

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

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.

“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.”

“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.

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

"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.