

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 16

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 16 – I tried to leave the room, yet every time I tried to sneak out of the room to do my chores, King Kyson would call me back in before pointing at his bed. “Rest,” He would say before turning back to his work.

Eventually, I gave up trying, so I was relieved when he was called out of the room, giving me a chance to breathe a little. All day he had been forcing me to eat, forcing me to sit and watch him work. Sticking my head out the door, I quickly walked down the corridor, he didn't say I couldn't leave the room before he left, and I knew I was falling behind in my chores.

I grabbed my cleaning supplies from the downstairs cupboard and headed back to the room. I changed the linens and cleaned the bathroom. Each movement had me cringing in pain. However, I was glad to be doing something other than watching the King, who spent most of the day watching me while he was supposed to be working. It made for some awkward stare-offs; the man could stare without blinking while I nervously stared around the room to avoid his gaze, which only seemed to amuse him.

Why did he insist on waiting around with his servant?

He hardly left the room all day. When I was done scrubbing the bathroom, I took my cleaning supplies back to the cupboard downstairs before making a quick dash for the servant's bathroom. I desperately needed to pee. I have been holding my bladder all day.

Relieving myself quickly, I step out of the bathroom only to walk into the guard from upstairs.

“Sorry,” I whisper, wondering why he was standing out the front of the lady's bathroom. He says nothing, just remains to stare at the door and always silent, and I make my way back to the cleaning cupboard only to notice him following me. Was he ensuring I did my chores correctly? Grabbing my dusting cloth and polish, I head back upstairs. My legs ached from working after spending most of the day sitting stiffly on the edge of the King's bed. Thankfully, the guard did not follow me into the room; instead, he waited by the door again.

I look at all the books on his shelves on the enormous bookcase and gulp. My eyes were scanned over them, wondering if any were out of place and also trying to remember which book went where. Maybe I shouldn't dust the shelf. The spines are all decorative and in perfect order, not like the picture books in the orphanage that were falling apart.

I could hardly read anything except my name, which my mother taught me how before she died. Not much need to be read when you are a rogue. Books were

heavy and not easily carted around. Abbie was the same. We both struggled to read a simple sentence. I touch one, liking the writing down the spine when I hear his voice behind me, making me jump away from the shelf.

"You can read them," he says, leaning on the doorway to his bedroom as he stared at me. I wonder how long he had been there before he caught me.

"Sorry, my king," I tell him, dropping my gaze to the floor. Why did I touch it? I shouldn't have snooped. He walks over to his chaise before sitting on it, and I avoid his gaze.

"What one were you looking at?" He asked, and I stole a glance at him. He was staring up at the bookcase, and I chewed my lip nervously. His eyes darted to my lips, and I stopped. Instead, looking down at my hands. Would he punish me for touching them? I was told to be careful around his books?

Ms. Daley would have beat me b****y if I touched anything of hers, rogues should mind their place, and here I sometimes forgot I was nothing more than a lowly rogue the King took pity on. I still didn't understand why he didn't cast us out or k**l us.

"Pass it to me," he says, holding his hand out for it. I look at the shelf and reach for the book but pause. What if it was a trick?

"Pass me the book Ivy, you know I don't like repeating myself," he says softly, yet his voice is still firm. I nodded and reached for the book with the golden letters, pulling it from the shelf before handing it to him.

"Ah, treasure island," he says, reading the title. I wasn't sure what it said. I just liked the inscription on the side.

"Can you read?"

"Not very well," I answer honestly.

"Come here" I look down at my hands, feeling nervous in his presence suddenly, though he was always friendly and never hurt either of us. However, I knew he was capable of it if he saw fit. He clicked his tongue, sitting up a little more.

"Ivy, don't shy away from me now," he says, holding his hand out to me. Staring at his outstretched hand, I moved hesitantly, taking a step toward him. I always felt funny around this man. Being a rogue, I shouldn't even be in his presence, let alone allowed to talk to him. Touching him should be out of the question.

"Do you want me to command you?" He asked, and I looked at his face to find him smiling. His smile was breathtaking, his silver eyes sparkling back at me.

Chewing my lip, I shake my head, walking over to him before he reaches out and grips my wrist before he did something he definitely shouldn't, but then again, he had done plenty he shouldn't have with his rogue servant already. He pulled me

on his lap. I sat awkwardly before trying to get off him. "My king," I exclaimed when he tugged me against him.

"Kyson, I hate that you keep calling me King," he tells me.

"But you are, and I shouldn't be sitting in your lap," I told him, as I tried to hop off, but his hand on my stomach pulled me back against him.

"Enough, Ivy, no one can see you. It is just you and me in here,"

"Yes, but my king," I go to object when he grabs my chin between his fingers, tilts my face toward his. Sparks rush over my skin, and I forget how to breathe, holding my breath at the sensation.

"Kyson, you can call me, Kyson," he tells me, his face so close his breath fans my lips. I suddenly started to feel light-headed, and he brushed his thumb across my bottom lip, tugging it down slightly.

"Breathe, Ivy. I don't want you to pass out on me," he said before swallowing, his eyes on my lips. I let out a breath, and his lip tugged in the corners before letting me go.

"Do you want me to read it to you," he asked, and I sat up.

"No, I couldn't possibly ask that; I am sure you are too busy,"

"That's not what I asked Ivy. Calm down. Your heart is racing. I won't hurt you," he says. He abruptly moved, turned me on his lap, and pulled my legs up over his.