

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

Chapter 86-89

Chapter 86

Her voice echoes through my mind, the way the hits hammered into her already sickly flesh sends a murderous shudder through my spine. The bile rises faster than I expect as I turn my head to the side and try to swallow it down, welcoming the burn. A tiny sacrifice for the pain she is suffering.

My lycan, who should be roaring in anger, is instead withering in agony, angered by not only her distance from us but the choice that lays in our hands. Not that it is much of a choice. There is no choosing between Colette and our species. Because there is only one option and only will ever be one option for as long as I live.

I have always been an alpha first, putting my pack, my kind above everything else, everyone else. But this time I am choosing her, not for me, but for them. Without her, they don't have an alpha. They have a shell of a man playing a part I would no longer have a passion for. Colette is the soul of me. Without her, there is no werewolf or lycan kind.

I stand and rush from the room, no longer willing to wait and play these stupid useless games. No longer do I care about their reasoning behind why they are doing this and what they truly want. Because for once, what everyone else wants doesn't matter. It's what I want that matters. And I want my damn mate.

"Merikh," I hear Hayes call out before his frantic footsteps echo in the silence behind me. "Merikh! Where are you going? We need to discuss this."

I spin on my heel, a sneer on my lips, as anger takes over my body.

"There is nothing to discuss." I grit out. He frowns and shakes his head.

"That's bullshit and you know it."

"I am going to retrieve Colette." I say, enunciating every word just to make sure there is no misinterpreting my intentions. "No amount of discussion or trying to convince me to think of the pack will change my mind."

His brow knit together in confusion, and a hint of surprise flutters over his features before he scoffs.

“Did you seriously think I was coming to talk you out of going for her?” He asks, offended by my tone, not that his offense is any of my concern since I am the alpha.

“What else would we possibly have to discuss, Hayes?” I ask.

“Well, for starters, how it’s a blatant fucking trap that will end with you getting killed before you even have the fucking chance to see Colette again?” He growls out.

He makes a solid point, so I pause, dragging my hands through my hair, feeling utterly helpless.

“I just—I can’t stay here and do nothing, Hayes. Colette is out there, being tortured and I’m here, doing what exactly?” I ask him, trying and failing to keep my emotions in check.

“We are trying to locate her and plan a way in to get her.” He reminds me and I roll my eyes.

“We don’t need to locate her any longer. They told us where they are.” I say, even though I know what he means.

They could be lying about where they are, and they most certainly are leading me in to a trap. I may be overwhelmed and desperate, but it doesn’t make me an idiot, it just makes me dangerous and predictable. What I need is to be dangerous and unpredictable to them.

“Merikh,” He sighs and shakes his head. “Brother Colette needs you sane, not drunk of murderous rage and a spark of hope.”

“What would you have me do?” I ask him, feeling defeated.

“Leandra may know a better way,” he says, and I can see the conflict in his eyes, but there is also a hint of determination.

“She needs to be a part of our community,” I remind him, and he nods.

“If you would give me time to discuss things with her, we can make that happen. But what we need is time, not a lot, but enough to formulate something.”

“Like what?” I scoff, and he glares at me.

“Something

better than running out the fucking door like an upset teen and rushing toward danger without any thought.” He says.

I chuckle dryly, knowing he is right and hating every damn second of it. Colette needs me, but she needs me not just for a fight, but for my wit and cunning skills. I am not the Alpha of Death just for my ability to kill, but for my precision and execution of my moves. This is a game of chess now.

They make a move, and I now must make mine.

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lingers and when he sees us he turns the volume to max and hits play.

A soft whisper of a voice, her voice.

“Forget me,” she says.

My skin

tingles and my mouth goes dry at her words. Does she truly think I would ever be able to forget a force like her? She came into my life like a soft breeze and but the second she was in; she picked up speed and whipped up a hurricane in me. There is no forgetting someone who can do

that.

“Hayes, you need to go speak with Leandra and bring her out here.” I say, snapping into alpha mode.

“Caspian, if you don’t mind, please go get Johannes,” I ask him.

“Johannes is here and accounted for.” His voice says as he saunters in and leans against the wall. “You all look like you are ready to make a move.”

“Something like that,” Hayes says as he walks out of the room to fetch Leandra.

“What do you need from me, alpha?” Johannes asks, arching a brow. His usual cocky, annoying demeanor is replaced with one of respect, or rather more respect than normal.

His nose scrunches up and he stands upright, spinning around as he sniffs the air, his vampire senses in full gear, as he rummages around until he finds the box. He lifts it, inspecting the blood and inhaling it with a shudder before he zeros in on me, a question in his eyes.

“Colette’s,” I tell him and he frowns, placing the box down.

“They offered a ransom then?” he asks.

“Something to that effect.” I mutter, pointing

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the television. “They sent a torture tape and forced her to tell me where she is.”

He looks surprised, his head tilting to the side as he hums in thought. Then he walks over and takes a seat, propping his feet up on the couch in a comfortable position.

“And you invited me to watch the show?” He asks, “If I were still human, I might ask for popcorn for the entertainment.”

I growl at his shitty comment.

“I was just trying to lighten the mood.” He grumbles and rolls his eyes.

“I am going to use you to compel Leandra in order to tap into her mind and see if you can help her unlock the memories she has lost from when she was under Lily’s spell.” I say, crossing my arms over my chest.

His eyebrows shoot up and he sits up immediately, leaning forward with his hands on his elbows before he barks out a dry laugh. Johannes paces away for a moment before spinning back around and nodding.

“Fine. But it doesn’t come free,” he bites out. I smirk at him, knowing he really doesn’t understand how this oath works.

“No?” I arch a cocky brow and he groans in annoyance.

“Sorry, old habits die hard.” He shrugs. “But it will be very taxing on not only me, but her.”

“This is our contingency plan. Hayes and her marking each other is the first plan, but I don’t like the idea of rushing their bond. I want them to decide, but I want you to be aware of this option before I spring it on you.”

Job

frowns and drags a hand down his face, shaking his head.

“Merikh, for this work I need to drink from her too.” He says, his eyes meeting mine as Hayes and Leandra walk into the room, both of them looking upset with the other.

Lea

“I don’t care,” she says, rolling her shoulders back and puffing up her chest. “I will do it.”

“The hell you will. I told you I would just accept you, Lea.” Hayes says in anger, his jaw clenching as he grabs her wrist. She yanks it out of his grip and steps away from him.

“You are the one who didn’t want to do this earlier, but now there is another, easier way and suddenly now you will be my mate?” She snaps at him.

“It was your idea in the first place, but now you have all these feelings about it,” Hayes groans.

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“Let’s proceed with the vampire. I refuse to let my mate accept me because he is suddenly jealous.” She says, glaring at Hayes, who throws his hands

1. up.

“It has nothing to do with jealousy, you don’t understand-” Hayes tries to explain.

“There is nothing to explain. This way is for the best. If you can’t handle it, you can leave.” She says, moving over to Johannes. Leandra yanks at her long sleeve and holds her wrist up for him. And he looks at me for permission.

Hayes pleads with me in his eyes, but ultimately it is not my decision to make, but Leandra’s.

“Leandra,” I say, needing her confirmation. She looks at me without an ounce of fear and a soft smile on her lips.

Alpha, I will be fine.” She nods and I clear my throat.

“Do it.” I exhale.

“Biting two mates from the same family.” Johannes mutters with a smirk directed at Hayes. “Not quite a record yet,”

Hayes launches himself at him, his lycan coming out in full force as Leandra rolls and falls to the ground hard. Johannes slams into the wall, his head cracking against the drywall, splintering the plastering around it.

“Hayes!” I roar, trying to control my beta, but he is locked in as his teeth gnash and try to tear at Johannes, who is hardly keeping him at bay.

“Mine!” Hayes lycan roars before he yanks Johannes from the wall and throws him across the room. Then he bounds over to Leandra.

“Hayes, no!” I yell out, but I am too late as he sinks his teeth into her neck, marking her as his own.

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Hayes steps back, his lycan retreating, leaving him in the scraps of his shredded clothing, his back heaving up and down as he stares into Leandra’s

eyes.

She looks up at him, shock and fear all over her face as she clasps her hand over the mate mark on her neck. Johannes chuckles to himself as I stare at my beta in equal parts surprise and disappointment.

“Well, I guess I won’t be needed after all,” Johannes says, sounding disappointed.

“Why would you...” Leandra whispers, searching his silent face for an answer.

He stumbles back a step and then turns his forlorn face to me, like he can’t believe what just took place.

“Fuck,” I mutter, dragging my hand down my face.

“I’m sorry,” He murmurs. “I don’t know what came over me.”

“Yes you do,” I groan. “She is your fucking mate and your lycan thought you were going to lose her, so he took action without you.”

“No,” he says, taking a tentative step toward Leandra. “No, it was a mutual decision. I panicked. I have never panicked before and I thought... I was worried I would lose you forever.”

“It was a simple compelling trick.” I remind him but he doesn’t look at me, instead he stares at Leandra, who is pressed against the wall white as a sheet.

“Can you forgive me?” He whispers to her, tilting his head. She skirts her eyes to me for a brief moment and then back at Hayes.

“Why did you do it? You were the one that fought accepting me for so long? I didn’t think

wanted me- you

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“Him compelling you is an invasion of your mind and ability to control yourself. It feels like what Lily did to you all over again but with a different species. I couldn’t let you do that again, not when you are just finding yourself again.” Hayes rushes out to explain, licking his lips to wet them.

He makes a fair point, one I hadn’t openly thought about or expressed due to the nature of my desperation. But Hayes is right. I was asking her to step back

into the very thing she had finally escaped. It wasn't fair, even if it is used to save my Colette.

"I agreed to it this time." She says, and he shakes his head.

"You agreed out of guilt."

"I want to help," she retorts, and he sighs.

"Then let me help you do it." then he drops to his knees, inching closer as he takes her hand in his and his other on her waist. "Finish the bond, accept me fully."

She furrows her brows and then looks around the room and back down at Hayes.

"This is sweet and all, but am I needed or can I go?" Johannes says with a fake yawn as he rolls his eyes.

"Leave," I tell him with a glare, and he grins before he saunters off. Caspian gives me a small nod as he follows suit and I step up to my brother and his half-accepted mate.

"Will this work?" she asks me, worried. "If I accept and mark him, will you be able to get what you need from me?"

I see the pang of guilt and hurt in Hayes' face as he turns to look at me.

"It is wrong of me to answer this in any way other than telling you that you accept a mate bond because you want it, not because someone needs it. I can not tell you what to do because when it comes to my mate, I am selfish and I will sacrifice your happiness for her life." I admit.

"Look at me, Lea," Hayes says softly. "I have been a stubborn asshole and I am so sorry. And I shouldn't have done what I did, but I see it all so clearly now, I want you safe. Even if we are at odds, your safety is more important."

"Do you think you could love me? Not right now, not yet, but one day...?" She whispers shyly, dropping her other hand from her neck. Hayes stands, moving his palm to her cheek as he cups her face.

"Yes." He whispers.

She reaches out and grabs his face, turning his neck to the side, and I look away, letting them have their moment, but I don't go far. As much as I want this to be their choice, I now have no option but to capitalize on it to help us save C olette. I keep my back to them for several minutes before I hear Hayes clear his throat.

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"Are you finished?" I ask him, my back still turned.

"For now." He says and I spin to look at them. They are both shy about their new bond, looking like a new couple, as Leandra blushes but wears a determined look.

"I would like to officially become a member, alpha." She says, bowing her head respectfully.

"Do you swear to protect your pack and our kind with your life?" I ask her and she nods. "As the mate of the Beta, his responsibilities, if he is not able or away, will fall to you to execute in his place. Are you capable?"

"I am capable and willing." She responds.

"Then I accept you into our pack and as a subject under my protection." I say, bowing my head in return. She gasps in shock, her eyes going wide before they flash, and she grins, placing her hand over her heart.

"How do you feel?" Hayes asks her and she giggles.

"I feel...accepted. Like I am finally home." She whispers looking at him giddily.

I clear my throat and she blinks at me before giving a curt nod and her demeanor changes. She braces herself, bending her knees as she waits for my alpha command.

"It will be best if you try not to resist. The alpha command can feel strange at first, but if you are willing to share the information, it won't feel like you are being forced into anything, as it's your choice." I tell her and she nods.

"I have nothing to hide."

“Leandra, show me your lycan.” I command her.

Her head snaps back and her arms fly out. Hayes takes a step to the side, watching closely as her bones crack and her skin changes. It looks like a first shift, one where she is in serious pain, her cry breaking through the large room as she falls to her knees.

Her lycan reveals itself, looking right at me before bowing in acceptance of me as it's Alpha.

“I will ask you yes or no questions. Answer truthfully.” I instruct and she growls in acceptance.

“Do you have any memory of when you were being controlled in your form?” I ask and her lycan nods yes.

“Did you travel in lycan form often?”

Another head nod yes.

“Did you kill any other lycans or werewolves?”

She drops her head in shame, looking directly at Hayes as she nods her head yes..

“It's okay. You are not to blame for what you could not control.” I tell her gently before continuing. “Did you stay with all the others who were under Lily's control?”

Instead of shaking her head, she growls with a simple nod yes.

“Was it the same place?” I ask and again, her lycan nods yes.

I move closer, trying to think of how to ask where they were so I can gather an idea of if the others are at this mountain and a part of this ambush that will be waiting for me.

“The mountain?” I ask, and I see the lycan processing before tilting her head to the side, confused. “Unblock the memories from your other half so she can see them.”

The lycan blinks at me before bowing its head. After a few moments, it roars and turns back into Leandra, a panting, naked ball on the ground as

she shakes.

Hayes is on her in a second, wrapping her in a blanket and scooping her up in his arms. She sweats profusely as she reaches around him, pulling him close

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up

and

wraps

her arms

“I see it all, feel all of it,” she whimpers.

“The memories?” I ask, and she nods into Hayes’ neck.

“Everything, all of it. I know where they are, what they want to do with the pack they are controlling. All of it...” she whispers, tears swelling in her

eyes.

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*Colette

Every part of me is stiff as I sit in the dark, stuck in my chair for heaven knows how long. It feels like days, but with no sun to measure time, it could be hours or even weeks. All I do know is I hurt and I am utterly alone. After finishing what they asked me to, they tortured mom for fun and made me watch.

Every whip, every strike felt like it was to my own flesh as I sobbed and begged for them to stop. I would have happily taken those painfully hits for her, but they weren’t torturing her because she disobeyed.

They were doing it to show me they have all the control, all the power, and it has only lit a fire in my chest. One of anger and hatred. A burning for revenge, not freedom.

There is a sound of clinking and steps outside the darkroom I’ve been left in. But noises don’t mean anything here. It could be a guard passing by or even a

new victim being dragged to their demise. The dungeon makes plenty of noise, and more often than not, it even screams.

It's not until light filters in over me that I realize I may not have been completely forgotten and I'm not sure which is worse. Being remembered in this hellhole, or being left for dead. I wince, turning away from the bright light as it burns my eyes. A shadow falls over me and hurried footsteps rush toward me.

"It's time to go upstairs," Teiran whispers in my ear. I open my mouth to speak, but my voice gets caught in my throat. "Can you walk?"

I nod my head yes as he helps me up, and then I promptly crumble to my feet, a pained whine escaping my parched lips. His large hands catch me by the elbow.

"Woah," He mutters, with a sigh. "Let me help you."

I slap him away weakly and he chuckles to himself.

"Stubborn hybrid." He mutters before he bends down and lifts me up. I try to squirm, but exhaustion overwhelms me and I give up.

"Where are you taking me?" I croak, my throat searing in pain.

"I was able to convince the king to treat you like a guest, rather than a prisoner." He murmurs.

"Can I leave?" I ask. It's not like I don't know what the answer will be, it will be 'no', but a girl can try.

He snorts a laugh and doesn't respond, which only confirms exactly what I figured as he steps out of the room and down the hall.

We pass cells, some empty and others with old and grungy looking prisoners who must have been here for ages. Teiran deftly moves toward a spiral staircase and takes two steps at a time.

The stairs seem to go on for an eternity as I fall in and out of consciousness for small spurts of time. When we finally ascend to the top, he walks about a hundred feet before

a massive iron clad door opens. I watch as we exit it, Teiran looking dwarfed by the massive frame.

“Woah...” I mutter, unable to keep my awe to myself.

“It is for when we are in dragon form.” He says simply.

I notice as

we exit it looks nothing like the area he had taken me before meeting the king.

Instead of far too hot and dry, I can hear bird tweeting, feel a gentle breeze through the large hallway. As he turns, I notice a loud rumbling noise that grows clearer with every step and the air wetter and so nice.

That’s when I feel it in my bones, the way the water moves with a furious rage.

I know what is coming before we get closer and it stirs my wolf and feeds my soul. My eyes fall closed as I inhale the damp air and, ever so slightly, I begin to feel more alive again.

“Don’t even think about using your water powers, hybrid.” Teiran says like he is bored.

“I am too weak to use it now. Instead, I am just enjoying it, how it feels.” I murmur. He doesn’t respond as we grow closer and I open my eyes, watching in wonder as we walk behind the waterfall that hammers past us, singing its song of nature.

I relish every damn second, my body shivering at the desire to be in the water, to just submerge myself and feel the way it would heal me if I was allowed to touch it. But just as quickly as I see it, it fades into the distance as I am carried away.

“There will be rules to your stay,” He says.

“And if I break the rules?” I ask. He snorts and shakes his head.

“You will find yourself back in the dungeon at the whims of Jennifer, the torture junky.”

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I press my lips together in thought, wondering what his relationship with her is and why he doesn't try to work with her. It is very clear that they both dislike Giselle and know she is up to something, yet there is no trust between them.

"You mean I find myself back with my mother?" I say, and he looks at me with a frown.

"Your mother has been there for many years, and you being up here means she will be tortured less. They kicked up her torture to get a rise out of you. Your mother is safer with you up here."

I think about his words, hating that he is probably right.

"What ensures I stay here?" I ask as he slows and places me down. I press my hand to the wall, steadying myself as he unlocks the door.

"Aside from this lock and key?" He asks and I nod.

"That I will not hesitate to kill your mom." Jennifer's voice echoes down the hallway behind me. I turn to look at her and she gives me a fake smile. "I have been begging to kill the bitch for years, so I would love the chance to finally do it."

"You will die before she does." I grit out and she throws her head back in laughter.

"Sure." She nods like she believes me, but her demeanor says otherwise.

"Why are you here, Jennifer? I was told you were on a mission," Teiran asks.

"Oh, don't you worry about me. I'm on my way out. I was just making sure our esteemed guest makes it to her room." She shrugs.

Teiran arches a brow before taking an intimidating step toward her.

"Is there a reason you would think the king's own son would you to verify he can do a simple room change?" He asks, and she pales, her lips twitching as she hisses and steps back.

"Of course not." She grumbles. "In truth, I was just passing by on my way out."

“Then, pass by already.” He growls, and she scowls at him before taking a few steps back and turning and scurrying away. Then he turns to me and pushes the door open. “Get in.”

I ease myself into the room. The lights coming on and showing a beautiful room carved out of stone. Plants line the wall, moss and flowers planted in crevices of the rock.

To my right there is a bed, covered in white linens and in the far corner, a small trickling fountain of water. I rush to it, cupping my hands and slurping as much as I can.

It is heavenly cool and crisp, easing my pains as if a tonic to my aching body. I splash it on my face, my mouth falling open as it feels like it caresses my skin, and I stand upright, looking at Teiran, who watches me with curious eyes.

“We need to talk.” He says, the door closing behind him.

“Then talk, dragon prince.” I say, crossing my arms over my chest.

“I want Giselle dead.” He says, quietly. “And I want my father freed from her hold she has over him.”

“What do you expect me to do?” I ask with a frown.

“I need your word,” he says.

“My word? What good does my word do?” I scoff.

“You are both the queen of the Lycans and werewolves and a princess of the sirens.” He scoffs. “You have more power than anyone born of one world.”

“What makes you think they will listen to me?”

I am not sure he understands how the hierarchy works. I am a Luna, not the alpha and I may be a princess to the sirens, but it is not a title I can claim as a half-breed. Hell, I’m not even entirely sure I can be underwater without drowning for more than a minute.

“Your King, he is already on his way to us. With the help of someone who knows their way

around here. And Caspian...well, he won't give up on you, not now that he has finally got his daughter back."

I see his point, but it doesn't mean his demand makes any sense to me.

"What is it you want from me, exactly?" I ask, trying to understand.

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His eyes grow dark and he licks his lips.

"I want you to bring a war here and I want you to promise my father will live."

I shake my head, chuckling. "War is already coming. If Merikh is on his way—"

"No, you don't understand. We already know they are on their way and which way they will use to sneak in. I didn't come by this information on my own. Giselle knows their plan. Where is it you think Jennifer is going?"

Panic grows in my throat and I swallow roughly, trying to fucking understand what he wants and how to warn Merikh.

"I will help you escape tonight." He whispers.

"But you said if I escape, Jennifer will kill my mother," I scoff. "I just got her back. I won't let her die."

He drags a hand over his face.

"There is nothing I can do for your mother. Right now, you need to choose her or your mate. You have twenty-four hours to decide."

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Teiran has left me no real choice. Save the mother I thought I lost or lose the mate I just found. There is only one answer, one fight choice, and it brings not

hing but pain to my chest as I try to think of any way I can to find a way around it.

There is a small knock on the door as it pushes open and a maid quickly shuffles in, bringing me a pile of clothing, all the while keeping her head down. She then turns the bed down as I watch her with curiosity. She is not a dragon, but a werewolf, small and perhaps an omega, but she doesn't belong here.

"What is your name?" I ask her and she ignores me as a malé walks in with a tray of food and places it on the bedstand. He stops and looks at me with a sneer on his scarred face before jutting his chin and sauntering out the door, slamming it behind him.

"Yeesh, what did I do to him?" I mutter.

"He doesn't like werewolves." The girl mutters, her eyes sliding my way for a mere second before darting back to what she is doing.

"Yet he works with you, and you are a werewolf." I remind her and she hesitates before she looks up fully, finally revealing a horribly burned section on the left side of her face.

"We don't choose our punishment, Luna. The king dulls it out himself." She whispers, looking at the door. Fear oozes from her, her skittish nature, and the way she doesn't seem able to remain looking at me for long makes it obvious she is not here willingly.

"And is he a nice king?" I ask, taking a tentative step closer to her with a small shrug. She whines, looking at the door longingly, like she wishes to escape me. Which is ironic since I'm the one locked up here, not her.

"I was asked to deliver your clothing and turn your bed down for the night. If there is nothing else I can assist you with, then I really should be off before..." she pauses, catching her bottom lip in her teeth like it's a hostage and she whimpers.

"Before what?" I ask.

"Before they suspect something. The king will stop by to see you in a few hours." She bows before she sprints out the door, locking it behind her with a click and the soft murmur of an 'I'm sorry'.

I collect the pile of clothing and head to the bathroom, a soft smile breaking my frown to pieces when I see the waterfall faucet overhead. My body shivers in anticipation of the water we have so sorely missed. As I strip out of my dirty clothing and turn on the spray, I gasp in delight, plunging my face into it with a grin.

For the first time in however the hell long I have been here, I feel hope creeping back in with every drop. I shiver as I spin and let it hammer on my aching muscles, forcing the pain away so I can enjoy this.

The bar of soap waiting for me is fresh and void of scents, which disappoints me, but I have to remind myself I am not at an all-inclusive resort. I am in the belly of the enemy's lair and they are giving me the illusion of freedom as they lock me in.

I grab the soap and gingerly lather my bruised body, wincing as I hit my rib cage. I watch as the suds turn brown, the filth finally running clean as I move to my hair and scrub my scalp and latkes a series of three times before I feel clean enough. Then I stand in the stream of warm water, letting it fill my siren heart until it cuts off suddenly and I snap my eyes open.

I look at the shower handle, still in the one position as I reach out and wiggle it back and forth, which does nothing. A frown sneaks over my lips as I sigh and step out, grabbing the towel folded on the counter, and I dry myself off before dressing quickly. When I step out of the bathroom, the towel in my hand still drying my hair, I freeze, noticing the heat in the air.

It's near suffocating as I feel myself sweat and move to the window, throwing it open only to find a set of bars in the way, forcing it back shut in my face. Every passing second feels like I may shrink into a puddle until I notice a glowing ember in the corner of the room.

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"Hello, Colette." I hear. My mouth runs dry as a light flickers on and I see Giselle in a silky white sheath gown, a soft orange glow flickering from beneath the fabric where her heart should be.

“Giselle,” I murmur, forcing myself to make it to the edge of the bed before taking a seat before passing out from the dryness in the air.

“Sorry about cutting your shower short. It’s on a timer. Can’t have you too healthy.” She winks like she isn’t being a petty bitch.

“What can I do for the queen of the dragons?” I ask, folding over and coughing roughly as I choke on the air before I catch my breath.

“Well, a little birdie told me there may be something going on with you and Prince Teiran.” She shrugs. “I thought I would come and check for myself, though you did shower alone it seems-”

“I have a mate. One I love and am faithful to,” I growl out and she waves me off.

“You wolves and your mates. You know, mates mean nothing to dragons and vampires. I mean really, all you have to do is kill off the woman you wish to replace and ‘oops’. Now there is an opening.” She saunters over toward me, unafraid to turn her back to an enemy, completely unbothered by anything and everything as she strolls by toward the window.

“What do you want?” I ask her, growing tired from the excessive heat she is giving off.

“What is it like to be a hybrid?” She asks wistfully, staring out the window. “How does it feel to be the only one of your.... kind....? Because I am curious if you feel as I do,”

I scowl at her. “You aren’t a hybrid.” I remind her and she sighs heavily.

“No, I am not. But I am the only one of my kind left. These beefy winged idiots are the closest I have to my kind and, therefore, my best bet at procreating.” She says, “Though I must admit, it is damn annoying that the king’s dragon has yet to accept me so we can make a child.”

I chuckle, shaking my head. “Maybe it knows you would be a terrible mother.” I say, a sly grin on my lips.

She looks at me over her shoulder before rolling her eyes.

“How quaint. You think I care about your petty insults or being a mother?” She laughs, her flawless hair tumbling over her shoulders as her head tilts back. In the light, it looks like there are waves of heat radiating from her, almost like she is the hottest burning flame.

“Let me rephrase my original question. What is it you want from me, Giselle?” I ask, trying to understand her, not what she says because I couldn’t care less, but the more I know about her species, the more I experience being around her the closer I am to knowing what to expect.

She grins, turning to face me full on as she clasps her hands in front of her.

“Finally, you are asking the right questions.” She sighs happily. “But I’m not willing to reveal why you are important yet. I need the others here as well. It’s all so annoyingly complicated.”

“By others you mean Lily, don’t you?” I ask and she nods, her patience growing thin as the heat in the room grows more insufferable. For a moment I swear I see a flicker of blue flame in her hair.

“Yes, she is one of them.” She shrugs, finally moving toward the door. The further away she gets, the easier it is to breathe, the air less painful as I inhale sharply like a needy fish in need of its water.

That’s it?” I scoff as she reaches for the door. “You just wanted to come check in on me and give me a little insight into what you want?”

Her eyes

twinkle as she wears a sly smile.

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11:35 Thu,

Chapter 89

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“I really am excited to see you aren’t entirely without brains. No, I came to let you know I am fully aware of your plan with Prince Teiran. And as cute as it is that he thinks he can get you out of here. He can not make the promise that Merikh will be safe. You must know that.”

I blink at her, my heart pounding in my chest and my head feeling light, as if I may faint. Perhaps it’s the heat, but I get the feeling it is the fear for Merikh’s safety.

“Merikh is a big boy and can protect himself. He is the Alpha of Death, after all.” I say, crossing my arms over my chest.

“Mmm, yes. Go ahead and underestimate me again. It has gone over so well for you in the past, hasn’t it?” She says grinning before she leaves, taking with her the insane heat.

I rush to the bathroom, turning on the sink and dipping my head under the faucet, before drinking a healthy amount and standing looking at myself in the mirror.

If Giselle knows about Prince Teiran’s plan, then that means I can no longer rely on him to help me get out. I need to break out of here on my own. And I need to do it through the dungeons so I can take my mother with me as I go.