

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

Chapter 111

Chapter 111

Merikh

I hold Colette close, knowing that the second we arrive there will be no time to be close to her. There is a very real probability the people we love will die. Not all of them, but some, and potentially one of us.

The reality of that knowledge doesn't go unnoticed by anyone in the SUV as Johannes careens closer to where my pack was supposed to be hiding. It infuriates me beyond all things that I once again was blind to what Lauren might share with the enemy.

Granted, I had hoped the rumor of her existence had been false. The fact remains, I failed my pack again. Little mistakes that could change the tide of any war plague me at every turn and I need to force myself to be prepared for whatever outcome may arise.

"What is the plan?" Johannes asks, his gaze meeting mine in the rearview mirror.

"We need to get to Giselle. Get her alone and piss her off beyond belief." Colette says.

"Care to share why making her angry is so important?" He asks.

Colette launches into explaining the thought process behind it all as I zone out, preparing myself for every scenario.

"Alpha," Melody says softly, grabbing my attention. "Are you feeling up to this?"

Her question is quiet, while Colette and Johannes chat as if they have been on the same side for all their lives.

"I am fine," I tell her, even if it isn't true.

There is no choice but to be fine in our current situation. Yes, we could have taken another day and hoped Giselle would have been patient, but that is not how either me or my luna are. My brother and pack are on a fish string, teetering over the edge, and we are the only ones who can catch them.

"Will you be able to fight?" She asks, concern etched in her face. My gaze skirts over to Ezra, who is very much pretending to be asleep.

"Of course I will." I frown, "Why don't you just ask what you are really trying to get to? You want to know if I will be able to protect Colette in my weakened state?"

She clears her throat and looks away, ashamed. I lean back on the seat, turning slightly.

"Let me be very clear. There is nothing, not even death, that will keep me from making sure she is safe." I whisper, and she nods.

"Good," her eyes drift to the window, and I feel she is holding something back, so I press her harder.

Colette slips up to the passenger's seat, speaking with Johannes about potential problems and what we anticipate while I pin her mother down with a pointed glare.

"Why did Caspian choose not to come?" I ask her, and she grows rigid. Her hands twist at the seat belt before she fiddles with the hem of her top.

"I already told you, you can ask Ezra too if you like." She tries to hide her face, but she is too much like Colette, looking away when she feels she is getting caught.

"I am not asking Ezra, I am asking you why you lied," I say, my tone harsh and I watch her throat bob as she swallows. "There is no way he wouldn't be here unless you asked him not to be."

"He is coming separately because we can't be in the same car." She admits, her hand reaching to the back of her neck. "It physically hurts to be near him. To know that all this time he never once thought that perhaps we weren't dead and he should search for us."

"There is more at stake than upsetting exes." I say with a disappointed frown.

"It would be less painful if we were exes." She whispers. "He didn't or doesn't feel the bond the way I do. There was no way for him to feel I was alive, I understand that, but...it feels like home. He feels like home, but that doesn't mean I am wanted there. Caspian spent ten years moving on from me, getting over me. I spent ten years wishing to die."

My anger flares up as I scoff and force back a disdainful chuckle. She convinced him to stay away because it's painful? Life hangs in the balance and she is more concerned with her own feelings than the thought of potentially losing a daughter again?

I whip around, leaning forward as I grab the phone Johannes had taken from my brother on his way to come for us. Thankfully, the phone for the Siren's is still in that cabin, and if I am lucky, Calvin will be there, and inform Caspian of what I sent through the message.

I shoot a short, and fire off a text, then slam the phone shut. Colette slides a glance in my direction, her brows tugging together in a silent question, but I ease her worry with a smile. I motion for her to crawl back with me and she grins, slipping over the armrest and into my arms, snuggling into my chest.

Her hand slips to my chest, a finger rubbing gentle circles over my heart before exhaustion takes over and I slip away into a deep sleep. There is nothing in my dream at first, no visions, no sweet memories to relive as it feels like I toe the line between consciousness and slumber.

Until I can feel a constant nagging, as if I am being tugged on like a fish finally hooked by an eager fisherman on the shore. My lycan tries to break into my mind, to wake me, but I am content.

At peace while doing nothing but merely existing with my mate in my arms. Until that hum of the bond is gone, ripped from my mind and body as panic settles over me.

The grip of cold death tears at my wrists, yanking and pulling on me as if it is struggling to separate me from the very life I ever refuse to step away from. My lycan howls loudly in my head, a distorted, distant sound as pain laces through my side. The world falls silent in the dark recesses of my mind as I try to understand what is happening.

Am I dead? Asleep, or maybe I am fighting off the rest of the demon vampire blood venom that was forcefully put inside of me? Then a fluttering blossom in me at my cheek, a wetness under my eyes and the sound of wind barreling through a concrete tunnel grows louder until I cry out in pain, covering my eyes and I throw my eyes open.

The world around me burns, the vehicle we were in up in flames as I blink and find Colette's tear-stained face. Her look of horror turns to one of sheer relief as she kisses my lips and hugs me.

"It's about damn time!" Johannes roars, a raging burn down the side of his pale face.

"What?" I croak, looking around in shock, taking stock of everything. "What the fuck happened?"

"The second we crossed the border, they attacked." Colette whispers, "They weren't waiting for us to talk or discuss things. It was always a trap."

Nothing makes sense as I try to shake my body awake, trying to reach out to my lycan, who still feels miles away. All I did was fall asleep. For what? Fifteen minutes at most and suddenly I wake up in a war zone.

"How long was I asleep?" I ask.

She frowns. "Eight hours,"

"And the attack happened? How long ago?" I ask, pushing myself up, ignoring the pain in my side that ripples up my body, making me shudder. "Feels like fucking forever and that is saying a lot coming from an immortal." Johannes responds, creeping over to us while keeping his head down. "Who pulled me out of that?" I ask, nodding to the melted and twisted metal.

"That was me," Johannes says, a smirk on his thin lips.

"I tried, but you were stuck, so I crawled back into try to free you—"

"Where is Melody?" I ask, my eyes wide as I force myself to sit up a little higher. "And Ezra?"

"They went to sneak in to where Hayes and Leandra are. We thought she would be safest with him since they don't know he is no longer neutral." Colette says, pushing me back down.

"What's the situation?" I ask, gently taking her hand off my shoulder and forcing myself to sit up. Her hand grips to mine, and she bites her bottom lip, looking nervously at Johannes.

"Your wolfie zombies are out on patrol. For every damn one I take out, another pops up to take its place."

"Wait, no one else is coming for us? Not the dragons?" I ask, a thought occurring to me that clearly they haven't had the chance to consider.

"One dragon, it took out our vehicle

and then left. After that, it was a surge of controlled werewolves, but nothing more than that." Colette responds, popping her head up to look around. Then she slowly towers herself, her brain clicking with what I am thinking. "Holy shit."

"What?" Johannes asks, sounding agitated to not be in the loop.

"They didn't know it was us." I whisper.

"Or it really is a trap and they want to confuse us." He shrugs. I frown and sigh heavily.

"Very fucking helpful." I mutter before I watch Colette closely.

"Maybe it is a trap, but if she wanted me from the very beginning, and she sent Lauren to where we were, then she must be expecting Lauren. Not a random black vehicle with

Johannes, who made it known, was against this war."

"Eh," He shrugs, moving closer. "I wouldn't say I'm against it. It's more an 'enemy of my enemy' type deal."

"I don't care." Colette grits out. "The point is, they don't know we are here."

"Hell, I didn't even know we were here," I admit, and she bites back a laugh, shaking her head.

"We need to get to Hayes." She says softly, clearing her throat. "The question is, do we want to make our presence known or keep it a secret?"

"What kind of question is that?" Johannes snorts.

I assess Colette, noticing that glint of mischief in her eyes. The one that makes her brown eyes so much brighter and all the more difficult to disagree with anything she says.

"You want to announce our presence, don't you?" I ask, and she shrugs with a wry smile.

"What ever my luna wants, I promise to give her." I wink at her and she stands, helping me up.

"Let me guess, I am the one doing the dropping in, aren't I?" Johannes asks before he grunts and drags his hands through his hair. "Well fuck me, I can't really die, anyway. Might as well visit the evil queen." [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

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We creep toward the main area of the pack, where I know we have at least a defense of some sort. Well, I hope. In theory, once we hit pack grounds, we should have been under the safety of my pack, but clearly, things are a little more complicated than I hoped for.

I try to listen closely to the forest for sounds or lack thereof. The chittering of a squirrel or the silence of even the tiniest of insects to determine where the enemy is placed. But I hear nothing more than my heavy beating heart and the way my lycan seems to scream inside of me.

He feels locked away, as though he has been placed in an internal cage and we can't fully reach each other. It's strange and as much as I hate to admit it, the realization that Lauren's bite may have fucked us over is downright scary.

The vampire bite should have killed either me or my lycan. Whatever Ezra did stalled the process, but if it had already started...if for some reason he stopped it after we began the separation of our soul, then I will always just be out of reach of my beast.

-Can you reach out to Hayes using the mindlink?-- Colette asks through ours. I frown, trying, but all I get is a static noise pulsing in my head that causes a stab of pain to my temple. I wince as I slam my eyes shut and shake my head.

-I can't-I tell her. Our eyes meet in the silence of the woods and I see the worry buried beneath the problem solving she is doing.

-It's not just you. I can't reach out to anyone in the pack-She says through our mate bond link.

-That just means Lily is close-I tell her and she nods, placing her hand on a downed tree as she propels herself over it.

There is a deep growl as I follow suit and land just in front of her. My eyes narrowed at the mangy wolf preparing to pounce on us. Its eyes rage in their telltale red as I inch forward, ready to fight him with bare fists if need be.

He lunges for me, gnashing teeth and drool hurling in my direction as I bob to the side, reaching out to catch him by the front paw. His back end lifts as I tug his front down, causing him to go down hard on his back with a thundering crack as his hind legs and lower back crash into the tree we had leapt over.

He whimpers and tries to crawl away with his front paws, a heavy whine as he realizes how unfortunate he is to have come across us alone. I saunter over to him, stooping low with a groan before I lift his head and quickly snap his neck, dropping his limp body to the ground. One less zombie is better for everyone in the equation of things. Possessed or not, the enemy is the enemy.

"Merikh!" Colette cries out in a hiss, her body stumbling into mine with a surprised groan as we both fall onto our asses.

Growling breaks out and I watch my mate shred her clothing as she shifts into her wolf form, tearing at the enemy we didn't even hear coming. I scramble to get up, catching a furry figure as it crashes into my side and I thud into a tree trunk, my shoulder popping like a balloon in a dart game. There is no room for crying out or whining as I immediately drop to my knees as the wolf flies for me again, colliding with where I was seconds earlier. My lycan screams, looking for a way out as I try to release him, begging him to somehow break free of my mind prison.

But I get nothing from him except the strength I have always had. A groan of frustration tears from my lips as I reach out with my good arm, gripping the wolf's tail and yanking hard.

He whips around, his rotting teeth snapping in my face as I lean back, then parry his attack with a fist to the muzzle. He whines before jumping at me again, this time taking me down to my back as I catch his sharp teeth in my forearm.

I push through the pain of my dislocated shoulder, barely getting the dexterity needed to get my thumb looped into the eyes socket. The wolf whines, trying to tear away from me, the whipping of his head back and forth popping my shoulder back into place with a jolt of pain followed by relief.

In his frantic flailing, I lose my grip, but I chase him forward, gripping his furry face with both hands as I slam my hard forehead to the tip of his muzzle. The bone shatters, his cry morphing into a strange snort of agony as I drop him and stumble off toward Colette.

With in a moment, I tackle the fucker

who was going for her from behind, digging my fingertips into his thick. fur and skin before I yank with all my might. Flesh tears open like a velcro strap in a shoe and warmth pools around my hand as I ramp up for another tug, removing the muscle and throat from its neck.

Colette stands, morphing back immediately into her human form, rushing toward me with a look of

worry on her face as she looks meet

oel. Pret

over like. It's strange, having someone fawn over you as if you are the weaker of the two. And supposed, right now, I may be, but I'm not a fan of it either way.

"Why didn't you transform?" she asks, a lilt of annoyance in her voice.

I arch a brow at her, noting the look on her face, the way she seems to think for some reason that without my lycan I am helpless.

"Did it look like I needed my lycans' help?" I ask her with a small scoff, and she narrows her eyes.

"We are trying to be fast and efficient. Being in lycan form would allow us to move faster." She says, making complete sense, which only frustrates

me.

I need to focus on getting us to

Hayes and preparing for the next part of our plan. Colette is right. We need to be fast and fighting in human form, though I am capable and effective. It is much slower.

However, it's not like I have a choice right now.

"I can't," I admit with a tight clench in my jaw. Her eyebrows furrow in confusion as I sigh. "My lycan is...something is wrong, and we are disconnected. I can not get him to come out even with both of us trying."

Her eyes soften, and she frowns, stepping closer to me.

"Then we will get there when we get there." She shrugs, clearing her throat as if she is choosing to not make a big deal out of something that is a huge deal.

But this is what makes her an amazing Luna. She is choosing her battles, and this is not one we can fight right now. Our attention is needed elsewhere on more important things. [SEAR*ch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"It would be faster for you if—" I start to speak, but I stop when she scoffs and lets out a dry chuckle.

"If you think for a damn second I will leave you, then you are just as dense as you were when we first mated." She says, crossing her arms over her bare chest.

It takes an immense amount of effort to not look her up and down and get myself turned on, so instead I slip my shirt off over my head and move to her, gliding it over her as she slips her hands through the sleeves.

"I'm not sure dense is the word I would have used. Maybe stubborn, or a little "

"No, dense is the right word." She grins. "Now, let's move before we get hit by another group of lily's controlled shit fighters."

A chill runs down my spine, goosebumps rising on my arms as I hear a low hum of a growl. One not of a single wolf, but many. Colette peeks around my shoulder, her eyes filling with fear, then she rolls her shoulders and clears her throat.

"Too late."

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I don't look behind me as I spin her and give her a rough shove forward. Even without my lycan, I can run and fast. It's rare I am one to retreat. Shit, it's hardly happened more than once or twice that I can recall, but now is as good a time as ever.

"Move," I growl at her as she glances over her shoulder at me before her eyes grow wide and she sprints.

My legs move in stride with hers, catching up in a few steps, looking back to see creatures creeping on the forest floor toward us with unnatural speed. My heart pounds as I press my hand to her back, spurring her on faster.

"Move faster, Letty," I rush out. I feel her muscles move at my command. Her stride lengthens and her arms pump harder.

The growling grows louder and the sounds of branches snapping above us send a shiver through my body as I prepare for whatever made up beast Lily has drafted up using her dark magic this time around. I reach out to my lycan, searching for that connection, the one just out of reach.

"What the fuck is that sound, Merikh?" she hisses as she slows and ducks under a low hanging tree branch.

"Focus on moving." I mutter, rallying against the wall in my mind, keeping me from being able to turn around and just annihilate the beasts behind us.

I leap over a root, landing just ahead of her as I grab her hand and begin to pull her faster. If I remember correctly, there is a small ledge ahead, one that has a roaring stream at the bottom of it.

If we can just make it to it, make it over it, then it should buy us some time. Especially with Colette's abilities with water. She could erase the magic with a simple rain shower, but that would drain her and to do that this early would be a waste of her energy.

"Merikh..." she says in a small warning. She is tired of being told what to do, but I know looking back would only make her freak out.

"Just do not look back," I urge her as she groans and follows me. Her hand squeezes mine and I look at her as her body seems to vibrate.

"There is a powerful body of water close." She mutters, "I can stop them if you would just let—"

"No." I snap. "No, it is a good idea, but you need to save your strength. The last thing we need is to drain your water abilities before we absolutely must."

"Merikh, we might not have a choice." She says firmly, her gait slowing as I tug on her a little harder.

"I need you to trust me." I say, and I can feel her inner conflict before she releases and agrees.

"I do."

"Then get your ass moving and get ready to jump when I say jump." I rush out, looking back to see a lizard type beast at my heels.

"What the fuck is that?" Colette screeches

"Oh fuck," I grunt, kicking a foot back and colliding with its scaly nose. It hisses in pain, a warbling noise emitting from it before I finally see the telltale stone ahead.

"Just focus on running." I yell at her and she whimpers, her legs kicking as hard as possible as we close in on the ledge. It's only five steps away, now four, three...

"Merikh-" She gasps in surprise as I throw her forward and scream at her all at once.

"JUMP!" Colette flies across, as I leap slightly behind her.

She grunts as she rolls to the dirt covered ground and I land on my feet, barely over the edge, before my legs fly out from under me and I am falling. "No!" she squeals, her hand catching hold of my wrist as she thuds to the ground with lung crush force. She wheezes as she uses both hands to hold me tight.

My right leg feels incredibly heavy as a sticky, wet substance clings to me. Without looking, I know what it is. It's the fucked up weird lizard creature that is probably truly just a wolf, just bewitched. But right now, it feels real magic or not.

I look down, kicking at him with my free leg, trying to get the prickly slimy tongue to unwrap from my ankle. My anger rises as the others come to a stop, hissing and growling as they pass back and forth.

At least my plan worked for the most part. The magic washes away with water, so for them to jump and miss, they would be easier to kill, nothing more than a zombie wolf with no actual skills or fighting abilities.

I swing my leg back, slamming it hard into the jagged rocks, the creature making a pained sound as it tries to cling to me. Over and over again I grunt, the sway of my movements propelling it harder and faster until finally it releases me and falls into the water below.

"Lift my hands to the ledge," I say to Colette, the two of us finally breathing easy as she nods. She groans, lifting me a few inches as I move my hands to the edge and pull myself up, rolling onto my back, eyes closed as I breathe.

"See, that wasn't so bad." I mutter. Then I stand and dust off my chest that has minor cuts because of the rocks. My eyes scan around for Colette, who in the span of a moment has disappeared completely.

-Merikh-She calls for me through the mind link and I freeze. Colette is near. I can sense her, feel her, but the fear in her voice sets me over the edge. I can't lose her, not here, not like this.

-Where are you?-- I ask her, my head whipping around to catch her scent, hoping to figure out which direction to start in.

"She is here, alpha." I hear a feminine voice call out and I try to place it.

It is not a voice I recognize as either Giselle or Lily. It comes from my left and I whip my head in that direction a glint in the trees as a silver dagger flickers in the waning sunset. Worry morphs into sheer murderous rage as I saunter over, my hands slipping into my pockets to show Fam not a threat...yet.

"Let me guess, you want to deliver her to Giselle?" I sigh heavily and the woman seems to smile as I move closer and closer. She is a cocky bitch, one not afraid of a Lycan king, which means she must be a dragon.

"I want to know how she escaped." She grits out, moving into the light, a massive red raging wound cutting through her left eye that looks burned and dead.

"Ah. So you got punished for her escape, huh?"

"Someone helped her get out." She bites out.

"And you are?" I ask, and she scoffs.

"None of your fucking business. Right now, I need her answer-"

"I got her out." I say, leaning forward and shrugging my shoulders. "Simple as that,"

"There is a traitor in my horde." She hisses, "And she knows who it is."

"Eat shit, Jennifer. You killed my Gamma. Do you really think I will tell you shit?" Colette growls out.

She meets my gaze and I see the flicker of her eyes to the right. A blur of red flies toward her, a screaming rage tearing through the air as the dragon woman flies to the side and Colette falls to the ground before standing and rushing to me.

When I look up, I see Percy as he stands, his chest heaving as he places himself between Colette and this Jennifer woman. He paces from side to side, a sick maniacal laugh breaking from his lips as she looks at him, shocked.

"You fucking killed her?" He asks. She scoffs and looks past him. Pushing herself up from the ground.

"Colette, I will give you one fucking chance. I was going to let your little Alpha live but—"

"You talk to me," Percy roars. "I am the last thing you will see before you bleed out." [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Let me guess, that bitch was your mate?" Jennifer scoffs, getting ready to attack.

"My twin sister," he bites out, and she laughs.

"Well, if you fight anything like her, then this will be quick. Don't worry Colette, I will be back to torturing you in no time. We can play your favorite game, the one where I—"

"ENOUGH!" I roar, unable to hear another fucking second of what this fucker has to say about the things she did to my mate.

I should tear her apart, rip out each of her teeth and shove them down her own throat until they poke through and she drowns in her own blood. But Percy needs this kill more. He needs this to move on from the loss of his sister. And I need to witness every gory, glorious moment of it.

"Percy," I say, my lip twitching with excitement as I bark out my command. "Kill this asshole."

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Colette

Percy's hand steams, smoke rising at an alarming rate, a grimace forming on his face as Jennifer tries to transform. A bright orange orb bounces in her throat, as if her flame is trying to break free to take over, and Percy is the only thing keeping it in. He lets out a pained scream as he releases her, but he doesn't back away as she gasps for air.

"We should go," Merikh whispers, pressing at my lower back. My cheeks grow warm, my jaw clenching in frustration.

"The hell we will," I say, sparing him a moment, before gluing my eyes onto Percy once again. "She killed Penny, and then she tortured me for days. And what she did to my mom-"

My voice breaks and I clear my throat, focusing on Percy as he ducks under Jennifer's arm, gliding to the left as she lunges forward at him. Flames shoot from her mouth as she whips around, trying to catch him as he rolls away.

Merikh pulls me further from them, giving them space as I watch anxiously. We could join in, help him finish her and make this end faster. But I need to watch her suffer as much as Percy needs to be the one who kills her.

It won't fix us, hell it will probably only make us feel better for a moment, but when time is the only thing that heals pain, you need a hit of something to hold you over until that time comes. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

This is that moment. That memory when I close my eyes and I remember how it feels to have her hit me, or the sounds my mother made screaming by Jennifer's hands, it will dull the ache. From a place that hurts to one that numbs, never erasing it, but at the very least feeling like we got fucking retribution.

"Percy will be fine. I have faith in his skill and his anger." Merikh says.

"I do too, but I need to see this," I whisper. Merikh's hand tangles with mine as he sighs.

"Then we stay and we watch her be destroyed."

Jennifer roars out, her head falling back as flames shoot straight up into the sky, the leaves of the trees near it recoiling from the heat before catching fire and falling to the ground.

Her skin grows scaly and her face morphs, an enormous head replacing hers as she grows longer and taller. I have seen a few varieties of dragons now, Teiran who was massive and other that are smaller, more like overgrown lizards.

Jennifer is an overgrown snake with legs, matching her personality in the most perfect way. Wings spawn out wide, as a slow flap sends wind tunneling toward us and she

flaps faster, preparing for takeoff. Her eyes cut to me and I grin, knowing she made a fatal mistake.

She has underestimated Percy by taking her gaze off of him and giving him the opening he needs to ground her.

He sprints toward her wing as her legs lift off from the ground, both claws sinking into the thin, paper like veiny skin. She squeals in pain as his fingers rip through with ease, shredding her flesh before her swipes again and again. Small blood stained bits flutter to the ground like dragon confetti as she drops from the sky to the one side.

Merikh throws me aside by my hand, my side landing hard on the dirt ground with a whoosh of air knocking from me. I turn, wheezing as I watch her tail fly around haphazardly and see Merikh on the ground on the opposite side.

"Shit!" I hiss, forcing myself up as Percy leaps onto her back and she tries like hell to bounce him off.

She bucks and kicks like a wild horse. Percy tries to cling to her, but his claws glance off her thick scales and he slips down toward her neck. I rush toward Merikh who opens his eyes and tries to rise and move toward where the fight is and my stomach falls.

In the span of a second, he goes from having the upper hand to his shoulder being in her mouth as he wails out in agony. My hair stands on edge as I rush to stand, forcing myself to close my eyes and rely on my siren's abilities.

A crunch rings out and bile rises in my throat as I open my eyes and break into a run. Her back is to me, and Percy is nowhere to be seen from the angle. I slip under her broken wing, panic gripping at my throat as I pop up and see Percy laying on the ground, unmoving.

"No, no, no!" I ramble, my eyes misting with tears as my skin feels like it is crawling, every bit of me hyper aware of what the fuck is going on. Jennifer has taken out an entire family and tortured mine. I should have just helped him kill her. I should have just told him to end her and not play with his prey.

But then he moves, his head shaking as his lycan form stands, his right shoulder droops and his eyes a full black as he throws his head back and lets out a heartbreaking lycan howl.

Percy moves to her, and she swings her massive head toward him, her jaw at an awkward angle, and I see flames dripping from her mouth as if she can't open it to release them properly.

She stumbles to the side; her balance off from her wing and her dislocated jaw as she lands on a tree and her human form takes over. Jennifer cries out in pain as Percy limps toward her.

When he reaches her, he grabs her by the ankle, dragging her toward the center of where they had been fighting and he transforms back into his redhead self.

"The weapon you used on my sister was fucking barbaric." He growls yanking her toward him as he kneels down and leans over her. "So fam going to have to get creative with what I use."

"If she had been trained better-" She struggles to get the words out and I growl in anger.

"You outnumbered her." I hiss, and she turns her pale pained face toward me.

Percy grasps her cheek, and she cries, trying to push him away.

"Look at me when I am killing you," he says, leaning close to her face.

I glance around, looking where Merikh had been laying only to find him gone. My eyes widen in shock as I reach out to feel him, but I get nothing.

"Merikh?" I rasp out, my mouth going

dry as my stomach feels queasy. His hand touches mine and the sparks make me relax as I look up at him. He appears to be okay, his eyes clearer than they had been before we left the ocean for home.

"This is the moment you have been looking for," he whispers, giving my hand a squeeze as I inch closer.

Percy grabs a stick, holding it over her chest as she cries, trying to fight him off, losing to his determination inch by inch until her cry grows into a frantic wailing and she begs.

"No, no. Please, I will help you-" she sputters out, blood flying from her lips.

"You want to help?" Percy asks, then he chuckles, turning his head to me where she looks and begs for freedom I won't give her. "Do you need any help, Luna?"

"I have all the help I need." I say with a sneer, moving closer. "After all, it was your very own prince of the dragons who helped me escape."

I whisper the words, and her eyes go

wide with shock and fury. For a moment ↓sè a spark, one filled with the will to live, but Percy wipes that thought from her as he plunges the stick through her chest fully and for good measure, he twists it then

stands.

"Burn where you belong, bitch." he spits the words at her, tears streaming down his cheeks as he turns and looks at Merikh and I.

"Feel better?" Merikh asks. Percy looks away and clears his throat before slowly nodding.

"For now," he admits, looking at me. "And you, Luna? Do you feel a little better?"

"I feel...relieved." I admit and give him a soft, reassuring smile.

"Good." he says, limping toward us. "Now, let me get you both to our safe zone. Hayes is champing at the bit to let you take over and lead this fight."

"Good." Merikh says, sounding relieved. "We are eager to lead it, Aren't we my little Luna?"

I grin up at him, walking along behind Percy and pulling Merikh along with me.

"The sooner we start, the sooner we can get it over with and live our lives."

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Chapter 115

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Hayes paces the border, his hands in his pocket and his eyes up toward the sky. He is anxious, his inability to sit still and his erratic movements as he checks his watch and scans the forest are all telltale signs. And if that wasn't enough to let us know, he lets out an enormous relieved huff of air before he grins.

"Have a nice little vacation, brother?" He teases, moving toward us in wide strides before he drags Merikh into an embrace.

"So relaxing it felt like I was going to die," Merikh grins.

His eyes slide to me with the glint of a hidden joke, no doubt referring to that pesky bite still noticeable over my mark. Something I will no doubt have to fix soon enough. Once

we have the time to think about something other than just trying to keep ourselves and everyone else alive.

"Not funny," Hayes frowns. "Ezrah filled us in on your run in with Lauren. How are you feeling?"

"Heavens, I am fine." Merikh groans. I am half tempted to tell Hayes that Merikh is struggling with lycan but I choose to keep that between him and I for now. "Tell me, what has been happening here? Where is our line? Do we have other packs coming to our aid?"

"Others have arrived, but most of our reinforcements are stuck on the outer banks on the other side of the dragons. They have made it known that no one gets in." Hayes frowns. "I hate to have to tell you this, but your cousin did not make it."

Hayes looks at me with a small frown and I furrow my brows before I realize what he means. My eyes grow wide in shock and my mouth falls open.

"Leslie is dead?" I ask, a pang of sadness growing in my chest as I think of the unborn baby in her belly, the one that may or may not have been Grady's.

"Alpha Bentley felt she needed to redeem herself after lying about being pregnant to get out of being mated to Alpha Merikh. Even though we all know he would have stolen you and jilted her if it had come down to it," Hayes explains.

Merikh wraps his arm around my waist, pulling me close as I struggle with the emotions rattling through me. Or rather, the lack thereof. Leslie was my family, not that I knew it until much later, but still. She was a large part of my life, and her actions lead me directly to Merikh's arms, but apart from that...I feel nothing. There is no sadness in her end for me.

"And my uncle?" I ask.

"He is holed up in his pack, mourning, I assume." Leandra says with a soft smile, stepping up next to Hayes. I nod in understanding. It doesn't surprise me in the slightest that he would hide from the fight and use his daughter's death as an excuse to cower, rather than fight back.

Hayes finally looks past us, his eyes bulging when he looks at Percy and pinches the bridge of his nose. I look back, watching my gamma, who clearly needs medical care as he takes his stance in his given spot just behind me, protecting my back.

"We need a healer to meet us in the pack house immediately." I say, looking around for anyone to listen. A warrior takes heed of my command and sprints away from us at full speed.

"Luna, I am fine." Percy says, but the pain morphs, his voice making it higher and breathy.

"I am not asking, Gamma." I say, walking back to him and gripping onto his uninjured arm. "You were a dragon's chew toy. So you will get seen, understand?"

"Yes," he says begrudgingly.

"When we have time, I would really like you to paint the visual of Percy being a chew toy, but there is a lot to fill you both in on." Hayes sounds exhausted, the dark circles under his eyes noticeable for the first time since meeting the Beta.

Leandra slips up to his side, glancing up at him lovingly as he returns her look. Then they face us and Hayes falls in next to Merikh as we are guided to the heart of the pack.

I can feel a rumbling under my feet, one no one else seems to notice as I inhale and then slowly exhale, reaching out to the earth, my siren searching and my wolf calming to a near slumber.

Then I feel it. The rushing of water grows stronger with every step I take toward the pack. It soothes my soul to know it is here, so close to me. I can feel the raw power of it as my nerves tingle and my fibers seem to hum with glee. The ocean water did wonders for me, but fresh water, untouched and from the earth, has a wildness that sings to me. One that gives me hope that we can do this.

Grunting and yelling echoes toward

us

us as we make it into the pack's center. Some Warriors train, sparring with each other while the others stand in line under a tent, grabbing food that is dished out with speed and precision. It's not what I would imagine before a war with their mates and children laughing and playing to the side.

vel.

But then again, the war wasn't meant to be here in the first place. This was supposed to be the haven where families would remain away from danger while waiting for warriors to show up after the battles. Eyes wander toward us, lighting up in pleasant surprise as they give soft bows and carry about their way.

Being back surrounded by our

people sends a shiver down my spine as I smile, breathing in deeply. This is what it is like being home. Being of two worlds is strange and new, but being here, with my pack

and with Merikh is a solid reminder that these are the people if I had to die, I would willingly die for.

I notice how Merikh seems to lumber, his eyes closing longer than they would in a normal blink as we approach the house, slowly climbing the stairs. "You should rest," I say to Merikh, sensing his exhaustion as his feelings tiptoe the line into mine. He has been exhausted since Lauren's little attack and while I know he is still healing, there is a small fear he will waste away into nothing if he doesn't recover fully.

"I am fine," He murmurs, arching a brow. "Unless you are saying you want to go to our room."

"Merikh, you need to rest. Maybe it will help you with your ly-"

"Hayes, let's talk in the kitchen. I need food, but I don't have the time to sit and eat without talking." He says, changing the subject, his eyes sliding to mine with a small look of guilt.

"Oh, thank heavens." My mother's voice sounds through the hall as we inch through the door. She pulls me into a tight embrace, her heart pounding as she holds me close and pulls back, cupping my face in her hands.

"Mom, we are fine." I sigh and she looks at Merikh, reaching out and taking his hand to give it a good squeeze.

"I see that now, but I was worried. Especially considering the state of you," she says, looking up at Merikh who clears his throat and looks away. Hayes eyes him curiously, but he knows better than to ask questions right now.

"How about you two talk for a bit and I will take mom for a walk around the border." I say, tugging Merikh down as I press my lips to his cheek. "Mind link me when you are ready to rest." [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"Colette," he says with a frown. "I promise, I am okay."

"Then you can explain to Hayes how you were bitten by Lauren and almost died." I say, giving him a sly grin, and he groans.

"Okay what?" Hayes says, alarmed. "I heard about the fight and but near death?"

I rush off with my mom's hand in mine, my mate giving me an unsatisfied frown as I make it out of the house.

"I don't know where the border is." My mom reminds me as I drag her down the front steps.

"We aren't looking for the border yet." I inform her and she exhales.

"So then, what are we looking for?" She whispers.

"We are checking on Percy, and then we are going to see if we can find Ezra. Johannes is going to meet with Giselle, and that is when things will really be set in motion."

"I'm not sure I understand..." she admits and I shake my head, grabbing her hand.

"I want to know exactly where Giselle is, which means trying to get eyes on our vamp friend." I shrug. "And before you say anything, Merikh knows exactly what is going on, but what he has to do is equally important."

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