Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

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."

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

"What?"

"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."