

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

Chapter 78-80

Chapter 78

*Colette

Everything aches and burns. My skin is covered in welts and deep cuts where they have struck me with varying sizes of sticks and the occasional knife to get me to comply. I glance up, looking at the metal pole my hands were forced to grip before they chained me to it and lifted me up.

A chain clamps onto each of my ankles, tethering me to the ground to discourage too much swinging after every strike. The woman has taken a few breaks, her brow dotted in sweat as she allows me to heal before starting all over again.

All because she wants me to cooperate and beg Merikh to come and save me. But it will be a cold day in hell the day I say the damn words she keeps trying to beat into my mouth.

I stare at the blinking red light across from me, the device that will be used to torture my mate from a distance. It's a coward's way to send a video and lure them into coming. But it only works if I give in, which I won't do.

There is no way in hell I will say what they want me to say, no way I will give them the satisfaction. So I ready myself for the next blow to my shin, squeezing my eyes shut tight as I inhale sharply.

"Oh no no, Luna. I need your eyes open. If you won't use words, then I will need your eyes to speak." The same woman as before says. I conjure up the blood and saliva in my mouth, launching it from my lips and onto her cheek. A satisfied smirk on my swollen lips.

"Real cute," she glares at me. Then she winds up her arm and her thin wooden pole cracks across my leg.

A scream tries to tear from my lips, but it lodges deep in my throat, burning against my vocal chords as a sad whine finally breaks through. My whole body shudders, every nerve terrorized by the pain that overcomes all the other strikes and blows to my bruised and battered body.

“Let it out,” she coos, her sick smile the only thing I see as my vision dots and slowly comes back to normal. “No need to remain quiet for me.”

I give her a tight-lipped fake smile back, swallowing a whimper of pain as my cracked lips break open and bleed again. My body is struggling to keep up with the healing process. This woman is enjoying beating me to within an inch of my life and letting me come back from it before doing *it* all over again.

Who knows how long I have been back here? There is no light from the sun or the moon, no breeze from some hallway hidden any which way. Only stale air that smells of blood and urine. It's clear this is their favored torture chamber, and that they lack cleaning skills. It's obviously a scare tactic.

Make it feel like life is desolate and hopeless. Take anything that one might find pleasure in and tear it away from them. Anyone with nothing to live for would give up, they would give in. But not me, no, I refuse to be weak when I have finally learned what it is to be strong. My strength is new founded, but it is my own.

“Do you really think your Alpha King will actually come for you?” She snorts out a laugh. “You know he killed his last mate, right? Why the hell would he save you when he can just...pick someone else? It's easier. Less dangerous than risking his pack to come save you.”

“Lauren was a traitorous bitch. She didn't deserve Merikh.” I tell her. I know I had resolved to not engage her in any conversation, but I refuse to let her record me not responding back about my mate. My alpha. Merikh's actions were warranted and nothing, no one will ever be able to convince me otherwise.

“Oh, is that what he told you?” She giggles, thinking she will confuse me or make me doubt him.

What this idiot doesn't know is I am done doubting what Merikh and I have. We have our problems, our issues to work through, but what strengthens us, what makes us great... is that at the end of the day. After every argument and fight, we still

choose each other.

Mate bond or not we make the choice to come back and work things out. We may be ur species or other royals. But I own up to my failings and lately, Merikh has learned to do so too.

“It’s what I know.”

“Did you know Lauren was a hybrid too, then?” She asks, arching a brow.

Her news shocks me, and I’m not quick enough to hide it on my face. She grins victoriously, rounding me, stopping behind me, and sticking her head between my outstretched arms.

“I guess that’s a no, then,” she says, nearly giddy with excitement

“Is that why you wanted me?” I ask “Because you know I am a hybrid?”

She sighs, clanking with something behind me.

“No,” she says slowly, like she is thinking about what to say next. No, you being a hybrid is indeed a plus, but not why you

are here.”

“Liar.” I mutter and she laughs.

*Fine. It may be in part why you are here.” She says, coming back into view. “Okay, yes, it’s exactly why you are here. The fact that you are mated to Merikh is just a bonus.”

I twist, trying to take the pressure off my wrists and push the pain from my leg aside. As someone shows up out of the darkness and I startle when I see the same man from before. The one who dragged me here.

“Jennifer, they want you upstairs. And they want her back in her cage,” the same dragon male from before whispers in her ear. She rolls her eyes and shoves past him, stopping in the door and looking over her shoulder.

“Keep her here,” she says.

“No way, I have express orders. Giselle told me to place her back—”

“Keep. Her. Here.” She hisses.

“No,” He grits out. “I won’t go against the queen.”

“Fuck Giselle and her high and mighty shit. She isn’t one of us. She is a poser.” Jennifer hisses at him.

He steps into her, his massive frame looming over her.

“Watch what you say, Jennifer.” He says, his skin looking orange as a fire burns within him. “You sound like a traitor.”

“Oh, that’s right, I forgot you worship the ground that poser walks on.” She grumbles, walking off in a huff.

“and you, are you ready to be dragged back to the other trash?” he asks, stepping closer with a sneer on his face.

“Can’t wait,” I say sarcastically and his face cracks, showing a small grin. He reaches up, undoing my hands first as I land on my feet, crumple to the ground, crying out in pain.

My leg muscles refuse to respond, my thighs feeling like there are massive balls in my legs keeping me from bending them. The man then yanks on the chain attached to the ankle cuffs, making me hiss as he undoes them. Then he stands, stooping down, and he grabs my ankle.

He drags me behind him, my bones creaking as if they may snap at any moment, and I groan. The pain is too much as it ripples through my legs and up my lower back, through my spine and to the base of my skull. Tears spring free and I realize, for once, that my tears may just be able to save me.

Chapter 78

I let them flow, sobbing into my shirt as I pull it up over my face to soak up the water my body is releasing. My skin scrapes across the rough rock and dirt, and I can feel the blood making my back slick as he opens the gate and throws me in.

I groan as I slam into the ground and once he is gone, I rush to the cages next to me.

"I need something to hold liquid." I whisper, taking my shirt off and wiping my face. All I need is to collect water or liquid in any way I can. Tears, blood, moisture. Anything I can use to draw water out of, then I can fight back.

Chapter 79

"It won't work." A tired voice says from beyond the bars next to me. I stop, holding my dirty shirt close, my excitement waning and taking with it the endorphins blocking my pain.

"Why won't it work?" I ask, half heartedly believing it now.

They take everything. They do a sweep each day, and they take anything that is not clothing on us." She whispers. "And they know what you are now, so they may not even bring you water to drink."

"Shit." I mutter, pressing my back against the rocky wall and sliding down, hugging my shirt like it is my favorite childhood stuffed animal. This is not how I go out without a stand and as weak as I was when Merikh found me. I have finally found my strength, a life I want to fight for so damn it, I will figure out a way out. I have to.

"It would be a lie to say things will be alright," Elle says, moving closer to the bar. I slide my eyes to look at her, my heart breaking at her appearance. This isn't how I wanted to find my mother. I wanted to blaze in and save her. Drag her from this hellhole and nurture her back to health.

"They can't be all that bad if I've finally found you." I whisper, and she furrows her brows in doubt.

"I'm not who you think I am," she whispers.

"So you aren't Caspian's mate? The king of the sirens?" I ask her, and she blinks at me before looking around. She moves closer, her hands resting on the silver bars but having no reaction to the metal that should burn her.

Are you one of them?" She whispers.

"One of who?" I ask, confused.

"The fae that they used in the past to trick me." She pushes off the bar, using her arms to drag herself away from me. Her legs are limp as she puts distance

e between us from the bars. “You aren’t the first attempt to make me think you are my daughter. But I know she is dead, so I won’t fall for your tricks.”

“You left me in a bog and told me someone would be there for me soon.” I tell her. “For years I thought you were dead, and I had no idea who I was, what I was. A slave in my alpha’s house where his daughter made my every day a living hell.”

She covers her ears as she whimpers.

“No, no, no!” she hisses. “My brother would never do that...he...”

She pauses, looking at me with a spark in her eyes.

“What is my niece’s name?” She asks like she is testing me, and I snort.

“Leslie.” I say with ease, “And your brother’s name is Alpha Bentley. Though I didn’t know I was related to them until after The Lycan King took me as his mate.”

“He took you?” She whispers, confused.

“More like he traded for me.”

“What did he trade?” She asks, sitting up and looking like she might believe me now.

“War.” I shrug. “No war if he could have me. War if Alpha Bentley refused.”

“Bentley traded you to the Lycan King?” she repeats the words like she can’t believe them. “He was supposed to protect you.”

“Best trade ever.” I whisper to myself, tears springing in the corners of my eyes. Damn, how I miss Merikh’s stubborn alpha

1/3

|||

O

<

ways.

“You love him...” Melody asks, confused.

“Yes.” I nod, regretting the action as pain seeps in from my aching muscles, and I remember just how much I am trying to block out.

There is a stretch of silence, and I hear the soft sound of sobbing. Melody covers her face, her body rocking with heaving sobs before she looks up and drags her broken body back toward me. Her eyes are red and puffy, and her silt-covered face clean where the tears have tracked through the ages of dirt.

“C—can I look at you?” She whispers, a fleeting shimmer of hope in her eyes.

“It is me, mom.” I whisper, and she slaps a hand over her mouth.

“Oh, heavens.” She says in a shaky voice before she crumples and weeps.

I watch her, stunned, unsure of what to do as I reach through the bars, my bare arms burning on contact with the silver, but

I ignore it. My fingers finger her hand and I pull it from her face, holding it in mine.

“I’m so happy you are alive,” I say, my voice small and filled with emotions as I try to control myself.

“Are you really her little Letty?” Trina asks. I don’t bother to look at her. How can I when I’m finally laying eyes on my mom for the first time in over ten years?

“I am.”

There is a shuffling sound in through the prison, and my mom snaps away from me. Everyone goes dead silent. I wince as I slowly extract my arm from the bars and inch myself back to the wall, being careful not to bump my aching legs and sore body.

The cell door opens to Melody’s little slice of hell and a little old man pushes a cart inside before closing the door behind him. He hums a little tune, his voice hoarse and crackly as he searches his little cart for something. Fear grips my heart. Would they torture her here? In front of me?

I know the answer is yes, but I can't bear to see them hurt her any more than she is already injured.

"Don't fucking touch her," I roar at him, throwing myself at the bars, trying to reach through and grab him.

I feel nothing, my adrenaline pumping through me as I do my damndest to reach the stubbly old man. He turns slowly, his eyes scanning me with curiosity before he rolls his eyes and begins his happy little hum before selecting something in a small jar.

"Be calm Luna." He says in song form, in tune with what he was humming.

"He is here to heal me," Melody says with a soft smile. "Well, as best as he can."

My stomach churns, and I look at Trina and Lenard, who cast their sad gazes away. They look far better off than my mother. Hell, they look like they have hardly had a whipping in their time here.

"He will move to you next," Trina says.

"I'd rather he not." I say stubbornly.

"You don't have a choice. His job is to heal you so you can handle more punishment later." Lenard explains, sorrow on his face. The way these two have gone somber makes me unsettled and I furrow my brows, watching them. Lenard seems to pick up on my confusion, and he sighs heavily.

"They will punish you until you give them what they want," He says.

2/3

O

<

"And then once they get it, they will punish you for fun," Trina adds.

The little old man stops his humming, and for the first time he looks up at me and I realize he is just as much a prisoner as any of us. He looks dead inside, like he is a shell of a being, just doing what he has to in order to go through the motions to trick people into thinking he is actually living.

“What happened to you?” I whisper, and he blinks at me.

“I betrayed the dragon queen.” He mumbles.

“And yet they are trusting you to heal us now?” I scoff and he turns back to my mother, his humming starting up again. “I will heal fine on my own.”

No one says anything. Instead, we all sit in the echo of the healer’s strange, humming voice before he hobbles his way out of my mother’s cage and moves to mine. I stare at him as he moves about his cage and then moves over to me. He places his hand out for me to show him my injuries, but I hug my legs to my body, gasping out as bile flies up my throat from the pain.

“Let me help you, child,” he whispers, his voice below a whisper

“I am not a child.” I grit out. “As you said, I am a luna.”

“Forgive me, luna,” he whispers again. “It’s been many years since I have seen you.”

My eyes grow wide and my mouth falls open with so many questions, but I don’t get any out before the cage door clangs open and the same woman from before flounces in, leaning against the wall across from me with a smirk on her lips.

“You look like you didn’t get too much of a beating.” She muses. I will make sure the next one is a little more...intense.”

I growl low in my chest at her, and she chuckles.

“A wolf’s bite has nothing on a dragon’s breath. You are nothing but a thorn in my foot.” She says with the wave of her hand.

“I suppose you should really watch where you step,” I say, my eyes meeting hers. “It would suck if this thorn gave you a life-threatening infection.”

“Tell you what. From now on, we won’t just torture you to get what we want. We torture mommy dearest while you watch.”

I glance at my mom, who tries to give me an encouraging look, but the fear and years of pain are impossible to mask. At this point they want me to choose between my mom, who I just got back, and my mate and pack. The

very existence of my kind. They very well could just send Merikh a note saying they have me and where I am.

But they want me to do it. They want the downfall of my kind and the death of my mate to be solely on my back. Just like Penny's death. These assholes want to break me before they kill me.

But I am used to being underestimated, and that will be their downfall. Not mine.

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons Chapter 80

Chapter 80

"Merikh

I stalk into the wet sand, my feet sinking with every heavy step as the rain pelted down on my back and shoulders. This beach would have been a wonderful place to take my hybrid queen. The perfect place where the forest meets the sea, the scent of pine and fresh salty air swirling together in a melody of our tale.

Except now it's a place of ache and sorrow. There is a part of me that still expects to see her emerge from the water and walk up to me with a seductive smile. I focus on the waves, begging her to arise and tell me this has all been a terrible joke. A useless dream for a man who found his dead gamma, but a dream I can't stop having,

I pause when I get to the tumultuous water, lapping angrily at the edge of the shore as the storm rages. A mirror image of the emotions tearing through me. A dangerous mix of guilt and anger growing out of control, taking out anything that dares enter its warring path.

"Merikh, you should be waiting in the car. It is safer." Hayes says, rushing up behind me. But his concerns fall on deaf ears.

Speaking of safety, when my heart is out there exposed, being exploited. How can I possibly care about safety when hers is the only concern I have? If I had been more concerned about her, more receptive to her needs and desires, then maybe, just maybe, none of this would have happened. I held on to her too tight, and I lost her.

“We don’t have time to waste waiting for Caspian to make his way to us.” I remind my brother who sighs. “Every second she is gone, I come a second closer to losing my damn mind, Hayes

I drag my hands through my hair, slicking it back with the wetness of the rain.

“We will find her, Merikh.” He says, his voice firm. No room for a lie. Hayes truly believes we will get our Luna back.

“That’s not what worries me, brother.” I sigh heavily, watching the waves crash into each other, growing taller as they white cap and swell, rushing toward the shore.

“Use me.” A voice says from behind us. Hayes’ body goes stiff and we turn to see Landra standing there. The rain grows stronger, the downpour deafening in the ears with the rage of the sea, so she moves closer. Her eyes dart from Hayes to mine. “Use me to find her.”

“I don’t understand.” I furrow my brows, confused.

“You swore you don’t remember anything.” Hayes says, sounding frustrated and accusatory. She ignores his tone and looks directly at me.

“I don’t recall anything and I can’t shift, but what if you command me to shift? What if my lycan knows things?” She says, taking a step closer.

“You can’t question a lycan.” Hayes scoffs, a laugh rumbling through him as thunder cracks through the sky, lightning following it and crashing to the beach to our far right.

I don’t blink, instead; I get lost in thought.

“Why can’t I?” I ask no one in particular.

“What?” Hayes scoffs. “Because Lycan can’t form coherent sentences.”

“Can’t they?” I ask, arching a brow, and he throws his hands up in defeat, looking frustrated.

“Command me to question her. She is here, in my mind, but there’s a barrier, a lack of trust, but if she recognizes you as her alpha, as the king of the lycans ...”

1/3

|||

“Then maybe she will open up to you. Maybe she will allow you to share what she knows, what she can recall.” I finish for her in thought.

“One problem.” Hayes growls. “You aren’t a member of a pack, so he can’t command you. And since we aren’t in our pack, you can’t just join

“Unless she swallows, her cheeks growing pink. “Unless we accept each other.”

Hayes freezes. Lightning strikes no less than three feet away from him and he doesn’t even flinch. His eyes bore into her and then I watch as his brows knit together and his face grows sad.

“If it will help save Luna Colette, then fine.” Hayes says as he stalks toward her, stopping to say something as her face changes from determination to heart break. I can sense the tears she is shedding the rain washing them away as her fist clench. Then she spins and races after him.

I turn my back on them, focusing on the water as I watch the clouds grow even darker. Another flash of lightning lighting up the water to see a figure fast approaching. I prepare myself, waiting as someone rises from the water, scaly and dark before it shakes its head and Caspian saunters out toward me.

He slicks back his graying hair and nods as he approaches.

You could have waited in the car,” he shouts above the chaotic sounds of nature around us.

*I didn’t want to waste any time.” I tell him.

“Understandable.” He nods, looking up at the sky. “Then let’s move. I have lots to share and I am hopeful you have some information for me as well.”

He moves past me, heading toward the woods. I follow along behind him and once we hit the thick canopy of trees; I grab the bag of clothing for him and toss it his way. In silence, he grabs the towel, drying himself off as I move to the car and climb into the passenger’s seat. Leandra sits behind the stoic looking Hayes while we wait.

The tension is thick, only growing thicker by the second, and I know it has everything to do with her offer. Leandra is right, though. If Hayes and her accept each other, it tethers her to our pack, which means she follows my orders. But that also means Hayes' choice in accepting her is gone.

I love Colette. She is my life, my soul, but I can not force Hayes to accept her. It has to be his own decision, not mine, If I get desperate enough, I may force the issue. I know myself just as well as he knows me. Which does nothing to make me feel like it is less forced. Hayes is going to feel cornered no matter which way he goes.

"You two have some things to discuss." I say after clearing my throat.

"Yes, alpha." Hayes mutters. And Leandra looks out the window as Caspian pulls the door open and hops in.

"We all know this is the dragons and whoever is working with them." Caspian says without hesitation. "But after discussing matters with the vampires, they have chosen to remove themselves from the war and go underground."

I look at Hayes, who is lost in thought as he pulls down the dirt drive, away from the beach.

"Underground?" I ask and he nods.

"Yes. They are choosing to hide from this war."

"Naturally." Hayes grumbles.

"One less species in this war is better for us." I remind him. "And they sure as shit weren't going to be on our side if they joined."

"Yeah, I suppose." Hayes sighs.

2/3

|||

O

<

+5

Chapter 80

“I also found something interesting from Elm.” Caspian says. “He has been doing some digging with his sister. There have been a few species that have been thought to die off that might be capable of what is happening.”

“What they are doesn’t fucking matter to me.” I tell him. “I just need to know how to kill them.”

Half of the species around have specific ways to die. Vampires need a stake to the heart or perish in a flame so hot their cold skin melts. Dragons require their flame to be extinguished, either snuffed out or drowned. There are some I don’t even know how to kill. Like the sirens, or the different types of Fae.

“It might not be that easy.” He exhales. “I am leaning toward her being what is known in the fae folklore as a creature of chaos. One made of fire who is immortal.”

I press my head against the headrest of the car and close my eyes, trying to calm myself down.

“Everything has a weakness.” I grit out and he clicks his tongue.

“I agree, and I think we have created her weakness. Colette may be the only person who can kill it.”

“So what exactly is it then?” Hayes asks.

“She is fire.” Leandra whispers, sounding fearful, and I look back at her, her body shivering.

“A Phoenix,” Caspian says. “A creature of fire, one who thrives on burning things down. Figuratively and literally.”