

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 48

“I agree.” I say, standing and sprinting in the opposite direction of the thing, pacing the woods screaming my name.

I make sure Hayes is on my heels this time, checking every few seconds to verify he is still there. A loud crack sounds as pain radiates up my side and I fly through the air, rolling as I hit the ground. Before I can get my footing, a body is on me snarling and swiping at my face.

“Shit!” Hayes growls, his Lycan taking over as my own comes forward. Body after body tumbles onto me, a mod. of red-eyed freaks, taking chunks of my flesh from me as I plow through them with my razor-sharp claws.

I finally make it to my feet, rushing over to Hayes and I tear the bodies from him with ease and help him up. We stand back to back, towering over the sea of werewolves who aren't in their right minds, waiting for them to strike first. Instead, they wait.

A single woman pushes them all aside, walking up, her eyes more vibrant than the others, and I notice she is a Lycan.

“We only want the girl.” She says, the sound emitting from her even with her mouth closed.

“No,” my Lycan growls. “Mine.”

“Then we will have to kill you.” She says again.

“Try.” Hayes' Lycan says, charging for her. His hand flies out to swipe across her, but he stops before he hits her, his Lycan shaking.

“Mine” He whispers. “Mate.”

Damn it. This is the last fucking thing we need right now. I shove Hayes aside, knocking the girl out, her eyes falling closed as the others attack us. Hayes' Lycan whines hopelessly as he tries to get to the girl, but I growl at him, forcing him to focus.

Now is not the time for him to fawn over his possessed mate. Right now we have to fucking fight to get out of here so we can inform the others who is behind this little bonfire.

I tear through the zombie like wolves with ease, hope springing up that this might be a quick and easy fight after seeing how screwed we are.

The beast swipes at me and I barely escape as I dodge to the right, spinning and coming out behind it. I lunge forward to attack and his head spins around, catching me completely off guard as I panic, his bulbous fist striking me across the face. I tumble back, my jaw throbbing as blood fills my mouth, and I snarl at him.

I try to shake off the hit, but my eye begins to ache, and the vision grows fuzzy as I stand my ground. He hits me again, this time his fist colliding with my chest, a rib creaking from the impact as I stumble back, trying to catch my breath.

Hayes slides up next to me, chomping and snarling at the fucking thing. We are going to have to tag team this thing if we want to win. I lunge low, Hayes going high as I sink my teeth into the animal's leg, yanking as Hayes. topples him from the shoulder. The troll goes down and we hop on top of him, our claws slicing through his thick. hide, blood oozing from him.

He lets out a horrible screech and the ground rumbles beneath us. I stand up, moving back as I witness two others just like this one staring at us. Anger fills the area and I hiss at Hayes, who looks up.

He sidles up next to me and we realize this is the one and only time in our life we may have to run from a fight. We sprint to the right, the only opening there is, and the further we go, the more I realize how fucked we are.

They have led us right back into the trap. My Lycan fights to stay in the forefront but loses as I shift back into my human form, and Hayes does the same.

“Shit shit shit,” He mutters, hands on his head.

“Calm yourself,” I murmur. “We will be fine.”

“My mate is a fucking Lycan zombie bitch, and you hit her!” He roars, shoving me. I snap at him, glowering in his “direction.

“Get your shit together. I knocked her out, so we didn’t have to kill her. And if you want to go make sure she is safe, you need to focus on fucking staying alive.”

He takes a deep breath, looking around as the ground shakes, the fucking beasts getting closer and closer by the damn second. I search where we are, no fucking clue which way is up, and I think about Colette.

What will happen to her if I am gone? When she feels the bond break, if I die, she will come running and they will have her. That won’t fucking happen. Not if there is a single breath left in my body.

“You go back and get Penny and Percy. Maybe Caspian will have someone he can spare, too.” I tell Hayes.

“Over my dead fucking body, will I leave you alone out here?” He yells.

“That is an order, beta. You will go back and bring reinforcements. I am ordering you to leave me,” I hiss and he winces, trying to fight the order. “If you want me to live, you better get your ass moving.”

He looks like he wants to cry as he turns and sprints off. The second he gets away from this area, his Lycan will come back and he will haul ass. I only have to hold off for half an hour. I may be able to do that, but then again... without my Lycan, I am not nearly as lethal. My strength remains, and my agility too, but my razor-sharp teeth and claws won't be on the board anymore.

The beasts finally arrive, and they don't slow down as the barrel toward me, trying to run me under. They tower over me now by at least three feet. I find a sharp rock as I slide under an oncoming plundering fist, and hammer it twice into one's leg.

The beast seems unphased as it kicks at me, striking me in the chest as I fly into a tree with a thud. I wheeze, standing as fast as I can before I dodge to the left, stumble between trees, using them to help hide myself.

All I can do now is play cat and mouse. And for the first time in my life, I'm the mouse.