

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 61

Colette

“You should at least try to rest and lie down while you wait for them all to come back,” I insist, and he shakes his head.

*If I have to rest for a minute longer, I am going to implode.” He grumbles, taking a step. I panic, my arm sliding up his back as he groans in pain, his head flying back as he grits his teeth.

“Sorry!” I hiss, releasing him as he slumps to the side, his hands landing on the side table to hold himself up. “Shit,” I mutter.

“Perhaps a walking stick would be better,” he says, wincing.

“Or maybe you should be sitting down at the very least.” I say, looking around the room, finding a tall stool for him to sit on. I drag it over to him, then as gently as I can I lead him to it. My eyes scan his back, the pink, melted skin breaking my heart with every breath he takes.

“Are you going to fill me in on what you and Hayes were silently figuring out? Or do I have to find out with my father?” I ask him.

He exhales, his hand on his side and a grimace on his face as he tries to inhale a deep breath

“Percy and Leandra, no longer speaking, is not a coincidence. At least I do not believe it is.”

I furrow my brows, walking around in front of him. Merikh reaches out, tugging me closer to him as he wraps his tired arms around me, sticking his hands in the pockets of my jeans. I place my hands on his face,

stroking it with my thumb, afraid to touch him anywhere else. Should it cause him any more pain?

“What makes you think that?” I sigh, relishing the sparks from our bond that zip through us. His color returns to his cheeks. no longer looking so gaunt as the sparks work as a painkiller for him

“There are certain ways someone can be spelled or enchanted to do whatever the spellcaster wants. Most species have a way to do it, but only two leave the host a shell of themselves when they are too far away from their caster. Meaning that when the others fled after the fight, they took the caster with them, also meaning that the person behind it all is a witch or a fae.”

I chew on my lips, processing what he is saying. Then I open my mouth to ask another question, but the door flies open. I turn to look at my father as he rushes in, Brent and Elm right behind him and Hayes bringing up the end. I step to the side, my hand sliding to Merikh’s hair, just to have a hand on him

“Hayes says you have an idea of whom to look for?” Brent asks hopefully and Merikh nods, his eyes looking glossy and dull as he grows more drained by the second.

“You should be in bed,” I remind him quietly and his eyes skirt in my direction, a hint of annoyance filtering through the bond between us and I try to smile. Sick and exhausted, and he still gets annoyed with me. That has to be a good sign, right?

“Both Percy and Leandra, the woman from the woods, have stopped eating and talking. He says, looking around. Caspian looks at Brent and Elm over his shoulder, both looking stunned as their brows knit together and they look at each other.

“Is it possible?” Caspian asks them. Elm pinches the bridge of his nose and Brent drags his hand through his short, dark hair. “I can’t begin to imagine who it would be on my end, but it is a possibility, es,” Elm admits. Brent frowns and nods, looking at the ground.

“My circle of people is much smaller than Elm. I trust them all explicitly, but that does not mean it can’t be possible.” Brent admits.

“I see,” Caspian says, an unimpressed frown on his lips before he sighs. “Does anyone in particular come to mind?”

“I can only think of two.” Elm says, “the others have been silent on council matters. But there are two who are openly against werewolves and Lycans.”

“I will need to go back to my coven. To try to see if I can break what curse has a hold of them.”

He who has traveled and when Brent says. “But try I would like to speak with them.”

“I thought you had done everything you could to break it and failed?” I ask him and he shrugs.

“Verbal communication is not the only kind that exists. There are ways around spells without breaking them.”

“Go now,” Caspian says to Brent. He moves toward the door and I look at Merikh, trying to decide if I should stay with him.

-Go with Brent—He says through the mind link.

-Are you sure?— I ask him, and he offers me a gentle smile.

-Even if I try to run. I promise you will be able to catch me with no issues— He says, making me chuckle out loud.

“I will come with you Brent, I call to him as he opens the door. He pauses, pushing it open for me to exit along with him. His willingness to take me only solidifies my thoughts that he is not working with the enemy, but that doesn’t mean I won’t be cautious.

I look once more at Merikh as he turns and speaks with my father, his eyes meeting mine as the door closes.

“It is smart to keep an eye on me,” Brent says, shocking me.

“Are you saying I need to keep an eye on you?” I ask, arching a brow.

“No. But if I were you or Meirikh, I wouldn’t trust me blindly either. There is a lot at play here, a lot at stake, actually.”

I nod, exhaling slowly as we walk down the hall and take a right turn, heading to the stairwell.

“Can I ask you a question, Colette?” He asks curiously.

“Ask away,” I tell him and he thinks for a moment, either thinking of a question or how to phrase one.

“The thought of a hybrid has always excited me. What type of powers would they have? Would one species be more dominant than the other with powers? Or can a hybrid really only be one species?”

I chuckle, caught off guard by his excitement, and I shake my head.

“There is a lot that I am still learning about myself. My abilities, that is. I adore the water, it makes me feel better. When I am away from it, I am weak, like Caspian seems to do as well. I can survive being away from it, but I am prone to human sickness and exhaustion.”

“Hmm,” He hums. He opens his mouth to ask another question but snaps it shut, choosing to wait for me to continue.

“I am still learning what I am capable of. I can manipulate the water, not like Caspian can, but still. Uh, I can also make it rain. from the water underground. My cheeks are pink with embarrassment, feeling like I am bragging or talking about myself too much, but when I look at Brent, he seems completely captivated.

“That is astonishing. Do you plan to continue to work on your abilities?” He asks me, and I shrug.

“We need to get back to our pack. They need us and our protection and with Merikh being so injured, he needs the strength of his people to help speed the healing. And Caspian needs to be back in the ocean sooner rather than later.” I explain with a soft sigh.

I’m not sure yet that I am ready to say goodbye to the father I just found, but I am Luna. Not just a girl with a dad. I would love to learn more, figure

out my limits and how to use it to protect the people I love. But right now, it's one thing at a time. Wanted and desires need to be pushed aside for needs to be settled first.

"Have you thought about going back with Caspian?" He asks, arching a brow and I chuckle.

"And where would I stay?" I ask him. "I am half werewolf. Breathing under the water isn't really a speciality of werewolves."

"Ah," he says with a frown. "That would have been pretty cool if you were able to breathe underwater long term like you father can."

I laugh. "That would be pretty sweet. I won't lie."

He stops at the door I visited earlier and I ready myself to see the hollow version of my gamma male. Brent forces the door open, revealing Percy, who sits on the couch in white pajamas, staring at the wall.

"Percy," I call to him sweetly, and he doesn't move. I move closer to him, taking a seat at his side while reaching out to take his hand. "We are here to ask you some questions, okay?"

He doesn't acknowledge us as Brent steps forward, pulling out a pen and placing it in Percy's hand along with a tiny pad of paper. Percy doesn't even look down at it. He just holds onto both for dear life.

"Percy, what is the last thing you remember?" Brent asks. Percy's finger moves, writing down four letters, the very same ones that match the fogged up mirror in my bathroom.

"Percy, what do you mean by fire? Can you explain that?" I ask him and for the first time, his eyes flicker to me, looking more like his as he looks away. He writes nothing else. He instead zones out once more and I find myself growing frustrated. "Percy, I command you to tell me something!" I hiss out, angered by the lack of progress we have made recently. "Draw a picture, something"

He shakes his head, and then suddenly he is drawing something. Brent looks at me, impressed, before he looks down and I lean over as well.

“What is that?” I ask Brent.

“It looks like a lily,” he frowns for a second before his eyes go wide.

“What?” I ask him. He groans in frustration before he stops.

” . Elm isn’t going to take this well.” He grumbles,