

The Lycan King's Treasured Luna 219

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"You must still be in shock," Sargis murmured gently, as if he could read the storm raging inside me.

He shifted slightly to his left, reaching toward the nightstand.

My instincts kicked in violently, and I scrambled back, my frail body dragged against the silky sheets until my back hit the headboard with a dull thud.

Sargis immediately froze, he raised his hands in a gesture of surrender.

"I just wanted to hand you the plate of fruit," he murmured, nodding toward the nightstand.

Following his gaze, I spotted the bowl he spoke of brimming with bright, colorful fruits.

But they looked alien.

Everything about this felt wrong.

"Can I?" he asked.

I said nothing. Just stared at him like he was some figment of my broken imagination.

Because he had to be, didn't he? This whole place, this bed, this room, him none of it could be real.

It had to be another hallucination. Another trick of my mind, conjured up to protect me from reality's cruelty.

I tore my gaze away from him.

No. No more illusions..

It was time to wake up.

I curled my bony fingers, and tried to pinch myself. But there was barely enough flesh left to grip.

Desperation clawed at me.

I needed something, anything to jolt me awake. My gaze swept the room wildly until a plan formed.

If I could just fall hard enough from the bed. I'd probably wake up back in the dungeon or better still never open my eyes again forever. The thought of that was comforting, I scooted slowly as much as my strength could allow me, inch by inch toward the edge of the bed.

"What are you doing?"

I turned to face him and immediately regretted it.

Because there he stood, his face so achingly beautiful it almost broke me all over again.

This wasn't real. He wasn't real. None of it was.

I've been down this rabbit hole before. Trapped in the darkness, conjuring sweet fantasies to survive the endless cold and hunger in order to keep the madness at bay.

But this... This was new. I'll admit though, it's was first time conjuring an Adonis.

I kept scooting.

"Hey, hey, you need to stop or you'll fall and hurt yourself!" he called out.

I was already right at the edge. I could see it clearly now, my body slamming against the cold marble floor. A deep, welcoming darkness would swallow me whole, and I'd finally, finally be free.

Taking a steady breath, I allowed my weight to tip forward, feeling the thin air rush against my battered body as gravity pulled me down. For a fleeting second, I cherished the wisp of breeze that kissed my skin.

Warmth.

Unexpected, engulfing warmth.

Instead of the cold, merciless ground, I crashed into something solid. I found myself snuggling deeper without thought, instinctively seeking the comfort that evaded me for so long. Ah, yes, I thought deliriously. This must be death's embrace.

But then I rubbed my face against a hard, muscled chest, and a deep, steady heartbeat thudded against my ear.

Muscles?

Heartbeat?

I snapped my eyes open as my mind scrambled to piece together the betrayal of my senses. Instead of the cold hand of death, I was staring up into those same molten, warm eyes, eyes that could melt the fiercest ice, eyes that should have offered comfort. But to me, they were a curse.

That warmth, that tenderness... It was all a lie. It always was. Today, they look at you like you are the center of their universe. Tomorrow, they toss you away like a forgotten burden.

Panic clawed its way up my throat. I shoved weakly against him but it was useless.

He stood slowly and gently laid me back onto the bed.

He let out a heavy, frustrated sigh. Then, from his pocket, he pulled out a phone, and pressed a few buttons with quick, practiced ease. He placed it to his ear.

"I need the royal physician and his team in my room right now," he said into the receiver.

He slipped the device away.

Royal physician? My mind whirred, confused and overwhelmed. This is his room?

None of it made sense. Why would someone like him, a supreme alpha, a king bother with me? Why go to such ridiculous lengths?

He caged me in with his arms, leaning down until our faces were so close I could feel the heat of his breath fanning over my skin. His forehead nearly brushed mine as he bowed his head low.

Then, his gaze lifted and found mine. I felt something sharp and unfamiliar twist painfully in my chest.

"This is all my fault," he whispered, brokenly. "I'm sorry I didn't find you sooner. I'm sorry I didn't search harder."

Before I could even attempt to understand, he dropped his head onto my lap.

I froze.

Every part of me stiffened as he rested there, his broad shoulders trembled faintly.

He looked devastated.

Genuinely, utterly, soul-crushingly devastated.

But why?

Why would a king, a supreme alpha feel that way over me? A nobody, broken, and discarded thing. Why would he care?

Nothing made sense anymore.

Was this real, or had I finally descended so deeply into madness that my mind crafted this elaborate torture for me?

A sharp knock shattered the heavy silence. My gaze snapped to the door.

"Come in," Sargis called out.

The door swung open with a gust of cool air.

A man entered first, older, graying at the temples, with a large leather briefcase in one hand and a stethoscope slung around his neck. Behind him came three others, two women and one man all dressed in teal scrubs, and they lugged their own medical kits.

Behind them, a mountain of a man stepped into the room. He was towering, and his muscles strained against the dark fabric of his clothes. His hair was pulled back into a high, neat ponytail, showcasing a scar that ran along his jaw. His hazel eyes glinted under the light like polished amber.

The moment he crossed the threshold, he dropped his head respectfully.

"Supreme Alpha," he murmured.

Sargis stood fully upright now.

"Lupercus," he acknowledged with a nod.

The medical team behind the giant bowed low as one.

"Supreme Alpha," they chorused.

And there I sat, trembling, utterly stunned beyond belief.

What the actual fuck was happening?