

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 50

"Hayes!" I call out, running toward him. "Where is he?"

He shifts back into his human form, looking past me to Penny as he waves to her to come to him.

"I have to get back to him. Where is Percy? I need both he and Penny." He rushes out. There is a frantic nature to the way he searches for the two of them, as he tries to be respectful of me while trying to get around me.

"Percy isn't well enough to go anywhere." I tell him, not really wanting to get into the details right now.

"Fuck." He growls both hands in his head as panic overwhelms him.

"I will go in his place," I offer and he shakes his head like it's the craziest thing he has ever heard in his life.

"No. You have to go back and-"

"And what? Cower and wait in the room and hope nothing terrible happens? No!" I growl, cutting him off. "I will absolutely NOT be doing that. There is no stopping me. You are taking my protection, besides I will only follow you if you try to leave me."

Hayes frowns and drags a hand down his face before he nods.

"I don't have time to argue," he grits out as Penny rushes toward him. "But I am begging you to stay, Luna. Please." he says, looking at me.

"Not a chance in hell." I tell him.

I know I am being difficult, but damn it, if the jerk controlling all these wolves wants me, they can have me as long as they don't hurt Merikh. Whoever this is, whatever they want to do with me, I know Merikh can figure out a way to fix it, but only if he is alive and safe.

"Colette..." Caspian's voice is wary as he looks at me and I push past Hayes, running in the direction he came from.

"This way, right?" I ask, breaking into a run and I hear them arguing behind me, then I hear them running. Penny and Hayes break into their Lycan form. I shift into my wolf and my father...well hopeful he left his sea legs in the mansion because he is going to have to keep up.

The entire time I run, my heart is in my throat, every stride feels too short and every second too long. What happened? What can I expect to walk into? I have nothing and know nothing about what I am walking into. There wasn't any time to waste. Merikh needs help now, not after a quick debrief or an argument where I would just end up coming, anyway.

I glance over my shoulder, shocked that my dad, though always behind us, is maintaining a decent pace and keeping us in view. I don't know how long we run. It feels like hours until my wolf suddenly whimpers and I trip, tumbling over as I turn into my human form. I look to the side, seeing Penny, who looks at herself in shock and meets my eyes.

"My Lycan is gone, she...retreated." she says, looking at Hayes in shock.

"Then we are close." He mutters, going on alert. He scans the woods, both he and Penny slightly crouched, ready for any attack.

Caspian finally catches up to us, giving me a confused look as he throws clothing at me and Penny. And a pair of shorts at Hayes. Not that I care about my naked state right now. I have more pressing issues. Like a Lycan King who is missing and in grave danger. But I slip into my shirt and shorts quickly.

"What are we looking for?" Penny whispers and Hayes takes a step forward.

"We aren't necessarily looking, we are listening, so shut up," he snaps and I strain my ears, trying to hear what I can even without my werewolf powers.

My body hums, my craving for water and the calm of it growing. It's like I can feel it beneath me, the source of life from the water and all it brings. I can hear it as it trickles through the roots of the trees and feeds the leaves. The water isn't just around me, it's inside of me, making me feel like I am weightless and nothing can touch me. It's overwhelming.

"Caspian..." I whisper, feeling like it's too much.

My body feels like it's throbbing. Like waves ebbing at the sand beach shore. He is next to me in a second and I look up at him, hoping for answers. He frowns as he takes my hand, keeping me steady. "Without your wolf you are simply a siren princess." He whispers. "It can be a lot to be able to feel the water everywhere it is. You will grow accustomed to it in a moment."

"Are you sure?" I ask him, fear in my voice.

I am here to find Merikh, and instead of focusing on that all I can do is think about fucking water. Where it's at, where it's going. Then I feel the water quiver. Like a ripple in a calm lake. I freeze, my head snapping to my right along with Caspian's.

"That way," He tells Hayes and Penny, who turn and look at him funny.

"They were heading this way when I left him." Hayes says, looking skeptical.

"He is right. I can feel it too. Something big is that way."

"Then that is where Merikh is." Hayes straightens his shoulders and looks at Penny, then the rest of us, before he breaks into a run.

We follow suit, the quivering growing stronger, beating in time with my frantic heartbeat. My stomach falls and I come to an abrupt halt when see the

massive thing throw an enormous balled up fist, striking Merikh across the face. He flies into a tree, his body thudding as he tumbles to the base, and then he rolls out of the way of the incoming foot from another of the beasts.

Hayes lets out a war cry as he launches himself onto the back of one, trying to stomp on his brother, and Penny distracts the other. Merikh stands, hobbling as he winces, but he sizes up the beasts ready to jump in where he is needed.

"What the hell are those?" I ask Caspian, who gapes at what he is witnessing.

"I...don't know." He admits. "They kind of look like trolls..."

"Trolls?" I hiss at him and he frowns. "Those are real too?"

"No." He says like he is in deep thought. "No, I've never known those to be a real species and yet...here they are."

I squeal as Hayes flies in our direction, landing at my feet with a pained groan. He looks up at me, but quickly stands rushing back in as my eyes find Merikh, frozen in place, as he blinks at me in utter shock. He looks awful. Blood is dripping from his hairline and just to the far side of his eye, dripping down to his shoulder. He is riddled with deep bruises, already taking form over his physique.

I take a step toward him. My body feels light, like I'm in a dream that none of this is real. How can it be? These beasts aren't supposed to exist and Merikh is a Lycan with no Lycan to fight with or heal him. "Stay there," he growls at me, anger taking over his face as he stalks toward me.

Then, out of nowhere, a third troll like thing grabs him by his ankle and Merikh is lifted and hammered into the ground like a rag doll. I gasp when he crunches into the leaf covered dirt, tears in my eyes, my body jolting as though the hit is a direct strike to my very core.

The beast lifts him again and my body grows warm, a flame of anger raging inside me as I stare at Merikh who, though conscious and trying to free himself, hangs.

His left forearm is bent awkwardly and I can see how his leg seems to look segmented, like the only thing holding it together is the muscles and flesh that could tear at any moment.

"Drop him." I growl, my chest aching in fear as I look at Merikh.

He gives me a determined look, like he is trying to tell me he's got this, but I am sick of sitting around and waiting to be rescued. I am tired of constantly hiding who I am, who I have always been. I'm over being cut off from the part of me I was always meant to know.

The troll blinks at me, red eyes zeroing on my location and I suck in a deep breath, before dropping to my knee and resting my hands on the grass. The water heeds me, it wants to do my bidding as I try to summon it. I don't know what I can do, or if I can manage to pull off what I want to, but if in my desperation I fail, then I at least gave Merikh a distraction.

"Now!" I hiss, looking up at the troll, who seems to focus on me. The other two stop fighting, turning to look at me like a statue as Penny and Hayes rush to Merikh and try to pry him free.

"I knew you would come for him," The same voice as early emanates from all three creatures, and I find that my anger only grows. I am sick of being played, of people manipulating me and thinking I am too meek to fight a bad person. He thinks they know what I am? They don't have a fucking clue.

"Fuck you!" I shout as a spout of water shoots from under one of the trolls. It flies into the air, not a sound coming from it as it falls back to the ground, crashing through branches and colliding with the hard earth. The water continues to spray like a geyser, wetting everything around us.

"Oh, the Princess has some skills. How fu-" They say as a spout strikes one in the face and the other grows a bubble around its head, suffocating it and forcing it to release Merikh who scrambles away. Hayes and Penny help him up, bringing him to us.

Water rains down, my body relishing the feel, absorbing as much as I can until I slowly feel the power of it leaching from me. The connection with the water around me slowly dissipates and after a minute, I look up, watching as the trolls morph into a human form, laying on the ground.

A hand grabs mine, and I am whipped around to look up at Merikh. My hand flies up, pushing his hair away as I witness his cut stitching itself up, and I realize the magic is gone. Whatever spell was used here has melted away with the water. His healing abilities are back.

"I gave you one order." He growls, his voice filled with anger, and all I can do is smile. He is safe, hurt and tricked, but damn it, he is safe. "You promised me."

"I kept my promise." I remind him, stepping into his body, his arms wrapping around me no matter how mad he is. "See? I stayed with Caspian. Or rather, he stayed with me."