

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 73

### Colette

“How far ahead of us do you think they are?” Penny asks, tugging the bag further up on her shoulder.

I pause, looking through the trees at the trail Ezra said Caspian took on his journey to the ocean. Truthfully, I don’t know how fast Caspian can travel by foot on land. There is no doubt he is fast in the water, but here, on land? He should be slower moving, right?

“They can’t be more than half an hour to forty-five minutes ahead of us.” I assure her without actually knowing

“Good,” she says, looking around warily. “These woods are giving me a bad feeling.”

I look where her eyes are, seeing nothing and feeling nothing out of the ordinary. But then again, Penny is not only a trained warrior but a skilled gamma. Otherwise, she wouldn’t be my gamma in the first place.

“I don’t see anything out of sorts.” I say casually.

She scoffs and shakes her head. “It’s not something I see, luna. It is something I feel, here.” She places her hand over her gut.

“Hmm,” I muse again, looking around, trying to feel with my wolf or anything I can. “Instincts?”

“In a way,” she shrugs. “It feels like there is more of a disturbance. My Lycan is bristling, warring with me to take over and search the area.”

Suddenly, a shiver runs down my spine, my skin growing cold, and I whip my head around. Penny places her hand on my shoulder, leaning closer while her eyes search every nook and cranny.

“Luna, I think it’s time to run,” she says, giving me a gentle nudge. “Now.”

There is no questioning her or her judgement. I break into a sprint, tearing through the trees like a raging bull let on the loose. Branches whip across my skin, stinging my face as I push forward, my hands out, trying to protect myself.

“To the left,” Penny hisses, “running on that trail will be faster than pushing through the foliage.”

I turn toward the trail I can see pecking out behind a sparse bush. As I approach it, I leap over a root, my foot getting caught as I cry out and slam hard into the ground, my hands saving my face from barreling toward the ground at full force.

Hands tear me from the ground and I flinch away, looking up at Penny as she runs while dragging me along. I can the fear on her face, the fear she tries to hide from me as she forces me in front of her.

“Are you sure there is someone following us?” I hiss at her as I look over my shoulder. I see the panic rising and she turns, running backward for a moment before turning forward again.

“Hard to say, but I would rather not stop or slow down and find out we are wrong.” She says, pushing on my back again to make me move faster. I stumble on further, wishing I had spent more time running in the recent month.

It feels like we run forever, my wolf now burning with awareness and my nerves on full tilt as I scan every area, watching, waiting. Penny remains as close as she can be without running me over, her breathing slow and even, unphased by the running with weight bags full of useless shit.

“Drop your bag,” I tell her, pulling mine off while stumbling down the narrow trail. I can hear her doing as I do, and I toss it to the side, the bushes crunching under the weight.

“Now we will move faster,” she sighs in relief. I look back at her to catch a grin. “We can’t be too far behind them now.”

There is a break in the trees, the ground ceasing to be hard and mossy, the texture moving to sand and I giggle with relief when I see a beach in the distance; the sun setting lower with every stride toward it.

I take one more step, a strange snapping sound echoing to my right and I turn to look as a branch flings up, a string attached flying higher until my ankle sears in pain and my body pitches forward. My fingers dig into the sandy earth, unable to find leverage as I fly upward.

A hand catches mine and Penny groans, her body flying up a few feet before we tilt back down and she uses her nail to cut my ankle free. I land on her and she pushes me aside with unmatched speed, back on her feet in a fighting position.

“Where are they?” I whisper and she growls, her Lycan rippling through her as her spine shakes and fur pushes out before quickly receding. She is fighting it for control.

“I can’t tell if there is anyone here or not.” She says.

“Well we weren’t expecting you.” Someone says, stepping out of the woods. A woman emerges her hands up to show us she is nonthreatening. “When someone comes rushing after our king, we grow a little suspicious.”

“Your king?” Penny asks, stepping closer to me as I find my balance and stand, hobbling on one ankle, my other burning with the rope burn and being yanked so hard. It wouldn’t surprise me if it is sprained.

“Are you not chasing your father, King Caspian? I assume you are here hoping to catch him before he leaves for his city.” She asks curiously.

Penny doesn’t drop her guard, instead she chuckles softly.

“And who are you?” She asks the woman.

“I am the general of the siren warriors. My name is Saree.” she says.

“Right,” Penny says skeptically. “Nice to meet you. Are they still here?”

Saree seems to look behind us, her eyes snapping back and she gives us a fake wide smile.

“You just made it.” She says, motioning toward the sunset. “He is that way.”

Now I feel it too, the gut instinct, the way my wolf is on edge. I play through this woman’s words, the way she speaks and how she addressed me as Caspian’s daughter. Would he have told her that before anyone else?

“Why did you say ‘his city’?” I ask her, tilting my head. “Is it not also your city?”

She meets my eyes and then within a second they roll, and she lifts her hand, snapping it. Too many sets of hands land on me, taking me to the ground as I writhe and scream.

“Luna!” Penny roars, her Lycan breaking out as she bounds toward me, her claws swiping men off me with ease. She tears one in half, throwing him to the side. And I jump up, extending my hands out as I close my eyes and focus. I can feel the water, so strong, so much of it bubbling as it comes to the surface.

Then pain strikes the base of my skull and I stumble to my knees, disoriented and blinking as Penny disappears under a mass of too many men. When they move away, she morphs into her human form, her body bloodied and beaten.

“Penny!” I cry out, my tears unstoppable as I look at my battered friend, her left eye swollen shut. “What the are you? There is no way you are a siren.” I ask, and the woman cackles.

“Well, at least you aren’t dumb. You are right, I am not a siren. What I am is not important,”

“The second I heal enough, I will gnaw on your head until your eyes fall out, you Bi-” Penny stops mid sentence, her eyes growing wide as she looks down a silver rod, breaking through her chest.

I sob uncontrollably, trying to calm my shaking hands so I can do something, anything, to save her.

“Did you know Lycans are almost impossible to kill?” Saree says in a singsong voice. “Unless you leave the silver weapon placed in their heart. Similar to a vampire in that way. Though a wooden stake is much easier to get your hands on than a silver one.”

“Please, don’t kill her,” I beg, and she cackles.

“No can do, Princess.” She then snaps her finger and the rod clicks, causing Penny to cry out as blood garbles her voice.

“I’m sorry, Luna...” she murmurs before falling forward.

“NO! NO! PENNY!” I roar, water rising from the ground as I force myself to stand. The woman snaps once more and the same pain as before racks through my skull, before tearing away at my consciousness, the last thing I see is Penny’s lifeless eyes staring up at me.