

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 12

It's been a week already and every day has been the same routine. Wake up, grab something to eat on the way out and walk with Merikh. My healing is insanely fast and I am more convinced every day that Leslie or someone at the pack was keeping me weak. My wolf is more alert, and like me, she craves being near Merikh more and more every day.

Not once has he let go of my hand when we walk in the water and even though we often walk in silence, it's comfortable and occasionally he will flirt with me. Or rather, he tries to flirt with me with a gentle push or sweet words that make me blush and him smile. I wish I could spend more time with him, eat dinner or watch a movie like we did the one time, but Hayes usually rushes him away to do something or meet with a pack mate.

"I can't believe he still hasn't introduced you to the pack yet," Penny grumbles as she turns my bed down for the night. A habit she is loving doing while I stand by awkwardly and wait to just crawl my sore body into bed.

"We aren't marked yet," I remind her and she frowns at me.

"An acceptance is like an engagement ring, Cole.

My heart stops and I inhale sharply as she says the nickname I nearly forgot. Or rather I have tried to forget along with the person who called me by that name. It still hurts, it feels like it will always hurt.

"Don't call me that," I snap and Penny freezes, her eyes sliding to gauge my reaction before she softens and nods.

"I'm sorry, Luna. Sometimes I forget my place and I just sort of..."

"You don't have to call me Luna, but just...you can call me that name...please,"

"Of course." She says, walking over to me. "I'm sorry,"

"It's okay," I sigh, "you didn't know. How could you?" Then I think for a minute and I smile. "Any nickname you want but not that,"

“Hmm...I’ll think of one.” She winks. “Now you should get some rest. You look exhausted.”

“Ugh, thank you.” I murmur, crawling into the bed as she walks to the window and closes it.

“Could you leave it open...?” I ask her and she looks conflicted before she gives me a soft smile and nods, opening it back up.

“Good night, Luna.”

I settle into my warm blankets, a smile on my lips as I know a good night’s sleep is coming. I’ve had amazing, rejuvenating sleep every night since training started, and to say sleeping is now one of my favorite things would be an understatement. My eyes drift closed and for a moment I am washed over with darkness. Until a green light enters my eyesight and I find myself unable to look away.

It feels like I am falling, my b*dy light and chilled as suddenly I am dropped in a swamp. The muck comes up to my thighs and I grunt as I try to release myself from it, fighting with every ounce of my b*dy as I try to pull myself out with my hands, only to fall forward. The muck inches toward my mouth as the hair on my n*ck rises in panic. I am going to drown here. And I don’t even know where here is.

Then hands swoop me up, and I am freed, tucked into a warm embrace as the person runs with me, their hood up over their face as they look over their shoulder repeatedly. I try to speak, but nothing seems to come out, not until the woman stops and sets me down. I am small now, no longer my usual height but that of a child, and the hooded figure kneels before me, pulling off their hood.

The woman’s blonde hair stands out in the dark, and her worried eyes meet mine. As I try to figure out who she is, why she is in my dream and then I feel it. The draw to her in my chest, the pain in my heart as she cups my cheek with a shuddered breath.

“Do not follow me, my little water bug.”

“Mom...” I whisper, and she gives me a reassuring smile.

“Please.... stay and wait. He will be here soon.”

Then she rushes off.

“Who?!” I cry out, chasing after her, breaking through the thick brush and sloshing through the soggy earth. “Mom! Come back! Wait! Please!”

The green light is back, a glowing little orb that seems to guide me through this dream state, pulling me in a different direction. I stay rooted where I am. Mom said to

wait here. She said he would be here soon. Without knowing who he even is, I know I want to meet him, to see him. But that light grows brighter, burning my eyes the longer I remain still before it flies at my face, pestering me like a mosquito on a warm summer's eve.

I swat at it, annoyed that it won't leave me, and as I hit it, my hand sparks and a wave of electricity shoots through me painfully. I cry out, trying to understand what the hell is happening as it comes for me again, and suddenly I am running from the menacing orb that is attacking me. It hums in a high-pitched tune, making my ears ring, and I feel so utterly alone and desolate as I turn and run for *my* life.

The moon highlights the darkness of the water to my left as I weigh my options. Can I lose this orb in the water? My stomach churns at the thought of being in the dark water alone with no idea how to swim, but I cut toward it, splashing through it until I fall forward and drop under the water.

I plunge into silence, one that calms me, and I allow myself the moment before I open my eyes and see the orb just above me. It dances over the rippling surface, like a bee trying to find the right flower to pollinate, and then it lunges

for my face. All the air in my lungs bubbles out as I try to push myself deeper, but the orb stops short of my nose.

"Find her," a voice seems to come from everywhere around me.

My wolf whining in the back of my mind, trying to tell me something, warn me, but I am too lost in the meaning

of the voice in the water. "Find her before it is too late. She needs you, Colette."

Then the orb shoots off and I break through the surface, dazed as I gasp for air. I rush to the water's edge, coughing and shivering as I try to figure out what I need to do next. Nothing makes sense, everything feels rushed and discombobulated as I try to force coherent thoughts to my brain. Then I see her, my mother, running for her life and looking over her shoulders.

"Mom!" I cry out once more, my voice cracking with emotion as I watch her look back at me and then she speeds up, pushing herself to move further away as tears well in my eyes and I try to catch her. Why is she running from me? Doesn't she love me? Doesn't she want me?

"Wait!" I scream after her, fighting against the wetness in my clothes that tries to restrict me as I run after her.

I chase her for minutes; her looking back at me with heartache in her eyes as she dodges tree branches and leaps over roots that seem to claw at me, dragging me down and helping her escape me.

My leg tingles as a branch tangles around my arm and I grow frantic, fear tearing at my chest as I think about losing her. She told me to wait, but I can't. I can see the distress in her and feel it as she slowly disappears and then she stops. My mother turns to face me, standing just far enough away that it feels so far, but I can make it, if I can only break free of these trees.

I growl as I rely on my wolf's strength for the first time, and I break free, sprinting forward. Victory is just a few

yards away as my mother remains still, as if she is waiting for me, like she truly wanted me to come for her all along.

"Colette," I hear my name, but it is distant, muffled as though I am under the water again, unable to distinguish who it is calling to me..

My mom beckons for me with her hand, motioning for me to come closer to come to her

and I take a step forward, only for a root to grab my leg. It winds up my body, crossing over my chest and pulling me back against a trunk, holding me there.

"Mom!" I scream, watching as she takes a small step toward me, only to stop as she screams out in pain and falls to her knees before me. My vision goes static for a moment and a vibration seems to speak to my wolf, making it whine and pace. Then I feel the heat in my ear.

"Colette, I need you to listen to me," Merikh's voice breaks into my mind. "Focus on my voice, little mate."

I whimper as a spear breaks through my mother's chest, and she cries out my name. I fight as hard as I can; the branches growing tighter.

"No! NO!" I thrash, not caring about the pain that seems to grow more prominent in my leg and spreads through the rest of my b*dy. "Look at me, Mom. It's okay, you are going to be okay..." I lie and whimper as she slumps forward and then her body disappears.

Gone in a second and I blink, my tears ceasing as I stare at the figures before me with red eyes. They watch me, my b*dy shivering despite the warmth at my back.

"Are you back?" Merikh whispers. "Are you with me?" I crumble in his arms, my head pounding and my leg searing in pain as he takes a step back, dragging me along with

him. He lifts me into his arms, and I see shadows on either side of us stepping forward.

“Kill them if they step a damn foot over that line.” He growls as he carries me away quickly.

“Merikh,” I croak, my voice raw and painful. “What happened?”

“I was hoping you could tell me.” He answers in a clipped tone.