

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 10

\*Colette POV

Merikh walks slowly beside me as I limp along in my brace that keeps the strain off my healing bone and sore muscles. My open wound is closed finally, now nothing more than a scab and a massive bruise where it had ripped through my skin. I wobble, but I hold my own, making sure he can see that even if I am weak, I am not a pansy.

He was quiet for most of the movie and I'm not even sure what we watched as I was so hyper focused on his closeness. The familiarity of him being near me, even though I don't know him well at all. It's strange what a small chosen band can bring to life when there was nothing there to begin with.

"I enjoyed spending time with you," he smiles, and I chuckle nervously.

"It is kind of nice to see you aren't always killing people." I joke and he laughs.

My skin tingles and I look up at him as he shakes his head and his green eyes meet mine. I'm immediately pink cheeked and I can feel it, but there's no hiding it. Merikh is hot as hell and he is looking right at me like I'm the only person who exists. I have only known him for maybe three days and already I can feel the hope springing **free**.

"So you have a sense of humor under that quiet good girl facade,"

"Facade?" I ask, confused. Do I appear fake?

"I know who you really are. I see you." He says, once again being mysterious and strategic in the way he speaks. Three times now he has alluded to me not being who I am or not knowing what I am to him. And truthfully, it scares me.

There is much I don't know about myself. Who my parents are, how they both died or where I was before I was found bloodied and left outside my pack's front gate with a note begging for them to take me in. Or so I was told by the staff who took turns raising me.

"I am an orphan." I sigh, watching him as he processes the information. "There is nothing for you to see other than what is standing before you. Which isn't much,"

“Do you feel like being an orphan makes you unworthy?” He asks, genuinely curious as we stop outside my room.

“No, but it makes others see me differently.” I sigh. “People used to pity me, then they grew to dislike me because they would be punished if they were friends with me.”

I freeze and watch him curiously and I see a flicker in his eyes that feels like a strike to the gut. Is that why he chose me? Did he know I was an orphan and so there would be no family to protest my going with him? No one will come looking for me if he changes his mind and kills me off. I swallow hard, my blood running cold and my heart racing.

There were rumors he likes to hunt his women. It was a crazy rumor, and I was convinced they were just stories, but the way he watches me, wants to know me but always insists he knows more about me than I know about myself...is this all a setup to toy with me? He can't be nice. That's not in the alpha of death's personality, right?

“Colette, you seem to be thinking too much again,” he frowns, his knuckle brushing my cheek as I blink at him.

“I-uh...” I swallow, stumbling back a step clumsily into the door.

“You look like you think I will eat you up.” He chuckles and I don't dare admit that I'm worried he might do exactly that.

“I am just a little tired, that's all.” I lie, giving him a tight smile before clearing my throat and looking away.

“Colette,” his tone is low and husky, commanding my attention as I gulp and look at his unreadable expression. “Where do you go little mate, when you shut down after a perfectly normal conversation? What did they do to make you so afraid of yourself?”

His eyes scan my face, his hand reaching out to slide through my hair, brushing it out of my face.

“I go where I belong,” I whisper. “Where I am wanted.”

Merikh's head tilts to the side watching me, assessing me, then he sighs and draws his hands back.

“I see. And what can I do to make you see you are wanted here?” He asks. My heart stutters at the thought that he might care. I clear my throat, needing to change the subject, unable to handle the intensity of his gaze

“Can I do things...in the pack?” I ask.

“What do you have in mind?”

“I don’t know...” I muse, then I look down at my leg. The one thing I have always wanted to do was defend myself. Against the mean words, the strikes to my body, just ...the right and ability to stand my ground confidently and not cower in hopes they don’t break me the next time.

“Would you like to start training?” Merikh offers as if the thought isn’t absurd. I can’t help but laugh.

“Me? Train?” I snort, but he watches me intently.

“Why not?”

“Uh...I mean look at me, I am-”

“Weak?” He finishes my sentence for me with an arched brow. “That sounds like an excuse,”

“It was always the excuse I was giving back in my pack.” I frown.

“You aren’t there anymore,” He reminds me. Not that I need the reminder. He has done a decent job of reminding me every time I see him.

“I would like to train...” I admit, looking down at my feet.

“Good.” He says, looking relieved. “I will send Penny to fetch you in the morning.”

“In the morning?” I ask, my eyes wide. “But my leg...”

“There are other forms of training,” He chuckles. “Penny will fetch you in the morning and get you outfitted, then you and I will start.”

“Uh...okay.”

He backs away, sauntering backward before giving me a grin.

“Sleep well, little mate. I plan to exhaust you tomorrow.” Then he winks and turns his back to me.

I push into my room, feeling a little disappointed that he is choosing to stay in a different room still, but I know if he were to come in and stay with me, I would feel the opposite. I don’t turn the light on, the bright moon once again

glimmering off the massive body of water in the distance, shining directly into the room. My eyes slide closed, a smile drawing across my lips as I inhale.

In the short time I have been here, this room has become my safe space, the only place **where** I feel complete and relaxed and I know it **has** everything to do with the view. I totter over to the window, pushing it open as a breeze dances through the curtains and I feel a shift in my soul. My wolf is more present than she has ever been, lending me her strength and courage, and for once in my life, I don't feel alone.

I move to my bed, stripping off my brace with a satisfied groan as I gently rub my pinched skin. Exhaustion moves in, and instead of moving to get into pajamas, I strip down to my undergarments and wiggle under the cocoon of blankets, the sound of the waves singing me to sleep.

There is rustling in the room, pulling me from my first full night's sleep in forever, and I peek out of my blankets to see the same maid as before moving about my room pulling clothing out of my dresser while humming a song. She spins gracefully, dancing to the song in her head before she freezes and her eyes find mine. A sheepish grin grows on her face and she stands up straight after getting caught.

"You must be Penny," I mumble and she nods.

"That would be me," she says chipper as she moves over to the window. "You left the window open." My eyes grow wide and I panic. Am I not supposed to have touched the window?

"Oh...I'm sorry," I say, throwing my blankets off to shut the window for her.

"Why are you apologizing to me? You are the Luna." She tilts her head, confused, and I squeeze my eyes closed. Right. I'm the Luna. Not the maid who forgot to close a window. Not the lowly servant who gets kicked around for tiny, overlooked mistakes. That's not who I am anymore. Or at least...it won't be who I am.

'Right." I sigh. "Is there a reason I shouldn't have the window open at night?"

"I only mentioned it because my grandma used to say you could catch something if you leave your window open, but then again, grandma was human, so her perceptions are a little different from her life in her world."

"You're half human?" I ask, and she chuckles.

"I mean, aren't we all human with a little beast inside us?" she winks. "Do you have any family around?"

Penny asks as she rushes over to grab the pile of clothes for me and places it on the bed. Then she looks me over with a curious glance and goes back, grabbing fresh underwear and a sports bra. I look down, realizing I'm just sitting in my bra and undies and I tug my blanket to my chest, embarrassed by the way my bones seem to protrude under my malnourished flesh.

"I have no family," I admit, and she scoffs.

"Lucky for you. I have a twin brother. Heavens, I love him, but sometimes...sometimes I want to wring Percy's damn neck."

"Percy is your twin?" I ask, my eyes growing wide.

She smiles, bending down to grab my brace from the floor.

"Yep! We are both training to be your gamma."

"My gamma?" I ask. "I get a gamma?"

"Two, actually." She gestures to the clothing in a way to urge me to get dressed.

"And...what exactly does a gamma do...?" I ask, feeling a little dumb.

"Well, basically we are your protectors, but we also do whatever you need us to. Alpha Merikh has Beta Hayes, who will always choose him. You have me and Percy."

"Wait...you will always...choose me...?" I ask, confused.

"I mean, yeah, as long as you don't do dumb shit." She laughs. "But you don't appear dumb to me. Now, hurry and get dressed so we can meet Alpha Merikh. I can still get in trouble with him, so let's not push boundaries too much."