

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 19

“Merikh POV

I pace my office, back and forth, waiting for Percy to update me on what the hell is happening.

“You could just go watch for yourself.” Hayes says, unamused. He is angry with me. It’s not like he has a reason to be. It’s not his mate about to have a meetup with her ex and probably try to run off.

“Why the hell would I want to watch her betray me?”

“You are making assumptions.” He shoots back, wandering to the massive bay window overlooking the lake and the cliff that is above it. I roll my eyes, looking at him.

“The last time I didn’t make assumptions, I was blindsided and our father ended up murdered.”

“She isn’t the bitch that set you up. Colette doesn’t have a calculating bone in her b\*dy and you know that,” Hayes groans, throwing his head back before he glares over at me.

“How would I know that?” I grit out to him. “How do I know she didn’t lure him here?”

“Wow.” he scoffs with the shake of his head before turning to face me fully. “Is that what it’s come to? You are so

I over?" hopelessly in love with that poor girl that you are convincing yourself she will screw

"fuck off," I grumble. He is wrong, trust is earned. When it's given freely, that's when people screw you over, or worse, when it gets people killed.

-Grady found her-

Percy says in the back of my mind and I glare at my younger brother, who still shakes his head. He finally lifts his hands like he gives up and he retreats to the couch where he plops down with a heavy sigh.

"If Colette finds out, she may never forgive you," He grumbles.

"You and I both know there is a lot she won't forgive me for, won't change her fate or mine." I move toward the window, my heart pumping as I wait for more information from Percy. "She is mine whether she hates me or not."

She hit him in the face- Percy says and I can hear his amusement, like he is proud of our little Luna, and I smirk to myself.

I like the sound of her hitting her ex-mate who felt she was worth letting go. Not that I can hate him too much. How can I when he is the reason I know she is truly mine? No, Grady's screw up made my plan so much easier to get her into my pack. But that doesn't mean I have to like the idiot.

-Stay close but not too close-

Alpha...I hear Percy's conflict through the mindlink and my anger grows. I know he and Penny take their role seriously. But until tomorrow, until she is officially their Luna and announced to the pack, their loyalty is expected to remain with me and the pack.

That is your Luna, Percy. Your job is to make sure she is safe. If she tries to leave with him, you will stop her. Do you understand?—

-Yes, Alpha—he shoots back.

I see Hayes' pointed scowl, but I ignore it. He's never found his mate, so he doesn't get to dictate how I treat mine or determine if I can trust her.

"You are putting him in a tough spot. Why not send me?" He asks. "Why the hell would you-"

"Because I need you here to control me!" I roar at him, my eyes burning him up with anger.

Is he so dense he doesn't see that I will kill f\*\*king Grady? The second I leave this office, that fucker is dead and it will hurt Colette. It will f\*\*king hurt her and as much as I know all of this- this test of loyalty will hurt her I know killing Grady would make me forever lose her. There would be no coming back from that. She is my second chance mate. There is no one else for me, but that doesn't mean I have to trust her.

"What?" His eyes grow wide and he sits forward on the couch, alert. Then he grows soft and he frowns. "You are a f\*\*king confusing man, brother."

"Yeah, well, I feel the same damn way." I grumble. "I didn't create this opportunity, Hayes, but I will not pass **up** the chance to determine her loyalty before I take her as my Luna. It's as if the moon goddess herself needed me to see the truth, so I can plan how to live with her if she isn't loyal."

"You are making a mistake." Hayes grits out, standing and slapping a hand on my shoulder. "You should learn to trust-"

"Trust?" I chuckle dryly. "Trust? What exactly should I trust? The mate bond that already fucked me once? That the traitor among us will just happily reveal themselves? No, Hayes, the only thing I trust is blood and my senior ranking wolves. Everyone else can fuck right off at this point."

"There he is," He says, his voice dripping in disappointment. "The cool Alpha of Death everyone talks about. Been a while since I've seen him. Can't say I missed him."

-Luna is telling him to leave, Alpha-Percy says, breaking through the mind link.

My lycan vibrates with pride and happiness as I freeze, unsure of what to do. What my lycan wants to do is go to her, chase her down and hold her tight. Not in a million years did I think she would...I mean, I had hoped, but even I know hope is usually a useless emotion that sets people up for a harder fall.

-Stay with her, I am coming—I decide, finally feeling like I can breathe for the first time. Just knowing she is choosing me is enough to keep my murderous tendencies at bay. For now.

Hayes watches me in shock as I rush out the office door, everything passing me in a blur as I make my way out the pack house and toward the trail Percy said they were. She's not Lauren, I remind myself, and my Lycan tries to fight me for control. She is not Lauren, and she has told us she wants to choose us, even before knowing she is my second chance mate.

I inch up in the tree line, listening to the hushed whispers of Colette and the fuckface Grady who seems to think he can sneak into my territory unnoticed. The wind works in my favor, blowing their words toward me as I press my back into the tree as close as I can get without detection and try to eavesdrop on their conversation. I want to hear those sweet words when she tells him to fuck off.

"I don't like this," Percy protests from above me in the tree.

"I didn't ask," I mutter,

"This is breaking her trust," he warns me, but I don't care.

"You go around the other side." I say, glaring at him before he nods and slinks off silently through the forest shadows.

"What do you **mean**?" Grady's voice whispers, sounding confused.

"Merikh will kill you." Colette sounds scared,

"I'm not afraid of him,"

“You should be,” she snaps. “He will end you so quickly. I have seen how quickly he changes, Grady. You don’t stand a chance against him.”

Damn right he doesn’t. Hell, the moment she sends him on his way, I will scoop this dickwad up and stow him away in my dungeon. Colette is not leaving me, ever.

“I’m not leaving without you, Cole.” He says with conviction. “You said you love me. How can I leave you?”

Silence falls over them and my chest aches, my lycan angrily railing against my sanity, trying to break free and make an example of them. When did she tell him she loved him? Tonight? Before I got here? Does she still love him after everything?

“I am telling you to leave.” She says once more. “Please? I can’t lose you again.”

“So what? you will just stay here and mate with him?”

“I made a promise!” She hisses and Grady scoffs, laughing.

“A promise? I don’t see a mark keeping you here. Maybe I should just mark you now, before he can?” Grady says, sounding angry. I lurch forward, ready to tear his teeth from his skull, but I stop when I see her putting her hands up.

“Please...stop.” Colette sounds tired, worn down. Grady tugs her close to his chest by her hand and my vision turns red.

“I want you, Colette.” Grady whispers, then he grips the back of her neck and presses his lips to hers.

I stare, stunned for half a second, before dragging my eyes away. All semblance of pride or happiness obliterates and I’m left feeling hollow and really fucking angry. Any second longer and I will kill them both.

I hear nothing, only the ringing in my ears as her betrayal reopens a part of my injured soul I thought I had sealed with hatred. Betrayed twice by the women the moon goddess stupidly destined to love me.

-Do not let her leave this pack, Percy. Do you understand me?

-Yes, Alpha- he shoots back obediently.

-Hayes, I want this fucker picked up on the border as he tries to leave-

Have a little faith brother Hayes tries to calm me, but I shut down the link before he can continue.

My chest feels like it might rupture and my head spins. The amount of emotions I have felt in the last half hour is enough to give me an aneurysm as I walk.

Where? I have no idea; the scenery seems to meld into one. I hate that I was right. Even if I had expected it, even if I had hoped I was being a fool...I wasn't. I was right. Time seems to fade away and I sit on a boulder, staring at the moon as it rises over the lake.

"Merikh?" Her once sweet voice now grates on my ears and I look over my shoulder to see her red faced and shocked to find me.

"How was your walk?" I force out the words, refusing to let my emotions take over me .

Maybe she sent him packing, and maybe she was coming to confess she ran into him. That pesky feeling of hope tries to creep up, but squash it back down. I won't dare to hope, not with my heart. Never a gain. Instead, she can prove herself to me.

"It was...uneventful," she says with a smile that doesn't reach her eyes. I take in her dirty clothes and arch a brow.

"Uneventful, huh?" I ask, and she swallows, then nods quickly. "So, the dirt just jumped onto your clothing?"

"Oh," she looks down, surprise written all over her face, then she grins. "I fell. Tripped on a root."

“Mmm,” I nod.

“Actually...” she says, sighing heavily.

“Yes?” My eyes snap to hers, unable to kill the fucking hopefulness in my tone.

“Penny wasn’t out here...and I called for Percy, but he never responded...and...”

“And what?” I ask her. “Did something happen?”

“No!” she rushes out fast, looking over her shoulder. Does she really think she isn’t suspicious as fuck? “Nothing happened, just a walk alone. In the woods.”

“You weren’t alone, Colette.” I say, my lips pressing into a firm line. “You never are.”

“So...you know?” She asks, her face blazing red, and I tilt my head, watching her closely do my best to look confused as I furrow my brows.

“Know what?” I ask her, and she clears her throat, rubbing her hands on her pants.

“It’s nothing.” she smiles.

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah. I’m sure.”

And just like that, what little hope I stupidly let creep in bursts into flames, letting loose a wildfire that suffocates all thoughts of ever loving anyone again.