

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 58

“What?” I swallow the growing bulge of fear in my throat. “Ezrah?”

Yes, he has the abilities to bring it down, though I highly doubt-

His words drone on, sounding like nothing in my ears as I try not to hyperventilate. Did I send my father off with the enemy? Had Ezrah really fooled us all so well and planted himself here? It would make sense, all the ‘letters’ being in the right place at the right time. Ezrah is with them, whether he is the leader or not. I don’t know. All I know is that I have to get to my father.

Now I tear from Merikh’s side, praying he will forgive me for leaving him to heal on his own for a moment. There is a flurry of shouting behind me as I stumble into the wall at the turn and scramble up the stairs, trying to make my way to the room meant only for sirens.

My lungs burn in the frantic panic of getting to them, my skin crawling with worry. The second I hit the landing, I sprint down the long narrow hall, past the two doors on my left and slam into the only door on my right-hand side. My fingers wrap around the brass doorknob as I shove, but it doesn’t budge.

It’s locked. I jiggle the handle, then slam my fist into the door, making the oak rumble. My foot flies out, kicking the base as I hear something from beyond the door, but I am past being cordial and calm. What the hell could Ezrah be doing in there to him?

“Let me in!” I roar, my hand aching from striking the wood so hard until finally it gives way, splintering and I use my wolf’s strength, shove the door off its

hinges. I scan the room, searching for Ezra, ready to strike at him with everything I have, but I freeze when I see him exit the bathroom and blink at me, shocked.

“Colette?” Caspian calls to me, alarmed, and his voice filled with concern. “What is it? What happened?”

My jaw falls open as I look at the man calling my name. He is transformed, his hair slicked back and his skin a luminescent blue with gills on his neck. As he seems to glide closer to me in the water, his webbed fingers reach for the marble ledge and I gasp as he pulls himself up onto the side. His massive scaled tail glimmers from his mid torso down, his side more defined and matching his gills.

It’s one thing knowing I’m a siren, it’s another witnessing what that means.

“Y-you’re okay...” I whisper, looking from him to Ezra, a spark of confusion in his eyes. Ezra places his hands in his pockets, watching me closely.

“I told you I would take care of him.” He furrows his brow, then his eye lights up like he has solved a puzzle.

“Right...” I stammer, looking back at Caspian as he tilts his head.

“Is Merikh alright?” he asks, his voice sounding warbling as if he is gargling water and peaking at the same time.

“Uh...” I pinch the bridge of my nose, trying to make sense of everything happening. “Yes. He will be fine. It’s just that...”

“What?” Caspian asks.

“The magic barrier was down and I talked to Brent and he said only a few people have the abilities to take it down.”

Ezra exhales and shakes his head.

“And you assumed it was me,” he says.

I nod, guilt seeping into me. Was I wrong in assuming it was him? Or did I just get to him before he did something? It could also be possible Ezra is playing the long game. Pretending to be on our side, even though he is just waiting for the right moment.

I haven't decided I shrug, choosing to double down.

He arches a brow in amusement and then he chuckles, nodding to the door I just hammered through. He walks out, and I see him stop waiting for me. I stomp out after him, glancing at my father, who pulls his full tail from the water and swings to the side before I step over the broken door.

He looks at me, no judgment or anger in his eyes. And he releases a sigh.

“I apologize for whatever I have done to make you think I would ever betray the council,” he says. I cross my arms over my chest and lick my teeth, trying to control my emotions that are admittedly all over the place.

The council is dead now.” I say. “Everyone has gone their own way.”

He scoffs.

“The council can fall apart, but the mission lives on. I now work in the face of unity, like the council did for many years.” He says, and now it's my turn to scoff.

“You think it is that simple? Just say some flowery words and I will believe you?”

“Colette, enough.” Caspian says, walking toward me, now back in his human form.

His silver streaked hair and slicked back with the water and he looks so much healthier. The light in his eyes is back, and he frowns at me. I never thought I

would want a frown from him, but I am overwhelmed by how well he looks and I throw my arms around him.

He hesitates, before I feel him pat me on the back and the rumble of his chest as he chuckles.

“I’m so glad you are feeling better.” I tell him, and He takes hold of my shoulders, pushing me back with a soft smile.

“Me too, kiddo.” He murmurs before looking over my shoulder at Ezra.

“Ezra, go and take over for Brent. I want to speak with him as soon as possible. Elm as well.” He bows and sends me a sly smirk as I scowl at him.

“No. I don’t trust him.” I demand and Ezra’s smirks morphs into a grin.

“Good.” he says, but he doesn’t sound cocky or demeaning. He sounds like he is genuinely impressed with my statement, and I furrow my brows.

“What?”

“You do not know me well enough to trust me. I would expect nothing less from a Luna. Especially in this situation. But I will tell you I did not bring down the barrier. Someone else did.”

“But Brent said....”

“The barrier fell right before Giselle planned to harm you.” Caspian explains. “She stalled until she felt it fall, then she struck.”

“I didn’t feel it,” I tell him.

“You don’t know what to look for to open yourself up to it yet,” Ezra explains. “It takes time to understand it, to feel it.”

I drag my hands through my hair and take three deep breaths. Why is there so much to freaking know about all of this? Why can’t it all be easy?

“The person who brought down the barrier did it from the outside, not from in the room with us.”

I nod, thinking hard, and I meet Caspian’s eyes, like he is trying to guide me, figuring it all out.

“The red-eyed wolves, whoever is using them.” I whisper, and he nods.

“You saw it too, then? The glimmer of red right before she attacked you?” He asks.

“Is she being manipulated too, then?” I ask, and he shrugs.

“Maybe.”

“You don’t think she is?” I ask, confused.

“No, I think she is working with someone who wants to make her seem innocent. I get the feeling Giselle isn’t quite who or what we think she is.”

“I believe Giselle, like those trolls I hear you all encountered earlier, is using magic to mask what she truly is. Which is why she did not have a dragon of her own but rather was carried out.” Ezra explains.

“The issue now lies in figuring out what she is and what her ultimate goal is.” I say, following what they are saying.