

His Lost Lycan Luna Chapter 12 by Jessica Hall

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 12 – Kyson POV I watched her leave the room. I expected more from this girl, and I felt like an idiot for tossing Ester elsewhere when Ivy obviously didn't know what she was doing or was used to tending to an actual person. Ester was always on time, and she knew what I expected. I should have known better than to chuck her into a position she had never served in before. Maybe I should have asked Ester to train her, but the thought of her being in someone else's chambers or with the male workers irked me. I was unsure why it bothered me so much. She was just a rogue girl, yet the pull I felt to her affected my choices.

I felt my mind wandering back to her as I sat here reading. Then it would remember the deep lashings on her back inflicted by that woman in the orphanage. I can't believe Dean would allow such treatment of such a young girl. Maybe that was why she couldn't perform her duties. Perhaps she was in pain, or possibly I was insane for allowing a rogue girl I didn't know to be my personal servant when she evidently had no experience.

I shake my head, trying to get my thoughts away from the girl sleeping in the room across from me, which was easier said than done. Everything in me screamed for her to be close, my fingers itching to touch her, to caress her soft skin, urges to have her close and by my side taking up the forefront of my mind. My body was here, yet my mind was with her, my thought utterly consumed by my rogue servant.

Could she be my mate, like Damian believes she is? Unable to pull my thoughts from her, I got up. Pushing the door open, I walked out of my room before standing near hers for a few seconds; gathering enough courage, I pushed it open, slightly peeking through the gap. Relief washed over me, and I let out a breath when I realized she had fallen asleep. She had half of a sandwich in her hand, but she was out cold, sitting upright in her bed.

It must hurt too much to lay on her back, and I would have to change her dressings again, I thought to myself before realizing I shouldn't be the one doing that because she was a servant. Someone else could tend to her, but the urge to do it myself overwhelmed me; I wanted to be the one to look after her. I didn't want anyone else touching her. The possessiveness I felt over her was becoming ridiculous; I was losing my d**n mind. How could she affect me so?

Doing my best to remain quiet, I slip further into the room, reaching down, taking the plate off her lap and the sandwich from her hand. I placed it on the bedside table. Ivy doesn't even move. I went to pull her blanket up when I realized she was lying on it. Looking around the small room, I don't see another when I notice her feet. Blisters covered her heels, the skin red and angry; a few toes were even blistered and bleeding.

Looking down at her shoes, I sighed before walking off into my room. I grabbed the spare comforter off the chair and a few pairs of my bed socks; they would be thicker than the thin ones she had been wearing before walking back to her room. I draped the blanket over her, and she shifted in her sleep and her face twisted in discomfort, and I froze, hoping she doesn't wake to me lurking in her room like some creep. I place the socks next to her shoes with her maid's outfit.

The urge to touch her was overwhelming. I wanted to run my fingers through her luscious wavy locks. However, her hair was tied up, preventing me from doing such a thing. I turn to leave the room before hesitating when I notice the cut across her brow.

Stepping closer to her, I brush her cheek gently with the back of my hand before licking the pad of my thumb and tracing it across the cut. It heals quickly, my saliva closing the wound and leaving it as a small scar but otherwise mended. Leaning down, I ... What the heck was I about to do? Quickly regaining my senses, I forced myself out of her room.

I had already done more than I should, and I certainly shouldn't be in her room while she was unaware. That didn't look very good that a king was in his maids' quarters, and I should know better after Ester. It could have given her the wrong idea as I did her.

I needed to find out more about this girl, who she was, and where she came from because I should not feel the things I do towards this girl. I wanted to climb in bed with her, wrap her petite body around mine. Wanted to feel the warmth of her skin pressed against mine. Wanting to shield her away from the world and keep her tucked tightly in my embrace where I knew she would be safe.

Laying back down in my bed, I heard a soft knock, and I lurched to my feet, wondering if it was her. Opening the door, I see Damian. It disappointed me because it wasn't.

"Expecting someone else?" He chuckles, and I step aside so he can enter.

"What is it?" I ask him while walking over and pouring us a drink. I hand him a glass of whiskey before picking up my own and sitting on the edge of my bed.

"More bodies washed up; one of them was a rogue child," Damian tells me. F**k, how many more before we finally catch the culprit? People were beginning to talk. It is one thing finding rogues, you expect to find rogues, but the children were off-limits.

"There is more, on one of the bodies this was found. One of the guards said it was dropped off ten minutes ago by a messenger," Damian says, holding out a piece of fabric. I reached over, taking it from him, unfolding the small piece of fabric, and my blood instantly boiled.

"Hunters insignia," I growled, and Damian nodded.

We dealt with the human hunters, but this wasn't the human hunters. Their patches were red, and this one was royal blue. This patch belonged to the very people that had been hunting down the Royal Lycan bloodlines for centuries. Four kingdoms have fallen, and four royal bloodlines snuffed out, leaving me the last remaining Lycan royal. They already k****d my sister and her unborn child, and her husband. They wouldn't be happy until every Royal was eradicated. I constantly had a target on my back. I was the last Royal in this country.

"Kyson?"