

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 56

My head aches and I can feel the trickle of warmth down my neck, dripping as I try to force my body to move. The sparks of the mate bond where Merikh touches my skin with his gives me hope, knowing he is at the very least still alive. My chest burns and my stomach twists. Fear overcomes me with the very real possibility that he is gravely injured.

“Merikh,” I force out, trying to breathe under the weight of his body, but even with how close my lips are to his ears, I doubt he can hear me.

A fight rages on behind him. Fire, water and shades of varying colors light up the only portion of the wall I can see. There is no telling who is fighting with who or if it’s an all out fight to the death since the protective order of the council is now over, at least for several members.

“Colette!” My name breaks through the room, my father’s voice calling to me, panic lacing through every syllable.

“I’m here...” I cry out, emotions overwhelming me the longer Merikh remains motionless.

“Take cover!” He roars, his voice coming closer as a rumbling resonates through the room, and I look up, watching as a massive scaly tail swipes away the ceiling and rooms above us.

Lumber and drywall clatter down over me, but nothing lands on us as a silver-colored barrier appears overhead. I blink at the debris as it bounces off the shield before it shivers and drops, only dust littering down over us.

Suddenly, Merikh rolls off of me and I gasp for a full breath of air, clattering across the singed carpet floor to him and cupping his face.

“Merikh...” I whisper, begging him to open his eyes. Tears fall like a cascading wave down my cheeks and onto his face as I heave, trying like hell to compose myself.

“Are you okay?” I feel a hand on my shoulder but I ignore it, not caring who is talking to me. After a moment, they leave me, their footsteps retreating, but I don’t look to see who it was. The only thing that matters is Merikh, unconscious and hurt.

“Merikh, wake up.” I blubber through sobs.

I can hear things being tossed about behind me, furniture clattering and people screaming something incoherent. But I can’t spare them a glance or even a moment. I can’t bear to look away from his face, the face that makes it look like he is in a completely comfortable slumber and not potentially in death’s grips.

“Luna!” breaks through the room and I recognize it as Hayes. I look up to see him as he scrambles toward us, landing on the other side of Merikh. His eyes meeting mine, looking for answers. “What the fuck happened?”

“H-he jumped in front of me.” I try to explain, but I can’t completely recall it all as Merikh was in front of me before I could even register what the hell was happening. Hayes places his hand on his brother’s chest, running it over his body, looking for the wound that has Merikh looking so close to death. Then looks me in the eye.

“I need to push him toward you so I can look for injuries.” He tells me and I nod.

I reach over and prepare to take the bulk of his weight onto me. Hayes gently shoves his brother’s shoulder toward me as he pushes him to his side and I

latch onto Merikh, hugging him close while keeping him upright enough for Hayes to search him over.

My eyes are trained on him the entire time, watching his stony like features as they give nothing away before he drags his hand down his face and looks around.

There's a t w i n k l e of franticness in his eyes and I notice him avoiding looking in my direction. It must be bad if he can't even bring himself to look at me. I try to swallow the lump in my throat, hoping to force the fear down with it.

"It's bad, isn't it..?" I ask, and he sighs heavily.

"It isn't good," he mutters. "Have you seen Brent anywhere?"

"No...I don't even know who sided with her or us..." I admit, and he furrows his brow.

"I think you are going to have to explain what you mean by that, but first we need to get him out of here and somewhere I can at least clean the wounds and see how bad it is before a real healer has to step in."

I meet his eyes, my heart thudding with painful force in my chest.

"It's really bad, isn't it? I need to know..." I ask, trying like hell to remain hopeful.

This time I see the crack in his stoic face, the uncertainty in his face as she licks his lips and looks down. I lean forward slightly, venturing to see it for myself, but he places both hands on my shoulders, pushing me back slightly.

"It's bad, Colette. He wouldn't want you to see it, not like this. Just...we need to get him out of here. And then I need to look for the others." He mutters, scanning the room around us.

"The others?" I ask in alarm, finally turning my head to survey the damage.

My mouth drops open, water leaking from an exposed pipe, a massive section of the ceiling and stories above head missing as the sun filters in, shining through dust particles, making it look like a heavy fog has fallen over us.

I see someone sitting in a dark corner, their dress shoes poking out and someone crouching next to them. Not a single other person appears to be in the room other than those two and I feel myself growing numb. Not in the sense that I have grown cold or lost the sensation of feeling things physically. I am numb to the shock of what I see.

There is blood splattered along the walls that aren't singed black, everything is wet, dripping with dirty drops of water and insulation hangs from the only part of the ceiling still intact.

But none of that has any bearing on me. Not a single one of those things seems to surprise me. Too much has happened, too much was at stake, and it was all because of me, all over me.

"Cole..." I hear, spinning, hoping to locate the voice. It's Caspian, a breathy, pained version, but it is him, no doubt.

"Where are you?" I ask, and I see one foot move in the corner. The figure crouching next to him stands and helps him up. and I finally feel a little tension release from my chest, finding him standing with his arm over Brent's shoulder for stability.

"How is Merikh?" He asks, and I bite my lip, shaking my head and shrugging. There is no way I can say the words 'I don't know' without sobbing. His eyes are tired but soft as he gives me a weary smile.

"He needs immediate care." Hayes says, standing. Penny comes flying in next, her eyes finding mine and then landing on Merikh. Her face instantly goes cold, like she is hiding all emotion as she rushes and helps me up.

“You are bleeding too, Luna.” She tells me, but all I can see is the mess I created.

“Help Hayes with Merikh, We need to get him taken care of right now.”

“Yes, Luna.” She says, reaching down and grabbing a shoulder. Hayes stands, grabbing the other side and the two of them hoist him, his body dangling between the two of them and his back revealed to me for the first time.

A shocked gasp tears from my lips as I slam a hand over my mouth, the tears trickling free again. His shirt is completely burned away, his flesh raw and red, his muscles exposed where it looks like a meteor may have hit him.

The skin surrounding the circle is already raised and blistered, licking up his arm in a grotesque display of how quickly flames can melt away the flesh.

“I will do everything I can, Colette.” Brent promises me.

“Can you walk?” Caspian asks, softly and I nod, feeling slightly lightheaded, but my legs are sturdy and if it means being with

Merikh through this all, I could run a marathon.

“I will be right behind you.” I whisper, looking through the rubble on the way out. “Where is everyone else?”

I look at Brent, who frowns, his eyes scanning, then he freezes, motioning for me to rush to him. I move over to him and he rests my father’s around over my shoulder as he stumbles and trips over soaked dry walls and crushed furniture.

“Elm!” He screams, throwing things to the side. Cursing under his breath, he reveals a large bark like slab of wood, trying to pry it to the side before it slowly shrinks and disappears, revealing Elm, holding an unconscious Joffrey in his arms.

“The others ran.” He coughs. “Took off with Giselle on the f u c k n g dragon she called.”

I furrow my brows and look up at Caspian.

“But isn’t she a dragon?” I ask, confused. “Why would she need to call one?”

“That is an answer I don’t have right now, my daughter.” He says, sounding like he may pass out at any moment. I can feel how weak he is. The water in his being is drained, weak, and I can’t tell if it is because he expended himself or because he has been away from the ocean for so long.

“What does all this mean?” I ask him as I lead him out of the room carefully, following Penny and Hayes as they drag Merikh away. “For the council?”

“It means there is no council. Not any more. It’s time to go to our own kinds and prepare for a war.” He breathes, his eyes falling closed for a second before he grows heavier and leans into me.

“Stay awake,” I say, shaking him. “I need you to stay awake, please...”