

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 60

“How are you feeling?” Hayes asks, sitting next to me as I lay on my stomach for yet another damn day waiting for the green light to move. If it weren’t for my inability to sit upright, I would have been gone the same damn day, back to our pack where we **are** safe, where Colette is safe.

“Like a dragon tried to burn a hole through my body.” I grumble, my mood more sour by the minute.

“Considering that’s exactly what happened, I’d say you are fairing pretty well.” He says with a smile, though I can see the way it doesn’t reach his eyes. He looks tired as he plops into the chair opposite of my bedside.

“Where did Colette go?”

“With Penny to change and shower, then grab some food.” I tell him and he nods before a yawn breaks free. I watch my brother as he fights to keep his eyes open, no doubt running ragged because of my injury and his mate he has still told me nothing about. “How is she?” I ask.

“Colette?” he asks, snapping his eyes open. “Uh, she seems stressed, but she is managing well enough.”

“No. I mean Leandra.” I say with a point stare. He drags his hand down his face, leaning forward, his elbows landing on his knees **as** he exhales.

“That would be easier to discern if the woman would talk to me. Instead, she refuses to say a **damn** thing,” he groans. “It’s like she just shuts down when I am around. She **has** spoken with Penny and Brent. But me? Nothing.”

“Maybe you make her nervous?” I offer and he scoffs.

“Why the hell would I **make** her nervous? We are mates, we are supposed to calm each other.” he stands angrily. He paces away from me before he quickly spins, his hand on his hip as if he is thinking.

“Have you discussed the mate bond? Accepted each other verbally yet?” I ask him, and he scoffs.

“She is a traitor to her kind. Why the hell would I accept her?” He asks, like it’s a simple assessment.

“Hayes.” I say, and he shakes his head, scowling at me.

“No, no. I already know what you are going to say. Trust me, I have thought of every scenario. I know what I have to do next. It’s just that...I don’t know that I can do it yet,” he blabbers on, rattling nonsense as if I have the strength to follow his ramblings. I try to get his attention, but he is so far lost in his own thoughts.

“Hayes!” I yell and he freezes, blinking at me like he can’t fathom why on earth I am yelling at him. “What the hell are you on about?”

“Rejecting her, obviously.” He says it likes it’s so simple and I chuckle dryly. The idiot thinks this is the only option? “Why do you think you have to reject her?” I ask him, arching a brow as I try to move. My back burns and I hiss, pushing myself up despite the pain. Hayes rushes over to me, but I shove him off. “Answer me.” I demand.

“She is one of them.” He replies, the answer tearing him up inside.

“Is Percy one of them?” I ask him, my hands gripping the side of the bed for dear life. His brows furrow, and he shakes his head.

“Of course not. He is our gamma.” He says.

“And what makes him different from her?” I ask. “Is it because we don’t know her? She could very well have been kidnapped, coerced, or even brainwashed.”

“Percy was trusted before this all took place and he fought them off. She is a Lycan. She should have been living in our pack and yet, no one knows her. Where did she come from? How did she wind up with this group?” He asks. “It comes down to previously established trust. **And** I have none with her.”

“**Have** you asked her any of these questions?” I ask him and he frowns, looking away from me. “I will take that as a ‘no’ then. How about tell me what you have asked her?”

“What does it matter?” He exhales. “Clearly I have to reject her, but I can’t do that if she doesn’t even acknowledge I’m even there with her ,”

“Why would you reject her? Because she had the redeyes?” **I ask** him and he throws his hands up like it’s obvious.

“She is the enemy,” he huffs.

I stare at my usually level-headed brother. The one with the sage advice who always **calms** me down and makes me think harder **than** I wish to at times. He is so caught up in what is going on around him he is not capable of understanding the gift he is being given.

The mate bond is difficult, and though Lauren **was** a nightmare, without her, without the pain and suffering I experienced at her betrayal, I would not be who I am today. I would not have found the one person who can see beneath my shit mistakes and issues and stand at my side wanting to help me get better.

“She was used as a puppet.” I remind him. “Her actions were not her own **and** we all know that.”

“Does it matter?” he asks, sounding defeated. “How the hell do I trust someone who could kill us at any moment because she is being controlled?”

I sigh, leaning forward to ease the soreness in my back.

“You start by getting to know her. Who she is, not who she was when she was under someone else’s control.” I push myself to stand, grunting as I reach out for the bedside table to steady myself.

“You shouldn’t be up and moving around yet, Merikh,” He says, rushing to my side.

“And you are avoiding the subject.” I frown at him. “I am fine here. You need to go talk to Leandra. Not as her mate, but as my beta, perhaps she will answer questions not related to you and your bond with her.”

Hayes is no doubt unhappy with my suggestion, but he shakes his head and sighs before he runs his hands through his hair. “I’d really rather not,” He grumbles. “I think I just need a little more time”

I look at my younger brother, really look at him and I can see the way this all hurts him. Hayes has always been the sensitive one. The one I turn to when I am being too dense or hard to notice something needs a gentler touch. Hayes has waited for his mate for years only to find her not able to be herself. Of course it breaks him.

“How about this then, help me get to Percy’s room?” I offer, “And I will go with you after to visit Leandra. We can try to talk to her together.”

“Do you think I really want to get my ass drowned by my luna?” He scoffs. “Because that is what will happen. I saw how she drowned that damn troll thing with a freaking floating water bubble. Sorry, brother, but your mate is scarier than you.”

The door opens on cue and in strolls my stunning Luna, her wet hair slicked back in a high ponytail and an unsatisfied frown on her pretty lips. She rushes to my side, slipping under my arm to help me stand up straighter. I bite back the groan of pain as she grips my waist, trying to avoid my burns.

“*What* are you doing? You should be in bed still.” She hisses, looking up at me as I grin down into her perfectly pinked, angry face.

“I was just about to go visit Percy” I grin at her. She slides her eyes to Hayes and then clears her throat, looking away. Her lack of response to my answer has my skin crawling, waiting for the bad news. “What happened?” I **ask**.

“Percy...he isn’t really himself right now..” she whispers, and I furrow my brow.

“What the hell does that mean?” I ask her and she bites her lip, looking into my eyes, her own filled with tears she is trying to keep at bay.

“He feels guilty. He won’t speak to anyone. Not even Penny.” She says, sadness in her eyes.

I look at Hayes, who seems to have the same **thought** I do.

“*He* was talking with Penny the other day?” I ask her and she nods.

“Yeah, he seemed like he was doing so much better, and then suddenly he stopped talking to everyone and started refusing food.” She says, looking between Hayes and me like she is trying to figure out what is going on.

Both Leandra and Percy are no longer speaking. I don’t know if Leandra is eating or not, but the fact that neither is choosing to speak makes me think we have two options for what species is helping the red-eyed wolves.

**Many** species have the ability to control or possess others, but only two species leave their puppet a shell of a person until the one in control is close enough again to either release them or reuse them. Witches and Fae. But not just any witch or fac. Those of higher status. Considering both Elm and Brent

are here, on our side, that means one of their species is being used against us.

Now the question is which species, and who?

“I need to see Caspian. Now.” I tell Hayes. “And bring Brent and Elm as well. I think we may finally have a direction to work in.”