

His Lost Lycan Luna Chapter 7 by Jessica Hall

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 7 – Ivy POV

King Kyson got out of the car and left with his Beta, a new person climbing in the car in and taking the King's place. He stared at us with his arms folded the entire time and didn't say a word.

Was he ordered to not speak to us? The silence was deafening, yet he kept his aura low as if trying not to scare us. His eyes watched our every move. Abbie picked at her fingers nervously, head down and eyes glued in her lap.

The drive lasted hours; it was the afternoon when we left; I watched the night pass by and the morning rise. Hours of silence, except for the sound of the tires on the road and the roar of the engine before finally we stopped. We had stopped a couple of times for fuel, the Beta even tried to feed us, but my stomach was in knots, so I touched nothing. Abbie tried, though even she had lost her appetite. Abbie passed out again, exhaustion too much for her with the events leading to this.

Abbie had fallen asleep beside me, her head on my shoulder, and I reached over and shook her gently. I couldn't sleep; I was petrified of what would happen next. My brain conjured up many different scenarios, all of which ended with our d****e.

My back was k*****g from sitting so straight, and the lashes that covered it strained when I moved to wake her, and I felt my blood dribble down my back as they reopened with the movement. The man across from us leans forward and sniffs the air slightly. After hours of profound silence, he finally spoke for the first time.

"Which one of you is injured and covered in herbs?" We both shake our heads, and his jaw clenches before he speaks.

"Don't lie to me. Clearly, the King wants you both for some reason. So answer me, or I will call him over and ask permission to strip you to find out,"

The door suddenly opens, saving us from answering. Beta Damian looks in the limo. The man gets out before motioning for us to follow him.

Abbie slides across the seat to the open door and climbs out first before grabbing my arm to help me out, the bending movement slicing through my back, and I blink back tears and grit my teeth. Abbie squeezes my fingers gently in reassurance, and I smile, giving her's a squeeze back. When I look up, license find the King standing next to his Beta whispering to the man that sat in the car with us.

"Thank you, Gannon, I'll handle it," King Kyson tells him, and Abbie and I look at each other, fear in both our eyes at what he meant by those words.

"Follow me," King Kyson orders walking around the limo. We follow before stopping on the cobblestone road. We were at his castle. An actual sandstone castle. It looked like it belonged in a fairytale, not real life.

The place was tremendous, and both of us froze in shock. Vines wrapped around the high stone walls with purple and pink blossoming flowers, the gardens surrounding the place in pristine condition and not a weed in sight. A tall wrought iron fence surrounded the castle's perimeter hidden by just as tall hedges, a large water fountain sat in the middle of the cobblestone road next to where the cars lined up on the circular driveway.

We knew the King would live in a castle but knowing that and seeing it were two different things, and the place was exquisite.

"Why are we here?" Abbie whispers nervously. Rogues weren't allowed at the Lycan King's castle.

"I said to follow," The King says, and we both realized he had stopped and was waiting for us, looking at us impatiently. His Beta touches my back, urging us along, and I hiss, my back arching away from his touch as pain rippled over my back.

Abbie grips my arm, knowing crying out would get us whipped again, and I s**k in a breath willing the tears not to fall, so we aren't beaten for them. Swallowing down my pain, I start walking, though the King doesn't turn when we approach him. His gaze is stern as he stares at me. His jaw clenches, his hands ball into fists. Abbie's hand trembles in mine. Maybe if I beg, he will spare her for my stupidity.

He suddenly turns and continues walking while we stumble to keep up with his long strides. A man in uniform rushes to open the heavy wooden double doors, the King moving so quickly we didn't even have a chance to look where we were going as we tried to keep up with him. Abbie's grip tightens when I start to slow down, the pain of moving making everything ache. We stop at a set of stairs, the King moving down a corridor that runs alongside them, and we come to a huge bustling kitchen with workers.

"Clarice," The King calls out. Everyone stops and bares their necks to the King. One woman looks up before nodding and walking over, wiping her hands on a tea towel. She was an older woman, maybe in her fifties, with a warm smile and soft features. She wore a maids uniform with an apron tied around her waist.

"My king," she acknowledges before looking us over.

"I have two new girls for you to train, and they need uniforms," he tells her.

"Right away, my lord, come with me, girls," the woman says, giving us both a friendly smile; she motions to follow after her.

Abbie and I quickly follow her, and she leads us through the kitchen and down yet another corridor. Turning a corner, we find ourselves in a laundry room. Rows of uniforms lined the shelves; she looked us up and down before handing each of us a grey button-up dress with short sleeves and aprons that had pockets in the front. The material is thick yet soft.

"What are your names?" she asks when the King suddenly walks in, making her divert her attention to him.

"My king, is there something you need?" She asks, clearly shocked he followed her. He shakes his head and leans on a counter, and Clarice waits to see if he will leave, only he doesn't. Clarice turned back to us, clapped her hands, making us jump and look away from the imposing King that was watching us.

"Girls, I asked for your names."

"Ivy, ma'am," I told her in a rush.

"Abbie, ma'am," Abbie answers softly, bowing her head.

"Very good, now quickly get changed through that door," she says, pointing behind us. We look over our shoulders when the King speaks.

"Not you, you change here," he says, and Abbie and I look at each other nervously. Clarice also looks at the King, horrified.

"My King?"

"Abbie, go get changed in the room, Ivy remain where you are," he says, and my heart thumps erratically in my chest at his words.