

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 13

### Merikh POV

Colette shivers as I set her on the bed, rushing around to grab her dry clothes and a towel. She is catatonic, sitting on the edge, staring out the window. I don't know how to help her, how to comfort her as I wrap the fluffy white towel around her and rub it over her arms. Not once does she acknowledge I am touching her, or even near her.

"Colette," I say, trying to get her to wake up from this shell shock. But she doesn't move, not a damn inch as she stares into a void beyond me. My lycan whines in my head, teetering between anger and worry as I fight to control my own emotions.

"Colette," I growl, my voice is louder, more stern as she just stares into nothing, past my head. My fingers tickle along her jawbone, trying to force her to look up at me. She follows my movements, but her eyes remain unfocused. Worry prickles at my n\*ck and anger rises, boiling over when she turns her head away from me.

"Colette!" I scream, using my alpha voice to command her back to the present. She jumps in fear, a gasp escaping her lips as looks at me completely broken. I have no idea what happened in her head, what lead her to run away, to leave me, but whatever it was, it fucked her up good.

"Merikh," she whimpers, her voice small and cracking with emotion. Shit, I may have been better off with her being lost in her own head rather than watching her hurt like this.

"What were you thinking?" I ask her, my voice clipped.

"I wasn't-"

"Clearly not. You made me a promise. We had an agreement. We are mates now. You can not escape it. Yet I find you at the border edge, trying to break free of Percy and Penny when they tried to stop you. Not to mention you. tried to fight me! Your Alpha!"

My anger is unreasonable and I know I should step back and give her space, but my Lycan's intense emotions are melding with mine and the strength of the second

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mate bond only grows stronger every day I am near her. The draw to her is becoming mind numbing and the thought she would leave me. That she might have wanted to escape me and her promise. Like Lauren tried to...

"I'm sorry," she whispers and I sneer at her, I'm a wreck and feel like I'm losing control as I tear away from her and fly out the door ready to fucking tear Penny and Percy apart for letting her get so far. I stop at the doorjamb, exhaling sharply.

"Get changed. I will be back." I mutter as I slam out of the room and down the hall.

As expected, I find Percy and Penny in my office waiting for me, along with Hayes. All of them wearing sullen looks on their faces as the door crashes open and I pace to the massive window overlooking the lake where I spotted her.

The very fucking spot I noticed her splashing into the water with that fucking green orb looming over her frantic movements. The thoughts of it have my hackles rising as I growl in my chest and shake my head, trying to rid myself of the anger that just seems to loom.

"Where the FUCK were you two?" I hiss, whipping around to face them, figuring concentrating my anger on a source other than Colette might be best.

"She was sleeping," Penny says like it matters.

"Oh, so she is less important to me—to the pack—when she is sleeping?" I grit out. Her eyebrows shoot up in shock and her mouth falls open to retort, but Percy beats her to it.

"That's not what she meant," Percy says,

"Shut up, Percy," I shoot him a scowl and he swallows, down casting his eyes. "You have one job. The both of you. What is your fucking job?"

"Protect her." They say in unison, looking at each other before looking back at the ground. It doesn't matter if they are still in training or not. A gamma protects their Luna, and they failed.

"Would either of you like to enlighten me on what the HELL happened and how she ended up in the fucking lake being chased by the green, glowing little light?"

"It's my fault," Penny whispers after a tense moment of silence.

"And how, exactly, is it your fault?" I ask, hoping for some damn insight.

"I left her window open...She asked for me to leave it open as she likes to listen to the waves. I know I shouldn't have but-"

"There are no waves to listen to on the lake late at night with zero wind." I sigh, pinching the bridge of my nose. Then I freeze, my eyes snapping to Hayes, who looks like he is coming to the same conclusion.

"Those fucking spelling weaving dicks," Hayes grits out, slamming his fist onto my desk.

"Now the red-eyed wolves on the border make sense." I groan heavily, guilt hammering into me for losing my temper with Colette. This wasn't her fault, no this was an oversight on my part, one that will never happen again.

"They targeted her." Percy says, "Is it another ploy to get to you? Or is it Colette they really want?"

"Both of you leave. Percy, scrounge up some food and hot tea for her. Penny, make sure she is getting changed and warm. I'll be there to speak with her soon."

Percy and Penny leave without another word, and Hayes saunters over to my side.

"This isn't just them trying to get to you. It's more and I think you know that."

"They don't know shit." I grit out. "They do not know who she is. They can't."

Silence falls over us as I stare out the window again, my anger slowly fading and regret seeps in and taking over.

"Colette wasn't trying to run away, Merikh." Hayes whispers, but I pretend not to hear him. He doesn't understand how much I needed to hear him say those words. It doesn't matter how illogical the thought was, it was there, lingering and baiting me every second.

"Okay," I say, clearing my throat.

"Why the hell are you still here?" He asks, sounding more annoyed,

"What?"

"Someone broke into her dreams and lure her into danger. Who knows what they put in her mind, what horrors she saw? She needs you to comfort her." Hayes says, scoffing at me. "Get your ass out of here and your Luna."

I hate  
when Hayes is right. And lately it's annoyingly more frequent than I care to admit.

I try to imagine what to say as I make my way to her room. What if she has fallen asleep already? I'll have to wake her up to check on her. Or come back tomorrow. Then again, maybe she is afraid to sleep now. She looked ragged, almost hollow, when she was staring off into space. What if...what if they got her in her mind? What if they broke her?

It doesn't take long for me to make it to her room, yet I find myself unable to enter. So instead I linger outside her door, looking for the right way to enter before Percy exits. He looks at me a little shocked before holding the door open for me to go in. When I walk into the room Colette is wrapped in a blanket, pacing the space between the bed and her dresser until she spots me.

She freezes, her eyes wide, not with shock, but with fear. Fear of me and I hate the damn feeling. Colette watches me for a moment, then I observe her shoulders as they drop and her face becomes sullen, like she can no longer hold the weight of her emotions.

Without wasting a moment, I make up my mind and cross the room, moving straight for the bed. She realizes it yet, but she needs me here as much as I need to be near her, so I crawl under the blankets, pulling them up as I sit with my back against the headboard.

Colette blinks, a look of bewilderment on her face as she studies me. A frown tugs at my lips, and I sigh heavily. This is why it is so hard to be nice, because when I am nice people are too shocked to move, apparently.

"What are you doing...?" she finally asks and I quirk a brow.

"I am making sure you don't go for a swim again,"

"Is that what it was...?" She whispers, moving closer, stopping at the foot of the bed. I pat the mattress with my hand, beckoning her to come crawl in next to me.

"We have slept in the same bed before, Colette."

"That was because you didn't have anywhere else to sleep."

"We are mates."

"But you haven't wanted to sleep in here with me before now."

"I am worried about your safety now. I am a light sleeper, so if you get up to sleep walk again, I will feel you move and wake you up or restrain you."

She reluctantly crawls into the bed next to me. Staring awkwardly forward as she twiddles her thumb, and we are encased in uncomfortable silence.

“What happened to me?” She finally whispers as her voice cracks. “Was any of it real? The things in my dream?”

My chest aches. Hearing the pain in her voice, the way she seems to be so confused and hurt rolled into one small person.

“You were manipulated.” I say, watching her every breath and muscle twitch as she tries to understand.

“How?”

“A weaver. They are rare and wreak havoc in memories or dreams when their victim sleeps.”

She looks at me, chewing her inner cheek as she process

“How did they get to me? I mean, do they have to have something like my hair or blood for that?” She asks, and I try to bite back a smile. She’s damn cute making assumptions about the magical beings like they cook up these spells over a cauldron:

“Sounds.” I say simply. “They imbed the spell into sounds that we find calming. For you, the waves breaking on the shore even though the waves aren’t large enough for you to truly hear that kind of sound with no wind.”

Her eyes grow big, as if she is having a moment of enlightenment.

“It’s because I slept with the window open...?”

“That is how they got to you, yes. We will discuss this more in the morning if you’d prefer. Your eyes are already half closed and I am sure all this has been taxing.”

She grows pale and shakes her head.

“I don’t want to sleep ever again.”

“You are safe here with me,” I whisper, reaching out and taking her hand. She shivers at the contact and gazes at me, words on the tip of her tongue, but she frowns Instead.

“What if I try to run off?” she murmurs.

“I’ll hold you,” I shrug

“What if I kick and bite and scream?” She whispers, tears welling in her eyes.

“I’ll hold on tighter.”

She nods her head before she sinks deeper into the bed, her eyes on me **as** she pauses and exhales shakily.

“W–

will you hold me now?” She barely utters the words, but my heart races, my chest aching painfully as my lungs struggle for air. She wants me to hold her now. To comfort her...now.

“Would it help you?” I ask her, my throat parched and my tongue darting out to wet my lips. She nods and I

– move down, my arm sliding under her head with the other snaking over her waist, tucking her close.

Colette stares at me for a little while as her eyes grow heavier by the second, the mate bond working to calm her. I take the time to memorize every single little perfect imperfection she may have, committing it away for a day.

She sighs in content before snuggling in closer and I watch her as if in a daydream as she lifts her head and gently, her plush lips press to the corner of my mouth before she closes her eyes and falls asleep.