

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

Read Chapter 105

Chapter 105

Colette

"We need to get him to Calvin." My mom says, trying hard to remain treading water.
"But that vampire won't leave the shore."

I scowl at the bitch who started it all. The one who broke my mate and made our relationship so hard. The one that we were told was lurking but decided to not pay her any mind. I hear a splash behind us but I can't avert my eyes from the blood covered vampire standing in broad daylight waiting for us.

"Melody, why are you out here?" Caspian asks.

"They were attacked," I tell him, sparing him a quick glance. He immediately grabs hold of my mom and looks her over in a panic.

"Are you injured?" he asks and I watch her as she squirms, pushing him away.

"Would it matter to you if I were?" She snaps.

I cling to Merikh, my heart pumping with fear as I look at the vampire bite directly over my mate mark and my lips twitch in anger. This is all her trying to get under my skin. I don't know what her ulterior motive is, but there is no doubt she is enjoying causing pain.

"Are you going to just stay out there?" She hollers out, her voice annoyingly chipper as she walks along the water's edge, kicking her feet through the waves that rush over the sand.

"You could always come to us," I shout back and she cackles with a huge, eerie grin on her bloodied face.

"And ruin this hair? No, thank you. But since you have to eventually get him to someone, I can just wait here for you. I don't mind." She sends us a fake innocent smile.

"Yeah, I'm sure you don't," I mutter in annoyance to myself. Then I spin, doing a backstroke with Merikh resting on my chest as I propel myself to the shallow end. I can feel the presence of my parents and Zale as I stand waist deep, scowling ahead.

"Why are you here? To torture the people I care about?" I ask her, and she smirks.

"What if I told you I was looking for a king?" she shrugs.

I snort and roll my eyes. The only thing this bitch can find with her eyes closed is trouble. There is no doubt in my mind about who she came here for, and it wasn't Merikh.

"You are looking for the wrong one then," I say, playing into her game. "This one is taken and I am very obsessive."

She grins, her eyes squinting as she forces the corners of her lips into a creepy smile.

"I think I could take you." She giggles. "I mean, you don't look like much. Why Giselle has any fear of you will never make sense to me."

Well, at least Giselle is afraid of me. That has to be a good start, or at least a start in general. We will take her down, and hopefully Teiran will be able to talk sense into his father after she is gone. A war means death and hatred. What I want is a life of laughter and smiles. That won't happen if this war that has barely started continues on.

But in order to get to Giselle, I need to eliminate her girl group of power hungry dickless assholes. Which means I will do what Merikh couldn't. Not that he is incapable, but nothing pisses a mate off more than holding their bleeding love.

"Get him to Calvin now." I tell my mom and Caspian, then I look at Zale, who has remained speechless through all of this. "You wanted to see what I was capable of? Allow me to show you."

I stalk toward Lauren as she paces in anticipation. Death is in her eyes, not only hers but what she hopes to give to me, but I don't find it intimidating. My hands fall to my side, my palms facing toward Lauren as I rise out of the water with each step until only my feet remain. Lauren doesn't take any chances as she jumps at me with a loud growl.

I growl as I shift into my wolf, keeping my feet grounded in the water. My body grows cool, my blood replaced with the salty water of the ocean. A garbled roar of tears from my water made wolf's jaw and she flies through me.

Lauren splashes into the water, jumping up as she can with a hiss and shaking her body out as if her lycan is trying to clean itself of the moisture.

"Oh, not fair." She scoffs, her head tilting to the side before she shifts as well. Her lycan only partially shows up and in a distorted way.

I look into her eyes, noticing the way the color is off. Neither are they black like a true lycan or red like a hungry vampire. They are a mixture of shades of green, like a gross mold growing on cheese that's set on the counter for days in humid weather.

Lauren may think she is an invincible hybrid, but she is rotting from the inside out. She was not created naturally and there for her, her blood isn't pure, not like mine.

She tries again to reach out and get ahold of me, but I float to the side in my water form. Lauren growls in annoyance, unsure of how to fight me.

"Play fair!" She roars, throwing a fit like a toddler, and I grin at her.

How amusing she thinks this isn't fair, yet she thought it would be fair to attack Merikh, knowing her strength is more than is? I don't give a fuck about fair anymore. This isn't a fight for fun in some league. This is life or death, and this will be her second time dying.

I notice movement behind her, and I see Calvin hobbling closer. She turns her head to look and see what my attention is on, so I rush to the side, stirring up the sand into the water I am made of, and I block her view. She hisses at me, reaching out and slashing through me, cutting the sand away.

My body drains, the use of this kind of ability weighing heavy on my sources and my wolf's strength. I shift back into my human form, dropping to my knees with a gasp.

Heat shoots over my head, taking me by surprise as I look around and see Calvin, his big belly glowing with heat as he forces a flame through his lips, blue and incredibly hot. Lauren shrieks and falls to her knees.

He stops, tossing me a vial and pointing to Lauren with a quivering hand like he can't believe what he has done.

"Pour it down her throat," he insists.

I don't waste a second, standing and

running to the charred face of

Lauren who breathes heavily, her skin falling off as it's replaced with new unmarked flesh. My hands swirl with water as I touch her chin, yanking it down, the mere heat of her bones trying to sear my hand through the water that cools it.

I pull the vial open with my mouth, spitting the cork out, then I lift it to her mouth and pour it down her throat. She convulses and sputters, trying to spit it out as she cries in

agony. I stumble back in shock, landing on my ass in the water. The salinity helps to revitalize me at a much faster rate.

"What the fuck was that?" I ask Calvin as he rushes toward Merikh, motioning for Caspian to drag him over.

"Wolfsbane." He says.

I wince, knowing all too well how much that shit hurts a wolf and lycan. My brows knit together, confused as I try to understand why, of all things, this seems to have the most effect. I know she is a hybrid, but I would have thought she was more of one than the other.

"Why?" I ask.

"Kill her lycan, and she is no longer a hybrid, just a regular vampire who serves no purpose to anyone."

I bite my lip, hoping this works,

begging to the heavens that this hybrid bitch was much easier to eliminate than we could have ever hoped for. She cries, hugging her body and whimpering just as the smoke rises. Her skin burns, turning ashy in the sun as she crawls to a small shadow, hoping to find whatever shade she can. Content

"HELP ME!" she cries out in desperation. Digging into the sand and under a large boulder. She burrows in, but the sun will eventually hit the spot by sunset.

"You should have stayed dead." I hiss, sauntering toward her.

Lauren's eyes pour bloody tears as she searches the tree line too far for her. I don't have time to question who she is looking for as I leave her and sprint to Merikh, helping him to the sand. It's not until I hear Lauren whimpering a name that I realize I need to listen. I move closer, remaining in a relatively close area to Merikh, who is groaning in pain.

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"Please...please help me. Giselle, Lily.... anyone! Ezra, please...I know you are here, you brought me..."

I freeze, my body going slack as I search the edge of the trees further up the beach. Perhaps Ezra is playing for both teams or maybe he is truly bad guy. All I know is I

need to order some mail and get some fucking information from this guy everyone swore we could trust.

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Chapter 106

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Ezrah brought her here? I wonder as I whirl around, searching the trees and shoreline for the messenger who is always everywhere, always in everyone's business.

Caspian stands with Zale, the two of them carrying my enormous lycan mate up onto a less sandy part of the beach. Ezrah will have to wait. Right now, I need to be sure Merikh will be okay.

I rush toward them, sliding a glance back at Lauren as she tries to creep out, only to hiss and cry harder. Serves the evil vampire right for everything she has done and continues to do.

Strange how easy it was to defeat her when everything is all said and done, though. I sort of expected more, certainly something more than the sobbing mess cowering under a rock.

"How is he?" I call out, Calvin humming as he moves efficiently from wound to wound, seemingly more interested in one from the next.

My nails find themselves trapped between the nervous pressure of my teeth as I nibble on them, my anxious nerves only growing bigger with every passing bout of silence.

"Calvin," I growl out. He snaps his surprised eyes up to me, blinking as if he hadn't even noticed I arrived.

"I am assessing him," He says back, but his eyes are telling me more than his lips.

Vampire bites are meant to kill. That's the whole point of them. To feed or to create a new vampire toy. But what happens to a lycan king who is bitten? Not fed upon and not intended to create? Does he live? Does he suffer?

These are the questions plaguing my mind that no one seems able to answer right now, right when I need them. My mom moves close to me, entwining my hand in hers as she tugs me close, and I rest my head on her shoulder. It is incredibly strange how quickly the mother-daughter bond came back.

Though I sort of attribute that to the fact that all this time in the water has helped me remember a lot from my past. Not everything, but enough of my life with her and even Caspian before I was hunted.

Also, trauma bonding is a real thing, and that definitely happened with mom on more than one occasion, so there is that.

"He will be okay," she assures me with a gentle smile.

"We do not know that," Zale says bluntly and I glare at him as he frowns and shrugs.

"I am only speaking the truth."

"Yeah well maybe don't?" My mom snaps at him.

Caspian comes up to my other side, sighing heavily as he avoids looking at my mother.

"He should have known better than to attempt to fight her." Caspian murmurs and my mom scoffs, shaking her head. [SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Dad has a point," I tell her.

She chooses not to respond, only maintaining a forward-looking gaze as if she is biting her tongue. It is clear that she has much to say, but either refuses to in front of dad or she doesn't want me to know. Either are not acceptable reasons.

"I want you to explain everything all over again." I say, turning to face her.

"Lauren showed up." She sighs. "She said she was sent for—"

"Gah!" Merikh screams and shoves Calvin away.

Calvin grunts as he tumbles backward onto his ass. He scrambles to stand, reaching out to grab Merikh who tries to stand, only to sway on his feet. I am next to him in a second, my hands gripping his fevered body as I look at Calvin expectantly.

"Lauren..." Merikh slurs the word, his eyes unfocused as he tries to scan the area, pulling me as close as he can to his body.

"We know," I whisper, reaching up to hold his face still so he can focus on me. "I know, it's okay."

The look on his face breaks me as his frantic fear drips away to a look of sheer pain. I see the flecks of green in his iris' not his normal shade of emerald but the same

distorted rotten green that lived in Lauren's eyes. The rot, the kind that will eat away at him, making him someone unrecognizable.

"Calvin," I whisper, my voice breaking as I say his name and he bumbles over to me. "What do you need to do to save him?"

"Nothing to do but wait and see who wins this," He says, sounding forlorn.

"I refuse to wait and see." I growl at him, unable to control the rage brewing in my chest. "What can I do?" I hiss.

"I-i-I don't know." He says, looking distraught. "I am sorry Luna, but I just...this is out of my realm of healing."

I fight back the tears, giving Merikh a

fake smile as look up into his eyes. It is like he is drunk, unable to focus and remain steady as he grins a brilliantly handsome smile. The fool thinks he is going to flirt with me. In this state?

"Hey Merikh," I say, struggling to keep the quiver from my voice. "I am going to have you sit here for just a minute, okay?"

"Where are you going?" he asks, growing clingy and nervous. I press pull his head down to meet mine and nuzzle my nose against his, taking a deep inhale of his scent.

"I just need to talk to my dad for a minute." I whisper, and he groans in annoyance.

"You are always speaking time with him and not me," he pouts. "I miss my little luna."

I grin to myself, "And I miss you, too. I promise it will only be a little bit."

"Fine," he groans, rolling his eyes.

I ease him to the ground and rush over to my parents, dragging them aside and looking them in the eyes.

"Tell me there is something water can do to heal him, or maybe cleanse his blood?" I ask, placing both hands on my head as the air grows thin, making it harder to breathe.

The panic attack is coming, the one where I become a sobbing mess and am of no use to anyone. Merikh is the stable one, the one who holds me when I break down or just break in general.

"That's not how a vampire bite works, sweetheart." Caspian says with a frown.

"Could it hurt to try?" my mom asks and he frowns.

"Colette is not strong enough to even attempt something like that."

She scoffs and rolls her eyes.

"I wasn't referring to her. I am referring to you Caspian."

He arches a brow and crosses his arms over his chest.

"Oh, so we are on speaking terms again?" he asks, and she narrows her eyes.

"This is my Alpha, my daughter's mate. I will speak to who I need to and ask for favors when I choose for their sake," she snaps out, and he stares at her, stone faced and unmoving.

"I may be of service." Ezra says sauntering over to us, his hands in his pockets as he looks like he glides across the sand.

"I want nothing from you but explanations." I hiss my lycan, coming forward and making my words morph into a command rather than a basic statement.

"And what should I explain?" He asks, looking confused.

"I am a messenger. I delivered the message via way of the person I was told to bring." He protests.

"You brought a fucking fox into a henhouse, Ezra. Either you are working for them or you are a coward and I can't decide which one you are yet." I scream at him.

"Go the fuck away." I growl and he exhales.

"He can help him." Caspian says gently.

"Bullshit." I grit out.

"You either let me try or you wait for him to die. You don't have to trust my motives, but trust I will help him." Ezra says, and I groan in anger. "Fine." I mutter, clinging to Merikh's hand. "Hurry up."

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Chapter 107

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I pace the old wooden porch of the small cabin we have been staying in. Well, where I have been sleeping and Mom, Merikh and Calvin have been living. Guilt runs rampant in my mind, tearing apart a decision I have made in the last near week.

Should I have come? Should I have allowed Merikh to even stay with me, or would it have been wise to send him with our pack, insist he be where he should be?

"Stop doing that," Caspian says, sighing heavily as he pushes himself up from the swing hanging from the old rickety ceiling.

"I can't sit still," I say, shooting daggers from my eyes in his direction. A frown tugs at his lips as he shakes his head.

"That is not what I mean, Letty." He says, his gentle father's voice turning on. "You can not change what happened by standing here and thinking about how you could have done something differently."

"What would you prefer I think about? A life without him? Preparing for a world where he does not exist-" I pause, my voice cracking as my eyes water. Then I clear my throat and roll my shoulders. "You are right. I can't change what has happened in the past. But staying out here, waiting and doing nothing doesn't help anything either."

"You should be training." He says, simply. My eyes snap to his, my blood boiling at the mere suggestion of leaving Merikh alone and at the hands of fucking Ezra.

Ezra who has been at every turn when shit goes down. Ezra who works for no one yet everyone at the same time. The damn messenger who seems to think his neutrality wins peace when all it does is bring war to everyone else's door steps and he delivers it.

"I do not trust him." I hiss out, unable to tone down the anger that oozes from every part of me.

"He is in there, of his own accord, trying to help," Caspian says with a frown. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

"He is in there fixing the fucking mess he created by bringing the fucking abomination to our doorstep under the guise of 'I am a messenger, this is what I do'," I scream at Caspian. His eyes turn dark.

"Ezra has been a trusted friend for many, many years,"

"As was your mate, yet now that you found her, you ignore her and suspect she is a plant among us, while your trusted friend delivers a messenger who might have killed a council member, the lycan king. MY FUCKING MATE!"

His lips twitch and his nose flares as he breathes through it heavily and looks away from me.

"I did not say your mother was a plant to spy on us," He whispers and I snort a sardonic laugh.

Caspian avoids the topic of Melody at every turn. I ask when he will speak to her, but he changes the subject. I ask him to come to the cabin but he was too injured and still recovering. He is near her and he can't seem to find words to be civil.

He doesn't have to say what I already see on his face when he looks at her. Caspian wants her to be the bad guy, so he doesn't have to bear the guilt of her suffering for ten years while he sulked and blamed her for my proclaimed death.

"You don't have to say it for everyone to know what you are thinking." I scoff, shoving past him. I pace over to Zale, who sits in a rocking chair, an exasperated expression on his face as he watches everything unfold.

"Zale?" Caspian asks, looking at the siren male, who clears his throat and lifts his hands.

"I wish to remain out of this, my king." He says, bowing his head.

"Fine." Caspian whispers. "Fine. Yes, there is a fear that they got to your mother. Can you blame me? You are taken, your gamma killed, and they place you next to your mother and somehow you escape with her? Why? What do they gain from that? It feels too convenient, all of it does."

I take a step away from him, then turn and lean on the white railing of the deck. He makes valid points, but convenience doesn't equal guilt, just like fear doesn't foster loyalty.

"Mom is not a spy, and they did not turn her."

"How can you be so sure?" he whispers, and I see the conflict in his eyes. For the first time since recognizing him as my father, I feel a flicker of disappointment.

"Her body is beyond repair, even for her wolf to heal, even now after being freed. She was locked in a damp, dirty cell with bars of silver. When I cried, she let those bars burn through her skin with no thought to her own pain so she could touch me, comfort me." I say, pushing off the railing.

"I can't hear this," he says, that inner conflict turning to sheer agony.

"That means you need to." I say in a low voice. "Mom was beaten regularly, bones broken, meals skipped and no sun in ten years. They toyed with her by playing tricks

with magic and using a fake version of me as bait. And yet when I was there, she was so willing to trust me, to believe me because she was desperate. She needed something to live for."

"Colette Lynnae, that is enough." My mother's voice says from the doorway. I spin to see her holding the door frame for stability, her eyes watery. "Melody," Caspian's voice breaks, and my mother avoids looking at him.

"That is not your darkness to share." She says, her voice trembling. "Alpha Merikh is awake and asking for you."

Then she turns and walks back into the cabin. I rush in behind her, watching as she slips into her room, closing it behind her, the lock slipping into place. Caspian's footsteps stop following me as I hear him knock on a door, only to be met with silence.

But I don't have time to focus as I fly through the hall and through my room to find Merikh sitting up in the bed, looking pale and ghoulish.

I swallow the dryness in my throat, and then lick my lips as I take a few steps toward him. He tilts his head, confusion on his face as he looks over at Ezra, then back at me.

"How is he?" I ask Ezra but I don't look at him, my eyes are glued on the man staring at me.

"He is doing well. Thankfully, you are here and he will heal much faster with you at his side."

"Ezra, who is she?" Merikh asks, his brows pulling together. My heart stutters and I freeze.

Who is she? Does he mean me? Merikh has forgotten who I am?

"Alpha, this is not a funny joke." Ezra says frowning and Merikh scoffs.

"The only joke here is the one you are playing on me. You know damn well I don't have a mate." He seems to grow angrier as the room feels like it is going to spin. Then I snap. My eyes grow dark and the water in the cup next to him flies from its glass cage and splashes over his face.

"I am Colette. Your Luna and your mate, whether you want me or not, I am here to stay, so you better fucking start remembering now."

He growls, lifting the blanket to wipe the wetness from his cheeks and as it falls back to his lap, I see a huge smile on his face.

"Ah yes, my little Luna, there she is," he says, his voice a little hoarse.

I don't know whether to cry, laugh or throttle the shit out of him, so instead I rush to him and kiss his lips. His arms slide up my back, pulling me close as the tears tumble down my cheeks and I weave my fingers into his wet hair.

The sparks explode at our contact, my wolf near purring at having him awake, kissing me and in my arms. After what feels like too short of time, we break apart, the two of us panting as I look over his face, scanning every part of him from his forehead to his chin.

"You handled that better than I thought you would." He admits.

"I get the feeling you like when I punish you." I murmur, pressing my head to his lips. He chuckles into my hair and a smile pulls at the corner of my lips, despite my annoyance with his terrible joke.

"I like everything you do to me." He says in a seductive tone.

I chuckle, shaking my head as I lean

back and look over at the rest of him. Two holes sit over my mate mark and stroke my thumb over it, anger and jealousy combining with the violent urge to kill Lauren instead of letting the sun do it for me.

"Will he be fine?" I ask Ezra, who is behind me.

"He will struggle to heal, but with time, yes, he will be normal." He says, sounding tired.

I stand, walking over to him, a frown on my lips. He saved Merikh, but that doesn't mean I trust him. It doesn't mean he isn't working on both sides of

the war.

"Thank you for saving him." I say nicely, and he smirks.

"But you still don't trust me?" he asks.

"Not a chance in hell." I snort. He nods in understanding.

"What can I do to earn your trust?" Ezra asks.

I tilt my head, thinking why my trust means anything to him in the grand scheme of things.

"Pick a side." I shrug. "And make sure it's the right side."

"Colette," Merikh says my name, sounding shocked as he wears a piqued version of a look of disappointment. So I cross my arms over my chest and stare at Ezra.

"Did you tell Merikh that you are the one who brought Lauren here?" I ask him. He looks away, ashamed, and shakes his head no.

"You did what?" Merikh roars. "Since when are you in the business of delivering people?"

Ezrah exhales, then drags his hand down his face.

"There are things I can't remem-"

"Not good enough." Merikh growls, throwing the blanket back as he stands, his legs shaking under him.

"Get your ass back in bed, you idiot. I am trying to tell you," Ezrah groans. "I don't remember, okay? One minute I was picking up a letter and the next

I woke the fuck up here. If I try to remember, my head explodes in pain."

"Why didn't you say any of this earlier?" I scoff, and he drops his head.

"Did you give me the time, Luna?" he asks and I realize he is right. I never gave him more than a few seconds to explain anything.

"So what now?" I ask, sighing.

"I choose a side," he says. "And I choose yours."

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Chapter 108

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Merikh

My neck throbs in pain as I frown at Ezrah. This is someone I trust, someone I considered to be a friend or at least friendly, even when the council refused to be that way with me. But Colette is right to question him and where his allegiance stands. Too much is happening, too much doesn't make sense and he might just be that missing piece.

Hybrid Lauren wasn't created on purpose. She was an accident, but who the hell put her back together enough for her body to heal? There is so much that doesn't make sense.

Things that go against the natural law or things we understand as supernatural beings. My head hurts and a wave of exhaustion floats over me, lingering just out of reach to shoo away or catch and nap off.

"You are choosing our side?" Colette asks Ezra, who looks sad, but he nods in agreement.

"Yes," Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Why?" she retorts, her eyes narrowed as she waits for the truth.

"Fae have special gifts, and jobs we take seriously," he explains.

"I already know that." She grits out and he frowns.

"And you know that I have the ability to move very fast, to deliver messages and talk my way out of situations."

"Not doing a very good job of talking yourself out of this one," she snorts, and he shakes his head in disbelief.

"Luna, I am trying very hard to be cordial."

I sigh, a heavy exhale as I punch the bridge of my nose.

"We don't need cordial, we need honesty." I tell him and he nods solemnly.

"I know." he paces over to a chair and plops down, looking torn. "This has been my life for hundreds of years, this is what people with my abilities do. To share with you secrets I have been sworn to protect is breaking everything I know and believe. I will have no family after this."

Colette softens in her anger and she frowns before she reaches out and takes my hand in hers.

"Ezra, if you choose to stay out of matters, it is likely you will have no family at all. I don't think Giselle will stop with just me. She has Lily, and she had Lauren. Who knows who else she has on her side that is coming to what? Capture me? Make use of me elsewhere?"

"There is no one else," He says and I furrow my brows, for the first time unsure if I trust his words.

"I disagree." I say simply, and his brows lift in slight surprise.

"If there is, then it is not someone I know, or I have at least not yet been made aware of who it might be." He corrects his words.

I frown, watching his movements closer. Every dart of his eyes or rise and fall of his chest raises suspicion now. What if Ezra is lying or what if he doesn't know of someone else because he is that someone else?

"Have you worked with Giselle since everything has happened?" I ask him.

Colette entwines her hands with mine as we watch his jaw tighten and his eyes close in guilt as he nods his head.

"Yes."

"Is it possible that Lily has control over you, like the others?" Colette asks, and he looks intrigued by the idea before shaking his head from side to side.

"She can not control me like she does the others. I have been neutral and due to the nature of my travels, I would be too far from her to be effective," he admits. "That and I have spoken with Giselle, but never Lily. She is a traitor to my kind."

"So you do have some honor," I scoff.

"Alpha, my kindness and friendship with you has been real, and at every turn, when I felt something was amiss, I would do my best to leave hints or clues to help you with my abilities." He says, his face filled with torment and guilt. "I truly believe your kind has been mistreated for too long."

I clear my throat, looking over at Colette as she meets my eyes. Her emotions flow freely between us, hers melding with mine as we make these decisions together. She can feel the deep-seated trust I have for the fae before me and I, her wariness.

"Are you sure you wish to choose sides?" I ask him and he nods.

"This has gone on too long, and for someone to tamper with my memory, to use me to deliver an assassination attempt...it is time I choose a side as many of my kind have been forced to do." His demeanor changes, growing more frustrated with the situation the more he talks about what happened to him out loud. As if he is finally acknowledging the breach of his covenant.

Colette lets go of my hand and moves over toward him, her head tilting as she assesses Ezra before she reaches out and waits for his hand. A curious frown tugs at his face before he looks at me for what to do. I can't help but chuckle.

"Shake it," I urge him. "You are committing to fighting with us. Handshakes are binding, like a contract."

He takes it, standing from his chair and shakes it. Colette smiles a sly smile, then looks at me and back at Ezra.

"Welcome to the war." She says.

"Thank you? I guess?" He says back, making Colette shake her head.

A ghastly scream breaks the moment apart as I look out the window as the sun grows lower in the sky. I try to shoot up from my bed, but my legs give out like wet noodles and I tumble to the ground with a grunt.

Two sets of hands lift me, setting me on the side of the bed as I breathe through the pain that feels like a steel sponge dragging through the insides of my veins. Colette's touch helps to ease it slightly, making it much less jarring, but I look to Ezra for an explanation of both the sound and the pain.

"What the hell is happening to me?" I ask him.

"A cleansing. One of air and light," he says, as if that makes total sense and I should follow the explanation.

"Right, care to explain?" Colette asks, her brows tugging together.

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"My gift is the ability to move at the speed of light. I can bend air and light to my will, in only certain instances. In this case, I forced it through your veins to kill the vampire...genes?... cells? Whatever you wish to call them. In order to save you and your lycan. And the screaming is Lauren."

I snap my head up, meeting his gaze.

"Lauren is still here?" I ask him, and he nods solemnly.

"She is indeed," Ezra says.

"Lauren is only a vampire, her lycan is dead. She is now hiding as the sun slowly creeps into her hiding spot."

My stomach twists at the thought of her sitting there alone and waiting for her death to creep up on her. Her second death. An overwhelming urge takes over and I lick my lips, afraid to ask Colette for this favor. The one to take me to my ex and sit with her as she dies.

"It's fine." Colette whispers, a soft encouraging smile on her face. "If you need the closure-"

I bark out a laugh, realizing she feels my emotions, but she has seriously misinterpreted them.

"It's not the closure I need, my little luna. I just want to know the bitch is really dead this time. To see her turn to dust and know she can't come back as some crazy ass unheard of hybrid."

"Crazy ass unheard of hybrid, huh?" she arches her brow and I smirk.

"She was made. You were born. You are just an unheard of hybrid, no crazy ass about you." I amend and she smiles, standing.

"Ezrah, could you help me get him outside?" She asks, and he nods, looping my arm over his shoulder as he lifts me and she grabs my waist, helping me walk.

We find everyone standing on the porch looking out at the boulder in the distance, the occasional trickle of smoke and squeal as Lauren's last day comes to an end.

"This feels wrong," Melody whispers.

"Lauren killed my father, betrayed our kind, and was sentenced to death. For some reason, she cheated death, and this time...she can not escape it." I tell her and she frowns, her eyes settling on Lauren before she looks away, wincing.

"Mom, this is different from the torture you experienced." Colette whispers, moving over and taking her mother's hand. "Lauren is evil, just as bad as

Giselle."

She nods in understanding.

"Even our plan for Giselle seems less inhumane than this," she says.

I understand her thought process and her bleeding heart. This is something I have to witness, and it doesn't make me a bad person. It makes me a damaged one looking for the chance to heal, and this is the final step in that process.

"We have a plan?" Caspian asks.

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Chapter 109

Chapter 109

Colette

Silence falls over us as we wait anxiously for Merikh to explain what he means. It is clear as day to me he is still feeling awful, but he puts on a brave face, like always. I watch my mother as she gives him an encouraging nod before he racks his hands through his hair.

"Giselle is a phoenix. As far as we know, the only one of her kind, yet none of us know how to kill a phoenix. Either they aren't as invincible as we think or they have chosen to keep themselves hidden from her," he says, clearing his throat.

I have to bite back a smile at how cute he is giving his little speech as if he had rehearsed it all week. But then again, maybe he had. It is not like I have been entirely present when I am with him.

It's not from lack of love or wanting to be near him, though. The water is exhausting, beautiful, but draining in every way. But by the time I crawl into bed, I am too tired to even want to change into something for bed.

He meets my gaze, dragging me back to the point at hand. Giselle, how to get rid of the roach that seems to never die? But I find it so hard to focus when he is near, and I am energized enough to stay awake.

I don't want to discuss death and war. I just want to snuggle into his arms and laugh about our past and think about our future.

"Colette?" I hear my name whispered to my right.

"Yes?" I squeak out.

"Are you okay?" My mother asks, her eyes on me and a frown tugging at her lips.

"It's just been a long day." I give her a tight-lipped smile, looking around at everyone else. "Sorry, I will focus."

"This entire time we have sat and assumed that Colette is the only one who can kill Giselle. What if it's not about killing Giselle, but rather incapacitating her?" Merikh asks.

My dad frowns, his lips pressed tight together as he processes what Merikh is saying. I must admit, the idea of not needing to be the savior of all our species and our allies is appealing. There are many things I wanted in life, goals and aspirations, but being a hero was never one. And still isn't.

"What do you mean?" Caspian asks after a minute. "If Giselle lives, she will always be a threat. She will always come after Colette, or anyone who she sees as an enemy."

"I want to collect her ashes and store her in the ocean." Merikh says.

Everyone blinks like they are in a stupor, trying to wake themselves up. My mom watches us and after a minute, a sharp jab hits my ribcage and I hiss, rubbing my side. She scowls at me, quietly motioning for me to say something as Merikh stands waiting anxiously.

"H-how do we gather her ashes?" I ask him. "She is impervious to heat, so she won't burn."

"Phoenix's are not impervious to heat, they become heat." Ezra says, speaking for the first time since Lauren's death.

The second the words leave his mouth, my eyebrows rise in alarm. Every time I have been around Giselle, the air is hotter than the last. She seems to be in a rush, forcing things to move faster, as if she won't be around to spur things on. Phoenix's are known for rising from the ashes. They burn up in a heat so intense even a dragon would cower, and then they are born again.

"You think she will evolve-is that even the right word?" I ask, looking around.

"Phoenix's seem to get hotter until the heat consumes them. It is their only downfall, at least that I know of, which, admittedly, is limited." Ezra says. "Ash form is where they are most vulnerable. Is that correct Caspian?" Merikh asks, looking to my father for verification.

"From what I have been told as well, yes. That is correct." He responds, standing and pacing the length of the deck in thought. "How do you suppose we get her to go up in flames? It could take years for her to reach that heat on her own."

"She is close." I murmur. "Everything around her when her anger rises or her emotions run high gets unbearably hot. She must have been absorbing the dragon's heat when their emotions make them grow warmer. She can be around the dragons, but with their flaring temper, she has doomed herself."

Hope is beginning to spring to life in my chest as I bite my lip, gnawing on it as I process all the information and Merikh's idea. It might actually work, forcing her to end herself so we can make sure she is gone forever.

Zale and Caspian argue quietly to each other in some other language I don't understand while I stand from my seat and move closer to Merikh. His hand slips into mine, our fingers tangling together.

"I know it seems like a long shot, but if we can't kill her, the best we can do is make sure she can't come back again." He says, looking me in the eye. "What do you think?"

"Honestly? I think it could work. She is close to the next stage. Giselle was suffocating in the room, nearly drying me out, and I don't think it was entirely intentional. I think she expedited the war because she knows her time is running out."

"She is a creature of chaos. She thrives off of it, but it is also her downfall in this sense. That is the problem with chaos. There is never a plan and thus things eventually break down and crumble away." Ezra says. "The very fact there is a plan is a step in the right direction."

Caspian yells something loudly at Zale, who snaps his mouth shut and looks away, his jaw clenched tight before he turns his angry gaze on Merikh. "How exactly do you expect to store said ashes?" Zale says, finally breaking out of the conversation with Caspian. "You have a plan, fine. But what about where it will go? Who will know about it and what it is? There are many factors that need to be considered in such a plan." Caspian frowns, but he stands next to Zale.

"We need to plan more than just ceasing a hopeful opportunity." He says grimly, his eyes settling on me. "You are not strong enough to take her on, even now."

A sigh escapes my lips as Merikh gives my hand a gentle squeeze in support.

"A jar will suffice, and I am sure there is a place in the siren kingdom where you store relics or things you wish to keep safely away from others," I shrug. "Only the siren king will know, passing it down from king to king to guard and protect it. We will have the time to figure out the details after we have her ashes." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"If you get her to burn up," He says

with a stern look, then he exhales. "Look, I do not wish to be the person who makes such depressing observations, but we can not fight with you. Caspian is still recovering and only the royals can leave the sea for extended times. Everything will come down to you, not your Alpha or the Fae. But you."

Zale points at me and I can feel my heart rate pick up. No matter how I look at it, no matter how much I don't want to be the one to save the world, there is no denying I have a cruciatrole in doing just that. Before, that might have been daunting, but with the bond flowing between Merikh and me, it is so apparent that I no longer have to do anything alone.

"I will be going." Caspian says. Zale makes an unhuman gurgling noise in his throat, a look of anger crossing his face before he storms off the deck.

"He seems upset," Mom says as Caspian shakes his head.

"Zale gets angry quickly and cools off faster."

"You should go after him," she whispers, looking out at the water as Zale wades in, dropping into the water.

"So what now?" I ask, when my father doesn't respond to my mom. "Do we wait for her to come to us, or do we take the fight to her?"

Ezrah exhales, shoving his hands in his pocket before he clears his throat.

"I am not one for this type of thing, but I do often find the element of surprise is rather successful. May I suggest rally the allies and set up a meeting spot?" He offers. "I do understand there may still be the issue of trust between us, so I would recommend calling your Beta and setting the meeting up with him."

I watch Merikh as he slides me a small frown before he nods. He slips out the phone from his pocket. Clearly, he planned on making a phone call or expecting one soon. Merikh dials a single number and clears his throat as he places it up to his ear.

"Hayes?" I call out, stepping down the stairs closer to Merikh.

"Not quite," Johannes says. "But he is going to need you both. If you want him to live, that is."

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Chapter 110

Chapter 110

"Why do you have that phone?" Merikh grits out as he rushes toward the trees. Johannes puts his hand up in a display of surrender, but it does nothing to slow the raging lycan within.

"It's not what you assume," He says as I rush after my mate to remind him to remain calm, that he is still healing even if he is doing much better than before.

Merikh's claws dig into the vampire's shirt and skin, blood seeping through the white fabric as he frowns, but doesn't fight back.

"Answer my question!" Merikh roars and Johannes' lip twitches in defiant anger.

"He gave it to me as the dragons arrived,"

"What?" The word is a panicked whisper, carried my way on a breeze that, though warm, chills my very soul. Attacked? When and how? No one is supposed to know where the second pack location is, unless...

"Lauren," I mutter, my hand flying to my head and my skin heats and my eyes burn with unshed tears. The stupid bitch wasn't just coming for me, she was coming to gloat, distract us from everything we have been separated from all because of my selfish choice to find more of myself.

"She visited you then?" Johannes asks, trying to hide the hurt in his voice.

It's so clear to see there was a connection between them, one beyond the tethering of the chosen bind they had. Deep down, Johannes cared for her. Yes, his ambitions maybe have mattered more, but even love can be twisted.

"She came for me, Giselle sent her." I offer as Merikh turns his head to the side, his pallor green and his eyes closed as if he is trying to not vomit. "Shit." Johannes mutters, a dry chuckle. "Lauren got you, didn't she?"

"She tried." Merikh grimaces. I reach out, extracting him from Johannes, who grumbles as he smooths his bloody and wrinkled shirt.

"I just bought this shirt." He sighs, then he looks up, his devilish eyes flicking between the two of us. "He looks like he has yet to decide if he intends to live."

"Ezrah fixed me up." Merikh mumbles, his arms limp at his side as panic weaves its way through me.

"You trust a fae? After knowing their queen is a traitor?" He asks with a quirked brow.

"You expect us to trust you after you stole his mate and killed his father?" I retort, and he thinks for a moment.

"Touché, Luna." Then he sighs. "Though it might benefit you both to remember, I took some silly oath to a lycan king. I couldn't lie to him if I wanted to."

"Enough." Merikh says, his voice demanding though soft, as if he may slip away at a moment's notice. "What is happening with Hayes and our pack?" "Giselle is waiting for you to show up. The war has started, but it's on your pack's doorstep, waiting for you to invite it in or stave it off." Johannes says, looking directly at me.

I stand in silence, unaware of who is near me other than Merikh who I can feel through the mate bond. He is as unnerved as I am, unsure of what to do. There is no world in

which I will ever leave his side again, which means we will be thrown into one with a war instead.

"And he gave me the phone so that he would not be tempted to call you before you were ready to come back."

"How long have they been there?" I ask him, my mouth falling open in shock.

"Three days."

"Fuck." I grumble, spinning on my heels and rushing back to the cabin. Merikh calls out for me but I'm on a mission to pack the few things we have and get our asses moving.

I hear frantic footfalls behind me

and I already know who it is. Without looking, I can feel the look of

concern in my back from my

v

mother's eyes. She doesn't speak,

though. Instead, after a few

moments of silence, she steps up

next to me and proceeds to help me pack.

"Caspian is helping Merikh into the vehicle that the vampire came here in..." Melody pauses for a mere second before signing heavily. "Are you sure you can trust him?"

A chuckle breaks free as I zip the small bag in front of me and spin to face her.

"Trust is a strong word, but I trust the oath he took." I say, "and even if I didn't trust him, I would still be going."

Her footsteps retreat as she leaves me in silence and I sense Merikh enter the room, his arms sliding around me from behind. His cheek presses into mine, nuzzling toward my neck as he inhales.

"My little Luna has made up her mind?" He murmurs and I chuckle, dropping the bag and spinning, my hands closing up his chest and around his neck, my fingers grazing over Lauren's bite. A frown consumes my lips, and he exhales.

"I hate her." I whisper.

"She is dead." He reminds me.

I shake my head, letting him know Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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he is misunderstanding who I mean. Lauren was a problem, yes. But she was only a small part of the problem. She was annoying and a nuisance. But Giselle, Giate. I don't just want her gone; I want her dead, drowned, ability to come back gone forever.

"Giselle." I sigh. "She takes and hurts and-"

"She is as good as dead." He tells me, the sincerity in his eyes almost enough to convince me. He must sense my hesitancy as he frowns. "There is one thing I am good at," he says confidently, "and that is killing people who harm what is mine."

I bite back a smile.

"Is that the only thing you are good at?" I tease him and he chuckles, his pale complexion brightening a touch,

"I'm great at the things on your mind, and I will remind you of it..." his lips capture mine in a heated kiss, the warmth of his tongue slipping passed mine as I moan, pulling myself closer.

"Eh hem," a voice interrupts us and I glance over to see Ezra leaning on the door frame. "We have to go. Giselle will only hold out for so long as she grows more frustrated every day."

"Is fish stick man not coming along?" Johannes asks, cranking the engine to life as he looks around the black interior for my dad.

"No,"

'my mom says. "Not yet, anyway. He needs to speak to his people, make arrangements, and see if they will allow him to leave again. Caspian is all about the rules."

Her words are dry and emotionless, but I can hear the tension in her voice. To say I am shocked by his absence seems like a huge downplay as we drive away and Merikh squeezes my hand tight.

"Are you ready for this?" He asks.

"I get the feeling I was made for this," I mutter, offering him a nervous smile.

"For war?" He arches a brow.

"For standing up to people who want to use those around them to better themselves. Giselle wants a war? Fine, but she is in for a tremendous surprise when she realizes she picked a fight with the wrong Luna."

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