

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 80

Merikh

I stalk into the wet sand, my feet sinking with every heavy step as the rain pelts 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...”

“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 dark. 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.

"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."