

# His Lost Lycan Luna Chapter 9 by Jessica Hall

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 9 – Abbie and I were escorted to areas where we were supposed to work. The woman whose job I took did not look happy as Clarice opened the doors to the King's quarters. I groaned as I looked back down at the stairs I had just walked up. It would s\*\*k because I knew I was expected to cart cleaning supplies up to this floor every day.

"Are you coming?" Clarice asked. I nodded and chased after her down the long wide corridor.

"Did he explain why? Did I do something wrong? I just don't understand why he would move me to the kitchens; I can't even cook," shrieked the woman whose name was Ester.

I thought she was around the King's age, but I wasn't exactly sure how old the King was since Lycans were immortal. But he appeared to be in his late twenties or early thirties. Ester clearly was unhappy about being transferred to the kitchens and still refused to leave even after Clarice had dismissed her multiple times. Her maid's outfit was a little too tight, showing off every curve of her body, her long tan legs on display under the shortened dress.

"Ester, it is out of my hands; the King specifically asked for Ivy to be placed in his quarters and asked for you to be removed. Take it up with the King if you don't like the decision," Clarice snapped at her.

"What the f\*\*k does he see in her anyway. What are you like, twelve?" She shrieked before she shoved a broom at me and made me take a step back. Her green eyes glared at me before she tossed her blonde curly hair over her shoulder and looked me up and down with disgust with a sneer plastered on her face.

"Ester leave, or I will have you escorted by the guards," Clarice warned her.

"This is bullcrap, and you know it. Oh well, the King will get bored with his new plaything anyway," she said. She shoved past me and stalked off down the corridor to the stairs. I watched her leave and was shocked at her tantrum.

"Nevermind her, she has always been obsessed with the King, he let her in his bed once, and now she thinks she owns him. She will get over it. The King has been looking for a replacement maid since," Clarice says while she ushered me to keep up.

"Now, this entire floor needs to be kept clean and tidy at all times; the King likes things in a specific way. So pay attention to detail. Everything must be placed exactly where it was. So if dusting, make sure you remember what and where you moved things. The King also likes his meals at certain times. If he is not here, you

wait a bit and then return it to the kitchens if he does not arrive after twenty minutes.”

This entire floor was his quarters; there were at least five rooms that I could see off this corridor. It would be like cleaning the whole orphanage by myself.

“Does the king spend much time in his quarters?” I asked nervously, wondering how much time he would be here.

“Not usually; he is mostly tending to meetings or in his office downstairs.”

“Now, this door you must never go in this room, understood? The girl before Ester broke that rule, and she- never mind what happened to her. But you must never go in unless he asks,” she says. Ok, one less room to clean, I thought to myself.

“Now, this is the King’s bedroom; everything must be kept in order, and the linens change daily. Each morning at sunrise, you are to open the drapes and let the light in. Usually, seven am is when he likes to get up. The bathroom is through there; make sure everything is stocked and fresh. The King has a love for reading, so make sure the books remain in order unless they are on the bedside table; if they are, do not touch them.”

How was I supposed to know what order they go in? I couldn’t read. Abbie and I weren’t allowed that luxury and even reading to the kids back home. We would just look at the pictures and interpret how we thought the story would go.

I nodded, praying he puts his own books back because these bookshelves I could tell were going to be a nightmare. There are hundreds of books on them and nothing indicating a specific order for them to be placed in.

There was a chaise sitting beside the shelves next to a large lamp, and I guessed that was where he spent most of his time reading.

I looked around the room. A huge bed sat in the middle of the room, a bathroom off the side. Huge heavy maroon drapes covered the windows making the room darker. There was also a dresser with a mirror and two bedside tables. It appeared the only personal touches were his books except for one picture, which sat on the bedside table of a woman and the King. His arms wrapped around her shoulders. He looked younger in the photo. The woman was laughing, and I wondered where she was and who she was to him.

“Now, I will show you where the king has placed you if you’ll follow me,” Clarice said as she walked out. I chased after her when she stopped at the door directly across from the King’s and opened it up to a small room. It had a single bed, a bedside table, and a lamp, but that was it. It would feel weird not sharing a bed with Abbie. However, the room’s close proximity to the King’s made me nervous.

“He wants me to stay up here; I thought I would be able to stay with Abbie?” I asked.

"The king asked for you to remain in his quarters; this is the only other room up here on this floor, so yes, you will stay in here."

"Can't I stay with the other maids and Abbie?" I pleaded. Clarice smiled sadly and placed her hand on my shoulder. She gave it a gentle squeeze.

"I know you're scared, but he is a good king. As long as you stick to your work and keep your head down, you will be fine. You would have to do something terrible for him to punish you. As I said, he is a good King. Just stay out of his way and try to go unnoticed. Don't linger; he likes his privacy and unless he speaks to you, remain quiet. Easy," Clarice advised, and my heart beats like a drum in my chest. I nod and look at the room. I was used to being with Abbie. The thought of being trapped with the King terrified me, and staying here meant less time I would have with her.

"Now, I need to get to work; all linens are kept in the laundry room. Ester has done most of his room already. You only have the study down there to do and bring him his dinner tonight at six pm, so don't be late, try come down just before, the cooks will have it waiting, just place it on his table in his room. The maid's bathroom is downstairs to use. Make sure you bring your dress down every night with the King's laundry and grab a fresh one off the shelf. I will have some pajamas sent up for you and toiletries to keep in your room. You must always remain tidy and-" she glanced down at my flats.

"I will have some new shoes sent up for you too, so make sure you sweep and mop the entire floor; you remember where to fill your buckets?" I sighed but nodded my head.

"One of the guards will send up some stuff for you to keep in your room. Once the King has finished dinner, come down to the kitchens with his plates so you can also eat. One of the guards will bring you lunch; breakfast is at six am, giving you plenty of time to wake the King at seven am," Clarice told me, and I tried to remember everything she said to me by making a mental list and repeating it over and over.