

# His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 31

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 31 – Ivy POV

I had no memory of the rest of the trip, coming to the hotel, or being placed in this bed. I watched as the King spoke on the phone. I was busting and needed to pee. I wondered where the servant's bathroom was when the King walked to the bar fridge before coming over to me. He handed me a cold bottle of water. I placed it beside me, its coldness making the urge to pee ten times worse. The King watched me for a second and spoke to someone on the phone. He then hung up the phone and placed it on the bedside table.

"What is wrong?" he asked as he turned back to face me.

"Is there a servant's bathroom? I really need to pee," his eyebrows raised, and he pointed to the bathroom behind him.

"Bathroom is right there. Why would you use a servant's bathroom?"

"Because Clarice said that's what the servants use,"

"Ivy, you are not my servant," I squirmed. I was about to pee on this bed if he kept talking especially knowing the bathroom was right there. What is it with bathrooms when you need to pee? The moment you notice one, the urge grows worse?

"Go, I will bring you some towels in so you can shower. We can talk about it later," he said, motioning to the bathroom with his hand. I hurried off, shutting the door behind me to relieve myself. After washing my hands, I went to walk out when the door opened, and King Kyson stepped into the bathroom, blocking me from exiting.

"Where are you going?" he asked while looking down at me. He had towels in his hands.

"Out so you can shower," I told him as I tried to step around him. He stepped in my path.

"Do you want to shower with me?" he asked, stepping so close I had to crane my neck to look up at him. He stared back at me.

"You don't have to, but you can if you want to,"

"Do you want me to?" I asked him before I looked over my shoulder at the gigantic shower.

“Or we could have a bath?” He chuckled, and my face heated, remembering the last time I bathed with him.

“Shower is fine,” I blurted, and his brows furrowed. C\*\*p, I upset him.

“I didn’t mean to upset you,” I blurted foolishly; he cocked an eyebrow at me.

“Why would you think you upset me?” Why does he ask so many questions?

“Are you upset?” I asked, and he laughed. My eyes widened. Did I say something funny? I don’t get why he is laughing; what did I miss?

“No, I am not upset. You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to, Ivy, that is why I asked.

You don’t have to shower with me unless you want to. The choice is yours,” The King said.

Huh, what choices. Since when did rogues have choices. He waited to see what I would say, but I wanted to see how many options I really had.

“I will have one after,” I tell him before swallowing at saying no to him. I waited for his wrath, but he just shrugged.

“That’s fine. I will shower quickly then. Dinner will be here soon,” he tells me, and I nod before he steps aside, allowing me to pass him.

I rushed out and expected him to shut the door, but he left it open. I heard the shower start and found myself looking around the room. I decided to get his clothes ready for him and rummaged through the two suitcases on the floor. Only when I opened the first one it was filled with women’s garments. I looked back at the door before shaking my head, closing it, and opening the other. I pulled his pajama pants out and placed them on his bed before finding him some socks.

When I was done, I zipped up the bag before sitting on the edge of the bed. I stared around the room before glancing at the bathroom door. He really gave me a choice. I expected him to command me to hop in there with him, but he didn’t. Yet the ache to go to him remained, and I wasn’t sure if it was nerves because I was waiting for him to come out and snap at me or if I actually wanted to shower with him.

Steam came out of the bathroom along with his heady, exotic scent. I only understood how potent it was when I found myself next to the bathroom door. My mouth watered and I clutched the doorframe to refrain from stepping inside. Everything about this man called to me thrilled and excited me yet also terrified me.

It was unnatural for someone like me to be affected and become almost obsessed with their master, regardless the ache to be near him remained no

matter how much thought terrified me. One question lingered though, was he my master? He gave me a choice, yet denying him only made me needier of him.

I hadn't realized with the anxiety of him ordering me around how much I longed for him to do so just so I could be within his presence; it made no sense.

"Ivy, are you okay?" the King asked, and my head snapped up only to find my body led me into the bathroom, completely ignoring the rational part of me. If that was even rational any more. Whenever I thought anything to with the King, my body reacted like it knew before I did what it wanted.

I nodded, and my eyes seemed to have a mind of their own as they trailed over his hard muscular body, his body perfectly sculpted in all the right places, his aura alluring, and I took a step toward him. I kind of wished he did that calling thingy he did. At least then I could explain away the weird feelings this man stirred within me.

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"What do you want to do? Why are you in here?" he asked, but I had a feeling he already knew what I wanted to do because he turned back to the shower rinsing the soap off, yet he left the shower screen open.

"Don't think, Ivy, just do what you want," I growled at his words. What I wanted was confusing the h\*\*l out of me. My brain told me to run while the rest of me wanted to rub myself on him and smother myself in his scent. I shake my head; where the heck did that come from?

"Do you know what you want?" The King asked, turning to face me. I shook my head but then nodded before looking down. I should not have looked down. My eyes widened as I stared at his manhood. I gulped. The thing was huge, and the King cleared his throat, making my eyes snap to his.

"my eyes are up here," The King laughed, and my face heated under the intensity of his gaze.

"You want to shower with me?" I chewed my lip.

"Yes, but I don't know why," I admitted.

"Why do you think you do?" The King asked, reaching his hand out and gripping the front of my shirt. He pulled me toward him, and I squeaked as he pulled me into the shower with him.

"You didn't answer me," He said, peeling my shirt off and unclipping my bra with one hand. He tossed them out of the shower before undoing the button on my jeans. He stopped and looked at me.

"I'm going to take these off you, or would you prefer they remained on?"

"Why do you keep on asking questions?" I asked him.

"Because I want you to understand you have a choice, Ivy. I don't want you as my slave or servant. I just want you, and every time I think you understand that you revert back to being my servant,"

"If you don't want me as a servant, then what do you want me for?" panic bubbled in me, and remembered the look Abbie gave me as I left, the fear that filled her eyes before she told me she loved me.

"I just want you, and I want you to want me too," he said before kneeling and peeling down my pants that were sticking to my skin from becoming wet. I stepped out of them, and he tossed them out the door before kissing my t\*\*\*h as he removed my underwear. He threw them from the shower to where all our clothes lay in disarray on the floor.

"Would you like to be mine, Ivy?" The King asked, looking up at me. I swallowed as I watched him lean closer and kiss my t\*\*\*h just above my knee. He nipped at my skin before gripping my ankle gently. He rubbed his thumb over my skin while his eyes watched his hand as it glided up my leg to my knee.

"Would you like me to be yours," he asked as his hand trailed higher, and I shivered under his scorching touch, my skin alight with that tingling sensation, and I moaned softly, unable to stop the noise from escaping me. His touch was gentle as he pushed me slightly back, so I leaned against the tiled wall.

"Would you like that, Ivy?" The King asked as his fingers brushed between the apex of my legs.

"I need an answer, Ivy, your answer and not what you think I want to hear. I want to know if you want the same," He asked, looking up at me. He leaned closer, kissing my stomach, and it fluttered spastically as he nipped at me with his teeth.

Only the Goddess knows how much I wanted those things, but he was a king, and I was his slave, but I would answer because I once wanted something and that was the King. No matter how stupid and foolish that was, I wanted him, and I was sick of denying it. Even if he tossed me aside tomorrow, I could say I once got what I wanted.

“Yes, I would like that,” I answered honestly, and the King smiled up at me, and my hand reached toward his face wanting to touch him. I cupped his cheek, and he didn’t pull away; instead, he leaned into my touch.

His stubble brushed the inside of my palm before he turned his face and kissed it. My entire body was buzzing when I felt his hand move between my legs. His thumb stroked the seam of my lips, and my stomach tightened, and between my legs throbbed almost violently as he glided his thumb between my slick folds before pressing down on my c\*\*t. My hips jerked when the King pressed his lips to my hip before nipping lower. His hot mouth on my flesh made my legs tremble. He bit and licked at my thighs; his hand traveled down my leg to the back of my knee.

He growled and gripped my knee, and lifted my leg slightly before he looked up at me.

“Can I taste you, Ivy,” I had no idea what he wanted to do but knew I wanted to find out, so I nodded. He pushed my leg open, and I gasped as he lifted it over his shoulder before pressing his face between my legs.

His hands gripped my a\*s, tilting my hips forward before his hot mouth covered my core. His tongue ran between my wet folds, and he groaned before his grip tightened the sound vibrating through me.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 33 – His tongue ran between my lips to my c\*\*t before he licked and nipped at it. My hips bucked against his face earning me a growl as he sucked it in his mouth. His hand moved to my leg over his shoulder, and he gripped my t\*\*h, pulling my leg wider and opening me up to him, and giving him more access as he licked and sucked on my flesh.

Moans spilled from my lips, and I gripped his hair and tugged on it, his tongue relentless before he plunged it inside me, tasting my arousal as it gushed from me. His hot mouth moved and tasted every inch of me before he went back to my c\*\*t, his tongue teasing and circling as he sucked on my swollen bud, making me cry out.

My hips moved against his mouth and my skin heated at the sensation he was inducing. My entire body tensed as I climbed to the precipice and spilled over violently. His hands gripping me were the only thing that held me upright as I came on his tongue. My walls fluttering and my p\*\*y pulsated as my o\*\*\*\*m rippled through me. I gripped his hair, moving my hips against his mouth as I rode it out. His tongue lapped up my juices before my grip on him turned slack, and I tried to catch my breath.

He ran his tongue between my folds again before sucking and nipping at my t\*\*h as he let my shaking leg down carefully, but he didn’t let me go, for which I was

thankful because I was severely at risk of having my legs go out from under me. He rose, pressed me against the tiled wall, and kissed me. Forcing me to taste myself on his tongue as it invaded my mouth. I moaned at the taste of myself mingled with him, and my hands trailed up his side to his chest. When I felt the vibration of his calling rumble through his chest, I pulled away from him before kissing his chest. His hand slipped into my hair, and he tugged my head back before his lips covered mine again.

The King pressed his e\*\*\*\*\*n against me, and I pulled him closer; my hand moved to his hip. I wanted to touch him, wanted to taste him but was unsure if he would let me.

“What are you thinking?” he said against my lips before nipping at my chin as his lips trailed down my neck.

“I want to touch you,” I told him. My hand reached between our bodies, and I trailed my fingertips over his aroused flesh. It twitched when I touched it, and I looked down. He stepped back, allowing me to watch as I touched him, exploring his body. He groaned when I wrapped my fingers around his large c\*\*k. I looked up at him, and he watched me bracing his hands on the wall behind me.

I ran my hand up the length of him and he purred the sound making his chest vibrate. His eyes closed, and his lips parted. I had no idea what I was doing however, I liked watching his face as I touched him; I wasn't sure if I was doing it right, but he didn't stop me or pull away. Standing on my toes, I pressed my lips to his and his eyes flew open.

Only I was staring at the eyes of the beast he could be. I pulled away and he watched my face with a predatory gleam in his eyes, and I swallowed, wondering if I should stop. His canines slipped out when his hand moved and he gripped the back of my neck before smashing his lips against mine.

His kiss was soul-devouring and bruising. “Don't be scared. I won't hurt you,” He murmured against my lips. I let out a breath, and the hammering of my heart against my ribcage slowed slightly when he thrust into my hand as he pressed closer to me. His tongue licked across my lips, and my lips parted. I felt his canines graze them as he nibbled on them before his teeth moved to my chin. Grazing as he left open mouth kisses down toward my neck. He stopped, buried his face in my neck, and a throaty growl left him as he nicked my skin. The points of his teeth were like needle points as they broke the skin but not deeply. Not deep enough to mark me, just enough to cause slight discomfort.

“Kyson.” I hissed, and he paused and pulled back. He looked at my shoulder when his teeth bit into me, and I expected him to freak out at what he did but he didn't. He leaned forward and ran his tongue over it. The spot tingled and throbbed, aching like it wanted his teeth embedded in my flesh.

“Sorry, did I hurt you,” he asked, and I looked at him. My blood was smeared across his lips, and I shook my head and touched the spot he nicked me, only to find it healed. I pulled my hand back to look at it but found no blood staining them, yet his lips were tainted with my blood.

"It healed," I told him.

"Lycan saliva, Ivy. I think you sometimes forget what I am," He chuckled.

"But I don't understand?" I was puzzled. I had heard of people healing each other when they were mates but could Lycans do it all the time. Now that was a handy gift to have; I wondered if he could heal himself?

"I have been wanting to heal you for ages but didn't want you to freak out," I thought about my blisters and how they healed overnight, which I thought was odd.

"You could heal me?" The King nodded and his hand moved from my shoulder and trailed down my back. "It would still scar, but I can close them if you let me. Or I could give you my blood, but it won't be as effective,"

"Does it hurt you when you do it?" He shook his head.

"So, will you let me?" he asked, pecking the corner of my mouth. The thought of him licking my back weirded me out a little.

"And you just have to lick me?" He chuckled and nodded. "Yes, but it would be easier in my other form, would take longer in this one," he said and my brows furrowed. Fear, I knew, was etched into my face.

"I won't hurt you. My Lycan side recognizes his own, I recognize you, Ivy, I can assure you I won't harm you; you just need to trust me," I swallowed when a knock sounded on the door. The King looked toward the door before turning and pulling me behind him.

"Just me, your highness," Gannon called out, and the King let out a breath.

"Just leave it. We will be out in a minute," The King answered and I listened to Gannon leave and heard the door shut. The King shut off the water and reached out the door before he passed me a towel. I wrapped it around myself, and the king stepped out of the shower before turning to face me.

"Is that a yes?" the king asked and I looked up at him.

"You won't hurt me when you are like that?"

The King smiled. "Never," he purred, and I sighed. Well, if he k\*\*\*\*d me, it would be quick, so I nodded.

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Read [His Lost Lycan Luna](#) by Jessica Hall Chapter 34 – I followed him into the room, and I noticed Gannon had placed a food tray on the bed. King Kyson didn't even bother getting changed, and I felt a little strange just standing around in a towel. He motioned for me to come over to him before flicking the Tv on and moving the tray to the bedside table while I stood awkwardly at the edge of the bed. He reached over and gripped my wrist, jerking me on top of him. The motion made an audible squeak leave my lips as I collided with his chest, and he chuckled at my awkwardness.

I scrambled upright, placing my hands on his chest. I pushed off him when he gripped my thighs, tugging me back down on him and forcing me to sit. My towel had risen precariously, and my face heated as he looked down between my legs. I tried to close them, but his hands prevented such action.

"I just had my mouth down there, yet you are embarrassed over me seeing you," he said, and my face heated even more at his words. Why did he have to say such vulgar things? Was he trying to embarrass me? His hands trailed higher underneath the towel, exposing me even more to wandering eyes, and I wanted to tug it down when he gripped my hips and placed me directly over where his hard c\*\*k was.

"Kyson!" I hissed, feeling his hardened length through the thin towel covering him. He sighed and let me move higher but pulled me back down when I tried to climb off him to sit beside him.

"Your birthday is soon," the King said, and my brows furrowed at his question. Was it a question or just a statement? I didn't understand what he was getting at, he could be quite bizarre at times, and I didn't know if his questions warranted an actual answer.

"Are you nervous about shifting?"

"Kind of, not really; I try not to think about it. Why?" I asked. Although, I was slightly petrified after witnessing Abbie's shift. It would haunt me forever, but I know it wasn't supposed to be that way.

"Because when a werewolf comes of age, they find their mates," He says.

"Isn't it supposed to be rare for you actually to find them, though, werewolves hardly travel away from the pack, so unless they are in it, most don't find their mates,"

"Well, I will be going back to your old pack next week,"

"What for?"

To speak with the old Alpha, find out a few things, but that is not why I asked about your birthday," he squeezed my thighs gently before his thumbs rubbed against the inside of my thighs.



"What do you know of Lycans?" he asked while looking up at me.

"That they are different to werewolves, superior species, immortal and what you have told me," The King nodded and seemed to think for a second.

"Anything else?" I shrugged, not getting his point or where he was going with this conversation.

"Is there a reason you're asking because I don't know much? Abbie and I weren't allowed to attend classes, so I am not sure what you are asking if you are asking something?" I chewed my lip.

"I am asking something, but it needs to wait until after your first shift," he said, tugging at the knot of the towel. I gripped his hand, and he raised an eyebrow at me before I let him go. He undid it, letting it fall away, so I was sitting on him completely naked. The King moved underneath me, pulling me with him until he sat, so he was leaning against the headboard with me straddling his lap.

"For Lycans, it is harder to find their mates," he explains.

"Because they are a d\*\*\*g species," I nodded, and so did he.

"Yet how are you a d\*\*\*g species if you are immortal?" I blurted out. That was one question that always puzzled me. King Kyson laughed like he thought what I said was funny, but I was genuinely curious how so few existed.

"Immortal meaning our life span has no end, that doesn't mean we aren't killable, we can still d\*e the same as everyone if mortally injured, we are just more durable, he tells me.

"So if I shot you, you would d\*e?"

"Depends what sort of bullet, and also how close it got to my heart. Why are you planning on k\*\*\*\*\*g me? Because if you are, I may have to reconsider my next question?" He laughed.

"No, and I don't know how to use a gun, much less find one," I told him.

"How about you promise not to k\*\*l me, and I promise not to k\*\*l you," I raised an eyebrow at him.

"What?" He laughed.

"Somehow, I don't think it would be possible for me to k\*\*l you,"

"It's possible in more ways than you know,"

"What do you mean?"

"That doesn't matter, for now. What matters is my next question. I just want to make sure you are making a choice because you want to, not because you shifted first,"

"Why, do you think I would change my mind at whatever your question is?"

"Yes, I believe you would, but I want your answer now, not after,"

"You are making no sense, my king,"

"You will understand, power is everything to wolves, title, especially she-wolves, even those with mates always seek out dominant males, so yes, I believe after you shift it would sway you to agree to what I want to ask."

"Unless you're a rogue, we have no status, so I fail to see what you're getting at?"

"I am hoping that will change; I want to change your title, Ivy,"

"I thought only Lycan's were part of the King's pack?" He nods his head.

"Kyson, I am a werewolf. I am not like you, and I don't think your Lycan pack would take too kindly to werewolf amongst them. Besides, what about Abbie," I smiled, thinking of her. I missed her already, and it had only been half a day since I last saw her.

## His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

### Chapter 35

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 35 – "What if I changed you, made you into a Lycan?" The King asked, and my eyes locked onto his. I shook my head, horrified. I didn't want to be an immortal, and I didn't want to watch Abbie grow old and d\*e without me; we made a pact that we would go out together. What he is asking? When another thought occurred to me, why would he want to do that?

"Why?" I blurted.

"Because I want to change your title as I said,"

"By making me a Lycan? That isn't automatically changing my title, and what of Abbie? And what would people think? No, that is a terrible idea, Kyson; they would k\*\*l me., I rambled in a panic.

"Who would k\*\*l you?"

"The other Lycans, everyone who knew what I was before, and that don't automatically change my status just because I would be immortal. I am still rogue, would still be a servant, I don't want to be an enslaved person for eternity?" What just happened? I couldn't process anything. My mind was blank, and I must have continued rambling and blubbing because he pressed a finger to my lips to silence me. The King dropped his head against my collarbone.

"Don't you get it, Ivy, I have been saying it for days now, yet you are not understanding. I told you in the shower; I don't want you as my servant. I want you."

"I only know how to be a servant, Kyson, a rogue or slave. That is what I was destined to be," I growled before covering my mouth.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to growl at you. I keep doing it. I'm sorry,"

"You're coming of age, that's why you keep growling, and your emotions are getting more heightened. Growl at me all you want," He laughed. I sighed, embarrassed at my outburst. I remembered how moody Abbie got before she first shifted. What a traumatizing experience that was. We were forever getting the cane that week, then her shift. I tried not to think about it.

Mrs. Daley wouldn't let her outside, under the moon. Your first shift is easier if it is a full moon and you can feel its light. It induced our animalistic side to come forward faster. I had heard h\*\*\*\*r stories of no moon for days, and some stuck in a semi-shifted state.

Mrs. Daley forbade her from going outside and locked us in our tiny room that had no windows, she screamed for hours, and every time she got too loud, Mrs. Daley would come up and whip her. It got to the point where I ended up muffling her sounds with my hands because I couldn't handle watching her be beaten in that state when she cried out too loudly.

The King clicked his fingers in front of my face. "Ivy, where did you just go?" he asked, waving his hand in front of my face.

"Sorry, I was just thinking,"

"Of what you looked like, you were stuck in a nightmare,"

"Of Abbie's first shift,"

"Ah, yes, it isn't pleasant the first one,"

"No, especially when it is a full moon, but you are locked in a room with no windows," I shook the sounds of her screams away; I could remember it as if it was yesterday.

"What?"

"Mrs. Daley, she wouldn't let her go outside; it was a full moon. One of the cooks was nice when Mrs. Daley wasn't around. She told Abbie to go outside that the transition would be faster if she did, but Mrs. Daley wouldn't let her. She locked us in the room,"

"She locked you in the room with a transitioning wolf?"

"Yeah, well, we shared a room," I shrugged.

"I don't know what I am more horrified at, the fact she locked her away from the moon or the fact she locked her in there with you," The King said, his eyes darkening.

"What do you mean? I'm pretty sure sharing a room with her was the least of her worries; I have seen her naked plenty of times," I tell him.

"No, I mean Abbie could have k\*\*\*\*d you. Transitioning werewolves are dangerous on their first shift; they can lash out," my eyes widened in h\*\*\*\*r. I had no idea, though Abbie did turn a little angrier and snapped at me; I just thought she was in pain. She then laid down on her tummy, and I brushed her fur all night, waiting for her to shift back.

"Your headmistress has a lot to answer for regarding yours and Abbie's treatment," The King growled while shaking his head.

"Your shift won't be like that, I promise. I will remain with you,"

"But you just said-"

"I will remain with you. A few werewolf bites won't hurt me," he said, cutting me off. He cupped my face with his hand, and the scent of his skin so close to my nose made me inhale before I licked his wrist. My eyes widened at what I did, and I clamped my lips together, horrified that I just licked him. He snickered and lifted his knees behind me, forcing me closer. He smelt heavenly, and I couldn't help myself; I inhaled and sniffed him.

He turned his head up with a smile on his lips as he offered his neck to me, and some foreign urge came over me at the sight of it. I sniffed him, running my nose up his neck and down again before stopping in the crook of his neck. His hand slipped into my hair, and I tried to stop myself, yet the urge was too intense and on the verge of pain. Much to my h\*\*\*\*r, I licked his neck.

He shivered, pressing me closer when I suddenly bit into him. And I don't mean gently either like a d\*\*n animal. He groaned, and I swear I felt his c\*\*k twitch beneath me. His blood rushed into my mouth like a slap of clarity in the face.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 36 – I gasped, letting him go, but he pulled me closer. “You can bite me, Ivy,” I shook my head.

“I made you bleed,” I shrieked, trying to get off him. He would surely whip me now. S\*\*t, his guards would, the moment they noticed what I did.

“Shh, breathe. Do I sound mad?” he asked, holding my face still, my lips pressed against his warm skin, and I clamped my teeth together as the urge returned.

“It’s okay, love. If you want to bite me, bite me, I am yours to do what you want with,”

“A servant,”

“Call yourself that again and see what happens. I don’t know how much clearer I can be; I have told you I don’t want you as my servant, that I want to change you,” He sighed, his grip loosening.

“I want you to be mine, and I want to be yours. I want to make you my Queen, do you understand that? I want to mark you after you shift, Ivy, I want to change you, and I want you to be my Luna Queen,” I jerked in his hold and growled but let me sit up but refused to let me off his lap.

“You want to mark me?” I asked, and he nodded.

“Yes, I want to mark and mate you, I also want to change you,”

“But I am a rogue, a servant,”

“Not to me, your not, I don’t care for your status, and neither will my Pack, I want you, but I want you to want me to,”

“Wait, you don’t want me to be a s\*x slave?” Isn’t this why he was being nice, because he wanted something?

“What?” He seemed outraged by my words.

“Is that what you thought all this was?” he snapped at me. I swallowed but nodded. What else was I supposed to think? I knew what had happened to the rogues. It hung over mine and Abbie’s head for years. Mrs. Daley made sure we didn’t forget our place; she even branded it in our skin, so we wouldn’t forget. We weren’t people; we were objects, labor, someone to kick when they feel

particularly s\*\*\*\*y about their lives, a quick power boost because we had no power of our own.

"I figured you would throw me away when you got bored, which is fine. You don't have to promise things or do things. It is what it is," Kyson growled, and the sound vibrated against my chest, making my heart beat erratically.

"If I wanted to f\*\*k you, I would have ordered you on your back, Ivy. I certainly wouldn't be explaining myself to you for it either. So let me make one thing clear. I do not want a s\*x slave; I want a mate, and I want you to let me be yours, equals. Not you do things because you believe it's what I want or because you feel obligated to because I am the King," his anger was terrifying as I watched his eyes flicker to the beast within him.

"Equals Ivy, I won't pull rank over you unless it is to do with your safety or something I feel strongly about, and I sure as h\*\*l would never force myself on you or anyone. If I make you uncomfortable, you tell me, I won't get mad, and I won't punish you for how you feel. Equals, if you want something, tell me; if you don't, tell me, and I will do the same for you. Is that understood?" He asked, and my lips parted.

Words failed me. Most would dream of being with a Lycan king. However, my wishes weren't like anyone else's. I didn't want to be owned. I wished for freedom, a voice because mine had been squashed for so long.

Sometimes I wondered if I even had one left; I certainly never used it, so I found words hard, except with Abbie. I could take orders. That's all I knew since a young age.

Who would want a Queen that was submissive to life because they never had one? Abbie and I always spoke of what we would do with our freedom, but honestly, they were just dreams, something we knew would never come to fruition. If given a chance, we would probably fall back into the same place, not knowing anything else. Comfortable in our own misery because that's what we were used to.

"Ivy,"

"I don't think I can be what you want," I told him, and he sighed.

"We still have time, but one thing remains clear: you are not my servant. You are just Ivy." His words confused me.

Not because I didn't understand what he said but because I didn't know who I was. She got lost in a child's dream of who I thought I would be and who I would become. A dream that became so out of reach it faded away and was long forgotten because those dreams were trampled into dust and floated off with the wind. I was an imposter of who I once was. Now I am "you," a reflection of what they made me to be. The name they gave us because ours wasn't worth speaking.

"What are you thinking?" Kyson asked me, and I sniffled. Words were not my thing, so I found it odd that he always requested them.

"I don't know who I am if I am not a slave or servant, Kyson,"

"I know exactly who you are," he whispered, pecking my lips softly. He nibbled on the bottom one. His warm palms caressed my ribs to the sides of my b\*\*\*\*s while his lips trailed down my jawline.

"You are the woman I want, the woman I will love and cherish. You are mine just as I am yours," he murmured as he trailed open mouth kisses down my neck, making me purr. He paused and chuckled at the sound I made before he pressed his lips in a similar spot to where I accidentally bit him.

"And when you realize that" He whispered before sucking the same spot.

"I will place my mark right here, so everyone knows I am yours, and you are my Queen," he said before breaking the skin with his teeth. I jumped at the sting, but his tongue was already lapping over it.

Heat rushed through me, and my skin tingled and vibrated, my nerves buzzing at his touch. He pulled his face from my neck, and I touched the spot with my fingertips.

"I didn't mark you, lvy. I can't until you shift, but I must say I do like the look of my teeth on your skin," my eyes went to the mark I left on him. It had healed but was scarred, which I thought odd. I touched it, and he shivered.

"They're called promise bites, you haven't got canines yet, but once you shift, you will be able to mark me," he says. His hands cupped my face and his thumbs went to my upper lip, pushing it up. His brows pinched in the middle before he did the same to my bottom lip.

"What is it?" I ask him.

"Nothing, just you already have canines. It sometimes happens with werewolves, and they won't extend fully until you shift but are you sure your birthday is a couple of weeks away?"

"I think so," I told him.

"Strange, not unheard of, but usually they come down a couple of days before a shift, not weeks before, unless your Lycan, mine were always longer than werewolves or human teeth," he shrugs.

"Something is wrong with my teeth?" I asked, touching them with my finger. They felt the same as always, no different, and surely I would notice. Wouldn't my speech change?

"No, nothing is wrong with them. They just look a little more extended than normal. That's why I asked about your birthday." I shrugged unsurely. Mum said it was on that day, and she would have known.

"Want to hear something funny?" I raised an eyebrow at him but nodded.

"Lycans are born with their canines. My baby photos look pretty funny," he chuckled. I laughed and thought that would look funny.

"We should eat, our food is probably cold, and we have to be up early to get to the castle by lunchtime,"

"Did you know the King and Queen well?"

"Kind of, they kept to themselves mostly. My parents were close to them. When I was a child, my parents had an arrangement with theirs,"

"What sort of arrangement?"

"A marriage one, if they had a daughter, she was to be promised to me when she came of age, to help keep the royal bloodlines strong, but that went down the drain obviously,"

"Were you upset?" He shrugged.

"No, not really. I didn't know her, they kept her a secret paranoid about the hunters finding out about her, plus I would have had to wait years anyway, but I am not sure I would have gone through with it if she said no,"

"Why's that?"

"Because my parents had an arranged marriage. My mother disagreed at first,"

"Your parents didn't like each other?"

"No, they loved each other, but at first no, not until my father marked her. I just wanted to try to find my mate first,"

"What happened to the girl?"

"They k\*\*\*\*d her, we found her blood-stained clothes and also some of her hair, since half the kingdom was s\*\*\*\*\*d along with them we couldn't exactly be sure which child she was, and also not knowing exactly how old she was didn't help us. We only had the clothes to go off for approximate size, and so many kids turned up in the river," he shook his head at the memory, which obviously stayed with him all these years.

"If she lived?"



"I probably would have given her to my sister to raise. It would be awkward raising my future mate, don't you think?" He laughed. I thought for a second that would be strange.

"Yes, that would certainly be different," I chuckled.

# His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 37

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 37 – Kyson POV

Her presence could be felt in every part of the room, which was the only thing keeping me sane right now. Ivy's scent perfumed the room and calmed my nerves. Tomorrow was my sister's m\*\*\*\*r anniversary, so I was on edge. Ivy was unaware that I was watching her.

No matter how much I tried to pry my eyes from her sleeping form tangled in the sheets, I always found my eyes going back to her or would find myself standing over her. My senses are all over the place with her. The desire to mark her grew stronger with the bond as it forged.

I could tell Ivy was just as affected, the way her arousal would fill my nostrils, her instincts pulling her closer while they waged war with her mind telling her to stay away.

I must admit, that is one thing I love about she-wolves. Their ability to become lost to their base instincts makes them compliant. Although I didn't want that from Ivy, I wanted her to challenge, maybe because she is the only one that could get away with it.

However, looking at her, I doubt she ever would. Lycans were worse, and sometimes I forget she is an ordinary werewolf, that I have to be gentle. She isn't durable as one. Despite how much she sometimes reminded me of a Lycan, I needed to remember she wasn't. I wondered briefly what her wolf would be like, what color fur she would have. She had the most abnormal eyes of werewolves. Every time I looked at her, I got this bizarre feeling something was off about her.

Her deep, cerulean blue eyes reminded me of someone. I couldn't figure out why. Even a few guards and Damian had commented on how odd her eye coloring was.

We would find out soon enough. Maybe her father was human. That would explain why I couldn't sense her wolf's side. Perhaps she didn't have one. No, that can't be it, because she can growl and purr. I was pulled from my thoughts when I felt the mind-link open up.

"You awake, my King," Gannon asked. I stared at my glass of whiskey in my hand before downing out. "You know I am, or you wouldn't be asking," I replied as I got

out of the bed and wandered over to the bar. I pour another glass, and the door to my room opens.

Damian and Gannon step in, averting their gazes away from Ivy and looking at me. Damian walks over to the armchair and takes a seat while Gannon wanders toward her on the bed. I raised an eyebrow at him, but he only tossed the throw rug over her back to cover her before taking a seat across from Damian. I hand them both a glass before retrieving my own.

“What is it?”

“I thought you were going to heal her,” Gannon asked, looking over at her sleeping.

“She fell asleep while eating,” I answered. Anger coursed through me. Though they were no longer gaping wounds across her back. I hated seeing the angry red lines that littered her skin.

“Why did that stop you?” he asked.

“I would rather do it while she is awake. She needs to know not to fear me in that form.” Gannon nods, turning his attention back to me.

“So why the middle of the night’s invasion to my room?”

“Couldn’t sleep,” Damian answers.

“Me, either,” I told him, and he chuckled.

“How many of those have you had?” he asked, pointing to my glass.

“A few too many,” I shrug. And his brows furrow with worry, a look I have seen plenty of times on his face.

“You sure that is wise with her around?”

“She isn’t going anywhere, and I wouldn’t hurt her.” “I’m not worried about you hurting her, my King. I’m worried about you spooking her,” Damian answered.

“I am fine,” I answered while moving across the room to sit on the edge of the bed facing them.

“I assume you came to see me for a reason?” I asked them.

“Yes, my King. We know we agreed to 6 AM, but the men are antsy. This place is unfamiliar and too hard to keep watch over.”

“You want to leave early?” They both nodded their heads, looking at Ivy on the bed behind me.

"You doubt my ability to keep her safe?" I asked them.

"Never, my king, we just worry about our king's and future queen's safety in this hotel, too many people and too many hiding spots, and with anniversary tomorrow, we want to keep moving," Damian answered.

"The driver?"

"Also ready to go."

"Give me an hour," I answered, glancing at the clock. It was a little after 2 AM. My head turned back to them, and they were both getting to their feet.

"I want to heal her first; at least then she may sleep in the car,"

"Do you want me to stay?" Damian asked. I glanced at Ivy before looking back at him.

"Won't be necessary," I told him, and he nodded before both of them took their leave. Placing the glass down, I stripped off my shorts before shifting. Twisting my neck, I cracked it. My bones had readjusted and snapped swiftly with my shift, and my vision and sense of smell adjusted as I walked toward the bed before climbing on it.

Her back rose and fell as she breathed in and out, and I tugged the blankets off her. My claws sliced through the thin sheets as I peeled them away. Ivy moved in her sleep, and goosebumps rose on her delicate skin exposed to the night air. I sniffed the back of her neck while my hand trailed up her side, and she stirred. I didn't want her to wake startled, so I moved slowly as I buried my face in her neck, inhaling her scent.

She continued to stir, and I could feel the orgasmic tingling sensation her skin contact caused to rush over my hands. Yet as I watched her, something stirred within me. Some desire to claim what belonged to me, and before I could stop myself, I nipped her. She jumped in her sleep before she froze. Her heart thumped in her chest like a hummingbird's wings. I ran my tongue over my bite. Licking up the blood that trailed down her shoulders blade.

"Kyson?" Her voice was barely a whisper, and I pressed my nose against her cheek. She trembled beneath me as I pressed my chest to her back and started purring. Her tremors stopped, and she sighed as I pressed my weight against her.

"You're safe with me, always," I purred before releasing her from my calling. She remained still, and could tell she was scared, but it showed she trusted me enough not to hurt her when she didn't try to escape me. I sniffed her neck, and she turned her face slightly before I pressed my nose against hers. Her giggle made me chuckle when I licked her lips.

"That was gross, like a dog's tongue," she chuckled.

“Well then, I guess I am your pet.” I snickered. I lifted my weight slightly off her when she rolled beneath me and looked up at me. Her hands shakily move to my face before her thumb runs over one of my teeth. She jerks her hand away when it slices the pad of her thumb. She sucks on it.

“What did you expect? Them not to be sharp?” I chuckled. She pulls her thumb from her mouth and examines the slice, but I quickly lick it, letting her watch it heal. She seemed in awe as she studied the now non-existent cut.

“How?” she muttered. I didn’t answer, not wanting to tell her because I was her mate. I wanted that to be a surprise for her to find out on her own.

“Rollover,” I whisper to her, and her eyes darted to mine.

# His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 38

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 38 – Ivy POV

Kyson hovered above me. Despite staring right into the eyes of the true Lycan king. Despite his weight pressed down on me and his scary exterior, I knew he would never harm me. His hands were gentle, and his tone of voice calm, though also rougher. It reassured everything in me that made me fear him. My life could end at any time, but I didn’t fear d\*\*\*h from the man turned beast above me. No, I couldn’t find myself to fear him; I knew it was because he didn’t want me to. He allowed me to have that trust in him because he could ideally end me.

Some instinctual part of me called out to him, to ruin or to love, yet the tenderness of his touch assured me it was just that, love. It seemed impossible to feel for someone after such a short time, or maybe I was naive in thinking it was love, and I wasn’t merely an object to him. Yet he calmed my anxiety, and the content feeling of home when around him made me roll onto my stomach as he asked.

King Kyson was home. In whatever way I could have him, I wanted him. Whether it’s at his feet or by his side, I would take it. Home was something I never felt. Even with my parents, it never existed. A sense of safety and belonging was never felt with them, either. I am a stranger to my own existence and place in this world after not having one for so long.

I always thought Abbie was my home, my safe place, and she is. However, now I wondered, if only for a while if home could be with my King. The King moved above me and, his chest rumbled against my back. I loved the noises he made, loved what he called the calling. For some reason, it felt familiar and like it was mine alone.

Kyson pressed his face into my neck and sniffed at me. His whiskers and fur tickled, a rough contrast against my skin, and I tucked my chin before feeling his tongue lick a line across my shoulder blade. His tongue traced the lines that marred my flesh. A tingling sensation and warmth spread across my back, and I felt the tissue closing. The jagged edges sewing together again. The last remnants of my old life closing, the hole over my heart that I thought would never close, filling in. After all this time a spot left gaping from abuse and rejection, of neglect and hopelessness, didn't ache like it used to.

The pain faded away with the memory of the countless times my skin was branded. My stomach twisted with my desire to dream of better things. What if I loved and lost it? Though how do you love when never knowing it? Sure, my parents loved me and cuddled me, but when you only felt pain for so long, warm hugs turned to the whips and chain that restrained my life. Could I break the mold they forced me into, break the chains that held me back? Take back a life that was beaten out of me and suppressed for so long? I wasn't sure, but I was determined to find out, even if it was only brief and ended badly, I could own those moments.

For once, I would trust the words said, the intention behind them. For once, I would let myself feel free, even if only fleetingly. I remained still, except when his tongue traced down my ribs, whiskers and fur tickling.

Only then did I squirm and cringe away. The pain faded quickly, turning to desire. Despite my mind being structured to believe the worst. My heart was set, and my body was willing to be his, and his only. His tongue was hot and wet as it glided across my ribs once more. The moment he finished, I knew by the sound of his bones realigning before I felt his b\*\*e skin pressed against mine. The rise and fall of his chest as his breathing timed in with mine.

The King pressed himself against me, his thighs pressing against mine, and his e\*\*\*\*\*n dug into my lower back. He purred, the sound, bringing forth my own as his nose trailed across my cheek. He kissed the side of my mouth before nipping at my ear, and I felt the slickness between my thighs. The foreign feeling of desire that only he brought forth, a desire I anticipated and feared because despite my body craving something, it had no idea how to explain. It felt right. How had I not noticed it before, the complete feeling he induced, like a half to another, making me feel whole, as the pieces of the puzzle aligned in perfect synchronization.

He groaned, and I shivered at the sound. Goosebumps rose on my flesh before he flicked my ear with his tongue. "As much as I want to remain and ravage your body, we have to leave," he whispered, before flicking my ear again. Despite my brain trying to override the sound from escaping past my lips, my whine was audible.

The King chuckled. "I promise later, Ivy. When we get back home, you can have me all to yourself, but we must leave," he said before pecking my cheek. His weight lifted off me and the chill of the room drifted over my skin with him gone. I rolled onto my side and sat up while the King placed his pants back on.

"How much further is it?" I asked him.

"Couple of hours, you can sleep in the car," he said while placing a suitcase beside me. He opened it before grabbing the other, which he got his pants out of.

"Are you going to get dressed?" he asked, and I looked in the suitcase. All the clothes were brand new, and I looked at him, wondering when he had time to get them

## His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

### Chapter 39

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 39 – "Where did you get all these?" I asked him before pulling out an oversized off-shoulder sweater and some jeans. "Are these alright?" I asked him, holding them up to show him. I wasn't used to picking my own clothes and worried I would pick wrong.

"Wear what you want, I prefer you naked, but since we have to leave, I suppose you will have to wear something,"

"Or I could walk around naked, my King, if you like," I challenged, and his eyes flickered.

"Very well, all their deaths will be on your hands, though," he retorted.

"Whose deaths?"

"Those who look at what's mine," he says before stepping closer and pressing his lips to my forehead. I quickly slipped them on, and he chuckled.

"Wise choice," he teased, before closing the bags and placing them by the door.

"If you want to go with Clarice and Beta Damian when we get back, you can, if you don't like what she chose for you," Kyson said.

"Clarice went and got these for me?"

"Yes, I have already informed her you are no longer my servant, and those important already know who you are to me," I glanced down at my hands, feeling guilty. Worried what they would think if they thought I wasn't one of them anymore, I didn't want them to treat me any different.

Fingertips graze my chin and tilt my face upward. "Why do you look upset?" He asked.

"I wonder what Abbie thinks,"

"You don't think she would be happy for you?"

"She is like my sister, my family, and if I let you change me, what would become of her, of us?" he seemed to think for a second.

"Is that why you said no because of Abbie?"

"No, well, kind of. I don't want to watch her grow old and d\*e without me."

"And is that your only worry, that you will lose her?" he asked and shook my head.

"I don't think I can meet the expectations you want. Everyone will think I'm weak,"

"The only expectation I have of you is that you remain by my side, Ivy. The rest will come, but no one would dare call my Queen weak," I went to protest, but the firm look he gave me made me remain quiet.

"Would you accept if I had Abbie changed too?" he asked, and I looked at him.

"If she wanted to, of course, I wouldn't force her, but if she agrees, I am sure Gannon wouldn't mind,"

"You wouldn't do it?" I asked him.

"No, but Gannon has a crush on Abbie, He has been harassing Damian to give her to him as his maid," he chuckled.

"Pardon?"

"He likes Abbie, Gannon has no mate, and for me to change her would be to bond her to me, not like a mate bond, but those lines can become blurred, especially for the person changed, make them compliant to my demands, not that I would ever push you to do something you don't want," Kyson explained.

"What if she says no?"

"Then that is her choice, but then that will also mean you have to make one, Ivy," he told me.

"I can't change for you, but I would if I could,"

"You would give up being a Lycan, an immortal?"

"Yes, for when you have lived as long as I have, time no longer holds meaning, not if it is wasted. Without you, it wouldn't be worth keeping track of,"

"Wait, how old are you?" he shrugged.

"I like to think I am still young. I don't feel old. Why do I look it?" He laughed and his lips tugged into a sly smile as he waited for my answer. I shook my head, yet was still intrigued to know. Maybe it was morbid curiosity.

"How old?" I asked.

"As old as the castle in which we live," I gasped. I had no idea how old it was, but it was clear it wasn't from this century, and more looked like something from Medi-evil times.

"Still want to know my age, or would you prefer the age I stopped aging?"

"Yes, the age you stopped aging. Or I may have to call you grandpa," I snickered. He raised an eyebrow at me.

"I stopped aging just shy of 30," he says, motioning me with his hand to the door. I got up, and a knock was heard when I felt the King walk up behind me. His hand dropped to my hip as he tugged me against him. At least he looked around the age that I thought, and I couldn't imagine living for that long. It sounded lonely.

"I may be old, but with age comes experience. And some things I have perfected," he said, dipping his face in my neck. He ran his tongue across my neck, and his hand moved and pressed flat against my stomach pulling me against him. He pulled his face from my neck, before tugging my head back by my hair gently with his other hand. His tongue invaded my mouth in a way that should be illegal. It was lewd and teasing. I moaned into his mouth as his tongue played with mine.

He bit my lip as he pulled away, leaving me breathless as the door opened. Gannon stepped in and passed us, retrieved our bags before walking back out. Between my legs developed its own heartbeat at his obscene kiss, and if he kept this up, I would run out of panties long before we got home, I thought, feeling the dampness of my arousal between my legs. He pressed his lips to mine and growled softly.

"You will want to calm that desire, my love, or I just may eat you." my face heated at his words, knowing he could smell the sweet scent of my arousal. It made it all the more awkward when I stepped into the hall to notice Damian smirking at us as he leaned against the wall.

"Ready, My King?" Kyson nodded to him before draping his arm across my shoulders and tucking me closer. He leaned down and kissed my forehead.

"You think home is grand? Wait until you see this place," he whispered.

# His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

## Chapter 40

[/ His Lost Lycan Luna](#)



Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 40 – The drive to the castle was long, and the roads were bendy, making my stomach roll. We were stopped at the side of the road while my stomach heaved violently. Twice, Kyson has had to ask the driver to pull over so I could throw up. I wiped my mouth on a tissue, Beta Damian had ready, and the King passed me a water bottle, toothpaste, and toothbrush. As I removed the foul taste from my mouth, I welcomed the minty taste. I knew I shouldn't have eaten that egg and bacon muffin; I was now paying dearly for it.

Reaching for the bottled water, I swished it through my mouth. I felt hot and clammy. The entourage of cars circled around us, and the King's guards had their backs to us, for which I was thankful. My stomach was becoming embarrassing, and it was definitely not ladylike to be tossing my stomach.

Made more humiliating that the King has witnessed my stomach's upheaval multiple times since I met him. Mrs. Daley would have whipped me good. Thank G\*d the King didn't seem fazed, more concerned if anything, and I had to keep pushing him away when he kept trying to hold my hair. I was worried I would puke on his shiny shoes.

"Not much further, I promise," Kyson said while I rinsed my mouth one last time before climbing back into the car. I crawled across the seat and laid down directly under the air-conditioning vent, feeling hot, and Kyson climbed back in before the cars pulled off and continued.

"Ivy, your seat belt," Kyson said but ignored him, turning my face into the seat.

"Ivy!" His tone warned me, and I huffed, closing my eyes. I was too sick to care right now, my mind only thinking of how crook I felt. Meh, I had a good run. Nearly 18 is a good time of length, I thought.

"I will give you two seconds, Ivy, to place your seatbelt on," I groaned and turned my head to face him before turning back to face the rear of the seat and curling into a ball on my side. I was not putting it on. It dug into my belly, making the sloshing worse, and I felt uncomfortable with it on.

"One." I rolled my eyes and growled before snickering at the fact I had growled at him.

It was becoming more frequent, and, as embarrassing as it was hearing the strange noises I now made, I also liked that I could growl back at him. It was strange, like when boys hit puberty, and their voices changed. Instead, I am hitting the werewolf phase and now making animal noises. How ridiculous.

"One and half, and you did not just growl at me," he said disapprovingly. I snickered and shook my head. Kyson growled, and I growled back at him, though his was more controlled, louder. Since I forced it that time, it came out more of a purring meow. The King clicked his tongue.

"Are you seriously disobedient over a seatbelt? You do not want me to get to three?" I rolled my eyes, but thankfully he didn't see. "Ivy!"

"Two, I said for him, not caring for his counting. I was not placing that seatbelt on. I don't care if I sounded like a stubborn child. He wasn't the one with his belly churning because the d\*\*n road there was like a roller-coaster. Not that I had been on one, but I don't think I would after being on this road that seemed to have no end.

"Well, aren't you in quite the mood? If I didn't know it was your werewolf side slowly coming forward, I would have spanked you by now?" Kyson growled. I scrunched my face up at his words. He wouldn't, would he?

"Last chance, Ivy. Put your seatbelt on," I was near tempted to tell him to make me, but I knew he would, so I kept my mouth shut, hoping he would give up and let it slide. He growled. The noise caused goosebumps to rise on my arms, and I rolled over.

"No, it makes it worse" I whined, turning my head to face him. I huffed and glared when I realized he didn't have his on, yet he complained about me not wearing one?

"Why do I have to wear one when you don't?" I snapped at him, and he raised an eyebrow at my tone. Geez, my words sounded a little snarky, my mind felt like mush, and I reacted before thinking and spewed the word vomit.

"Maybe because I am more durable than you. Now put the seatbelt on Ivy."

"Put yours on then," I retorted. The King growled. He seemed to enjoy doing that, so I growled back at him, unable to stop myself. He pressed his lips in a line, and his eyes flickered. "Sorry," I blurted out.

"You are lucky I am patient. If you were anyone else, Ivy, I would not put up with attitude, hormones, and werewolf instincts coming in or not," he snapped, clicking his tongue.

He leaned forward, and his hand gripped the front of my pants. In one swift yank, he pulled me across. I thought I would hit the floor between the seats when he grabbed me. A yelp escaped me when I suddenly found myself on his lap. I pulled my pants from my a\*s crack from the wedgie he gave me when he grabbed my pants. The King chuckled, watching me try to fix my pants while he held me in place.

The King then stretched his legs out and rearranged me so my back was against his chest, and my legs rested over his as he placed his feet on the seat across from us. He clipped the seatbelt across us both.

"I have my seatbelt on, happy?" I tugged on the strap around my waist when he pulled on it, placing his hand on my stomach where my shirt had risen up, exposing me.

"Now try to sleep," he said, pulling my head against his chest. He started purring, and the sound lulled me as I blinked, trying to remain awake. Kyson moved before pushing my eyelids down with his fingers.

"I said sleep, or my guards may k\*\*l us both if I have to ask them to pull over again," he chuckled. His calling got stronger until I could no longer fight it, and I was forced to sleep.