

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 15

“Colette?” Merikh calls out to me, concerned. I give him the best fake smile I can muster.

I can tell he isn't falling for it. The fake grin to hide the pain that was creeping in and taking over my heart. He stands suddenly, reaching down and pulling me up into a warm, comforting embrace.

My hands instinctively slide up his back, cradling his shoulders as my grip grows tighter. The replay of my mother's death in my dream plays on a loop in my mind. I wince every time I see it pierce through her, and he holds me closer.

I didn't even realize the silent tears had turned to sobs as he strokes my hair and hums in my ear to calm me. I don't want to let go, to pull away from him, but after what feels like a long time, I wrap my arms around his waist and press my cheek to his chest with a heavy sigh.

“Are you going to be okay?” he asks.

His voice is so tender and full of worry, and I feel the urge to look up at him. The need to see his green eyes and witness his gentle smile is too much to fight right now. For a man of so much death and destruction, he **is** so soft. with me. So gentle and patient. He watches me curiously, his thumb stroking a loose strand from my face before a serene smile takes over his perfectly plush pink lips.

“Yeah, I don't really have any other options.” I sigh.

“Has anyone ever told you how beautiful you are?” he asks, looking over my face from feature to feature. My usual blush creeps up my n\*ck and seeps into my cheeks as they grow warm. He seems to melt into me. “Especially when you blush.””

“Thanks...” I murmur, stepping out of his embrace. “I think.”

“You are so much stronger than you realize. There is so much in you that you still don’t see.”

“And what is it you see in me?” I ask him. His demeanor shifts slightly, his expressions shutting down and going stoic as he seems to think about the question.

“What I see in you is a way forward, Colette.” he says. “I see the future of this pack and it all is riding on you.”

I scoff and roll my eyes. “Now I know you are lying. What kind of future or way forward can I bring? You are mistaken.”

“Not about this,” he says, a small smile cracking through his cool demeanor. His compliments confuse me. The words he speaks seem like they have hidden meaning. Yet, I can’t find it, instead I’m just left feeling a little more confused and a lot more drawn to him.

He reaches for my iced coffee and hands it to me with an indecipherable look.

“I think you would really benefit from a visit to the healing waters today.” He announces.

“Uh...but I am healing fine. Actually, better than fine. I am healing faster than anyone else I’ve ever known now that the poison from Leslie is out of my system. The healers say my leg can handle being walked now and I can try running in a couple of days.”

“You still think it was her poisoning you, don’t you?” he asks, and I scrunch my nose.

“I mean, of course I do. What other reason would it be? I’ve not thought up a more valid reason, can you?” I ask, and he shrugs.

“I’m sure there are many other logical reasons, but that is beside the point. The healing waters will ease your mind in a way that your wolf can’t. The aromatics from the herbs and oils, along with the warm water itself, is soul soothing. It will cleanse your mind of bad thoughts that try to creep in.”

I think about what he says, remembering the lake and how cold it is, but then I recall the steam from his bath and how he just mentioned warm water and suddenly the whole idea sounds appealing.

“Do I have to be n\*ked?” I ask, arching a brow, and he looks at me like I’m crazy.

“I wasn’t n\*ked the time you barged in on me in the waters.” he teases and I click my tongue.

“Excuse me, I just wanted to help you.” I protest and he just shakes his head in amusement.

“And help you did.” he gives a small bow **in** appreciation and I try to fight the growing grin.

“Fine.” I roll my eyes playfully, giving into him, “I will go to the healing waters. Happy?”

“Very much.” He nods, a glint in his eyes. “I will have someone pull it together for you.”

“Can I take it later tonight? Bathing now feels.... a little useless before a workout. I want to train today and then I will take one.”

“You are sounding like a Luna with those demands,” **he** bites back a pleased smirk.

“I feel more comfortable...I guess.” I shrug and he laughs.

“With me or the pack?” he asks.

“Both, actually...” I admit, and he exhales with a nod.

“Fine. if you feel you are ready to train today, then let’s start now.”

My muscles scream out in total agony, my mind mush and my b\*dy covered in sweat. Merikh follows behind me and I swear I can feel him trying to hold his laughter in. Here I thought we would continue our usual training of walking through the water, but

apparently he wants to kill me off before we officially mate. What actually took place was not training no, it was just shy of homicide.

“What the hell was that?” I ask him with narrowed eyes. Merikh just looks at me with a barely there smug smirk

before looking away quickly. He is enjoying this all way too much.

“Your next level of training. You were saying you are healing faster, so why not step up the training a little faster as well?”

“Yeah, remind me to not speak out of turn. Apparently, all I do is put my foot in my damn mouth.” I grumble and he breaks into a laugh that feeds the very core of me, making my whole body heat.

My legs feel like jello and my lungs are searing from the workout they were given as well. I look over my shoulder and watch him. I **am** in complete awe of how he would ever need a second chance, mate.

The rumor for so long had been that she rejected him because of his scarred face. Yet here I am. Watching the

most handsome being I have ever laid eyes on laugh like an angel. He may be one of death, but the fact remains, he is unearthly beautiful and more so when he smiles.

rikh, why did your mate reject you?” I ask him and he freezes, his entire body rigid and his eyes near dead. The transformation from warm and laughing Alpha to cold and murderous is so fast I nearly get whiplash.

“I don’t want to talk about her,” he snaps as he pushes past me.

“Why not? If you have a new mate, shouldn’t you be over your last one?” I ask, and he takes two large steps, overtaking me as he grips my elbow.

“It is none of your business,” he grits out before yanking his arm away and recoiling back from me. “Make sure you go to the healing waters after this. I will be late to the room tonight,” then he pushes past me, leaving me behind to gape and wonder what the hell just happened.

When I make it into the pack house, Penny finds me and gives over my shoulder to someone behind me. I glance back to see Percy nod back to her as he takes off.

“Has he been stalking me all day?” I ask, and she grins.

“Oh, for sure. I keep telling him that stalking women is a terrible habit, but what can I do? Creeps are gonna creep.”

“Oh, I can’t wait to tell him you said that.” I chuckle and she shrugs.

“He will never believe you,” she winks, falling in step beside me.

We walk for a moment in comfortable silence as I contemplate asking her the question the Merikh shut down so angrily. Then I realize I have a right to know. It’s part of this pack’s history and I am supposedly this pack’s future. How can I move forward when I haven’t seen the past?

“Penny...”

“Yes?”

“If I ask you questions, do you have to answer me?” I ask tentatively.

She looks at me, confused. “I guess it depends on the question and how it’s important to you?”

“I want to know about Merikh’s ex mate...” I tread lightly with my words, looking around and waiting for a backlash. Instead, she throws her hands up with an exasperated sigh.

“Well, it’s about damn time,” she says.

“Wait what?”

“I’ve been dying to tell you, but you had to ask me first. Let me know you are serious about being Alpha’s new mate and our Luna.”

“Uh...ok.” I say, not bothering to think much about what she says. I have questions and I want answers. “So, what is her name?”

“Oh, you mean was?” She quirks a brow.

“Was? As in, she is dead?” I ask and she grins, nodding yes.

“Like damn dead. Lauren lost her head, kind of dead. She dead dead.” She says in a creepy way too happy about it, upbeat voice.

“Okay, she’s dead, but how?” I ask and she looks away for a second.

“You can’t freak out until I tell you the entire story. Okay? Promise?”

“Well, that’s already not a great start.” I admit anxiety squeezing my insides like it’s an orange in a juice factory.

“Yeah, well...it’s obviously not a fairytale considering her current location.” She chuckles.

I look at her weirdly and she grins, then rolls her eyes. “Because she **is six** feet under. Pushing up daisies. Yeesh, slow on the uptake today, Luna Letty.” she mutters.

“It’s a little weird how excited her death makes you.”

“If Alpha weren’t so hurt by **it** all, everyone would react like this. Lauren deserved her ending.”

“And yet you still tell me nothing.” I remind her.

“Okay, okay,” she sighs, peeking around the hall as we get closer to the room. “Lauren grew up here, everyone. sort of...well... she wasn’t everyone’s favorite pack member,

but when they realized they were **mates**, it didn't matter and it seemed like she changed, truly changed."

"What happened?"

"She was a spy," Penny says, a cloud of anger hovering around her now. She is hiding behind her jokes, but I can feel how much she truly detested the luna before me.

I give her an incredulous look. "A spy? For who? The rogues?"

"Worse..." she grins, waiting for me to guess. I swallow, not wanting to look like an idiot, as I rack my brain for a good guess.

"The...wi-"

"Vampires." she cuts me off and I say it with her like it was totally my guess too. Then my eyes nearly bulge from my head.

"WHAT!?" I cry out loud and she slaps her hand over my mouth, shoving me into the room.

"The vampires, damn, why are you so surprised? They are the most backstabby supernatural being there are."

"Right, obviously," I try to play along.

It's not like I didn't know they existed, except that's sort of exactly what I thought. Like I know, Merikh has said that there are other supernatural beings out there, but that was early in our relationship. I couldn't tell if he was joking or not.

"She wasn't just giving them information but as Luna, she was able to invite them into pack grounds in the middle of the night. We didn't just lose twelve warriors to one vampire, we lost our former alpha, Alpha Merikh and beta Hayes Dad. They found Lauren talking with the vampire in question about where to find Merikh to kill him next over his father's blood let body."

My heart feels like it's in a vice grip and I clutch my chest, hoping to relieve some of the tension there.

"So, he killed her." I whisper, and I find I can't blame him. I would have done the same thing without a second thought.

"No." she shakes her head. "He had a public execution and had her beheaded."

The blood drains from my face, but not because of how he executed her or that he sentenced her to death and watched it. But at how much it must have hurt him and his lycan to watch his mate die. To be the one to order it before his whole pack. Acknowledging he was wrong to choose her. His wrong choice led to a devastating loss.

No wonder he doesn't want to announce me to the pack yet. Holy crap, no wonder he chose me. I am too weak to do anything like that and get away with it. He chose the weakest option, with no **ties** to anyone. Never again will he let something awful like that happen. No wonder he has no desire to find his second chance mate. How could he ever trust someone when the mate bond blinds him?