

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons Chapter 5

Chapter 5

MERIKH POV

Something snaps in me when I see Colette. Rage rises in my chest unlike any thing I have ever felt and my lycan surfaces without me calling to it. Any pain I had felt from the accident dissipates, a hunger for revenge replacing it as my lycan roars, and we barrel toward the asshole who has her.

He doesn't move as my massive frame crashes into his chest, his sternum creaking in warning before the twanging sound of his lower ribs breaking rings in my ears. I slam him into the edge of the asphalt, a soft grunt and a whoosh of air escaping him as we hit the ground, his head bouncing with a dull thud.

Not a moment is wasted as I straddle his b*dy and my claws rain down on him. Every strike releases the copper taste of blood into the air, sprays landing on my snouted face. He breaks into a fit of laughter, a sick wet and gurgling sound, and I sit back, watching him, confused. For the first time, I notice not only the red that has taken over his eyes but the listless look as he seems to stare right through me.

I tilt my head to the side, watching the blood pool around him as I stand up. The red in his eyes seems to drain, the whites returning and revealing blue eyes that morph into pain. His face distorts, a cry breaking from him as he is consumed by injuries I have delivered. He convulses before his eyes roll to the back of his head, and his b*dy stills.

What the hell was that?

"Alpha!" I hear Percy screaming my name and I spin in time to catch a werewolf as it lunges for my face.

My claws sink into its flesh as I side step and spin, throwing his b*dy into the truck that hit us. His b*dy slams into a jagged edge of metal, piercing through his back and through his chest. When I slide my eyes to Percy again, he shifts into his lycan form and rushes to Colette's unmoving b*dy, fighting

off two men of his own. A tight gripping in my chest spurs me to take a step toward her and see another b*dy to my right.

Where the hell **are** these guys even coming from?

Pain sears the back of my thigh and I hiss, twisting to look down and glimpsing a wolf biting my leg, then bounding back, ready to fight. Her hackles rise and her blood stained lips curls, taunting me as I try to reach out to grab her. She is fast, much faster than the other two assholes.

I take a step forward to attack her when I hear a sound on the cement, a crunch of the broken glass as if

1/5

1091%

18:09

Chapter 5

something being dragged, and I understand this bitch doesn't want to fight me. She is a distraction.

I turn on my heels, sprinting toward Colette, ignoring the weight of the wolf on my back as she latches onto my back. I force the pain of her relentless biting away and focus on the man dragging Colette. He has the same look as the one before, lifeless red eyes that seem hollow.

I hesitate only for a moment before getting close enough to lunge at the guy. Instead of tackling him, I grab hold of his n*ck with a raging roar and hold him up. He releases her ankle and looks off into the forest behind me. I feel more weight at my back, the trickle of blood dripping down my skin, and in frustration, my fingers twitch, crushing his windpipe with my beast claws.

I growl as I drop him to the ground and reach over my shoulder, trying to grab the one on my back but miss. I try again. Once more, she evades my claws. In frustration, I allow myself to fall backward, my gigantic frame crashing hard onto her fur clad b*dy trapping her between my sheer mass and the unmoving

asphalt. I can feel the bones pop and the wetness of her blood spilling beneath me.

I roll off her, scrambling over to Colette as I kneel, unsure of how to hold her. In lycan form I am an eight foot tall half man half lycan, my body covered in muscle and fur, but my claws...they are dangerous and I could hurt her. The last thing I want to do is hurt her more, so I lean forward, my arms framing her freckled face, and I see a cut over her eye.

My lycan whines dipping our head down, nuzzling our cool snout along her cheek, hoping to awaken her though she does not move. I can hear her heartbeat, feel her warm breath so I know she is alive, but she is losing blood quickly and her leg needs healing fast.

I hear the roar of Percy's lycan and see him drop to his knees before three red-eyed wolves. I jerk up to move, but catch the movement of more in my peripheral and I growl low in frustration. Where the hell are the rest of my pack who traveled with me? If I don't go to Percy, he likely will be killed. But I refuse to leave Colette exposed to these assholes' grabby hands.

I whimper in her ear, my razor sharp claw gingerly slipping around her as I pull her to my heaving chest. I sprint to Percy, clinging my lycan close, then step behind the man closest to me before getting up behind him and sinking my teeth into the nape of his sweaty neck.

The tang of warm blood hits my tongue and my lycan purrs in excitement. I spin on my massive feet, biting down to the vertebra as I spin, leaning forward to ensure he isn't close enough to grab for Colette, and then I twist my head to the left with a quick snap and his body goes limp.

Percy takes the moment to lunge for the legs of the second guy, his claws slicing through flesh and embedding

2/5

Chapter 5

+5

into femur. I take two steps toward the other asshole, who turns to face me as someone in human form tackles him. He lands on top, hammering his fists into the man's face before stopping short of killing him.

"Want him alive?" Hayes, my beta, asks and a sense of relief washes over me. My eyes close, my lycan retreating, knowing we have our back up.

"He will be of no use. Look at his eyes. I don't think they will remember anything." I murmur, walking over to him. Percy pants in his human form, hunched over and his face as red as his hair as he slides a glare to Hayes.

"Interesting," Hayes says, then he reaches down and swiftly and painlessly breaks the man's n*ck before turning to walk over to us.

"You are late," Percy hisses, rising to his feet.

"You were due to meet us, Percy. Not the other way around." He reminds him as he snaps to one of our warriors and catches a bag of clothing.

Hayes tosses a pair of shorts at Percy's face, who catches it with a growl before pulling them over his exposed lower half. He reaches out to hand me a pair of sweatpants and quirks a brow when he sees my hesitancy to

release Colette.

"You expecting me to put them on you?" He asks with a smirk and I glare at him.

"I need a healer now. And somewhere soft to lay her." I order.

"There is some grass over the-"

I growl with my Alpha tone and his eyes grow wide in shock. He steps close to me, frustration in his eyes.

"I am your beta, but I am also your brother, Merikh. If you don't like an option given, **use** your big boy words, not your big boy voice."

"She is your Luna Hayes," I grit out. "Do you think the grass is where she belongs?"

“When there is nowhere else?” he scoffs. “Then **yes.**”

“Alpha, I will take her,” our warrior medic says, putting his arms out. I scowl, taking a step back and hugging her

close.

3/5

“No.” I growl and Hayes frowns.

“You asked for a healer,” He reminds me and she whimpers in my arms, the pain waking her.

“I promise to be gentle,” my medic assures me and I reluctantly release her to him and he rushes off.

“So that’s our Luna, huh?” Hayes says, tossing my sweatpants at me.

“Yes.” I respond by shoving my leg through the pants violently.

“Doesn’t look like much,” he tilts his head and I freeze, fury racing through me as my lips twitch and I remind myself I can’t kill my little brother. Even if he is really pissing me off.

“Watch how you talk about her,” Percy says, pacing over.

“Watch how you talk to me,” Hayes shoots back. “I am your superior.”

“Enough,” I growl. “I will not have you talking poorly of what is mine.”

Hayes’ eyebrows shoot up in surprise.

“Yours? And here I thought your plan wasn’t even to follow through with the union...”

“Things changed,” I mutter, heading in the direction they took Colette. I can see her injuries being examined quickly, while they prepare the herbs to stop the bleeding and numb the site of her injury.

“Things changed? Like what?” Hayes scoffs. I purse my lips, glancing over at her once more. “You better not tell me she is your second chance mate,”

I exhale, turning back to look at him and he runs a hand through his hair, his tongue rubbing over his teeth.

“Holy shit! She is, isn’t she?”

4/5