

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 17

### Merikh POV

My b\*dy vibrates with her touch, my lycan damn near purring as her soft lips move against mine. It's like the celebration dinner all over again, my b\*dy giving in where I know I should pull back, but I can't. Not this time. She has entrapped me under her spell, and I am forever wrapped up in everything Colette.

Her hands are warm from the water as they glide up my heaving chest, wrapping around my n\*ck. My b\*dy shivers under her touch and I k\*ss her deeper, unable to breathe the air around me, only her.

My hand tangles in her wet hair as I tilt her chin up, giving me better access to explore her mouth. My other hand slides down her wet back, my thumb looping into the back of her bikini bottoms. The rest of my palm rests over the fabric.

I crave grabbing a handful of her ass, dragging her body up me and spreading her little legs around my waist. But Colette isn't someone you fling around, not like that. Not yet. She's a delicate flower, a water lily that needs time and so long as this is what we do with that time...I can manage. For a short while.

She moans as she tries to tug me closer, her b\*dy rolling against mine with a delicious vibration that only serves the purpose of making everything harder. Like pulling away from her and, well...me, clearly.

"Colette," I murmur against her lips.

She hums in acknowledgement and then she moves her head to my cheek, kissing my face before moving to my ear. Her breathing is like a feather over my ears and it

makes me shiver as a hungry moan slips between my lips. and I turn, taking her lips again.

I walk her back, trying to find something to press her against. I can't have her, not the way I crave, but I sure as shit can't stop this moment. Right now, it's the only thing keeping me breathing. The second I pull away, the water descends and I am drowning in reality and I'm so fucking sick of reality. I want to revel in this, just a little longer.

A knock sounds at the door and ignore it. fuck them. I don't care who it is or what they want. Right now, I'm servicing my queen. The knock grows louder and Colette must finally hear it as she tears away, covering her lips. and looking away. She is hiding again from me, her shell quickly coming back up and it nearly guts me to see it. She is so stunning when she's carefree.

"What?" I growl at the door. Who ever it is could have easily used the mindlink,

"Alpha, I have come from the council with the official decision on your appeal to-

"Yes, I will be with you in a moment." I grit out, taking a step away from Colette who looks at me, lips parted and red. Her hair is a mess with her innocent eyes wide in shock, watching me. I tilt my head, drinking in the view.

"Exquisite," I breathe. I reach out, cupping her cheek, dragging the pad of my thumb over her lips. "I will see you tonight,"

"I thought you said you would be working late," she murmurs in a daze.

"I moved things around." I smile. "You should get dressed and rest. The healing waters can only do so much, but you will still be sore tomorrow."

She looks a little confused, tilting her head slightly and I notice a hue of blue in her brown eyes I've never seen before. For a moment, I think she will say something, but she doesn't. Instead, she closes her mouth, her lips pressing into a smile.

"Okay. I'll see you in a bit." She bites her lip as I turn toward the stairs.

I stop for a moment before I turn back and drag her close, dropping a kiss on her forehead. As much as I want to deny the pull to her, I can't. Be it the second chance bond or just who she is, I am falling hard even with my reservations.

"I'll see you soon," I sigh, releasing her and rushing out of the water.

I move to the chair, grabbing my towel and changing my clothing, while Colette looks away, her innocence still intact, as I grin to myself, hoping she took a peek all the while knowing she didn't.

When I push out the door, I find the messenger from the council waiting for me. His unnatural looking silver hair flows down past his shoulders, dusting over his deep blue double-breasted vest. At least they sent a messenger! get along with.

"Ezrah." I nod and he grins, walking next to me as we make our way to my office.

"Good to see you again, Alpha," he bows his head in respect and I sigh.

"I take it my appeal was once again rejected?" I ask.

"Lost by one." He responds a small smirk on his lips. I look at him, shocked. For years, I have repealed the ruling that landed our kind ostracized by the council that protects their members and allows them access to the other supernatural beings in our world.

"One?" I ask, narrowing my eyes. "Who changed their mind?"

"I am not allowed to share those details, Alpha. You know the rules." he shrugs.

"Yeah," I grumble, running my hands through my hair. "Yeah, I know the damn rules."

"If you had a Luna, it might change things," he says, looking at me and I know he sees the redness of my lips from my time with Colette.

"Why would that make a difference?" I ask, keeping my little luna a secret from him for now. She is my secret weapon, one I am not ready to let the council know I have yet.

“They want proof that your kind has...” He pauses, looking for the right word.

“A weakness.” I scoff. “I believe that is the word you are looking for.”

“A weakness?” He rears his head, sliding his hands into his matching blue pants.

“Interesting way to put it alpha. I was going to say anchor. Someone to keep you grounded. To reach you when you are otherwise...unreachable. If you understand my meaning.”

“I have seen how some of the council members treat their other halves.” I frown.

“There is no grounding there. Just pure ownership and Sexual drive.”

“Ah, but their kind has not been kicked from the council, nor are they notorious for acting out before thinking. Your kind, however...” he falls off, I know where he is going.

And I admit, he may have a point there, but I refuse to acknowledge that. I turn, pushing my office door open and motioning him to enter. He obliges me, and I see Hayes sitting in the corner with a grin on his face. I shoot him a scowl, knowing he let Ezra in and sent him to find me. Without a mindlink warning. The asshole interrupted my moment with Colette and he will pay, when he least expects it.

“Is there a message you would like to relay to the council?” Ezra asks. He pulls an envelope from the breast pocket, placing it on the desk, and I see the same seal I always do.

“I see Caspian is still the head of the council.” I frown. The dickhead who keeps fighting me, even though our

terms have been fulfilled and time served. He has it out for us, not that the feeling isn't mutual.

“He is.” He watches me with a glimmer of amusement. “You know the rules. He has some time left to be the leader.”

“Because he stole my kinds term, I should be at that seat.” I growl low in my chest.

“Not some fish stick asshole.”

“If your kind had followed the laws, things would be very different, Alpha. But as it stands, your great grandfather was not one for the rules and the council fears the term has not yet been long enough for a lesson to have been learned.”

“That’s bullshit.” I hiss, hammer my fist on my desk. “They all are hoping enough time passes to make us forget. They’ve abandoned us.”

“I am merely a messenger,” He frowns. Then he lays a separate note next to the one containing the refusal to let us back into the council.

“What is this?” I ask, furrowing my brow as I grab it and tear it open..

“That I do not know. I only deliver the news. This was in my pile to deliver.”

“Yet you knew what was in the first letter.” Hayes reminds him and Ezra shrugs.

“I was given the details to share verbally, the other note I know nothing about other than the destination. But now I must go before my portal closes,” he says, checking the clock above my head.

“Thank you.” I sigh. Even if he brings bad news, Ezra is easily the more respectful of the messengers.

“Always a pleasure, Alpha Merikh.” he gives a head bow and sees himself out.

Hayes pops up, rushing over the desk like a hungry dog looking for a treat.

“Open the damn thing. I want to see what it says.”

“**Leave.**” I say, smirking. His face falls.

“What?”

“No warning about Ezra being here and you sent him to find me.” I remind him, and he scoffs.

“I always do that with him.”

“But it rarely interrupts... things,” I growl, my lycan coming forward to show him our displeasure. Shock gives way to amusement, and he laughs.

“Damn, so you put some moves on her in the healing waters? Very unoriginal, but it’s a start,” he teases and I scowl, sitting in my chair and pointing to the door. “Oh, come on! It was an honest mistake. I didn’t mean to interrupt anything.”

“Next time you do that, I will have you punished.” I scowl at him.

“I swear on the heavens, never again...for a while.” he grins and I roll my eyes, opening the letter glancing down at the printed font on paper with only three lines.

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Keep your Luna close. She is the stuff of dreams...or nightmares. Can’t wait to meet her at the council meeting.

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“What the fuck?” I mumble, my blood running cold as I read it again and again. Hayes takes it from my hand. His eyes snap up to mine.

\*So the wolves...the stupid fucking dream weavers...\*

“Someone from the council knows more than they should.” I mutter and he growls in anger.

“We have a fucking traitor.” He hisses, running his hand through his hair.