

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 74

It feels like my brain is going to explode; the pain searing at the base of my skull throbbing away like a time bomb slowly ticking closer and closer toward something awful.

There are people around me. Voices arguing and the sound of snapping that makes my head twitch. I slide my eyes open, blinking as blurry shapes take form in my impaired vision.

“Oh, hey. She is waking up.” I hear someone say, sounding excited.

“Leave her be you fool,” another person hisses. “They put it in that cell for a reason. She is dangerous.”

“I’m not dangerous.” I croak. But I regret the action, a stab of pain causing me to wince, my eyes aching.

“They don’t put just anyone in that little cage, sweetheart. Hate to tell you this, but they want you to be as weak as a I blink at the smaller blur, trying to force my vision to focus, but nothing happens and tears roll. human.”

The memory of Penny’s eyes, the way they stabbing her through the heart from behind. How they ambushed us. And how they knew...how they knew where we would be.

My skin grows cold the more I process everything. What if they ambushed Merikh as well? What if they didn’t take a gamble by guessing what I would choose but covered both of their bases?

Merikh could have ended up exactly like Penny. My chest grows tight, and a whimper tumbles out. It's my fault Penny is dead because of me. I pull my legs to my chest, hugging them tightly as the tears fall. They are hot and furious as they burn down my cheeks, growing from a soft place of pain to a raging storm of agony.

Penny was more than a gamma. She was a friend, someone I knew without a doubt I could always count on for more than what the gamma bond demanded. And she died because I was stubborn, because I am alive when I shouldn't be.

"Shit. See what you did, Lenard?" Someone hisses.

"I didn't do anything!" someone protests.

"You sure as heck did! First you woke her up-"

"She woke herself up." Lenard says.

"Both of you shut up." Someone grits out, their voice low and hoarse.

"The last thing she needs to hear before her death is the likes of the two of you bitching about who did what. You both are equally annoying."

"That was rude." One of them snorts, but I block them out as I fall to my side, the cries ripping from me in heaving sobs as I try to breathe through it all and fail.

My lungs are tight as I grow light-headed and I feel someone's hand on my shoulder, a gentle circular rubbing as a form of comfort.

"You need to breathe," the woman says.

"I don't w-want to anymore," I hiccup through a sob, curling in on myself.

"Ah no, that just won't do." She says in a gentle voice.

"Everyone I love would be better off with me being dead."
I say, and she sighs.

"Yeah, well, I remember that feeling. The feeling of having no hope. But I learned a few things from being stuck in this hellhole."

“Yeah. How to stay stuck here,” one of the voices from before says with a cackle.

“Shut up. Lenard.”

“Fuck you, Elle.”

“Please, just leave me alone.” I whisper, pulling my shoulder away from her arm.

“All of you need to shut up.” A commanding voice rings out and I lift my head, my eyes trying to adjust to the lights the flicker on above me. I sit up, wiping my face, meeting the merry eyes of a tall man with dark hair and even darker eyes. He points to me with a strange smirk on his lips. “I need to speak with this one.”

Everyone else falls silent and I look around, watching as arms and figures shrink into *the* dark corners of the dirt filled cells we all reside in. I swallow roughly as he unlocks the silver bars and steps into the cell.

He is massive. I mean, Merikh is big, his shoulders wide and strong and his height unrivaled by many. But this guy, he is as big as the magic made trolls.

“What do you want?” I ask him, trying to remain strong.

“Honestly...I want to play with you.” he grins.

My blood goes cold, and I lick my chapped lips in fear. There is no fighting this asshole off. He can hold me down with one hand. SO instead I scurry back against the wall, slamming into it, begging it to swallow me whole.

“My mate will gut you.” I tell him confidently.

“Oh, you mean...if he knew you were here he would come for me.” he grins, stalking closer and closer. “But he doesn’t know. From what my intel says, he told you not to contact him for a few days.”

I shiver, my eyes closing as tears fall free. No way is this fucker touching me without a damn good fight.

“I will fight you the whole time. I might not be very strong, but don’t underestimate my desperation.” I spit out.

His brows furrow in confusion and then his head tilts up as he laughs, the sound echoing through the small walled space. It seems to be a hilarious joke to him as he continues to laugh, slapping his legs before he stops and tilts his head to the side. Little stitches of laughter rippling through him as he talks.

“Wait...you thought...HA! Oh no, you thought I was going to want to touch you?” he shakes his head. “Oh, no Princess. I want to see what you can do.”

I frown at him, not really sure what he wants from me or what he means. What I can do? Then it dawns on me. Everyone knows what I am now, what I am capable of. He wants me to show him my abilities. But I know that showing him my full strength just gives them a better ability to defend against me.

“I can’t shift with silver bars.” I shrug and he smirks, popping down in front of me. He produces a small bowl from one hand and then reaches to his back, producing a bottle of water. He holds it up, shaking it slightly.

“I think we both know what you are. Hell, the only people who don’t are probably these fools in here.” He shrugs.

He opens the bottle, pouring it into the bowl in front of me, and I lick my lips. Not because I am thirsty for a taste of it. But because I am thirsty for the chance to escape. I know I can do various things to escape using my water abilities.

So as he pours, allow myself to tune into the water, the sound and feel of it as it sloshes up the side, churning back into the bowl over itself. It’s frantic in turmoil like me, begging to be freed, to sink into the earth where it belongs.

I look up, finding the guard watching me with a curious gleam in his eyes. He tosses his bottle to the side, the metal canister clattering against the bars that keeps me here. He then motions to the bowl, expectantly.

It is clear he knows what I am and if he is working with the others, then he sure as heck has heard of the things I have done with

my powers. So I can't just play it off as me having none. No, I need to perform, but I need to severely underperform, so they underestimate me.

"I will show you if you answer a few of my questions." I tell him.

"No deal. You show me and I won't kill everyone in here." He scoffs.

"You overestimate my empathy for people I don't know." I say with some sass.

"Oh? Then I guess we will start with someone that I know you know." He looks to my right. "Melody." He calls out.

A skinny woman moves to the bars closest to me. She is skin and bones. Her eyes are sullen and her hair falling out. But the resemblance lingers, the way I can feel who she is to me.

"Mom," I whisper, and her eyebrows furrow.

"Fine." I grit out.

The water shakes as I try to calm myself, but my wolf and my heart are too feral, too lost in our hatred to control it any longer. The water shoots up, swirling around the cell, gaining speed as I breathe deeply.

My fingers then twitch, flicking at this man, the water shooting at him like a harpoon released like a spear gun. His eyes grow wide and he roars, his jaw dropping open as a flame bursts out, turning the water into steam that floats to the top of the dungeon room.

He stands, a giddy grin on his face as he walks out of the cell and moves to the woman he claims is my mother. Then he hooks her by her ankle and drags her away, not a sound falling from her lips as her eyes meet mine.