

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

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 eighteen 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 majority 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 being 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 meets 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 being 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 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 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.