

His Lost Lycan Luna Chapter 2 by Jessica Hall

Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 2 – Mrs. Daley liked to show off her handy work, which would make us look worse when we have to see the Alpha. Abbie untucks her white blouse from her skirt, shrugging it off, leaving her in just her thin bra before grabbing the top bunk with her hands, her nails biting into the wood. I turn my gaze away before hearing the swish of the cane through the air. Flinching each time it comes down on her back, but Abbie knows better than to make a sound; it would be worse if she did.

“Two for each room.”

I s*****w the bile that rises in my throat, Abbie goes to say something, but I give a shake of my head, I know she was going to say half of them were hers, but no point in both of us being unable to stand properly.

“Hurry up; I haven’t got all day. The king will be here soon; you better pray he leaves a good donation because if by some miracle the Alpha lets you live, I will k**l you myself,” she snaps.

Abbie’s eyes well with tears as I pull my blouse off, taking the same position she did. I focus on the blue swirl pattern on the comforter on the bottom bunk. Only when she tosses her cane on the mattress in front of me, do I blink back tears. The thin chainlike whip usually wrapped around the cane’s handle was gone.

Why did she hate me so much? I never understood, and I knew I was about to cop it; I never k*****d her mate. I grit my teeth as the first blow streaks across my back, making my back arch, and I fight the urge to scream, my mouth open in a silent scream.

“Stay still, or I will double it,” She snaps, and I clutch the bunks frame and grit my teeth, focusing back on the patterns on the comforter and trying to block it out. She doesn’t hold back. I could feel each slice, feel the skin splitting further open where it was hit more than once, my blood sprayed on the comforter on the backswing. The skin on my back was raised, and lowered could feel the trickle of blood run down it, feel the intense burning, my back carved to Mrs. Daley’s liking.

Tears streamed down my face and fell off my chin onto my black flats and the black floorboards. Abbie whimpers behind me, and I know it is at the sight of my back. Yet I make no noise, fearing a worse punishment if I did.

Mrs. Daley takes a deep breath in like she was puffed out from dishing out the punishment. I shuddered, my back burning violently, and I could feel the trickle of my warm blood run down my back.

"Now clean yourselves up; I am being lenient today, had the lunches already prepared, you girls may take your leave now, Abbie, help her clean up before you see the Alpha," Mrs. Daley says. I was cringing as I turned to face her.

"Thank you, Mrs. Daley," Abbie and I whisper. My voice trembled as I tried to stand straighter. Mrs. Daley flicks her hair that escaped her bun back and pushes her round glasses up her nose before snatching her cane off the bed and rewrapping her whip around the handle.

"Well, you girls have made me all frazzled; I better clean myself up," She says like we had done her a misdeed. I watch as she leaves the room before collapsing onto the bottom bunk. The movement caused me to wince. Abbie comes rushing over, examining my back, careful not to touch the angry red lines split open and now brand it.

"I will be back; I will clean it up," She says, her teary eyes looking down at me. I glance at the clock on the wall.

"We haven't got time," I was about to pull my blouse on, but she ignored me, rushing from the room before returning with some wet cloth and a bandage.

"We really haven't got time," I tell her, grabbing her hands as she steps closer. Her green eyes hold mine, and she smiles sadly.

"We were good as d**d anyway; what does it matter if we are late to our own f*****[?]" She says, and I feel a lump forming in my throat. I tried to s*****w it down, but she was right. It was rare the Alpha let any of the rogues live once they hit adulthood, those that did, wish for d***h. I nod my head; we were going to d*e anyway. What does it matter if we are late?

I let her shaking hands go and turn slightly. I hiss as she drapes the cloth doused in herbs on my back; she leaves them there before unrolling the bandage. I hold onto the material tips covering my shoulders while she wraps the bandages around my torso. The dressing is not long enough to do the top half of my back, but the cloth sticks anyway to the drying blood, keeping it covered as my blood seeped into it and held it in place. She ties it off when she is done to hold it in place, and I let my arms fall. My b*****s shoved up my chest from the bandages lifting my bra higher.

Abbie grabbed my blouse, helping me slide my arms in; the wet cloth was cold on my back but soothing the burning feeling from the cuts that now littered my back with the rest of my scars. I dab Abbie's with a wet cloth to clean them, but hers only puckered the skin, making it look angry and raw, but thankfully she wasn't bleeding. She pulls her blouse on before turning to face me. A sad look on her face as tears welled in her eyes. This was it. There was no escaping it.

"I can ask for another day, the hag-" I shake my head in a silent plea for her to remain quiet and not speak out against the headmistress.

Abbie would be punished again if she did, and I was fine to endure the pain, and there was always someone lurking around and listening, looking for an

opportunity to get us in trouble. She goes to say something before closing her mouth and nodding.

She grabs my hand, giving it a soft squeeze. I squeeze hers back but don't let go as we walk out of the bedroom. We walk up the long corridors passing each room. This would be the last time we walked these halls, the last time we saw the little faces we helped clean and the little hands we held. The corridors were silent as we walked them before taking the spiral staircase to the floor below.

The slate floors were cold, and I could feel the cold seeping into the thin soles of my shoes. Mrs. Daley said she wouldn't waste money on girls on d***h row, so both our shoes were holey. The soles we had to make from bits of cardboard to fill the holes on the bottom of our flats.

I walked out and into the corridor leading to the front door when Abbie looked at me.

"Let's go home," She whispers. She didn't mean our real home; she meant freedom, freedom of this life, the sort of freedom that comes with d***h and setting one's tortured soul free.

I pushed on the double doors; kids played out the front on the run-down play equipment through the glass. Abbie and I step out into the bite of the fresh air. It was cold and overcast today, the clouds hiding the sun making it gloomy, exactly how I felt.

Kids all stopped rushing over, grabbing and reaching for us, wanting us to play. We lingered a bit, enjoying seeing them one last time and saying goodbye to them when a car pulled up and parked on the curb. It was sleek and black; the windows tinted so darkly you couldn't see who was in it.