

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

Chapter 31-35

Chapter 31

"We will not see eye to eye on this matter, I fear." He sighs heavily, shaking his head.

I shrug and keep walking, picking up my pace to get back to Merikh a little sooner. No matter how much he gives me the silent treatment. I crave his presence when I'm not around him.

Maybe it's the supposed second chance mate bond her claims we have. Or perhaps it's because I find I feel safe with only him. Either way, I want this encounter to be over.

"I suppose not." I frown, my eyes scanning the shadows of the trees along the east, looking for Percy. It would be nice to know where exactly he is, to give him a **signal** that I want him to come whisk me away.

"Your friend is still there. I **can** sense his presence." **Caspian** says without looking at me. "He is lucky **that** we allow him to remain here. We could have him dispatched, and you wouldn't be able to do anything about it"

"We wouldn't be here if we couldn't bring him, and touch him and I will rage **a** war." I snark at him a little sassier than I

should.

"Mmm, I don't recall even inviting your kind here in the first place," He retorts. This king swaps moods quicker **than** a woman trying on **a** dress for her first date.

"**And** yet we found an invitation. You don't find that odd?" I ask him and he refuses to look at me,

"I'm not sure I understand what you mean," Caspian mutters, sounding bored.

"Someone at this event wants us to be here." I shrug. "My guess is the person who is trying to hurt me, and Merikh has ulterior motives."

“It is possible.” He shrugs, sounding disinterested before he releases a large huff. “Well Letty, it was an interesting interaction but I suppose I should be off...”

“Can I ask you something?” I ask, stopping him by stepping in his way. He places his hands on his hips **and** looks me over with a curious gaze before nodding **and** rolling his eyes.

“You may ask, but I do not promise to answer,” he bites out, making sure I understand he is in control of **this** conversation.. Which means I need to tread lightly...

“Why can’t you have a mate?” I ask, and he laughs, caught off guard by—my question. I notice the way the water ripples in tune with his melodic tune, and I realize that is just a small semblance of his true force, his real power.

“Sirens do not have mates, like unicorns or witches,” he explains. “Werewolves and lycans are the favored of the species, always the loyal one and you were all rewarded with a love that can not be refuted.”

I snort. “I’ve seen it be refuted. Rejection seems to be a rising trend in our community.”

“Yes, I suppose **you** have, considering the story you told us at dinner a week ago. What I mean to say is that it is a soul tie. Something that goes beyond love. It’s a completion of your soul. Without it, you are only half a person.”

I furrow my brows in thought.

“So then, what do you call your version of a mate?”

He shrugs and looks up at the sky for a moment.

“We use the term mate as well, but it does not have the **same** meaning. Ours **is a** partner. Someone we chose as we **think** they will strengthen us and make us wiser. Mates for us **is** a strategy, one that often ends in multiple mates.”

My brows knit together in thought.

“And you have chosen not to take a mate?” I ask him and he nods his head yes. “And why is that? Do you not need to **have a**

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He chuckles and shakes his head

“I have **many** nieces and nephews who would love to **have** my **throne**.” He says.

“But that doesn’t mean that they are suited for it. **And** you avoided the real question,” **I say**, quirking a brow

*True, many of them are not. But I **am** too old now for a child, so I will choose from them one day. And no, I do not need a mate as I do not plan to have a child at my age.

I **give** him a credulous stare. Does he seriously think a mate is just a strategic act? One that means you have to have a kid?

“Having **a** mate isn’t just to have **a kid**. It’s about **having** a **home inside** your house. Somewhere you can go when you are **lost** inside your head. Someone who keeps you **safe** just by holding **you** close.”

I watch his lips twitch as he looks off into the distance wistfully.

“I know,” he whispers as if he is speaking to a memory, and I watch him curiously,

I let him **dream** in his **head** for a moment, thinking of the other species and their way to find a mate. Or their own version of a mate. Caspian is so right. How truly lucky we are to have a fated mate that we can know is meant to be **ours** and not someone else’s. Not that I can tell if I have that with Merikh yet. But the thought is truly a thrilling one.

Then I think about Lauren. How **she** was mated to Merikh and yet, she still chose a vampire over him and our kind. Can cross species children happen from time to time? I mean, if Lauren and Johannes were lovers, surely they could procreate?

“You look inquisitive again,” Caspian says, sounding amused.

"I'm just curious. I admit. "I did not know there were any other species out there, let alone this many. Is it possible for a werewolf to mate with **any** of them?" I ask.

"No." He says quickly, like he is trying to shut the topic down, but I won't let this go that easily. I am intrigued by the thought there could be thousands of little hybrids **running** around the world.

"No, it's not possible? Or no, it's not allowed." I ask, making sure **to** slide my eyes to **him**, studying his **face**, hoping to tell if he lies to me or not.

"It is not allowed." He says, refusing to look at me.

"But Lauren and Johannes..." I say and he heaves a heavy sigh

"Vampires can not have children. Not with a species that is not their own." He explains. "Vampires can choose whatever mate they want because there is no risk of a born hybrid from them."

"Has it happened with any other two species before?" I ask, growing more curious by the moment.

"Yes," he sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose as though he is annoyed with all the questions. But I have no plans to stop until he asks or walks away.

"How many times?" I ask, getting excited and he looks **away**, his body growing stiff and the air around him turning chilled.

"Once." He says, clearing his throat and looking away from me.

"And what happened to him?" **I ask** and he clears his throat, stopping where he is before he looks around and then steps into my personal space.

"Why? Do you wish to create a hybrid child?" His words are harsh, full of a thinly **veiled** anger.

"What? No. I will carry my mate's children. I am just curious." I try to explain

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“You are too curious. He **hisses**, again his eyes darting around and his **voice** barely a whisper.

“Maybe **you** are too **evasive**.” I shrug and he **sucks** on his teeth.

“She died,” He clears his throat. “It **was** a girl, and she was killed. A hybrid is against council rules. They can not exist. A hybrid would be too powerful and unpredictable”

I feel a tightness in my chest at his words, the way he tries to hide his emotions, hiding behind his annoyance with me and anger. Caspian is the king, and has been for a very long time. If a hybrid was killed, it was his order that killed her. It would have to be.

His anger isn't anger at all. It's guilt. **And it makes** me sick to **think** he could ever order someone to death over something that wasn't their own fault.

“How old was she?” I whisper, needing to know the level of evil I am dealing with. I have to see if this handsome older **man** from the sea is truly a **sea** monster or just an old lonely man from the depths of the **ocean**.

He looks away, a mist in his eyes.

“She was ten.”

My mouth goes dry, my throat aching from resisting the urge to cry. Who does that? Who kills a child for being born? **What** assholes **kill** someone because they are afraid someone might be more powerful than them?

“You killed..” I pause, swallowing roughly “A child. A little girl

“The council has rules.” He clips out.

“This council is bullshit.” I growl. “A child! Do you hear yourself? You killed a child because her parents loved each other.”

Caspian

turns his gray eyes **on** me, a hurricane lashing through his dark irises as the water **to** my side floats. His eyes flash like lightning striking through the sky as he seems to fight for control of his emotions or power.

“Your kind killed her,” he roars, his voice echoing through the trees, and I see Percy as he moves swiftly to my side. Then a warm hand wraps into mine and tugs me back. I look up to see Merikh, his eyes black as he stares down Caspian with a raging fury

“Our kind saved her.” He growls. My eyes grow wide and snap up to him in shock.

“Lies!” **Caspian** steps closer, the water moving forward **with** him.

“I have proof.” **Merikh** says, standing tall, unwavering. “I **have** proof and **when** you are ready to discuss letting us back on the council, I will share it all with you.”

Then he turns his back to the still raging Caspian, pulling me along beside him, taking us back up to the house.

“Merikh, what was **that** about?” I hiss at him and he slides me a look but refuses to say anything **until** we make it back to the bedroom.

“There is something I need to tell you...” He sighs, pulling me down to sit on the bed next to him. “And it **might** be difficult for you to believe.”

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“Merikh

POV

“Okay, what do you have to tell me?” Colette asks. She turns her body to face me, a look of worry on her brow as he tilts her **head** and prepares herself.

The only problem **is** I don’t know that this is the right time to tell her. To explain to her that the whole **reason** she is here with me is entirely because she is the one **and** only hybrid to ever exist.

My choosing Leslie as a mate was no coincidence. I had every intention of leaving her before the ceremony and kidnapping Colette if need be. Fate clearly had other plans, but the fact remains. Colette is my proof that the only ever hybrid was saved by my family. Not only is she that hybrid, but the only **child** of Caspian.

She takes my hand, turning it over so my palm is **facing** up, and then she gently lifts it, pressing it to her lips. There's no fighting the shiver that runs through me, the desire that has been there **and** doesn't seem to go away rages **against** my barriers. I have thrown up time and **time** again to protect myself.

"You can tell me later, if it's easier." She whispers. "You seem exhausted and tomorrow you have the second meeting."

I stare at this timid, beautiful woman and my heart aches. Guilt **riddles** me, every day wreaking **havoc** on my heart and in my mind and my lycan...my lycan fights me tooth and nail to claim what is ours, what we have hidden away to keep us in check. I want to speak to her, to tell her everything, but trust is as elusive as fucking smoke.

The moon goddess has failed me once before. And though I punished myself for my part in everything, the way I turned a blind eye to Lauren's misgivings in the name of the mate bond. I don't think I can trust the moon goddess **again**, and that makes it impossible to know if I can trust in Colette the way I yearn to

.

"I-

"I try to speak but I say nothing, only staring at her, hating myself more with every passing second because I am weak. So fucking **weak** and though I tricked her into the oath, even though I don't deserve her.

I crave her. My soul begs to be one with hers, constantly fighting me, tearing at my conscience. Shit. I don't know what to do with her anymore. Shit, I know I have to tell her something. I can't **just** hide from her forever like I **have** for the last week.

"I am ready to hear what you **have** to say about Grady—
I offer, swallowing roughly as I allow her to play with my hand before entwining our fingers. She watches me closely, assessing my response, waiting for me to pull away from her like I always do.

“Are you sure?” she whispers, making sure her eyes meet mine, trying to pull the truth from inside of me.

“Yes,” I nod..

“You can’t run off, or get mad.” She says, again waiting for me to run away like I always seem to do.

“I won’t.” I assure her, but she looks skeptical. Colette sucks **in a** deep breath **and** then nods.

“Grady was my best friend. My only friend. He **would** sneak me food, and comfort me when I would cry. I had a crush on him, no...I loved him. She pauses to look at me as I fight my **anger**, every bit of **jealousy** in my body looks for a way out but I bite it back, forcing it **away** and focusing on the **woman** who is here, with me, holding my hand.

“I am fine,” I assure her through gritted teeth. I notice a small smile tugging at her lips, but she nods and continues, anyway.

“I loved him, but my feelings were one sided. Everyone knew it, including me. He slept around with girls and stuff, but when he slept with Leslie, it hurt the most because she always took such joy in causing me pain. I wanted nothing to do with him after he rejected me. It was **still** so fresh when I agreed to be your mate. I was still mourning, and I was trying to do it **alone**, without you seeing”

“That **was** wrong of me,” I admit. “I see **that** now.”

“If we are second **chance** mates like **you said** we are-

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“We are,” I state firmly, and she gives me a tight-lipped smile.

“Trust goes both ways, Merikh, so I hope you can forgive me for being skeptical of that claim.” Her words are brutal and blunt, but it’s what I need. It’s the delivery I need. It feels **truthful and** honest **and** I have to feel **that**. No, I need to

“I understand.” I struggle to get the words out, my ribs aching from restraining myself and fighting my nature to argue back, to make a point or to let my anger take over.

“When Grady showed up, I already knew I wanted to be with you, sure I had made **you** a promise and I keep promises, but I fell for **you** after the second week and then I feel hard, so damn **hard** and knowing about **your** past...it let me see you in a different light. I can be patient, Merikh. But it won't change my mind. I chose you and our pack. I chose you the day of our mating ceremony and I chose you over Grady and even now I'm choosing you again even when you make me so angry I

cry.

Her **words** feel like an ax to the chest, splitting me open like a **soft** log and tearing me in two. There is so much **to** hear in there, but all I can do is feel it. She has not tried to run from me, even when I reveal my insecurities. Even when I am acting a fool

When I was with Lauren, I felt drawn to her because of the bond. It was only the bond, but with Colette it is different. My heart is nearly bursting and it feels like I am going to burn up just sitting here.

“I **love** you” My eyes shoot up in shock. The words tumbling from my lips before I can even have the moment to think about what is coming out. Did I just tell her that?

“What?” she gasps. Her eyes grow misty and she searches my face for the lie, one I realize she won't find because damn it, somehow between **my lack** of trust and my temper tantrums and secrets, I feel in love.

Not

because of a bond or because it would make our reign easier. I fell in love with her because of her patience, her kindness and how gentle she is, and that growing snark adds she finds herself.

“I—I love you.” I stutter **again**.

The air in the room feels thin, my cheeks warm as I grow embarrassed with every **passing** second she stares at me. Then she **stands**, moving in front of me

e. Colette reaches out, dragging me up with her as she wraps her arms around my neck.

“I swear to you, I slapped Grady and told him to leave. I did not kiss him back. Ask me, ask me to tell you the truth under the oath and I will tell you the same thing-”

My lips slam into hers, unable to stop myself as my heart **thuds** painfully against my ribs, begging to leap into her hands and let her have control of it. I slide my arms around her back, pulling her as close to me as possible before gliding my tongue **over** her lips, begging for entry, needing to taste her.

+ Colette tilts her chin up, her mouth parting as she hums in delight. I seize the moment, mingling my tongue with hers as

my stomach flips, the butterflies turning into a tumultuous hurricane.

This isn't a kiss of passion, it's one for survival, one to hide in, as I push everything that should keep us apart to the back of my mind and let my heart and lycan win.

He **adds** to the hunger that rises low in me, and she rolls her hips into my body. She rises on her tiptoes, trying to better reach me, **so** I reach down, cupping her upper thighs as I drag her up my body, showing her what she has done with me. Her frame shivers as she whimpers and kisses me deeper, her fingers tangling in my hair, dragging me closer to her.

My conscience tries to creep up. She should know who she is before I take anything further. She should know all the **things** I know about her. Then one of her hands releases me and caresses its way down my chest and she drags it across the top of

my dress slacks.

“Fuck,” I grumble against her lips.

I spin her, **using** one **hand** to keep her pressed to me as I lean down and crawl onto the bed, then gently lay her beneath me. Her hair sprawls out like a halo around her head and I suck in sharply. She **is** absolutely stunning. Then she pouts and I realize just how lost I am. I am a man lost at sea and she is the siren leading me home.

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“Don’t stop, please.” She whimpers, her hands gripping my hips and pulling me down to her. “Please stop thinking and just... live in this moment?”

There is no denying her anything, not now that I realize I love her.

It’s funny how I **thought** who she is or what she is was so important to the council. I **was** so damn wrong.

Who she is, is my **Luna**.

What she is, **is** mine.

And I am done denying us both what we need.

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“Colette”

My body hums and my stomach is full of butterflies as Merikh kisses me, his body pressing into me from above as I snake my hands up his neck and into his hair. Our tongues tangle **in** a glorious battle for the control we both lack. I have wanted more from him, all of **him** for what feels like so damn long, and now that I am getting more from him. I fear I may die if I don’t get every piece..

His hand roams to my waistline, teasing the hem of my top with his thumb before it slips under and his palm slides up my skin, teasing the bottom of my bralette. I roll my hips, trying to encourage him, making him touch me more, explore more. He smiles against my lips, and I **break** away, pressing my head back and looking up at him, making sure he is here, that he isn’t going to tear away from me.

“I’m not going anywhere,” he whispers, his lips finding my ear lobe before he **kisses** my neck, slowly peppering my **skin** with his lips. **His** thumb slips under

my bra, brushing over my **sensitive skin**, and I shiver under his touch, my eyes closing **as I**

gasp.

eas

His weight shifts **and** his body moves from me as he goes up on his knees and reaches down, tugging my shirt up. I arch my back, giving him the wiggle room as he pulls it up over my head. Merikh bites his lip, his green eyes flickering with hints of black **as** he drinks me in and as if moving **in slow** motion he reaches for his shirt and shucks it off in one fell swoop.

His hands fan out over my stomach, feeling my skin as he moves them up, and then he lifts the base of my bralette and shimmies it up over my head. He twists it tight, capturing my wrists as my eyes grow wide in shock and he presses them into the bed above my head.

“Better than I could **have** ever imagined.” He groans. His words make me feel sexy and wanted for the first time in my life, and I smile, happy to have pleased **him**.

Then he leans down, his mouth at my throat as he nips and kisses down to my collarbone before moving to my right breast. He captures me in pleasure with his warm mouth, drawing out a moan while his other hand holds my **arms** still. He moves his legs one at a time between my thighs without so much as releasing me from his glorious onslaught of torture to my body

“Marikh,” I whine, needing something more, anything more than this..

He chuckles, releasing me and moving to my other breast **again**, making me whimper as I roll my hips, looking for him. I need the friction to satiate the burning growing between my legs where I know I need him. Too many times he has started something and then pulled away and that fear is heavy in my stomach,

“Mmm?” he hums, the vibration from his voice making my mouth fall open with a needy cry for more.

“I want to touch you.” I murmur, my eyes closed, my body shivering with need.

I have to feel his chest, his stomach, his back as it flexes **while** he explores me. I want to explore him. Hell, I need to learn. every sound I can elicit from him. He moves from my body, his lips finding mine as he presses down on me, untwisting my bralette from my hands and like a magnet I find his bare back, my hands running along him committing to memory every groove of muscle, every dip where he flexes and strains to hold himself back

This is my first time. My first make—

out session, first time anyone has **touched** me like this and if I have my way, my first.. everything. I slip my hands down his back, dragging them around to the front of his pants. My fingers shake, trying to undo his belt buckle, and he reaches down stopping me.

“Colette...” His voice is a warning and a question, daring me to keep going, telling me exactly what will happen if I don’t stop. There **is a** glint of danger in his eyes, a **feral** side of him I want to see...no need to experience, and I **want** it now.

I shirk, tilting my head to the side as I use my free hand to grip his and remove it from my other. Then, without breaking eye contact. I undo his belt buckle and slide it out, tossing it to the side. His lips twitch, a flurry of excitement taking over **his** reservations, and he returns the favor, reaching down and sliding the yoga pants down and under my ass before he moves off of me and takes them with him.

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Once again, his eyes scan me as he sighs, content. His deft hands finish what I had started, unbuttoning his pants as he watches me with **a** glimmer. He slides them down his legs and I bite **back a moan** when he stands, completely nude before me. Old Colette would panic now. She would hide away and close her eyes. But not the new me. Not Luna Letty.

Instead, I push myself up, inching to the edge of the bed where he stands, and I take hold of him as he shivers in my grip. Then I slide my hand down, **quick** and gently, before doing it again, faster and

reach out, playing with my breast, twisting **and** pulling until he has me a method a tighter grip. His fingers twitch as they

in his grip.

I let go of him, inching backward, my **eyes** flickering between his eyes and the part of him I am both nervous and excited for. He licks his lips like he is chasing down his prey as he crawls onto the bed, pressing my knees apart as he starts down and groans.

“I couldn’t have **dreamed up** a more beautiful sight, my little luna.” He growls. My heart **soars** at the knowledge he has dreamed of this moment like I have. Merikh then leans over me, his hand coming to my throat, making my heart race and my mind run all sorts of places from **panic to need**.

Then he drags it down, stopping between my legs as he presses his lips to mine, Merikh rubs his finger over me and my nerve endings explode, my mouth falling **open** in surprise as he chuckles and does it again. My **body** jolts in delight as I roll against him, seeking more, needing more.

“I want you,” I whisper. “I’m ready”

He tuts, shaking his head.

“Not yet. I don’t want to hurt you. I have done so much of that already.” he presses his lips to mine, his fingers moving in a pattern, more regularly.

He consumes my moans as I buck and writhe against him, looking for more as my body craves something while simultaneously feeling like I can’t handle a single moment more. Then a finger enters me and I cease breathing. His thumb circles the outside while he gently removes his finger, only to plunge it in **again** and again.

Pleasure mounts **and** I can no longer even remember how to kiss him back **as** my head presses **into** the mattress, my breathing erratic and breathy,

“Shit. Merikh. P-p-please. I am ready.”

He gently removes his **hand**, rising onto his **knees** with a pleased grin on his lips. Then he grips my hips and drags my ass flush to him. When he leans down, his full erection presses against my swollen and throbbing middle, and I can feel his blood pulsing through it. He is just as turned **on** and needy as I am.

He settles back a little, moving over me and lining us up as he presses his elbows to the side of me and kisses my lips. **When** he pulls back, his eyes meet mine and I feel him pressing at my entrance. I thrust my hips, unable to wait a second longer, and gasp as he **glides** in. He groans, his mouth finding **mine** as he presses in slowly.

There is a slight sting, and I wince as he tears away from my lips, worrying his brow. My hands fly out in a panic, fearing he will stop.

“No, no, no! I am fine.” I rasp out.

He presses **in** deeper and my eyes close, relishing every second, trying to be sure I remember this moment. Once I feel his pelvis pressed to **mine**, he waits for a moment, then he draws back and slowly he does it **again**.

Each time, his movements are faster, a little harder, and I roll my hips, meeting his every thrust. He grunts, his mouth finding me as I rub my sensitive parts against him every time he pushes in fully.

The fire builds, my eyes growing starry as I stutter in my breathing. My **body** feels like it is spiraling out of control as I dig **my nails** into his back, need him closer, needing something more. He pulls back, his hips still driving into me as he looks down at me, captivating me and making it impossible to **look** away from him.

He reaches down between us, using his thumb as he rubs over my little nub and I explode. My hands and feet tingle, my body convulsing against him as warmth fills me from within and I cry out. He rubs me, making me feel everything with more intensity as my vision dots.

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Chapter

“Merikh,” I gasp. As my body finally calms down, he stops, **reaching** down **and** lifting me onto him. He doesn’t pull out of me, instead he holds me close, him on his knees and me straddling him **as** he comes down from his moment too.

He peppers me with kisses, along my neck, across my shoulder and down again to my breast, suckling on them for a moment as my head rolls back, riding the little waves of pleasure before the exhaustion settles in. Then he grips my legs, keeping me where I am as he crawls to the edge of the bed and carries me to the bathroom.

I watch in awe as He places me on the counter, grabbing a towel as he cleans me up, then himself.

“I’m going to draw us a **bath**,” he says, turning on the water and pouring in a concoction of items before he scoops me up and settles into the bath with my back pressed against his chest.

do I need a bath?” I ask, my head falling to his shoulder, my eyes **grow** heavy .

“You are going to be sore otherwise. He whispers into my **car**..

“**Mmm**, Merikh?” I **ask** him, trying like hell to stay awake.

“Yeah?”

“Why didn’t you mark me?” I **ask**, feeling a little disheartened that he didn’t **think** to mark me. I feel his body tense **and** he releases a heavy sigh.

“Shhh, rest,” he murmurs. “We can talk about that when you wake up

It may

be the exhaustion speaking, but it feels like **he** is trying to avoid the subject. Instead. I choose to relish this moment. We can **dissect** his **reasoning another** day, I suppose.

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Chapter 34

“Merikh”

The sun has been up for a few hours, gently creeping through the window as the soft breeze brushes the curtains aside. Ordinarily I wouldn't sleep with a window open, not after what happened with Colette and the dream weavers, but this is a magic free zone.

No one, not even the assholes who are lurking behind these **mansion** walls, can use magic without being detected. **Caspian** himself will have to log his magic use from last night.

Colette stirs, a sweet groan passing her plush lips **as** her hands glide up the satin sheets above her head as she stretches. The **sage** fabric slips down, exposing her supple breast and my lycan pants, begging for more of her.

He is raging about not having marked her when we had the chance. But no matter how much he tries to force that I refuse to **mark** her. Not **until** she knows everything.

I **have** fucked up in every way when it comes to this stunning woman, and I want her to know exactly who and what she is getting when she agrees to my mark. Yes, she is stuck **with** me. But I have taken every option from her and the guilt is eating me alive more than my need to show the world she is mine and initiate that final step in our relationship. One that is rocky at best half the time.

Her head turns to me, her eyes blinking away the sleepiness as the sun filters in, landing on her exposed chest, and I grin at her. With steady hands, I reach out, stroking her cheek, dragging my index finger along her jawline and down her throat.

I pause at her collarbone, making eye contact as she arches her back up toward my touch and nibbles on her lip. She is asking for more. Looking for that touch as she reaches for the blanket. My stomach flops and I reach down to stop her **from** covering herself.

"Don't hide from me." I whisper as I slide down the bed, my hand brushing **over** her flesh and making her **shiver**. "Don't you ever hide from me

"**I'm** not the one who is always hiding," she murmurs, her eyes closing and her words breathy as I move closer, pressing my nose to her neck and kiss her soft skin. She **makes** a very solid point.

She is always the one trying, **chasing**, and waiting for me. But if she knew what I knew, if she knew just how well I **know** her. would she finally pull away? Would that be the last straw for her? Or would she remain constant, patient and waiting like she always **has** with me?

I cover her breast with my hand, kneading her gently, before twisting and playing with her alert skin. Damn, she feels perfect in my hands, my arms...every way. She gasps and my mouth finds hers like a magnet snapping into place.

I swallow her sexy little noises, feeding off of them as they fuel the throbbing erection pressing into her side. She reaches up, her arms snaking under my arms and up my back as she tugs at me, leading me over her. Then she spreads her legs with no prompting, and I grin against her lips. Colette is just as needy as I am, just as addicted.

Her nails dig into my flesh, making me groan as I seethe between her legs, hovering just mere centimeters away. I can feel the heat of her, the way she **is** already beyond ready for me as I press my hips down, hissing at the feel of her as she whimpers in delight

I roll my hips, her hands sliding down my back and gripping onto my **ass** as she meets my movements with her own, just as someone knocks on the door. Colette freezes, her eyes going **wide as** she tears from my lips and looks **over** as if someone **is** going to come in.

The knock sounds **again, and** she furrows her brow, looking up at me, lost for what to do. So I glide out and **back in, making** her worried eyes roll back as she gasps. The knock sounds **again**, this time angrier, more **frantic**, but I'm too lost in my luna to give a rat's ass about **what** the hell is happening

"Alpha." Percy calls out in such a way I stop mid thrust and snap my eyes to the door. Colette pushes up onto her elbows, her eyes following mine.

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Chapter 34

"Something is wrong" She whispers.

"Shit." I grumble, swooping down and pressing a chaste kiss to her lips. "Get dressed."

I jump up

from her, hating leaving the warmth of her arms and the softness of her body as I slip on a pair of boxer briefs and the first pants I can find. Colette grabs a handful of clothing, her hands shaking as she rushes to the bathroom.

“What is it. Perc?” I ask, yanking the door open and catching my bloodied gamma

“I’m not healing.” He says, looking up at me through a swollen bloody eye. His arm is tucked over his stomach as he stumbles into me, trying to remain upright but failing **as** I catch him.

“Holy shit. What the fuck happened?” I ask, dragging him into the room and laying him on the couch.

“I **think** someone poisoned me,” he **says**, his breathing labored.

“**And** beat you?” I ask, furrowing my brow

“They beat me up?” he **asks**, sounding shocked before his eyes rolling to the back of his head. I slap his cheek gently, trying to keep him conscious.

“Stay with me, Percy. Come on.” I whisper, looking around for something, anything to help, with what I have no fucking clue. “Colette!”

The bathroom door flies open, Colette appearing as she yanks a shirt over her **head** and sprints across the room to me. Her

goes white **as** she looks down at her gamma and friend, **then** up at me.

face

“**What** the hell happened?” She asks me

“I don’t know. He says he isn’t healing. That he **was** poisoned?”

“Luna Letty,” Percy **says** in a sigh of relief. “You are safe”

“Of course I am,” she whispers, reaching out to **take** his black and blue hand. “How could I not be when I have you **as a** shadow?”

He tries to smile, but it makes him wince.

“I need you to tell me **what** happened. Do you think you **can** do that?” I ask him, and he winces as he tries to swallow.

“Can **try**,” he murmurs, his words growing slurred. Shit. I don’t know what the fuck to do, who the fuck I can go to with this, There isn’t a single fucking person here I trust.

“I will go get someone to help. Colette says, turning toward the door. I catch her wrist, unable to let her go. With Percy down, she **has no** one to be with her **when** I am not around. There is no one protecting her. She can not leave my sight or Percy’s. Not now, not until I have backup.

“You stay. I will be back in two minutes. Do not open the door for and she frowns her brow but nods.

anyone Do you

understand me?” I give her a grave look

“Of course,” she whispers. I move to walk away, but she touches my back and when I look back at her, she has tears in her eyes before she jumps into my arms and presses **a kiss** to my lips. “Please **be** safe and fast.” She whispers, stepping back.

I give her a nod, my heart pounding as I exit the door and move down the hallway. When I turn the corner, I see someone bent down, looking at droplets of blood on the floor before looking up at me. Brent stands, **taking** two steps closer, taking in my topless state and, I’m sure, disheveled **hair**.

“Who is injured?” he asks, and it feels almost genuine. If I **didn’t** know the **wizard**, I would think he actually **cared**,

“None of your fucking business.” I growl, trying **to** move around him.

Chapter 34

“If someone was injured while here, it’s everyone’s business.” He grits out. I sigh heavily, needing to find Caspian. I need his healers or to alert him to what happened on his watch. Then it hits me...Caspian was the last one with Percy

last night. And he slipped up with his magic, angry with my people. He is the only person who could do something like this and get away with it.

“Someone attacked my **gamma**.” I tell Brent and his eyes widen

“Attacked?” he asks, shocked. “How?”

“I don’t know, but I need to find a healer to help him. His healing is not working

“Take me to him.” Brent **says**, pushing past me.

“I don’t trust you.” I scoff and he heaves a heavy sigh

“Look, I am well aware you have no reason to trust anyone here, but I am the best healer in this fucking mansion and you know it I swear on my child’s life I only want to help.

I chew on the inside of my cheeks, trying

ng to decide what to do. If I trust him and I realize this isn’t a trust issue, this is a saving my gamma issue.

“**Fine** I grit out, moving around him and leading him back to the room. I push the door open to see Colette trying to **wake** Percy up **with** panic in her eyes.

“Colette, come with me. Brent, if you let him die I will come for your fucking coven and I think you know well enough that I will not hesitate

space, we are enemies, but here we can be cordial, can’t

He frowns. “I know what your kind call you, Merikh. Outside of this space well

“Let’s hope for your sake we can.” I growl, rushing out the door, Colette struggling to keep **up**.

“Merikh, **where** are we going?” She asks.

“To have a chat with Caspian.” I tell her, my voice dripping in anger as we close in on his room after what feels like hours of walking. His door opens as we approach and he turns to look **at** us, shock on his brow before he crosses his arms over his chest.

“I was just coming to speak with you.”

“What did you do to him?” I yell. He knots his brows together.

“What are you talking about?”

“You attacked my **Gamma**. Now his healing isn’t working. He is in our room bleeding out.”

“I didn’t do shit to your gamma.” He retorts.

“Then prove it.” Colette says with a glare. “Prove it wasn’t you, fix him or call a meeting to figure it out.”

“I don’t owe your kind shit,” he hisses, then tilts his head. “But, if you will show me your proof that you saved my **daughter** right now, no strings attached...I might be more willing to help you

My stomach tightens, my eyes sliding to Colette who looks at me, waiting for me to decide what to do, to support me **in** any decision I make. I reach out, gently tugging her to my chest as I stroke her cheek, pushing the hair out of her face before I press my forehead to hers for a moment, trying to extend this moment.

“No matter what happens next, **know** that I truly **do** love you.” I whisper. She pulls back, looking up at me, confused.

“I don’t understand,” she whispers. Then I cup her cheeks and press a kiss to the tip of her nose.

Chapter 31

“She **has** been right here the whole time.” I say, not daring to **look** away from her **as** realization dawns on her face.

SEND GIFT

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons Chapter 35

Chapter 35

“Colette

Blood drains from my face, my hands instantly going cold as I lick my **lips** and try to form any coherent words possible, but nothing comes out. I shake my **head**, fighting the tears as they beg for release.

This can't be happening. Not now, not after I just gave him every part of me. Merikh is lying to me or he is lying to Caspian and I can't see well enough through my blurry eyes to tell which is it.

"Is this a Joke?" I hear Caspian ask, anger and pain lacing his voice as it breaks.

clear an

"No." Merikh's voice is clear **and resolute**..

My knees go weak, my hand flying to my chest, clutching at my shirt, looking for reprieve, hoping it will let oxygen in as I try to suck in air in huge gulps. Warm hands cup my cheeks, smoothing hair from my face as his voice echoes in the background and I slump to my knees.

"Letty, I need you to focus," his voice is firm and full of concern. "Focus on my voice."

My hands fly up, finding his wrists, yanking them away from my face as I turn away from him.

"I don't want to hear your voice." I hiss at him.

"I needed to protect you," He tries to tell me as some sort of excuse, but if he had trusted me, if he had given me the fucking time of day he would have known he could have told **me** anything. Including this, I force myself up on shaky legs, wiping at the tears that seem to escape despite me telling them **to** stay.

There is no slowing down my heart rate as I glare into Merikh's eyes. Guilt and remorse swim in his perfect green orbs and I know there is no lie there. It feels like a one thousand pound weight is crushing my chest as I try to gasp for air. Never have I ever felt so helpless, so lost in my entire life.

“She is my daughter? **You** are sure? **Caspian** whispers, hopeful. I turn to look at him, the tears flowing free when I see the glimmer of tears in his **own** eyes. My hurt morphs into rage. What asshole leaves his daughter, lets his mate die?

“You are not my father.” I hiss, taking a step away from him as well.

“He is.” Merikh **says** softly. I shoot him a glare, my chest heaving.

“I **don’t** believe you..” It feels like I am being pulled between two forces, my body being torn into two, my heart rivaling my soul and there is no stopping this agony.

“We will talk about this later, Colette. Right now I need a healer in our room to take care of my gamma who needs immediate care. Brent is currently there taking care of him, and I am not comfortable with this situation.

“Yes, of course.” Caspian says, not saying anything else as he lifts his hand and snaps. Someone shuffles to him and he whispers in their ear, receiving a bow and the man rushes off. Motioning for others to follow him.

“We should go see him,” Merikh says, reaching out for my hand. I slap it away, taking a step back from him, Wech

“I don’t want to be near you.” I growl, and he frowns, but seems to accept my choice.

“Then I will leave you with your father—
erm, I mean with Caspian.” he looks at the **King** of Sirens and then back at me, a solemn look on his face. “I **know** you have no desire to forgive me, I understand that, but you are still **my** luna.”

I watch **as** he disappears, both needing his arms around me and simultaneously hating the idea of him ever touching me **again**. If what he is **saying** is true, if Caspian is my real father, he has taken a potentially beautiful reunion and shattered it with deceit and trickery. Does Merikh truly **care** about me, or was I his pawn all along?

Even last night, our beautiful moment I couldn’t wait to share with him is called into question. Was he hoping that by screwing me, I would cling to him **and** not be angry? Or did he care about my feelings in all of this at all? I want to think

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Chapter 33

about Percy, to be **with** him, but being near Merikh makes me feel physically ill.

Caspian's face

appears before mine and I blink away the tears as he reaches out, looking for me to take his hand. I scowl at him, crossing my arms over my chest instead, and he frowns before he nods in understanding. **A** frown tugs at the corner of his lips. Then **he** sighs heavily, striding away from me before turning back around.

"Do you remember me?" He **asks** hopefully, and I shake my head now, my brows pulling together as I try to recall anything

about him.

"No." I tell him honestly. "Truthfully, all I have of my mother are dreams I thought were nightmares. Always her leaving me as I chase her through a marsh area, only to be abandoned and never see her again."

"She left you?" he asks, his brows **rising** like the action surprises him.

"Yes" I say before sighing heavily. "At least I **think** she did. I don't remember much past being new in the pack where I grew up since I was ten

He looks away in thought.

"Uh, what pack did you grow up in?" he asks, like he may know it. Strange coming from a siren who should know nothing about the werewolf world other than he knocked up a she-wolf and created me, supposedly.

"Black Mountain Pack." I mutter, and his eyes snap to mine. He seems to stand a little straighter **as** he licks his lips and **swallows** hard.

"Black Mountain pack." He whispers. "With Alpha Bentley,"

"Uh yes." I murmur, surprised that he knows his name. "How did you know?"

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He clears his throat, looking away for a minute, before looking back, a tear slipping down his cheek.

“He is your uncle.” He says, looking me in the eye. A bubble of laughter bursts from my lips, my chest loosening with the action as I **laugh** at the absurdity.

“No, Alpha Bentley was my alpha. I served his **daughter as** a maid and they treated me like absolute garbage. He is not my uncle.”

His face falls, anger creeping back into his demeanor as he shuffles to his other foot.

“He treated you like a maid?” He grits out and I watch him like he is a little unhinged.

“Yes. But I mean, I am a **maid**, well, was.” I tell him and he looks away, his jaw muscles rippling with effort as he clenches his

teeth.

“You are a Princess.” He growls. “And an alpha blood werewolf. You are no maid, even if he forced you to do maid-ly things. You are royalty.”

“I **am not**.” I scoff. “You don’t even know you have the right **person**. You are just going to take his word for it?”

“I can see so much of her in you.” He whispers. Reaching out to touch my face, I lean away. “And my family as well. Do you **have** any powers?” He asks.

“Powers?” I scoff. “Until recently, I hardly had a wolf that would show up because I was so weak.”

He nods. “That **makes** sense. Your pack is nowhere near water. When you were little, **you** were so sick, just a tiny little thing your mother had to be near water for you to thrive. How you must have suffered being so far from water for so long.”

I blink at him. His **words** striking something in me, something that feels like truth. A part of me that doesn’t understand how he could **know that** innermost thought.

“How...” I squeak out the question, not sure how to form the full sentence.

Chapter 25

“You said it yourself, Colette. Water feels like home.”

“That could all just be coincidence.” I whisper, too afraid to hope for **anything** good in my life. The last thing amazing I had blew up in my face mere minutes ago. “Lots of people think water is relaxing and calm.”

“I could tell you felt it differently.” He **says**, “I could see it in your eyes. It’s why I **thought** you were catering to my good side, trying to wiggle your way onto the committee.”

“But you said it yourself, your daughter died.”

“I was wrong.” He answers, looking hopeful.

or now.” I swallow.

“I **think** you are wrong now,

“He’s not.” I **hear** Merikh behind me and my hairs prickle with his closeness. I hate him. Deep in my being. I can feel that anger rising again and I spin to **glare** at him.

“I want answers.” I glare and he nods.

“I suppose you both deserve them. But this is not the place.” Merikh looks around like he is trying to find a spy. “There is **no**

one here we can trust

“You can say that again.” I snort. Merikh frowns.

“He is right.” My supposed father says, suddenly looking nervous. “Your mere existence is **a** threat to all species. If they find **out** what you are, they will kill you, my pearl.”

I blink at my father, his pet name echoing through my ears, speaking to my inner child, and I realize I have heard that name before. Been called it many times. Could he really be my father? Am I really a hybrid, one so feared by the council that they tried to have me killed? I inhale sharply, then clear my throat.

“Fine. But I want every question I **have** answered. No holding back. I deserve the truth, or I will leave.”

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SEND GIFT

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COMMENT