

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 57

Caspian leans on me, his head lulling before he snaps it back and shakes it like he is trying to not pass out. I cling to him with all the strength I have, trying to keep him upright as I look around for anyone who can help me.

“Just hang in there for a few more minutes,” I beg him, and he chuckles lightly.

“I am okay, sweetheart. Just drained, I need water. It has been too long.” He says weakly.

“Should I take you to your special bathing room?” I offer, not really **sure** how the hell I will get him up the stairs, or how long **it** will take. My heart yearns to be at Merikh’s side. As much as I care about Caspian and his well-being, he is my estranged father and not the man I love who is in much worse shape.

“Caspian!” Ezra yells from down the hall before he sprints toward us, taking the other side of his arm over his tall, slender shoulders. “What in the blazes happened?”

Caspian just smiles and shakes his head, too tired to speak, and Ezra looks to me for answers.

“Giselle disapproved of the vote to place Lycans and werewolves back on council.” I explain, and his eyes grow wide.

“So, she destroyed the place?” He asks and I nod.

“She tries to attack me, and then everyone started fighting. She escaped on a dragon.”

“Why would she be on a dragon when she is one?” he asks, confused.

“I asked the same thing,” I admit before biting my lip and looking up ahead where Merikh is no longer **in** sight.

“Go Colette, Ezra can see to me getting to water.” He whispers. “Merikh will need you close if he has any hope of a speedy recovery.”

“Merikh is injured?” Ezra asks, shocked, a look of concern over his dark brows as he glances at me, taking in my barely restrained tears. I nod, unable to answer. Injured makes it seem like it isn’t as bad as it is.

“I will check in on you later,” I promise with a quivering voice. Ezra gives me a reassuring smile.

“I will take care of Caspian, concern yourself only with Merikh and his healing.” He says as I step away and, with one more torn look, I turn and take off down the hall. It feels like it’s gotten longer, every step doing nothing to bring me closer as the panic settles deep inside my chest.

As I round the corner, I come to a halt, spinning, trying to figure out which way they went. There is a massive chunk missing from the mansion, so I know they have come this way, but the question of where feels like a daunting one.

My hands fly to my head as I try to force myself to breathe, focus and then move, checking every damn room if I have to. Then I realize, I can use my mind link. The barrier has to be down for everyone to have been able to use their magic.

-*Where are you?*— I shoot out to Hayes and Penny, waiting anxiously for a response.

-*It is best you wait to see him*—Hayes’ responses sounding morose and tired.

*-Fuck that. As your Luna I am demanding you tell me where the hell my mate is*—I growl though the link, making sure he can feel my frustration with him.

I am not some weak little girl who is incapable of seeing grotesque things. Merikh and I have come so far, hurt each other and healed at the same time. I refuse to be on the sideline just because his wound will scare me.

Fear and love are no strangers to each other. They can't be. Without fear, love is bland. How do we know the depths of our love? The lengths we will go to in order to show it, to feel it?

*-I will come get you, Luna*—Penny's voice resonates through my mind as I sigh and lean over, my hands on my knees, a wave of nausea washing over me as I shudder.

*-I am in the dining room*—I tell her with a long exhale. The adrenaline is fading fast and my head is aching, but none of that matters. I can rest when I know Merikh is okay. Until then, I will fight my body's needs just to remain at his side.

I can hear Penny coming before I see her as I stand up straight and move to the hall, watching as she waves me down. There is no thinking as my body takes off toward her and, without exchanging words, she turns and runs to show me where they are. She stops at a door, turning to face me, keeping me from going in.

"Penny, move." I say firmly and her eyes grow soft.

"I will, I promise. But first I need to tell you what to expect, because it's not pretty." She tells me and I roll my eyes.

"I don't care." I grind out and she shakes her head and takes my hand.

“Luna, this isn’t me warning you about the wound on his back. Alpha is a proud man, and he has been injured many times, but never, not once, has he been taken down like this. There is a chance he will feel...well...”

I shake my head, understanding what she is trying to say. But she doesn’t understand him the way I do. She wasn’t in the room when everything happened.

What Penny doesn’t realize is Merikh threw himself in front of me to save me. In his mind, he will wake up and know he achieved his goal. His biggest annoyance will be the downtime I will **force** him to take.

“Penny, I appreciate your thought process, but I know for a fact Merikh will not be like that. There are things *you* do not know and I refuse to wait another minute trying to explain them to you. You are my friend and my gamma, but that is my mate and your alpha in there. So please, for the sake of our friendship, move.”

She drops my hand and looks at the ground before she steps to the side and I push the door open. I am hit in the face instantly with the smell of fresh herbs and Merikh’s faint scent.

Hayes looks up at me, surprised, as I walk past him and drag a chair up to Merikh, taking his hand. His face is turned toward me, his arms above his head as he lies on his stomach, and Brent gingerly cleans his wounds.

I eye him suspiciously before watching his every move, making sure he isn’t doing anything that would seem off. He swabs the deep wound on his back with a brown liquid, then swiftly he grabs some herbal leaves and places them in the groove in Merikh’s back where his muscles are still mildly exposed.

“You being here will speed his healing immensely.” He tells me without stopping his movements.

“How bad is it?” I ask him, swallowing thickly as he exhales and his hands stop. He lays down the items and then lifts his arms, stretching them over his head as if he is trying to relieve tension. When he finally settles, his eyes land on me with a frown.

“He will live. Lycans are hard to kill, and this blow was not fatal. To you, with your frame, it very much would have been. You are lucky, Colette, that he cares for you the way he does.” He says sincerely and I blush, looking down at the still out cold mate who should have just let me die.

“It would have solved more problems had he just let me take the hit.” I scoff, and Brent chuckles.

“You can’t truly believe that,” he says, and I shrug.

“I am the reason for the fight.” I remind him, and he shakes his head.

“No, you were a scapegoat. This fight was a long time coming. Besides, do you really think your death would have solved anything? Your father and Merikh would have dismembered and drowned the world to avenge you.”

I press my lips into a flat line, thinking about his words, letting them sink in as I rub a circle over the top of Merikh’s lifeless hand.

“You think they were looking for a reason to fight? They wanted to disband the **council?**” I ask him curiously. Brent shrugs and then sighs.

“Supernatural beings are self important. They all think their kind is better than the next and with most being immortal or having extended lives, they think they are better than others.” Brent says.

“The beauty of our kinds, you being werewolves and humans and me being solely human, but with magic, we value what brief life we have. We love harder, our loyalties lie in friendship, and we have no time to waste with people who do not respect us.”

“And their kind has the time to scheme and plan wars hundreds of years in advance.” I murmur his words, making me think.

“Exactly.” he says. He moves the tools he was using away, putting them on a table to the side before he feels the skin around the wound on Merikh’s back. I watch as he pushes and prods at him when I feel someone come up to my side.

“Brent...” I say, my mind whirling with everything he has said and trying to recall what happened in the conference room.

“Mmhmm?” he hums in response, inviting me to continue.

“How did the barrier go down?” I ask him, and he freezes, his eyes snapping up to meet mine.

“What?”

“The magic barrier. The one you have supposedly been placing up and taking down when commanded by Caspian...it was supposed to be up, suppressing everyone’s abilities, but yet...”

“I did not bring the barrier down,” he says, alarmed.

“Then who did?” I ask him. “Who else has the ability to do it? As far as I know, you are the only wizard here...right?”

“That is true, but there are ways to break it, ways that don’t require me to bring down the spell.”

“And how many people know how to do that?” I ask him, watching as he grows increasingly more uncomfortable.

“Here? Not many...” he admits, then his eyes grow wide. “Just myself, maybe Elm; as it is a nature related thing. And Ezra.”