

Traded To The Lycan King Chapter 90

Chapter 90

Merikh

“Are you okay?” Hayes asks, coming up next to me as we walk through the jungle. After arriving moments ago via car, we were told by Leandra we needed to move by foot the rest of the way. Which would be quicker for a lycan out here in all this thick vegetation. But we brought along a lycan who can’t actually shift and a siren.

“What kind of question is that?” I scoff, looking over at him with a scowl.

“You have not asked Leandra questions about what she unlocked in her memories.” He reminds me and I look ahead, trying to wrestle with my thoughts.

“Why would I ask? It is her experience to share with me, Hayes, not mine, to ask for. Her mind has not been her own in years, and I had to use the alpha’s order to make her unveil memories her lycan suppressed for a reason. In her own time, she will share.” I tell him.

“What if what she has to share is something you need to save Colette?” He asks. I shrug, pushing aside a big bush and grunting as I force it to the side, leaving room for the two behind us to break through.

“I can save Colette.” I remind him. “There is nothing that will stop me from getting her back. What I needed from Leandra was a little information and the map in her head. Everything else, her trauma, and her confusion, that’s hers to deal with on her own time.”

“You sound too reasonable,” He chuckles before narrowing his eyes at me. “Please tell me you plan on making it out of this mountain rescue alive.”

I sigh heavily, pinching the bridge of my nose. “I do not have a death wish. What I want is to save her and live a life with her. If that means I need to force everything out to do so, then so be it.”

Hayes looks at me, blinking, before a huge grin breaks over his white teeth.

“The Alpha of Death is coming out to play?” He asks, his excitement overtaking the importance of the mission.

I frown at him, shaking my head. The Alpha of Death is a title I earned in my earlier years. The alpha with no remorse or mercy, as I needed to establish a name for myself. Battles are won much easier if people are afraid of you, and though I am a formidable fighter, the title is half the battle.

Fear leads to mistakes and I have never had to worry about those little mistakes as I never truly had anything to fear. Until now. Because now I have everything to lose and no room for mistakes. Which only makes my chest feel tight, because the second you fear mistakes is when you give them life.

“The Alpha of Death has never left me, brother.” I murmur, trying to remain calm and collected, which is not an easy feat as we traipse further into this fucking humid death trap leading to the heat of battle that I will hate just as much.

He says nothing for a few moments before he lets out a heavy exhale.

“I am sorry,” Hayes whispers.

“For what?” I ask. He looks over his shoulder, and I turn back to see Leandra following along with Caspian. The siren king chatting animatedly with her as she nods and responds only as much as necessary.

“I shouldn’t have marked her.” He whispers. “I fucked up and I don’t think there is any fixing it. She won’t talk to me, instead she just sobbed and asked me to hold her hand and even that felt like she didn’t want to be touched. It felt like it was more to comfort me rather than her.”

I sigh, stepping into a small open area, listening to the tweeting of the birds and chattering of various animals warning others of our presence. Then I turn and look at him, making sure he can see how serious I am.

“Hayes, take it from someone who perpetually fucks up with his mate. Ask for forgiveness from her, not me. If there is only one thing I learn from my time with Colette, it’s communication and trust can save you a shit time of time away from each other.”

“What happened with Colette is not your fault, Merikh.” He says, a frown on his face.

“That is not the point. The point is, go talk to Leandra. She has had no space to be herself, to have a voice or make her own choices. Listen to her voice, so she knows she still has one. I miss Colette’s every single fucking second of the day.” I say, as Caspian and Leandra finally catch up.

“Are we taking a break already?” Leandra asks, looking between Hayes and I. She wrings her hands together before looking at Hayes, her cheeks burning red with a deep blush before she looks away.

“No, but I am curious. Caspian, can you do something about this humidity? I feel like I am drowning in it.” I grumble and he chuckles.

“I am a Siren king. I can do lots of things, but it all comes at a cost.” He shrugs. “This cost hardly seems worth it, though I must admit. I disagree. I feel it could be a touch more humid for my liking.”

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“Great.” I mutter, wiping my brow before strutting off. I hear shuffling behind me and I expect Caspian to come up next to me to speak about Colette or a plan of some kind, so I beat him to it. “The plan is to get in and find her and get her out, that’s all.”

“I’m not sure it will be that easy.” Leandra says softly.

My muscles tense as I step over a snake slithering away with no cares to the people trampling through his habitat.

“It never is.” I say, unsure of how to speak with her. Not that she is too broken to speak or understand basic conversation, but without knowing what happened to her, or a basic understanding of her in general, I’m afraid of offending her.

“When it comes to fighting, can you command my lycan to shift?” She asks suddenly.

My eyes grow wide, looking at her for a moment, mulling over her question. Leandra looks hopeful, a spark in her eye that makes it seem like she needs me to say yes. But it’s not that simple. I believe in free will, in my members making their own decisions, controlling their own destinies and lycans or wolves.

“Well, in theory, yes.” I say, choosing my words carefully. “But it is not a practice I want to do.”

“Why?” she asks, her brows furrowing. “What if I need to defend myself, but you and Hayes can’t get to me? Or what if Hayes is about to die and I need to help him, or maybe Caspian losing his ability to move because he gets dried out?”

She is so serious; her face contorted in determination and her chin set, ready for an argument. I have to hand it to her. She is full of surprises. But this is not something I want to control, especially if we want her lycan to surface on its own. Sometimes danger is required for that fight—or—flight part of the lycan to kick in and transform on cue.

“You need to live your life without someone controlling your motions, Leandra.” I say softly and she frowns.

“It’s easier to live for someone else.” She whispers, so quietly I almost miss it.

“Then live for your mate. Find a way to build a family in your new pack. Live for Leandra. That is the best way to live.” I assure her, and then I smirk. “And if you decide, Leandra, that you like to fight, then I welcome you to the battlefield with open arms.”

She stops walking suddenly, her entire body going still as if the world is on pause and I watch her curiously. Caspian and Hayes rush over, both stopping and looking at me before she snaps her head to the right.

“Someone is following us.” She breathes the words. Her fingers twitch as I bend my knees and ready myself for an attack.

“Really?” Caspian asks, confused.

“The jungle has gone silent.” I whisper, focusing on the trees to my right.

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I watch as nothing moves, not even a breeze tickling a leaf, until the bottom of a bush shudders and I look up, catching a glimpse of something red. Disappointment

floods me and I frown, popping up from my defensive position and placing my hands in my pocket, sauntering over to the bush and peeking over it.

“Percy.” I grit out.

He looks up, not surprised to see me, and I realize he wanted to be found now. Percy one of my best spies. He knows how to stand, his confidence showing as he puffs his chest and looks around at everyone.

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get caught. He

“What are you doing here?” Hayes asks, confused.

Percy is supposed to be home, resting, mourning the loss of his twin, our other gamma and great warrior, and yet he is here, standing in front of me like he is reporting for duty.

“My job.” He says, brimming with confidence. “Penny died trying to protect Luna and Letty. I need to be here for Pen to finish what she was trying to do.”

“Not here for yourself?” I ask, arching a brow and he licks his lip, looking a little embarrassed before he clears his lips and meets my gaze.

“And I am here for fucking vengeance.”