

His Loved Lycan Luna

By Jessica Hall

Book 3

Chapter 1

IVY

I have no idea how long it had been since I shifted. The memories are hazy, but I can recall I spent most of my time while shifted on the phone with Abbie after Kyson called her for me. She remained on the phone until I could no longer keep my eyes open, and with the help of Kyson's calling, eventually, I was lulled into oblivion. However, I do recall Abbie was just as shocked as I was about me being Lycan but also found it quite hilarious that I could lick my own eyeball, which I discovered accidentally. Who would have thought Lycans had such long tongues?

The feeling of my bones breaking and dislocating wakes me out of my deep slumber, though the transition back is nothing compared to the initial shift. But it still makes me whimper when I feel the expanding of my spine, sending a shudder through my body.

Kyson's massive hand on my back caresses me softly, and I blink, trying to wake up from where I lay. A rumbling caress resonates from deep within his chest. Even asleep, he still purrs, using the calling as a sedative. Tired, I blink rapidly, yawn, and rub my eyes. Still, I would rather not move from off his chest, content with just lying here wrapped in his warmth. His fur tickles my nose, his clawed fingers tracing the ridges of my spine gently as the transition comes to an end.

His purr grows louder, and I melt against him, relishing the sound and the beat of his heart. My heart falls in time to the sound when he pulls

me higher, his tongue running over my mark, lapping at it. Arousal washes through me, making my toes curl, but I am still angry with him. As much as I enjoy his touch, I am still angered by everything.

Kyson rolls over, shifting as he does so. The cracking of his bones makes me grind my teeth as fur becomes hot skin and he rolls me on my back, his body pressing between my legs. His thick, muscled arms rest on either side of my head. He shudders before turning his head, cracking his neck, and his eyes go back to their dazzling silver color. He smiles down at me before pressing his lips to mine gently. His tongue traces the seam of my lips before forcing it between them. I sigh, kissing him as he rocks his hips against me.

His hand moves to my neck, and his fingertips graze my scalp as they slide through my thick hair, pulling me impossibly close as he deepens the kiss. His tongue demands and dominates my mouth, tasting every inch and stealing the air from my lungs. He pulls away and chuckles softly, dropping his head onto my shoulder.

“What’s so funny?” I ask..

“Nothing,” he chuckles, purring louder. My eyes widen, realizing I, too, am also purring and hadn’t realized it, mistaking the vibration as coming from him. My face heats, and he nibbles my lip. I can’t seem to stop the noise even if I’d like to. I have no control over it.

Kyson lifts his head, his hand moving to my face, his thumb strokes over my cheek gently; my skin flushes with my embarrassment as I continue to purr like a damn cat getting its back scratched.

“Don’t be embarrassed. It’s normal, love. It’s your body reacting after it shifts; it recognizes our bond and wants to mate,” he purrs, and I shake my head. I don’t want to mate; my body just went through hell. But the moment he says the words, I become instantly aware of the throb between my legs, the slickness coating my thighs.

Kyson thrusts his hips against mine. His hardened length slips between my wet folds, coating him with my arousal. He brings his face closer, his lips gently brushing against mine. He sucks the bottom one in his mouth and nibbles on it. A moan escapes me as he sucks on it. His cock glides between my wet folds and hits my clit, making me gasp as I shut my eyes at the sensation. My hips rock to his rhythm, chasing the feeling, wanting to ease the pulsating as my pussy aches, throbbing to its own beat and causing me discomfort. Kyson growls softly, and my eyes fly open at the sound, only for him to kiss me again. His tongue gives me no rest as it invades my mouth once again.

“I don’t want to mate, Kyson. You should stop,” I mumble around his lips. His plump, full lips leave mine, letting me catch my breath.

“You’re lying to yourself,” Kyson tells me in a low whisper, and I shake my head.

Kyson pulls back, staring down at me, watching my face when he rocks his hips against mine. A needy moan escapes me, and my face heats. “No?” he purrs. I see the desire swirling in his gaze.

“Deny me all you want, but don’t deny yourself. I’m here. Let me help the ache stop,” he purrs, nipping at my lips.

“I don’t want to sleep with you,” I blurt as his lips travel along my jaw and down my neck, nipping, sucking, teasing my flesh.

Kyson ignores me. Instead, his lips travel lower to his mark, which now lies etched into my skin. He growls, nipping at it, making my toes curl and my walls clench, the pulsating becoming worse and driving me near insanity.

“Then I won’t mate you,” he growls, nipping at my skin while his teeth, lips, and tongue move lower, tracing a path to my breasts, my nipples so hard they are nearing pain. My back arches at the feel of his tongue tracing over the hardened peak. Sparks rush over my skin, heating it, and my breathing becomes ragged as he sucks on it, swirling his tongue around my areola. My muscles tense at the pleasurable feeling building lower within my stomach.

The purr that emanates out of me resounds around the room before I whimper as he bites down on my tender skin. The pain, however, is only fleeting as he sucks on it harder, chasing the pain away, then turning his attention to the other, his hot mouth moving slowly, enticing more moans.

His mouth continues its descent lower, teeth grazing my ribs and across my hip bone. I growl when he doesn’t move faster, my entire body craving his touch as he bites into my hip. His hand pushes my legs

wider as he settles between, sucking on the inside of my thigh, making my hips buck the closer he becomes to the apex of my thighs.

“Kyson!” I growl, annoyed when I feel his breath sweep over my slit.

“Patience, love, I will give you what you want,” he purrs as his hands grip the backs of my thighs, and he yanks me down to the end of the thick mattress. He moves off it to sit on the floor. Growling, his hand slides to the backs of my knees, forcing them to bend. Kyson shoves my legs higher, my knees resting along my ribs, exposing me further to him. I have no time to feel embarrassed about the position he has put me in, everything on display makes me want to close my legs, but his grip won’t allow it when he sweeps his tongue flat across my folds before his entire mouth covers my pussy, sucking on my swollen flesh.

I mewl, melting against the mattress as his mouth continues its relentless assault. His tongue parts my lower lips as he licks a line straight to my clit. He sucks hard on it, making me writhe and move my hips. His grip on my legs grows tighter, his fingers digging into my skin, bruising me to hold me still while his mouth devours every piece of me, making me cry out as my legs tremble. My pulse pounds uncontrollably. Tension coils in my lower belly as I squirm and pant. My inner walls clench, and his tongue glides lower, lapping at my entrance before it plunges inside me.

A squeak leaves me when I feel his tongue lick around the tight muscles of my ass, and I hear him chuckle, amused, while I feel mortified. His mouth goes back to my clit, making me forget the earlier embarrassment seconds ago. He moves slightly, taking his hand off my

thigh before sitting up slightly, his arm crossing over the back of my thighs, holding them in place. His other hand traces down my thigh to my ass, squeezing it as he sits up. My legs are now pinned in the same position held by his arm placed over them.

I try to drop my legs, not liking the position I am in with him gawking between my legs. His hand palms and kneads my ass before I feel his thumb part my lips. He dips his face between my legs, lapping at my clit, then he shoves his index finger inside me. My inner walls squeeze around it, and my hips buck at the sudden intrusion, his mouth sucking my clit as he drags his finger out, scraping my walls before sliding it back in slowly.

My purr grows louder, and my nerves scream at the building friction. He glides his finger out before adding his middle finger, making my legs shake as he stretches me further. My inner walls clench around his finger, and he sits up, watching his fingers slip in and out of my tight channel, drenched with my slick.

Kyson growls, his eyes hungry, watching his fingers delve inside of me. He curls his fingers, making me cry out, and eliciting endless moans as he hits that sweet spot. My eyes close, the sensation growing intense, hotter, as he continues dragging them in and out, plunging them deeper each time.

I feel his fingers curl once again inside me, and his ring finger presses against my ass. My eyes open to find him watching me, pitch black as the beast that resides within him surfaces. His fingers offer no reprieve as he plunges them in harder, dropping his mouth back to my pussy

before I feel him slide his ring finger inside me. I squirm, the feeling unnatural, as he breaches the barrier of the tight muscles of my ass. Despite the discomfort, my pleasure grows in a sinful sort of way, his fingers moving simultaneously while he sucks on my clit. My skin heats, my pussy throbs, and clenches as my stomach tightens. Tingles slice and weave up my spine, and my toes curl as I reach the precipice.

A gasping breath leaves me as I shatter. My moans resound around the room as waves of pleasure ripple through me, my pussy clenching his fingers, which slow, allowing me to ride out the sensations as I pant and writhe. My entire body is shaking with the intensity of my release, rendering me limp and boneless as the last wave ripples through me.

Kyson slowly withdraws his fingers, lapping at my juices, his tongue causing aftershocks to course through me, my skin now very sensitive to the touch. He moves his arm, and my legs fall limply on the bed while I try to catch my breath. Kyson crawls between my legs, hovering above me, his erection digging into my lower stomach as he leans down and kisses me.

He forces his tongue into my mouth, but I am too exhausted to care as he makes me taste myself on his tongue. He growls, nipping at my lips.

“I’ll run you a bath,” he whispers against my mouth. All I can do is nod, my brain liquefied. He laughs softly, climbing off me and wandering off toward the bathroom.