

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 30

Heavens, I needed this. No, I've dreamed of this, Running in wolf form along a beautiful river with **the** moon still hung in the sky, speaking life into my very **soul**. I can't **recall** the last time I ever enjoyed my wolf's form in this manner. I was always too weak to let her out more than once or twice a year and **that** was only IF I could get her to come out.

For most wolves, they would go crazy, driving their human to the brink of insanity, but my wolf **was** always so far out of **reach**. It's not since moving to Merikh's that we are strong enough to handle a shift on command. Not since being away from my old pack and the poison. I am sure she was putting in my food.

I trot to the edge of the water, peeking at the mirror-like surface and checking out my healthy coat of dark gray fur. It looks almost iridescent in the bright moonlight and I spin, giving myself a full look before a sense of pride settles deep in my stomach. I'm perfect in wolf form.

I'm no longer small or malnourished. Just a happy, healthy, average wolf recharging under the full moon, Except **I'm** not average, I'm a Luna. And not just any Luna, but the Lycan Luna. Not that I feel like one in the slightest.

"I'd love to know what you're thinking right now," someone says. I spin and growl, watching as Caspian saunters toward me, his hands in his pockets as he assesses me with a glint of **familiarity**. He tosses a bag at me and I catch it in my mouth, tilting my head to see what he wants.

"Shift back and take a walk with me." he says, turning his back to me.

After a moment of watching him curiously, he clears his **throat** and I decide maybe I can use this opportunity to do what Merikh has failed to do all this time. **Win** Caspian over in friendship. 1 shift into my human form, quickly pulling out the garments inside and slipping into the softest **yoga** pants and sweatshirt I have ever touched.

"What did you want to talk about?" I ask him, as I slip the now empty bag over my shoulder. Caspian turns to look at me, his hands in his pockets once more as he nods to **his** side, showing I should walk **with** him.

“Come.” He says softly, but I hesitate thinking about Merikh’s warning of not being able to trust anyone. Then again, Percy is in the shadows so maybe it will be fine.

“I **am not** sure my mate will like this very much. I tell **him** and he chuckles softly

“He knows you are in no danger with me. I have no desire to whisk you away from him and **you** pose no immediate threat to my wellbeing, **which** would lead to me needing to kill you. I assure you, Letty...is it?”

“Yes, Letty.” I say, smiling to myself. I don’t really know why being called Letty sets my heart a blaze. Maybe it’s because it signifies a new me. A stronger, braver **version**, one worthy of leading and being here **just** like anyone else. Either way, I can’t help but feel pride in **the** new **me** and new name.

“Well, Letty, I assure you I have only **good** intentions. I only **wish** to know you more.” He smiles and I skeptically **move** to his side.

We walk in awkward silence for a short time, the two of us absorbing the beautiful scenery. The air is still, and the full moon’s light reflects off the glassy water, illuminating the night life around us. I can see little orbs of yellow **and** I swallow, fear creeping into my chest, remembering the green orb that destroyed my heart with the intense realistic **dream** it-wove in my mind.

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Why are you stopping?” Caspian asks, looking around. I shake my head, my throat tight, and that feeling of watching my mom be ripped from the world in front of me resurfaces **as** I breathe roughly. “Letty...” his voice sounds distant, and it feels like I am being sucked back in.

His hand touches my bicep and I jump **back**, inhaling **sharply** before I pull myself back from the cowering I was doing internally. No. I will not be that girl. The one with trauma so crippling I can not enjoy the night. I refuse to let them take anything else from me. Fate has already done a good enough job of making my life painful. I am so damn sick of pain.

“Forgive me,” I release a breath, my hand to my chest as I try to force my **heart** to calm itself.

“There is no need to apologize. Are you okay? Did something spook you? I promise you are safe,” He tries to reassure me and frown.

There is no way of knowing if I **can** actually trust Caspian. If I should tell him about the attacks that have been happening. Would explaining it all do anything to **break** a way at his ice heart?

Then I remember, he won't do anything about it since we are **not** members of this council yet, but surely mentioning how someone is targeting me will show him how important us being on the council is. How much we, as a species, need their protection?

"I...I was recently attacked. Several times, actually, and I am working through those moments." I say, giving him a tight smile. "Some things seem to trigger those memories"

"**Ah**, yes. I heard of your accident." He gives me a sad look, like he wishes he could apologize or offer me some sort of condolences. But that would be acknowledging blame. That we belong under the umbrella of safety with the other species and **he** can't do that. Not yet.

"Oh, the accident is the least of my worries." I smile. "I struggle with the dream weavers and what they placed in my head. Those are new to me, someone playing in my mind, changing what little memories I have of my dead loved ones to nightmares." The moment I start speaking, I find my anger grows.

Speaking of this out loud...it's not just painful, but a startling truth that whoever was doing this isn't just trying to scare me. They are trying to scar me. Make me bitter and angry.

Anger is easier to manipulate and control. Anger makes a person predictable, yet unstable. You know how to make them react, **and** when they react, **the** only thing you don't know is how. And that's what they want from me. A reaction.

"Dream weavers..." He asks, and I look up at him to see his furrowed brow

"Ever have one play with your mind?" I ask **and** he **shakes** his head no. "**Count** your lucky stars. You have **your** protection."

"Is it that bad?" He asks, curious.

I scoff out a dry laugh. If only he had even a semblance of understanding of what these other species can do, what it feels like to be on the receiving end. Then he might not wish to keep us all out. He might let **us** into the council and spare **my** people what these other monsters have planned for us for the sake of some fun.

"I have very few memories of my mother." I say with a heavy sigh, walking **a** little ahead of him. "The ones I do have aren't, happy or sweet. They are sad. But the dream weavers entered my mind, toying with my memories, distorting them so that those last few moments I have with her in my **head** are of her death. A death I know I did not witness,"

"How do you know that is not the truth?" he asks, arching a brow.

I tilt my head, truly understanding how much he doesn't know about the other species. How can he be the king when he doesn't know what these monsters are capable of? How they act and treat those they deem lesser than then in the name of fun.

"There are ways to determine what is real." I say, "But that doesn't erase the jagged point of a spear breaking through my mother's chest covered in her blood while she blames me for her death. No matter how easily I can determine it was false, that **image** lives there. That moment I had with her shattered in my heart and in my mind forever **because** someone wanted to lure me **away** from my home, away from the safety of my mate."

"Why are **you** so sure they don't want to save you?" he asks with furrowed brows. His silver streaks in his hair look so much more defined when he stands in the moonlight, his chin jutted **out the** side in serious **thought**.

"You don't save someone by **trying** to hurt them."

"**You** were not injured, were you?" he asks, sounding genuinely concerned.

"That **time** no, but I was injured the first time. They crashed into our vehicles and dragged me out by my broken leg. My femur was shattered and the only person who was there to help me was Merikh. He was ready to die to protect me, to bring me home."

"I hate to say this, but there are many who do not like your **mate**, Letty," he frowns and I hark out a laugh.

"He is abrasive. But he is loyal to his **own downfall**. Merikh is broken, but he is trying. We all are, and it's all for. This person who is after me, what reason do you think they would want me?" I **ask** him.

"I can not say." He responds by shaking his head and shrugging.

"I **can**. They want to hurt **Merikh** To break **him** beyond repair and ruin him **and** I will not let them."

"Hmm, and you think it is the same person?"

"I know it is." I tell him resolutely.

"Oh, and how could you possibly know that if you don't know who it is?"

Werewolves don't have red, glowing eyes." I snort. "Neither do lycans. And they do not attack their new Luna and **Lycan** king. How **many** species can manipulate what others do and how they act?"

“In a way, almost all of them.” He admits, “But wouldn’t that mean that it could be anyone both times? That it could be separate attacks. You said yourself one was a dream weaver, and the other was wolves with red eyes. He seems to be in deep thought as he speaks.

“The dream weaver led me to the border in my sleep. At the border, waiting for me, was a crowd of red-eyed wolves. Do you **think** two separate parties would use the same exact people if they were not working together!”

He pauses for a moment, his lips pressing together **in** a thin line.

“Why are you telling me all of this? Are you trying to play to my sympathies and manipulate me?” he **asks**, arching a brow.

I shake my head, smiling at him.

“No. No, I am informing you, out of respect for the position you hold, that someone here on your honorable council is **a** coward. I want you to know that I am hunting them.”

“They are protected, no matter what or who they are. **They** are under the protection of the council. Killing any of the members would get you exiled.”

“What good is that punishment when we are already exiled?” I remind him with **a small smirk**.