

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

Read Chapter 122

Chapter 122

Colette

Percy is silent, his eyes always on the lookout and his body tense as we move swiftly closer and closer to the enemy. There are so many things I want to say, want to ask him, but I know all too well the once chatty kid is much more closed off now. Even to me. I clear my throat softly and glance at him, catching him as he looks at me. Then he sighs.

"Luna, I am fine." He tries to assure me.

"Ok," I say nonchalantly, afraid to push harder.

"The Fae queen's hold wasn't long enough to linger in me. I have not felt her once where Leandra has." He offers and I shake my head.

It's funny how he assumes I am worried about that. Or perhaps he knows exactly what I am worried about and wants to be sure we skip that topic. When I look at him again, I see he needs this, to just air his own worries and doubts while I pretend they are mine.

"If you say so, Percy." I shrug, ducking under a pine branch, the needles tumbling from the dried out tree and scattering to the ground.

"I would never put you in danger. If I was worried about her having a hold on me, then I wouldn't have come." He says, his voice growing more desperate. "The fae's hold was weak enough for me to fight once, so if it happens again, I will fight it."

A soft breeze brushes my face, and I pause, wondering how a breeze could make it through the dense forest. He prattles on with his words while I watch as a single tree shudders from the same wind and I reach out, grabbing Percy's arm. He lets out a sad sigh.

"Luna, I swear I am here to protect you, and it has nothing to do with Penny. We took an oath and I stand by that—"

"Percy..." I mutter "Shut up."

He follows my gaze, his eyes growing wide before he scowls up at the tree, his knees bending as he lowers his body and prepares for an attack.

"What do you see?" he whispers low enough only a wolf could pick up.

"Breeze in a single tree," I murmur back, my eyes focused on the branch that sways yet shows me nothing. No animal or warrior can be seen, but we have learned that means shit in this world where magic has turned dark.

"We need to move," He says, grabbing my elbow, and tugging me away. My eyes snap to him, watching as he fixates on something I clearly can not pinpoint.

"What do YOU see?" I hiss at him and he shakes his head, though his eyes remain focused.

"Nothing where something should be, and that worries me more," he says before snapping his gaze to meet mine. Panic explodes over his face. "Run, luna" "Shit," I grumble, turning and taking off at a full sprint.

Percy is at my back, his even breathing loud enough for me to hear, and I realize he is doing that for me, so I know he is there and I don't need to look back. I try to reach out to Merikh, but we have grown too far apart.

My mind whirls with possibilities of what the hell might be following us. Whatever it is, it has had the time to attack and yet it didn't. Whether that makes it a wise enemy or a shitty ally, I don't know. And truthfully, I don't care to find out. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Move faster," I hear Percy usher out behind me as I try like hell to make my legs comply.

Lycans are much faster. Not only do they have that height and long legs, their stamina and strength is overall just.... better. I, however, have to reserve my wolf and siren to try to save as many people as I can when the time comes.

It's not just others whose lives depend on me being able to drown out the blast, but my own. If I fail, I will be the first one to go and I can't imagine what that will do to Merikh.

My ankle twists as a stone rolls from under my foot, tossing me to the right. I collide with a tree trunk, my shoulder smacking into it with a loud thud as I grunt out in pain. Percy is next to me in a heartbeat, swooping under my aching shoulder and wrapping his arm around my back as he continues to blaze through the trees.

Branches reach out, as if they are long fingers extending to entwine me. Twigs, slice at my face, catch as my waist as we try like fucking hell to break away from whatever the fuck is happening.

Then I am dropped, my support disappearing as I take a step onto my ankle and pain tears through my calf. I cry out, and land on my hands and knees, turning to look at Percy, who stands in front, his back to me and his arms at the ready.

"She is here." He murmurs. "I can feel her now, she is so fucking close, I can taste her on my Tongue."

"Fight it, Percy." I say, forcing myself to stand as I roll my shoulders back. He looks over his shoulders at me, a sly smirk on his lips.

"I fully intend to do just that, Luna Letty."

The fear that was gripping me suddenly seems to fade. The sheer truth of Percy's words is enough to make me bet my life on him winning this battle. He is young and new to this role, but I am not sure there has ever been a better gamma duo than the one I had.

A woman in a velvet green dress drops out of a tree, her eyes swirling with red and her face pale, almost gaunt. When she smiles, she reveals a mouth of missing teeth and lips that are colored red by her own blood.

With every step closer she takes, I see the stains on her garb. The way it is tattered and soaked with blood. Elm must have failed to kill her. She has clearly been tortured, so there is no doubting he was telling the truth.

"Luna," she says, her lips cracking and a droplet of blood dripping down her chin. "You turned him against me."

"Elm?" I ask and she looks sad for a moment, glancing down at her bloodied finger tips.

"He loved me," she whispers. "He chose me until you came along."

"Direct your word to me, bitch." Percy says, stepping in between us to block her view of me.

A tree branch snaps out, grabbing hold of Percy's wrist. He is fast as he grabs it back, yanking it toward him as his lycan surfaces and he tears into the tree's bark, breaking it clean off of him. Another flies for him, taking his other hand just as one grabs his leg. He howls, breaking his hind leg free as he snaps at the branch that lifts him high, then slams him down toward the earth.

I press my hands to the dry dirt, reaching for the water and swiftly pulling it from the earth intine to break his strike to the ground with a soft mud. Lily's eyes squint as she smiles wide and then giggles, covering her mouth.

"I'm not the only one with a party trick, I guess." She says.

Percy looks at me, giving me a 'don't do that' glare and I roll my eyes. I know I need to save my strength, but I refuse to watch him fight an unfair fight. There is nothing for me to say to Lily so instead I shoot her a fake smile. One that really says 'fuck you', it only pleases her as she giggles again.

Percy takes the time she is distracted to inch his way closer to her, but even without using her eyes, she witnesses it. Roots rise from the ground, breaking through with such force that Percy is unable to maintain his balance.

He falls onto his ass. They circle him, twisting together at the top slowly, trapping him. He tears them to shreds, but they replace quicker than he can move out of the way.

He is snatched to the ground, his lycan form roaring in anger as he tries like hell to break free. A green root slips around his neck, tightening as his lycan retreats and Percy's human form takes its place. His sad eyes meet mine.

"Stop!" I scream, scrambling from the ground and trying to make it over to him. "Please! Don't kill him!"

The wooden noose around his neck stops, and I look up at Lily, who looks all too happy with what she is doing. Then he leans forward and tilts her head.

"I will let you say goodbye." She says. "It's more than you got to do with his sister."

Rage boils in me as I lick my lips and dig as deep in myself as I can. What use is water at this moment? What use is a wolf against a magic that took down a lycan warrior?

"You are not allowed to die." I command him with my tone. He meets my gaze, unsure of how to respond as he lies, unable to move. Then I realize what it is I have to do, fuck saving my strength, fuck hiding how strong I am. "When I do this, you get your ass up and finish it."

My words register to him, and he furrows his brows in confusion as I close my eyes. I dig deeper than the cold reserves of water just below the surface. My siren reaches past the flowing waters in the caverns hidden far below even what we could comprehend.

Dragons remain close to heat, a heat that comes from the earth, so I find the water that is bubbling, the water that steams and roars with pockets of heat. It feels as if my veins are being stretched as I pull it from the earth, the energy it requires making the fibers of my muscles quiver in use.

Then it happens, a geyser that rises to the surface, exploding from the very earth beneath Lily's feet as she screeches and flies into the air. The water drips down onto us, the searing burns ones I relish as it proves I did it. Then I look at Percy and he roars, his lycan back and breaking free as he leaps up a tree, tackles her from the geyser as it slows and falls away.

Lily's skin is red and covered in blisters as he hammers her to the ground and sinks his teeth into her throat. Her cry turns to a gurgling as she drowns in her own boiling blood, her body twitching as the nerves die off.

"Holy shit, Luna." Percy says, panting in his human form, his eyes wide. "I didn't know you could do that."

"Me either," I say, shocked, with a little surprised chuckle. "That was..."

"Amazing." A voice whispers from behind us.

We whip around, and Percy leaps in front of me just as Ezra steps out from the shadows. I furrow my brows, looking at him.

"What are you doing here? You are supposed to be coming from—"

"I didn't trust Elm, so I followed him." He admits, with an ashamed frown.

"And what did you find?" Percy asks, but he doesn't drop his guard.

"Elm wasn't the one torturing her. He was there to rescue her and set her free, and clearly he succeeded." Ezra shakes his head. Percy looks at me and then back at him.

"What did you do to stop it?" He asks.

"I fought with Elm while she escaped. He ran off, and I went after Lily, hence me showing up right now. I have been tracking her." Ezra explains.

I sigh, tiredness tugging at my body as I look at Percy and he presses his lips together, turning to look at me. He glances over his shoulders once more to make sure Ezra isn't listening before he whispers so low I barely hear him.

"I don't trust him." He says. I bite my lip and nod.

"Understood. We tread lightly then, okay?" I say and he nods, then I smile at Ezra.

"With Lily dead, what do you plan to do now?" I ask him and he shrugs.

"Follow the original plan, of course. Unless you are feeling tired, I could carry you, if you wish? I see that your gamma still has fresh injuries that need healing."

I glance at Percy, noticing Ezra is right. Percy's bite mark from the dragon fight, though looking much better, has re-opened in a few spots. I wrestle with what to do, but I know I need the rest. So does Percy. "Actually, that sounds like a good idea for now." I say hesitantly. "Just for a little bit."

"Perfect." He gives me a bright smile. "Let's go kill a queen."

Search the **findnOvel.net** website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chapter 123

It's incredibly difficult to rest on the back of someone you aren't sure you can trust. Every muscle in my body feels tense, my neck aching from keeping it pressing into his back too hard. I am used to being carried around; it seems lately it's been happening more frequently. But this time is different. It feels forced.

Ezrah feels...fake. Or rather, I am seeing the real him for the first time. Each time he looks over his shoulder to check on me, I see something in his eyes. If I were more optimistic about him, I would think it was a concern, but it feels deeper. Almost as if he is concerned, but not for me. More my presence.

Percy remains near, his eyes constantly cutting in my direction like a worried watch dog looking for orders. He can feel it too, which only makes me more unnerved. What happens when we arrive?

Is Ezrah really a bad guy, and if he is, why not kill us after what he saw I could do? Clearly, he isn't under some magic spell like the many others out here fighting.

"We should go separate ways here." Percy says, sniffing the air.

It smells of heated metal, the trees brown and shriveling while the branches further north of us begins to smoke. Not only are we close, but it would seem that Lily's death has been felt already. We are running out of time.

"I think I should take you all the way. It seems like we are almost there now." Ezrah says, a frown on his face as I squirm off of his back and take a step over to Percy.

"There is a plan in place for a reason," Percy says, his words clipped and pointed.

"Sometimes plans change for the better." Ezrah shrugs. I say nothing as he stares at me, neither of us breaking. Then he rolls his eyes and lets out an enormous sigh. "Well, come on then. I might as well walk you the rest of the way."

"We need to stick to the plan." I reiterate, and he scoffs.

"Your plan was ruined the second you trusted Elm."

"It's not Elm who is the issue," Percy says, his voice defensive as he inches in front of me, ready to fight Ezrah if he has to. I reach out to touch his upper arm, reassuring him.

"Percy, Merikh vouched for Ezra." I remind him, but we both know that trust is gone. We can feel it, sense the shift in him. The end of his charade is so close, and he has let his guard down. "Let's just move, quickly. We are close. I can feel it." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Ezra walks first, trying to show that by turning his back, he trusts us. But it's easy to trust the people you think are beneath you. How often do they ever actually stand up and retaliate? What he doesn't realize is that we are a step ahead of him this time.

It doesn't take us long to see her pacing figure. The air around her shimmers like she is a blue flame, my view of her distorted by the warbling of the heat encircling her. I pause, moving behind a tree trunk, Percy taking a similar stance to the right of me as Ezra continues to walk.

"Ah," she says in a sigh of relief, a small shake of Ezra's head has her tipping her chin to the right before her eyes widen and she turns away from us. "What do you have for me, messenger boy?" "What makes you think I have anything for you?" He asks, standing in the open, his cheeks turning pink as he shifts to the side. The heat is almost too much for him as he licks his lips and glances at me. "You always come with letters of the law, meetings or stupid meaningless things. The council is gone. I have nothing to say to anyone and there is no time for stupid, meaningless things." "Alpha Merikh would like a truce." Ezra Announces to her.

"Too late." She shrugs. I watch as it looks like her body seems to glimmer in flames that cover her almost naked body. Her skin is skewed by the extreme heat and the more intimate areas seem to be covered in some strange sheen of fire.

"I brought Luna Colette as his offering." He says, motioning in my direction.

Her eyes snap up and her lips twitch. Then she smiles at him sweetly.

"So the charade is up, then? I no longer have to pretend that it is just me doing all of this?" She asks.

"Alpha Merikh will be here soon to explain everything to her." He whispers, looking away from me.

I was suspicious before, but I know without a doubt at this moment that Ezra has been the enemy all along. Pulling strings, and playing us all with the trust he spent years establishing. This fool thinks he is still fooling me, and with this crazy accusation against my mate?

It's impossible to hide the bubble of laughter that erupts from my lips. Quiet little giggles erupt into a full stomach laugh, my arms covering my abdomen as I stumble closer.

"Ah, Colette." She says, not even trying to feign the surprise. She knew I was there the moment Ezra walked up. Why? Because Ezra was always meant to bring me to her. He is the delivery boy, after all. "I am telling the truth-" Ezra says deadpan.

"Merik could be the one holding the knife and you still wouldn't convince me it was him trying to kill me. I trust him explicitly. Always." I say with a headshake.

"Some people cannot see what is in front of them." Giselle shrugs.

"And others are unable to understand love. We all have our failings. Some with far less than others." I snap back at her.

I can sense Percy close by, and it

gives me a little more gumption. The ability to push her, goad her like Merik planned to do all along. What I need to do first is find what hurts her the most. That weak spot in her fake armor. And then I need to lean into it until she explodes, Not a problem at all, super easy job.

Giselle chuckles, waving her

fluttering fiery hand away as if my words are an annoying mosquito she can't quite catch. A smirk curls at the corner of my lip. And just like that, I know I have found the weak spot. It should have been easier to spot. But the way my words clearly annoy her and the way she tries to pretend they don't.

Giselle is lonely. A bitch, but a lonely one.

"Love is fleeting." She says in a carefree voice.

have

"No, fake love is fleeting. Which I am sure you have known many times over. I mean, you had to pretend to be a species you aren't in order to make a dragon 'love' you." I scoff. "My mate wanted me from the second he saw me, and we have fought for each other since."

"Your mate will stab you in the back, like he has done over and over again." She seethes. The surrounding air grows hotter, the moisture in the air leeching away as I take a few steps back, needing to breathe. "Giselle, you are feeding into their plan." Ezra grits out, holding a hand up as he tries to look at her.

"Oh, shut up you stupid Elf!" she roars, her hair going from red to flicking blue flames. "You served your purpose."

"Careful how you speak to me. I am your fa-courier." He says, and it dawns on me. He is going to deliver her. Once she is ash and gone, he will take her and bring her somewhere, store her.

"Luna," I hear Percy whisper from the trees, his eyes flickering to Giselle, an encouraging head nod.

"What was the point of all of this?" I ask, breaking up their heated argument.

"Point of what?" Giselle blinks, looking at me.

"The war, needing me, being a 'dragon'?" I scoff. "It was all pointless. This whole 'creature of chaos' bullshit."

"Pointless?" she asks, offended. "Pointless? It worked. It all fucking worked. You showed me it could be done, and now, now it is happening. Only thing left to do is kill you so you aren't a threat to it."

My brows furrow together and then I watch as her hand glides over her ember like belly. Shit, she is pregnant?

"You are figuring it out, aren't you?" She giggles. "Surprise! I'm having the dragon heir!"

"They have one." I remind her and she rolls her eyes.

"He has already been stripped of his title. This little thing will rule over dragons and with it, the ultimate chaos will reign. Not for a short term, but for a hundred years. A phoenix is around for thirty years, at most before regeneration starts again. But Dragons?"

"Assuming they will want it." I scoff. "As the only hybrid, I can assure you, there are many who will try to kill it, especially if it is part of you."

She takes a step toward me, her heat preceding her with every inch she moves closer.

"She is protected. A child in the care of a courier Fae is protected by them at all costs. Aren't they Papa Ezrah? My sweet adoptive daddy who found my egg in a tree." She says, looking at Ezrah, who looks almost sad.

"Here is the plan. I am going to kill you, no matter what." I shrug.

"And what of my child? Does it not matter to you?"

"If you were an egg and dragons are born of eggs, I can only assume when you die, the egg will be left behind." I grin, a plan forming in my head. "But I promise to raise your child with nothing but love and a respect for all species."

Her eyes blaze and she sneers at me, the area around us growing lighter as she beams, her light flashing like a strobe in a club. Well, I guess that is her weak spot; I suck in a deep breath, my hand sweating as I hold them at my side, preparing to summon all the water I can.

"It can call me Mommy, and Merikh will be such a wonderful Daddy. I mean, it makes sense. Any fire it lights, I can just put out. Who better to be its parents than us?"

And just like that, she lets out an excruciating cry of agony, a beam of light shooting straight up into the sky as she falls on her back. A wave of heat throws me into a tree as I heave, searching for air. Percy grabs me, pulling me away, behind a rock for shelter.

"It's now or never Luna." He says hoarsely, his cheeks burned and his lips chapped. "Time to show everyone what you are made of."

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chapter 124

Merikh

"Why is this fucking place so big?" I growl to no one as I sprint through the dying trees and over the once lush green moss under their canopy. How much further must I go to find her? Every ticking second feels like agony as panic and fear trickle down my spine, reminding me how much I fucked up by not listening to her thoughts on Ezrah.

Howls break in the distance, victorious, and for once this wretched night I feel a slight release of tension in my shoulders. I am not entirely sure what the hell is going on, but I see the dragons flying overhead, almost as if they are lost, unsure of where to go or what to do. Lily is dead, she must be. How she met her end, I do not know, but there is no world in which we would win if she still had her control.

But even that thought does nothing to quell the painful stabbing in my stomach. All it does is make the pain burn hotter, an uncontrollable pain like the feeling of loss. One where pain fades to a bleak future of nothing but loneliness and wanting to die. Shit, I need to move faster.

The woods before me explode in light, my arm coming up over my eyes, shielding them from the onslaught. The trees sway in a warm breeze that grows more steady, a warning of what is yet to come. It feels like my lips are sticky as I try to lick them, giving them whatever wetness I have before forcing my heavy legs to propel me toward it.

"No," I groan, the staggering feeling of despair washing over me. "No!" [SEAR*ch the \(f\)indNØVEL.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The words are nothing against the roaring heat and the cries of agony. It can't be Colette. I would feel the loss of her. I would know if she was gone. So I do the only thing I can do. I shift and I run blindly into the light, knowing I will find her even if it brings me nothing but death.

The heat grows painful, my fur singing, the scent stinging my nose as my skin's rapid healing abilities rage against the blisters forming, trying to heal as fast as we burn, only to fail. Then, with no reason or indication of why, the earth shakes, my feet cool as tiny drops of water rise from the ground. My gaze shifts and I see her.

It's as if the world ceases in a moment of time, the way sound ceases and the water seems to hang in the air. Colette lifts into the air, a large wave forming before her as if a tide is rising and she is riding it. Her fingers seem to glow, her hair going translucent as if she is the water. And then, her wolf appears, her clothing swirling away in the water that seems to grow taller, wider. A vast liquid wall rising to protect us all.

She is so far away still, too far away as I try to reach out to her through the mind link only to find myself blocked, as if I am underwater. The sound of her in my head is there, but almost garbled as if she is out of reach, even with being close enough to see.

The bright light of Giselle continues to grow brighter, the water only magnifying it as waves lap up against nothing but air, sending a cascading array of tiny rainbows over Percy, who fights off a dragon of a smaller stature, trying to get to Colette. Little does it know there is no touching which has no form but water.

I move toward her, drawn to her like a ship in the treacherous water, seeking the refuge of the lighthouse's guidance to shore. She is glorious as she grows larger with every passing beat of my heart. If she sees me, she doesn't show it. She is too wrapped up in what she is doing to care about the world outside of her scope of things. Her arms hardly outstretched before her as she continues to call to the water from every source she can muster up.

Then, as if she has hit her limit, she stops. The water rises no more and a dense fog grows between her and Giselle. The heat rapidly turning the water closest to it into nothing but a steam that rolls up to the sky and over the wall as it seems to cascade down toward us. An ominous and unfortunate foretelling of what is coming.

"Merikh..." Colette whispers, her face appearing from the water, her frame immersed and her eyes swirling a vibrant blue as she reaches for me. My lycan touches her and her exhaustion nearly knocks me flat on my ass. "Help..."

The desperation in her breaks my heart as my lycan recedes to save energy and I step into the water, grabbing hold of her, pulling her close to my chest. The cool temperature of it wraps around me, like a current, protecting the two of us as she focuses solely on keeping the wall up long enough to withstand the still growing heat of Giselle who screams relentlessly.

"What do you need?" I ask Colette, my lips brushing her flushed cheek.

I stroke the wet locks from her pale face, giving her every ounce of strength and healing I can manage through our mate bond.

"Just you," she whispers, her body shaking as she tries to give me a weak smile.

"You have all of me," I remind her, and press a kiss to her temple.

"How long do you think she will burn like that?" Percy asks, running over out of breath. He looks like he has seen better days, but he remains standing and ready to protect us until the end, if needed. "Hopefully not much longer," I murmur, squinting through the swirling waves at Giselle, who still burns in a white heat.

"I will make sure no one comes from our backs," He says, giving a nod to me and Colette. "If I don't make it, it was an honor to protect you, Luna."

There is a clamoring behind us and

a wolf flies from a tree, crashing

hard into the ground, before clamoring to its feet and racing toward us. Percy intercepts it, but the wolf lowers its head in

AOI

submission and then shifts,

revealing a tired-looking Melody.

Caspian crashes through the trees just after her, scratches and blood on his face as his eyes grow wide in wonder. He steps up next to Melody, taking her hand in his as the two make their way toward us. "You have done so well, my child. Now I will take over." He says, the water responding to his presence, as if it were a living being.

"No, I can do this," Colette demands in a quiet, trembling voice. "Please, let me do this."

She is drawing too much energy, not

only from herself but from me as well as the damn bird, just burns and burns in a never-ending cycle. I know looking down at her, she will give everything for this. Colette will die here if it means protecting what she took on as her own.

Every ounce of me wants to yank her away, shake her back to sense, but as long as I go with her, I will allow her to choose her own fate. The water grows warm, my skin heating as I squeeze her closer to me. Her strength no longer pulls from the source of

cold water from below our feet. It's when bubbles rise and the wall slowly shrinks that I realize no amount of determination from my little luna can stop what is coming.

My skin begins to burn and Colette whimpers uncomfortably as the water rises in temperature. If it continues to heat at this rate, we will either boil to death or the water will evaporate and we will burn to death. The rational part of me wants to drag her off and save us both. But even being rational at this point means certain death. There is only one way out of here for us now, and we all know it.

I look at Caspian and see that he has

made up his mind. He cups Melody's cheek, pulling her in for a grand kiss, before he presses his forehead to

hers and whispers something to her. Then he steps away and walks over

QUMS

to us.

"It's okay sweetheart, let me give you a little break." He says with a soft, adoring smile. "Just for a short moment, okay?"

"Just for a little bit," she relents, but she misses the look in Caspian's eyes when he watches her for a moment, then he lifts his hands and the water shifts to him.

Search the **Findnovel.net** website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chapter 125

Colette

Caspian steps into the wave, his form shifting as his scaly figure emerges, and the water seems to move with him as he makes his way toward Giselle as she grows brighter, hotter. The wave I had conjured up pales in comparison to the one he seems to lift from the earth.

The air around us cools with the shield from the heat and I try to speak, to tell him to come back. Why does he feel he must go so far from us? I can help him, give him what strength I have left if he needs it. Merikh clings to me as water rises around us as if we are treading deeper into the vast ocean he creates around us. Without the water and Merikh's arms I would be a pile of jelly, my muscles screaming as every fiber tries to recover from what I was doing. The bright burning light that is Giselle only grows

brighter. A sun here on earth as the water steams around us, and my lip quivers. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"He isn't strong enough on his own," I rasp out, looking up at Merikh, begging for him to understand. His bright green eyes flash with alarm and he shakes his head, a panic rising in him that even he can't find. "No," He insists, his head shaking as he turns me to face him, gripping my shoulders.

"You know that he needs my help." I say, easing out of his hold.

My knees buckle and I drop into the water, bobbing back up to look at the agony in his eyes. In all my life, I have only ever seen this look of terror when someone was about to die. Which means he knows what it likely to happen, and why I have to help my dad.

"He needs his mate." My mother whispers.

I whip my head in her direction as she clutches her hands at her chest, her eyes filled with tears, watching my father roar with power as he does everything in his ability to shield everyone as high and as long as he can.

"Mom..." I swallow the word, hating how it catches in my throat as she rushes toward him.

I lurch forward to follow, but I find myself swept up into Merikh arms. He looks down at me, my heart shattering at the thought of leaving when I know I can do more. I have more in me if only he would trust me enough to use it. But without so much as a peep, he rushes toward the massive wall, making his way closer.

It feels like time slows down as I witness my mom step into the watery wall and wrap her arms around my dad from behind. At the slightest touch from her, his wall rises fifteen feet taller, and she moves around to be in front of him. I struggle to understand how she can breathe or even speak, but I see her lips moving as she locks her eyes on mine.

"Forgive me," Merikh says softly and I look up at his stoney face.

"What?" I gasp and he speeds up. "What is it? What is wrong?"

"It's what your mom said—" The words are taken from his mouth as water slams into us, knocking the air from my lungs as I whip through the current, Merikh clinging to my body for dear life holding me to his chest as we swirl and spin. Then I hear it on the waves as if it were a breeze in a meadow.

"To have you was a dream, to lose you killed us, to love you all over again was an honor. Thank you for bringing us back to life, back together, our sweet Colette."

Caspian's voice surrounds me and my insides twist painfully at what is happening. "I can only hope all of us is enough to protect you this time."

And just like that the water turns angry, currents crossing, my hair whipping around my body and my arms thrashing as I try to hold on to Merikh. He is torn from me.

My eyes close, my siren screeching in my head as if in mourning as a bright light explodes over my head and every bit of water dissipates, turning to steamy fog, dropping me on my back into the soggy ground.

"Colette!" Merikh screams, but I can't answer.

Words fail me, my legs fail me, just as I failed them. Bile burns its way up my throat as I turn over to my hands and retch the hot liquid to the ground. And then and only then do my sobs find their freedom. It tears through me with such painful force that it feels like my voice will never recover.

"No." I whimper, crawling to find what is left of them even though I know. I can feel it. There is nothing left. No bodies to bury, no ashes to scatter. They are gone, lost to me forever like they had been before, only this time...this time it's final.

"NO!" I roar, finding the anger in my heart as I pound at the ground. "No! No, no!"

I feel Merikh as his body collides into mine, his legs sliding into the mud as he takes me in his arms dragging me into a hug. His relief infuriates me all the while his touch soothes the aching pain in my heart. How can you despise a touch whilst still needing it?

"I am here," he whispers, his words soft as his lips touch my ear and I reach up, shoving his face away and forcing myself to stand.

"So am I!" I roar, a sob terrorizing my chest as it breaks through my words. "So am I, and I don't want to be."

I slump to my knees, my eyes finding his as they go from hurt to a soft, non judgemental understanding. He doesn't move closer. Instead, he sits back on his ass, his face turning up to the dense fog around us. And then he lets out a roar that makes the earth shake.

The tears fall from my cheeks and then he crawls to me, reaching out and inviting me into his embrace. He doesn't pressure me, or say a word, he only waits until I reach out. Then he tucks me away into his lap and lets the part of me that is hurting die with my tears.

There is only the sound of my tears, and the soft comforting hums from Merikh in the air, mingling with the fog that feels like it mocks me with its cover.

"M-maybe they are okay, right?" I hiccup as I wipe my tears and glance up at Merikh. He says nothing, but his face says it all. "We need to look-"

His thumb strokes my cheek before he gives me a barely noticeable nod.

"Sure, we can look." He agrees, but I know he sees what I am unwilling to admit. There is no way that they were that close to her final blast and survived it. It's entirely unreasonable and improbable that they were disintegrated.

My siren felt it, the shift in the water, the way my king and father disappeared entirely. But yet, Merikh helps me up, taking my hand as we walk around, our eyes on the ground as we move slowly so we can

see.

My body is exhausted, my werewolf

and siren both drained as my feet throb and my heart falls further into my stomach with every passing minute. It's not until the sun rises that I finally see through the white wall of fog, a swirling of movement as someone stoops down and plucks something from the ground.

"Mom?" I croak, rushing forward, stumbling over my feet. "Mo-"

I freeze, my ear pounding with my rapid heartbeat as I watch the fog clear and Ezrah is revealed. His body is soaked, and he holds a rock looking item in his arms before he looks away and then glances back over my shoulder.

"I never wanted it to go this way, my friend." He whispers, "I will leave you her ashes. I suggest you do with them what you had proposed. But this...this one will remain with me."

"I can not let you take it. The dragons will hunt us down for it." Merikh says, his voice heavy with threat.

"That is the point. They come for you

and my kind is never even a suspect. Who will believe you now that all your allies are dead? Take your Luna, lick your wounds and prepare for the onslaught of the dragon king. Phoenix or not, he still considered

her his queen, and your side killed

her."

I can't even process his words, my heart aching too much to understand the gravity of what he is saying. But Merikh doesn't miss a beat as he launches himself for Ezra and tackles him down.

They both hit the ground with extreme force, Ezra popping up with incredible speed as he darts around Merikh, delivering hits when he least expects it.

The little oval rock tumbles to the ground when Merikh expects a strike and he lunges his fist into Ezra's neck, making him stumble back and hold his throat as he tries to breathe. I reach down, lifting the little stone,

my

widening as it grows warm

in my hand and a small throbbing seems to strike like clockwork.

A heartbeat.

Giselle wasn't bluffing. She laid an egg, as weird as it sounds. But inside of this tiny rock-like thing is a living fire dwelling little baby.

"I didn't want to kill you," Ezra grits out, drawing my attention as I look up and see that he has used his speed and out maneuvered Merikh. Ezra holds a pointed stick hoisted up and Merikh by the hair as he goes to drive it into my mate's throat.

"STOP!" I roar, unable to withstand the mere thought of losing Merikh. Ezra freezes as I raise the egg over my head. "Let him go. NOW! Or I will end whatever is in this damn thing."

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.