

# The Lycan King's Treasured Luna 219

## 7

Narine's pov

My eyes fluttered open, and my mind was sluggish and disoriented, expecting, out of habit to be greeted by the same cracked ceiling I'd stared at every day of my miserable existence. But instead... I found myself staring up at an intricate, breathtakingly opulent ceiling adorned with swirling designs and delicate carvings, kissed with faint golds and silvers that shimmered under soft lighting, gilded by the soft glow of a chandelier. Confused, I blinked rapidly, my gaze darting around. The bed beneath me was impossibly soft, like what I would imagine resting atop a cloud would be like. Sheer silk curtains, dyed a delicate blue, hung elegantly from the four corners of the massive bed, swaying gently with the breeze. My fingers curled instinctively into the plush bedding, half-expecting it to disappear, like an illusion ready to shatter at the first touch. Was I dead? Was this heaven? Or was it hell... dressed in beautiful lies? The last thing I remembered was stumbling blindly out into the cool night air. After that... nothing. I tried to move, but my limbs trembled violently with the effort. Slowly, painstakingly, I pushed myself into a sitting position. I paused, stared at the back of my palm and blinked in disbelief. They were pale, nearly translucent. Gone was the caked grime, the bloody smudges, and the filth I'd worn like a second skin for years. Instead, I was dressed in a large, soft hoodie. A raw, broken sound ripped from my throat like a garbled squeal startling me even further. It was the first real sound I had made in what felt like a lifetime. It scared the sh\*t out of even me. My hands shook violently as I stared down at them, unrecognizable. I pressed my trembling hand to my chest, feeling the rapid, rabbit-like pace of my heart. What was happening? Was this real? "You're awake." A deep soothing voice broke through my panic I flinched instinctively, snapping my gaze toward the sound. I forgot how to breathe. The owner of that ethereal voice was hands down the most beautiful man I've ever seen in my life. He stood towering at the foot of the bed with his arms crossed over a broad, muscular chest that strained slightly against a black fitted shirt. Our eyes met and I was struck by the contrast between his doe brown eyes and the lush, dark lashes framing them so long and thick they almost seemed painted. I let my gaze trail down his face. His nose was strong, with a slight, endearing bump at the bridge, adding character to a face that otherwise looked sculpted by the gods themselves. And his skin... Oh god his skin seemed to glow in the soft light, like he was dipped in caramel and came out flawlessly. My gaze fell to his lips, thick, and fully sculpted lips that looked almost too soft for a man built like him. I stared, wide-eyed, utterly entranced. I locked eyes with him again. Messy, dark curls crowned his head, and some stubborn strands fell into his forehead in the most effortlessly handsome way imaginable I wondered if it would feel as soft as it looked. My heart thudded louder, almost painfully against my ribcage. Something about him pulled at me. I opened my mouth, desperate to form words, to demand answers but my lungs refused to obey. All that came out was a weak gasp. "How are you feeling?" Gosh, there goes that voice again, it was simply mesmerizing. I could drown in it, willingly if it meant I didn't have to remember where I came from. I tried again, forcing my dry throat to work, but like before, no words came. Was he the grim reaper? Had death finally taken pity on me? Was this beautiful man here to lead me into the afterlife? He reached out a hand toward me, and I flinched violently. I threw my arms up to shield my face, squeezing my eyes shut so tightly it hurt, bracing myself for the blow I knew would come. My body trembled uncontrollably expecting pain. I couldn't breathe. Terror clawed at my throat, closing it up, until the only thing I could hear was the ragged wheezing of my own lungs. "I don't want to hurt you." The words hit me harder than a slap. I froze. Slowly, I cracked my eyes open,

peeking out from between my arms. He was still standing there, his hand was lowered now, and a small, almost sad smile played on his lips as he met my wide, terrified gaze. "I would never hurt you, 'im sireli'," he whispered. His words sounded foreign but the tenderness in them pierced straight through the fog of fear. I lowered my arms hesitantly, though every fiber of my being still screamed at me to keep my guard up. "Can you talk?" he asked, tilting his head slightly. I stared at him blankly, my mind whirled, trying, and failing to process how the hell I ended up here, in this absurdly soft bed, with the most mesmerizing creature I'd ever seen asking me questions like we were old friends. "Forgive my manners," he mumbled, running a hand through his curls almost sheepishly. "I should have introduced myself properly." He straightened, his presence somehow grew even more imposing. "My name is Sargis." The name rolled off his tongue like thunder wrapped in silk. I blinked rapidly. No. No, no, no. Surely I misheard him. The Sargis? The ruthless, untouchable Lycan King? "I'm sure you're wondering where you are and why you're here," he continued, his tone was almost apologetic. "You're currently in The palace of khragnir. I found you last night, on Snowwolf territory." "I hope you don't mind," he added, almost sheepishly, "I had my staff clean you up and give you fresh clothes." Mind? He made it sound like I'd been plucked out of a tea party, not a godforsaken dungeon of nightmares. I sat there, blinking up at him, utterly bewildered.

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Becky Evans

Loving this story.... great so far!