

# His Lost Lycan Luna Chapter 3 by Jessica Hall

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 3 – The passenger door opens and the driver's side door; two men hop out. They were dressed well, clean, and looked picture-perfect. But neither looked what I would expect so-called royalty to look like. Mrs. Daley rushes out in a flurry, whizzing past us before stopping.

She looked over the two men as they approached the small brick fence surrounding the place. "You must be," She stops trying to figure out who they are.

"I thought the Lycan king was coming today?" She asks, looking slightly upset. Abbie nods towards them, and I shrug, looking them over.

"He couldn't make it; he sent us instead," says the man who hopped out of the driver's seat. He was tall, dressed in a suit, and had blonde hair that shaped his face. He had high cheekbones and sharp solid features and was built solid, making me wonder if he was Lycan as well.

Lycans are different; they remained upright when they shifted and were more powerful, faster, and could turn someone into a Lycan; werewolves couldn't change people and weren't anywhere near their caliber. We were practically dogs compared to them, which is why Lycans rule over all of us. Werewolves like myself were half-human; Lycans are purebloods.

Lycans were also immortal, which is funny because there weren't many left. The wind shifted, and I got a whiff of something, it smelt strong, and I felt my insides warm at the smell as I took in a deep breath. My mouth watered before I shook my head, wondering what came over me as my senses tried to focus on it, wanting me to find the source of it. Looking back at the men, I find the other man staring at me, an undecipherable expression on his face before he looks me up and down.

He was attention-commanding, he was able to draw attention without even trying, he was intimidating to look at, and his suit did nothing to hide the bulk of muscle pressed tightly beneath it. He had high cheekbones, a strong jaw, a five o'clock shadow, and dark, almost black hair. His silver eyes glow back at me when he c\*\*\*s his head to the side, watching me. Abbie grabs my arm, tugging my attention away from him.

"We should go," She whispers, and I nod to her when another car pulls up, both men looking at her. We walk out the small gate when the man with silver sparkling eyes grips my arm tugging me back, his hand is warm against my arm, my skin tingling under his touch.

"Rogue?" He says; his voice is smooth like velvet making me shiver with its depth. He looks at Mrs. Daley. He lets my arm go before looking at Abbie, and we both

duck our heads in submission. I hear him growl before realizing the intoxicating scent I could smell earlier was emitting from him.

“Yes, Si, they are just on their way. Run along, girls,” Mrs. Daley says, and we both nod. I hear him ask where we are going, but we rush off up the street, getting away from the men and hearing more car doors open in front of their car. We made our way into town. This side of the town was run-down and almost desolate. Most of the houses were destroyed by a storm that blew through the town a few months ago, leaving most homes abandoned.

I hug myself running my hands up and down my arms, trying to warm them from the chill in the air. We came to the cross-section, one way went to the forest surrounding the town, there was only one way in and out of this town as it only had one road leading in. The forest surrounding it was vast and dense.

Both Abbie and I looked to the forest; if only we could escape. Abbie’s mind, I could tell, was also calculating our chances before she sighed. We would be d\*\*d within seconds of stepping into the forest, border patrol would catch us instantly, and they would make an example of us. We were already doomed, no point in making our deaths more painful.

“Come on,” Abbie says, grabbing my hand. We walk toward the town square. We could hear people in the town getting ready for the Alpha. He rarely came to town and had no need to with servants at his beck and call; however, his presence was required today. The Alpha got to decide our fates, and those wishing to join the pack or caught were once a month herded to the square and put on display. The Alpha decided whether they let you join, cast you out, or k\*\*\*\*d you. Abbie and I were hoping to be cast out, but we knew even the cast outs were d\*\*d before they got out of the forest. But we stood a chance as a cast out. We could at least try to run.

The hustle and bustle were loud as we entered the square. Technically I shouldn’t even be put up yet, but because Abbie was already eighteen and had shifted and since I was only two months out from my eighteenth birthday. The Alpha decided to deal with me today since I would be the last rogue orphan living in the orphanage. I was grateful, though, I could stand up on the podium with my best friend and have someone to d\*e with; it made it seem less lonely. I could accept my fate as long as she was beside me.

People stepped away from us as we entered, giving us disgusted looks. Rogues had a particular scent to pack wolves, alerting them to intruders, and that’s how they looked at us, unwelcoming. Abbie squeezed my fingers tighter, people watching as we made our way to the stage and took our seats next to it. Townspeople stared at us, glancing around while waiting anxiously for the Alpha.

This part of town was lovely; it had fruit stalls in the square, homemade crafts and goods, stores lining the sides, making it into the town square. And it was always bustling with shoppers and people just wanting to hang out and talk. It was also where all social gatherings were held, not that Abbie and I were allowed to attend those reserved for pack members only.

Silence falls over the crowd, and they take their seats. Usually, the town square was an open space, but someone had lined rows of chairs for people, some still standing around when I heard car doors in the distance before Alpha Dean walked down the aisle between the chairs. He wore only a singlet showing off his tattooed arms and a pair of shorts. He was in his thirties and only took over from his father a few years ago; he was cruel, and since he took over, no rogue has lived, so we knew we were doomed.

I s\*\*\*\*\*w as he approaches; he sneers at us before walking up the steps and addressing the crowd. He wasn't bad-looking, but he was cruel, making him unappealing. He was also arrogant. He slapped me for accidentally stepping in his path the last time I saw him. It was humiliating; I was sent to get milk with Abbie and was carrying the crate of milk and turned, bumping into him. I dropped the box, and before I could even apologize, his hand connected with my face. I shake the memory away; this is why I avoid town square unless forced to come here. It was the only time I met him in the eight years I have lived here.