

His Lost Lycan Luna Chapter 11 by Jessica Hall

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 11 – “Two hours?” I asked her, my voice a shriek. I looked at the small alarm clock. I gasped and jumped to my feet in shock.

“I’m sorry, I must have dozed off; I hadn’t slept. I will do it now,” I tell Clarice.

“What do you mean you haven’t slept?”

“Abbie and I have been up since 3AM yesterday morning, well Abbie fell asleep in the car here, but love couldn’t sleep, then we had to work,” Clarice sighed while shaking her head.

“I didn’t know, but get your a*s in there. I tried to clean the King’s room, but he said it’s your job, so you have to do it.”

“Is he mad? Am I in trouble?”

“Of course he’s mad; he’s the King. You made him wait for a rogue servant,” she said. She smiled sadly, yet I saw her disappointment. Clarice stepped closer and patted my back in what was supposed to be a nice gesture. However, I hissed and jerked away from her touch as pain rippled up my back.

“Get it together, Ivy, you are the King’s servant, I am trying to help, but I can only do so much,” She scolded, and I nodded my head. Clarice then walked out, leaving me; I slipped out of my room after her. Lying down was the worst mistake. I felt stiff to add to the pain. I hesitantly reached up to knock on the door.

“You can enter,” He said before I even knocked. I sucked in a deep breath forcing my legs to move. He was sitting on the chaise reading under the lamp when I entered. He had blue pajama pants on, his chest b**e. I quickly looked away, moving to do the task at hand. My hands trembled as I cleaned up the mess on his table. His aura told me he was angry with me, and I fought the urge to cower under it. I could feel his gaze on me as I placed everything back on the tray.

I bite my tongue to stop myself from crying out at having to stand upright. Impressed, not one noise escaped me despite wanting to scream with each movement. Only when I looked up, the King was watching me still. I swallowed, dropped my head, and walked to the door.

“Come back and see me when you are done,” He spoke before going back to his book.

“Yes, Sir,” I answered as I turned and walked out. I made the horrendous trek down the steps; I wondered what my punishment would be when I spotted that

guard again. Maybe it was a statue? He hadn't moved. How is that possible? I wave my hand in front of his face. He looked real but nothing, no facial twitch, not even a blink. I shook my head while walking off toward the kitchen.

"Dinner," Clarice said as she pointed to the plate on the bench when I entered.

"I can't. The King asked me to go back to see him,"

"Very well, off you go then, don't make him wait; you already did that," I nodded; my stomach growled, but I ignored it. It is not the first time I have gone hungry, and I am sure it won't be the last that I am sure of. I used the banister to help force my legs up the stairs for the hundredth time today; this was a joke. Maybe after a while, if he doesn't k**l me, he will let me keep some supplies in my room, save me walking up the steps every time I needed a cloth or broom or something. I could only hope.

The King opened the door before I even had a chance to knock. My stomach twisted with dread; this was it. I was about to be k****d or hurt for my mistake. He stepped aside, and I kept my eyes to the floor when I moved past him. I stood how Mrs. Daley taught us. Hands behind my back, looking straight ahead. Everything burned and ached standing like this.

"Did Clarice give you your orders?"

"Yes, sir"

"So you chose to ignore them?" I felt tears p***k at the back of my eyes. I shook my head and went to explain but quickly shut my mouth, knowing it was my fault and I had no good enough excuse for not doing my tasks.

"You didn't answer," He stated, and I swallowed, was I allowed to argue my side?

"Well?" He demands. I chewed my lip, and my fingers fiddled behind my back.

"I fell asleep; it won't happen again," I stuttered out. King Kyson rubbed his chin and jaw before he moved to his chaise and sat down. I watched as he placed his elbows on his knees and leaned forward.

"I have a strict schedule for a reason. My days are entirely mapped out. I can't have a servant who can't follow simple rules and a stick to a simple timetable, understood?" I nodded. The King kept staring at my face, which made me feel nervous. I saw his eyes narrow slightly at my split brow, but he said nothing. Why would he? I was a servant; he is the King. I should be grateful I was still standing and not chucked in a cell for my laziness.

"Understood," I tell him, chewing the inside of my lip when he sighs.

"You also forgot to clear the washing in the bathroom," I nodded about to set to the task, but he waved me off when I went to head for the bathroom.

“Forget it, I already had Ester come grab everything while you slept,” he said, and I looked down. I was already in trouble, and Ester got her wish to be his servant again. She could have the job; I didn’t want it. I would rather do slave labor outdoors than feel like I walked on eggshells over every little thing while the King waited for me to slip up.

“You can go,” he said dismissively, and I made a quick escape back to my room. Opening my door, I saw a sandwich wrapped in cling wrap. Also, another maid outfit. Clarice must have snuck them up. Relief flooded me, and I sat on the bed peeled my new flats off; my heels were bleeding. I needed to shower, but the task felt impossible.

I sniffed myself, and I smelt clean, thanks to all the cleaning products. I settled on my bed, careful of my back, and picked up the sandwich. It felt like so much effort as I forced myself to chew and s*****w. I was starving and exhausted. Why did I have to be King’s servant? I knew already this would be the loneliest job in the castle.