

His Lost Lycan Luna Chapter 5 by Jessica Hall

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 5 – IVYPOV “I now sentence you both to d***h by beheading,” the Alpha told us. The crowd cheered, and my stomach dropped though I knew it was coming.

Abbie clutches my fingers with hers. “Don’t cry. They don’t deserve your tears,” she whispers barely audible over the cheering from the crowd.

The Alpha grabs my arm, leading me to a huge stone block. I could smell blood on it as he shoved me down, pressing my forehead against it. I feel something hit my face before it splats on the stone next to me, a tomato, b****y animals. It angered me; our deaths weren’t enough. They also had to humiliate us too.

The Alpha drags his sword over the stone, and I feel the cold blade pressed against my neck, yet it was blunt. I bit my lip to stop the sob that wanted to escape me. Trying to picture anything other than what is about to take place. I recall a memory of the Spring festival. Abbie and I sat in our room but could hear the music, we wanted to go, wanted to know what it would be like to be part of the pack even just once, but Mrs. Daley refused, locking us in our room.

Instead, we pretended we were there and slow danced with each other while giggling and twirling each other around the room. I focused on that memory when I felt something placed over my head, a hessian bag. This was it; I was going to be free of my torment. Free of this life. I just hope the next one is better, hoping Abbie will be with me there.

“What do you think you are doing?” A deep voice that made the crowd go silent filled the air. I hold my breath before hearing a collective gasp from those watching.

“Putting this rogue out of its misery,” Alpha Dean says. I try to look through the hessian bag but can’t see anything.

“She is not even of legal age for this. Free her now,” comes the voice strong and unwavering.

“Under whose authority do you have the right to demand that of me?” Alpha Dean asks, the sword sliding off the stone with a clang.

“Are you questioning me Alpha, I assure you if you heed my warning and don’t let her go, I will be forced to take your life. Now free her and hand her over to me now,” comes the voice-only this time. I felt a rush. The stranger’s aura bursts out of him, and I hear the Alpha take in a sharp breath.

“Lycan,” Alpha Dean gasps.

“Correct, and it is about time you recognized your superior Alpha,” the man says.

“Pack law says we are allowed to decide how we choose to handle the rogues,” Alpha tries to argue.

“Yes, rogues of age, she has no wolf, or I would sense it, now free her,” the voice says, getting closer. The Alpha laughs nervously.

“You have no authority here. This is my pack,” I could hear the tremble in his voice, he was speaking out of embarrassment. Lycans rule, they are the superior species, and my Alpha was treading dangerously into uncharted territory.

“You dare speak to a Lycan like that?” Comes another voice, though this man’s voice was deeper, his tone oozing authority, and his aura made me whimper. I hear a hush fall over everyone. You could hear a pin drop; it fell that silent, and I was suddenly too scared to even breathe loudly.

“I, King Kyson, order you to free her now!” His words sounded threatening, despite how calm he spoke them. His scent wafting to me, my mouth filling with my saliva at his intoxicating scent. I hear the Alpha whimper beside me before the sword falls from his hands, clanging loudly on the wooden stage beside me. Listening, footsteps move up the steps before I felt a presence behind me where Alpha was, yet the aura coming out of whoever it was made me tremble violently.

“You dare speak out against my Beta. Who do you think you are?” The voice booms loudly before I feel someone grab my arm, pulling me up. Sparks rush over my skin, and I hear him gasp before my heart thumps loudly in my chest while I try to make sense of what is going on.

My legs tremble under the weight of his aura, his grip the only thing holding me upright when the bag is lifted from my head. I find everyone on their knees except the blonde man from the orphanage. He was smiling at me before I looked at the man holding my arm, my breath hitches when I caught sight of his silver eyes watching me curiously.

I drop my gaze to see my Alpha on his knees, cowering; the man holding my arm starts pulling me from the stage and down the steps before walking up the aisle between the rows of chairs.

Abbie remained, trembling on her knees on the stage, looking over my shoulder at her. The man lets me go, passing me off to the blonde man, who grabs me but doesn’t hold tight like the man who pulled me from the stage did. He drops his aura, and everyone takes a deep breath. The Alpha growled on stage, and I turned to look back over my shoulder as he grabbed Abbie. Her shriek made me shove the man away when I saw him push her over the stone and grab his sword from off the stage next to her head.

“No,” I choke out.

Panic seized me, and I ran to the man that saved me, or I think he saved me. I had no idea why he stopped the Alpha or what his intentions with me were, but love was alive because of him for now.

"Please, please don't let him k**l her," I beg him with tears in my eyes as I see my Alpha shove the bag over her head. The King stopped looking at my hands that were clutching his shirt. I drop to the ground at his feet. Everyone was murmuring that I just grabbed the King, and I realized what a stupid mistake that was. He could order me k****d for even speaking to him, let alone touching him.

"Please, just let him k**l me. I want to be with her," I beg, looking at his shiny shoes. I knew it was against the law to touch a royal, and I grabbed him. I was good as d**d now. However, I would rather d*e than be without Abbie. I settle myself waiting for my d***h. The King growls, and I tremble.

"Stop, I want the other girl too," his voice booms, and I look up to see him staring at me. I s*****w under his intense gaze and start shrinking away from him when love see his Beta move, making me look over at him. He walks to the stage.

"Hand the girl over. You heard the King," he says. Alpha Dean growls but grabs her, shoving her down the stairs. The blonde man catches her before she faceplants the ground, and he growls at my Alpha for pushing her.

I watch as he lets Abbie go, and she rushes over when fingers grip my chin. The King forced me to meet his gaze before speaking.

"Anything else?" He asks, brushing his thumb along my jaw, making me shiver; he smirks before releasing me. My brows furrowed in confusion, looking down, embarrassed that I spoke out of turn, but he got Abbie for me, despite me grabbing him. Abbie throws herself at me, clutching me as she sobs.

"Thank you," she whispers, glancing at the King, baring her neck to him. He nods to her before speaking, his eyes falling back on me.

"Follow me," he says. Turning on his heel, he starts walking. Abbie looks at me before his Beta stops next to us.

"You heard the King follow him," he says, looking at us both on the ground, though his words were soft and he was smiling, which I didn't expect of him. We scramble upright, rushing after him and ignoring the shocked looks of the town's people.

We follow him back to the orphanage. He walked rather quickly with his long strides; we had to jog to keep up with him but make sure not to pass him either. His Beta followed behind us a few steps before we stopped. Mrs. Daley was staring with her mouth open, gaping at us.

"Hurry up, girls. Get inside," she says, shocked, but she manages to recover herself quickly. We go to do what she says when the King opens the car door of his sleek black car and steps in my path. He grips my arm, stopping me from passing him.

"Get in," he says, and we stop. Abbie was clutching my arm tightly; her fingers I could feel were bruising me in her fear; my fingertips held the side of her shirt, not willing to let her go.

"Your friend can come, but you are coming with me, so get in the car. I don't like repeating myself," he says sternly. I s*****w before feeling myself nudged forward toward the door by his Beta.

"Gannon, sir, may I ask what is going on?" Mrs. Daley speaks up.

"No, you may not," the King snaps, but I could have sworn he said his name was Kyson. She went to speak again when the Beta spoke behind us as we climbed in the car.

"Be wise to close your mouth lady, the King doesn't like to repeat himself," his Beta warns.

"King?" She squeaks, and Kyson glares at her before looking at me.

"Yes, king Kyson," the Beta confirms, and she drops her head. Instead, the King pays her no attention, reaching and pulling some straps across me. I flinch, wondering what he is doing.

"Seatbelts," he says before pointing to the other beside Abbie; she quickly copies what he did before looking at her hands and fiddling with them.

The King then did something I never expected. He pulls a handkerchief from inside the pocket of his suit before gripping my chin. King Kyson wipes my face clean with it, removing the sticky stuff on my face that everyone threw at me; I noticed his Beta watching him just as shocked by his actions. When he is finished, her tucks some loose hair behind my ear before letting me go. He closes the door, and I s**k in a breath. My back is stinging from leaning on it, so I angle my body turning slightly, leaning on Abbie, who moves to help me get comfortable against her.

I see the King speak to his men outside the car, and Abbie whispers to me.

"What's going on?" She whispers before tangling her fingers with mine on my lap.

"Maybe they are casting us out," I whispered hopefully. Abbie squeezes my hand, clenching it, and I squeeze hers back when the Beta gets in the driver's seat, the King in the passenger seat. I thought it odd he would get in the same car as two lowly rogues. But then I also thought it strange that he cleaned my face and was willing to touch me.

The car starts and then moves both Abbie and I clutch the seat in panic, never having been in a car before. Her grip on my hand tightened and so did the knots in my stomach.