

# Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 99

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“Are you alright?” Caspian asks gently, lumbering along exhaust. “Do you need me to take her?”

Aly muscles tense at the thought of her leaving my arms to I dedih my jaw and hold her closer.

“I am tine.” I tell him, ignoring the way my body screams for a lifeak, my muscles are sore and tight, my skin stinging with every missed step or root that feels like it’s trying to drag me down.

“You should let Calvin look at your wounds,” Melody says in a motherly voice. I slide my eyes to the dragon healer, who pants as he tries to keep up.

“I said I am fine.” I say again, my voice laced with pain as I try to focus on the task before me.

“Alpha-

“Mel, let him be,” Caspian says weakly. “Merikh is capable of deciding what he does.”

“Not if he is going to pass out and drop my daughter.” She snaps.

“Why did you let her use that much power in the first place?” I say, shooting her a glare.

“What? How was I supposed to know she could even do that?” She gawks at me, and I chuckle dryly.

“Enough!” Caspian yells. “That is enough.”

I press my mouth shut, biting back my growing anger. I know we are all on edge. With every one of us not just a little injured but all sustaining some serious injuries, it makes sense that tensions would run high. Caspian looks worse for the wear, his body badly needing to rejuvenate itself in its natural life source,

Melody is full or fear, panic and looks like absolute shit. The only reason she is still moving is her maternal instincts driving her to get Colette to safety as quickly as possible. And as for the dragon lingering on behind us....well him, I don’t know about.

Melody seems to trust him and Caspian hasn't spoken against him coming along with us. But dragons just tried to kill us. Dragons kidnapped my mate and are the enemy for now.

"I need to rest." He says, dropping to the ground next to a tree. "How long have we been on the move?"

I look up at the sky, the sun long gone as the moon shines brightly from behind cloud cover. It has spent many hours walking, exactly how many, I am not sure, but we have covered a fair amount of ground.

"Enough to afford us a break," I say, pressing my pained back to a smooth barked tree as I lower myself to the ground, sliding down it with Colette in my arms.

I groan out in pain, releasing a sigh of relief once I hit the ground and allow my body to relax. Colette is still out cold, her body chilled to the touch as I adjust her to lie between my legs, her back pressing to my chest.

"May I look her over?" the healer says, and I scowl at him as I give a gentle nod.

He hums as he moves up next to me, touching her head, and looking over her injuries before he produces a small item from his bag and holds it under her nose. Nothing happens, not even a flinch and I see him frown. Then he presses his hands to her neck and slides his fingers down her arm to her wrist.

"Is she okay, Calvin?" Melody asks. He shhs heavily before sitting back on his feet.

"She is alive and seemingly uninjured. She just has—no energy, like she worked herself so ragged she needs to rest for days."

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eyes where he reema to weigh my question

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nor work. But theheve you are on to something with that thought

The longer I look at him, the more I get the feeling he is familia, Someone I may know from another life, or another time. before I became who I am today, bart 1 struggle to place it. My hebws pull together in deep thought and he clears his throat. moeg way from me.

"Wait" I say, and he freezes, his eyes skirting around anxiously I press forward, pulling my back from the tree. "Could you look at my bac\*\*\*

Calvin's brows pop up in surprise, but he hobbles over. Leaning over my back with a low whistle before he mumbles and hums a tune to himself. I can feel the touch of his hand my teeth grinding together as I grunt and try to not cry out. He tuts behind me before releasing a heavy sigh and walking away, speaking to himself.

I watch in shock as he disappears into the darkness of the trees, glancing between Melody and Caspian, who have yet to fully know what to do with one another after all this time.

"No one is concerned about him just walking off?" I ask. "How do we know we can trust him?"

"Calvin lost everything to save Colette." Melody says, looking at Caspian.

"What?" Caspian asks. "How?"

"He led to Giselle and the man she was with." Melody says looking to where Calvin had disappeared. "I don't know exactly what happened, as he hasn't fully explained it. But he was there that night and he was punished. He was as much a prisoner as I was."

As if on cue, the old man comes back into view with a handful of plants and the same song he has been humming since we picked him up. He moves behind me and I look at Caspian, whose eyes drift closed even though he fights the urge. He goes silent for a moment and then cold wetness hits my back, making me cry out in shock.

"Maybe a little warning next time?" I grit out, wincing as I try to hide my pain.

"Oh. Uh, yes. This may sting." He says, like I had woken him from a trance.

"What is it anyway?" I ask him and he chuckles.

"Various plants, meant for pain relief to help you make it to where we are going." he pauses. "And uh...well... dragon's saliva." He clears his throat and my body tenses, my face morphing from one of pain to disgust.

"Did you spit on my back?" I growl low in warning and he pops around in front of me, shaking his head. [SEARCH THE \(FIND\)NOVEL.NET website](http://www.FINDNOVEL.net) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Oh, no no! I chewed up the plant. Dragons saliva has many healing properties. It will not save you from scarring it, but it will help heal what it can."

“I don’t know whether to thank you or hit you.” I mumble, nuzzling my face into Colette’s hair, dragging her closer as she murmurs something incoherently.

“I would understand both actions.” He says in a sing-song voice as he applies more to my back. I use the mate bond between Colette and me to recharge both our bodies, hoping it will give her something, help her recuperate faster.

Exhaustion hits me hard as my adrenaline wanes and the pain subsides my body, begging for rest while Caspian and Melody snore lightly near each other. Calvin sits across from me, staring up at the sky, not humming or speaking, just mindless staring. I want to ask him questions but words fail me as I too find it impossible to stay awake any longer.

My eyes snap open as I sense movement and sit up abruptly, nearly knocking Colette from my lap. I scan the area, finding a set of eyes watching me from the cover shadows in the trees. They step out, moving closer, and my eyes grow wide as I see

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Ezrah, who looks concerned,

“What the hell happened!” he whispers, coming over to help me

“I hate to sound unhappy to see you, but what the fuck are you doing here?” I ask him, and he frowns.

“I am always around. Alpha,” he tells me and I scoff.

“Unless we are fighting and could use the help.” I grumble at him and he frowns.

“Ah, well, I was on my way to deliver a message to Caspian from Elm. I was not here for your heroic fight, it seems.”

“And what message would that be?” Caspian asks, his voice raw as he sits up, looking like absolute shit. His eyes are dark, his skin almost slack as he looks like he gained wrinkles overnight.

“The Fae have agreed to strip Lily of her title and, along with that, she will lose a majority of her power. But he needs to go to her first, so he can release her from their bond and strip her of the title.” He says with a gentle nod.

“I see,” he says, coughing roughly as he sits up, trying to stand.

“You look rough, my friend,” Ezra says, frowning.

“It’s been a rough few days.” I tell Ezra, eyeing Caspian and realizing we need to move, and fast, before we lose him.

“Allow me to help escort you to the water. It is just over that hill, Ezra says with a knowing smile. Caspian furrows his brow worry flushing over his features.

“I think I am dying.” He whispers. “I should be able to feel the pull of the water. It should be calling to me...But I feel nothin but emptiness.”

His eyes meet mine and I see how dull the blue has become and suddenly fear grips me. Caspian has become a friend, someone I trust with my life, with Colette’s life. Not to mention Colette will be destroyed if he passes. We need to get him to the water as fast as humanly possible.

“Can you move fast with Colette in your arms?” I ask Ezra, who nods.

“Of course.” He says.

“Take her and lead the way. I will use my lycan to carry Caspian as fast as possible.” I say.

He swoops down, scooping up my mate. His eyes meet mine and he gives me a nod.

“I swear to be gentle,” he assures me as I stand, then I call forth my tired lycan and lift Caspian as he tries to feebly deny me.

“We will be behind you,” Melody says, her lip between her lips and a somber look on her face. “I will meet you on the horizon.” She whispers to Caspian, who rasps out a breath.

“Hold on, old friend, just a little longer.” Ezra says before we break into a dead run, racing against time and nature to save him.

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## Chapter 100

Chapter 100

\*Colette

I feel like I am floating, my body humming with energy and a shockwave that zips through every vein, screaming for me to wake up. My wolf sighs in relief and the rest of me...it feels refreshed, hydrated.

Someone is murmuring to me, little sweet words in my ear as I come closer to consciousness. Arms are wrapped around me and a sigh tumbles out, then panic takes hold of me. I try to sit up but I am stopped, a voice calming me.

"Calm down, Letty." Merikh whispers in my ear and tears dot my eyes.

There is no way I am alive, and it breaks my heart. My chest aches and my throat feels like it is closing up as I glide my hands over his arms, holding him tight, clinging to the moment. A tiny sob breaks free, as my body shakes with sorrow and his face presses into my neck.

"Don't let me go," I whisper, not ready to leave him or worse, for him to leave me.

"Never," he promises, his lips pressing to my cheek as he pulls back, forcing me to turn in his arms.

Heavens, he is breathtaking, his green eyes soft and swimming with concern as he cups my face in worry. My hands feel over his body, touching injuries that make him wince as I make sure he is here.

"Merikh..." I whisper, my brows knitted together in confusion and a mix of shock. Is this real? He feels real, looks *real*.

"Were you expecting someone else?" He says, a smile tugging at the corner of his lips as I burst into a soft sob again.

"You're okay." I force out, and he nods, leaning down to press his forehead to mine.

"Only because of you." He says, his voice barely audible.

"You were in harm's way because of me." I correct him and he chuckles.

"I could say the same." He reminds me, and I lick my lips, sucking the bottom between my teeth. His hand glides over the back of my head, a trickle of water waking me up to the fact that we are in water. I should have noticed with how light I felt and how easily I moved despite my achy muscles.

"Where are we?" I ask him, looking over his shoulder.

"Blood moon cove" I hear someone come up beside me. I blink at a siren who swims around us in his form similar to my fathers though he is more slender, younger. Merikh

holds me close, that tinge of jealousy wiggling through the mate bond and I smirk to myself.

“How is Caspian?” Merikh asks, and the siren gives a courteous nod.

“He will heal, in time.” He says to Merikh before tilting his head as he looks at me. “Though I must say you look much better than I imagined you would after such a short time in the water.”

“My wolf has a tendency to speed things up.” I say, sliding a curious glance up at Merikh.

“This is Zale.” Merikh says softly. “He is your long-lost cousin and the next to inherit the throne of your father.”

“That is, of course, unless you want it,” Zale offers, but I don’t miss the way his eyes narrow, as if looking for some hidden truth that I might want this kingdom I don’t belong in.

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“I have a throne,” I tell him, leaning into Merikh. “I am pleased that my father has someone to inherit for him though,”

That seems to go over well, as he smiles brightly and floats closer.

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Chapter 100

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“Your mother is healing in the beach house over there.” He says, nodding his head behind me.

I glance over my shoulder, catching a glimpse of a cute white cabin on the beach near rocks where waves cascade over them spraying the air with the glorious smell of salt and sea. There is only one scent that could ever top this one, and it is coming from the man I am clinging to.

“Where is everyone else?” I ask Merikh softly.

“The dragon healer is with your mother, and everyone else went back to the pack.”

My eyes grow wide as I look at him.

“The pack?” I ask, “That is where they will go first. We have to get back, to warn everyone, to move them somewhere else-”

“Colette, it has all been taken care of. We have a secondary site where Hayes, Percy, and Leandra will move everyone to.”

My body feels hollow at the mention of Percy and my eyes well with tears again.

“How is he?” I ask and Merikh sighs.

“We will discuss this later. Right now, we have things we must do,” he tells me, and I furrow *my* brows.

“Like what?” I ask, confused. “I am well enough to travel now. Let me see my mom and we can go.”

“And what will you do when you get there?” Zale asks, his scaly arms crossing over his chest.

Took at him fully, taking in his broad shoulders and the way his face, though far more ocean creature like, still has some human qualities.

“Fight for my kind.” I tell him truthfully.

“You and who?” he scoffs. “The lycans are formidable fighters. Even we have heard of their strength and skills. But Dragons are fire and beasts. One fly over can decimate the flammable places you call home.”

I scoff and lick my teeth in annoyance.

“I know how to use my skills.” I tell him, and he arches a brow.

“Colette,” Merikh tries to calm me, but it’s too late. I am annoyed, tired, in pain and so sick of everyone thinking I am **so** incapable. I just saved the Alpha of Death. Me, not my father or my beta and his mate. Me, it was all me and my love for him. And I have a love for my pack, for my werewolf, lycan kind

“No,” I grit out. “Don’t ‘Colette’ me. I am capable. I fucking proved it more than once and he doesn’t know. How the hell would he know? Where were you, huh? Let your king wander around on land without backup or warriors to help protect him, and you come at me.” I grumble.

“Are you done throwing your hissy fit cousin?” He asks, “Because the sooner we begin training, the sooner you will be able to leave to save your little pack you care so deeply for.”

My mouth falls open to say more but nothing comes out but a shock tiny squawk.

“Perhaps she needs more time to heal...” Merikh offers, and I look between the two.

Merikh stands to his chest in water, the sun setting on his features and I take note of his scarred neck. I free myself from his hold, gliding around him in the water with ease as I reach out and touch his back. He is healing, the blisters disappearing, but the scar will be there forever, always that reminder of what I almost lost because he needed to save me.

I have only grown stronger with him in my life, emotionally, physically and, most importantly, mentally. It has taken a lifetime to find myself and yet, when I found him, he somehow was able to clear the path and make that journey with me.

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Chapter 100.

He didn't make it painless, that's for damn sure, but what is love without a little growing pain?

“How much time do we have to train?” I ask, sighing as I move forward and press a gentle kiss on his burn, knowing the touch will provide him some relief, however short-lived it may be.

“As much time as you need to be ready.” Merikh says.

“And what will you do?” I ask. The thought of him leaving makes my skin itch and my body feel weak.

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“I will wait and watch you grow stronger.” He says with ease. Move in front of him, watching him close, looking for any iota of falsehood, but I find none.

“Why?” I whisper.

“You are my Luna.” he says simply, though he sees me questioning that, so he frowns. “I failed you too many times to ever do it again. What you need is to understand your own abilities, and then we can be strong together.”

“But our pack-”

“Is in excellent hands.” He assures me. “And when we get back and the dragons and whichever pitiful being decides to attack does so, they will be in for a big surprise. Because I have the strongest weapon at my side.”

I laugh, hugging him. “A hybrid?”

“No, a little luna,” he says and I hear the grin in his voice. “Now go kick that Fishman’s ass.”

can hear you. You do know that, right?” Zale asks, frowning.

“Yeah, I figured you might be able to.” Merikh says as I break away from him.

He stoops down and steals a kiss, his lips warm and soft. It feels like home and I know I will do everything to protect it. So I reluctantly pull away and take a deep breath, turning to look at Zale.

“So what’s lesson number one?”

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