

# Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 46-49

### Chapter 46

“Colette”

+5

My wolf wars with me, whining and reminding me he was telling the truth. We are mates, truly and whole fated to be together. Him as my Alpha, me as his Luna. But fate doesn't erase the lies and the hurt he has brought me. Trust is more than love and mating.

It's showing up for each other, its expectations being met and open communication. How am I supposed to forgive him for failing to meet two of the three requirements? I know in time, the feeling of betrayal will fade and the bond will early erase it along the way. But I need him to fully grasp how it felt to be branded as not only untrustworthy but set up to fail when he wanted to trust me.

“Are you okay?” Merikh asks, his hand sliding up my arm as he rubs it lovingly. His warmth oozes into through the bond, the purity and the depth of his emotions both terrifying and beautiful.

“Let's just see what is going on,” I say, avoiding the question.

me

“Letty,” he says, his voice dropping low as he stares into my eyes. I am certain he can feel my inner fight, just as I can feel his glow of warmth.

“Now is not the time, Merikh,” I tell him firmly and he frowns, then he nods. I push the door open, Caspian looking up, an unusually icy look on his face, and I look around the room, seeing Johannes in the corner with Elm.

“You just invited yourself in, huh?” Johannes snorts with disdain. I roll my eyes, really sick of this asshole's snide remarks.

“We were invited, so I assumed he would be expecting us.” I retort, and his eyes widen, a little shocked by my annoyance. The fact that he is here, along with

h Elm, makes me think that one of the two men were involved in trying to hurt my gamma. A gamma I happen to care very much about.

“Knocking is respectful,” my dad says and I bite back another annoyed response, instead of realizing that he is right. I can be informal when it is just us, but in front of the others we are putting on a show. No one can know, not yet anyway, who I really am.

“I apologize,” I sigh, bowing my head in respect. “You are correct. I am just eager to have some answers.”

1/7

“Our gamma is important to us and when we heard there was an update, we got a little excited.” He says with an air of authority. “We meant no disrespect.”

“I can understand that tensions are high, especially after what we are assuming was an attack.” Caspian says respectfully, but I see a glimmer in his eyes, the hidden tenderness he has for me, and I give him a soft smile.

“**Thank** you.” I say, then I look around the room. “May we sit down?” I ask.

“Yes,” He clears his throat. “Please take a seat. These two have something to share.”

“I hardly think being here is necessary for me,” Johannes complains, but Caspian silences him with a glare.

“Are you not at fault for Percy’s incident?” Merikh asks, choosing to stand behind me as I take a seat.

“You think it was me who did it?” He snorts. “Typical.”

“You have a history with our kind.”

“Yes, I either screw them or I kill them. I don’t beat on barely of age children and leave them for the hell of it.” His comment clearly makes him feel proud as he flashes and big knowing smile at Merikh, but I don’t feel the hatred I thought I would from him.

“Enough bickering.” Caspian groans, rubbing his temple.

“It was me.” Elm clears his throat, his eyes finding mine as I blink at him in shock. I look at the man with a usually calm demeanor, recalling our conversation.

“Why?” Merikh asks and I can feel he is feeding off my emotions. I don’t believe Elm was the one who attacked Percy and Merikh is feeding off of that.

“Does one need a reason?” Johannes scoffs, rolling his eyes.

“Why are you here if it wasn’t you?” Merikh snaps at him and Johannes’ nose twitches as he tries to keep from saying another smart ass remark when Caspian glares at him.

“I overheard him discussing it with another council member.” He bites out, then he glowers at Merikh and me. “Look, I know I am an unforgivable dick. But rules are one thing I follow. No violence on council grounds. That is

2/7

## Chapter 46

something I take seriously.”

“**You** killed my father,” Merikh says, his voice strong but I can feel the pain of his loss lance through my heart, my eyes turning up to look at him as he keeps his eyes focuses on Johannes.

“I don’t know why I did it.” Elm breaks into the conversation. He looks remorseful, his head bowed in shame as he walks over and kneels at my feet.

My eyebrows disappear into my hairline as I stare at him, shocked. I glance up at Merikh, unsure of what to do as he furrows his brow.

-What do I do?—

I think in my mind and I nearly crawl out of my skin when I hear Merikh’s voice in my mind.

What do you

you want to do?— He asks me. My skin goosebumps and I hear his laughter filter through me and it warms my chest. Our mind link is fully established-

-This feels weird—I admit.

-

We need to devise a punishment for Elm.— He says, bringing me back to the issue at hand.

“I need you to elaborate on why you don’t know.” I say to Elm, who looks up at me with his remorseful eyes.

“I don’t recall being in the woods, or even seeing him around. I remember waking up in pain and using the earth’s energy to heal my wounds. Truthfully, I had no idea what I could have possibly done for it to happen.”

I furrow my brows looking at my father, who seems to be in deep thought.

“I thought we couldn’t use our powers before the attack happened...” Johannes adds in thought, his own interest clearly rising as we all discuss this openly.

“Is it possible he was controlled?” I ask, looking up at Merikh. “Like the red-eyed wolves?”

“Red eyed wolves?” Johannes mutters to himself in question.

“Yes, if the magic barrier were down.” Merikh offers, ignoring Johannes, “But it was supposed to be up at that time. It should have only come down in order to help Percy heal, as his healing was affected.”

“So someone was able to topple it. Make me beat your gamma and then put it back up?” Elm asks.

3/7

Chapter 46

“Seems that way,” Caspian mumbles. “So it is not entirely your fault, Elm.”

“How it happened is no matter to me,” Elm says, bowing his head again. “I wish to atone for my hand in it all.”

I sigh, tilting my head as I look at him. “Elm, if you were coerced in any way, it is hardly yo

fault.”

“Not to mention hurting him isn’t what is illegal.” Johannes adds.

“It is when they are

re here and when they are protected under my watch.”

spian bites o

Johannes puts his hands up in defeat, pacing over to the window that overlooks the garden.

“Have your workers here noticed anything?” Merikh asks Caspian who rubs his temples, looking tired.

“No.”

I keep my focus on Elm, watching him as he doesn’t move a muscle waiting for his punishment while the other three discuss and try to get a better understanding of things. Elm doesn’t recall it, so punishing him feels wrong.

-He could be faking it-

Merikh says in my head and I turn, looking up at him. He gives me a tight smile, showing me he is just trying to help me understand the situation better, but I don’t respond.

“I want you to vote for us to join the council.” I say, making the room fall silent. Johannes scoffs and I feel a trickle of pride filter from Merikh. “That is the punishment I chose for you.”

Elm looks up at me, confused. His mouth falls open to speak, but he tilts his head and frowns. Then he sits back on his knees and watches me closely.

“You don’t want to beat me or my mate?” he asks like either would have ever been an option.

“Of course not. Your mate is more innocent than you in the matter, and I am convinced you are equally not at fault.” I tell him.

“I’m confused.” Johannes snorts. “You are just going to...blackmail him into voting you back onto the council. That is not how this shit works. There **is** a process and-”

"I accept." Elm says gratefully. "I accept and I attest to the fact that I would have voted for you before you asked

this of me."

4/7

## Chapter 46

"Johannes," Merikh says his name and the vampire hisses at him, as he turns to look at him. "Who was he speaking to about it?"

"I was talking to Florence." Elm says. "She told me I should not come forward, that it would be bad for my family, but when Johannes told me he knew, he swore he would blackmail me into voting against you."

I glare at Johannes, who shrugs. "I do not think your kind belongs here."

"That is not up to you," Caspian says.

"They should be eradicated." He bites out. "Down in the dirt beneath my feet, where they belong."

"Leave my presence," Caspian says, bolting up. "I am sick and tired of your blatant hatred. You caused your own downfall, and the death of the woman you pretend you didn't want."

Johannes

slinks out of the room without so much of a look back at us, and Caspian pinches his brow.

"He is not the only one speaking of eradicating your kind," Elm tells us. "There are also rumors of a hybrid amongst the council members."

Elm glances around the room and then rubs the back of his neck. He meets my gaze and then his eyes skirt over to Caspian..

"You know," I whisper. He nods.

"I knew

during our f

real talk.” He agrees. “Being a fae, I can feel other elements. Earth is my specialty, but I can sense the water in you. It’s in your veins, melded into your soul.”

Have you

told anyone else?” Merikh asks, his protective nature coming on strong as his voice sounds like a threat rather than a gentle question.

“No.” He says simply. “I voted against no hybrids. To my kind, a mate, a true mate, is a gift that is rare. So if she was created from a union that was divinely given, she is supposed to be here.”

“And the others?” I ask, swallowing the lump in my throat.

“They do not think like I do.” His lips tilt down. “The very existence of a hybrid sets them on edge. The thought that someone could be more powerful is the only thing many of them fear.”

5/7

Chapter 46

“Even the dragons?” Caspian asks.

“They were the biggest advocate to eliminate your hybrid child.” Elm says with a grim look..

“Why are you just now coming out to share this information?” Merikh asks.

“She is a gift,” he says simply. “A kindhearted, and genuine gift. It is rare to meet a humble leader of any of our kinds.”

+5

Merikh looks at me, a gentle smile on his handsome face.

“She is special,” he murmurs.

“How many others can you help turn to our aid? Caspian asks Elm.

“Easier said than done, Caspian.” He explains. “But I can try my best with Brent and Florence,”

“Florence will always side with the vampires,” Merikh sounds glum.

“I wouldn’t be so sure, She comes off like a sex crazed harpy with a love for mischief but she is calculating and if she finds it in her best interest, she will switch sides without a second look back.” Caspian says, sounding tired.

“I agree with Caspian. Florence has taken a strange liking to Letty. Let me see what I can do.” Elm says, before he gives us a nod signaling his leaving and he walks out the door leaving it just Caspian, Merikh and I.

“Any news on the fire?” Merikh asks.

“Nothing yet,” he groans, plopping back into his seat. My father looks drained, his complexion pale rather than its usual sun-kissed glow, and his eyes are dull.

“What now?” I ask him, and he shakes his head.

“I wish I knew, but everything is happening so fast. No matter what plan I form in my head, by the time I even consider executing it, something else has happened. Your gamma being attacked, the woods setting on fire, Elm not recalling how or why he committed the crime against your gamma, the barrier coming and going as it pleases. Someone here is ten steps ahead of us. At all times.” Caspian answers, sounding frustrated.

“I would like permission to search the premises. The woods, everything, with Hayes.” Merikh announces.

6/7

“I will come with you,” I offer.

“No!” Both Caspian and him yell in unison. I scoff and roll my eyes.

“If I am with Merikh, I am safe.” I tell them.

“Not this time.” He frowns. “We do not know what is out there, what we will find, if anything.”

Exactly, and I’m not completely useless.” I frown, crossing my arms over my chest.

“I will mind link you every step of the way,” he gives me a soft smile, feeling my worry for him through the blasted bond and I roll my eyes trying to pretend that I don’t care: But I do. We both know exactly how much we care for each other now.

“You marked each other, then?” Caspian asks, sounding relieved.

I say

“We did.” I say and he nods, pleased.

“Good. Now we just have to get you all voted back onto the council and then you will be truly safe,” he murmurs, more to himself than to me. “Merikh, you have permission to search the grounds with your beta. Please be careful. I’m not entirely sure who we can trust anymore.”

7/7

## **Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons Chapter 47**

### **Chapter 47**

“Merikh”

“I don’t like this,” Colette says, her tongue running over her teeth as she drills me with her angry eyes.

“**Are** you worried about me?” I tease her and she crosses her arms over her chest.

“Of course I am! Don’t pretend like you can’t feel it through the bond.” She growls.

She is right. I feel her fear and the way she doesn’t want me to leave her side. The way she wants to just wrap her arms around me and keep me here. It’s damn adorable and so fucking refreshing to know it rather than hope.

“Letty,” I say in a gentle voice, stalking toward her. She rolls her eyes, trying to be mad. “Penny and Percy will both be here with you.”

“You stupid fool.” She snuffles. “**DO** you really think I care about me? It’s you that I am worried about.”

“Am I not the Alpha of Death?” I ask her, arching a brow, and she scoffs. Her indignation only feeding the playful side of me. “Am I not the Lycan king?”

“You are my mate above all those things.” She says and her words spear me right in the chest. Her words surprising me as I blink at her, dumbfounded.

“Am I that important to you?” I ask her and her shoulders drop, her eyes going sad.

“Do you need me to say it as well as feel it for you to believe it?” She asks me and I nod emphatically.

“Every day. I need you to tell me every day.”

“I love you, and I hate you.” She says like the smart ass she is.

“Oh? and what is it you love about me?” I ask, walking toward her and rubbing up and down her arms as she looks up at me.

“You mean what is it I hate about you?” She rivals and I smirk.

“Oh, I know why you hate me. A little all too well. What I don’t know is why you love me.”

1/5

## Chapter 47

“Because of the mate bond,” she says, but I feel the lie, all the while watching her lip twitch.

“Interesting.” I mutter. “Do you want to see if the lie detector works for me, too?” I ask, arching a brow, and she fights back a smile.

“Hit me with your best lie.” She says, bracing yourself as a knock sounds in the door.

“Brother, open up.” Hayes calls.

“Hold on, I’m having sex with my mate.” I call out and her eyes go wide with embarrassment.

“No, he is not!” She squeals as I laugh, scooping her up and holding her close. I run my nose along her jawbone, humming in delight as her scent nearly spirals me out of control.

“I want to be,” I murmur and she scoffs.

“That’s not a lie.”

“No, it is not. And I will never lie to you again.” I tell her sincerely.

“Merikh, we need to get a move on. We should have left hours ago.”

I hesitate to put her down. My heart is as full as my arms right now and I feel the way her love trickles through to me even as she tries to hold it back as best she can.

“You promise never to lie to me again?” She whispers, her eyes full of worry, and my heart seizes. I never want to make her doubt a word I say, and I know damn well she isn’t done punishing me yet. But I’ve learned my lesson. No more lies, not for any reason ever.

“I swear.” I tell her as she slides out of my arms, pressing her nose to mine.

“Good, and you promise you will come back?”

“Easiest promise ever.” I say, sounding cocky, but it’s damn true. I always come back. Fighting is my specialty and there is no being better than me at it. She nods, stepping back and sighs.

“Good, because I have some fun punishment in mind for you once everything is all sorted out.” She says. I lunge forward, pressing a kiss to her lips before I tear away and pause at the door, looking back once more and give her a gentle smile. “Stay with Penny and Percy.”

2/5

Chapter 47

“I know, I know.” She groans as I pull the door open.

“Hey Alpha!” Penny says cheerfully as she and Percy slide past me. Percy gives me a knowing nod and I leave them behind, finding Hayes leaning on the back wall.

“Well, damn.” He says, reaching out for my neck. “You weren’t kidding. Look at the fresh mark.”

I slap his hand away, pretending to be mad, but I can’t help the huge grin on my face.

“**You** look happy, brother.” He says gently, “I only wish I could find a mate to make me as happy as you are.”

“One day, Hayes. I have a feeling you will find her and she will be a bigger handful than you are.”

“You mean she will be as amazing as I am?” He teases and I snort.

“If you say so.” I mumble as we break into a run as we exit the building.

We head for where the trees were blazing earlier, sniffing around and trying to find evidence or anything other than possible magic. Flames are easy for any of the council members here other than Caspian and vampires who avoid flames.

A glint in the sun catches my eyes in a nearby tree and I look up, seeing a metallic red canister. I place my hands over my eyes, shielding them from the sun as I move closer and Hayes sighs heavily next to me.

“Gas canister.” He confirms, and my stomach falls.

“Shit.” I grumble.

“Guess that rules out all the fire people like the Dragons, wizards and fae kind.”

“It rules out no one.” I scoff. “You don’t leave shit like that behind unless you want it found. And you don’t want evidence found unless you are trying to aim people in the other direction.”

“Unless it is the red-eyed wolves. Because they don’t give a shit about evidence.” He reminds me.

“Yeah,” I exhale. “There is that option, too.”

I look around, moving deeper into the forest, with Hayes right behind me.

3/5

## Chapter 47

“I am leaning toward it being the red-eyed freaks.” He says. “The real question is, who controlling them?”

“That is the question of the year, Hayes.” I murmur a strange scent, catching my attention as I move further. My lycan goes on high alert sensing something and I can sense Hayes’ lycan coming forward as well.

“What the fuck is that smell?” he asks. I notice my vision going blurry and I realize too late we are waltzing straight into a trap.

“Hayes, I need you to force you lycan back,” I say, doing the same to my own. He relents to me easily as my

vision comes back in full force.

“I can’t,” He growls, his head shaking from side to side as he tries to control himself. I spin on my heels, grabbing him as his skin grows fury and I force him to look into my eyes.

“You may not come out. Stay in human form,” I use my alpha voice and his lycan retreats, Hayes gasping for air.

“What the fuck is going on?” he asks, beads of sweat on his brow.

“We are about to be attacked, and we can not use our lycans.” I whisper low enough no other ears, but his can hear me.

“Fuck.” He mutters, dragging his hands over his face. “Lets do this shit.”

I turn slowly, trying to see deeper into the trees. But no one is there.

“You can come out.” I call out, waiting for a response but finding none. An eerie feeling comes over me, and I can feel the magic creeping up

through the grass. There is no fucking way I am playing in a magic landmine without my lycan.

“We should turn around.” Hayes hisses and I nod in agreement.

“Yeah, I don’t like this.”

We turn and walk casually away from the enchanted area, my lycan growing stronger with every step we take. I can see where the trees burned and I turn to look at Hayes, only to find he is missing.

“Hayes,” I call out, keeping the panic from my voice as I search for him.

“Merikh!” I hear his call out, pain in his voice as I charge forward. A hand grabs my wrist and yanks me to the

4/5

## Chapter 47

side, and I nearly collide with him as he covers my mouth.

“They are playing tricks,” He whispers.

“Merikh!” His voice sounds again, the agony in his voice no longer hidden as I stare at my brother and watch him shiver in fear.

“What the fuck are we dealing with exactly?” he hisses.

“Hell if I know.” I grumble, crouching down.

Then I see it. A werewolf wandering aimlessly, her mouth wide open as my name screeched from it like a recording. My blood goes cold and Hayes grips my arm. I can sense his fear as well as I can feel my own.

“We need to get out of here.” Hayes says firmly.

5/5

## **Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons Chapter 48**

### **Chapter 48**

“I agree.” I say, standing and sprinting in the opposite direction of the thing, pausing the woods screaming my

name.

#5

I make sure Hayes is on my heels this time, checking every few seconds to verify he is still there. A loud crack sounds as pain radiates up my side and I fly through the air, rolling as I hit the ground. Before I can get my footing, a body is on me snarling and swiping at my face.

“Shit!” Hayes growls, his lycan taking over as my own comes forward. Another body tumbles onto me, a mod. of red-eyed freaks, taking chunks of my flesh from me as I plow through them with my razor-sharp claws.

I finally make it to my feet, rushing over to Hayes and I tear the bodies from him with ease and help him up. We stand back to back, towering over the sea of werewolves who aren't in their right minds, waiting for them to strike first. Instead, they wait.

A single woman pushes them all aside, walking up, her eyes more vibrant than the others, and I notice she is a lycan.

“We only want the girl.” She says, the sound emitting from her even with her mouth closed.

“No,” my lycan growls. “Mine.”

“Then we will have to kill you.” She says again.

“Try.” Hayes' lycan says, charging for her. His hand flies out to swipe across her, but he stops before he hits her, his lycan shaking.

“Mine” He whispers. “Mate.”

Damn it. This is the last fucking thing we need right now. I shove Hayes aside, knocking the girl out, her eyes falling closed as the others attack us. Hayes' lycan whines hopelessly as he tries to get to the girl, but I growl at him, forcing him to focus.

Now is not the time for him to fawn over his possessed mate. Right now we have to fucking fight to get out of

here so we can inform the others who is behind this little bonfire.

I tear through the zombie like wolves with ease, hope springing up that this might be a quick and easy fight after

1/3

screwed we are.

The beast swipes at me and I barely escape as I dodge to the right, spinning around and coming out behind it. I lunge forward to attack and his head spins around, catching me completely off guard as I panic, his bulbous fist striking me across the face. I tumble back, my jaw throbbing as blood fills my mouth, and I snarl at him.

I try to shake off the hit, but my eye begins to ache, and the vision grows fuzzy as I stand my ground. He hits me again, this time his fist colliding with my chest, a rib creaking from the impact as I stumble back, trying to catch my breath.

Hayes slides up next to me, chomping and snarling at the fucking thing. We are going to have to tag team this thing if we want to win. I lunge low, Hayes going high as I sink my teeth into the animal's leg, yanking as Hayes topples him from the shoulder. The troll goes down and we hop on top of him, our claws slicing through his thick hide, blood oozing from him.

He lets out a horrible screech and the ground rumbles beneath us. I stand up, moving back as I witness two others just like this one staring at us. Anger fills the area and I hiss at Hayes, who looks up.

He sidles up next to me and we realize this is the one and only time in our life we may have to run from a fight. We sprint to the right, the only opening there is, and the further we go, the more I realize how fucked we are.

They have led us right back into the trap. My lycan fights to stay in the forefront but loses as I shift back into my human form, and Hayes does the same.

"Shit shit shit," He mutters, hands on his head.

“Calm yourself,” I murmur. “We will be fine.”

“My mate is a fucking lycan zombie bitch, and you hit her!” He roars, shoving me. I snap at him, glaring in his “direction.”

“Get your shit together. I knocked her out, so we didn’t have to kill her. And if you want to go make sure she is safe, you need to focus on fucking staying alive.”

He takes a deep breath, looking around as the ground shakes, the fucking beasts getting closer and closer by the damn second. I search where we are, no fucking clue which way is up, and I think about Colette.

What will happen to her if I am gone? When she feels the bond break, if I die, she will come running and they will

2/3

## Chapter 48

have her. That won’t fucking happen. Not if there is a single breath left in my body.

“You go back and get Penny and Percy. Maybe Caspian will have someone he can spare, too.” I tell Hayes.

I

“Over my dead fucking body, will I leave you alone out here?” He yells.

T

↳

15

“That is an order, beta. You will go back and bring reinforcements. I am ordering you to leave me,” I hiss and he winces, trying to fight the order. “If you want me to live, you better get your ass moving.”

He looks like he wants to cry as he turns and sprints off. The second he gets away from this area, his lycan will come back and he will haul ass. I only have to hold off for half an hour. I may be able to do that, but then again... without m

y lycan, I am not nearly as lethal. My strength remains, and my agility too, but my razor-sharp teeth and claws won't be on the board anymore.

The beasts finally arrive, and they don't slow down as the barrel toward me, trying to run me under. They tower over me now by at least three feet. I find a sharp rock as I slide under an oncoming plundering fist, and hammer it twice into one's leg.

The beast seems unphased as it kicks at me, striking me in the chest as I fly into a tree with a thud. I wheeze, standing as fast as I can before I dodge to the left, stumble between trees, using them to help hide myself.

All I can do now is play cat and mouse. And for the first time in my life, I'm the mouse.

3/3

## **Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons Chapter 49**

### **Chapter 49**

'Colette'

I stare out the window that I know is facing the opposite way that Merikh went. My stomach aches fiercely, my instincts telling me I need to go after him, but I push them away, knowing that I'm just anxious that he is no longer at my side.

Penny warned me that the bond may be stretched too far for me to feel at times, though Percy chimed in to remind me it's likely that Merikh will also bury the bond. In order for me to not panic, if he finds something, he will likely close me out. Which seems far too like him.

"He is the lycan king," Penny reminds me. I roll my eyes and chuckle, trying to hide the nerves that twist and turn in my stomach, making me queasy with every passing second.

"When you tell me lycans are immortal, I will stop worrying." I tell her with a nervous smile and she

frowns, reaching out to rub my arm before she bites her lip and looks at her brother.

“Do you maybe want to go to the kitchen?” She whispers. I furrow my brows, confused by her suggestion, considering we have a mountain of snacks that **was** just delivered.

“Penny, we are not leaving this room.” Percy clips out and she frowns.

“Being trapped in a room is not helping her anxiety, Perc.” She tells him and he presses his lips together. “Plus, Alpha didn’t say she had to remain here, only that we have to remain at her side.”

Percy stands, pacing over to us at the window as he pulls aside the curtain and looks outside for a moment. Then he releases a long breath and looks directly at me. It’s strange to see how much he has changed, the way he went from excited young gamma to a seasoned protector in what seems like such a short time.

“Would it put your mind at ease to be closer to where he is, to watch for him as he comes back?” He asks, arching a **brow**.

I wrestle with the question. The only thing that will ease my mind is seeing and touching Merikh. Mad at him or not, I want him next to me so I can choose to ignore him while being with him. I want to be as close as I can so I can lay eyes on him as soon as humanly possible.

“Yes,” I nod and he seems to accept my request as he nods and looks at Penny.

1/5

## Chapter 49

“To the kitchen it is.” He says, but I can tell he isn’t too pleased as he walks to the door and holds it open for us. “Actually, no. No, it’s a bad idea-” he grits, rolling his head like he is trying to crack his neck.

“Percy,” I call out to him and he looks at me, a panic growing in his eyes as sweat beads

on his brow. “Are you okay?” I ask as I watch his jaw tick and he shakes his head.

“Yes, Luna.” he breathes, his eyes closing.

“Tell the truth.” Penny insists, “There is something wrong.”

Percy shuts the door, his face looking down at the carpet as he exhales. Then he drags a hand through his hair like he is contemplating how to put into words what is weighing so heavily on him. Then he lifts his gaze, his eyes bouncing between Penny and me, a bright red flickering in and out.

“Something is wrong,” He pants, taking a step into the room. The room spins, feeling smaller by the second as I watch my sweet friend and gamma fight the magical hold of whatever asshole has been plaguing us for far too long.

“What do you mean?” Penny asks, “What’s wrong?”

Her eyes meet mine, the same fear in hers as in my heart, and she steps closer to him, placing herself between us, ready to fight her own blood to protect her Luna. My stomach twists, my chest tightening as my anger at the situation grows deeper.

“I am compromised,” he hisses. Percy’s already pale face grows more pale as he shakes his head. “I feel off, like I’m not in complete control. There is a voice in my head, whispering things, things I shouldn’t have in my head and I can’t ...something is wrong with me.”

“Penny...” I whisper, taking her hand in mine, “I need you to restrain Percy and put him in the bathroom.”

“A sick cackle breaks through the room, bouncing off the walls in a near shrill tone. The hairs on my body raise in awareness and fear as Percy looks like he is being possessed. A sinister grin breaks over his lips, revealing his white teeth, his hair now slick with sweat as he groans and drops to his knees.

“Do it now!” He cries out as if he is in agony. Penny lunges forward, yanking him to the bathroom. As they pass me, he lurches in my direction, his eyes fully red, and zombie-like.

“Luna, I need something to restrain him with,” she calls from the bathroom.

2/5

02025% 12:05

## Chapter 49

Shit, shit, shit. Do I even have anything to tie someone up? Tape? Rope? Unlikely. But I search anyway. I tear the room apart, ripping through drawers and the closet like a madman. I find two belts, and hope it's enough to hold him, even if it's just long enough to get Caspian and find something more suitable.

I trip rushing from the closet, rolling with a pained grunt as I scramble on the floor before finding my footing and pounding on the door. There is no response. Only silence and my heart burns, dread settling in my bones before I pound again.

"Penny!" I shriek, my voice an octave higher than my usual.

"Bring it in here," she says, sounding weak. My hand shakes as I reach out for the doorknob and cautiously push it open. My eyes tear up when I see Percy on the ground struggling under Penny, who has his arm twisted in such a way that he can't even lift his face without hissing in pain.

"This is all I could find," I say, handing her the belts. She frowns and shakes her head.

"Shit. This isn't going to hold him." She mutters.

"Pen..." Percy's voice is strained and full of pain as he shudders. "You have to get her out of here."

"No," I growl, refusing to leave him. The last time I did, he was attacked and already compromised. They ruined his body and hurt him, and now they have a hold of his mind and I won't let them win.

I rush to him, Penny fighting with him as he struggles, tears running down her cheeks. I drop to my knees, hesitating for only a moment before I reach out and grab his face, making sure I meet his eyes.

"You will fight this, Percy." I growl out, putting everything I have into trying to see if I have a voice that can command others like Merikh. His eyes fall closed

and they blink back open, his lycan black eyes coming forward before morphing back into their usual color.

“Luna...” He rasps out. “Th—they want to talk to you.”

His throat bobs, his eyes rolling back into his head like he is fainting before they pop back. They don’t change color, nor does he try to fight against Penny, who is quietly crying and holding him.

I stand and take a deep breath, preparing myself for whatever lies these assholes are going to spew through my friend. Then I look at Penny.

“I am listening,” I tell him, squaring my shoulders. “And then kick their asses out of your head. That’s an order,

3/5

Chapter 49

gamma.”

57

Penny gets off of him, stepping to me in a protective stance. She is ready for anything, but I can tell that she feels

I her twin is strong enough to shake these dicks the second he allows them to deliver their message. If she didn’t, she would have remained where she **was**.

He pushes himself to his knees, panting as his eyes quivers and go red. He finds me, a creepy emptiness taking over his entire demeanor, as his head falls to the side, taking me in. Then a smile creeps over his lips.

“You are stronger.” Percy says, his voice melding with another that is not his own.

“And you are getting more desperate,” I retort. A cackle breaks from his lips, making Penny shudder. I touch her shoulder, knowing this can’t be easy for her to see.

“Oh, not as desperate as you are about to be, Luna Letty.” He drawls out with the melded voice. My spi

n tingles, my skin prickling, and I can feel it. The fear that isn't mind creeping in and up my spine. Merikh was blocking his side of the bond, but I didn't think to block mine from him.

"Just tell me what you have to say." I hiss, my patience gone.

"Your mom would love to meet you," the voice says in a voice too happy to be truthful.

"My mother is dead," I grit out.

"Is she?" They ask and my blood grows cold. I try to reach out to Merikh, needing to feel him, to verify the emotions I am feeling so strongly are only mine, not his..

"Enough of your games," Penny hisses.

"This is no game. No, we are too busy playing with your alpha to need any other entertainment."

"What?" The word falls from my lips, the breath in my lungs whooshing from me. "If you touch him, I will kill you."

"You have to find us first, Luna. And even your siren father has failed to figure us out yet," Percy's possessed mouth says before he gags and crawls to the toilet, vomiting violently.

I spin on my heels, racing for the door, Penny hot on my trail as I break out the bedroom door and down the hall. I can hear voices calling out to me as I sprint out the backdoor, my bare feet padding over the soft grass.

4/5

Chapter 49

"Colette!" I hear my father screaming my name behind me, but I can't stop, can't even pause to beg for help as I follow my heart, hoping it will lead me where I need to go.

-

Merikh!— I scream through the mindlink, knowing the emotions were his and not just my own. He is in trouble. Every fiber in my body can feel it, my wolf can sense it. But yet, he doesn't respond.

“Luna! Please!” Penny calls out behind me.

I can hear her catching up to me just as I look up and I see it. A large Lycan in the distance racing toward us and my heart skips a beat until I realize it’s smaller than Merikh. Then I feel him, my mindlink flooded with love, masking the other emotions as I try to make sense of what the hell is happening.

-Do not come. Stay with your father—

He says, but the distress in his voice betrays him, which means I sure as shit don’t have to obey.—Promise me you will stay with Caspian—

-I promise—

I shoot back at him and then I slow down, looking for my dad who catches up to me, looking concerned.

“You are coming with me,” I tell him, grabbing his hand and dragging him with me as I run.

“Where are we going?” He asks.

“To save my mate.”