

# The Lycan King's Treasured Luna 219

## 4

SARGIS' POV

"Not this again, Mother," I groaned tightly, dragging a hand down my face. "Yes, this again, son," she snapped right back, her tone leaving no room for argument. "You are the Lycan King. You ascended the throne five years ago, five years! and yet you still have no queen beside you. It's unheard of! You must take a chosen mate, at once." I exhaled sharply. My mother had been hounding me for weeks now, pressing this same tired argument with growing urgency. She wanted me to organize a mating ball, a ridiculous charade where every eligible she-lycan, she-wolf, or any other female creature worth the crown would parade themselves before me and I'd be expected to pick one like a merchant choosing cattle. "And tell me, Mother," I bit out, "is it my fault that I haven't found my true mate yet? Is that something you believe I can force?" She stiffened but said nothing. "I refuse to take a chosen mate," I continued, my anger was barely contained at this point. "My true one is out there. Somewhere. I feel it in my very bones. One day, our paths will cross sooner or later. And when that day comes, I will not be bound to another in a hollow, meaningless union. I will not betray her that way." "Nonsense, Sargis," she snapped, her golden eyes flashing. "It has been five years. No Lycan king has ever gone so long without his mate. You need to start accepting the possibility that something could have happened to her. She may be dead, or worse. You must put the kingdom first, son. Your people need their Supreme Luna. The Court was made for two rulers, like Solaris and umbra, equal in power, balancing each other. You cannot keep fighting me on this." Her voice cracked slightly at the end, betraying her exhaustion and sorrow. But the weight of it only made my blood boil hotter. I could feel the anger rolling off me in heavy, suffocating waves. Mother took an instinctive step back, as her beast sensed the rising storm within me. The heat crawled up my spine, until it filled my chest and pushed against my ribs. My beast stirred beneath the surface maddened by the idea of taking another woman, someone not mine into my bed, and binding her with a mark that would have to be forcibly refreshed every d\*mn week like some grotesque vampire ritual, filled me with disgust. It would not be love or honor. It would be a betrayal of everything I was born to protect. And the consequences... if our true mates surfaced later, as they often did... The chosen mate would have to kill my fated mate to keep her crown. And I would have to slaughter her true mate to protect the throne. "Mother," I ground out, fisting my hands at my sides, "have you ever thought about who you would have been or where you would be if you had never found Father?" She faltered. "Sargis, sirun (My love)," she whispered, the old Khragnirn endearment spilling from her lips. "From a mother's heart, I ache for you." I completely understand your pain, and it saddens my heart each day that passes watching you leave the palace in search of your mate, traveling to countries, spending weeks and sometimes even months, only to come back home disappointed, miserable, and emptier each time." Her hand trembled at her side before she tucked it away. "But from the Alphamaja's seat ( the King's Mother ), I must remind you of your duty. This kingdom needs its Supreme Luna. It is not just tradition, son. It is stability. A united front that keeps other supernaturals in line." I closed my eyes, dragging another harsh breath into my lungs, feeling the war inside me rage louder. It all eventually boiled down to duty and honor. A battle I couldn't win. I sighed, rubbing my face harshly. I see sense in what she was proposing but I just couldn't shake this gut feeling that my mate was out there waiting to be found. My pacing grew restless on the stone floor of my private chamber. I was a beast caged between two impossible choices heart and crown. Frustration clawed at me until I couldn't take it anymore. With a snarl, I slammed my fist into the brick wall. The stone cracked and

caved under the blow. But it didn't ease the fire burning through me. Nothing could. I let out a heavy sigh. I had never been one to give in easily, but I knew deep down my mother was right. I had a kingdom to run. A kingdom that needed a Luna, a queen, and someone who could stand beside me, not just as my mate but as the anchor to my storm. "Fine," I muttered. "Have it your way, Mother. Arrange the ball and send out the invites." Her eyes sparkled with a rare flicker of joy, as if she had just won a battle, but I raised my hand before she could speak. "However," I continued. "Grant me until the end of this week. If by then I still haven't found her, I will follow through with your plan with no objection." "Ordis (son)," she cooed. "You haven't found her in five years. A week won't change anything." I met her gaze with an intensity that would have burned lesser souls. "Regardless of the outcome, this is what I want," I reiterated. "And that's the only way I will agree to your matchmaking schemes." "Alright, son. I truly wish you the best." With that, she turned and left, her footsteps echoed down the hallway as she disappeared into the distance. I stood there for a moment longer, the weight of her words still pressed down on me like an iron shackle. I turned slowly, my eyes falling on the large floor-to-ceiling windows that framed the setting sun. The golden light spilled across the room, casting long shadow. "I am Sargis Arevik Sargsyan," I whispered to myself. "The one and only heir to the throne of Khragnir. An apex predator. The beast that strikes fear into every enemy who hears my name." I let the words hang in the air. I scoffed bitterly, even with all my power, wealth, and influence, there was one thing I could not control, fate. I tightened my fingers around the edge of the windowsill as I stared into the horizon. My mind swirled with thoughts of what it meant to be a Lycan, a pure blooded one at that. Lycans, unlike werewolves, were destined to be with one person. The balance of the world itself depended on that pairing. A yin and yang. Two forces that needed each other to survive. It was a curse placed on us by Aeryna centuries ago as punishment for Lycans rejecting her lover. And then there were other species, werewolves, faeries, nyx, sirens, vampires, and so on. They had choices. They could fall in love with anyone, any species, or creature. It was a luxury I didn't have. And that thought gnawed at me. What if my true mate had already fallen for someone else, someone who wasn't me? The thought made my stomach twist, the cold, bitter grip of jealousy and rage slowly crept up my spine. If that were the case, I wasn't sure my beast could be contained. The rage, the need to possess her would consume me. I could feel it already, lurking beneath the surface, pushing me to madness. I wouldn't hesitate. I would kill the man. No question. She was mine by right. And I would lay claim to her no matter the cost. I shook my head violently, trying to clear the dark thought from my mind. I could not allow myself to think like that. I would not lose her to some other man. That thought alone was unbearable. But in the deepest corners of my soul, I feared the truth, feared that she might never show up, that I would be forever alone, waiting for a fate that might never come. I had been searching for her since I turned eighteen. For five long years, I had traveled across kingdoms, fought battles, navigated politics, and still, there was no sign of her. I couldn't give up, though. Not yet. Not until the end of this week. I had one last chance. And, If we don't find each other by then...I would have to follow through with my mother's plan. I let out another heavy sigh as I pulled my phone from my pocket and dialed Lupercus, my prime enforcer. He was more than just an enforcer, he was my most trusted right-hand man, and second-in-command. If there was one person I could rely on above all others, it was Lupercus. The phone rang a few times before his deep voice came through. "Your royal highness," he greeted. "Prepare the car, Lupercus. I want to visit downtown today. Make sure you're as inconspicuous as possible. I don't want to make a fuss or draw unnecessary attention," I instructed. "Your bidding is done, Supreme Alpha." I ended the call and set the phone down on the bedside table. I ran my hands through my hair in frustration. I turned away from the window toward the walk-in closet. I changed quickly, choosing a simple pair of joggers and a hoodie from the back of my closet. No need for royal attire today. I grabbed a pair of dark sunglasses and pulled a black mask from the drawer. I didn't want anyone to recognize me, not that I feared being seen, but I wanted to move unnoticed. A face cap completed the look, and I slipped my feet into a pair of sneakers. I made my way to the first-floor garage where Lupercus was already waiting. As soon as he spotted me, he

bowed low. His eyes never left mine as he opened the door to the car. Without a word, I slid inside the blue sedan, a car that was nearly indistinguishable from any other in the kingdom. Perfect for blending in. Lupercus circled around to the driver's side, slid into his seat, and ignited the engine with practiced ease. The soft hum of the engine filled the car as he put the vehicle in motion. "Is there any pack in particular we're going to?" he asked. I leaned back in the seat, resting my head against the cool leather. I hadn't been downtown, not since I was three years old. "No, not really," I replied distantly as my thoughts drifted to the task at hand. "I just want to take a look around, see what it looks like now, get a feel of what my people are up to... and also, hopefully, find my mate." The last part slipped out softly, almost like a secret. Lupercus said nothing for a moment, but I could feel his eyes briefly flicker toward me in the rear-view mirror. Without question, he simply nodded and continued driving.

"Not this again, Mother," I groaned tightly, dragging a hand down my face.

"Yes, this again, son," she snapped right back, her tone leaving no room for argument.

"You are the Lycan King. You ascended the throne five years ago, five years! and yet you still have no queen beside you. It's unheard of! You must take a chosen mate, at once."

I exhaled sharply.

My mother had been hounding me for weeks now, pressing this same tired argument with growing urgency. She wanted me to organize a mating ball, a ridiculous charade where every eligible she-lycan, she-wolf, or any other female creature worth the crown would parade themselves before me and I'd be expected to pick one like a merchant choosing cattle.

"And tell me, Mother," I bit out, "is it my fault that I haven't found my true mate yet? Is that something you believe I can force?"

She stiffened but said nothing.

"I refuse to take a chosen mate," I continued, my anger was barely contained at this point.

"My true one is out there. Somewhere. I feel it in my very bones. One day, our paths will cross sooner or later. And when that day comes, I will not be bound to another in a hollow, meaningless union. I will not betray her that way."

"Nonsense, Sargis," she snapped, her golden eyes flashing. "It has been five years. No Lycan king has ever gone so long without his mate. You need to start accepting the possibility that something could have happened to her. She may be dead, or worse. You must put the kingdom first, son. Your people need their Supreme Luna. The Court was made for two rulers, like Solaris and umbra, equal in power, balancing each other. You cannot keep fighting me on this."

Her voice cracked slightly at the end, betraying her exhaustion and sorrow. But the weight of it only made my blood boil hotter.

I could feel the anger rolling off me in heavy, suffocating waves. Mother took an instinctive step back, as her beast sensed the rising storm within me.

The heat crawled up my spine, until it filled my chest and pushed against my ribs. My beast stirred beneath the surface maddened by the idea of taking another woman, someone not mine into my bed, and binding her with a mark that would have to be forcibly refreshed every d\*mn week like some grotesque vampire ritual, filled me with disgust. It would not be love or honor. It would be a betrayal of everything I was born to protect.

And the consequences... if our true mates surfaced later, as they often did... The chosen mate would have to kill my fated mate to keep her crown. And I would have to slaughter her true mate to protect the throne.

"Mother," I ground out, fisting my hands at my sides, "have you ever thought about who you would have been or where you would be if you had never found Father?"

She faltered.

"Sargis, sirun (My love)," she whispered, the old Khragnirn endearment spilling from her lips. "From a mother's heart, I ache for you." I completely understand your pain, and it saddens my heart each day that passes watching you leave the palace in search of your mate, traveling to countries, spending weeks and sometimes even months, only to come back home disappointed, miserable, and emptier each time."

Her hand trembled at her side before she tucked it away.

"But from the Alphas' seat ( the King's Mother ), I must remind you of your duty. This kingdom needs its Supreme Luna. It is not just tradition, son. It is stability. A united front that keeps other supernaturals in line."

I closed my eyes, dragging another harsh breath into my lungs, feeling the war inside me rage louder. It all eventually boiled down to duty and honor. A battle I couldn't win.

I sighed, rubbing my face harshly. I see sense in what she was proposing but I just couldn't shake this gut feeling that my mate was out there waiting to be found. My pacing grew restless on the stone floor of my private chamber. I was a beast caged between two impossible choices heart and crown. Frustration clawed at me until I couldn't take it anymore. With a snarl, I slammed my fist into the brick wall. The stone cracked and caved under the blow. But it didn't ease the fire burning through me. Nothing could.

I let out a heavy sigh. I had never been one to give in easily, but I knew deep down my mother was right. I had a kingdom to run. A kingdom that needed a Luna, a queen, and someone who could stand beside me, not just as my mate but as the anchor to my storm.

"Fine," I muttered. "Have it your way, Mother. Arrange the ball and send out the invites."

Her eyes sparkled with a rare flicker of joy, as if she had just won a battle, but I raised my hand before she could speak.

"However," I continued. "Grant me until the end of this week. If by then I still haven't found her, I will follow through with your plan with no objection."

"Ordis (son)," she cooed. "You haven't found her in five years. A week won't change anything."

I met her gaze with an intensity that would have burned lesser souls.

"Regardless of the outcome, this is what I want," I reiterated. "And that's the only way I will agree to your matchmaking schemes."

"Alright, son. I truly wish you the best."

With that, she turned and left, her footsteps echoed down the hallway as she disappeared into the distance.

I stood there for a moment longer, the weight of her words still pressed down on me like an iron shackle.

I turned slowly, my eyes falling on the large floor-to-ceiling windows that framed the setting sun. The golden light spilled across the room, casting long shadow.

"I am Sargis Arevik Sargsyan," I whispered to myself. "The one and only heir to the throne of Khragnir. An apex predator. The beast that strikes fear into every enemy who hears my name."

I let the words hang in the air. I scoffed bitterly, even with all my power, wealth, and influence, there was one thing I could not control, fate.

I tightened my fingers around the edge of the windowsill as I stared into the horizon. My mind swirled with thoughts of what it meant to be a Lycan, a pure blooded one at that. Lycans, unlike werewolves, were destined to be with one person. The balance of the world itself depended on that pairing. A yin and yang. Two forces that needed each other to survive. It was a curse placed on us by Aeryna centuries ago as punishment for Lycans rejecting her lover.

And then there were other species, werewolves, faeries, nyx, sirens, vampires, and so on. They had choices. They could fall in love with anyone, any species, or creature. It was a luxury I didn't have. And that thought gnawed at me.

What if my true mate had already fallen for someone else, someone who wasn't me? The thought made my stomach twist, the cold, bitter grip of jealousy and rage slowly crept up my spine. If that were the case, I wasn't sure my beast could be contained. The rage, the need to possess her would consume me. I could feel it already, lurking beneath the surface, pushing me to madness. I wouldn't hesitate. I would kill the man. No question. She was mine by right. And I would lay claim to her no matter the cost.

I shook my head violently, trying to clear the dark thought from my mind. I could not allow myself to think like that. I would not lose her to some other man. That thought alone was unbearable. But in the deepest corners of my soul, I feared the truth, feared that she might never show up, that I would be forever alone, waiting for a fate that might never come.

I had been searching for her since I turned eighteen. For five long years, I had traveled across kingdoms, fought battles, navigated politics, and still, there was no sign of her. I couldn't give up, though. Not yet. Not until the end of this week. I had one last chance. And, if we don't find each other by then...I would have to follow through with my mother's plan.

I let out another heavy sigh as I pulled my phone from my pocket and dialed Lupercus, my prime enforcer. He was more than just an enforcer, he was my most trusted right-hand man, and second-in-command. If there was one person I could rely on above all others, it was Lupercus.

The phone rang a few times before his deep voice came through.

“Your royal highness,” he greeted.

“Prepare the car, Lupercus. I want to visit downtown today. Make sure you’re as inconspicuous as possible. I don’t want to make a fuss or draw unnecessary attention,” I instructed.

“Your bidding is done, Supreme Alpha.”

I ended the call and set the phone down on the bedside table. I ran my hands through my hair in frustration. I turned away from the window toward the walk-in closet. I changed quickly, choosing a simple pair of joggers and a hoodie from the back of my closet. No need for royal attire today. I grabbed a pair of dark sunglasses and pulled a black mask from the drawer. I didn’t want anyone to recognize me, not that I feared being seen, but I wanted to move unnoticed. A face cap completed the look, and I slipped my feet into a pair of sneakers.

I made my way to the first-floor garage where Lupercus was already waiting. As soon as he spotted me, he bowed low. His eyes never left mine as he opened the door to the car. Without a word, I slid inside the blue sedan, a car that was nearly indistinguishable from any other in the kingdom. Perfect for blending in.

Lupercus circled around to the driver’s side, slid into his seat, and ignited the engine with practiced ease. The soft hum of the engine filled the car as he put the vehicle in motion.

“Is there any pack in particular we’re going to?” he asked.

I leaned back in the seat, resting my head against the cool leather. I hadn’t been downtown, not since I was three years old.

“No, not really,” I replied distantly as my thoughts drifted to the task at hand. “I just want to take a look around, see what it looks like now, get a feel of what my people are up to... and also, hopefully, find my mate.” The last part slipped out softly, almost like a secret.

Lupercus said nothing for a moment, but I could feel his eyes briefly flicker toward me in the rear-view mirror. Without question, he simply nodded and continued driving.