

Lycan King

Chapter 29

A glimpse of past Why was she sent for adoption?

I closed my eyes, feeling the pressure as a buck load of images started appearing in my mind.

The images of women running around, the image of some weird faces holding a committee, about an old woman holding a newborn child, about a dark stormy night with thunderstorms, a woman screaming enraged as a white light was coming out of her, about a woman who was staked with a wooden dagger, about a man crying while looking up in the sky.

There was soo many images that I couldn't even focus on one of them. There were hundreds, no thousands of images.

Finally, the images stopped circling before I was pushed inside a hospital room, where I almost fell on top of a doctor who was running around.

I looked around the room as my eyes fell on a beautiful woman who was in her early twenties.

She looked strangely familiar.

I know that woman. She is my biological mother, as far as I remember from my previous dream? What was she doing here in the hospital?

Did she look in pain? She was sweating profusely and screaming from time to time. Confused, I looked at her huge belly which was covered with a white sheet, and that's when I understood.

She was pregnant and was about to give birth.

“Martha, just a little more baby. Push darling. For our little princess. Push harder.” A man was seated beside her holding her hand, as doctors were running around and one female was standing near her helping her to push down the baby.

‘Where the hell was I? Why did it look like ancient times.’ I thought as I looked around confused. The way people were dressed was so different.

‘And was that a crown that was placed on the nightstand? What does it look like some royal setting?’ I thought as I looked around the room, which looked so classical and expensive.

“How long will it take? Why isn’t the crowning happening?” The man turned around as he yelled at the female doctor who looked scared as hell.

As the man turned around, I was able to have a clear look at him. He was my father.

He looked so young and handsome. My mother was also incredibly beautiful, even though she was sweating and was in terrible pain.

I couldn’t see her in pain. I wanted to touch her. As I moved towards her to tell her it was going to be okay, I was suddenly pulled from the setting and then pushed into a different one.

I fell into a bedroom this time. It looked like my parent’s bedroom.

My mother had a baby in her hand.

“This is the token of our love, we need to protect her with our life, and we will do that. My Princessa.” My father said as he kissed the baby’s forehead.

I wanted to have a look at the child too.

I was partly feeling jealous for not having that kind of love from my father but also wanted to see the baby who was apparently my little sister.

As I went around the bed, near the baby girl, my mother suddenly turned towards me, as if she could see me.

Ignoring her gaze, I looked at the baby girl and was shocked when I saw the girl was no one other than me.

The little me.

I remember my face because back at home my adoptive parents had framed a photo of, the little me in their arms, as they posed happily while looking sweetly at me.

They said they had done that to always remember the beautiful day when I was gifted to them.

My attention went back to my parents when they started talking again.

“Darling. I don’t know what to do. All the elders are against us! They want to kill the child. I can’t let anything happen to my baby! Please do something Nelson. Why don’t you ask your father? He can talk to the former alpha king and the council.” My mother Martha said as she broke down into tears.

“We can’t my dear. There is only one way we can protect the child. The only way is to declare her dead.” My father said.

“No!!!” My mother screamed as she hugged the little me close to her body. She stood with her limping form and went out of the room, with me close to her heart.

The scene brought tears to my eyes, as I felt a stabbing pain in my heart.

“Listen to me, Martha! I am not asking you to kill her. She is my child too. All I want is for you to declare her dead and make someone adopt her. We just want her to survive these transformation years.” Nelson said.

“But, how will she be able to live among those humans! They will be a threat to her. The transformation phase is soo hurtful, how will she be able to bear with it alone, without our guidance. Will you be able to bear with living without her?” My mother cried as my father held her close.

I was suddenly pulled out from the image and the scene changed back to another one.

“Please take her. I am entrusting my granddaughter to you. Keep her in good hands. I have cast the spell you asked for. The transformation won’t begin until she is 18.” An old woman was talking to someone.

I went around the night closer to them. I looked at the woman and that woman was none other than the woman that was standing in front of me.

As I turned around to look at the face of the ones, to whom I was being given, I was suddenly pulled back to reality.

My body felt like, it was on fire. I fell to my knees as the pain started to creep inside me and tears started to roll out of my eyes.

“Aren’t you the one, who had marked my hand with this mystical tattoo? You were there with me back at my old home. I remember you.” I said before I leaned on the ground to catch my breathlessness while closing my eyes.