broken vase she deliberately shattered. To top it off, I had a fever; my back was surely infected. I fight back the tears retrieving my dustpan and broom and start sweeping the mess up. She wasn't even supposed to be up here, yet I always caught her. She always waited to see my reaction before darting off. Glass shattered everywhere.

Gosh, I wonder how expensive it was? I was going to be in so much trouble. Hearing voices on the stairs, my breathing hitches, and I start grabbing the big chunks and dropping them in the bin, slicing my index finger making me hiss. I was over the injuries. Being here was worse than the orphanage. I swear my ribs are broken on my left side, the bruising now a deep dark purple with yellowing around the edges from Ester tripping me on the stairs.

My new shoes were giving me h**l, though someone did give me thick socks for which I am grateful, along with the King's blanket making me wonder if it was him. I woke up with it draped over me one morning. I placed it back in his room to find it tossed over me again the following day, so I have kept it ever since. I noticed though the King has been on edge and hasn't been working or leaving his room much. I had also seen him snap at a few guards, and I had smelt the liquor on him when I brought him dinner. Sometimes I even find him following me around, which is terrifying. I can't think with his constant stares, and I stuff up constantly.

Sweeping, quickly, I heard the voices getting closer, and I could tell it was the King. A piece of glass goes scooting across the floor with the sweep of the broom before the guard's foot stops it. I blink, wondering if I imagined it. He bends down, picks it up, and tosses it in my bin before winking at me.

He used to guard the stairs and door on the level below, but he has been stationed up here for the last two days now, but that was the first time I have seen him move. At one point, I thought he was a statue, but now I have proof that he is a living, breathing being.

"Thank you," I whisper to him, and he nods before staring straight ahead again. I hissed, clutching my ribs as I bent to scoop up the last of the shattered glass with the dustpan just as King Kyson and Beta Damian turned into the corridor.

"Oh, for the love of G*d, what did you break this time?" King Kyson groans while shaking his head. I drop my eyes to the floor and s*****w. That's it. I have done it now; I wondered how many lashings I would get for it.

"Sorry, Sir," I tell him.

The King turned slightly and faced his Beta, watching me get scolded by the King.

"I will see you later, Damian," King Kyson tells his Beta before walking into his bedroom.

"Ivy, come in here and shut the door behind you," The King calls out, and I pause at my task.

Oh no, please don't be too angry. S**t! I mouth to myself before grabbing the bin and broom. I sit them next to the door. Staring at the ceiling and blinking back tears, I clenched my fists a few times, trying to build up the courage to walk in and face the King. He had been in a terrible mood the last couple of days. I had seen many sides of him in two days, witnessed his anger, noticed his stress as he paced his room, forgetting I was there while muttering to himself.

Clarice said some anniversary was coming up yet wouldn't tell me what the anniversary was. Just that I should expect outbursts and try to steer clear of him. But it's hard when he sometimes follows me to ensure I do my job correctly, always hovering.

"Ivy now," King Kyson yells out again, his tone sounding annoyed. I step in, shutting the door to find him rummaging through a box while sitting on the edge of his bed. My stomach drops. What was he going to do to me?

"What took you so long? Come here," he says, pointing to between his legs. I look at the space where he wants me to stand before looking at him, only to find him watching me again.

"Do I need to drag you over here? Now, Ivy, my patience is running low," He snaps, pointing to the space between his legs. I force my feet to move and stand next to him. He growls and looks up at me, annoyed. Gripping my wrist, he jerks me to stand between his legs, his knees touching my thighs.

Looking down, I realize he had medical supplies in the box, and I step back only for him to pull me back in place before pressing his knees on either side of my legs, so I don't move away again.

"You haven't changed your dressing in two days, Clarice said she sent you to the infirmary yesterday, but the nurse said she never saw you, that you never came to see her. Why is that?" He asks.

He was correct; I knew my back was getting infected, but if the nurse saw the bruises and my ribs, she may put me off work, and if I can't work, what good was I. They would probably k**l me if I didn't earn my keep, this wasn't an orphanage, and I was expected to work for the King of all people.

"No, it's all better now," I tell him, which does nothing but earn me a glare.

"Don't lie to me. I can smell it in your bloodstream. Don't forget what I am, Ivy; my senses are stronger than yours. Now remove the uniform and don't lie to me

again," he says, and I shake my head trying to step back, but his legs hold me in place.

"Ivy, remove your uniform, or I will do it for you," he warns. My lip quivers, and I grip the buttons, not wanting to take the dress off.

"I will go see the nurse now," I blurt out, and he growls at me, making me shake like a leaf. He reaches for the buttons of my dress, and I slap his hand, trying to pull away from him before I realize what I did, making me freeze-nibbling on my bottom lip to stop it quivering and suppress a whimper at the look he gave me. I just slapped the King away. How could I be so stupid?

"Did you just slap-" He doesn't finish; he shakes his head before reaching for my buttons again. My eyes burned with tears that wanted to spill over, but I forced myself not to react, just block it out.

"Will you stop shaking? Why do you smell of fear? Have I hurt you?" I shake my head as he stares at me.

"If I was going to hurt you, I would have already. I could have punished you multiple times over the last two days for stuffing up and also for the vase, but I haven't. What is wrong with you and Abbie? So b****y skittish, it infuriates me," he growls.

"I'm sorry, Sir, I will do better," I tell him, clutching the front of my dress.

"Kyson, my name is Kyson, and don't apologize; it's just annoying that you scare so easily," he says, reaching for my buttons again but stopping when he notices I am holding it. He reaches for my arms and growls, grabbing my hands and prying them away from my dress. He places my hands on his legs. When I move them off his thighs, he growls, making me place them back.

"I won't hurt you," he tells me while undoing the last of the buttons. Why was he insisting on doing this? I said I would go to the nurse. He untucks the bandage's little clip, his eyes on the task as he fiddled with it.

"Now, turn around," he says, his legs opening to allow me to turn. I turn around, glad I don't have to see his face staring at my body. He pulls my dress over my shoulders before moving back on the bed. Warm, firm hands went to my hips before he pulled me to sit between his legs on the edge of his bed.