

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 64

“I should get back to Merikh,” I mutter. Confliction stirring in my head and chest.

I know Caspian is right. My powers, whatever they may be, could very much come in handy and, as someone who can't offer much in the way of my werewolf abilities, this would be a huge advantage for us.

What I did in the woods with the fake giants was something I had no idea I could do. Heck, I'm not sure I could even do it

if I tried. But if the ocean makes me stronger than the fresh-water lake in my pack, should I not try to see what it can do again for me?

“Promise me you will consider it?” He asks. The sincerity in his voice is enough to make me see he wants this not to just keep me safe where he lives, but he wants me to learn, to grow.

“I will think about it.” I tell him with a tight smile as I back away and turn, heading toward the mansion that once was so grand.

As I enter, I see Hayes storming out of a room, his fist flying into the adjacent wall as he screams in anger. I stop, watching as he drags his hands through his hair and then leans forward, resting his forehead above where he punched a hole.

“Hayes,” I call out to him, walking in his direction as he straightens himself up and turns, shock written on his face. He tries to hide the hole in the wall, leaning against it with his back and clearing his throat.

“Luna,” He says, bowing his head in respect, which only makes me raise a brow. Hayes has been respectful to me, but he is my brother through my mate, not just a beta or a pack member. It is so obvious that he is hurting and it’s not just Merikh being injured.

“Leandra still not speaking?” I ask him and he looks down

“How am I supposed to reject her if she can’t respond?” he growls, though his anger is not directed toward me.

“Why would you reject her?” I ask him and he looks at me like I’ve lost all ability to speak coherently.

“She is a traitor. I can’t take her as my mate now.”

I frown at the man I know to be wise beyond his years. One whose opinion is highly valued not only by Merikh but everyone who knows him. But maybe that is why he is so great at advice. Because he can see things from the outside perspective and with this situation, he is in the thick of it. Making terrible mistakes without asking anyone for their external thoughts or opinions. When it comes to his own life, he is lost.

“Being a traitor is a conscious choice.” I say softly, “I doubt she asked to be bewitched and used against her own kind. Seems to me she was used, not asked.”

Hayes presses his head back into the wall, lifting it and slamming it back. He does it again, hammering it against it twice, now three times, before I step closer and place my hand where the back of his head is repeatedly hitting. He stops and tilts his head to look at me, sadness in his eyes.

“What the hell am I supposed to do? I prize loyalty above everything, Colette,” He whispers, sounding broken. “Seeing her out there, fighting us..I can’t erase it. The colors of her eyes didn’t matter. She was going to kill my alpha, her alpha. How do I just forget that?”

“I don’t know.” I tell him honestly, my shoulders popping up in a shrug. “But I think it’s worth trying

“It’s like...everything went to hell when those damn zombie wolves arrived and now...now we are stuck there. Burning for the sins of our ancestors and tearing everyone else down with us,” He scoffs.

“That’s an interesting way of putting it, I admit. “Not quite how I see it, though.”

“Yeah, well, how the hell would you describe it?” He scoffs, his frustration seeping through his words. “We’ve been attacked so many damn times I can’t count anymore. We make no headway, these assholes just take win after win and we just lose everything.”

“It’s just life.” I shrug. “For so damn long, I was living in hell. Stagnant. Nothing to do or live for, losing everything, including

who I was every day. I lived longer. Sometimes one person’s hell is another person’s salvation. All of this? These fights, these losses? That’s proof we are still fighting. Proof these assholes can’t beat us.”

“So what you are saying is if we fight long enough, eventually we will win one?” He scoffs, and I chuckle.

“I don’t know.” I admit. “But giving up on the things that can make what you call hell feel a little less awful won’t guarantee you any wins, either.”

He snaps his mouth shut, looking at the door across from us. Then he sighs.

“Brent is with Percy, trying to break the hold they have on him. Then he will be here, working on Leandra next.”

“And I should be there with her. I can only imagine how hard it will be for her to understand what happened, what is happening.”

“I have to reject her once she is free...” He whispers. “I just don’t know that I can do it. She is my mate, who I have waited for. But what if she is my Lauren...?”

I frown, hating how stubborn he is, but then again, he is so like his brother in that regard.

*Leandra will need time to come to terms with everything first, Hayes.” I say. “So I am going to ask you to not reject her for a month. Let her heal, come to terms with how used she was. Who knows, maybe you both will help each other.”

He opens his mouth to say something, but I shake my head and step away from him.

“And she is not ‘your Lauren! She was a one of a kind backstabbing bitch. She chose to betray Merikh and you. Leandra had no control over her actions.

“I suppose.” He murmurs, pushing off the wall..

“Don’t make me use my mate against you, Hayes.” I give him a stern look and he frowns. “There is no need to be in hell when you have the option of heaven. Stop being such a stickler for your made up rules and live a little. If Merikh and I can make this work, you can at least give her a chance.

As I turn to walk away, an ear-piercing scream tears through the hall, coming from behind the closed door where Leandra is. I rush forward to throw it open, but Hayes beats me to the handle. The door flies open and Leandra is on the ground writhing in pain as gasping cry tumbling from her lips,

Hayes drops to his knees, pulling her head into his lap, cupping her face as she shakes and cries out again. His eyes are filled with agony as he looks at me, trying to figure out what to do. I rush over to her, touching her skin, and notice how cold she is and how frail she feels. She is malnourished and something, or someone, is causing her immense pain.

“Shhh, it’s okay, I’ve got you” Hayes whispers to her. Leandra’s shaking hands reach out and grip into his forearms, holding onto Hayes tightly as her eyes roll to the back of her head. “Shit, shit shit.” Hayes panics as he shakes her gently.

“I need to go find Brent or Elm,” I say, jumping up and sprinting out of the room. I don’t make it three steps before Brent breaks into the room, his

face pale and blood dripping from his nose. His state catches me off guard as I reach out and help him stand upright.

“What the hell is going on?” I ask him, and he sucks in a shuddering breath.

“They are fighting back. He whispers.

“Who is fighting back?” I ask and Hayes looks at me.

“The who has them in the curse?” He growls. “Does that mean they are close?”

Brent nods, and Hayes jumps up immediately, rushing out the door.

“Damn it.” I groan, helping Brent to the nearest chair before I tear from the room, sprinting after Hayes.

I scream after him, only for him to ignore my every attempt, so I kick my speed up. I may not know how to fight, but running

is slowly becoming my thing. Well, hiking was, but stamina is stamina, so I race toward him.

“Hayes! Stop!” I cry out in my Luna voice, hoping the command is enough to make him stop.

But it’s not. That or he intentionally tuned me out, so he didn’t have to hear my commands. I should stop, and I should reach out to Merikh. He is the only person I know who can get through to Hayes, but he is injured and the second I say something. he will come running. I can’t risk that.

So I instead make the incredibly stupid executive decision to stick with Hayes and ensure he is safe. Two is better than one when it comes to fighting and though I don’t offer much by way of packing a punch, I can turn water on like a spout and blind a bitch if I need to. I hope I can anyway.

I follow his scent until I see him stopped and looking around in the woods, trying to figure out which way to go. He spins in a circle, growling in frustration, before cursing the moon goddess for the shit going wrong in the moment.

“Hayes.” I say, gently.

“You shouldn’t have come out here.” He hisses, stalking toward me. “Are you trying to get yourself killed?”

“Are you?” I spit at him. “Rushing out into the woods with no idea where you are going and who you are looking for? The same words. I remind you, that you were attacked in my spelled giant like things.

“I’m trying to save her. They are hurting her on purpose. He grits out.

“They are trying to lure us out and they are, yet again, winning. You are letting them win, Hayes.” I say, my eyes boring a hole into his.

“You are the one that told me to give her time, Luna. This is me trying to buy her that damn time. Please, I am begging you... help me find this bastard and end them.” His eyes are wild and his voice desperate, and I realize there is no way I can deny his heartfelt plea

“Do you have any idea where they might be?” I ask him with a heavy exhale and his eyes water.

“Not yet.” He mutters.

“Then let’s start looking,” I agree. “But no telling Merikh until we are done. Deal?” I ask, and he nods in agreement. Neither of us wants Merikh out here dealing with things in his state.