

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 65

Hayes is frantic, not thinking right as he rushes through the woods, his head swinging from side to side. We know the who is controlling them is close. They have to be for Leandra to wake up from her void state. The question is, where is this person now? How close do they have to be?

It feels like an hour has gone by and Hayes is sweating, his hair a mess as he drags his hands through it for the hundredth time. No amount of telling him we will find them or to focus on looking will calm him. The poor man is distraught and crumbling with every passing second.

“Hayes,” I say, trying to get his attention as I step in front of him with my hands out. He scowls, saying nothing as he tries to step around me. I slide to the side. He is moving too, and he growls. “Enough!” he roars. “Go back to the mansion if you want to give up. I didn’t ask you to come with me.”

“I wasn’t going to suggest we stop looking.” I sigh. “I was going to suggest we split up. Cover more ground.”

He thinks about it for a second and then he pinches the bridge of his nose, shaking his head.

“No, not a chance in hell, Luna. I may be falling apart here, but I am not crazy enough to let you leave my side. You are my Luna and Merikh would literally kick my ass.”

I sigh, not really surprised or upset by his answer, but I needed him to relax, come back to his senses instead of storming through the woods like a frantic animal looking for a way out of a forest fire.

“We have been looking for an hour.” I tell him and he groans, throwing his hands up.

“I know, I know.”

“Brent has probably already broken the curse, and Leandra is lonely and terrified. We need to go back.” I say with a sympathetic smile. “Making sure she is okay is more important”

“Or you both could make another lap.” A feminine voice says, sounding amused. “I don’t mind waiting if you want to keep looking for someone you won’t find.”

I spin slowly, my eyes landing on a beautiful woman with deep brown hair and a crown made of pearls and silver. Her arms are crossed over her midnight velvet dress, a smirk on her pink lacquered lips. Her eyes are a stunning shade of orange, accented by dark mascara and eyeliner.

“Oh, I think we have found who we are looking for,” Hayes growls, moving toward her. I stop him by grabbing his arm.

I’m not sure how many strange women there are wandering around the woods out here, but before we go on the attack and kill someone, I want to make sure it’s the right someone.

No more zombie wolves, no more controlling the people we care about and want to protect. If this is Lily, if this is the bitch toying with people’s minds, I will let Hayes end her sorry existence.

“Lily..?” I whisper and she quirks an eyebrow, fear flashing in her eyes.

“I do not want to harm you.” She says and I scoff, watching as Hayes’ fists clench, his knuckles growing white.

“I am doubtful of that, considering you have already hurt so many people.” I tell her, and she takes a step closer to me. Hayes growls, stepping between us as he glares at her, barely restraining himself and his lycan.

“All I want is to speak with you.” She insists. “It is urgent.”

*You want to talk to me? Fine, but my time comes at a price," I say, shrugging and crossing my arms over my chest, taking a similar stance to hers.

"What?" Hayes whips his head to look at me like I am insane.

"Name your price then." She says, grinning, looking both pleased and relieved at my answer.

"Release the curse on my kind." I say, matching her grin with a snarky smile. She laughs, the sound much like a song as it echors back off the trees.

"Tam afraid I can't do that" She shakes her head

"Then we have nothing to discuss." I tell her, "And I can let Hayes kill you to release the others."

Hayes steps forward, his lycan breaking free before she juts her chin to a tree. A branch cracks, crashing down on Hayes. He tries to dodge it, but he isn't quick enough as it lands on his legs. He groans in pain and I rush to him, my wolf prickling in my mind, wanting to be let out.

"I can not do that, but I can help you." She explains.

"I don't understand how you can help me with anything. The only thing I want is my kind free from your mind tricks."

"I will help your beta if you speak with me." She says, pointing to Hayes. "I will remove the branch and heal him."

I look at Hayes, who struggles to move the thick branch. Even in his Lycan form, he is stuck.

"What could you possibly have to talk with me about?" I ask her, trying not to look nervous over the amount of blood pooling around Hayes,

"Rumor has it you are a hybrid," she says.

"You know I am." I scowl at her. "You and Giselle, and whoever the hell else is on your side."

“What kind of hybrid?” she asks and I furrow my brows, once again confused by her questions. Why the hell is she asking these questions? Is she trying to verify what she already knows or tricking me into some strange admission to use against me? “Again, you already know this,” I tell her, and her eyes light up. “So why are you asking such stupid questions?”

“So it’s true...” she chuckles, placing her hands on her head. “Holy shit. Caspian actually had an offspring. I thought Elm was making shit up.”

“Not just an offspring, but a Luna.” I scowl at her. She nods like she is processing the information.

“Yes, yes, that is right. He had mentioned you are mated to the Lycan King. How is he, by the way? When I received word of his injuries, I knew I had to come and help offer my services.”

There is no way this woman is Lily. Not with these questions. The only thing remaining is who the hell is she. Because if she isn’t Lily, then why the hell is she here right now?

“You aren’t Lily, are you?” I ask her, and she shakes her head.

“No, I am not. She smiles. “I am a fae, but I am not L Lily

I blink at her, my eyes wide as she chuckles and waves her hand like it’s no big deal.

“Then help my Beta. Now.” I point to Hayes and she extends her hand, the tree branch lifting and the blood around him tickling backwards up his leg and back into his wound. I blink as I watch it in slow motion, like a movie in reverse. Hayes equally stunned into silence.

“Now that we have that settled. Why don’t you take me back to the mansion with you?”

“Not until you tell me who the hell you are.” I glare at her. “You stopped us, injured my beta, asked me off the wall questions and all I know about you is that you are not Lily and you are a Fae. I don’t know you well enough to trust you.” I tell her.

Hayes stands, looking at his lower half like he had just seen a ghost, then his eyes meet mine.

“She is the princess.” He whispers, looking at the Fae once more, who smiles.

“That I am. My name is Hyacinth. Elm is my brother.” She says, giving me a nod. “I am here to help with your bewitched. friends and even heal your alpha

“He actually sent for you.” A voice from my dreams tuts. My skin goosebumps, my head spinning as I try to keep myself from breaking down. The fear claws at my chest, making its way up my throat in a painful bubble as I turn and look at a woman

with white hair.

Her skin is pale, her eyes an icy blue as she smirks at me, enjoying the effect she has over me. She stays near a tree, keeping her distance, and I realize it’s more of a projection of her. She is not physically here, yet...it feels like she is breathing down my neck

“Ah. You came too.” Hyacinth says, frowning. “Did Elm call you, or did you feel guilty for starting all of this shit and come to apologize?”

“Oh no. I am here just to play a little. I’m bored. All my play things are locked up and I just can’t quite reach them, and with you coming to set them free, I figured I could at least have a chokehold on this one.” Lily says.

“Are you that much of a coward you can’t come in your physical form?” I ask, trying to sound strong.

She cackles, her figure floating over to Hayes as she makes like she is touching his cheek. He swipes at her and his hand right through her form as she giggles.

“Oh stop, that tickles and my elm is a rather possessive Fae King. He won’t like it if I tell him you touched me.” She teases.

“You are sorely mistaken if you think he has any feelings for you now,” Hyacinth says, sounding bored.

“No?” She shrugs. Then why did he sneak me back into his room for a little fun? How else do you think I got my hands on that little sweet redheaded gamma? Elm supports me, Hyacinth.”

My stomach churns and I look at Hayes, the two of us caught between a fight we don’t know how to win as these two fae women face off in a verbal war. Then Lily swoops in front of me, stopping only to grin.

Tell my Elm I am ready for him now. That he no longer has to fake being on your side, and then she vanishes.