

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

Chapter 73-77

Chapter 73

“Colette

“How far ahead of us do you think they are?” Penny asks, tugging the bag further up on her shoulder.

I pause, looking through the trees at the trail Ezra said Caspian took on his journey to the ocean. Truthfully, I don't know how fast Caspian can travel by foot on land. There is no doubt he is fast in the water, but here, on land? He should be slower moving, right?

“They can't be more than half an hour to forty-five minutes ahead of us.” I assure her without actually knowing

“Good,” she says, looking around warily. “These woods are giving me a bad feeling.”

I look where her eyes are, seeing nothing and feeling nothing out of the ordinary. But then again, Penny is not only a trained warrior but a skilled gamma. Otherwise, she wouldn't be my gamma in the first place.

“I don't see anything out of sorts.” I say casually.

She scoffs and shakes her head. “It's not something I see, Luna. It is something I feel, here.” She places her hand over her gut.

“Hmm,” I muse again, looking around, trying to feel with my wolf or anything I can. “Instincts?”

“In a way,” she shrugs. “It feels like there is more of a disturbance. My lycan is bristling, warring with me to take over and search the area.”

Suddenly, a shiver runs down my spine, my skin growing cold, and I whip my head around. Penny places her hand on my shoulder, leaning closer while her eyes search every nook and cranny.

“Luna, I think it's time to run,” she says, giving me a gentle nudge. “Now.”

There is no questioning her or her judgement. I break into a sprint, tearing through the trees like a raging bull let on the loose. Branches whip across my skin, stinging my face as I push forward, my hands out, trying to protect myself.

“To the left,” Penny hisses, “running on that trail will be faster than pushing through the foliage.”

I turn toward the trail I can see pecking out behind a sparse bush. As I approach it, I leap over a root, my foot getting caught as I cry out and slam hard into the ground, my hands saving my face from barreling toward the ground at full force.

Hands tear me from the ground and I flinch away, looking up at Penny as she runs while dragging me along. I can see the fear on her face, the fear she tries to hide from me as she forces me in front of her.

“Are you sure there is someone following us?” I hiss at her as I look over my shoulder. I see the panic rising and she turns, running backward for a moment before turning forward again.

“Hard to say, but I would rather not stop or slow down and find out we are wrong.” She says, pushing on my back again to make me move faster. I stumble on further, wishing I had spent more time running in the recent month.

It feels like we run forever, my wolf now burning with awareness and my nerves on full tilt as I scan every area, watching, waiting. Penny remains as close as she can be without running me over, her breathing slow and even, unphased by the running with weight bags full of useless shit.

“Drop your bag,” I tell her, pulling mine off while stumbling down the narrow trail. I can hear her doing as I do, and I toss it to the side, the bushes crunching under the weight.

“Now we will move faster,” she sighs in relief. I look back at her to catch a grin. “We can’t be too far behind them now.”

There is a break in the trees, the ground ceasing to be hard and mossy, the texture moving to sand and I giggle with relief when I see a beach in the distance; the sun setting lower with every stride toward it.

I take one more step, a strange snapping sound echoing to my right and I turn to look as a branch flings up, a string attached flying higher until my ankle sears in pain and my body pitches forward. My fingers dig into the sandy earth. unable to find leverage as I fly upward.

A hand catches mine and Penny groans, her body flying up a few feet before we tilt back down and she uses her nail to cut my ankle free. I land on her and she pushes me aside with unmatched speed, back on her feet in a fighting position.

“Where are they?” I whisper and she growls, her lycan rippling through her as her spine shakes and fur pushes out before quickly receding. She is fighting it for control.

“I can’t tell if there is anyone here or not.” She says.

“Well we weren’t expecting you.” Someone says, stepping out of the woods. A woman emerges her hands up to show us she is nonthreatening. “When someone comes rushing after our king, we grow a little suspicious.”

“Your king?” Penny asks, stepping closer to me as I find my balance and stand, hobbling on one ankle, my other burning with the rope burn and being yanked so hard. It wouldn’t surprise me if it is sprained.

“Are you not chasing your father, King Caspian? I assume you are here hoping to catch him before he leaves for his city.” She asks curiously.

Penny doesn’t drop her guard, instead she chuckles softly.

“And who are you?” She asks the woman.

“I am the general of the siren warriors. My name is Saree.” she says.

“Right,” Penny says skeptically. “Nice to meet you. Are they still here?”

Saree seems to look behind us, her eyes snapping back and she gives us a fake wide smile.

“You just made it.” She says, motioning toward the sunset. “He is that way.”

Now I feel it too, the gut instinct, the way my wolf is on edge. I play through this woman’s

words, the way she speaks and how she addressed me as Caspian's daughter. Would he have told her that before anyone else?

"Why did you say 'his city'?" I ask her, tilting my head. "Is it not also your city?"

She meets my eyes and then within a second they roll, and she lifts her hand, snapping it. Too many sets of hands land on me, taking me to the ground as I writhe and scream.

"Luna!" Penny roars, her lycan breaking out as she bounds toward me, her claws swiping men off me with ease. She tears one in half, throwing him to the side. And I jump up, extending my hands out as I close my eyes and focus. I can feel the water, so strong, so much of it bubbling as it comes to the surface.

Then pain strikes the base of my skull and I stumble to my knees, disoriented and blinking as Penny disappears under a mass of too many men. When they move away, she morphs into her human form, her body bloodied and beaten.

"Penny!" I cry out, my tears unstoppable as I look at my battered friend, her left eye swollen shut. "What the hell are you? There is no way you are a siren." I ask, and the woman cackles.

"Well, at least you aren't dumb. You are right, I am not a siren. What I am is not important,"

"The second I heal enough, I will gnaw on your head until your eyes fall out, you Bi-

" Penny stops mid sentence, her eyes growing wide as she looks down a silver rod, breaking through her chest.

I sob uncontrollably, trying to calm my shaking hands so I can do something, anything, to save her.

"Did you know Lycans are almost impossible to kill?" Saree says in a singsong voice. "Unless you leave the silver weapon placed in their heart. Similar to a vampire in that way. Though a wooden stake is much easier to get your hands on than a silver one."

"Please, don't kill her," I beg, and she cackles.

“No can do, Princess.” She then snaps her finger and the rod clicks, causing Penny to cry out as blood garbles her

ostryc

voice.

“I’m sorry, Luna...” she murmurs before falling forward.

“NO! NO! PENNY!” I roar, water rising from the ground as I force myself to stand. The woman snaps once more and the same pain as before racks through my skull, before tearing away at my consciousness, the last thing I see is Penny’s lifeless eyes staring up at me.

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons Chapter 74-77

Chapter 74

It feels like my brain is going to explode; the pain searing at the base of my skull throbbing away like a time bomb slowly ticking closer and closer toward something awful.

There are people around me. Voices arguing and the sound of snapping that makes my head twitch. I slide my eyes open, blinking as blurry shapes take form in my impaired vision.

“Oh, hey. She is waking up.” I hear someone say, sounding excited.

“Leave her be you fool,” another person hisses. “They put it in that cell for a reason. She is dangerous.”

“I’m not dangerous.” I croak. But I regret the action, a stab of pain causing me to wince, my eyes aching.

“They don’t put just anyone in that little cage, sweetheart. Hate to tell you this, but they want you to be as weak as I blink at the smaller blur, trying to force my vision to focus, but nothing happens and tears roll.

human.”

The memory of Penny's eyes, the way they stabbing her through the heart from behind. How they ambushed us. And how they knew...how they knew where we would be.

My skin grows cold the more I process everything. What if they ambushed Merikh as well? What if they didn't take a gamble by guessing what I would choose but covered both of their bases?

Merikh could have ended up exactly like Penny. My chest grows tight, and a whimper tumbles out. It's my fault Penny is dead because of me. I pull my legs to my chest, hugging them tightly as the tears fall. They *are* hot and furious as they burn down my cheeks, growing from a soft place of pain to a raging storm of agony.

Penny was more than a gamma. She was a friend, someone I knew without a doubt I could always count on for more than what the gamma bond demanded. And she died because I was stubborn, because I am alive when I shouldn't be.

"Shit. See what you did, Lenard?" Someone hisses.

"I didn't do anything!" someone protests.

"You sure as heck did! First you woke her up-"

"She woke herself up." Lenard says.

"Both of you shut up." Someone grits out, their voice low and hoarse. "The last thing she needs to hear before her death is the likes of the two of you bitching about who did what. You both are equally annoying."

"That was rude." One of them snorts, but I block them out as I fall to my side, the cries ripping from me in heaving sobs as I try to breathe through it all and fail.

My lungs are tight as I grow light-headed and I feel someone's hand on my shoulder, a gentle circular rubbing as a form of

comfort.

“You need to breathe,” the woman says.

“I don’t w–want to anymore,” I hiccup through a sob, curling in on myself.

“Ah no, that just won’t do.” She says in a gentle voice.

“Everyone I love would be better off with me being dead.” I say, and she sighs

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“Yeah, well, I remember that feeling. The feeling of having no hope. But I learned a few things from being stuck in this hellhole.”

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III

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Chapter 74

“Yeah. How to stay stuck here,” one of the voices from before says with a cac-
kle.

“Shut up.

Lenard.”

“Fuck you, Elle.”

“Please, just leave me alone.” I whisper, pulling my shoulder away from her ar-
m.

“All of you need to shut up.” A commanding voice rings out and I lift my head, my eyes trying to adjust to the lights the flicker on above me. I sit up, wiping my face, meeting the merry eyes of a tall man with dark hair and even darker eyes. He points to me with a strange smirk on his lips. “I need to speak with this one.”

Everyone else falls silent and I look around, watching as arms and figures shrink into *the* dark corners of the dirt filled cells we all reside in. I swallow roughly as he unlocks the silver bars and steps into the cell.

He is massive. I mean, Merikh is big, his shoulders wide and strong and his height unrivaled by many. But this guy, he is as big as the magic made trolls.

“What do you want?” I ask him, trying to remain strong.

“Honestly...I want to play with you.” he grins.

My blood goes cold, and I lick my chapped lips in fear. There is no fighting this asshole off. He can hold me down with one hand. SO instead I scurry back against the wall, slamming into it, begging it to swallow me whole.

“My mate will gut you.” I tell him confidently.

“Oh, you mean...if he knew you were here he would come for me.” he grins, stalking closer and closer. “But he doesn’t know. From what my intel says, he told you not to contact him for a few days.”

I shiver, my eyes closing as tears fall free. No way is this fucker touching me without a damn good fight.

“I will fight you the whole time. I might not be very strong, but don’t underestimate my desperation.” I spit out.

His brows furrow in confusion and then his head tilts up as he laughs, the sound echoing through the small walled space. It seems to be a hilarious joke to him as he continues to laugh, slapping his legs before he stops and tilts his head to the side. Little stitches of laughter rippling through him as he talks.

“Wait...you thought...HA! Oh no, you thought I was going to want to touch you?” he shakes his head. “Oh, no Princess. I want to see what you can do.”

I frown at him, not really sure what he wants from me or what he means. What I can do? Then it dawns on me. Everyone knows what I am now, what I am capable of. He wants me to show him my abilities. But I know that showing him my full strength just gives them a better ability to defend against me.

“I can’t shift with silver bars.” I shrug and he smirks, popping down in front of me. He produces a small bowl from one hand and then reaches to his back, producing a bottle of water. He holds it up, shaking it slightly.

“I think we both know what you are. Hell, the only people who don’t are probably these fools in here.” He shrugs.

He opens the bottle, pouring it into the bowl in front of me, and I lick my lips. Not because I am thirsty for a taste of it. But because I am thirsty for the chance to escape. I know I can do various things to escape using my water abilities.

So as he pours, allow myself to tune into the water, the sound and feel of it as it sloshes up the side, churning back into the bowl over itself. It’s frantic in turmoil like me, begging to be freed, to sink into the earth where it belongs.

I look up, finding the guard watching me with a curious gleam in his eyes. He tosses his bottle to the side, the metal canister clattering against the bars that keeps me here. He then motions to the bowl, expectantly.

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Chapter 74

It is clear he knows what I am and if he is working with the others, then he sure as heck has heard of the things I have done with my powers. So I can’t just play it off as me having none. No, I need to perform, but I need to severely underperform, so they underestimate me.

“I will show you if you answer a few of my questions.” I tell him.

“No deal. You show me and I won’t kill everyone in here.” He scoffs.

“You overestimate my empathy for people I don’t know.” I say with some sass.

“Oh? Then I guess we will start with someone that I know you know.” He looks to my right. “Melody.” He calls out.

A skinny woman moves to the bars closest to me. She is skin and bones. Her eyes are sullen and her hair falling out. But the resemblance lingers, the way I can feel who she is to me.

“Mom,” I whisper, and her eyebrows furrow.

“Fine.” I grit out.

The water shakes as I try to calm myself, but my wolf and my heart are too feral, too lost in our hatred to control it any longer. The water shoots up, swirling around the cell, gaining speed as I breathe deeply.

My fingers then twitch, flicking at this man, the water shooting at him like a harpoon released like a spear gun. His eyes grow wide and he roars, his jaw dropping open as a flame bursts out, turning the water into steam that floats to the top of the dungeon room.

He stands, a giddy grin on his face as he walks out of the cell and moves to the woman he claims is my mother. Then he hooks her by her ankle and drags her away, not a sound falling from her lips as her eyes meet mine.

Chapter 75

“Where did they take her?” I ask the others in the cells around me. Not a single one of them answers. “What, now you to be quiet?”

“What are you?” Someone says, stepping into the light.

“What was he?” I ask instead of answering him.

“You tell us first,” He says back, sounding more harsh in his tone. His eyes focus on me, a full on scowl on his face.

decide

“Lenard, stop.” The other hisses, grabbing onto his arm, but he shoves them off. “If you talk to her, we could get punished like Elle.”

“Back off. We have a right to know what she is, Trina. I mean, we both saw what she just did, right? She can manipulate water without magic.” He says before looking right at me. “So are you a siren, then?” Lenard asks, titling his head, curious.

I walk to the back wall, leaning against it with a defeated sigh.

“I am a Luna.” I whisper.

“But you used water, and sirens don’t have Luna’s. They have queens. I don’t understand...”

“Join the club,” I mutter, sliding down to the ground.

The cool brick makes me shiver and I welcome it, my face still warm from the man I assume is a dragon using his fucking fire to dissipate my attempt to escape him.

“You turned that water into a freaking harpoon and tried to kill him!” Lenard growls at me. “Magic can’t work in here. They have something that prevents its use, and with the silver bars, werewolves can’t transform, so you can’t be a witch or a werewolf.”

I chuckle dryly.

“I could be a fae. Who the fuck knows what those assholes can do? Other than get in your head and mess with it and control everyone they want.”

“You are not a Fae, because I am,” He says flatly. “And Fae are not all the same. Our powers vary and only the truly powerful have those abilities. The royals gain their strength from our people.”

“Oh, I am aware.” I snort. “I met your Queen Lily.”

“You did?” He seems genuinely shocked.

“Yeah, she’s a fucking bitch.” I mutter and he scoffs.

“She is wonderful.” He corrects me.

“Wonderful at starting wars and controlling people. She is wonderful at fucking people over and pretending it wasn’t her.”

He reaches at me through the bars, fury in his eyes as I just sit and blink at him. Clearly, this fae does not know that his beloved queen is working with the assholes who have them caged like a damn feral animal.

“You liar,” he hisses, and Trina yanks him back.

“I told you to shut up and leave her alone.” She hisses at him.

“How can you just sit there and let her say that about our queen? This bitch siren is making things up.”

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“Elm was just as surprised as you. And I’m not a siren, not really. I mutter and they both freeze, Trina coming into the area where I can see her. Her hair is matted on one side, dirt smeared over her left brow and down her nose.

“You know King Elm?” she asks, licking her lips and moving closer. Lenard scoffs.

“She is lying. Just like she is lying about not being a siren.”

“Elm is kind and just.” I murmur.

A scream breaks through the dungeon, echoing off the walls and vibrating deep into my chest. Panic and fear settle in my bones as I swallow the lump in my throat. Is she really my mother? The one they are torturing? Giselle said she was still alive, and that man was breathing literal fire...

But if it is her, then what do they want with her? She should be dead, unless they still need something from her. So then why is she being punished?

“Sounds like they got the oil out again,” Trina whispers to Lenard. “She is going to be sick for a week.”

Lenard sighs, sounding annoyed. “Great. A week of this place smelling like fucking vomit before they clean it again.”

My chest is tight, a pain growing deeper and sharper where my heart is. I watch the area where they dragged her away, hoping for her to reemerge, but I am met with another terror inducing cry. She sounds so broken, almost hollow as her cries of agony echo around us, magnifying flutter in my soul.

“They are going to kill her...” I whisper and Trina exhales.

No, she has been here longer than we have. They think she still knows something.”

“What does she know?” I whisper, my throat dry. She shrugs, and I look at Lenard, who crosses his skinny arms over his chest.

“You tell us what you are and maybe we will tell you.” He says with a victorious grin.

“Fine,” I grind out. Everyone outside of here already knows I exist, so how does them knowing what everyone else now knows a bad thing? “But I want all my questions answered.”

“Sure,” Lenard shrugs and I don’t feel entirely confident he will answer my questions, but in desperation I give him his answer, anyway.

“I am a Hybrid.” I say simply, and they both blink at me before barking out a laugh. “My father is King Caspian of the ocean. My mother is Melody, a werewolf of alpha blood.”

“Melody...” Trina says, looking up at Lenard, who has grown quiet and contemplative.

“I thought you said you were a Luna?” He asks after a moment of silence.

“I am. My mate is Alpha Merikh, king of the lycans and werewolves.” I say and he blinks before he turns on his heel and walks away. “Wait, you said-”

“I know what I said.” He grits out. “Right now...I just need a minute.”

Trina follows him, whispering along the way.

“She wasn’t lying. Lenard.” She whispers. “Elle’s name is Melody. She wasn’t making it up.”

Elle is your mother.”

He says, spinning back to face me and rushing over to the bars.

“I think so.” I admit, and he shakes his head.

2/3

Chapter 75

“No. I am telling you, she is your mother, and she has told us all of this for so long...”

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“Do they hurt her a lot?” I whisper, looking at the narrow hallway, waiting for them to bring her back as another cry breaks out, morphing it into a terrible sob. When no one answers, I turn to look at them and they both are looking away from me, ignoring the question.

“Do they hurt her a lot?” I ask again, this time a demand, and they wince.

“Only as much as needed. Now we have questions for you.” The same man from before walks in, a weak and trembling scrawny woman getting tossed into the cell next to me. She crawls further back before giving up and rolling to her back, letting out a deep, pained groan.

The door opens again to my cell, and I jump up, moving toward him. Finding my resolve and my inner strength. I need to channel my inner Penny so I can escape and save my mom. What she needs is to be free from this awful place.

“I can walk.” I tell him, and he throws his head back, laughing.

“You won’t be when we are done with you,” he says

with a grin.

“Do your worst,” I spit at him as he grabs my arm.

My eyes slide to my moms watching as she stares at me, blue tears in her eyes, sizzling down her face as she tries to lift her hand to me. If she can handle this for ten years, I can handle it for as long as needed. Because once Merikh realizes I am not with my father, these fuckers aren’t just meeting my mate.

They are meeting the Alpha of Death. And there is no escaping him. I know, because I have tried.

Chapter 76

“Merikh

“Where is Percy?” I ask Hayes, who walks into my office without the only other person I asked to see.

“He is sick.” Hayes says, worry on his brow as he shrugs. I give him a confused look, and he sighs, tossing his hands up like he doesn’t have a better answer.

“Sick?” I ask. “Like how the humans who get a runny nose and headaches? Or sick as if he is still infected by that Fae asshole?”

“Sick as in, He hasn’t eaten a single thing since we got home yesterday and has been dry heaving and vomiting...”

My brows furrow in confusion. Lycans do not get sick. We don’t have stomach bugs or colds, our lycans heal us too quickly to ever feel any of the effects. Which means something is wrong, very fucking wrong.

“He can’t get sick. It’s not something that happens.” I remind my brother.

“I can show you, if you want,” Hayes says. “The healers have already been called to see him, but he is indeed sick.”

I stand from my chair, walking past him to the door, yanking it open.

“Where are you going?” He calls out behind me.

“We are going to go check on our gamma and figure out what the hell is going on.” I holler back. He mutters under his breath as he rushes up to my side.

“Maybe it is all the stress of having his mind raided and run by someone else?” Hayes offers, and I shake my head no.

“How is your mate?” I ask him and he says nothing. I slide a glance in his direction and he rolls his eyes.

“We haven’t really had much of a conversation since she has come back to herself.” He admits. “But no, she has not been sick and throwing up.”

I hum in thought as we make it to Percy’s room, stopping as the healer walks out, looking pale and a little green in the face. I arch a brow and he bows, his hands sliding over his stomach.

“Alpha,” he says, just as his stomach gurgles and his hand covers his mouth. “I apologize.”

“Is it contagious?” I ask, taking a step back with Hayes.

“No,” He mumbles, his eyes closing as he inhales deeply and exhales a few times. His color returns and he shakes his head. “No, he is not contagious.”

“Then what the hell is wrong with you?” Hayes asks.

“I have seen some of the grossest wounds and blood doesn’t phase me but vomit?” he shudders. “It’s the smell, you know? Acidic and putrid all at once.”

I feel my stomach churn with his description.

“Enough,” I tell him, looking at Hayes, who wears a grossed out expression on his face as well. “Tell me what is wrong with Percy.”

“That’s the problem.” He says, whispering like he doesn’t want anyone else to hear. “I can’t find a cause. He is just simply throwing up. He says his chest hurts, an aching that is dull and grows intense enough to make him vomit. But there is no wound, not even a bruise or scar. Nothing to be found.”

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III

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“Thank you, Jonah.” Hayes says, dismissing him as I step toward the door, hearing retching from the other side. I suck in a deep breath, relying heavily on my lycan to keep me from following Percy’s lead on the vomiting. And then I push the door

open.

The smell of bile and stale air sweeps out the room, swirling around us like the smoke at a bonfire, I scan the dark room, looking for him before I flip on the light and see Percy lying on the ground, his shoulders moving up and down like he is

crying.

“Percy,” I say softly and he groans, pushing himself up onto his hands and knees. His eyes find mine, puffy and red. His skin is pale as a sheet of white silk and I rush to him, reaching out to help him stand.

“I’m sorry alpha.” He chokes out, his voice trembling. “I can’t pinpoint what is wrong but...it hurts...and then I just...”

“Shh, it’s okay Percy.” I assure him. “I am concerned about you, and why you are so ill.”

“But I have things you need me to do. Penny hasn’t reached out since she left and I need to send a message and hope she responds...”

I sigh, shaking my head as I move him to the bed and sit next to him on it.

“Hayes, get these windows open and the windows, too. Let’s get some fresh air and light in here.” I tell him and he nods, doing exactly as I ask of him.

“When did all this start, Percy?” I ask him and he shrugs.

“On the drive home yesterday, I guess.” He slumps a little, a whimper breaking from his lips, and his hand flies to his chest.

“Ahhh!” his pain grows worse as he cries out, his fingers pressing into his bare skin and I notice the bruises he leaves on his own flesh with how hard he presses against the pain. His legs shake and he snaps his mouth closed, gritting his teeth as I put my hand on his back, trying to keep him from falling over.

“What is it?” Hayes rushes over, dropping to his knees before our crying friend. “Is it your heart?”

“It fucking hurts so bad,” He cries out. I tug him closer to me, holding him steady as he shakes and convulses. “Bucket!”

Hayes jumps to the side, grabbing a bucket that has already been used, the contents spilling onto his hand as he turns green in the face and locks eyes with me. I take the bucket from him carefully and Hayes bolts for the bathroom and the two heave and throw up.

“Are you sick because of the pain?” I ask him and he nods, taking a slight break from dry heaving to wipe his mouth on his arm.

“Yes. It overwhelms me. It is unlike anything I have ever felt before.” He croaks and I furrow

“Did it start right after we left?” I ask him, and he shakes his head.

my brows.

“No, I was good for several hours...but then it was like my body was tearing a part. My chest was ripping open and I swear there was something in my chest . Eventually, the pain became too much. And it just comes in waves now.”

“You haven’t heard from Penny?” Hayes asks, sticking his head out of the bathroom door. He then walks out, wiping his face with a towel, looking much better.

“I wouldn’t expect him to hear from her until Colette is ready to reach out.” I remind him, but Percy lets out a strange sound.

look at him, his eyes wide. Clearly, Percy realizes something.

“What?”

2/3

Chapter 76

“Penny and I were communicating.” He says quietly. “She was going to reach out daily to let me know how she and Luna are doing. So if you asked or needed reassurance, I could tell you. We agreed before she volunteered to go with her.”

His words shock me and I frown, wanting to be disappointed but finding myself grateful for such loyal gammas to not only my luna but me as well.

“And how were they...when they responded?” I ask him and he looks disappointed and shrugs.

“She never called. It’s been twelve hours past when she said she would read out...” Hayes then stands abruptly and paces toward the window. “Oh, fuck...no no no...”

“What?” I ask, his anguish palpable.

“No, it can’t be that would...I would have felt it...unless it’s this... fuck!” Percy rushes toward the door, slipping on the rug, before righting himself.

“Stop!” I roar, using my alpha command. He turns, his entire demeanor shifting from sickness to sheer terror and brokenness. “What the hell are you rambling on about?”

“It’s not my pain. Shit. It’s hers. It’s Penny...Penny is... fuck...” He yanks at his hair, tears falling. “Penny is dead or dying. I can feel it...the pain is hers...I have to find her...”

“Percy, just calm down. You don’t know that for sure.” I remind him, and he shakes his head.

“No, I’m a fucking idiot. I should have known. Twins are connected, it’s a soul tie, and hers is...I can’t feel it anymore, Merikh...” His voice breaks and I yank the phone Caspian gave us out of my pocket, dialing the preset number.

An unfamiliar voice answers.

“This is Alpha Merikh. I would like to speak with my Luna, Colette.” I demand. There is a brief break and the phone shuffles. Hope springs in my chest. If Penny is dead, then Colette is dead or in danger too, but if she answers, if it is her voice on the other end, then we have to find another possibility for what is wrong with Percy.

“Merikh,” I hear a deep voice. My stomach is falling and my mouth is going dry as I meet Hayes’ eyes.

“Is she with you?” I ask him.

“Of course not. You said she chose to go with you. I was hoping you were Colette calling to say she had changed her mind.”

“She did change her mind. She left to go with you yesterday. Her and her gamma, Penny.” I rush out the words, losing hope with every passing second.

“Fuck.” Caspian grumbles. “She never made it, Merikh. Colette isn’t here.”

Chapter 77

“Percy should have remained at home,” Hayes whispers as Percy sleeps in the back.

“He has the right to search for his twin sister.” Leandra scoffs from beside the pale redhead, who is hugging the bucket like he may need it at any moment.

“Hell, I should have left you back home too.” he frowns, gazing in the rearview mirror. I look over my shoulder, catching a small smile on her lips as she looks out the window.

“It’s not my home and you don’t own me,” she says in a sing-song voice.

As much as Hayes didn’t want her coming along, I am glad he gave into her request. Or rather her telling him she would meet us in the SUV. Her banter has been the only thing keeping the stifling tension in my chest from snapping and making me go feral. Not that I can say the same for Hayes, but part of me thinks he is enjoying being challenged.

“She has a point, Hayes.” I say, “Percy has every right to be with us searching for Penny,”

He looks over his shoulder at Percy and sighs, removing a hand from the wheel as he drags it over his face,

“I don’t want him to witness what we will find.” He whispers to me.

My stomach churns, my chest aching at the thought of not only losing such a brilliant gamma, but what it will do to Percy. What it means regarding what happened to Colette. Penny was a top warrior and loyal. She would not go out without a fight, which means if she is indeed gone, then Colette is in some serious shit.

Lycans are damn near impossible to kill, and even some methods we can come back from. Not always, but occasionally, we have been known to be revived when once believed to be dead.

“Leandra,” I say, needing a distraction to keep myself from going fucking crazy and killing my way to my mate,

“Yes?” she asks.

“How long were you held in that mind prison?” I ask, moving in the front seat to look at her. Her blue eyes meet mine, hesitation in her demeanor before she sighs and presses her head back into the headrest with a shrug.

“Honestly?” she sighs. “I don’t really know.”

“How can you not know?” Hayes asks with a skeptic snort.

“It’s not as simple as falling asleep and waking up,” she snaps. “I turned eight een and then it’s just little snippets of my life where I was actually me.”

My brows

pull together, my mind whirring with thoughts. Percy was himself for the majori ty of the time, and even when he wasn’t, he was able to fight it. Why was it so different for Leandra, and what negative effects will there be with her now bein g set free and not knowing what she has done with her life for years?

“And how old are you now?” Hayes asks, his tone lighter, more gentle as he m eets her self conscious gaze.

“Based on the year, I’m twenty.” She whispers and Hayes’ face grows pale.

Two years. She was controlled for two years. “And I don’t remember ever bein g in my lycan form until...” She pauses, clearing her throat.

“Until what?” I ask her and she looks down at her lap, wringing her hands out.

“Until I met Hayes. When the mate bond kicked in, it was like I was thrown out of a haunted room. Like seeing the sun for the first time.” She whispers. Then she snaps her head up. “Not that you are all that amazing. But the mate bond has a mind

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of its own.”

“Right. Happy to know I’m not that amazing,” Hayes grumbles. “We are here.”

“Percy,” I say, reaching back and hitting his leg. He jolts up, his eyes red and puffy from all the tears he has cried before he looks out the window.

“Are we sure this is where they are at?” He asks with his hoarse voice.

I fling the seat buckle off, and shove the door open, jumping out and slamming the door closed as the others follow suit.

“They left from this point, so we will start here.” I tell him. “It’s the best option we have at the moment.”

“Okay.” he nods. “Running in lycan form?”

I smirk. “Hell yeah we are. No faster way to travel on foot.”

“Everyone ready?” I ask, looking around. Hayes nods, taking his shirt off and Percy follows suit. But I notice Leandra looking nervous as she stares at the ground. “Leandra?”

“I think I should stay here. You know, just in case someone comes to steal the vehicle...” she offers too eagerly.

I look at Hayes, who arches a brow in confusion.

“Not an option. Why would you even think it was one?” he asks.

“You said I wasn’t a prisoner,” she snaps and he frowns.

“Yes, and you aren’t. But you wanted to come.” Hayes reminds her. She immediately rolls her eyes, going on the defense.

“That was because you didn’t want me to come.” She says.

“For a good reason! We can’t trust you, and I was right. Now you are here acting up and looking for a way to escape.” He growls.

Percy looks at me like he woke up in a nightmare, and I shrug. These two are both equally strong headed and have their own shit to work out. But if they don’t figure it out in the next few seconds, Percy and I are leaving their asses behind.

“I CAN’T SHIFT YOU FUCKING PRICK!” she roars, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Hayes’ face drops, his skin pale and his eyes wide.

“But I saw you in your lycan form. It’s how we found each other. he shakes his head, trying to make sense of it.

“I’ve only ever shifted when they control it. My lycan...she isn’t responding to me.”

“Then why would you come?” He asks, sounding defeated.

“Being around you makes me feel safer without my lycan, like maybe they can’t get to me again...”

“You two can catch up to us,” I say, moving past Hayes and motioning for Percy to follow. “I think there are some things you need to discuss.”

We don’t wait for them to respond. Percy and I sprint down the trail behind the house before breaking out into our lycan form and tearing through the trees. I can’t feel anything other than the firing off my nerve endings as my heart rises to my throat. What scene will we find, if we find anything at all?

I sniff the air for her scent or Penny’s, any sign that they are or were in this area. What if they just simply eliminated Colette and left her dead? I can’t imagine what reason they would need for her now that the council has been dissolved. There is no

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way in hell she would ever let them use her as a weapon for them.

It’s been two days now. Two days since we drove off and in the two days I lost her, maybe for a short time, but maybe forever. And I will never forgive myself for being the asshole that drove that wedge between us. I should have allowed her to make her own choice, and supported her in it. If I had, she would have been with Caspian when he left. Not exposed following him, hoping to catch up.

I slow when I catch a whiff of stale blood, the tiniest hint of coppery smell on a little breeze. Percy freezes, sniffing the air as well, and we both zero in on a heavily bushy area. I move with caution before reaching out and tearing it back, instantly turning to keep Percy at bay. He shifts into his human form, and I do the same, making him look at me.

“Perc, you don’t want to look.” I say softly and he roars out in anger and heartbreak.

“It’s Pen, isn’t it?” he says, his voice breaking.

“I am so fucking sorry, Percy.” I say, dragging him to me in a bear hug, trying to keep him from witnessing the horror of his dead sister.

“No! No! Please, I have to see her.” He cries out. “I need to see her Alpha. I need to...”

I relent, my arms dropping from him as he pushes past me and he lets out a heart wrenching sob.

“Pen, oh heavens, sis. What the fuck did they do to you?” He groans. I turn to watch him as he gently collects his sister, a small silver rod through her chest and her face lifeless.

“Let me carry her for you.” I offer, willing to give her an alpha’s honor by taking her back in my arms. Percy shakes his head and gently moves her to the trail, easier to see.

“We need to search for signs Luna Letty,” He whispers, before wiping his face.

“I will search.” I tell him, and he shakes his head.

“No, we will. And if she was taken, we will find her and we will kill every single fucking person who gets in our way,” he says, his voice void of sadness and full of rage and violence.