

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 14

Colette POV

I rub my eyes, certain I must be going crazy as I peek and see Merikh's sleeping form. He stayed. Here I thought he would leave after I fell asleep. Not that he isn't a man of his words, but he is a busy man. Lounging around with me in bed can't be an entirely good way to run a realm.

I press my lips together nervously, looking over his slightly stubbly cheeks and the way his lips are pursed open slightly, a soft whistling nose filling the room with every exhale. He is snoring, lightly and somehow in a S*xy way and I furrow my brows, trying to understand when the hell I would ever consider snoring of any kind Sexy. Is that the mate bond? Working to make me want him more until I just eventually give in?

I gently move closer, my fingers reaching out and hovering over his face as I frame his cheeks with my hands, being careful not to wake him.

"You are staring," he says in a low husky voice that makes me reel back in shock, rolling away and nearly flying off the bed. His arm wraps around my waist, yanking me back as I twist, and he rises on to his elbow, his green eyes boring into mine.

"Sorry," I mumble, my eyes skirting to his lips, where I watch a small smirk appear. I look away, toward the window, and fake a yawn. "I guess it's morning."

"Mmm," he affirms with a vibrating hum and I fight back a shiver.

"We should get up," I say, though it lacks confidence.

"Should we? Do you have plans I don't know about?" He asks me and I chuckle.

"Yes, with all my friends I have here." I say and slap my hand over my mouth. It came out snarkier than I've ever spoken before, but instead of being upset, he just smirks.

"Apparently, along with your strength coming back, so is your sass. I imagine you've **been** holding it in for years." He's not wrong. I look at him, worried, and he just shakes his head. "Sass me all you want, Colette. I find it endearing."

“For now,” I snort and he sits up, rolling from the bed.

“Come, let’s get some breakfast.” He says, looking over his shoulder.

“Like...eat with you?” I ask, taken aback.

Merikh turns to face me with an air of amusement.

“As opposed to what? eating you?” He asks and my face flames in embarrassment.

“I didn’t mean it like that?” I rush out and his smile grows wider.

I see the twinkle in his eye, the pleasure he is getting from my heated skin and inability to look him in the face. Oh, he knows what I meant...unless...he doesn’t and I’m just a dirty minded girl. I’ve never let my mind wander to such places before and here I am....

“Let’s get breakfast and maybe you could recount what happened last night. The more we know, the more we can try to figure out what they are after.” He mutters, moving toward the door. I scramble out of the bed and my baggy shirt and sweatpants all crumbled from sleep, but I don’t feel like changing, not when he is planning to go in his sweatpants too.

“What do you usually eat for breakfast?” He asks as we leave the room and I furrow my brows, looking up at him.

“I don’t usually eat breakfast.”

“Coffee then?” He says, but I can hear his disappointment.

“Iced Coffee.” I smile at him, and he grins, looking pleased. I don’t dare tell him I drink it iced because it was always the day old coffee that I would sneak before the kitchen maids would empty the pot each night. Iced coffee **is** iced coffee, so why should he care it wasn’t fresh or actually was more room temperature?

“The cooks will have a spread of food for you to choose from,” he says after a moment and I can only assume he mind linked everyone.

“When will I have the mindlink?” I ask, and he tucks his hands into his sweatpants pockets.

“After we mate, fully. Your wolf acknowledges me as its alpha right now, and this as its pack, but you have not been formally accepted or presented yet,” he says and I can feel the weight of his eyes on me, trying to gauge my reaction.

I hide the hurt well, though. He still hasn't presented me to his pack yet. Merikh claims to want me, he is kind and attentive and holds my hand through every grudgingly slow 'training' session I have.

Yet he still hides me away from everyone else. It is feeling more and more like I am his dirty little secret and that's not a feeling I am keen on. The thought of him having a true Luna elsewhere creeps into the back of my mind and I try to shove it down. When I feel a tug on my hand and I glance to see his fingers wrapping around mine.

My eyebrows shoot up as I glance at him, my mouth agape. But he isn't watching me, he is instead leading me gently as he looks down the hallway we are venturing. The moment is sweet, and my stomach seems to have joined a gymnastics team as it does its own floor routine inside me.

My heart races and I give his warm hand a gentle squeeze. Not one that is entirely noticeable, but one that says I like the touch. Because I do. I feel safer when I can feel him or be near him, especially after last night.

The smell of bacon hits my nostrils and my mouth suddenly fills with saliva, the drool reminding me just how hungry I am, and then my stomach releases a feral cry for food and Merikh chuckles to himself, pleased.

"Looks like we made it just in time, any longer, and it sounds like your stomach would have tried to eat me." He wears a mischievous grin on his perfect lips and I bite back a laugh. He is right. Any longer and I may have gnawed on him.

As we enter the massive kitchen, I see the display of nearly every breakfast dish I can name, and I lick my lips. If she finally get to try all these things I have watched Leslie enjoy and taunt me with since I can remember. Oh, could she see me now, she would be damn livid. And that thought will only make everything taste that much better.

"Grab a plate and take what you want," Merikh says and suddenly I'm stuck, rooted to the ground as my b*dy nearly recoils at the thought of breaking the rules.

Breakfast isn't for people like me. I want to try everything that was prepared, but the thought of eating it brings back the memories of my maid training. The discipline I was told from a young age I had to learn. They would starve me for three days then make me serve everyone breakfast and all leftovers were scraped into a bucket that **was** tossed to the woodlands creatures.

I was lowlier even compared to them. Merikh ushers me to the dining room table before he maneuvers around my chair and loads up one plate, laying it before me. Then he grabs his own and sits next to me.

“Eat,” he says, pushing a fork into my hand as I look at him. All the memories of the painful beatings, the way my fingers ache in memory of being rapped on the knuckles for trying to eat when I hadn’t been told to do so.

Colette, please eat,” he says and I look up at him, a concerned frown on his **lips** as he stands at the counter, paused. “You need your strength.”

“Okay,” I smile, but it falters when I look back at the plate.

So instead of looking at the food. I close my eyes and shovel whatever I get on my fork into my mouth and I moan. The hash browns mixed with the perfectly seasoned and fluffy eggs tastes like heaven as I chew and swallow, opening my eyes and pushing more in.

Merikh sits across from me chuckling as he drops an iced coffee before me. I tilt my head, looking at it as he watches me closely, and I hesitantly reach out and take a sip.

“Holy shit.” I mutter, slurping more of it down. “What is this? It’s so good.”

“Iced coffee...” he looks at me confused. “Do you just drink iced black coffee?”

I nod, and he snorts.

“Are you a serial killer? Iced coffee should be flavored.”

“I wasn’t-”

“Allowed. I’m seeing a trend here.” He murmurs, leaning forward and resting his elbows on the table, his eyes. glued to me. But I can’t find the will to care **as** I set up a routine of scooping up food, then sucking down more coffee.

“Can I ask you some questions about last night?” he asks finally and I slide my eyes in his direction.

“Feed me like this and I will tell you anything you want to hear.” I murmur and he grins.

“Now tell me, what was your dream about?” He asks.

My movements freeze and I sit back from my plate, looking out the window with a heavy sigh.

"It's the same nightmare I always have. Well, kind of, it's a little different from before."
"

"What was different?"

"She spoke in this one." I murmur, her words echoing in my head, the clarity and fear in the words. It was her voice, the mother I could never remember...

His brow pinch above his nose and he hums in question.

"What did she say?" He asks softly. I press back into my seat, watching him before deciding I trust him. I don't know him well, but I trust him nonetheless.

"She told me to stay, that they would be there soon,"

"But she has never mentioned that part before?" He asks, frowning, and I nod.

"She would say it, I think, but it was always silent...my dreams. More like she was mouthing *the...*"

"Hmm, that is interesting." Merikh says, getting lost in his thoughts before he shakes his head in thought and takes a sip of his hot coffee. "Did she say his name? Anything to help identify him?"

"No," I frown, "just that he would be there soon. Then the green orb showed up and chased me into the water."

"Did it hurt you?" He asks. "I saw you from my office window and you looked..." he pauses, clearing his throat and with the sound his face changes from distant to reserved. "You looked very distressed."

"Yeah, it spoke to me, too." I whisper. A shiver rolls through me at the memory. The voice telling me she needs me. That I need to hurry.

His brows rise in surprise. "It did? What did it say?"

"That I needed to go to her. That my mom needed me."

"Did you save her? In your dream?" He asks softly and I bite my lip, looking down at the plate, dragging my fork.

over the eggs.

"No, I watched her die..." my voice cracks and his war hand covers mine. "I've never seen that part before..."

“Weavers can morph your dreams to fit what they want. But there are clues, little ways to tell what is out of the ordinary.”

“Like what?” I ask, peeking up at him. The image of her dying in front of me won’t ever go away, but if there is a chance I don’t have to see it again, that this nightmare wasn’t originally mine...then I will cling to that tiny bit of hope.

“Voices that aren’t meant to speak sound tinny. Like someone is talking through a metal can and images have a distorted outline, not too distinguishable but enough to make the figure look almost of focus.”

My mouth goes dry, my stomach heavy, and I stop playing with my food. The green orb’s voice **was** most definitely different, sounding like someone was hollering into a tin can. But my mom, watching her being impaled from behind...there was no distortion on that. My brows furrow and the corner of lips tug down in a frown.

“And if the things I saw weren’t distorted...is it possible they are still fake?” I ask in a soft whisper.

“No.” he says, but I don’t see him. I can’t focus on his face, then my eyes are blurring with tears.

“Is there a way to tell if it’s just a nightmare or memories?” I ask, looking up and meeting his guarded eyes.

“Only you can determine that.”

“How?”

“Sometimes there are things we just know. We can feel it in our guts, but we can’t explain it...this is one of those. times to trust your gut, Colette.”

The tears break free, strolling down my face as I bite back a sob. Every fiber of my being is telling me I know the truth. I know the parts that are real and made up. And what I think I know is that I witnessed my mother’s murder.