

Traded To The Lycan King

Chapter 91-93

Chapter 91

I look at the determination on Percy's face says no matter my answer; he is going to find some loophole to stay. Though he doesn't have to convince me of anything. It is clearly what he needs, what he has to do, and for now, it is greater than his loyalty to me. Grief is strange like that. Never once the same for each person.

"Percy-

" I say, pausing as he rolls his shoulders back before they slump forward.

"I need this, more than the tears I have and will continue to cry. More than I need to bury her and that part of me." His eyes are soft, his voice close to breaking.

"Percy, I understand." I tell him, nodding. "And we could use the extra body."

He exhales roughly and nods. The poor guy is barely holding himself together. I can see Hayes' disappointed look, but I choose to ignore it for now. He is wise in so many regards, except when it comes to his own situations. Hayes didn't mourn the same way I did. When I look at Percy, I see me.

I see the same beginning of the Alpha of Death, the determination to push aside the emotional pain and bury it beneath bodies. And having an extra fighter means better odds for Colette. I could have ordered more warriors to the fight, but once we get home, there will be a war and I need to save them for the moment we need them.

"We need to keep moving," I say, clearing my throat.

Percy reaches down in the bush and extracts a bag full of things and pushes it up his back as he rushes to keep up with Hayes, who is walking on ahead. Leandra is the next to follow him, moving along with Percy as I pair up with Caspian. He walks at ease, but I can see the fatigue on his face and the way he shakes out his legs every now and then.

"How are you holding up, Fishman?" I ask, smirking at him.

He shakes his head, a soft chuckle breaking from his lips.

"I will be fine. Though I believe I can cross hiking off the list of mainland things I enjoy," he admits. "I think I prefer the food, and perhaps the couch and a nice movie."

"Makes you sound a little lazy," I tease, and he nods.

"There is not much to do where I am from and electronics and the sea....well, it doesn't exactly cohabitate well." He grins.

"Yeah, we learned that up here, too."

"Merikh," He says, his tone growing more serious as he looks ahead, watching Leandra talk with Percy while Hayes intermittently shoots the red headed dagger eyes.

"You are growing more worried." I say for him and he sighs heavily.

"My gut is telling me something is wrong." Caspian says, "It's not just me, is it? You feel like something is off too, right?"

I drag a hand down my face, exhaling as I think about what he says. Caspian is right. I have noticed it since we hit the jungle, or more like my lycan did. He has been silent, almost as if reserving his strength, but every now and again my skin will prickle. I feel our presence is known, and it wasn't because Percy was following us.

"The air is changing, the jungle is growing more silent with every mile." I concur, leaning closer to him. "When we encountered the giants in the woods near the mansion, it felt...strange. Like the air had an electric current. I thought it was just the excitement, the itch for a fight."

"But now you are thinking differently." He whispers.

"No, I don't think differently. I know differently." I admit.

"Do you think we are being stalked?" He asks, his eyes searching before him.

I turn my head, looking around, and realize it doesn't feel like it. It is different. This feeling is unnatural. One that isn't someone lurking but an ominous feeling of foreboding.

“I am not all seeing Caspian.” I say, a shudder running up my spine. “But it is best if we remain closer with the rest, in case we are being followed or Lily is around working her magic.”

We pick up our speed, coming up on Leandra and Percy, who are walking in silence, and Hayes, who is holding up his hands. I push past them, all coming up to him.

“What do you see?” I ask him and he just stares in awe ahead of him.

1/3

11:32 AM

Chapter 91

I freeze when I see the way the jungle is scorched below us. The two of us on a ledge we never saw coming looking down at hundreds of burn spots through some, even still raging with flames leading to the base of the mountain.

“Fucking hell,” I murmur, shocked.

“Looks like hell, that’s for sure.” Hayes mutters.

“Why is it like this?” I wonder curiously to myself.

Dragons have always run a little hot, no pun intended. But they pride themselves on their love of their lands, nurturing it to grow and flourish. Supernatural beings need balance, something to offset us. Lycans and werewolves have our human side and our morals, Dragons, though part human are nature lovers, or they have been in the past.

“There is chaos in their midst.” Caspian reminds us, stepping up to my side. “The phoenix feeds off of it. She craves it. The dragons are sensitive creatures. Under their scales, they have mighty and loyal hearts. This is the result of magic and mayhem. Their dragons are responding in kind.”

I feel a pang of guilt, hating that I am learning more about them and their situation. If it were as simple as the dragons wanting a war, it would be easier to go to war with them.

But if they are simply being used or out of their minds because of the bitch Giselle, well, that's when guilt and remorse may try to offset my lycans' need to just savagely kill.

"This changes nothing," I say, making my decision. "Colette is in there."

"I agree." Caspian admits. "I will feel no guilt in saving my daughter."

"We need to go, we need to run." Leandra whimpers, reaching out and grabbing at Hayes, tugging on his shirt.

"Leandra, calm down." He says, taking her face between his hands. "Breathe,"

She slaps his hands down, screaming in his face wildly. Leandra steps away sobbing and drops to the ground, covering her ears.

"Run! Run, run, run." She murmurs the words before she jumps up, her bones cracking and her face contorting in pain.

"Lea..." Hayes says, shocked and unsure of what to do next.

"What is happening?" I command her before her transition and her eyes train on me.

"Attack." She growls out, "Keep mate safe."

Then she turns and rushes off the ledge with a feral lycan cry.

"LEA!" Hayes roars out in fear as we all gape, watching her latch onto a rock below us, her teeth sinking in before blood pours out and the rock turns into a man who cries out in pain. I focus on the rocks, watching as they move slowly, trying to avoid detection and my lycan rumbles begging for release.

"Caspian, make it rain," I cry out. "Now!"

I let my lycan take over, watching Caspian as his eyes turn ocean blue and I see water rising from every source. Then I turn, sprinting toward the cliff's edge, much like Leandra had Hayes and Percy on my heels. The rain patters on me as I soar through the air. The rain is heavy and fast, washing away the magic used to conceal those who are trying to attack.

Seven figures are revealed and I use my claws, digging them into the rocky side to slow my descent before I catch a footing on a protruding rock and launch

h myself into a man with a stunning look on his face. I try to sink my teeth into his arm, but the flesh is tough and thick, making it difficult to attach myself until I sink my claw into his side.

“Get off you fucking dog!” He roars, his voice distorted and a deep grunt.

I sink my other claw into his other side, skewering him with my razor sharp nails as I tuck my legs up and drop all my weight down. My hands slide through the tension of his bones before hitting the soft, fleshy bit of his organs, and I slip through him with ease.

His blood pours from his sides, his cry lost in the sounds of the splashing of water and his insides on the rough rocky edges. I retract my claws, dropping before him further down the side, using my nails to steer my downward descent toward the next asshole waiting for their death.

I see a flash of red as Percy falls past me in human form, before his lycan takes control and he tears a body from the side of the cliff, using him to cushion his fall. As I make it down to him, more figures emerge, their eyes dark with anger and blood lust before a handful transform into wolves, and others, their scales taking over their soft fleshed areas. Not full dragons, but of that species.

I look over and see Leandra tearing through the wolves like she is weeding in a field, slicing through them with fluid movements. Hayes is behind her, making sure her back end is covered and I lick my chomps, a shiver of excitement slipping through me.

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Chapter 91

If lycans purred that is what mine would do at this moment, relishing the scent of blood and the way the bodies crumble at our feet. I am in my element, fighting for what I love, and they do not stand a chance. They insist on calling us dogs and trying to provoke us. Now they get to experience the bite.

Chapter 92

Pain ripples up through my leg as I hiss and try to spin to see who the fuck is t here, but I am caught in the face with a bone quivering force. I stumble back, s haking my head, my snout crinkling as I try to force the sting away. The fucker grins maliciously and tilts his head from side to side, his neck cracking as his eyes glow their telltale red.

I was already aware that Lily was near. She had to be in order for Caspian's w ater trick to work to wash away her illusion. But what makes me more nervous than fighting a dragon with extra strong hide in their human form is fighting th em when they are being possessed by the wicked fae queen.

"You are making this very fun, Alpha Merikh." The warrior says his puppet master is using him t o speak to me, though there is no responding in my current form. I growl in res ponse, lunging forward and grabbing the warrior by the wrist, yanking him tow ard me.

The same pain burns up my leg, but I push it aside as I lift his arm and roar ou t as I thrust my lycan claws up into his armpit. My fingers break through his fle sh, the warmth of his blood feeling like fire as it drips down my arm before I te ar them back out.

He drops to his knees, holding his arm to his wound as blood pumps through his artery that I severed. The moment his face hits the ground, I hear a bark of laughter and I look to my right.

"You can't silence me," a female warrior says.

She turns her head to face me, her eyes void and brilliant red as Percy plunge s his claws into her chest, screaming out in his emotional agony over his sister . The second the warrior's eyes close, a new voice echoes behind me.

"I have so many more." Lily says through new means, a gleeful tone to her wic ked words. "This is just a fun game for me. A little taste of the war coming to y our pack, and those who go up against us."

I exhale, annoyed, as I slowly turn to stare down at a massive man stalking m y way with blood on his face. His lips twitch up in a sly smile before he lifts a bl oody arm and wipes his cheek.

My stomach sinks, the muscles in my chest tightening with fury and a twinge o f fear at the thought of whose blood he is wearing. My eyes skirt around to ma

ke sure those who came with me are still safe. Percy fights relentlessly, refusing to stop as I search for Hayes and Leandra, who are nowhere to be found.

“Look at me when I am talking to you, dirty mutt.” The warrior snaps, stepping closer and invading my vision.

My black eyes focus on him, narrowed and ready to fight to the death. There are many moves I can use on this fucker. All of which result in him dead at my feet and hopefully Lily out of fucking range. I crouch, readying myself to attack.

“Die,” I growl, the one syllable word rumbling through me and my lycan as my lips curl back, showcasing my teeth.

Before Lily has a second to speak through the warrior again, I am dropping my shoulder and head as I ram into his soft stomach. He lifts a few feet as I roar and hammer him into the hard ground.

The earth rumbles beneath us and the same nagging pain in my leg flares up again as I step back, losing my footing and stumbling back with a groan and a wince.

It is enough of a window for him to jump back up and crash into me with his leg, catching me in the side. Bones crack and the air whooshes from my snout, only pissing me off all the more. I slap my arm over his foot, holding it close to my side as I reach with my claw and bury it into his shin, just below his knee.

He roars, smoke billowing from his mouth as he tilts his head back before focusing back on me. I try to drag my claws down through his bone, but find them lodged in his unnaturally thick skin.

His free foot slides through the air, aimed directly at my chest to get me to release his other leg. In the nick of time, I yank my claws free and step back.

“She cries like the little weak bitch she is,” He hisses at me. “Hardly have to touch her to make her scream in pain,”

This fucking asshole is just trying to bait me. And unfortunately for him, it's working. Rage makes my blood run cold and I snarl at him, done with this fucking shit already.

I don't know how the fuck he is a dragon yet won't shift and I don't know why his hide is thicker and stronger than others. All I fucking know is he insulted my little luna's mental strength and her integrity. Which I happen to know is fucking impeccable.

claws

He reaches out for me, trying to catch me off guard, but I duck under his incoming arm, slipping around him to the back and burying my claws into the side of his neck where he seems to be less tough.

His hands reach back, trying to grab onto me, but he fails. In desperation, he stumbles backward, slamming me into a rock as I groan in pain. I twist my hand, his flesh tearing open into a gaping wound, his muscles stringy as they try to cling together.

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He takes a step to the side, slamming me back once more as a rock pierces me in the back. I retreat my claws and he stumbles forward, covering his neck. I can feel blood dripping down my back but it doesn't phase me, instead it sparks my fury more as I lunge for him.

He tries to dodge me, but he fails as he falls to the side and I drop onto him, shredding his body as he cries out in pain. His squeal grows quiet and all that's left to hear is the squelching of his flopping skin as a hand lands on my shoulder. I instantly spin, leaping onto the next assailant, ready to make his face match the asshole I just finished.

"Merikh! That is enough!" Caspian yells, a flash of water tossing me from him as I roll to the side. "They are gone for now."

I look up at the clear sky, breathing in and out as I shift back into human form and force myself up, groaning as pain prickles every part of me. I look down at my leg, my stomach falling when I notice a large burn on my skin, deep enough to have burned through a chunk of muscle.

“Alpha?” Percy calls out.

“I’m good.” I reply as he rushes over and reaches out to help me up.

“Hayes and Leandra?” I ask, worried, and he juts his head to the left.

“They are good, but they are having a moment. I thought it might be good to let them have that.” Percy says in a hushed voice. I nod, agreeing with him as I limp over to Caspian as he stands.

“Are you hurt?” I ask him, noticing how pale he looks. His lips press into a flat line as he tries to think of a way to lie to me. “Where?”

“I am fine, Merikh.” He says. “Over-extended myself with water use, that is all,”

I watch him closely before Hayes and Leandra rush over, hand in hand, a look of worry on Hayes’ face.

“What the hell happened to your leg?” He asks, eyes wide.

“We were fighting dragons, Hayes.” I remind him, and he furrows his brows.

“Dragons would have been transformed.” Percy reminds him. “Like enormous body, crazy neck and massive wings. They were just oddly thick skinned and massive for humans.”

“No one can command a dragon, not even with magic.” Caspian says. “Not in battle,

anyway.”

“So because Lily was commanding them, they couldn’t call on their dragons to fully come out?” Hayes asks.

“Yes, something like that,” Leandra whispers. “She preferred using us, our kind, because we are easier to control, less stubborn.”

“We need to keep moving.” I say deciding none of this information is important enough to keep us in the open around a handful of dead bodies.

“You are injured.” Hayes says, and I scoff.

“So is my mate.” I growl, and he throws his hands up in a sign of submission.

I limp along three steps before I freeze, my mouth falling open as the wind is knocked from me. Fear and panic whip through me like a hurricane, tearing at my resolve as my heart feels like it is being squeezed.

Then I feel her, her emotions flooding my mind, flooding all of me before they settle and it’s just me and Colette in my mind.

-Letty—

I whisper her name through the reestablished mindlink and I feel her shock, a relieved laugh tumbling from my lips.”

-Merikh—She responds, her voice breaking—
You need to get out, they know you are here-

-Good—I tell her, -Be ready, I came to bring you home-

There is silence, then I feel the confliction in her. Worry settles in and for a moment, I think she might not want to come back with me.

-Is Leandra with you?—

-Yes-

-

Tell her to hide you at the broken temple until I reach out. I have help on the inside—She says, -And Merikh? I missed you the second I walked away-

-Me too, love. Me too,—

I turn to the four with me, a giddy grin on my face I can’t wipe off and all of the m look at me, confused.

“Colette is alive and safe. She is close enough for the mindlink to work.”

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Chapter 92

Oh, thank the heavens,” Caspian says, looking like he might fall over from relief.

“She said to have you take us to the broken temple...” I tell Leandra, who looks a little shocked. “Can you take us?”

“Yes, we will be safe there.” She says, nodding. “For now.”

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Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons Chapter 90-93

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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Chapter 90

“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.

Fatio

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 stands, his confidence showing as he puffs his chest and looks around at everyone.

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no

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 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.”

Chapter 91

I look at the determination on Percy’s face says no matter my answer; he is going to find some loophole to stay. Though he doesn’t have to convince me of anything. It is clearly what he needs, what he has to do, and for now, it is great

er than his loyalty to me. Grief is strange like that. Never once the same for each person.

“Percy-

” I say, pausing as he rolls his shoulders back before they slump forward.

“I need this, more than the tears I have and will continue to cry. More than I need to bury her and that part of me.” His eyes are soft, his voice close to breaking.

“Percy, I understand.” I tell him, nodding. “And we could use the extra body.”

He exhales roughly and nods. The poor guy is barely holding himself together. I can see Hayes’ disappointed look, but I choose to ignore it for now. He is wise in so many regards, except when it comes to his own situations. Hayes didn’t mourn the same way I did. When I look at Percy, I see me.

I see the same beginning of the Alpha of Death, the determination to push aside the emotional pain and bury it beneath bodies. And having an extra fighter means better odds for Colette. I could have ordered more warriors to the fight, but once we get home, there will be a war and I need to save them for the moment we need them.

“We need to keep moving,” I say, clearing my throat.

Percy reaches down in the bush and extracts a bag full of things and pushes it up his back as he rushes to keep up with Hayes, who is walking on ahead. Leandra is the next to follow him, moving along with Percy as I pair up with Caspian. He walks at ease, but I can see the fatigue on his face and the way he shakes out his legs every now and then.

“How are you holding up, Fishman?” I ask, smirking at him.

He shakes his head, a soft chuckle breaking from his lips.

“I will be fine. Though I believe I can cross hiking off the list of mainland things I enjoy,” he admits. “I think I prefer the food, and perhaps the couch and a nice movie.”

“Makes you sound a little lazy,” I tease, and he nods.

“There is not much to do where I am from and electronics and the sea....well, it doesn't exactly cohabitate well.” He grins.

“Yeah, we learned that up here, too.”

“Merikh,” He says, his tone growing more serious as he looks ahead, watching Leandra talk with Percy while Hayes intermittently shoots the red head dagger eyes.

“You are growing more worried.” I say for him and he sighs heavily.

“My gut is telling me something is wrong.” Caspian says, “It's not just me, is it? You feel like something is off too, right?”

I drag a hand down my face, exhaling as I think about what he says. Caspian is right. I have noticed it since we hit the jungle, or more like my lycan did. He has been silent, almost as if reserving his strength, but every now and again my skin will prickle. I feel our presence is known, and it wasn't because Percy was following us.

“The air is changing, the jungle is growing more silent with every mile.” I concur, leaning closer to him. “When we encountered the giants in the woods near the mansion, it felt...strange. Like the air had an electric current. I thought it was just the excitement, the itch for a fight.”

“But now you are thinking differently.” He whispers.

“No, I don't think differently. I know differently.” I admit.

“Do you think we are being stalked?” He asks, his eyes searching before him.

I turn my head, looking around, and realize it doesn't feel like it. It is different. This feeling is unnatural. One that isn't someone lurking but an ominous feeling of foreboding.

“I am not all seeing Caspian.” I say, a shudder running up my spine. “But it is best if we remain closer with the rest, in case we are being followed or Lily is a round working her magic.”

We pick up our speed, coming up on Leandra and Percy, who are walking in silence, and Hayes, who is holding up his hands. I push past them, all coming up to him.

“What do you see?” I ask him and he just stares in awe ahead of him.

1/3

11:32 AM

Chapter 91

I freeze when I see the way the jungle is scorched below us. The two of us on a ledge we never saw coming looking down at hundreds of burn spots through some, even still raging with flames leading to the base of the mountain.

“Fucking hell,” I murmur, shocked.

“Looks like hell, that’s for sure.” Hayes mutters.

“Why is it like this?” I wonder curiously to myself.

Dragons have always run a little hot, no pun intended. But they pride themselves on their love of their lands, nurturing it to grow and flourish. Supernatural beings need balance, something to offset us. Lycans and werewolves have our human side and our morals, Dragons, though part human are nature lovers, or they have been in the past.

“There is chaos in their midst.” Caspian reminds us, stepping up to my side. “The phoenix feeds off of it. She craves it. The dragons are sensitive creatures. Under their scales, they have mighty and loyal hearts. This is the result of magic and mayhem. Their dragons are responding in kind.”

I feel a pang of guilt, hating that I am learning more about them and their situation. If it were as simple as the dragons wanting a war, it would be easier to go to war with them.

But if they are simply being used or out of their minds because of the bitch Giselle, well, that’s when guilt and remorse may try to offset my lycans’ need to just savagely kill.

“This changes nothing,” I say, making my decision. “Colette is in there.”

“I agree.” Caspian admits. “I will feel no guilt in saving my daughter.”

“We need to go, we need to run.” Leandra whimpers, reaching out and grabbing at Hayes, tugging on his shirt.

“Leandra, calm down.” He says, taking her face between his hands. “Breathe,”

She slaps his hands down, screaming in his face wildly. Leandra steps away sobbing and drops to the ground, covering her ears.

“Run! Run, run, run.” She murmurs the words before she jumps up, her bones cracking and her face contorting in pain.

“Lea...” Hayes says, shocked and unsure of what to do next.

“What is happening?” I command her before her transition and her eyes train on me.

“Attack.” She growls out, “Keep mate safe.”

Then she turns and rushes off the ledge with a feral lycan cry.

“LEA!” Hayes roars out in fear as we all gape, watching her latch onto a rock below us, her teeth sinking in before blood pours out and the rock turns into a man who cries out in pain. I focus on the rocks, watching as they move slowly, trying to avoid detection and my lycan rumbles begging for release.

“Caspian, make it rain,” I cry out. “Now!”

I let my lycan take over, watching Caspian as his eyes turn ocean blue and I see water rising from every source. Then I turn, sprinting toward the cliff’s edge, much like Leandra had Hayes and Percy on my heels. The rain patters on me as I soar through the air. The rain is heavy and fast, washing away the magic used to conceal those who are trying to attack.

Seven figures are revealed and I use my claws, digging them into the rocky side to slow my descent before I catch a footing on a protruding rock and launch myself into a man with a stunning look on his face. I try to sink my teeth into his arm, but the flesh is tough and thick, making it difficult to attach myself until I sink my claw into his side.

“Get off you fucking dog!” He roars, his voice distorted and a deep grunt.

I sink my other claw into his other side, skewering him with my razor sharp nails as I tuck my legs up and drop all my weight down. My hands slide through t

he tension of his bones before hitting the soft, fleshy bit of his organs, and I slip through him with ease.

His blood pours from his sides, his cry lost in the sounds of the splashing of water and his insides on the rough rocky edges. I retract my claws, dropping before him further down the side, using my nails to steer my downward descent toward the next asshole waiting for their death.

I see a flash of red as Percy falls past me in human form, before his lycan takes control and he tears a body from the side of the cliff, using him to cushion his fall. As I make it down to him, more figures emerge, their eyes dark with anger and blood lust before a handful transform into wolves, and others, their scales taking over their soft fleshed areas. Not full dragons, but of that species.

I look over and see Leandra tearing through the wolves like she is weeding in a field, slicing through them with fluid movements. Hayes is behind her, making sure her back end is covered and I lick my chops, a shiver of excitement slipping through me. If lycans purred that is what mine would do at this moment, relishing the scent of blood and the way the bodies crumble at our feet. I am in my element, fighting for what I love, and they do not stand a chance. They insist on calling us dogs and trying to provoke us. Now they get to experience the bite.

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Pain ripples up through my leg as I hiss and try to spin to see who the fuck is there, but I am caught in the face with a bone quivering force. I stumble back, shaking my head, my snout crinkling as I try to force the sting away. The fucker grins maliciously and tilts his head from side to side, his neck cracking as his eyes glow their telltale red.

I was already aware that Lily was near. She had to be in order for Caspian's water trick to work to wash away her illusion. But what makes me more nervous than fighting a dragon with extra strong hide in their human form is fighting them when they are being possessed by the wicked fae queen.

"You are making this very fun, Alpha Merikh." The warrior says his puppet master is using him to speak to me, though there is no responding in my current form. I growl in response, lunging forward and grabbing the warrior by the wrist, yanking him toward me.

The same pain burns up my leg, but I push it aside as I lift his arm and roar out as I thrust my lycan claws up into his armpit. My fingers break through his flesh, the warmth of his blood feeling like fire as it drips down my arm before I tear them back out.

He drops to his knees, holding his arm to his wound as blood pumps through his artery that I severed. The moment his face hits the ground, I hear a bark of laughter and I look to my right.

“You can’t silence me,” a female warrior says.

She turns her head to face me, her eyes void and brilliant red as Percy plunges his claws into her chest, screaming out in his emotional agony over his sister. The second the warrior’s eyes close, a new voice echoes behind me.

“I have so many more.” Lily says through new means, a gleeful tone to her wicked words. “This is just a fun game for me. A little taste of the war coming to your pack, and those who go up against us.”

I exhale, annoyed, as I slowly turn to stare down at a massive man stalking my way with blood on his face. His lips twitch up in a sly smile before he lifts a bloody arm and wipes his cheek.

My stomach sinks, the muscles in my chest tightening with fury and a twinge of fear at the thought of whose blood he is wearing. My eyes skirt around to make sure those who came with me are still safe. Percy fights relentlessly, refusing to stop as I search for Hayes and Leandra, who are nowhere to be found.

“Look at me when I am talking to you, dirty mutt.” The warrior snaps, stepping closer and invading my vision.

My black eyes focus on him, narrowed and ready to fight to the death. There are many moves I can use on this fucker. All of which result in him dead at my feet and hopefully Lily out of fucking range. I crouch, readying myself to attack.

“Die,” I growl, the one syllable word rumbling through me and my lycan as my lips curl back, showcasing my teeth.

Before Lily has a second to speak through the warrior again, I am dropping my shoulder and head as I ram into his soft stomach. He lifts a few feet as I roar and hammer him into the hard ground.

The earth rumbles beneath us and the same nagging pain in my leg flares up again as I step back, losing my footing and stumbling back with a groan and a wince.

It is enough of a window for him to jump back up and crash into me with his leg, catching me in the side. Bones crack and the air whooshes from my snout, only pissing me off all the more. I slap my arm over his foot, holding it close to my side as I reach with my claw and bury it into his shin, just below his knee.

He roars, smoke billowing from his mouth as he tilts his head back before focusing back on me. I try to drag my claws down through his bone, but find them lodged in his unnaturally thick skin.

His free foot slides through the air, aimed directly at my chest to get me to release his other leg. In the nick of time, I yank my claws free and step back.

“She cries like the little weak bitch she is,” He hisses at me. “Hardly have to touch her to make her scream in pain,”

This fucking asshole is just trying to bait me. And unfortunately for him, it’s working. Rage makes my blood run cold and I snarl at him, done with this fucking shit already.

I don’t know how the fuck he is a dragon yet won’t shift and I don’t know why his hide is thicker and stronger than others. All I fucking know is he insulted my little luna’s mental strength and her integrity. Which I happen to know is fucking impeccable.

claws

He reaches out for me, trying to catch me off guard, but I duck under his incoming arm, slipping around him to the back and burying my claws into the side of his neck where he seems to be less tough.

His hands reach back, trying to grab onto me, but he fails. In desperation, he stumbles backward, slamming me into a rock as I groan in pain. twist my hand, his flesh tearing open into a gaping wound, his muscles stringy as they try to cling together.

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He takes a step to the side, slamming me back once more as a rock pierces me in the back. I retreat my claws and he stumbles forward, covering his neck. I can feel blood dripping down my back but it doesn't phase me, instead it spurs my fury more as I lunge for him.

He tries to dodge me, but he fails as he falls to the side and I drop onto him, shredding his body as he cries out in pain. His squeal grows quiet and all that's left to hear is the squelching of his flopping skin as a hand lands on my shoulder. I instantly spin, leaping onto the next assailant, ready to make his face match the asshole I just finished.

"Merikh! That is enough!" Caspian yells, a flash of water tossing me from him as I roll to the side. "They are gone for now."

I look up at the clear sky, breathing in and out as I shift back into human form and force myself up, groaning as pain prickles every part of me. I look down at my leg, my stomach falling when I notice a large burn on my skin, deep enough to have burned through a chunk of muscle.

"Alpha?" Percy calls out.

"I'm good." I reply as he rushes over and reaches out to help me up.

"Hayes and Leandra?" I ask, worried, and he juts his head to the left.

"They are good, but they are having a moment. I thought it might be good to let them have that." Percy says in a hushed voice. I nod, agreeing with him as I limp over to Caspian as he stands.

"Are you hurt?" I ask him, noticing how pale he looks. His lips press into a flat line as he tries to think of a way to lie to me. "Where?"

"I am fine, Merikh." He says. "Over-extended myself with water use, that is all,"

I watch him closely before Hayes and Leandra rush over, hand in hand, a look of worry on Hayes' face.

“What the hell happened to your leg?” He asks, eyes wide.

“We were fighting dragons, Hayes.” I remind him, and he furrows his brows.

“Dragons would have been transformed.” Percy reminds him. “Like enormous body, crazy neck and massive wings. They were just oddly thick skinned and massive for humans.”

“No one can command a dragon, not even with magic.” Caspian says. “Not in battle,

anyway.”

“So because Lily was commanding them, they couldn’t call on their dragons to fully come out?” Hayes asks.

“Yes, something like that,” Leandra whispers. “She preferred using us, our kind, because we are easier to control, less stubborn.”

“We need to keep moving.” I say deciding none of this information is important enough to keep us in the open around a handful of dead bodies.

“You are injured.” Hayes says, and I scoff.

“So is my mate.” I growl, and he throws his hands up in a sign of submission.

I limp along three steps before I freeze, my mouth falling open as the wind is knocked from me. Fear and panic whip through me like a hurricane, tearing at my resolve as my heart feels like it is being squeezed.

Then I feel her, her emotions flooding my mind, flooding all of me before they settle and it’s just me and Colette in my mind.

-Letty-

I whisper her name through the reestablished mindlink and I feel her shock, a relieved laugh tumbling from my lips.”

-Merikh-She responds, her voice breaking-
You need to get out, they know you are here-

-Good-I tell her, -Be ready, I came to bring you home-

There is silence, then I feel the confliction in her. Worry settles in and for a moment, I think she might not want to come back with me.

-Is Leandra with you?—

-Yes-

-

Tell her to hide you at the broken temple until I reach out. I have help on the inside—She says, -And Merikh? I missed you the second I walked away-

-Me too, love. Me too,—

I turn to the four with me, a giddy grin on my face I can't wipe off and all of them look at me, confused.

“Colette is alive and safe. She is close enough for the mindlink to work.”

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Oh, thank the heavens,” Caspian says, looking like he might fall over from relief.

“She said to have you take us to the broken temple...” I tell Leandra, who looks a little shocked. “Can you take us?”

“Yes, we will be safe there.” She says, nodding. “For now.”

Chapter 93

*Colette

The door flings open, Prince Teiran giving me a quick glance before he steps aside and the king saunters in. I watch him with interest, gauging his gait and the way he seems to lumber, like his body is far too heavy for him now.

He looks older in the light, his wrinkles deep and his hair unmanaged and unruly. Teiran watches his father for a moment with a small frown and a look of longing for better days.

"Your highness," I say clearly, bowing my head in respect. I have no idea if this is protocol or not, but in our world we show respect to alphas, so I suppose this will have to do.

He chuckles, deep and sarcastic, as I look up and see him shaking his head. He doesn't speak, instead he looks past me toward the window, crossing toward it and gazing outside.

"Rumor has it you are not the spy I thought you were," He says finally, his voice sounding strong and resolute.

"I am not a spy, that is correct." I respond, growing bold as I take a step in his direction.

"You are instead far more dangerous than any spy or enemy." He growls, whipping around, his eyes narrowed and yellow as he zeros in on me. I don't back down as he moves closer, instead I roll my shoulders and remain where I am. What more can they do, torture me? They've already done it for days.

"Dangerous to my enemies, but enemies are only made by actions." I say, matching his intense gaze. "Do you really wish to become an enemy of mine?"

atching chro

"Darius," I

hear a worried voice break through the room and turn to see Giselle rushing through the door. "Darling, what are you doing in here with this filth?"

"I wish to speak with her, my love." He says his eyes grow soft as he reaches out for Giselle. She takes his hand and snuggles into his chest, looking up at him with the fakest smile. Her hand reaches out, cupping his cheek as he seems to melt into her touch, a heavy sigh leaving his chest in a rumble.

eck your

"Oh, you stubborn man, I told you to let me handle these things. You need your rest, come let me walk you back to our room. Let me tire you out in a better way than this," she teases coyly, and he grins, leaning down and rubbing his nose to hers.

I swear bile rises in my throat as I watch the exchange in awe and slide a glance over to Teiran, who is refusing to look

his hand over his abdomen like he feels the same way. It is abundantly clear that Giselle has his balls in a vice grip, and the king follows along with her every command.

“King Darius, we still have things to discuss...” I say with a small clearing of my throat. He seems to snap out of his little love bubble, shaking his head before he looks down at Giselle and takes a step back.

“Head to the room, dear. Your king has something to attend to right now.” He tells her. Giselle fumbles for words as she frantically reaches for his hand, dragging it to her chest where her heart is.

“I can not wait, not if you want an heir.” She whispers, her cheeks blushing, but I know it’s fake as she tosses a glare toward me, her lips twitching in annoyance.

“I will be right behind you, Giselle.” He says, a smirk overtaking his lips. “In more than one way.” He flirts with her suggestively before spinning her around and slapping her behind with a feral grunt.

I find I can no longer watch their exchange, as it makes me uncomfortable and only makes me more frustrated. I am still stuck here. It doesn’t matter that they are fake.

I should be the one touching my mate and holding him. Little sexual innuendos and making people sick when they see us. Not his bitch who is trying to destroy everything she disagrees with for the sake of a good time.

“Now, what is your name again? Cassandra?” He asks, turning to me as I look and catch Giselle scowling at Teiran, who holds a stoic face.

“I am Colette, queen of the werewolves and lycans.” I remind him.

“And part Fishman.” He clarifies, and I lick my teeth to keep from snapping at him.

“Yes, I am a hybrid. I am both werewolf and siren.” I say matter fact.

“And what skills do you plan to use to kill our kind?” he asks, arching a brow.

I scoff and shake my head.

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“I have no desire to kill anyone.” I say before biting my inner cheek and changing my mind. “Well, I have no desire to kill any dragons.” I amend my statement and he hums in thought.

“Father, she only found out recently she is hybrid-
“Teiran says before Darius growls and shoots him a glare.

“I have no son.” he hisses at him, “You will do well to remember that before I have you executed for your trickery.”

“Sorry, King Darius.” He says, dropping his head in shame.

“I do not care when you discover what you are. What I care about is your existence being a threat.” He says, moving over to me. His harsh gaze inspects me from head to toe. “You don’t look like much. But then again, I have faced many foes who looked useless.”

“I know you have.” I say, glaring at him. “You are in the grips of one now.”

He freezes, conflict in his eyes as he furrows his brows. It is clear as day, the fighting in his mind for reality, what he knows and what his body is allowed to act on.

Darius is obviously being controlled by whatever means they have to control him. I know my words make it through to him, but his hands wrap around my neck, lifting me from the ground.

My throat constricts painfully as I gasp, my hand clasp over his calloused and heated skin. It’s when he brings his face closer that I can see the hint of red in his yellow iris, not like the wolves or the others controlled by Lily, but in a soft ring outside his pupil and just a shadowing on the outside of the iris. They can’t achieve full control of him for some reason.

“Watch what you say,” he grits out, his hand growing warmer with every second.

I can feel my skin burning, the pain excruciating as I try to breathe, and tears dot my eyes.

“King Darious.” Teiran says, stepping up next to him. “This is not the way. What if she has information we need?”

He throws me into the wall, my head slamming into the picture above the bed as I drop and bounce. Glass rains down on me as I gasp and groan in pain, unable to touch my searing neck as I try to keep from crying.

I hear running water and without a second thought, cold water encases my neck, wrapping around it like a gentle bandage as I sob out a cry of relief. When I look again, Darious is gone and Teiran is pulling the door closed behind him with a nod of his head, letting me know he is the one who turned the water on for me.

He is only gone for a few moments before he enters again, pacing the room with his hands in his hair. I try to speak to him, but my throat is too sore as I try to clear it. Teiran looks at me before he moves over to the bed, reaching out as he helps pull me from the glass and guide me to the edge.

“I need to get you out of here tonight. Giselle is letting him know too much. He wants you dead, the threat neutralized. Giselle wants you for other reasons, but his dragon is taking over here and he is certain you need to die tonight by fire.”

“The others should be where you said they should go soon.” I croak, and he nods.

“Good.” He says, “I guess it’s time to plan.” OX Ganhe 40% off na compra de