

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

Chapter 121

-I am here--I tell her through the mind link. There is a rustling above me and she drops down from the tree, leaves in her hair and soot on my cheek. She stands, her eyes filled with tears and fear as she reaches for me. My human form takes over as I tuck her into my chest, pulling her tight.

"We aren't alone," I whisper, and she nods.

"I know." She says back, pointing behind me. I spin and look up in the tree, catching a glimpse of a familiar lycan, and I frown.

"Percy." I say in a growly voice.

He climbs down, transforming into his human form, as he saunters over with his eyes cast down as he quickly pulls on his shorts. The kid was supposed to be on bed rest, not chasing us into a fucking fight.

"Alpha," He murmurs.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" I ask, arching a brow. It seems no matter who sick, heart broken or physically broken he is, there is no shaking this tenacious redhead.

"My job." He says. "I took an oath,"

"And I told you to rest," Colette says.

"I will rest when you are not in danger, Luna. But when you are walking into it head on, I will be there with you. As your shadow, always. Like Penny."

I slide a look at Colette, watching as her face goes from anger to gratitude. It's amazing how quickly she can calm herself while I sit here and seethe over him breaking an order. Perhaps this is why I was granted a Luna like her. Perhaps I need to be more like her. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"What happened?" I ask Colette, choosing to ignore the Percy issue for now.

"A wolf and a dragon got into a fight over which way to go." She says. "The wolf wanted to go in your direction. The dragon felt it would be best to keep going toward Giselle. He wanted to be near his queen..." she says, her eyes meet mine.

"Shit." I grumble, my heart falling to my feet.

"Shit, what?" Percy asks, looking at us.

"The dragons are feeling protective of their queen. Which means Giselle is prepared and getting through to her won't be as easy as we could have hoped. Not that we expected any less, but "I pause, releasing a heavy sigh.

"It's possible Giselle knows we are coming now." She frowns.

"How?" Percy asks.

"We have a traitor among us, and since Lily is still alive and nearby, I have the feeling Elm has been lying and playing us for fucking fools all along."

Fuck, fuck, fuck. With Lily still alive, Giselle will remain too strong against our forces. It will be a massacre against our kind, yes we have packs here to fight with us, but our defenses against the dragons are nil. Colette and Caspian are the only ones who can protect them from the fire.

"You need to go back." I insist, taking her hand in mine.

"Hell no!" she scoffs. "I need to contain her burst of heat when she combusts, Merikh."

"She won't kill anyone but the people closest to her...hopefully." I say, trying to convince her. But I know I am wrong. The entire area will be flattened, laid to waste and ash when she goes up. Colette will need to use her skills to provide a wall to save them.

"And I suppose you think you will be the one to antagonize her?" She growls.

I shoot her a charming smile, trying to break the tension.

"I am very good at antagonizing," I remind her and she groans, throwing her hands up in the air.

"No." She says plainly.

"No?" I ask, not entirely shocked by her answer, but more by the passion behind it.

"No. I refuse. If you think someone needs to go back, then you go. Or send Percy."

I deflate, my shoulders slumping and my head shaking in frustration.

"We do not have your skills." I remind her. She licks her teeth and chuckles sardonically.

"Exactly. I am the only one who can do BOTH things that need to be done. Our pack needs you more than I need you right now." She says, her tone softening. "I know you are worried, and you want to be near me, but you taught me what leading is."

My jaw clenches and I clear my throat, looking away. Fuck her and her stupid, logical logic.

"I can't let you do this alone." I sigh, keeping the tears away. "There is no way I can function, not knowing you are okay or that you can handle this."

She tilts her head to the side, walking over to me as she reaches up and cups my cheek.

"I can handle this. Okay? I promise. And I won't be alone. I have Percy. He has proven time and time again how talented he is at protecting me. Trust that instinct you had when you chose him to be my gamma."

It feels like I am being torn in two, my chest burning and my fingers itching with indecision. I clench my hands into fist and let out a frustrated groan, then I look up and nod. "Fine." I grunt, then I grab her at her waist and yank her to me roughly. "But you better make it fucking back to me. Do you understand?"

"Mm-hmm," she says, tilting her head back for a kiss.

"That's a fucking alpha order, Colette." I clarify and she giggles.

"I know, I know." She whispers as I press my lips to her.

She breaks away too soon, giving Percy a nod as she takes two steps back and then spins on her heels sprinting off with her red-haired protector. I hate this so fucking much. But she is right. This is what being a leader is, making decisions I hate but are necessary. Our pack needs us both, but they need us in different places.

Another burst of flames shoots out, and I hear cries and wolves howling. That's where I am needed. That's the fight I know how to fight. I am trusting Colette and Percy. Fuck if it isn't hard, though. I take off in that direction, one last glance over my shoulder where Colette disappeared before I inhale deeply and shift into my lycan form.

The path is easy until a tree creaks from the heat and I look up to see it come flying down toward me. I try to leap out of the way, but a branch reaches out, hitting me hard as I fly in the opposite direction I was aiming for. My back slams into a hard rock face and I slide down, landing on something wet and fleshy.

In a fight, you always know what that is, and you never look down for fear of seeing someone you know. But I find myself unable to look away when I see who is beneath me. My vision

grows red in anger, everything I thought and believed shifting in the span of seconds.

Elm lays dead beneath me as I struggle to get off his mutilated body. His head clings to his neck with a thread of skin and muscle, his eyes wide and his chest clawed to shreds. Not at the hands of a werewolf. But that of a woman with sharp, long nails.

Elm isn't the betrayer. He didn't kill Lily like he promised because he was killed first.

But if the traitor wasn't Elm, then it only leaves one person.

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Chapter 122

Colette

Percy is silent, his eyes always on the lookout and his body tense as we move swiftly closer and closer to the enemy. There are so many things I want to say, want to ask him, but I know all too well the once chatty kid is much more closed off now. Even to me. I clear my throat softly and glance at him, catching him as he looks at me. Then he sighs.

"Luna, I am fine." He tries to assure me.

"Ok," I say nonchalantly, afraid to push harder.

"The Fae queen's hold wasn't long enough to linger in me. I have not felt her once where Leandra has." He offers and I shake my head.

It's funny how he assumes I am worried about that. Or perhaps he knows exactly what I am worried about and wants to be sure we skip that topic. When I look at him again, I see he needs this, to just air his own worries and doubts while I pretend they are mine.

"If you say so, Percy." I shrug, ducking under a pine branch, the needles tumbling from the dried out tree and scattering to the ground.

"I would never put you in danger. If I was worried about her having a hold on me, then I wouldn't have come." He says, his voice growing more desperate. "The fae's hold was weak enough for me to fight once, so if it happens again, I will fight it."

A soft breeze brushes my face, and I pause, wondering how a breeze could make it through the dense forest. He prattles on with his words while I watch as a single tree shudders from the same wind and I reach out, grabbing Percy's arm. He lets out a sad sigh.

"Luna, I swear I am here to protect you, and it has nothing to do with Penny. We took an oath and I stand by that—"

"Percy..." I mutter "Shut up."

He follows my gaze, his eyes growing wide before he scowls up at the tree, his knees bending as he lowers his body and prepares for an attack.

"What do you see?" he whispers low enough only a wolf could pick up.

"Breeze in a single tree," I murmur back, my eyes focused on the branch that sways yet shows me nothing. No animal or warrior can be seen, but we have learned that means shit in this world where magic has turned dark.

"We need to move," He says, grabbing my elbow, and tugging me away. My eyes snap to him, watching as he fixates on something I clearly can not pinpoint.

"What do YOU see?" I hiss at him and he shakes his head, though his eyes remain focused.

"Nothing where something should be, and that worries me more," he says before snapping his gaze to meet mine. Panic explodes over his face. "Run, luna" "Shit," I grumble, turning and taking off at a full sprint.

Percy is at my back, his even breathing loud enough for me to hear, and I realize he is doing that for me, so I know he is there and I don't need to look back. I try to reach out to Merikh, but we have grown too far apart.

My mind whirls with possibilities of what the hell might be following us. Whatever it is, it has had the time to attack and yet it didn't. Whether that makes it a wise enemy or a shitty ally, I don't know. And truthfully, I don't care to find out.

"Move faster," I hear Percy usher out behind me as I try like hell to make my legs comply.

Lycans are much faster. Not only do they have that height and long legs, their stamina and strength is overall just.... better. I, however, have to reserve my wolf and siren to try to save as many people as I can when the time comes.

It's not just others whose lives depend on me being able to drown out the blast, but my own. If I fail, I will be the first one to go and I can't imagine what that will do to Merikh.

My ankle twists as a stone rolls from under my foot, tossing me to the right. I collide with a tree trunk, my shoulder smacking into it with a loud thud as I grunt out in pain. Percy is next to me in a heartbeat, swooping under my aching shoulder and wrapping his arm around my back as he continues to blaze through the trees.

Branches reach out, as if they are long fingers extending to entwine me. Twigs, slice at my face, catch at my waist as we try like fucking hell to break away from whatever the fuck is happening.

Then I am dropped, my support disappearing as I take a step onto my ankle and pain tears through my calf. I cry out, and land on my hands and knees, turning to look at Percy, who stands in front, his back to me and his arms at the ready.

"She is here." He murmurs. "I can feel her now, she is so fucking close, I can taste her on my Tongue."

"Fight it, Percy." I say, forcing myself to stand as I roll my shoulders back. He looks over his shoulders at me, a sly smirk on his lips. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I fully intend to do just that, Luna Letty."

The fear that was gripping me suddenly seems to fade. The sheer truth of Percy's words is enough to make me bet my life on him winning this battle. He is young and new to this role, but I am not sure there has ever been a better gamma duo than the one I had.

A woman in a velvet green dress drops out of a tree, her eyes swirling with red and her face pale, almost gaunt. When she smiles, she reveals a mouth of missing teeth and lips that are colored red by her own blood.

With every step closer she takes, I see the stains on her garb. The way it is tattered and soaked with blood. Elm must have failed to kill her. She has clearly been tortured, so there is no doubting he was telling the truth.

"Luna," she says, her lips cracking and a droplet of blood dripping down her chin. "You turned him against me."

"Elm?" I ask and she looks sad for a moment, glancing down at her bloodied finger tips.

"He loved me," she whispers. "He chose me until you came along."

"Direct your word to me, bitch." Percy says, stepping in between us to block her view of me.

A tree branch snaps out, grabbing hold of Percy's wrist. He is fast as he grabs it back, yanking it toward him as his lycan surfaces and he tears into the tree's bark, breaking it clean off of him. Another flies for him, taking his other hand just as one grabs his leg. He howls, breaking his hind leg free as he snaps at the branch that lifts him high, then slams him down toward the earth.

I press my hands to the dry dirt, reaching for the water and swiftly pulling it from the earth in time to break his strike to the ground with a soft mud. Lily's eyes squint as she smiles wide and then giggles, covering her mouth.

"I'm not the only one with a party trick, I guess." She says.

Percy looks at me, giving me a 'don't do that' glare and I roll my eyes. I know I need to save my strength, but I refuse to watch him fight an unfair fight. There is nothing for me to say to Lily so instead I shoot her a fake smile. One that really says 'fuck you', it only pleases her as she giggles again.

Percy takes the time she is distracted to inch his way closer to her, but even without using her eyes, she witnesses it. Roots rise from the ground, breaking through with such force that Percy is unable to maintain his balance.

He falls onto his ass. They circle him, twisting together at the top slowly, trapping him. He tears them to shreds, but they replace quicker than he can move out of the way.

He is snatched to the ground, his lycan form roaring in anger as he tries like hell to break free. A green root slips around his neck, tightening as his lycan retreats and Percy's human form takes its place. His sad eyes meet mine.

"Stop!" I scream, scrambling from the ground and trying to make it over to him. "Please! Don't kill him!"

The wooden noose around his neck stops, and I look up at Lily, who looks all too happy with what she is doing. Then he leans forward and tilts her head.

"I will let you say goodbye." She says. "It's more than you got to do with his sister."

Rage boils in me as I lick my lips and dig as deep in myself as I can. What use is water at this moment? What use is a wolf against a magic that took down a lycan warrior?

"You are not allowed to die." I command him with my tone. He meets my gaze, unsure of how to respond as he lies, unable to move. Then I realize what it is I have to do, fuck saving my strength, fuck hiding how strong I am. "When I do this, you get your ass up and finish it."

My words register to him, and he furrows his brows in confusion as I close my eyes. I dig deeper than the cold reserves of water just below the surface. My siren reaches past the flowing waters in the caverns hidden far below even what we could comprehend.

Dragons remain close to heat, a heat that comes from the earth, so I find the water that is bubbling, the water that steams and roars with pockets of heat. It feels as if my veins are being stretched as I pull it from the earth, the energy it requires making the fibers of my muscles quiver in use.

Then it happens, a geyser that rises to the surface, exploding from the very earth beneath Lily's feet as she screeches and flies into the air. The water drips down onto us, the searing burns ones I relish as it proves I did it. Then I look at Percy and he roars, his lycan back and breaking free as he leaps up a tree, tackles her from the geyser as it slows and falls away.

Lily's skin is red and covered in blisters as he hammers her to the ground and sinks his teeth into her throat. Her cry turns to a gurgling as she drowns in her own boiling blood, her body twitching as the nerves die off.

"Holy shit, Luna." Percy says, panting in his human form, his eyes wide. "I didn't know you could do that."

"Me either," I say, shocked, with a little surprised chuckle. "That was..."

"Amazing." A voice whispers from behind us.

We whip around, and Percy leaps in front of me just as Ezra steps out from the shadows. I furrow my brows, looking at him.

"What are you doing here? You are supposed to be coming from—"

"I didn't trust Elm, so I followed him." He admits, with an ashamed frown.

"And what did you find?" Percy asks, but he doesn't drop his guard.

"Elm wasn't the one torturing her. He was there to rescue her and set her free, and clearly he succeeded." Ezra shakes his head. Percy looks at me and then back at him.

"What did you do to stop it?" He asks.

"I fought with Elm while she escaped. He ran off, and I went after Lily, hence me showing up right now. I have been tracking her." Ezra explains.

I sigh, tiredness tugging at my body as I look at Percy and he presses his lips together, turning to look at me. He glances over his shoulders once more to make sure Ezra isn't listening before he whispers so low I barely hear him.

"I don't trust him." He says. I bite my lip and nod.

"Understood. We tread lightly then, okay?" I say and he nods, then I smile at Ezra.

"With Lily dead, what do you plan to do now?" I ask him and he shrugs.

"Follow the original plan, of course. Unless you are feeling tired, I could carry you, if you wish? I see that your gamma still has fresh injuries that need healing."

I glance at Percy, noticing Ezra is right. Percy's bite mark from the dragon fight, though looking much better, has re-opened in a few spots. I wrestle with what to do, but I know I need the rest. So does Percy. "Actually, that sounds like a good idea for now." I say hesitantly. "Just for a little bit."

"Perfect." He gives me a bright smile. "Let's go kill a queen."

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