

His Lost Lycan Luna Chapter 10 by Jessica Hall

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 10 – I spent the majority of the day cleaning, but I was bored once it was done and realized that a good chunk of this job was standing around and waiting for the King to ask for something, which I was beginning to learn wouldn't often be because he wasn't anywhere in sight.

I sat on the bed waiting for time to tick by while wishing I could go see Abbie and check on her. Clarice had new shoes brought up to me, and it felt strange having actual soles in my shoes. But being new, they also gave me blisters from trekking up and down the stairs all day.

I didn't understand why cleaning supplies couldn't be kept up here. The stairs were a k****r on my legs. Hearing a c***h just before 5:30 PM in the corridor. I opened the door and saw Esters silhouette walking away. I glared at the mess she just made; she smirked at me over her shoulder while she sauntered away, and I groaned, but at least it gave me something to do.

I just couldn't understand her instant dislike to me. I had done nothing to her. How could I have when I only just met her today?

Was she trying to get me in trouble, trying to get me punished? In a panic, I rushed down the steps to fetch a dustpan and broom. She knocked a potted plant over; the soil spilled all over the floor. Halfway down the steps, I turned onto the next staircase but hadn't noticed her standing there when she put out her foot and tripped me. I grunted as I hit the steps, my eyebrow tore and split on impact as my face bounced off one of the steps, my back throbbed, and I could feel the cuts on my back reopen as I tumbled to the bottom of the staircase. Ester walked down the steps before she stopped and looked down at me.

"Whoops, how clumsy of you; the king doesn't like things left in a mess," She said in a sickly sweet voice and an evil glint in her eye. How old was she? She was acting like a child. I was the same as her, only rogue but still a servant. Why would she want to see another servant punished? I bit back tears, wondering what I did to deserve this sort of treatment. I never asked for this. I just wanted to be set free. Set free with Abbie, not become some new person's victim to torment.

Rolling over onto my back, I saw her taunting smile as she walked around a corner and out of sight. I hissed as I got up, only to see a guard staring at me. No expression on his face at all.

He was guarding the doors leading outside. Was this sort of thing acceptable? Feeling a trickle of warm blood roll down my face, I wipe the back of my hand over it. My eyebrow was indeed split. Great, another wound to tend to. My back throbbed as I clutched the banister and pulled myself up. Don't cry, don't cry. I tell myself. It's just a scratch; you are being a cry baby. I tried to remind myself I have had worse injuries and that I shouldn't let it get to me, but I ached all over.

I staggered to the cleaning cupboard under the stairs before finding a piece of rag. I pressed to my eyebrow, trying to slow the bleeding. One thing I had realized over the years was that hand and face injuries bleed the worst.

I dug through the closet and grabbed the broom and dustpan. I started walking up the steps. Each step was agonizing and sent shooting pain all over. It hurt to breathe; it hurts to move. My heels and toes blistered. My back was searing with pain, and I could feel the bruises already forming on my hip, back, and ribs.

Dropping next to the potted plant, I pocketed the rag I used to stem my bleeding eyebrow before fixing the pot and putting as much dirt as possible back in before cleaning up the remaining soil that was spilled.

My entire body screamed in protest. What a hellish day; I haven't slept since getting here and was put straight to work. I was losing track of time. We left in the afternoon at my old pack, and it was morning when we arrived at the castle.

Don't Lycans not need sleep? Packing everything up, I headed upstairs before remembering it was nearly dinner. I looked at the huge grandfather clock next to the guard, who hadn't moved.

How could he stand so still? Then it dawned on me; it was 6 o'clock. I rushed back down the few steps I had just walked up, heading for the kitchen. The moment I walked in, Clarice was waiting. She shoved the tray in my hands, clearly not happy at me being late. She didn't say one word, and I bit down the urge to ask if I would be punished. I nodded to her, and I raced back upstairs while praying he wasn't there yet.

I moved as quickly as my body would allow before I burst into his room and froze. He was already here. His eyebrows pinched together, his lips pursed as he watched me enter. I placed the tray in front of him before taking a step back and bowing. He didn't say a word, but he wasn't happy his routine was disrupted; that much was clear.

I escaped the King's room and walked over to mine, and sat on the bed, putting my head in my hands only to remember my stupid cut eyebrow. Blood trickled down my face again, and I dabbed at it with the rag again. I wanted Abbie, missed her something fierce. This was too hard without her by my side.

Sighing, I held the rag against my brow and hissed at the slight sting. I tried to lay down on my side and rest a little, tried to find a comfortable position before I gave up, and decided to just endure the pain. I will just close my eyes for a minute.

A knock at my door startled me awake, Clarice stepped in, and I groaned and sat upright.

"Are you mad? One day and you fall asleep on the job, the King has been waiting for two hours for you to clear his room," she hissed at me.