

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 78

Colette

Everything aches and burns. My skin is covered in welts and deep cuts where they have struck me with varying sizes of sticks and the occasional knife to get me to comply. I glance up, looking at the metal pole my hands were forced to grip before they chained me to it and lifted me up.

A chain clamps onto each of my ankles, tethering me to the ground to discourage too much swinging after every strike. The woman has taken a few breaks, her brow dotted in sweat as she allows me to heal before starting all over again.

All because she wants me to cooperate and beg Merikh to come and save me. But it will be a cold day in hell the day I say the damn words she keeps trying to beat into my mouth.

I stare at the blinking red light across from me, the device that will be used to torture my mate from a distance. It's a coward's way to send a video and lure them into coming. But it only works if I give in, which I won't do.

There is no way in hell I will say what they want me to say, no way I will give them the satisfaction. So I ready myself for the next blow to my shin, squeezing my eyes shut tight as I inhale sharply.

“Oh no no, Luna. I need your eyes open. If you won’t use words, then I will need your eyes to speak.” The same woman as before says. I conjure up the blood and saliva in my mouth, launching it from my lips and onto her cheek. A satisfied smirk on my swollen lips.

“Real cute,” she glares at me. Then she winds up her arm and her thin wooden pole cracks across my leg.

A scream tries to tear from my lips, but it lodges deep in my throat, burning against my vocal chords as a sad whine finally breaks through. My whole body shudders, every nerve terrorized by the pain that overcomes all the other strikes and blows to my bruised and battered body.

“Let it out,” she coos, her sick smile the only thing I see as my vision dots and slowly comes back to normal. “No need to remain quiet for me.”

I give her a tight-lipped fake smile back, swallowing a whimper of pain as my cracked lips break open and bleed again. My body is struggling to keep up with the healing process. This woman is enjoying beating me to within an inch of my life and letting me come back from it before doing *it* all over again.

Who knows how long I have been back here? There is no light from the sun or the moon, no breeze from some hallway hidden any which way. Only stale air that smells of blood and urine. It’s clear this is their favored torture chamber, and that they lack cleaning skills. It’s obviously a scare tactic.

Make it feel like life is desolate and hopeless. Take anything that one might find pleasure in and tear it away from them. Anyone with nothing to live for would give up, they would give in. But not me, no, I refuse to be weak when I have finally learned what it is to be strong. My strength is new founded, but it is my own.

“Do you really think your Alpha King will actually come for you?” She snorts out a laugh. “You know he killed his last mate, right? Why the hell would he save you when he can just...pick someone else? It’s easier. Less dangerous than risking his pack to come save you.”

“Lauren was a traitorous bitch. She didn’t deserve Merikh.” I tell her. I know I had resolved to not engage her in any conversation, but I refuse to let her record me not responding back about my mate. My alpha. Merikh’s actions were warranted and nothing, no one will ever be able to convince me otherwise.

“Oh, is that what he told you?” She giggles, thinking she will confuse me or make me doubt him.

What this idiot doesn’t know is I am done doubting what Merikh and I have. We have our problems, our issues to work through, but what strengthens us, what makes us great... is that at the end of the day. After every argument and fight, we still choose each other.

Mate bond or not we make the choice to come back and work things out. We may be your species or other royals. But I own up to my failings and lately, Merikh has learned to do so too.

“It’s what I know.”

“Did you know Lauren was a hybrid too, then?” She asks, arching a brow.

Her news shocks me, and I’m not quick enough to hide it on my face. She grins victoriously, rounding me, stopping behind me, and sticking her head between my outstretched arms.

“I guess that’s a no, then,” she says, nearly giddy with excitement

“Is that why you wanted me?” I ask “Because you know I am a hybrid?”

She sighs, clanking with something behind me.

“No,” she says slowly, like she is thinking about what to say next. No, you being a hybrid is indeed a plus, but not why you are here.”

“Liar.” I mutter and she laughs.

“Fine. It may be in part why you are here.” She says, coming back into view. “Okay, yes, it’s exactly why you are here. The fact that you are mated to Merikh is just a bonus.”

I twist, trying to take the pressure off my wrists and push the pain from my leg aside. As someone shows up out of the darkness and I startle when I see the same man from before. The one who dragged me here.

“Jennifer, they want you upstairs. And they want her back in her cage,” the same dragon male from before whispers in her ear. She rolls her eyes and shoves past him, stopping in the door and looking over her shoulder.

“Keep her here,” she says.

“No way, I have express orders. Giselle told me to place her back—”

“Keep. Her. Here.” She hisses.

“No,” He grits out. “I won’t go against the queen.”

“Fuck Giselle and her high and mighty shit. She isn’t one of us. She is a poser.” Jennifer hisses at him.

He steps into her, his massive frame looming over her.

“Watch what you say, Jennifer.” He says, his skin looking orange as a fire burns within him. “You sound like a traitor.”

“Oh, that’s right, I forgot you worship the ground that poser walks on.” She grumbles, walking off in a huff.

“and you, are you ready to be dragged back to the other trash?” he asks, stepping closer with a sneer on his face.

“Can’t wait,” I say sarcastically and his face cracks, showing a small grin. He reaches up, undoing my hands first as I land on my feet, crumble to the ground, crying out in pain.

My leg muscles refuse to respond, my thighs feeling like there are massive balls in my legs keeping me from bending them. The man then yanks on the chain attached to the ankle cuffs, making me hiss as he undoes them. Then he stands, stooping down, and he grabs my ankle.

He drags me behind him, my bones creaking as if they may snap at any moment, and I groan. The pain is too much as it ripples through my legs and up my lower back, through my spine and to the base of my skull.

Tears spring free and I realize, for once, that my tears may just be able to save me.

I let them flow, sobbing into my shirt as I pull it up over my face to soak up the water my body is releasing. My skin scrapes across the rough rock and dirt, and I can feel the blood making my back slick as he opens the gate and throws me in.

I groan as I slam into the ground and once he is gone, I rush to the cages next to me.

“I need something to hold liquid.” I whisper, taking my shirt off and wiping my face. All I need is to collect water or liquid in any way I can. Tears, blood, moisture. Anything I can use to draw water out of, then I can fight back.