

The Lycan King's Hybrid Queen - Chapter 9[1,504 words]

Lyric

"I am beyond amazed."

I roll my eyes at the doctor. She's amazed, bewildered, and in awe of the fact Harmony and I have healed so quickly. She isn't to know we're part fairy, which, along with our wolf healing ability, means we're brought back from the tip of death within hours. The doctor can't possibly know that I cannot die; for I am cursed. I don't know why I'm like this and Harmony isn't, and I only know because I've died more times than I can count. Most would believe I was on the edge of death, but I've tasted it, then life rushed back into my body.

I fell from a tree when I was five, breaking my neck on contact. I died but awoke just seconds later, much to my father's shock. My mother told me I had more fairy blood than Harmony. But that didn't explain why I couldn't die. When I asked Mom, she smiled, stroked my hair, and said I was special.

I never felt special. I didn't look anything like my parents; they were both blonde. I look exactly like Harmony apart from our hair color, but we're twins and bound to look alike. The only other family member on my mother's side was Emily, who was also blonde. Dad's side of the family had different colored hair, but not black like mine. I always felt the odd one out, but I was loved; I can't deny that.

I vividly remember my mother holding me, singing softly in that beautiful way she did, and telling me she loved me. She loved Harmony and me the same, but she seemed to keep me closer. I know that was due to wanting me safe from Astro, her brother, and the Fairy King.

I hate that my parents died because of me. I hate that Emily died because of me, and I hate that Harmony suffered so much because of me. No one can ever tell me; otherwise, they weren't there; I was.

Now I've got to deal with Harmony's mate, not to mention my own. When I woke up, Harmony explained what had happened earlier and how the Lycan King was my mate. I was so shocked I couldn't reply, then Aspen told me it was true, and I still haven't processed that.

Harmony and I showered away the hell of that attic, not that we gave Whitmore a choice but to let us. The silly b.itch believed we needed to be in bed resting, not showering. I used my Alpha aura, and she rushed off to get us something to change into. She returned with black leggings, a white shirt for Harmony, a black one for me, shoes, deodorant, hairbrushes and ties, and even underwear. I have to admit that I feel much better now.

"We get it," I snap at Whitmore. "We're a walking medical miracle. Can we go now?"

"Lyric, I think we should wait for Theo and Thane. They said they wouldn't be long."

"Yes, I really think you should wait here." I sigh, but Whitmore doesn't seem to notice. "I have rounds to do, but the King shouldn't be much longer."

She leaves, and I close my eyes while leaning back in the chair I'm sitting on. I'm nervous about coming face to face with the King. I won't pretend I thought I'd never have a mate; I knew one day I would. It's just that I never thought about what it would mean for me. I'm immortal in every sense. I could be killed, but I'll come back to life moments later. I can be tortured in horrific ways, but I'll heal.

Lycans are immortal, but they can die. Lycans can be killed in battle, though it takes a lot to take them down. From what I remember being told about Thane, he's always on the front line of any battle. He's not the type of King to let his troops do the fighting while he sits on his throne, hiding from the world. I admire that. We could have many years together, or we could have mere weeks.

But what's life without drama?

What will Thane do when he finds out what I am?

I'm sure there are plenty of hybrids out there, but I've never known hybrids like Harmony and me. We're one of a kind, or two of a kind as it were, so my mother used to say. "Are you okay?"

I open my eyes and smile at Harmony as she takes my hand in hers. She sits beside me on the matching high-back chair.

"I'm fine, just thinking about what happens next."

"Are you going to accept the King?"

I smile at my sister. She's so worried I'll reject Thane, and we'll be parted.

"I can't promise anything right now, Harmony. I don't even know Thane, and he won't want me when he finds out what I am."

"I don't think that's true, Lyric. Besides, I think he already has an idea of what the two of us are. I know Theo realized something different about us, and he accepted me."

I'm still shocked that Harmony accepted her mate so quickly. I thought she'd have reservations, but she didn't, and I guess I don't know her as well as I thought I did.

"I know you want us all to live happily ever after, Harmony. But life doesn't work like that, I'm afraid."

"I know," She smiles slightly. "But we don't have to make things difficult either. The Moon Goddess chose Theo and Thane for us, Lyric. Why wouldn't we accept such a gift?"

I shift in my seat. "I didn't say I would reject him, Harm; I just want to get to know him first. Is that so wrong?"

"Of course not."

The door to our room opens, and Harmony smiles wide at the man walking quickly toward her. I don't look up or even acknowledge them kissing. I cannot believe she's so willing to do that after everything!

'Not everyone lives in the past, Lyric.' Aspen tells me. 'Harmony isn't going to jump into bed with the man, but he is her mate. Harmony has the right to love and be loved, and so do you. Don't throw our mate away, or I might have to kill you! 'You can't kill me, you silly b.itch; we're one and the same. Kill me, and you kill yourself. Besides, I can't die.

'Okay, fine, I can't kill you, but I will leave you.'

'Can you stop being such a drama queen?'

"Lyric?"

I startle and look at the man now crouching in front of me.

Ah, hell, why'd he have to be so good-looking?

Those gray eyes accentuate his straight nose, plush lips, and chiseled jawline. His shoulder-length dark hair is wavy, and I want to run my finger through its thickness.

What the hell am I thinking?!

Thane smiles at me. "Doctor Whitmore says you've made a remarkable recovery. You still have wolfsbane in your system, which is probably why you feel weak right now. But she says you're going to be just fine."

"So she says." I shrug. "Did you finish your business?"

He smiles again, takes my hand, and kisses my knuckles. The sparks rushing through me make me feel warm, and my heart bounces joyfully.

"Yes, everything is squared away with Hell Howlers. Now it's time for us to leave this place. Will you come with me?"

"You're not going to force me to leave with you?"

Thane narrows his eyes, his nostrils flaring, and I can't help smiling. I shouldn't because he's angry about what happened to me, but I can't help it; he looks so cute.

'Did you just call the Lycan King cute?'

'Yes, I did.'

"No, I'm not going to force you, Lyric. You're my mate, not my possession. That's why I'm asking you. Would you return to Lykos with me?"

I look over at Harmony, standing in Theo's arms. They're talking, both smiling, and I know she's going to leave with him. Wherever my sister is, that's where I'll be, but I can't deny that being with Thane will help us get to know each other. I look at Thane and nod.

"Great!" He gets to his feet and hauls me to mine. I fall against his chest and have to look up at him because he's much taller than me. His eyes lock with mine, and I feel something I have never felt before, but I can't put my finger on it. Thane's large hand cups my cheek, and I can't help closing my eyes, biting my lower lip, and leaning into his touch. The sparks of our bond rush through me rapidly, and it feels good.

Shouldn't his touch repulse me?

Aren't I too traumatized to have him near me?

I won't pretend what happened to me hasn't altered me in many ways. But being near this man feels good. My past isn't going to disappear, and the man I'm hiding from isn't going to forget about me any time soon. But I have to trust someone with my secret. Who better than my mate?

I gasp and pull away from Thane when the door bursts open, and an angry-looking woman barges in.

"You aren't taking them anywhere!"