

# Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 131

I stare out at the lake, the one that first made me feel like I was at home. The water glistens in the sun, the waves lapping gently as a breeze dances across it. It's been two weeks. Two weeks since my dad and mom sacrificed themselves. I didn't wake up crying this morning, which is a new thing for me in the past weeks.

"How are you today, my little luna?" Merikh asks, his hands slipping around my waist as he places his chin in the crook of my neck. My hand slips up, gliding into his wet locks after his morning shower.

It's a question that irks me, one that everyday I hear it I fear I will scream. But today, it just feels...different. I spin in his arms, my other hand lifting as I place them both behind his neck. He kisses me lightly, his gentle touch sending a shiver down my spine.

"I'm...okay." I whisper as he pulls back, a soft smile on his plush lips.

"That's a different answer than you usually give." He says, dropping to my height as he searches my eyes. "Are you feeling alright?"

"I am feeling fine." I say with a reassuring tilt of my chin. "Are you really going to ask me this every single day?"

He lifts a single brow. "Would you prefer I not check on you?"

"No, it's just..." I press my lips together, unsure of how to say it.

"I'm being overbearing?" He finishes for me and I nod in affirmation.

"I love you, and that you care so much but, maybe just wait for me to tell you I'm not okay?" I offer, and he frowns.

"All I can promise is to tone it down and not ask a million times a day, but I will check on you."

"Fine," I sigh heavily, rolling my eyes. "Where are you headed?"

I ask as he releases me and moves toward the dresser. I watch as he drops the towel around his waist, my teeth immediately finding my lip as a wave of heat rushes through me. My head tilts to the side, watching him in all his naked glory, a huge, knowing grin on his face.

"Why? Do you have plans for me?" He teases as he slips into his boxer briefs. I chuckle and glance at the raging erection that his clothing can not hide.

"Seems like you have some ideas about what you want us to do." I murmur, my cheek growing red as I saunter toward him.

"Why do you do this to me?" he groans with a huge smile on his lips.

"Do what? You are the one undressing in front of me. I was literally just standing here." I retort playfully, which makes him laugh. It fills the room, feeding my aching soul.

"I have an important meeting, otherwise I would undress you," He says, stalking toward me, his abs rippling and the look in his eye needy. "Maybe I will still do it,"

"I have to shower," I inform him, and he backs me against the wall, his bare chest pressing into my thin white tank top. My body reacts, my breath hitching as I feel him press against me.

"Should have joined me for mine." He whispers, his lips dipping down and tickling my ear with his heated breath. I shiver, my body lurching into his as I can't control my hips as they roll into his. Merikh groans his approval and I giggle, turning my head to the side as he assaults my neck with tender kisses.

"Are you sure you don't have time?" I gasp out, his hand slipping down my waist and over my ass as he goes further and lifts my thigh. His legs widen and he meets my hips with his as he lifts me from the ground.

"Not enough to do what I want to." He grunts into my shoulder.

"Mmm," I can't help but moan at his touch.

His hand slips down between us. I feel him tug at my shorts, pushing them aside before pleasure fills me and I cling to him tighter. He rolls his hips, my own meeting him as Merikh works quickly. I slip up and down the wall at my back, my body pressed into it with every move as his hand comes up beside me, pressing against the wall for better leverage.

"Merikh," I whisper his name, his groaning filling my ears as he quickly moves closer with each movement.

"Finish for me, my luna." He mutters in a raspy breath into my ear.

"No," I whimper, wanting it to last, needing him inside me for longer. The moment I let go, I return to reality and he leaves me. "Stay longer,"

"Fuck, Colette." He grunts, his body and muscles twitching against me.

There is a knock at the door, and Merikh freezes, looking over his shoulder. I can see he is torn as his eyes find mine. Then a glimmer of mischief brings back that bubble of sultry need as I force my hips out, only my upper back pressing into the wall. I can feel the difference in how deep he goes and there is no stopping the needy moan that escapes me.

"Don't stop," I rasp out.

His hand slips down between us, this time making quick work of me as I cry out his name, the two of us groaning as we find that ecstasy that only we can find together.

My vision explodes, and my muscles relax. It doesn't matter that my heart feels like it will pump out of my chest. I am completely in a puddle in his arms as he chuckles and moves me to the bed.

Merikh gentles tucks me in, pressing a hard kiss to my lips before he pulls back. Then he looks down at his wet boxers and chuckles.

"Try not to jump on me again while I am getting dressed. I am late for my meeting." He says, turning away.

Worry sits on my chest, erasing the

haze of pleasure in my mind. Did I really take up that much of his time?

e

All he does is go to meetings and come back to me exhausted and hold me while I cry. He is there every moment I tell him I need him, truly need him, but the last thing I want to be is a burden.

"Colette," He says, his voice firm. "Erase those feelings, now."

I blink up at him and see his severe face.

"I miss you." I admit, and he looks truly remorseful.

"I know," he frowns. "You could come with me...if you wanted to?"

He looks hopeful that I will accept his invitation this time.

The knock sounds again, this time with a voice clearing to make it known they are still outside waiting.

"Maybe I will stop by a little later. I should probably visit Hayes." I give him a sorrowful half smile. He frowns, but he gets up and quickly changes and gets dressed. Merikh pauses at the door, turning to look at

me.

"Zale is going to be here today. I wanted to tell you sooner but..."

"You were afraid it would make me cry..." I finish for him, looking away, ashamed.

I wish I had better control over my

emotions. Truly, they have been more in check than they have been, but I can understand why he would think I would break down if I saw Zale. But then again, maybe that's what I need now. That knowledge that I've not lost that connection. That I still have family, granted they are in the ocean, but family is family.

"You are allowed to grieve, Colette." Merikh says, breaking into my thoughts.

"I know." I sigh, then sit up in the bed, tucking my knees to my chest. "Perhaps it would be good for me to see Zale." [SEARCH THE \(f\)indNOVEL.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Merikh smiles with his eyes and opens the door. "I will see you at ten, then."

"Sure."

Then he flips the light switch off and leaves me in the darkness, with my thoughts and my grief.

The door opens quickly and I expect it to be Merikh, but when the switch flips on, I see a crazed-looking Hayes standing in the doorway, his body shaking. "Hayes." I say wide eyed, tugging the blanket a little higher.

"Tell me truthfully," he grits out, his eyes manic and his teeth grinding together. "Did you let that fucker go? With a fucking egg?"

My brows knit together and I open my mouth to speak, but he moves toward me, his demeanor intimidating.

"It was that or watch Merikh die." I stutter out, and he freezes, his face contorting in confusion.

"H-he was going to kill Merikh?"

"Yes! Otherwise I would have never let him leave." I say, hoping he can see the honesty in my eyes.

Hayes snarls as he spins away,

pacing in and out of the room. I

glimpse Percy's red hair and I relax knowing he is here. These two weeks have been much kinder to me in my grief than they have been to Hayes. He goes from distraught to fits of rage at a moment's notice.

"I need your help." He states.

"With what?" I ask him, narrowing my eyes slightly.

"I want to go hunting, but I need you to convince Merikh to let me go."

"Hunting? For what?" I ask, confused.

"For Ezra. His betrayal stole a life from me. I want to return the fucking favor." He says.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

## Chapter 132

\*Merikh\*

There is a small knock before my office door pushes open and Colette peeks her head in. A smile replaces the frown I had been dawning since receiving the news that other packs throughout the kingdom are being attacked at random.

War has rules, or at least it used to, but now, nothing and no one is off limits to the dragons who seem keen on wiping us from the face of the earth.

"Has Zale arrived yet?" She asks, sashaying across the carpet. My heart leaps with the way she gives me a soft smile, her eyes glittering. Colette is still in deep mourning but to see her smile, of her own accord and without prompting, is so refreshing.

"Not yet." I say, looking down at the small clock on my desk. "But I expect he will be here soon."

"Then you have time to talk about something with me?" Her tone grows serious as she stops beside my desk, placing her hand down instead of continuing over to me. I arch a brow, turning in my chair to face her as I lean back.

"I always have time to talk with you about things, Colette." I say warily. It almost feels like a trap and by the way she looks away and clears her throat, I can only assume it is something she is worried about. Or afraid of the answer.

The thought enters my mind that maybe she wants to go back to the ocean. To either train or meet her other family in the depths of the ocean. My chest grows heavy and I wait anxiously for her to find the words she seems to struggle with.

"It's about Hayes." She mutters, her gaze meeting mine, as it feels like I can breathe again.

"Hayes?" I ask.

"Yes."

"Okay, what about Hayes?" I tilt my head, clasping my hands together in front of me.

"He seems to be doing better." She offers and I narrow my eyes, catching on immediately to what is going on.

"That sounds suspiciously like you are going to try to convince me he can go hunting for a villain." I say, my tone flat and my lips pressing together.

She chuckles and tucks a hair behind her ear. Such a simple and innocent motion as she looks up and quicks a wry smile. Fucking Hayes and his stupid ability to know how to play me. Using my mate against

me.

"Maybe." She shrugs. "But he doesn't have to go alone."

"Oh? He doesn't?" I ask, intrigued again. "And who will want to go on this suicide mission of his? Hayes is respected, but to ask this task is asking a lot of anyone."

She nods in silence before she saunters to me. She nudges my knees apart as she steps between my legs, my hands going to her waist as I lean forward and look at her. Colette's hands rest lightly on my forearms as she chews on the inside of her cheeks, looking for words.

"We could ask those who lost their mates to join him? Ones who want revenge like he does." She offers.

"And what good does it do to place a group of depressed, angry male lycans together on a hunting mission?" I ask her, my lips turning down in disappointment.

If there was a way I could send Hayes out to do what he wanted that ensured he and his group wouldn't try to not come back, I would do it. But right now, Hayes is too delicate. He is in that phase that Percy was in, looking for someone to kill for the sake of killing.

But this loss is different. Hayes lost a part of himself. When he looks in the mirror, he will never see the same man standing there looking back at him. He will see the reminder of when he let Leandra down, in his own words. We all know that is not the case, and I am certain Leandra knew this as well.

"Maybe give him time to prove he is willing to do this not just for revenge, but because our kind needs this too? What if we look at it as finding the cause of all of this so we can stop the war? Wouldn't that be a mission any warrior would want to sign up for?" Colette asks.

She makes a fair point. Wolves find happiness in their honor. To prove their worth, to save their loved ones from future pain and suffering, they would do anything. But before I will allow any of that, I need to know that Hayes will try to come back. That he will have something worth living for and not just be looking for a way out.

There is a knock before I can answer Colette, and Percy's voice calls through the oak door.

"Zale is here Alpha." He says.

"We will discuss this later," I assure Colette, rising to my full height. Then I lean down and press a gentle kiss to her soft lips. "But you make fair points."

"I know." She smiles, patting her hand on my chest before she breaks away from me and steps to the side.

"Come on in." I call out.

The door opens and Zale walks in, his hair slicked back and his eyes a honey golden as we walk to each other and shake hands.

"King Zale," I say, walking him into the room. "Come have a seat."

"It feels strange to be called that." He frowns, moving to the seat in front of my desk. He looks up and meets Colette's gaze for a moment before she looks away, her eyes filled with tears. A wave of her grief washes over me and I move to her, my

hands stroking her upper arms.

"If you prefer to leave, I will not be upset with you." I offer, but she clears her throat and meets my eyes.

"No, no. I will be fine." She smiles, though it doesn't reach her eyes. "I am fine."

"Colette, my deepest, most sincere condolences for both of your losses. Not just from me, but from our kingdom, the rest of your family," Zale says. "Thanks," she murmurs, unable to look up.

I give her one more pressing look

and she gives me a quick smile

before I make my way to my chair

and take a seat. She follows and

int

pull her into my lap, not caring in the slightest if it looks strange or unprofessional. It is clear she needs my touch right now, so I will place

that above all else.

"I received the gift you sent me, in a stunning jar." He says, indicating he received the ashes of the bitch phoenix. "But rumor has it the war still rages on."

"It does." I sigh, "With the egg of the dragon king missing, he has decided we are the ones with it."

"Are you not?" He asks, confused, as his brows knit together.

"No." I tell him honestly. "We possessed it for a mere minute before it was taken from us by a fae."

His eyes grow wide, and then he furrows his brows.

"The same fae who-"

"Yes." I clear my throat. "The same one Colette expressed a lack of trust for, all the while Caspian and I vouched for him."

Zale sits back and blows out a heavy huff of air. Then he drags a hand down his face.

"I have a proposition for you," he says, looking at me then Colette. "It is one you will not like, but I believe it will be fruitful for both our kind."

"What kind of proposition?" Colette asks, lifting her head.



"We, the sirens, would like to join the

war. Our king died at the hands of the dragons. That seems like a call to action if there ever was one." Zale says, clearing his throat. "I can only ask for forgiveness for how long it took me to make it here to offer this. The process for the crown was...not as graceful as one would have

hoped."

"All is forgiven. You are allowed time to mourn the loss of your king. I know we have been mourning it here as well." I say, not looking at Colette as she leans into me.

"There is a condition...to this alliance." He clears his throat, looking down at his hands before he exhales. My eyes narrow as I lean forward and realize what this condition must be, and she is sitting on my lap. "Which is what?" I ask, my voice firm and demanding.

"The family would like to meet Colette," He says, looking directly at Colette who's mouth drops open.

"Where?" I ask him, not keen on the idea of leaving the pack with her anytime soon.

"They are here," he says, rubbing his head. "They connected the lake to underground water tunnels from the ocean..." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"They did what?" I ask, standing so abruptly Colette nearly falls off me. I catch her around the waist at the last moment. "They have been...drilling...under my pack?"

"Yes...well, it was King Caspian's idea," he mutters. "And we have been working on it for a few years, in order to monitor you."

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

## Chapter 133

Apparently, it is easy to be upset with a dead man, or rather, a dead siren. My anger surges as I scoff and pace away over to the large bay window in my office. Zale remains silent behind me, Colette also unmoving as she waits for a response.

Caspian started this when we were enemies, back when he wanted us gone and never in the council again. Had he been planning and plotting against us all along? And when we reconciled our differences, why would he not have mentioned something like this? Would it not have been wise for me to know, for Colette to know?

"Merikh..." Colette says my name in a gentle, concerned manner.

I suck in a huff of air and exhale loudly, my hands finding my hips as I spin to face them. Every part of me screams it's okay to be angry, but when I look at Colette, I can see the worry on her brow. The thought that perhaps my opinion of the man who fathered her might suffer from this.

The Caspian she knew is much different from the one who started this act of war on us. Yes, he changed, but he has placed us in a place of danger, knowingly. Even with Colette being half siren, even with her royal blood, what if five hundred years down the road things change? We are left open to any kind of attack from the sirens, and how does a dog fight a fucking fish?

"After this war has ended, I want to know every damn route taken to make it to this pack." I say, trying to steel my anger. Zale doesn't look surprised or pressed about my words. Instead, he drops his head and nods in agreement.

"I do believe that will be for the best, Alpha." He says.

"And I want that route protected. To ensure nothing harmful can make it here. The last thing I need is a fucking shark attack in a lake that had always been fresh water until now." I mutter, pinching the bridge of my nose.

Zale chuckles and I snap my annoyed eyes to him.

"That is not quite how things work," He explains before he stops and sighs. "Of course, we will always have it protected. Colette is family. We protect our family."

"Where are they? What side of the lake I mean?" She asks, her throat bobbing as she swallows roughly. "How many are there?"

There is a spark of excitement in her, a reigniting of that part of her she thought she lost. When Colette lost her father, she thought she had lost all ties to the world that she just found. I'm not saying I think her grief will be less or her mourning easier, but it feels like it is one less thing to mourn for her. A connection that she will always be able to find to her father.

"They await you near the cliff's edge. It is nearest to the inlet from the ocean and thus better for them. And there are...a few," He says, his eyes skirting between us.

"And when do they expect to meet her?" I ask him flatly, trying not to sound so upset at the thought of her just running off with the new siren king to meet a family she has never seen.

"Whenever she is ready," he says with a gentle smile. "They are also mourning the loss, so they understand it may be a lot for her to handle. But, sooner would be better if you ask me. The condition of this treaty is they wish to meet her first."

I watch the way he seems disappointed and I realize the reason they want to meet her isn't just for mourning, but to verify. They don't believe Zale, which means Caspian wasn't as straightforward with them about Colette as he made it seem.

"They didn't believe you?" Colette asks, her brows pulled together in confusion as she tilts her head to the side.

Zale clears his throat and shifts in the chair uncomfortably.

"It's not that, it's just that... There was a rumor that Caspian could not have kids. He never took a siren mate, that is true, but there was a large amount of pressure on him to create an heir. He could never conceive with any of the selected siren women for him to try with."

Colette huffs and chuckles dryly. Then she shakes her head, like the whole thing is absurd.

"Are they sure he ever truly tried with those people? I mean, he told my mom that he was never with anyone else..."

Zale shrugs.

"I can't quite say." He says. "All I know is they want to see you, speak with you. And then they wish to see your skills. I was under the impression everyone knew of you Colette. Though he never spoke of you in front of them, it just..."

"He was ashamed." She says, a sadness in her voice.

"Yes." Zale admits. "But not in the way you are assuming. He was ashamed. He never told them before that he lost you. Caspian was so proud to be your father when he realized you were his once thought dead daughter."

"I want to go meet them now," she says, squaring her shoulders.

My brows rise in surprise. "Now?"

"Yes," she says, walking over to me. She places her hands on my chest, her dark eyes looking up at me. "We need their treaty and I need this, too."

"Okay," I nod, unable to not give in when she looks at me like that. "I will speak with Hayes later."

She looks over her shoulder at Zale, who frowns.

"They would like to see only her, Alpha. Without you."

"Then hell fucking no." I snort. "Do you seriously think-"

"Alpha Merikh, you have my word that nothing will happen to Luna Colette."

I scoff, shaking my head.

"Merikh, I am going." She says sternly.

"I don't like it when-"

"I leave your side. Yes, I am aware." She smiles softly, her hand sliding up to my cheek. "But this is my family. Just like you need to speak to Hayes alone, I need to go speak to mine. Then I can introduce you later. Okay?"

Damn this woman and the way she could make me do anything in the fucking world for her. I groan, annoyed, before I shake my head and agree.

"Fine." I grit out. "I will give you a few hours. After that, I am fucking coming to find you."

Colette shakes her head and laughs at my words, as if I don't mean every single damn one.

"Oh, you suddenly can breathe underwater?" She teases. My eyes narrow and I scowl at Zale, then at her.

"I know how to rent scuba diving gear, my little luna. Don't underestimate the hurdles I will jump through to always get to you." I say in a low, threatening voice. She gives me a sexy grin.

"I would never underestimate anything you can do, Alpha." Then she winks, taking a step back. "You can speak with Zale about everything else when I return?"

I nod, sticking my hands in my pockets. "Fine."

Zale gives me a respectful nod and I

follow them out of the office,

breaking down the opposite hallway, heading toward Hayes. Usually when Colette leaves my side I feel anxious and worried, but this time it feels different. There is no nagging feeling that something terrible is going to happen. Instead I feel a sense of peace and composure, which... is oddly nice.

"What are you doing here?" I hear as I look up and the door is open, revealing Hayes's half distorted face. That feeling of content melts away like his flesh had, and I want to reach out to hug him. But that cheery brother who would let me is gone right now, replaced by a bitter, angry one.

"Colette came and gave me a proposition on your behalf." I say flatly, and he blinks at me, unmoving.

"And?" He snarks at me.

"And I think we should have a

discussion about it. If, and it is a big

if, I give in to this crazy idea of yours, there will be stipulations." I say, there will be making sure he understands

stipulations and acceptianet [Search the Findnovel.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

serious about both these

his offer.

He seems to relax a little before he limps to the side and allows me in.

"What kind of stipulations?" He asks.

"The kind you won't like, but you will deal with if you want to do this."

He rolls his eyes and shuts the door behind me.

"There is much I don't like these days, Alpha. Care to be more specific?" He says in a raspy voice.

"I am your brother. You don't have to call me alpha." I remind him, and he scoffs.

"You are my alpha, nothing more. A brother would have listened to my pleading and done what needed to be done," he growls out.

I chuckle a dry laugh and shake my head. He has such a distorted way of thinking.

"I am no longer your big brother because I would not kill you?" I ask him in disbelief.

"You stopped being my big brother when you used your alpha command on me taking away my choices," He hisses. "Now Alpha, please share this wonderful plan you think you have come up with."

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

## Chapter 134

\*Colette\*

I walk in silence with Zale, my nerves sending shock waves through my hands, making them shake. This is fine, it will all be fine. Except what if they meet me and hate me and want to withdraw the whole joining our war thing? Then they have access to our pack and they could become enemies. I blow a heavy breath through my lips, an anxious sound breaking free as Zale chuckles.

"You are nervous?" He asks.

I snort a laugh and nod.

"What gave that away? The shaking or the labored breathing?" I ask, and he grins

"You are Caspian's daughter. Regardless of if you feel this goes well, I will honor my promise. We will back join this war." He says sincerely, and I frown at him.

"Then why would you phrase it like this is a 'must happen scenario'?" I ask him and he shrugs.

"I only said you must meet them. I did not say you need to be best friends and go on family bonding trips. We are a close knit family, or at least we all thought we were. The secret of you has been...interesting."

I bob my head and bite my lip nervously. Zale, though not much of a talkative person until after my dad's death, is someone I trust. Ezra was different; he was an occasional friend, someone Caspian trusted over working with him. There is a difference when it comes to living with and being related to someone. At least in some capacities.

It didn't do much for me and Leslie, or even my uncle, that I didn't know was my uncle. But had I known, had she known, maybe things would have been different. It's doubtful, since Leslie was a selfish, spoiled brat who got what she wanted. May the moon goddess take care of her, but still. Leslie was a bitch and Zale...he is respectful, and he truly looked up to Caspian. I could see it in his eyes.

"So am I meeting like a grandma and grandpa or his siblings? Cousins?" I ask, trying to get a feel for what I am walking into.

"You will be meeting some of our cousins," Zale says, giving me a soft smile. "They are reserved and respectful by siren's standards. The elders rarely make these types of long trips."

"Ah," I murmur, only partially listening, squinting as I try to see who might be out in the water waiting for me. Are they hiding beneath the surface or perhaps maybe they have come ashore as only royals can do for extended periods of time?

"One thing to keep in mind, Luna, is that Siren's are a little...well, we can be abrasive. With them not having been around humans much other than King Caspian and now myself...they may seem a little..."

"Rude?" I ask with a grin, my nervousness only growing with every damn thing he says.

"Yes, you might say that." He sighs. "I like to think they are just painfully honest."

"Great. So if I think I look fat in a dress, they are the ones to ask, not Merikh. Noted." I say more to myself, but he chuckles anyway.

With every step, I can feel my stomach twisting and the way my mind spins with all sorts of scenarios, from great to terrible. I must be lost in my head for a long time because when a hand touches mine, I startle and I see beautiful aqua eyes that seem to move like the ocean current. A tan face smiles at me, near bleach blonde hair flowing over her right shoulder, and her hand resting on mine.

"You look like him." She murmurs, then she turns with a huge grin on her face to look over her shoulder. "Doesn't she have his face shape and I can feel it in her?"

"Feel what?" A dark-haired man asks, looking bored as he steps closer, his eyes a sea foam green as he frowns.

"The ocean, Wade." She says, turning to face me again. "It lives in her veins."

"Oh, for seaweed's sake, Maris." Wade groans.

"She is kind of plain." Another face says, shrugging, "But I kind of see it. Maybe if she didn't look so scared, she would resemble him more. King Caspian was never scared. He never had a weakness." The younger girl says, tilting her head as she watches me. "I was his weakness." I say with a straight face. "My mother and I were both his weakness."

They freeze, all of them looking at me, then Zale before he clears his throat and steps forward.

"This is Princess Colette, though here she is known as Luna Colette." He tells them.  
"Plain or not, like it or not, she is of royal blood, like you all. Only she is more pure."

Wade scoffs and throws his head back, laughing.

"She is a half-blood, part dog." He says, looking me up and down in disgust.

"And yet, she still possesses more direct royal blood than you."

Wade's mouth twitches and he rolls his eyes, looking around at Maris and the others who remain nearby, simply watching.

"Can she do anything water related?" Maris asks, her eyes sparkling with excitement as she contains herself by biting her lip and grinning.

"Can she even swim?" Wade asks.

"Of course I can. All dogs can swim. It's cats that hate water." I snap at him, giving him a fake ass smile. The corner of his lip twitches up, but he looks away before I can witness if it morphs into a smile. "Luna Colette can transform into a wolf on land and in water, only in water her wolf becomes liquid. She is untouchable in water form."

"And yet, Caspian still died-"

"He sacrificed himself for all of us." [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

Zale cuts Wade off, stepping in front of him, his shoulders rolled back. "And your Wade, were warned of how to speak to not only the people on the surface, but to a princess of our kind. Drop your attitude or you will be on Trench duty for the next one hundred fucking years."

Wade takes a step back, his tongue pressing to his inner cheek like he has much he would like to say, but he doesn't.

"Yes, my king." He grits out before backing away.

"What would you like us to call you?" Maris asks, pushing her way in front of me again.  
"Princess? Luna? Luna Princess?"

I shake my head and chuckle.

"Colette is fine."

"Luna, that seems a little too personal," Zale whispers, and I brush him off. Maris seems genuine in her excitement and I get the feeling she and I are going to be exceptionally



close. "She is family," I say to him with a soft smile. "Come to think of it, you are, too. Family uses real names, not titles."

At least I think that is how it goes. I really can't say, the whole not having a family for most of my life thing sort of skews my knowledge.

"I'm Maris! King Caspian was my

uncle, well, great uncle. Something like that is a little different for us with our lives and stuff, but...anyway. I am so happy to meet you. It is so obvious how pure you are. We are going to be great friends."

Wade frowns and then clears his throat, then he looks around. "Maris and I are the oldest."

"Wade was supposed to be first in line for the throne but well...clearly that didn't work out." She squeals, her voice still cheery and happy despite the very tense air surrounding Zale and Wade. Blunt and oblivious. Sirens are both, it seems, when they are on the surface.

"Maybe not the best thing to say." I give her a gentle smile and she frowns.

"But it's the truth." She says.

"But perhaps Wade doesn't like to think about it?" I offer and he seems surprised, his brows rising in shock. "How about I give you a tour, then later I can show you all my wolf in the water?"

My cousins all chatter excitedly, unfamiliar faces stepping forward to meet me as I grin, my heart full and my eyes watering. It's such a strange feeling being happy and yet so heartbroken simultaneously.

Search the **FindNovel.net** website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

## Chapter 135

I feel like I am floating on air, the high from meeting and being accepted so quickly. Even with the very blunt questions about what it's like to be a dog and if I smell like a wet animal after I leave the water, it was nice. It felt a little like maybe I didn't lose everyone. The loss of mom and dad still weighs heavy on my heart, but I swear they were there with me laughing and smiling.

Merikh comes around the corner of the hall, his head down as he rubs the back of his neck, a huge exhale filling the distance between us. I slip into the little cutout next to our bedroom door, waiting for him. "Alpha," someone calls him.

"Yeah?" He asks, then he seems to make a relieved sound. "Ah, good, you were faster than I expected, Thatch."

"When the Lycan king beckons, you don't leave him waiting." He says with a deep chuckle.

My brows pull together as I try to remember who exactly Thatch is. Not that it is saying much. I have so many names to learn and remember, and my grief has sort of left me hiding away the majority of the time.

"I am sure you know by now the condition of Beta Hayes." Merikh says, his voice soft and disappointed.

"Uh, yes. I have been made aware." He says, sounding unsure.

"I need someone to replace him, just for the time being." Merikh says and my eyebrows shoot up.

"Of course, Alpha. Just until Beta Hayes is well enough." Thatch says, a tone of shock in his answer. "But are you sure that I am the right choice? Or that he won't get better in the next week or so?"

I can hear the panic in Thatch's voice. The way he wants this honor, but respects the man who has held the place he is taking over for so many years. Not that it is at all surprising, everyone respects and deeply cares for Merikh and Hayes. Perhaps it's the way they lost their parents or the way they step up to every challenge. Either way, Thatch will have big shoes to fill.

"I spoke with Hayes about this decision, and we both agreed that you were the only option." Merikh pauses and chuckles lightly. "Hell, it is the only thing we seem to agree on these days."

My excitement slowly bleeds away from my meeting and my chest burns for Merikh. He has not only had to help me in my darkest place, but he has battled Hayes and the demons that have attached to him in the form of terrible thoughts and anger.

Merikh has been bleeding from both sides of his heart and though I have seen it, I don't think I've really SEEN him.

"Then I accept, Alpha. Again, just until Beta Hayes is ready to step back in." Thatch reiterates.

"Sounds good. Now you go and tell your family and I will see you first thing in my office in the morning. I wish there was more of a learning curve for you, but sadly, this will be a trial by fire for you." Merikh says, a yawn taking over. "Try to get some rest for yourself as well, Alpha Merikh," Thatch says with a touch of concern.

Then I hear receding footsteps and Merikh coming my way. Instead of opting to jump out at him, I wait, leaning on the door. As he steps in front of me, his guard down, I see how much everything is breaking him down.

His eyes look surprised when they meet mine, going from tired to sheer comfort and joy as a smile breaks over his perfect lips, one so genuine it melts me.

I reach up, my hand gently sliding up the side of his cheek as he shudders a soft sigh and leans into it. [SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

"You heard it all huh?" He asks and I nod, giving him a sad smile.

"Beta Thatch?" I ask, arching a brow, and he nods.

"Great warrior, very honorable and well liked and respected." He murmurs, his eyes blinking slowly as he steps into me, my hand dropping from his face as I wrap my arm around his body. "Why not Percy?" I ask him curiously.

"Percy is the only person I trust to protect you. After everything, including Penny, I think moving Percy to beta would almost be offensive to him."

"That's fair." I say into his shoulder.

"How was your family meeting?" He

asks as the door opens behind me and he eases us in. Before I can say anything squeal in shock as he swoops me up into his arms and walks over to the couch, laying the two of us down, my back to his chest as he spoons me close. "Well?"

"Well, we have the Siren's as allies." I tell him, my heart thudding at what to say. Under normal circumstances, I would beam and tell him every detail, but right now I'm worried about it.

"Hmm, well, from my office, it looked like you all were getting along." He says, his nose pressing into my hair as he inhales my scent.

"Yes," I smile to myself. "It seems like they want to get to know me. I think it will be nice to have that tie to home."

"Good." He says, giving me a little squeeze. "It makes me happy to hear how well it went, Colette. I could feel your joy radiating and it was so refreshing to feel that from you after so long. Your happiness is everything."

His voice falls off like he is falling

asleep, and I wiggle into him, looking for more of his touch. The room is dark and silent as we just cuddle. And somehow it feels like it's been one of our more intimate and raw moments together. His breathing grows steady, and his chest rises and falls as he falls into a deeper

slumber.

I spin around in his arms; the couch creaking as I turn to face him. Even in the tiny amount of light, I can see how at peace he is and my heart hurts. Not a pain that makes me want to cry. But a pain that comes from being overfilled after so long of being overly aching. "Merikh," I whisper, pushing up on my elbow as I press a kiss to the tip of his nose.

"Hmm?" he mutters, half asleep as I run my fingers through his hair and he moans in approval.

"Can I ask you for something?" I whisper.

"Anything you want, little luna," he

says in a groggy voice, his eyes still closed as I bite my lip. Nerves rush through me as I grow suddenly nervous and shy. Then I clear throat and when I look back up at him, his emerald pools are watching me with a hint of amusement.

"Um..."

"What is it, Colette?" he says, his brows coming together. "You are worrying me..."

I inhale deeply and let out a shuttering breath before closing my eyes and just blurting the words.

"I want to have a baby." I peek through one eye, watching his startled expression before he breaks into a laugh, yanking me to him.

"You want a baby?" He asks.

"Yes. Well, your baby, to be specific. I think...I think now is as good a time as ever and, I thought maybe it would be beneficial for Hayes to have something to hold on to and perhaps it would fill the void="

"Colette," Merikh says, pulling back and smoothing my hair. "I will give you a baby because you want one. But we don't have a child to do anything other than showcase our love. This sweet little gift will have no obligation other than to be adorable and loved." "Does that mean you want one, too?"

"You have known for some time I want one whenever you are ready." He says, grinning. "So you are saying you are ready?"

I nod emphatically, biting my lip. "Yes, I am."

"Good." he grins, lifting me from the couch and carrying me to the bed. "Then we will start right now..."

"I thought you were tired," I laugh, and he shakes his head.

"The second you wiggled into me on the couch I was ready to dive into," he grins, laying me down as he reaches for the waist of my pants. "Guess it's a good thing we enjoy practising as well."

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.