

# His Lost Lycan Luna Chapter 8 by Jessica Hall

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 8 – Clarice looked uncertain as she glanced between the King and me before turning and giving me a sad smile.

“Abbie, go get changed, dear,” she says to Abbie, and I s\*\*\*\*\*w the bile down that rose in my throat. My cheeks heat under his gaze horrified he was expecting me to strip in front of him.

“Forgive me, my king, but is there a reason you have requested her to change in front of you?”

“She lied to my Gamma, now change,” he orders. I look at Clarice, and she nods, telling me to do what he has asked and motions for me to remove my clothes. My fingers tremble as I try to undo the buttons.

“Please, sir,” I murmur.

“Quiet, remove them,” he says, leaving no room for argument when a male servant walks in.

“Out!” The King bellows at the man; he rushes off before Clarice walks over, shutting the door, so no one else walks in. She stands in front of it like she is keeping guard.

“Do I need to come over and undress you?” He snaps, clearly running out of patience. I shake my head, quickly poking the buttons through the holes. I try to turn away to shield myself. My bra was so thin that it was almost see-through, and my breathing was heavy as panic set in.

“This is taking too long,” the King snaps before he is behind me and yanks my blouse off. I shriek, covering myself with my hands. I hear the King inhale a sharp breath before he growls low and deep in the back of his throat. The deep rough sound, made goosebumps rise on my skin. My entire body swayed, and Clarice looked like she was about to faint at the King’s actions of touching a filthy rogue or was she worried for me because she suddenly stepped forward.

“Sir, I can do that,” I hear her say when I suddenly feel fingers run down my back, over my scar ravaged skin, and over the bandage that wrapped around my torso and lower back where the new wounds lay.

His fingers brushed over the markings that couldn’t be covered by the bandages entirely as they were too high up my back. Abbie had wrapped them around my body as best she could, the bandages so tight it pushed my b\*\*\*s up. I was mortified.

"Turn around," he says, his voice softer, and I shake my head, embarrassed at the situation I am in. I have never been naked in front of anyone but Abbie and Mrs. Daley. The idea of a man seeing me sickened me, let alone the King.

His hands fall on my shaking shoulders. "Please turn around, Ivy," he says, turning me slowly. I clench my eyes shut, not wanting to see the disgust on his face when his hand cups my cheek, wiping a stray tear. Cursing myself for letting it fall, knowing the punishment for tears mainly was the worst.

"Put your arms down."

"Please, Sir, my bra is see-through; you will see me," I whisper, still refusing to open my eyes.

"Use your hands; I just need your arms out of the way," he says, and I nod, cupping my b\*\*\*\*\*s with my hands.

I feel him fiddling with the bandage before he starts unwrapping it. My entire body trembles when I hear the door to the room Abbie was in open up, and she gasps. My eyes fly open at the noise when she rushes forward, drops on her knees, and starts begging for me at his feet. The King stops looking down at her like he thinks she is absurd.

"Please, she didn't mean it. She will be good. It just startled her; I will take her punishment, just leave her be. Please, I beg you."

"What are you talking about? Who is punishing who?" He snaps at her, and she looks at me, so does the King. His face is so close my breath became lodged in my throat, his silver eyes watching me framed with thick dark lashes, his stubble creating shadows across his face, lips full, and my face heats forcing me to look away; he was gorgeous.

"What is she talking about?" He demands using his Alpha aura just enough for it not to cause me pain.

"She said she would take the punishment, but it's fine, Abbie. You didn't do anything wrong," I tell her, and she shakes her head.

"Why would I punish her?" He asks Abbie.

"Because she cried out, she didn't mean it, I swear. We know not to make noise; she didn't know the Beta was going to touch her back, please," Abbie begs.

"Clarice, can you please explain what they are talking about?" The King asks, pinching the bridge of his nose and squeezing his eyes shut.

"I think they are referring to being punished for showing emotion to pain?" Clarice says, looking at us, and Abbie nods to her.

The King blinks like he is confused, and I look to Abbie just as confused by his question.

He starts peeling off the bandages when they fall away; he asks me to turn. I do as he asks and wait for the lashings I am sure will come. Clarice gasps, Abbie whimpers, her fingers brushing my ankle as a reminder she is here with me.

“Who did this?” The King demands.

“Mrs. Daley,” we both say in unison.

“She whipped you?” He asks, yet his voice sounded appalled and laced with anger.

“Yes,” Abbie murmurs, dobbing earned a day a week in solitude; I learned that early when I told Mrs. Daley, Betty, who was Mrs. Daley’s best friend, had broken the vase and not Taylor; she was another Rogue we met when we first got there. Mrs. Daley locked me in a cupboard for a week, Abbie snuck me water, and Taylor was sentenced to d\*\*\*h for it when I got out.

“How many times?” King Kyson demands.

“I only got three; Ivy got twenty-four for our misconduct.”

“You must have done something terrible for this sort of punishment. We both nod, dropping our heads guiltily.

“So, what did you do?” He asks.

“I forgot to dust three windowsills, and Ivy took half my punishment. We shared the sweeping, but Ivy took all the blame, so she got two for each room. We promise there simply wasn’t time, we had to meet the Alpha, or we would have done it properly.”

“She whipped you over dust and unswept floors?” he growls. The noise is so frightening we both jump, and land flinch away from the pure anger rushing off him, his aura erupting.

“Get me some medicine and find some pain relief for me, Clarice,” he says, his hand settling on my ribs; the warmth of them sent tingles across my skin. I don’t move for fear of what will happen if I do, though everything was telling me a King should not be touching a filthy rogue as low as me.

“Yes, sir,” Clarice says, rushing out the door.

“Is your back like this?” He asks Abbie.

“No, sir, mine didn’t break the skin,” she whispers.

"Will you please get up? Why are you at my feet?" He asks her, and she quickly rises, placing her hands behind her back, standing ramrod straight.

"Go sit over there," he tells her, waving her away. She hesitates but does as she is told.

Clarice comes back with fresh bandages, some ointments, and a drink that strongly smells herbs.

"Sir, I can do this; I am sure you don't need to be tending to a servant," Clarice tells him.

"If I want help, I will ask; just hand me the ointment. Ivy drink that; it will help," he says. Clarice passes the ointment to him and the glass to me. I sip it, and despite its horrid smell, I can taste mint in it, like it was supposed to take away the awful taste. His fingers are warm as he rubs the ointment into the cuts. They sting, but his touch's tingling sensation is soothing, and I feel my back going numb.

"Stay still for me," he says as he starts to wrap the bandages around me quickly, his eyes looking me up and down; I felt like I was on display. He suddenly steps closer, his lips parting before he shakes his head and takes two steps away.

"Have either of you eaten?" He asks, and we both shake our heads. He nods, and Clarice speaks.

"I will organize them lunch. Where do you want to assign them, my King," she asks while I quickly pull the maid uniform on and start buttoning it. The King steps forward, and I flinch, but he only helps to button it up, his finger replacing mine. Clarice watches, just as shocked as me that he would help a servant dress.

I remove my peasant skirt from under it when it is buttoned up and ball my clothes in my arms. Clarice comes over and takes them from me, tossing them in the bin.

"Ivy will become my personal servant. She is to serve only me and to remain in my quarters, find somewhere for her friend Abbie that's close by," he says.

"Sir, what about your current servant?"

"Send her elsewhere; I want Ivy as my personal. There will be h\*\*l to pay if I find anyone else in my quarters besides Ivy. Ivy only and no one else. As for Abbie, maybe see Beta Damian he needs a servant, and she will be close if Ivy needs her. We should keep them both close while they settle in," he says before turning on his heel and walking out.

We all stared after him. Clarice shakes her head a couple of times.

"That was the strangest Interaction," she mutters to herself before turning to look at us.

