

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons Chapter 2

Chapter 2

The man at the end of the aisle is impossible to miss, his back to me as he speaks with one of his own clan. I can only assume he is Alpha Merikh and my skin grows cold. My idle hands smooth the bodice of my dress as I try to focus on my erratic breathing, my nerves frayed as I march down the aisle toward potential doom. Each step brings me frighteningly closer to the mountain of a lycan.

I lick my lips, ready to give him the speech I whipped up, but I freeze as he turns to face me fully, my breath catching in my throat and eyes growing wide. I am utterly distracted by his looks. Eyes as green as emeralds, a facial structure carved by the heavens and an imposing aura that entraps you, draws you in. And much to my surprise, no scar marks his perfect face. I tilt my head, confused.

This can't be Alpha Merikh. I've heard stories of the Alpha of Death and the scars that have kept him hidden for years. But this guy...this guy is ethereal. He is handsome in the truest form; he is literal perfection. How am I supposed to tell him his Alpha is being stood up?

"You do not look like the picture provided," he says, his eyebrow arched in curiosity.

"You are not Alpha Merikh." I say, dumbfounded. He looks amused, shoving his hands into his pockets, rocking

back on his feet.

"No?" He asks and I furrow my brows.

"I mean, are you...Alpha Merikh?" I whisper,

"You do not think I am, so I must not be," He answers with a shrug and I feel a wave of relief come over me.

"I need you to give a message to your Alpha, or take me to him to deliver it myself. But it is urgent." I rush out.

"I can deliver a message."

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“His contracted mate will not attend the ceremony.” I tell him.

“Are you telling me that the treaty is dead?” He asks.

“No! No, they are going to find him a new mate. A better one.” I squeak out, looking around for Alpha Bentley, praying he hurries up before Alpha Merikh makes his way out expecting to start a ceremony that isn’t happening. at least not yet.

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“And who could be better than the Alpha’s daughter?” He raises a brow.

“Anyone would be better than Leslie.” I mutter under my breath.

“Then I should choose a mate of my own liking.” He offers. I stare at him horrified that he heard me then his words settle in and my horror turns to terror when I realize he is talking about himself which means...

“Y— you are Alpha Merikh,” I whisper, awareness trickling down my spine as I force myself to meet his amused gaze. I just spoke like an equal to the Alpha of Death. The lycan king himself.

“I am?” he asks, a cocky grin on his plush lips.

“I— i thought you would look different.” I stutter, wringing my hands, unsure of how to act in the presence of royalty. Am I supposed to bow?

“You expected a face full of scars?” he leans forward, whispering. “I have scars. Just not where you can see them

when I am clothed.” He winks at me and my cheeks heat.

“Colette,” Alpha Bentley says, rushing up to me. I’m not sure I have ever been happy to see this man but right now is an exception as he pulls Alpha Merikh’s attention from me. “Did you deliver the news to Alpha Merikh?”

“She has informed me.” Merikh says, his eyes locking back on mine as if we are in some silent battle I’m not privy

1. to.

“I have found you a replacement for my daughter.” Alpha Bentley rushes out, his eyes pleading for mercy.

“No need,” Merikh says, turning to face me once more, mischief swirling around him. “I will be choosing my own mate.”

“Yes, I suppose that would be fair, given the circumstances.” Alpha Bentley grabs hold of my arm, dragging me away. “Come, Colette, Leslie is in need of you.”

Merikh growls possessively, taking my free arm and pulling me gently toward him. I gasp out in shock, an arm in each man’s hands as I look up at Alpha Merikh, confused.

“I want Colette. I will be taking her as my mate,” he announces and my mouth goes dry.

“Me?” I rasp out shocked, my eyebrows shooting up to my hairline as I try to process his insane request.

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“Absolutely not.” Bentley tugs me toward him harder and Merikh releases his hold with a growl, his eyes growing dark. “Alpha Merikh, you don’t want her, I’m not sure you realize she is a maid. She takes care of Leslie **and-**” Alpha Bentley stammers, looking panicked.

“Colette, do you accept my offer?” He asks me directly.

“She does not get to speak for herself.” Alpha Bentley hisses, pushing me behind him.

“I don’t think you understand, Bentley.” Merikh steps into him, his imposing frame casting an ominous shadow over us as his lip twitches in anger. “I will have Colette or we will **have** a war. Is that understood?”

“You don’t want me,” I whisper as he reaches around Bentley, and pulls me to his side, ignoring my protests. “I’m no one. I have no status. My mate rejected me.” I try like hell to get him to see he doesn’t want me. That I will eventually let him down and then he will just have to kill me off.

“I have made up my mind,” he turns to face me. “If you wish to back out then speak now and I will prepare my warriors for attack. I do not have time to make you feel like I want you for your virtues or your looks. Truth be told, you are oddly small and thin.”

His words aren’t loving or kind and I get the feeling I am nothing more than a pawn in some game. Yet the more I process his question the more I realize this is my way out. Forget the years of suffering or torment, I need to run

away.

I need a place to go so I don’t have to watch the man I love raise a child with the woman whose life goal is to make my everyday literal hell. Alpha Merikh may look like an angel of death but his offer is the only one that promises me a life.

“Do you accept, Colette? Yes or no,” he asks once more and I nibble my lip and slowly nod my head.

“Yes,” I whisper, my chest hurting, and the room feeling suddenly smaller.

“Excellent.”

The next few moments move in a blur. Someone speaks, thanking everyone for gathering or something to that effect. I can’t focus because I am too stuck staring at the man who is forcing me, of all people, to be his mate. No, not forcing. Maybe he is saving me. But that doesn’t feel right either...

He takes my hand in his, leading me to the center of the aisle where we face each other. Our hands remain joined as he focuses solely on me.

3/5

“I, Alpha Merikh Hidden Shadows pack and The Lycan King, choose you, Colette, of the Black Mountain pack, to be my mate, my Luna.”

His words are firm and final as he speaks loudly for all to hear. I draw in a shaky breath. It should be me saying these words to Grady, promising myself to Grady, yet here I am acting on a broken heart and impulse. I hope when Grady hears of this it hurts him just as much as his betrayal is hurting me.

Merikh clears his throat, pulling me back to the here and now and I shake my head, my eyes closing as I focus on

the task at hand.

“Uh—1, Colette of the Black Mountain Pack, choose you, Alpha Merikh, to be my mate and my alpha.” I say, softly.

Merikh gives me a tight-lipped smile and my body buzzes with electricity. His eyes turn black as he pulls me close to his chest. Weak sparks flutter from his contact and I inhale sharply at the shock of it. I didn't realize that chosen mates could also feel the sparks and my heart patters in delight.

Maybe this whole thing won't be so bad? With Grady out of the picture I have nothing to lose but myself if I stay. This was my only choice. No, this was the right choice.

rage as she barrels

“Stop!” Leslie **roars**, her voice echoing off the walls. Her cheeks are pink and her eyes black in rage toward us dawning her scarlet red dress that clings to her curves.

Merikh loosens his hold on me and I adjust my dress, a sense of dread raining down on me as he watches her. A movement in the back draws my attention and my heart stutters when I see Grady, his eyes red and puffy and his face full of conflict as he watches me. Guilt rips through my core and I feel tears welling, threatening to spill down my cheeks.

A sudden pain blazes through my cheek as my head whips to the side and I blink trying to understand what is happening. When I turn to look at Leslie I find myself facing Merikh's back as he stands in front of me

protectively.

"Rescind it." Leslie growls. "Take back your claim on him Colette and I'll forgive you for this screw up."

M

Merikh laughs lightly, leaning closer to Leslie who squares her shoulders trying to look tough but she reeks of fear. He is unreadable as he tilts his head, looking her up and down.

"You will forgive her?" Merikh says, sounding bored. He takes a menacing step toward her "Do you think I am stupid? I do know what you have been up to over the past few months." He growls, and she scoffs as though he

is crazy.

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"I don't know what you are talking about," she says coolly, looking away from him. "No doubt lies from a

servant."

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"She is a Luna," He sneers, taking a step back from her like she isn't worth his time.

He moves behind me and the panic in **Leslie's** eyes over takes her usual brown, jealousy clearly lacing its way through her. She looks to the outskirts of the room and licks her lips before stepping closer to me. Merikh growls in warning but she ignores him.

"Grady is waiting for you." She whispers moving closer to me and my heart skips a beat, my eyes drifting to him against the wall, where I see hope on his sul

len face. "You have loved him as long as I can remember. You still have time to rekindle the bond. I give my blessing, all you have to do is take back your oath."

Merikh chuckles like it's a joke but I can't bring myself to look at him. My heart yearns to be with Grady and reignite our bond. For as long as a girl can have a crush my heart has beat for him. My skin has longed for his touch. Is it really possible to back out, to save the bond that has already been broken with Grady?

I give into the stare I can feel from Merikh, looking up at him over my shoulder a glint in his eyes as he tries to read me. Then I look over at Grady hope written all over his face, his attention focused on me. Merikh's face blocks my view of Grady and he reaches out, taking hold of my chin with his fingers, making sure he has my undivided attention.

"You are mine now, little mate. Look at him like that again and I will kill him." He whispers.