

# Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 136

\*\*Two years later\*\* \*Merikh\*

"Where is he?" I snarl, on my hands and knees, tearing the tablecloth to the side. If Colette finds out he is gone again, I am in deep shit. I find nothing there but a small trail of cookies as I smirk and look to my right. Green eyes beneath a mop of curly brown hair stare up at

me with an excited face.

"Your brother thinks he is so sneaky, but we got him now, don't we?" I whisper to her as she grins widely, her chunky cheeks round and adorable.

"Did you lose Dylan again?" Colette asks, walking into the room as I sit back on my ankles.

I feign a scoff, waving her off, hoping she will just assume this is all a part of a game. I will never admit that this little stinker can outsmart me even at just the wee age of one year and some months. His twin sister, however, is my little shadow, always at my side. "Define the word lose?" I say with a wry smile as her eyes grow wide.

"Merikh! Are you serious? You honestly lost our son again?" She squeals, suddenly darting around the kitchen to Dylan's usual hiding spots.

"Dada," my sweet little Harmony says, popping up to her feet and tottering off.

"Oh, no, you don't," I chuckle, scooping her into my arms as I jump up and follow the trail of cookie crumbs leading out of the kitchen and around the corner to the front closet.

I clear my throat standing outside of the door and gently knock on the thin wood. A tiny little giggle explodes through the door and harmony squeals in delight, squirming in my arms to get down and laugh with her brother.

"Dylan," I call out in a sing-song voice, Colette comes up behind me with a frown on her lips as she crosses her arms over her chest.

The little chubby, almost toddler, raps on the door from the inside and babbles incoherently. Harmony giggles as if she can understand his language, and maybe she does. They are twins and I swear they have conversations all the time. "Why does it feel like they are making fun of me?" I say, looking back at Colette, who fights a smile.

"Probably because they are." She says, being no help at all.

I exhale before I open the door and squat down, looking at my sweet troublemaker who smiles brightly before he wobbles to me and falls into my arms. Harmony stands in front of her mom, begging with open hands to be picked up, and Colette gives in to her wordless demand. Search the [findnovel.net](http://findnovel.net) website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Are you ready for bed, my little loves?" I ask, cuddling Dylan close and reaching out to rub Harmony's back as we head to their room.

They both snuggle close, their sweet little hugs doing wonders to heal the terrors of the day I had before walking through that front door. Three weeks of nonstop attacks on our pack has begun to weigh heavily on all of us here.

If it weren't for King Zale and Colette's close ties with her siren family, we would be gone by now. But instead, the majority of the werewolf and lycan population has moved to our pack, more than tripling the population every six months until now.

"How bad is it?" Colette asks as we enter their room, flipping on their tiny little bubble night light that displays fish on the wall. A cute gift that her cousin Wade ended up finding in a sea town after the twins were born.

"We are running out of time." I admit, laying my little guy into his crib and tucking him in. It's hard to look away from him, but I do so I can memorize how both of them sleep so sweetly. "It is so peaceful watching them sleep."

"Their innocence is something else," Colette agrees, a soft smile on her lips. "I wish the world was a better place for them."

I reach out, tugging her by her waist to me as I press my lips to her temple.

"The world is as good as we make it for them. I'd rather it be bad now and try to improve it before they have to know it the way we do." I tell her as she sighs and leans into me.

We watch them for a few minutes longer before sneaking out and finding Thatch leaning against the wall across from their room.

"Alpha, Luna," He says, giving a respectful nod.

"I hate to say this, Thatch, but every time I see you, it gives me anxiety." Colette teases and he grins.

"Yeah, being the bearer of bad news is annoyingly my thing." He says, "But it came in the job description, so I suppose I was warned."

"What do you have for me?" I ask, a tugging of worry in my gut. Is it possible that the dragons have finally made it through the water defenses?

"I have located him." He says softly and my eyes grow wide in shock.

"H-he is alive?" I swallow roughly, my throat dry and my mind spinning.

Seven months. That is how long it has been since I have spoken with my brother. He still hates me, blames me for his life that he claims has been so awful since losing Leandra. Hayes never recovered from that loss, and he never opened up to anyone about it. Not even the men who have been with him side by side for almost two years hunting down Ezra and this damn egg.

"Yes," Thatch clears his throat. "And he is here."

My eyes grow wide as I look over at Colette, who mirrors my shock. Alpha order or not, I hadn't expected to see my brother alive again since our last falling out. He used to come back every two weeks to see his niece and nephew and Colette until he went dark on us. He is hardened now, darker in spirits and still searching for something, anything, worth living for outside of my order.

"Here as in the pack or here as in the pack house?" I ask him and he clears his throat.

"He is in your office." Thatch says. "And he asked to speak with you, if you have the time."

I snort a laugh, knowing full well that he wasn't nearly as polite as Thatch is letting on.

"Right." I murmur, still a little in shock as I run my hands through my hair and then I look at Colette. "Let's go see what he has to say."

"Actually," Thatch says, wincing as if he is in pain. I eye him suspiciously as he shakes his head. "Hayes has asked for an audience with only you."

Colette gives me a reassuring smile as she takes a step back.

"Well, don't leave him waiting. Angry with you or not, he is still your baby brother." She reminds me and I sigh before turning and heading to my office.

I push the door open, looking up to find Hayes wandering around the office as if it has changed since he left. But it hasn't, which makes me hope he is nostalgic for home. He looks over at me for a moment before turning back to wandering around the office and stopping at the window, looking out at the lake where the sun is disappearing.

"Good to know you are alive." I mutter walking over to my desk as he scoffs.

"So long as you are happy Alpha, all is dandy, yes?" he says in a mocking tone. I give him a warning glance he pretends not to see as I take a seat and stare at him.

"I take it you have news for me or you wouldn't be here?" I say, trying to give him the exact amount of cold shoulder he is giving me.

"Oh what? You don't think I missed you and your coddling ways?" He snorts, his disfigured side of his face where I can see it best in the light. He gives me a dark smirk, one where his lip ceases half way and he shoves his hands in his pocket.

"Enough of the disrespect, Hayes." I growl at him. "Hate me as a brother all you want, but I am your alpha and I won't have the blatant disrespect you are laying on so thick. You are still a member of this damn pack." I snap.

He frowns and then shakes his head in understanding.

"I apologize alpha," he mutters, sounding sincere. "It has been a while since I have slept or eaten. I am a little out of sorts. More so than normal."

"What have you got for me?" I ask, trying to be more alpha and less annoyed, big brother.

"Absolutely nothing." He exhales. "Every single fucking trail we find, he eludes us. Our tracker has found his second chance mate and so we returned home for him to have a life with her here. There is no life outside of this pack for our kind right now."

Instead of looking angry like he has been, I see a look of concern.

"We are losing," I mutter, leaning back in my chair. "We are losing and I have no fucking clue how to change that."

"Get me the best tracker we have and send us back out. We have not lost all hope." He says.

"Well, that is good to hear," I say, and he grows sad.

"I just need a little more time and a better team." He says. "They have been great, but I need someone with tracking and fighting skills. We need warriors that don't want to start relationships with each other and cause tension."

I already know who he needs. It has

I

been something I have thought

about a lot since tracking them down and discovering what they have been doing for the past eight years. Only one issue, he will not only be surprised but he will very much not be happy about it. And it most certainly causes a shit ton of tension.

"We will get you a new team by the end of the week. I want a list of those you want to keep on your hunting party and I will let the others know." I say, but he narrows his eyes. Hatred or not, he can still read me as if the last two years never happened. "Why do you have that pensive look on your face?" He asks.

"I have a thought, but I don't think you will like it."

He looks confused.

"Who is it?"

There is a knock at the door just then and Colette peeks her head in and steps through the door, making way for the petite redhead who I rediscovered after her former mate's pack came to us for protection in our pack lines. She grins widely, her eyes sparkling.

"Well, you look a sight better than what Alpha Merikh made it seem." She says, walking into the room further. Hayes blinks and then turns to look at me.

"You remember Kyra?" I ask Hayes, who looks back at her as she winces.

"My bad. I didn't see the other side of your face. You look fucking terrible, Hayes." She says, winking at him as he just gapes at her.

"Fuck no." He hisses. "No, she is not coming. I don't want her help."

"She is very capable, Hayes." Colette says softly, and he presses his lips together in thought, considering Colette's words.

"It's been a long time, Kyra." He finally says, though his eyes clearly showcase how angry he is.

"I was hoping for longer, but when the alpha asks, you sort of show up." She says overly sweet, clearly still pissed off at Hayes for whatever went down between them all those years ago. "At least he asked you," he mutters.

"Well, you two can go and discuss things." I say, standing and clapping my hands together. "I have a pregnant mate I need to put to bed."

Colette's eyes grow wide as she looks at Hayes and gives him a nervous chuckle.

"We were going to tell you earlier but..."

"I have been hard to find. It is fine Luna." He gives her a kind smile before he storms out of the room, Kyra hot on his heels.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Colette asks me, putting her hand out for me to take.

"They were best friends once." I remind her. "They work well together even if they want to deny it."

"What happened between them?" She asks, and I shrug.

"I honestly have no clue. But I know I am going to lay you down and then I am going to kiss every part of this perfectly pregnant body."

"I am barely pregnant." She laughs, dragging me out the door.

"It doesn't matter. The hormones do something to me. I can't help it." I tease her by lifting her up and wrapping her legs around me.

Her eyes soften, and her whole body relaxes into me.

"I love you, Merikh." She murmurs before stealing a kiss. "And I have faith that everything will all work out."

"I know it will." I hum. "Because I love you too and I will end the world before I let anyone hurt what is ours." THE END (for now)

\*BOOK TWO: To Love a Broken Beta\* will be the next chapter starting tomorrow. It will be Haye's story.

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## Chapter 137

Book Two: To Love a Broken Beta CHAPTER 1

\*Kyra\*

It's so strange being back here, the place I used to call home. Everything is so different. There is hardly anything I recognize here any more. Other than the lake that reflects the trees to my right in the distance.

I pull the blanket tighter, hugging it close as the breeze trickles through my hair. The moon is high above me as I wrestle with the decisions that led me back here. It was

stupid to come here, thinking Hayes would be over what happened to us. But when the Lycan King calls for you and begs for help, you do as he wishes. SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

And it's not like I have anything keeping me from going on this mission. I have no family anymore, no mate to run home to. That may be the only thing Hayes and I have in common now. What we lack rather than what we had in the past.

"You should have said no," He says coming up behind me. My body shivers at the sound of his icy tone. Was it so terrible, what I did to him back then? Was I the problem, or was it always him?

"Merikh is my Alpha, Hayes." I say in a flat tone, hiding the distress being near him puts me in.

My eyes remain on the sky, unable to look at him. Not because his disfigured faces grosses me out. But it is all I can do to keep from breaking down at his hurting. Even after all this time, after the way he treated me, hurt me, it still is near agonizing to bear witness to the pain he wears every day.

"Oh, what did he order you to do this?" He snorts, his disdain for his brother not even remotely hidden.

"No." I say simply, flicking my eyes to see he stands next to me with the good side of his face in my line of vision. "He asked, and I said yes."

"You forget I know you, Kyra. And I know for a fact you are a shit warrior and a worse tracker." His words are vile and intentionally mean. This is who he is now. Anger poisons the heart, and when the heart is already broken, well...it's sometimes the only thing that holds the pieces together.

I inhale sharply and shake my head, unable to hide the sarcastic laughter bubbling up in me. In eight years, he didn't think I might change? After knowing me for eighteen years, he thought I couldn't grow up from the whimsical girl who wanted a fairytale? How quaint that he thinks I lived a life of fucking cupcakes and rainbows. He can change, but I can't? What an arrogant dick.

"Correction, Hayes. You KNEW me at one time. You do NOT know me now. Other than my face and my name, I am not the same girl who followed you around laughing at your shitty jokes." I give him a snarky smile as he turns and glares at me.

"At least your face has stayed the same," He barks out and I roll my eyes.

"We all have battle scars, you idiot. You are the only one that likes to make a fuss of it." I turn my whole body to look at him, my hands on my hips, waiting for another stupid

comment from him. Instead, he says nothing, turning to look out at the night sky with his hands on the railing before he exhales and drops his head.

"Please do not pretend to know what I have gone through, Kyra. I have lost more than you could ever imagine in your little red-headed fairytale land you hide in up in your head." his words are tired, as if he carries so much pain and no one can hold a candle to it.

But I know about his situation, from the way his skin smelled when they found him to the horrific way he lost his mate. Even one has heard of the Broken Beta and the way it has poisoned his heart.

"What the hell do you want?" I ask, finally cutting through the bullshit, my eyes narrowing. "Did you come out here to prove you are some big asshole? Tout how hard you are with this whole 'broken bad boy' bullshit?"

He blinks at me and looks down, a slight frown on his lips as he eyes his dark wash holey jeans and his solid black henley top with rolled sleeves. His shiny, twisted flesh noticeable on his arm as if he were showcasing a tattoo on some biker bar.

"I came here to tell you we don't want you." He snaps, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Oh well, holy heck, I was almost convinced you wanted me here with all that smiling you were doing when I walked in." I scoff.

"When did you become a smart ass?"

"The same time you became a

dickface." I gan, proud of myself. If there is one thing I learned from my mate Tyler, it's how to have an attitude with people who need it. I'm not the coy little girl Hayes

net ove

remembers. Hell, I was mated to the top warrior and tracker in the prized Warrior Wolf pack.

"Listen, just go tell Merikh you don't want to go anymore." He says, sighing heavily as he pinches between his eyes like I am annoying him. Clearly he has forgotten he came looking for me.

"It's Alpha Merikh," I chide him, then I give him a sweet smile. "And there is not a chance in hell I will do that. Act like the big boy you are and deal with it, Hayes. I am the best tracker and warrior there is. You need me." He throws his head back, laughing heartily as I glare at him.



"You?" he asks between heaving breaths of laughter while my frustration grows by the second.

"Unfortunately for you, yes, ME!" I scream at him. He shakes his head with a smile, pulling at the corner of his deformed right side of his face.

"I asked specifically for Tyler. Everyone knows he is the best." He says as a pain stabs into my heart.

Tears spring in to my eyes as I look away and clear my throat, trying not to cry. I have come so far. I can talk about him all day, discuss how great he is...well, was. But to tell someone that he is gone, that my Tyler is dead along with everything we created together... That I have never had to do and it feels awful.

"Tyler is dead." I whisper, unable to stop a rogue tear coming down my cheek. My hand swipes it away as I sniffle and clear my throat once more, rolling my shoulder and turning to face him again.

"This is why we don't want you.." He mutters, exhaling as he chuckles to himself. "You are crying because I told you that you aren't the best."

"You are so dense." I mutter, no other words coming to mind as I play for my exit.

Hayes' asshole personality I can deal with. I have dealt with many like this before. But for him to completely miss the mark of my tears just proves that every part of the Hayes I was in love with is dead and gone. And good freaking riddance. "Oh? And what makes me so dense?" He hisses at me as I turn and walk away. Hayes' hand grabs my elbow, whipping me around to look at him.

"Tyler was my mate, you fucking glob of melted flesh." I scream as tears burst free and down my cheeks.

His eyes grow wide, either from my revelation or my harsh words. I don't give a rat's ass. He takes a small step back, his hand still locked on my elbow as I pull away from him, his fingers gliding down my long sleeve shirt.

"I couldn't care less about you being a dick and trying to hurt my feelings. These tears aren't yours. I stopped crying about you a long ass time ago. These are for him."

I yank my arm back, his skin scorching mine with a heat unlike any I have felt, and I gasp, yanking my wrist to my chest, stumbling away from him.

"Shit, I didn't know," He murmurs, for the first time a hint of the old Hayes shining through the shadow of the anger that looms in him.

"I will see you tomorrow," I blink, my

mind whirling as I try to understand what the hell just happened. I rub the pad of my thumb where his skin touches mine as I rush off of the balcony and into the kitchen, running past Luna Colette who sits at the table, her chestnut hair in a messy bun atop her head as she sneaks a piece of cake.

I don't give her a moment to speak to me as I find my room, slamming the door shut behind me, my back pressing against it as my chest heaves. My skin still prickles where I cradle my hand to my chest. The remnants of his touch still lingering. I refuse to acknowledge it, I refuse to admit it.

I refuse.

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## Chapter 138

"Kyra, Alpha Merikh wants to see you," Thatch says, leaning against the kitchen counter, sipping on his steaming cup of coffee. My puffy, unawake eyes glare at him as he smiles behind the last of the only elixir that can shake this terrible mood I am dawning. "Is that all the coffee?" I ask him, my voice sounding desperate, but I don't care. Desperation in the face of coffee is the only place I will ever come close to groveling.

"Out here, yes." He arches a brow. "The alpha has a coffee machine in his office,"

"This seems like a feeble attempt to just hurry me along to see him." I mumble as I shuffle away from the chuckling beta, heading to the Alpha's office in a huff.

The second I step in front of his door, I draw in a deep breath a shit attempt to calm myself. My first meeting with Alpha Merikh was fine, but the second when I saw Hayes, and then what happened after?

My nerves are frayed and my emotions a damn mess. I roll my head, trying to release the tension before entering. Yet somehow he knows I am here. His voice calls out, telling me to enter, and I reach out to push the door open. The handle yanks on my firm grip in a frenzy of speed and I tumble forward with a surprised squawk falling from my lips.

My body collides with another, the warmth of it radiating through me as I place my hands on their chest and push back, a blush rising on my cheeks. The muscles under my palms flex in a strange way that makes my brows knit together. It all clicks when his hands grip my biceps and I see the shiny pink flesh, sunken skin that clings to the muscles that survived the raging heat of the dragon's flames.

Hayes. Shit. I shove away from him as fast as possible, my heart pounding as I keep my concentration on his burned hand. Forcing myself not to look anywhere else, not when my embarrassment is so noticeable on my face.

Hayes clears his throat and tears his hand back, tucking it into his pocket. And only then do I look up to see him glancing away from me at the ground.

"I told you, Alpha, I am not happy about this decision." Hayes says, his eyes peeking up once but looking away instantly before he shoves past me out the door. His shoulder connects with mine, making me stumble into the doorjamb. "So good to see you too," I grumble under my breath before I grab hold of the door and slam it behind him a little harder than I planned. The wall shakes and Merikh chuckles.

"Sounds like your reunion has continued to really go smoothly." He gives me a sorry smile.

"Hah. If wanting to strangle each other is considered smooth, then sure, it's been really splendid." I reply with a scoff.

"If you don't want to go, Kyra, you can say no," Alpha Merikh offers, but I can see the worry lines on his face. "Hayes has been this way since he lost his mate. I am worried about him, about his obsession with his desire to die."

"Is that what you wanted to see me about? You want me to babysit him because I used to know him?" I ask, not bothering to hide the shock I feel.

"No," He exhales as he comes around his desk, taking a seat in the chair across from the couch. "What I really want is to ask you some questions."

I give him a curious look, my arms crossing over my chest. It did strike me as odd that Merikh hadn't cared to ask me a single thing about where I had been, what I had done before he found me. But then again, he is the Alpha, so perhaps he already knows more than I think.

"Uh, what kind of questions?" I ask, arching a brow as I take a seat on the couch.

"Why didn't you tell me all of it?" He asks, a frown on his lips as he watches me with pity. My stomach sinks and I swallow roughly. The room feels suffocating as I try to clear my throat and rub my clammy hands on my pants.

"Tell you-uh-all of what?" I ask, my voice cracking as I look out the window, trying not to make eye contact. Shit, I can't do this, not after last night. My weak resolve is already cracking. I refuse to talk about it. Search the (f)indNOVEL.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I knew your mate." He offers me a gentle smile.

"Yes, well, he was well known. He did a lot of traveling to help train other werewolves." I say with a soft smile, remembering the kind yet firm mate I loved and lost.

"He trained you too, and from what I learned, you two became quite the trackers together." Merikh asks, and I can see where he is going. I can't help but roll my eyes. This rumor had come up several times when Tyler was alive and though he said it never bothered him, I could see the way the words stung his pride.

"Lycan's are a little different from werewolves. Some things were much easier for me to pick up on, but Tyler was still better than me. He will always be the best. If I had truly been better, then it would be him here, not me." I say, making sure Merikh understands I refuse to be told I am better than Tyler. Ever. He was amazing at what he did, and I strive every day to live up to him.

"I hear you told Hayes about him?" He asks, clearing his throat as he stands and makes a move for the coffee machine on the shelf where books should be.

"It may have come up," I say casually, even though I know that is the understatement of the century.

"Did you want something to drink?"

"Uh," I feign thinking about it as I fight the urge to scream yes and bowl him over for that caffeine. "Sure, yeah, I'll have some."

He nods as he goes about grabbing coffee pods to put in the machine.

"So Tyler, if you don't mind me asking, he died over a year ago?" He asks, grabbing mugs as he sets up the machine, clicking buttons as if this is the most casual conversation to have.

"Uh, yeah." I murmur, picking at my fingers, trying not to relive the moment I felt the bond disappear and the days after that seemed to only tear my heart out of me further.

"How long..." he pauses, looking at me with a scrunched nose as if he is thinking of the right way to phrase something. "How long were you..." "Sad?" I ask and he frowns.

"No, I guess I am curious if you were ever like Hayes is." He sighs.

"For a little while, maybe." I shrug. "Tyler's parents were killed a year before him, so I had no one left after losing him. Maybe that is why I didn't stay the way Hayes is acting for so long. There was no one to pull me out of it, I just....had to do it for Tyler."

"Well, you also were with him much longer than Hayes was with Leandra, and there were some... factors involved," he says with a small frown.

"Grief looks different on everyone,

Alpha." I say offended he would

insinuate that Hayes' pain may have been more than mine. "I invested my time in training and tracking the enemy. Hayes has invested his time in creative ways to find an out for himself."

He looks up from what he is doing, silence filling the room between us. For a moment, it seems like he may explode on me for being so harsh in my words. But instead a frown and sadness clouds his features and he turns, leaning on the shelf as he looks at me. "What happened between you two?" He asks softly.

A bitter laugh races from my lips, and I try to hide it by looking away.

"Hayes never told you?" I ask him in disbelief.

Merikh shrugs.

"Hayes always just said you two grew apart and then, when he noticed you had left the pack, he got upset and didn't speak to anyone for weeks."

It's sick, but it makes me feel a little bit better that at least he noticed I was gone.

"It wasn't that big of a deal." I mutter, "But if Hayes hasn't told you, then he doesn't want anyone to know. So forgive me for keeping it close to my vest."

"Fair enough I suppose." He nods, grabbing the first mug of coffee and handing it to me. "The next question is a little more... personal..."

I somehow doubt he could get more personal than the one he asked before, but I take the mug eagerly and give him the look to continue. "Can you handle this emotionally?" He asks, and I pull the cup away from my face.

"What do you mean? Because I am a woman?" I ask incredulously. I really didn't expect this from him.

"No," he says softly, "No, I ask because of what happened to you after losing Tyler."

The blood leeches from my face and my fingers feel numb as I lick my dry lips.

"I don't know what you mean." I croak, and he frowns.

"You don't need to lie, Kyra. I know you lost more than your mate. Thatch has done his job and

reported back everything that has et

happened." He says softly and squeeze my eyes closed, a tear racing down my cheek as I look away, trying to control this "How far along were you?"

"Far enough," I whisper, wiping my face. "Far enough to know I have to avenge my mate and our dead child."

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