

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

Read Chapter 138

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.

"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. [Search the Findnovel.net website](http://www.findnovel.net) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"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."

Chapter 140

Kyra

I can feel the weight of Hayes' stare at my back. No matter how much I try to shake it off, it is steady, like a nagging or an itch that I just can't reach or satisfy. It's damn annoying, really. Not a single person says a thing, everyone keeping to themselves as we walk along in silence. It feels weird, like they have been instructed to ignore me.

It's never easy doing something new, going somewhere new. I get it. I am an outsider, someone they don't think they need. But I know the rumors of this crew, why they are here and how they were recruited. And I meet every damn requirement and then some. Whether they want me here or not, I deserve this chance to avenge Tyler and our baby.

We walk for hours, everyone seemingly knowing where to go before we finally reach a cliff and Dean stops, staring out over the ledge in the moonlight. He looks sadder in the darker, deeper lines of pain and loneliness highlighted by the shadows, and I realize maybe they are silent because they are lost in their mourning.

Though, it is more likely that the shell of a beta I once knew is the real source. Lonely people can only stand the silence for so long. We all crave that connection just as much as we hate it. We can't help it. Without it, we sink into the chaotic noise of our heartache and pain. It is so easy to drown in it when there is no one to bring you back to reality.

"We should camp here," Dean says, making his way back to our group of five.

"I'll take the first watch," Hayes says in a grumbling tone that makes my skin goose bump. A flutter skips through my chest and I close my eyes, forcing the feeling away. If I don't acknowledge it, will it just go away?

"I'll take the third watch," Dean says.

"You take the second watch, Tracker." Hayes says, a glimmer of indifference on his face as his eyes scan me from top to bottom and his lip curls in disgust.

"Sure." I say, feigning to not want to slap him.

I remove my bag, walking toward a tree further from the group and the cliff's edge. I lay my bag up against it and lay down, pulling my hood over my head. After Hayes leaves, I watch the others as they chuckle and start a fire. They are suddenly very chatty for a group of people so silent. Perhaps it is because I have removed myself from their immediate vicinity.

But then I look around and realize that maybe it has nothing to do with me and more to do with the absence of Hayes. Does everyone avoid talking to him in general or around him? Has he lived like this for the past two years? It had seemed like at least he and Dean were somewhat friendly.

"Hey there," a voice calls out from the group, walking their way over with a mug.

"Hi," I mutter, not removing my hood as the fire grows brighter and flickers across the distance between us.

"I am Marcos." He walks up next to me, taking a seat before he hands over the hot mug. I take it curiously from him, sniffing it as he chuckles.

"It's just tea." He grins, the firelight illuminating the side of his face enough to see he has a pleasant smile. Marcos looks younger than me, though maybe not by much. His dark eyes match his tanned olive skin.

"What kind of tea?" I ask him with a soft smile.

"The kind that is good for the soul."

"Ah, so the kind Hayes avoids. Noted." I mutter, and he laughs. His laugh is soft and light. As if he isn't entirely miserable all the time.

"Rumor has it you two know each other well." He says, pulling his knees up to his chest as he wraps his arms around them.

"Knew." I correct him with a snort before taking a hasty sip. The tea stings my tongue in a delightful way as I smile down at the cup. My thumb rubbing over the rim. "We knew each other well, a long time ago." "Yeah well, seems like that is everyone's answer these days," He sighs.

"How long have you been in this little group?" I ask him and he looks out at the rest of the others, telling stories at the campfire.

"Since the beginning. Dean is my best friend. His sister was my mate." He says softly, a gentle smile on his lips.

"Ah," I mutter, unsure of what to say next. The last thing I should do is ask how she died. We all know how. The real meaning behind that question is 'what's the story' and 'how gruesome was it?' That is all people seem to care about. How much more painful their loss was than others.

"She was caught in an avalanche in the north. I just needed two more minutes to get to her, and she only had one minute left in her." He shakes his head. "It's not as gruesome as others, but I tend to think pain is pain no matter where it's felt. It feels different for

everyone." "I can't imagine Dean handled losing his sister very well." I say softly and he nods.

"About as well as you can when you are mourning for the mate you just met," He responds and I furrow my brows.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Dean's mate, he met her as she was dying. The bond snapped into place. He got to hold her, so she wasn't alone, but then she was gone. He never even knew her name."

My stomach feels tight, and I exhale a sad sigh.

"Fuck." I shake my head. "I can't tell if that is worse than knowing them or not."

"There is no worse when it comes to death," he frowns. "The void is the same size regardless of how it was put there."

I chuckle, my eyes rolling, as I remember Tyler's friend Freddy. Always wise with his words and great at reminding everyone to pull themselves out of their own grief and remember there are others out there living with it, too. Honestly, he reminded me so much of the Hayes I used to know.

"You sound like someone I used to know." I whisper, longing for the past briefly.

"Hayes says I sound like a poetry loving fool." He grins.

"What does Hayes know?" I scoff, rolling my eyes. "Poetry is awesome,"

He grins and then Dean stands up and stretches, his head swinging around before he finds us. His hand rises and he motions for Marcos to come to him. Marcos sighs heavily and stands, brushing himself off before he gives me a small wave and jogs the short distance to the others.

It is very clear that Dean is mad at [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

him as he points at me and gets closer to Marcos, who puts his hands up in a nonthreatening way. sip my tea, watching the debacle as sleepiness settles in and I find

a lying position before I finish

myself scooching down.

warm drink and set the c1094

into

the

aside.

Exhaustion washes over me as I drift to sleep, waiting for Hayes to come and wake me for the second

shift.

I wake to the sound of hushed arguments, my body filled with exhaustion despite a restful sleep.

"I can smell it," a voice growls in annoyance. "Are you seriously telling me you can't fucking smell that stench?"

I blink my eyes open, shielding them

from the sun that shines through the leaves as they sway in the wind. My limbs feel strange, heavy, as if there are weights on my ankles and wrists. After squirming from side to side, I push myself up, the world spinning as I fall back again, a groan in my throat.

"What the hell...?" I murmur to myself.

"See!" The voice is louder, excited sounding. "I told you I could smell it. Wet dog."

I force my eyes to focus as I clear them by rubbing my fists into them. My mouth goes dry and my heart leaps into my throat as I lick my lips with my tongue and look up at the massive frame of two dragon shifters.

I scan the area for the others and find the fire has been out for some time as no smoke can be seen and the pile where it has been was nothing but dry ash. How long have these two been nearby and where the fuck did the others go? "Looks like she is alone." The second one says, sauntering over from the fire, where he kicks it and sniffs. "This has been out for at least twelve hours, is my guess."

Twelve fucking hours? My eyes

grow wide and my chest aches as my heart tries to break free. Did these assholes seriously leave me? And how the fuck did I not hear them when I am a light sleeper? The shorter one scoops up the cup to my right and lifts it to his nose before sticking his tongue in it. Then he

looks at the other with a smirk.

"It looks like she was left for us to play with. Maybe someone they left behind to slow us down?"

"The hell I was," I snap at them as they laugh at me.

"Left you for dead sounds better to you then?" They tease, and I scowl at them.

"No," I sigh, lifting my heavy arms as I stand and lean on the tree, trying to summon my strength. "They just showed me who I can trust."

And it sure as fuck isn't Marcos or Hayes.

"Too bad you won't be able to get revenge on them," they say, moving closer, their eyes glowing red as their chest illuminates. I can feel the heat coming, the way it radiates from their thick skin, and I realize there is only one thing I can do for now. Run.