

# His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 17

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 17 – He pats his chest. This man was absurd to have his servant laying on him. He patted his chest again. He wasn't serious? Was he? If anyone walked in, I would be whipped for days if I was caught in this position.

"Ivy," He spoke one word, yet the warning in it made do as he wanted, and I settled against him, and he tugged my head down on his chest, and I could hear the slow, steady rhythm of his heart beneath my ear. King Kyson grabs my hand, placing it in the center of his chest before he opens the book.

"Do you want me to read to you?" He asks again. I nodded my head, looking at the book.

"Good girl," he says, wrapping his arm around me to hold the book open with two hands.

He reads perfectly, never stutters as I used to when trying to read the books in the orphanage. I was forever trying to sound the words out when I read to the children. The children tried to help teach us, but they weren't the best teachers. They were allowed in the classes taught; they weren't rogues. Rogues were not allowed the privilege of an education.

He stops when I start yawning, placing the book down, and his hand rubs my t\*\*\*h gently.

"We can read more tomorrow. You are tired," he states, and I nod against his shoulder before climbing off his lap. I walked toward his door heading for my room. I missed Abbie already. I hadn't seen even a glimpse of her today. She must have been worried about me; she always worried.

"Ivy, where are you going?" He asked, and I froze, puzzled by his question before cursing under my breath. I turned away, realizing he hadn't dismissed me.

"I'm sorry, I thought you meant" I didn't know what he meant; I was too tired and walked off without permission.

The King watches me for a second, turning his head to the side looking me up and down.

"You may go. I will see you at breakfast" I bow slightly before taking my leave. I rushed back to my tiny room, relieved that I was now on my own and didn't have to worry about being watched. Only when I laid down, I realize something, the King's blanket was gone, the one I always found placed in the room whenever I

tried to return it. It saddened me. For some reason, I had grown attached to it, and the King's lingering scent on it I found comforting.

I sighed and lay down, trying to find a comfortable position when the door opened, and I sat upright. The King walked in with the blanket, and I went to get up.

"Remain where you are," He said and bite my lip. What was he doing in here?

"I had it washed for you," He said, chucking the blanket over me. My brows furrowed and the floral scent of the soap used wafted to my nose. I sniff the blanket and instantly realize it smelt different. I shouldn't have found that disappointing, but I did.

"You seem upset," He stated, observing me.

"No, my King. It smells different, the soap," He chuckled like what I said had amused him.

"Different how?" He then asked, stepping further into my tiny room.

"Just different," I lied, not wanting to admit that it didn't smell like him.

"Hmm, and that is all," he smiled. I felt my face heat with embarrassment when he suddenly walked out before returning with a pillow.

"I will swap you," He said, making my brows furrow, confused by what he meant. He pointed to my pillow behind me.

"Pardon, sir?"

"Hand me your pillow, Ivy," Oh gosh, what was he up to now? He could be so bizarre sometimes.

"Ivy?" I glanced at my pillow before grabbing it and holding it. I sniff it. Surely he didn't want to swap pillows Mine would stink with the scent of rogue. I know my smell repulses most wolves. It is what helps separate us, to help Identify, pack wolves and intruders. However, for me, everyone just had their own unique scent. I couldn't differentiate between rogue and pack wolf; to me, everyone smelt different. Abbie always said something was wrong with me because everyone smelt the same to her back home while we were the odd ones that didn't have a pack scent.

"May I," The King asked before he reached for my pillow tucked in my arms. He takes it before handing me his.

I sniffed it involuntarily, only stopping when I heard him laugh softly, and the blood ran to my face at what I had done in front of him.

"Don't be embarrassed, Ivy, you have been sleeping with my scent all week," He said as he tugged the corner of my blanket, well, his blanket.

"You knew?" I asked him, confused.

"Who else would keep putting it in your room when you kept returning it," He said. I know the thought of him being in here while I slept should have creeped me out, but it didn't funnily enough. I guess I was getting used to his presence.

"It's called nesting. You are used to my scent; it will get stronger when I," He paused. When he what? What was he going to do to me? Panic filled me, and my heart rate quickened at the possibilities. "Do you know what nesting is?" he asked. I shook my head. The only thing that came to mind was a bird nesting its eggs, so his words made no sense. I shake my head.

"They didn't teach you in the orphanage school?"

"We weren't allowed to attend, we had chores, and rogues aren't," I stopped having spoken too much. The King growled, and my eyes darted to his.

"You should know the basics at least of Lycan and werewolves, Ivy," The King said.

"I will explain later. For now, get some sleep," He moved toward the door before he paused and looked over at me again.

"If my scent goes, just grab another pillow off my bed or help yourself to my shirts, Ivy, you know where everything in my room is," Huh, what does he mean? Why was he being strange?

"If it helps, you sleep. Or you could always sleep," He paused again. Why was he having so much trouble with his words? He never fumbled over his words this much.

"Never mind, I will see you in the morning," he said quickly, leaving the room. I could vaguely hear him talking to the guard outside through the closed door. I rearranged my bed and placed the pillow down. The moment my head hit the pillow, my entire body relaxed as I was cocooned in his scent.