

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

Chapter 141

"Shit, shit, shit," I mutter to myself as I crash through the brambles. Thistles and thorns slice through my skin as if I were running through barbed wire. My hoodie tears, catching on everything as I try to refocus myself. I line their dragon's body.

I'm a fucking trained warrior and skilled tracker, damn it, but two dragons? At the same time? That's a tall order even for a top trained lycan. In their human form, they are stronger than us and their skin, depending on the type of dragon, can be as tough as the scales that

I cast my head down, ducking under a larger branch when the ground catches my eyes and I see I am coming to a rocky area. I break out of the bushes, a cry of pain as my hair tangles and rips from my scalp. A stinging reminder that I always have my hair slicked back for

a reason.

I come to a sliding halt, my feet dancing over the loose slate like rock as I tumble to my knees just before the edge comes into view. Great. I ran directly onto a slick ledge of loud rocks. So far I am doing a terrible job of using what I know. But in my defense, waking up to two giant dragon men is not all that great for providing clarity rather than sheer panic.

I swing my head from side to side, looking for a way out, up or heck, even down should I need it. But there is nothing but more thorns and bushes. My lycan itches for freedom, hunched and waiting on the edge of my anxiety. The moment she is needed, she will take over. No need for me to even request or seek her out.

We have always been in sync with each other, but since losing Tyler, something changed. Instead of feeling like two separate beings sharing a space, we feel more unified. More like we are one and the same. Though honestly, it would be nice to not have to rely on her just yet.

I glance to the right, a groan escaping my lips as I take off in that direction. The shale under my feet makes me unsteady, but I push forward, choosing not to wait any longer for the dragons to find me due to indecision. The ground shakes under my feet and the rocks shimmy, my body shifting slightly as they vibrate toward the edge of the cliff.

"What the hell..." I mutter, squatting down, trying to get my body more steady as I try to rush forward.

I stop when my eyes lock on a heavy-footed, smaller dragon. He stops from side to side; the earth shaking with its heavy weight. I breathe in deep and a growl rumbles through my spine, vertebrae snapping in quick succession as my lycan comes to the surface. I leap up; the rocks sliding out from under my feet, but I fly forward enough I can reach his leg. I cling to him, yanking myself around to his side. The jerk moves fast for a fat, stubby beast, his leg launching me into a bush. There is no time to waste as I lunge forward, swooping down to grab a triangular sharp rock.

The dragon rears his head up and I see the opportunity where his soft under chin meets his jaw. I catch him off guard with my lycan speed, hammering the rock into his neck before slipping my claws into his sliced flesh and dragging it along the inside exposing his throat as his deep red blood pours out along with a thick clear substance similar to the texture of oil.

I step away from him, my chest heaving from the effort before the wind picks up in the distance, the trees bending with its might, and I realize I am utterly fucked if I don't get lucky or run. There is nowhere to go, nowhere to hide as I rush to the edge of the cliff and spin, facing the dragon whose blood is hurriedly rushing toward the very edge where I stand. [Search the Findnovel.net website](http://SearchtheFindnovel.net) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Then I take a step back and drop. I dig my claws into the rocks, gliding down it for a few feet before coming to a stop where I hang and hope the other dragon doesn't look over the edge.

The blood over head splatters as the gusts from the other dragon's wings hit it and the other substance. It stops suddenly, silence filling the air while my heart beat fills my ears.

I watch the ledge above me, my body tingling with awareness and my lycan ready to leap up at a moment's notice. But nothing happens, no one makes a sound and the wind never comes back.

After a few moments, I choose to crawl back up, using my claws as I wedge them in the holes of the rock, making it almost to the tops when I slip. My body swings out, one claw clinging for dear life.

I can see the way the blood rushes down, melding with the dragon's fire substance, making it more vibrant and less angry red. It is mesmerizing watching it as it slips into the very spot I hang from and as if in slow motion, my hold loosens and suddenly, I am falling. I reach out, trying to grab hold of the rock again, but agonizing pain wracks my body as I hit a hard, jagged rock.

I can feel my rib muscles cave in, the air hissing from me as I wheeze and try to breathe. The coppery flavor of blood fills my mouth, my lycan trying to hold on until we crash to the end to save us.

Only instead of finding the bottom, the wall angles out acting like a sharp nail riddled swoop as I tumble and slam into every rock before rolling into the water where I dip into the frigid water.

I bob up and down, my lycan retreating as I heave for air, my chest shooting pains through all of me, making my toes curl as I try to force myself to swim. Instead, I grab a floating log, clinging to it with the last ounce of my strength. A half chuckle tears from my lips as I try to keep from crying.

"I might be seeing you sooner than I thought, Ty." I whisper, looking up at where I hope he sits with the Moon and watches me with pride.

I float until the sun goes down; the

river moving too fast for my weak state to swim to safety or out of it. As the moon rises over the water smile up, knowing if I died here, then I know at least tried. But I hear Tyler in my head, the very words he

spoke to me as he was drds he

And

my heart sinks.

"Fuck." I grumble. Looking to the side, glimpsing smoke amongst trees.

I kick my legs, whimpering in pain as I slowly force myself to the side of the river where it slows. It takes far too long but I make it to the side, crawling out as my legs refuse to work, feeling like soggy over cooked noodles. "Well, holy shit." I hear Dean's familiar voice and anger rises in my chest. If I had any energy, I'd punch the fucker straight in the nose.

"Oh, hey dickface." I mutter with a heavy wheeze, looking up at him. "Found you."

"HAYES!" He roars, his face covered in shock as he doesn't move.

"Make yourself useful and help me up." I groan, pushing myself to my knees. Nausea overwhelms me as I groan and drop my head to the sand ground. "Oh, damn."

"It might be better if you stay lying down." He offers.

"What, so you can leave me behind to be found-"

"Ah, perhaps she isn't as terrible as we thought." Marcos interrupts me.

"Well, she found us," Hayes murmurs. "Which is more than I thought she would do. But she did find us relatively fast, given how much of a head start we had."

Everyone falls silent. The only sound

filling the air is the trickling of water

and my ragged, sharp inhaled breath before I look up, the pain coursing through my veins. I meet Hayes dark, empty eyes, only to watch them furrow and slowly shift from mild amusement to guilt and confusion.

"What the fuck happened to you?" He insists like he has any right to care.

"Which time?" I gasp, "When I woke up to two dragons or when they chased me and I had to fight them and fell off a cliff?"

He takes a step forward, grabbing

hold of my arm and back, helping me up. I shove him off the second his touch-fizzles through my skin, skin, shooting to my chest. I was trying to convince self what I had felt that day was in my head. But there is no denying it now, not with the way my skin goosebumps and my pain lessens.

Hayes is my second chance, mate. But he doesn't recognize it.

He looks at me in surprise.

"I don't want your fucking help." I growl out.

"Look, we didn't mean for you to get hurt," He says sincerely, but I want him to hurt. In every damn way, I reach out for Marcos and he comes to help me. I limp along with him and Hayes tries one more time to touch me. I yank away like he is salt to an open wound. "I don't want your deformed hands on me." I hiss at him, relishing the way he rears back. But instead of getting angry or looking hurt, he nods, tucking his hand away before he pulls off his oversized shirt.

"At least take this, so you aren't naked." He grumbles, yanking over my head before he storms away. He stops for a second and glances over his shoulder at me.

"Bring her to the fire so I can clean up her wounds."

Chapter 142

Hayes

I wait for Kyra to make her way over to the fire after changing her clothes, my feet kicking at a stone stuck in the dirt. It was a bad call to leave her behind. No, it was worse than a bad call. It was a grave mistake that I feel deeper than I am prepared to admit. Kyra could

have died, and it would be my fault just like it was with Leandra.

My throat tightens, and I clench my jaw. Anger, my usual companion, seems to morph into a heaping of self loathing. Shit. I should have just dealt with it, but Kyra, with her red hair and freckles like the stars in the sky, she complicates things. She floods my head with memories of who I was, what I lost.

And as much as I need her gone, I don't want her hurt. I care for her, I always have. She was an amazing friend and a bright spot in my past. But my past is buried in ash, and having her here does nothing but stir up those ashes and leave me exposed. "I don't think she wants to come over, Hayes." Marcos says, coming up behind me.

I lick my lips, biting back a bitter chuckle. Of course she won't. The damn redhead has as much a fight in her as I have anger.

"Did you tell her she does not have a choice?" I ask, turning slowly to face the annoying, handsome lycan. My gut pinches, my eyes scanning the man before me with a renewed bite of jealousy.

"No offense, but you aren't a beta anymore-" He says, breaking off when a low growl rumbles through my chest. "Look, she is shaken up. In my opinion, she needs space."

"I will ask for your opinion when I want it, Marcos. Now go fetch my fucking tracker."

He lingers for a moment before shaking his head in disbelief and wandering off to a small tent. Marcos disappears for a minute, before he steps out, giving his hand to Kyra, who takes it as she limps in my direction. It feels like there is something stuck in my throat as I clear it, and adjust my sweatshirt at the neck.

Why does it feel so hard to breathe when I see someone like Marcos touching her? Search the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"You called for me, your royal dictatorship?" Kyra says, wincing as Marcos helps down on the log in front of the fire.

"You alright? Do you need anything?" He asks, his eyes focusing on her face like he knows her well enough to care. I bite back a scoff just as she barks a soft laugh.

"Oh, you think I trust you enough to ever take something from you again? How fun." She sneers before she whips her heated gaze to me.

"Marcos, go get the ointment." I order him, and he frowns as his shoulders slump and he stalks off doing as I ask.

"Don't bother," she calls out to him as he continues to walk on.

"Let me see you," I say, stepping over to her.

"There is nothing to see. I am a lycan, and I will heal after a good sleep." She protests, her arms crossing over her chest, but I see the way her already pale cheeks lose more color and she seems to gasp silently. Guilt and frustration swirl together as I press my lips together and scowl at her.

"It's my fault you are hurt, so shut up and stop resisting." I mutter.

She stops moving, sighing as she gives in and leans forward as I step behind her. My hands reach out to lift her shirt and my breathing hitches. A shiver running through my body, making me freeze as I blink and try to regain mental control. Why does the thought of seeing her smooth skin make me feel uncomfortable? What the hell is wrong with me?

"Are you going to look or are you trying to muster up a half-assed apology?" She mutters, giving me permission as I pull up the hem of her shirt and look at her bare back.

She leans forward, her elbows on her knees as she reaches back with her hands shielding her front as she grips the shirt at the base of her neck. Everything goes still, the air no longer moving and the sounds disappearing as I stare at the damage I caused.

When you live in a mentally dark place, you don't think you can sink any lower. That is until you witness what exactly that darkness has led you to do to someone you used to care deeply for.

The deep bruise covering the entirety of her back makes my heart skip a beat and the jagged cut, though clean looking and no longer bleeding, looks deep. She is littered with lacerations and scraps.

"Damn it, Kyra." I grumble with a heavy sigh. "I thought you said you were fighting dragons. It looks like you fell off a fucking mountain?"

She scoffs and shakes her head. "I did fall off a mountain. More like I slipped, dragon's blood and their fuel reserves are slippery."

I bite my tongue until I taste the familiar copper hint of blood in my mouth.

"Fucking hell." Dean whistles as he walks over and crouches closer, looking at the array of bruising colors on her once perfect skin. He reaches out, his fingers close to her skin, skin he has no right to touch. "What the hell are you doing?" I grind out.

"This one goes all the way along

here. She might have some broken ribs." He murmurs, his hand touching her as she reacts with a hiss, but she leans to the away.

exposing more of her side a net

around to her upper stomach My eyes linger on the swell of the bottom of her breast that she covers with her shirt and biceps, making my

mouth run dry.

"I had broken ribs and a punctured lung." She says. "Hence why I still look awful. Internal injuries heal first."

My ruined fingers reach out,

touching her hard stomach muscles,

and she gasps, writing away from me. It stings seeing how she runs

Kne

from my touch, but not Dean's./ snap my hand back and take the ointment from where Marcos had placed it. A part of me wants to storm off, angry that she seems to be so disgusted by me, by the way I am now.

But my stubbornness wins out and I glare at Dean, who is whole. His attractive features are not marred and deformed by a dragon who took everything from him. All it does is make my fury grow, and before I realize it, I clutch his wrist and force him to face me. "Go away," I hiss between my teeth and he blinks at me, confused.

"She doesn't need you gawking at her bare body." I say firmly, and Dean scoffs.

"I'm gawking at her wounds, Hayes. Not her damn body."

Kyra stands up in a flash and spins, yanking the ointment from me with a glower on her scratched up face. Her freckled cheeks are flushed with anger and pain.

"Its YOU I don't want touching me. Dean can stay and handle this," she says, placing the ointment in his hand. A dry laugh rolls through me that makes the two of them go still, fear in their eyes.

"I apologize that my looks disgust you, Kyra. But this is not up for debate. Sit your ass down and try not to vomit when I put my hands on you."

She stares at me, wide eyes before she swallows roughly and glances at Dean who puts his hands up and walks away, shooting me a curious look and shaking his head.

Then Kyra plops down. She yanks the shirt over her head, hugging it to her chest. She wordlessly shows me the upper part of her shoulders, where a large, slim, brown item glistens under her skin.

"It feels like there is something in my skin here," she mumbles, dropping her head into her hands.

"There is something in there," I sigh, opening the ointment and scooping it onto my good hand.

I stroke it over her cuts and scrapes, my fingers lingering over her skin, causing her to shiver. It brings a smile to my lips, thinking that perhaps it's a response to me. A spark hits my fingertips and I freeze, my chest aching and my body suddenly feeling like a heat is rushing through me after ages of being frozen.

I stumble back, falling over onto my

ass with a grunt. She glances back at me, the look on her face confused and hurt. But under all of that, I sense a tiny flicker of hope and slam my emotional wall back up. No. No. Whatever that fucking was, me coming back to life or just a peak at a future I could ever have; I shut it the fuck down.

"Marcos!" I call out and he comes rushing over.

"What happened?" He asks, reaching out to help me up, but I shove him away.

"She has a massive splinter in her shoulder that needs to be taken out." I say, pushing myself up and taking a step back. Her eyes meet mine in a flurry of confusion and I look away, retreating quickly to the dark where she can't see me. "And I can't get it with my hand,"

It's not a lie, my dexterity isn't great in my injured hand. I'm not just disfigured, but I lost nerves and muscles to the flame. But my reasoning, though valid, is not why I am retreating.

Kyra's mere presence confounds me. She is bringing me to life when I prefer to live like the dead and I can't have that. I won't. Even if that means watching another man soothe her pain after I am the one who put her through it.

Chapter 143

"What ya doing?" A voice asks from above me. I close my eyes and groan internally.

"Trying to find silence." I mutter.

"Hmm, looks more like you are spying on Marcos, Hayes." Nisha asks, dropping from the tree next to me where I hide and watch Marcos as he examines Kyra.

"I'm not spying on Marcos." I say defensively. She steps up next to me, looking straight ahead, and then she chuckles.

"So, are you going to apologize to her?"

I ignore her as I focus on Marcos' gentle, unmaimed hands as they glide across her bruised back. He eases her to the side, checking out the bruise on her abdomen, his thumb inching too close to her breasts-

"Hayes," Nisha says, stepping in front of me. Her dark brown eyes lock on mine as I clear my throat and look away quickly. "Seems like she is has gotten under your skin."

"She is not," I scoff, turning my back on Nisha and walking deeper into the trees. Every step away from where Marcos is touching Kyra feels like a brick is added to my body weight, sinking me further into the ground making it impossible to move further.

"What'd she do to you then?" Nisha pounces in front of me with a glimmer of excitement in her eye. Her short loose curls bobble with her head as she tilts it to the side, waiting for an answer.

"Kyra and I are old friends. She didn't do anything to me." I say firmly. It's the truth. When it comes to hurting Kyra, it seems I am almost always the root cause, and it sucks just as much now as it did back then.

"Oh," Nisha laughs as she covers her mouth. "Oh, you feel guilty."

My shoulders slump and I frown as I look directly into the thin werewolf's eyes. SEARCH THE find novels.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I feel bad she got hurt, yes, but my motive was justified." I clip out. "Kyra does not belong here. She shouldn't have been allowed on this mission."

Nisha makes a face, one that says 'interesting but I disagree' and I roll my eyes. Of the group we have with us, Nisha is annoyingly the most perceptive. Though Dean may be

as well, he is much better at controlling his face when it comes to things he disagrees with. "Keep your opinion to yourself, Nisha." I warn her and she puts her hands up, feigning innocence.

"I didn't say anything," she protests.

"You didn't have to. Your face always speaks louder than your words." I mutter and she giggles.

"I can't help what my face does." She rolls her eyes. Her bubbly personality is a constant point of contention between us. But her desire for revenge is just as strong as the rest of us, so she fits our odd ball group. "Are you on watch?" I ask her, and she shoots me a grin.

"No, I was visiting with Koda." She says, as she waggles her brows suggestively.

I frown at her, and she rolls her eyes.

"Calm down, we just talked." She hides a wry smile. "Keep looking at me like that and I might almost be convinced you are jealous. You know I am open to comfort you, too."

She winks at me, and I glare at her.

"Get back to camp, Nisha." I sigh, turning my back on her as I walk away. She once again shoots around me and stands in my way. This time, her hands land on my chest and she gives me a soft, sad look. "Wait. You owe Kyra an apology, Hayes. And you should do it sooner rather than later." She says, a demanding look on her face that makes me chuckle dryly and shake my head as I push her hands away. "What I do is my business, Nisha." I scoff and she frowns.

"You fucked up with that command and you know it. Keep that shit up and you will lose crew members." She rivals my angered gaze with her own.

"Fine." I grit out, shoving her aside as I storm back to where I had come from. "I'll apologize."

It irritates me greatly that I was so quick to agree, but with every passing second, all I can see is Marcos' hands on Kyra. What if Marcos crosses a line and she is too weak to handle herself? Not that Marcos would ever do such a thing, but my mind can't think straight. My pace quickens, and my mind wanders to all sorts of dangerous places.

"Hayes," Dean calls to me from my right, but I don't detour toward him. "Hayes!"

He calls again, and then he chases after me.

"What?" I growl at him and he looks at me like I am insane.

"We have eyes on a dragon," He says. "Koda is tracking him now, making sure he goes further away. But it looks like he is scanning the water."

I freeze, looking right at Dean as he watches the realization settle.

"So this dragon, do we think it is the second one that Kyra mentioned?" I ask him and he nods.

"That would make sense. They aren't usually in this area, so for it to be a separate incident, it would be pretty rare."

"Fuck," I grumble, dragging my good hand through my hair. "Where is Koda, exactly?"

Dean furrows his brow in confusion. "He is near the ridge by the large oak tree."

"Good." I mutter, changing directions as I sprint toward where Koda is hunkering down and watching the bastard dragon. "No!" Dean roars, chasing after me. "We can't just kill this one."

I snort a laugh.

"The hell I can't,"

All I need to do is remember seeing Kyra in pain and the way her body is bruised and broken. After witnessing

who hurt her. And I will kill this

that, I can do anything

fucker who thinks it is okay to hunt and try to kill our kind just for the sheer fun of it. Dean has seen me at my worst and my best, so he must know I can handle this.

"Hayes, we need you for this mission. This mission is too important for this one dragon. Kyra is fine. She is okay."

His words make me stop in my tracks, my mouth sealing shut as I breathe heavily and spin to look at him, confused. "What did you say?" I croak.

"Kyra is okay." He repeats and I see it, the way he thinks this has anything to do with me caring for her. And maybe it does, but for him to assume he knows that infuriates me.

"This isn't about Kyra." I growl at him. "This is about those fuckers killing as they please for sheer pleasure of it. This is one less dragon for us to face later if we kill him now."

"Or we can follow him to find the others." Dean parries and I freeze. "We track him, watch him and see where he goes, what he does. We have a tracker now, right? Let's use her the way Alpha intended." "He intended her to help us find Ezra, not dragons." I remind him and she shrugs, grinning.

"This could be her test run, then."

I wrestle with the thought of keeping

Kyra along with us, hating it. But

then I think about her alone in these woods, like she had been, and

blazing anger comes flowing

as I

through my veins. No, as much a

hate to admit it, I want Kyra Safe. And out here, the safest place is with

us. Which means she will be staying.

"Fuck," I grunt. "Damn it. I hate when you use logic on me."

"Yeah, well, you used to be the logical one," he teases, slapping me on the side of the arm. "Now let's get something to eat. Nisha was going to make stew on the fire," "Fine," I mutter, following along with him.

We walk in silence, the glow of the fire coming closer and each step making me more nervous than the last. Being near Kyra is confusing and upsetting. I have missed her, and yet, I can't figure out how to act around her anymore. Would it be so awful to be her friend again, not like we were, but in the way that I am close with Nisha or Dean? It might not be terrible.

The sound of groaning breaks my train of thought and I freeze, looking forward to see Kyra on her belly behind the flame. Her back arches up with Marcos on top of her, and his face contorts with effort. She lets out a moan, her eyes sliding closed before she falls forward, heaving, and then a soft chuckle.

"Heavens," she murmurs.

"Fuck yes," He says with a satisfied grin, wiping sweat from his brow.

Everything inside of me grows cold, as if I can not move, can not breathe.

"Yeah? That feels good?" Marcos asks, chuckling as he stands up, the first obscuring my view of them as they lay on the other side. "Now, spin over. I want to see all of you." Rage consumes me, my eyes seeing red as I lunge forward, a roar breaking from my lips as I tackle Marcos through the fire, my fist colliding with his perfectly angular face.

Chapter 144

Kyra

"What the hell?" I mutter, rushing to my feet, slipping my arm back in the holes of my shirt before tugging it over my stomach with a wince. My shoulder is still sore from where Marcos had to dig into my skin to get a grip on what I assume was a massive splinter.

My eyes grow wide when I see Hayes on top of Marcos, his hand hammering into his face as Marcos tries to protect himself. Dean is on them yanking at Hayes while the woman with us checks on Marcos. I feel caught in the middle, unable to figure what to do or feel in the moment. What the hell just happened? "Hayes!" Dean screams into his face as he struggles to hold him back. "What the fuck has gotten in to you?"

"Is he okay?" I ask, my voice trembling as I look at Marcos' already bruised eye and sliced lip.

"Nothing that a few hours won't fix," Marcos gives me a grin before turning an angry scowl to Hayes. "Mind explaining what the hell that was that for?"

"Don't play dumb, Marcos," Hayes hisses, his lip curling in disgust as he looks down at Marcos like he is dirt under his shoe. It is clear this has nothing to do with me. The way the two scowl at one another makes it seem like this is an issue they deal with often. Even if Marcos looks as confused as I feel.

"You don't think you could have at least waited to jump him," I scoff, dusting the front of my pants off, annoyed.

Marcos didn't have the time to finish looking at my injuries and my ribs are killing me still. All I want is to move without having every part of me ache and sting. It might have been nice if Marcos could give me something like some ointment for the pain.

"What, you weren't finished yet?" He spits the words at me like I am disgusting and my nose scrunches in complete bewilderment. Is Hayes not the one who told me to get checked out? Is he not the one who stormed off and left Marcos to take care of me? What the hell am I missing here? Why is his anger suddenly pointed at me?

"Uh, well, not really." I say, looking over at Marcos, who seems as lost as me. "What the hell is going on?"

"Wow," Hayes scoffs, finally shoving Dean away from him as he takes a step back. "I expect a lot of things from you, but dense and easy were not on that list."

My mouth falls open, and I snort a half laugh.

"He got the thing out of my shoulder, but my ribs are still hurting, so he told me to turn over so he could get a closer look." I defend myself, not sure why I feel the need to explain anything, but for some reason, I do.

Hayes freezes, his eyes darting around as he takes a step closer to me. He almost looks frantic, as if he might not be able to breathe if he doesn't ask me what is on his mind. It's strange to see him look like he might care or at the very least need something from me. "What was he doing to you? Just now," he whispers, his voice demanding, all the while sounding desperate. My brows furrow as I swallow, unsure how to feel about his closeness.

"I just fucking told you. He was tearing a massive splinter from my shoulder, then he was going to put ointment on my ribs..." I say the words slowly, watching how his face changes from anger to relief, then straight to embarrassment. Then, in the blink of an eye, he goes void. All emotions gone and hidden as he clears his throat and stands up straighter.

"Get some sleep." He mutters before he turns to walk off.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Marcos bellows after him, but Hayes continues to walk. "Does someone want to explain that to me?"

"From our angle it looked like you were..." Dean pauses, then clears his throat. "It looked like the two of you were-"

"It looked like you were fucking." The woman says, dropping onto a log next to the fire and sending me a wink. "Can't say it didn't look hot, because it got me feeling some type of way. Not angry, but something."

"Wait, so it looked like Marcos was having sex with me? And Hayes got pissed off?" I ask. Truth be told, I am not sure if I'm more upset about his reaction or the insinuation. I just let people take me randomly in the middle of the woods with others around.

"He has a strict no sleeping with crew members policy." Marcos says standing up and gingerly touching his face. "But damn, I got hit, and I didn't even break the rules."

"Someone should go talk to him." Dean says, looking around.

Marcos snorts as he settles in next to the fire.

"Sure as shit won't be me," he mumbles.

"Nisha?" Dean asks, and the woman rolls her eyes.

"What? Because I'm a female, you think I want to talk with the grump? No, thank you. He will walk it off and come back later like nothing happened. We all know Hayes. He explodes and asks questions later." She waves her hand in the air like it's no big deal, but by looking at Dean, I can tell it's a huge deal.

"I'll talk to him." I exhale, my stomach twisting sharply as Dean gives me a look, then nods.

"Probably best it's you." He says.

"What? Because of our history?" I ask, and he shakes his head.

"No, because he owes you an apology." He shrugs and Marcos roars in laughter.

"He owes me one too, but I'm not going after him." He says, then he looks at me. "You are better off just letting him cool off and come back later."

I consider it for a second, but then I realize I don't want Hayes coming back here acting like nothing happened. He owes me not one, but two apologies now. And I am damn crazy enough to chase him down and demand them.

I chase after him, the irony of this moment not slipping my mind as the last memory I have with him resurfaces.

I remember the way Hayes stood in front of me, his smile fading away as my heart beat out of my chest, fear replacing the excitement.

"I love you, Hayes." I say, my voice cracking as he takes a hesitant step away from me. "And I know you love me, too."

"Kyra," He whispers my name, his face falling as he looks away shaking his head. "Why?" .

My brows knit together, perplexed by the question.

"What do you mean, why? I love you because of who you are. Every morning, all I can think about is seeing you smile and being near you. You make me feel safe, Hayes. You are my home."

"Stop it. Just...stop it Kyra. You don't know what you are talking about." He grits out.

My stomach drops, my mouth dry as I realize what is happening.

"I do." I croak. "I am in love with you, I will always be in love with—"

His lips smash into mine, and my world spins on its axis. My heart soars and my body ignites as I wrap my arms around his neck, holding him closer, my lips working against his in a selfish need. But then he tears away and pushes me back, wiping his lips.

"See," He says. "There is nothing there, no spark, nothing."

"Nothing," I repeat, blinking as my heart shatters at our feet and I stumble away from him a step.

"Nothing. You know I want my mate. I want that spark and the mate bond. Choosing you would...it would be like choosing a knock off brand."

"Why are you being so mean?" I whisper, struggling to catch my breath.

"Because you ruined everything Kyra!" He roars as he takes a step away and then spins on his heels, leaving me in the woods, under the moon alone.

I shake the painful memory, pushing

it to the back. This is not the same. I am not following him to profess my love. I am following him to demand an apology for leaving me to die out of his incredible hatred for me. As I approach him now, over eight years later, I prepare myself for the signature blow ups he has been having since being reunited again.

"Hayes," I say softly, coming up on his back, keeping enough space between us my safety. I watch

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his muscles tense as I get closer, his head turning to look at me from over

his shoulder. From this angle, he looks like the Hayes I used to know. The one in the woods who was waiting for me with a smile. The handsome beta who was wise beyond his years and always in a good mood.

"They sent you to check on me, huh?" He exhales, sounding disappointed, and I try not to take it personally. Just because he looks like my best friend for a moment doesn't mean he is him.

"I volunteered." I shrug, stepping up next to him.

"That seems highly unlikely." He murmurs.

"And yet it happened."

"Then what is it you want?" He asks.

"An apology, well, two of them, actually." I demand and his back rises and falls as if he is laughing silently at me.

"What for?" He asks, gently.

"For starters, drugging me and

leaving me behind to almost die." I don't hold back the anger in my voice, "And for just assuming I am some slut who throws herself at men? I have only ever been with one man in my entire life. I have only ever kissed TWO. For you to assume I would ever-" Content belongs to

"I am sorry, Kyra." He says, his voice soft and full on sincerity that it catches me off guard.

"For which thing?" I ask him, wanting him to be specific and acknowledge both wrongs he did. Hayes looks at the ground before lifting his chin, meeting my eyes with his tortured gaze.

"For abandoning you." He whispers the words I have been waiting for him to say for years.

"Which time?" I ask "Because it seems to be your favorite thing to do to me."

"Every time," His voice breaks, and he clears his throat. "Every time."

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Chapter 145

"I don't know what to say," I admit, his honesty catching me off guard. Since the second he laid eyes on me again, he has been nothing short of rude and cold. Every word has been a stab at me in one way or another. But now he suddenly racked with guilt and

apologizing?

"There is nothing to say, Kyra. You asked for your apology and I gave it to you," he says matter of fact.

"And that's it? We go back to constant fighting and bickering?" I ask, arching a brow. He pauses, then lets out a low sigh, his good hand coming up to pinch the bridge of his nose.

"I don't know," He admits. "What do you want from me?"

I scoff. "For starters? Maybe you not trying to sabotage me at every turn."

He frowns like I am speaking some untruth, and I give him a stern look.

"Fine. But in my defense, I wasn't the one to drug you." He says.

"Did you tell Marcos to do it?" I ask, crossing my arms over my chest. He looks away and shrugs, refusing to answer, and I roll my eyes. "Of course you did."

"I didn't want you to get hurt." He tells me, and I see how sincere he is, but sincerity doesn't matter when you mess up.

"Yeah, that worked out really well." I scoff, throwing my hands up in frustration, and he winces.

"In retrospect, it was a bad decision." He admits. "Dragons are not known for being in this area, even scouts. We are still close to the water and they usually avoid it."

"I was passed out for hours, Hayes. HOURS! That's not just a bad decision, it was a near fatal one and I know I am here in one piece, but it was very, very close to being me in multiple pieces." I say, my voice rising.

It doesn't matter that he apologizes or that he admits he was wrong. What I understand now is that I want to know why he thinks so little of me. Was loving him back then, asking him to choose me. Was it so wrong?

"I fucked up." He says, his voice matches mine in volume. "All I can do is apologize and ask if we can move on."

I throw my hands up in defeat. "And what does moving on look like?"

"What?" He freezes, swallowing hard as he blinks at me.

"What does moving on look like for us? You want to move on from this? Fine. How do you envision that happening?" I ask him, my hands finding my hips as he looks around, his brows pulled together in thought. "Well, I figured you would want an escort back—"

I step into him in a second, my body nearly pressing against his as my anger surges through me.

"Hayes, I am not going back." I hiss, "The girl you remember and the woman standing in front of you are very different people. I do not cower and I do not run. You need to find this Fae? I am your only hope of finding him. I can promise you that." His eyes meet mine and for a moment the air grows thick, the forest around us silent as I get lost in his hazel eyes.

"Why do you hate me so much?" I whisper, my chest breaking open. All his actions and reactions point to one thing: hatred. Hayes has learned to not only hate life, but he has locked everyone out, and I am the furthest on the outside than even Merikh. "I don't hate you," He says, his words soft as he leans closer.

My breathing hitches, his closeness catching me off guard as his warm breath tickles over my lips.

"It feels like it." I murmur, cursing myself as my eyes flick to his lips, watching too eagerly as his tongue slips out and wets them.

"I wouldn't have helped you if I hated you." He says. His presence is damn near overwhelming. The scent I didn't pick up before now wraps around me like a safety blanket and it I can't tell if I crave it or fear it.

His chest brushes against mine,

catching me off guard as he closes

the distance between us completely and he stares into my face. My breathing hitches and I can feel the heat in my cheeks. I need to cut this tension, obliterate it to smithereens. I can't allow anyone to have this type of power over me. Not again.

"You call beating Marcos and accusing me of having sex with him, helping me?" I ask, my mouth still dry, my body light as if it is floating. It doesn't matter how much I want this pull to go away, it tugs me in deeper.

"I thought he was touching you." He says his words full of bite as if remembering the moment in his mind. What he thinks he saw must have been something far more devious than what actually took place.

"He was touching me." I say, and his eyes flash as he seems to wake up from a daze. Hayes takes a step back from me as he drags a hand down his face. "Marcos was helping me, Hayes. Just like you had instructed him to do." "Why are you still here?" He asks, the gentle Hayes I remember disintegrating in a puff of annoyance. "I already apologized."

"I came for more than that." I tell him, and he watches me expectantly. "The rest of the group is worried about you."

He shakes his head, a laugh breaking from his deformed, yet somehow still handsome face.

"They know when to give me space," he says, then he points at me. "You clearly don't remember me well."

I roll my eyes and cross my arms over my chest, breathing easier now that the tension has lessened.

"I remember everything about you, Hayes. All of this" I lift my hands, waving them around his body as if pointing out his aura. "All of it has changed."

"Yes, I am very well aware of how much my new look disgusts you." He says with an emotionless face.

I shake my head and look away for a minute before turning back to look at him. What I need to do is place a barrier between us. Something that keeps him close yet far enough away that I don't fall into the trap of this one sided bond.

I can't reject him until he acknowledges it exists and that won't happen until whatever is blocking on his end fades. So I am stuck fighting two wars at once. The war against my heart and soul, and the one raging around us we are trying to end.

"It's not just the outside that is repulsive, Hayes. You are only mirroring what's inside. I suppose I can't blame you for that." The words feel like acid burning my throat as I watch him for a reaction. He nods, his lips pressed together in a straight line before he clicks his tongue.

"Well, at least we can agree on that." He mutters. "I appreciate you making it clear. Next time I won't interject when you are..."

"When I am being healed?" I arch a brow, interjecting before he can continue. "Yeah, probably best you let the healer help me before you punch his lights out."

He grins as he looks away, a look of pain on his face.

"That mouth is going to get you in trouble, Kyra." He says, turning his gaze on me once more. "And it will likely be me punishing you for it."

My body flutters in surprise and heat as I feign annoyance and let my eyes roll again. [SEARCH THE Find_Novel.net website](http://www.find-novel.net) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I welcome you to try, Hayes. As you can see, I am not the same weak love struck girl you remember."

