

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

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“Hey baby,” Lauren says with a sly, seductive grin.

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“What do you want?” I ask her, and she stops, sighing heavily as she places her hand on her **waist**.

“What? No, I’ve missed you. How was death?” She asks in a snarky tone.

I lick my lips in annoyance, looking over my shoulder at Melody, who **is** clearly confused.

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“If you are a vampire, then you are still dead.” I remind her and she makes a face while nodding her head.

“Well, only partially a vampire.” She corrects me.

“Leave.” I grit out.

“Or what? You will kill me again? Sorry sweetheart, you don’t scare me anymore.” She shrugs. “I am here for Giselle.”

“Giselle is not here,” I scoff, and she chuckles, her laughter dark and lacking humor.

“I am here on her behalf,”

I look to the water, making sure my emotions are masked from Colette in order to keep her away and safe.

“**Is** she out there? Your water mate?” Lauren asks, following my eyes.

“That’s none of your damn business,” Melody scowls and Lauren rolls her eyes.

“Shut up, you oversized punching bag!” she clips out. “The royals are discussing things.”

I snort a laugh and shake

my

head.

“You aren’t a royal.”

“I was a Luna, and I am mated to Johannes,” she retorts. [SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

“You were a Luna, and you WERE mated to Johannes. Now you are an unwanted piece of trash, tossed around from man to man.”

Her nose twitches as her lip curls, and she snarls at me. Her once brown eyes grow blood red and her fangs come out as her face grows hairy, as if her lycan is trying to surface. She grows a foot

muscles taller and her arms morph into darker muscles before she takes a step toward me.

If she is trying to use an intimidation factor, it is sorely misplaced. I have fought many beasts, more recently a fucking dragon. A hairy vampire doesn’t inspire fear in me. Only the strong urge to end her sorry existence of a life.

“The war will end before it kicks off if you allow me to take Colette.” She says, her voice deep and

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threatening.

“Over my dead, fucking body.” I growl.

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My lycan springs forward, taking over my body as I grow larger, my muscles exploding from my skin and my snout growing from my face. Claws extend from my fingertips, razor sharp and ready to shred the bitch in front of me.

There is no way in hell this freak of nature will take my make from me. She has already taken **so** much from me. First my parents, then my attempt at revenge, and now she demands what I swear to protect. No, this vampire hybrid is about to become a dead one.

“Shit,” Melody says, stumbling back before falling on her **ass**.

Lauren looks at her and grins. “Best to run along before I kill this sorry sap. Don’t worry. I promise to find you.”

I lift my arm, pointing to the water, trying to convey the message to get her ass where Lauren will likely not go. Then, without a warning, I lurch forward and slash at Lauren.

She is slow to move, my claws slipping through her soft abdomen like a heated knife through butter. Lauren hisses as she takes a step back, her legs bending and her fangs on full display.

“You need some humbling.” She growls as she circles me, looking for the best vantage point.

She won’t find one. There is no good way to attack me where I won’t be prepared. My back, though exposed, would be expected, and coming at me from the sides or front would make her an easier target. Lauren doesn’t play fair, she never has.

Which means she will no doubt make a move for my back. So when she leaves my line of sight for a millisecond, I drop to my knees and spin, driving my claws up as she leaps at me. I catch her under the chin, my fingers tearing through her neck as I lift her while I stand.

She writhes in pain, her hands gripping my wrist as she lifts herself from my impaling fingers and throws herself back away from me. Blood pours down her neck, dripping onto her black low cut top. Lauren scowls at me before she touches her neck and shakes her head.

“You ruined my new shirt.” She hisses.

I blink at her, unable to carry on a conversation in my full lycan form as I just choose to glare. If I could speak, I would tell her she is a worse fighter now, then she was when she was my mate.. Lauren never bothered to learn to carry her weight as a pack member or a Luna. So it is no surprise to me that I have injured her so many times.

What is worrying me is how easily she bounces back from every injury. A move like the two I have already done would have killed a normal lycan or wolf. But she isn’t a normal anything, and it would serve me well to know that. What I have to do, since she is likely unkillable, is pull her into pieces and keep them apart long enough for the blood she steals to dry up in her being.

She rushes toward me, dropping her head as she sprints through the sand. I catch her **as** she jumps

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up and tries to grab hold of my head. My hands drive through her stomach and out her back as she slides down onto my forearm from the force of her own weight. I throw my head into her face, cracking my hard forehead into her nose as she screeches.

Her face snaps back, but with an unnatural speed, she whips it back and leans *to* the side, burying her teeth into my neck. I grunt, trying to force her off **as** she sinks her nails into my back, anchoring her to where she is. Her body vibrates as she sucks hard on my throat.

It feels as if threads of string are in my veins and she is actively drawing them out as my neck grows numb, the sick tingling feeling spreading through my skin like a spider placing their venom in my bloodstream. I know I am in trouble, the way my strike seems to do nothing, even as my arm is through her cursed body.

My lycan panics for the first time as I intentionally fall to my back. Her body bounces up with the jolt and I slip my legs under her waist. I kick with every fiber of strength I can muster, and she flies from me with a shrill screech.

Lauren lands on her feet, her eyes filled with crazy anger and delight as she stalks toward me as my lycan retreats, trying to help force this poison from my veins faster. Someone grabs me, and I kick my legs to go with them, not knowing who is helping as they take me to the water.

“Kick!” Melody screams at me as she groans, dragging me deeper. She loops her arms under my shoulders, keeping my numb upper body afloat as I use my strength to propel us deeper. Lauren lets out an unhappy roar, pacing along the side of the shore, blood pouring from her side and drenching her.

“Fuck.” I groan, my waist and ass growing tingly as the fucking numbing effect continues to spread. “I’m not going to be able to move soon.”

“Yeah, well, you wanted to be a fucking damsel in distress.” She grumbles, her voice garbling as she sputters and spits water out.

“How the fuck am I supposed to kill that bitch?” I ask, my voice trembling as my lips and tongue feel strange as well. Fuck, how the hell am I supposed to breathe if this keeps spreading?

“You need to open the mate bond up. Colette needs to feel you need her.” Melody whispers.

It doesn't matter how honest I felt I was about Colette being my hero anytime she wants. Actually, having to be saved by her twice when I am the best fighter and known for my skills still seems to sting my ego. But perhaps my ego has always been the problem.

I let the barrier melt away and in a second I feel her fear. A massive splash erupts from the water and a transparent wolf emerges, waves ebbing through it as if it is entirely made up of the sea. pride flutters through me. She did it. She figured out her abilities.

It moves toward me and the water falls away, revealing my Colette in her human form, her eyes filled with horror as she reaches out and takes me in her arms.

“Oh shit, shit...what the hell happened?” She asks, her voice cracking.

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“Don't get jealous,” I tease, my eyes growing heavy as she holds me, our bond rippling through my body and giving my lycan strength to push the healing faster. “But my ex is here. She wants to meet you.”

“Lauren did this?” She whispers.

“Yes, I dragged him in here but she...she bit him” she whispers. “Does that mean he will become a vampire, too?”

“I-i don't know.” Colette says, fear in her voice.

“Oh hey, maybe I can be a hybrid too,” I slur out in a sad attempt at a joke and she presses her lips to my ear as she holds me afloat.

“That's not funny,” she breathes and I hum, just happy to be near her. Maybe this whole damsel in distress thing isn't so bad after all.

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