

# His Lost Lycan Luna Chapter 1

## by Jessica Hall

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 1 – The orphanage headmistress, Mrs. Daley, was in an excellent mood this morning. The old hag was excited because the Lycan king would be visiting the orphanage today. He hasn't been here once in the eight years Abbie and I have lived here; we didn't know what to expect. Mrs. Daley, however, did. She expected perfection and not a thing out of place. Giving Abbie and I more tasks than usual, so many chores we both knew would never be done in time for his arrival.

Abbie and I had been dreading this day, not because the Lycan king was visiting but because today is the day we find out if we get to live another, or if it is the day it all ends. My life was anything but easy, being born a rogue. Growing up, I longed to have what my parents told me about packs, unity, and family, other kids to play with besides Abbie; her family lived with us before her parents were k\*\*\*\*d along with mine, then both of us were brought here.

Thankfully though, because of some law all packs strictly live by, I was shown mercy or a version of. It was against the pack law to k\*\*l Rogue children. They call it mercy, but in reality, it is anything but. My parents were rogues. We lived a life on the run, but we were free. That all ended when I was ten. Now I live in the pack orphanage, Abbie and I are the only two rogues that reside here.

Abbie rushes into the room, her red locks swishing past me as she dumps the fresh bed linen on the bottom bunk. There were six bunks in every room, and there were twelve rooms. We had to have each room cleaned and made up before starting lunch. Breakfast was something I hadn't had in years, same as Abbie. There was just no time; time was something we were already running out of in more ways than one.

I start stripping beds, tossing the sheets on the floor in a pile. Abbie goes over, ripping the heavy black drapes open and cracking the windows open slightly, letting in the fresh air. It was cold this morning, the air had a cold chill, but I knew I would be sweating and welcoming that cold draft in around twenty minutes.

Once the bedlinen is stripped, I start making beds. The most challenging part was the top bunks. They could be a real b\*\*\*h to get flat. Mrs. Daley didn't like wrinkles in the bed linen, and she always checked, twisting her canes between her hands while she checked each bed.

Heaven forbid she doesn't like something, or you made it wrong. I have lost count of the times my skin was welted by that cane or the thin whip wrapped around its handle. I will never forget the sting and have quite a few scars on my back from the lashings breaking the skin when she would go too far.

"Pillows," Abbie's soft voice says behind me as I finish the last bed; tossing them to me, I place them on each bed. We both looked around, ensuring no toys were

forgotten, nothing out of place. The dark rugs were straight, and the corners were flat on the floor. We didn't have time to sweep, something I know Mrs. Daley will notice and make us pay for.

We still had five rooms and two hours left before being called to the town square to learn our fate. We both decided we would take the lashes; it would be better than showing up late to see the packs Alpha.

He decides what happens to us. This day has hung over our heads for eight long years, like a dark cloud threatening to rain down on us the closer it got, and I knew today it was going to pour down and d\*\*\*n us.

Rushing to the next room, we start all over again. The same routine every day. Once done here, we have to prepare sandwiches for the kids and pray to the Moon Goddess we finish before one. If we are late, I know he will k\*\*l us. It is a great disrespect to the Alpha if you keep him waiting. The Alpha waits for no one.

By the time we are done, my arms feel like jelly. My legs b\*\*n, threatening to give out under me. Abbie clutches her knees looking around at the sparsely furnished room. The fireplaces in the corner of each room were the only heating, the windows the only cooling in this dreadful place. The fireplaces created so much dust, ash that would settle on everything making our job more problematic in the winters.

Abbie was breathing hard, and we still had to make the lunches. Her green eyes stared at me knowingly; we would be late. She knew as well as I did, today we d\*e. Her already pale face turns white as a sheet as she looks at the clock. We had forty-three minutes and over a hundred sandwiches to make for the children that reside here.

Hearing the click of heels on the black wooden floorboards heading in our direction. We both straightened up, flattening our aprons, fixing our hair, and smoothing down our peasant skirts. We place our hands behind our backs, eyes straight ahead as she steps into the room. Her snakeskin heels are loud on the floor as she steps in with her glasses perched on the end of her nose.

Mrs. Daley sneers at us, her lips pulling back over her teeth as she goes to each bed. Abbie's eyes darted to me nervously. Mrs. Daley enters with her trusty cane in her hand as she twisted it in her fist before slapping it on her palm. Her eagle eyes looking for anything out of place.

Her hair was pulled in a bun so tight on top of her head it looked painful. Her high cheekbones and pointed straight nose made her face crueler, sharper; she reminded me of a crow.

She pushes her round glasses up her nose. She was in her forties but looked more in her late fifties; lines around her lips and the deep wrinkles around her eyes made her look older.

We remained like statues, our eyes following her, yet we were completely still.

She runs her fingers over the window sill, and I see Abbie tense my eyes flitting toward it to see it covered in soot. Mrs. Daley clicked her tongue holding her fingers up to show us. I s\*\*\*\*\*w, my mouth going dry.

“What is this?” She asks, rubbing her fingers together, the ash falling to the floor when her eyes dart to it. One of the kids had walked dirt through the room, and she did not miss it.

She purses her lips clearly unhappy.

“Who was supposed to do the windowsills?” She snaps before cracking the cane on her palm.

Abbie raises her hand but says nothing; I could see the fear in her green eyes, tears already brimming.

“And the floors” I raise mine, my stomach sinking. I knew she wouldn’t miss it.

“Abbie, you get three strikes, one for each windowsill,” Abbie presses her lips together, holding out her hand’s palm down. Mrs. Daley shakes her head.

“Not good enough, we have important visitors today, and I need to show them I don’t slack on the discipline,” She snaps. I watch as Abbie’s bottom lip trembles. The back was worse because every move would sting for days.