

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 22

Merikh POV

My lycan lurks just beneath the surface, fighting me with every sharp inhale **as** my chest aches with anger. He wants out; he wants blood, and he is fixated on the fucker who is trying to take what is ours.

The only thing keeping me from throwing my head back and letting him take over and rain down his punishment is the beautiful, wide eyed, sobbing woman between us. I hate that I am the reason for her crying. At first I thought I would relish **making** her acknowledge the lies, but this. it's torture.

"Merikh.."her voice is a soft whisper as she clutches her chest **and** looks up at me with puffy eyes, "I am begging you, please."

"It's okay, Cole." Grady says and I grit my teeth, biting back the monster that is begging for release. "Let the Alpha of Death show you his true colors."

"Say your goodbye," I say, staring right at the asshole who thinks he is acting so damn tough. He **didn't** seem all that tough when the **first** strike fell last night.

"I wish I **could** take it all back, accept you, choose you like you deserved. My greatest regret is losing **you**, and I will die knowing at least I tried to rectify it."

Colette looks at me, agony in her eyes as she takes a step closer to me. I move back, away from her and her intoxicating presence. Being close to her, when I know I am hurting her, is painful.

"Turn and watch." I whisper, making sure she sees this. She needs to witness it.

I nod to my warrior, **who** stands behind Grady, and he acknowledges my command. He walks Grady to the border line no more than thirty feet from us **and**, with a hard push, he sends him over the line. I can feel her eyes on me, **and** I know she is confused.

"This is your gift, my little luna." I take another step back, away from her.

Grady lifts his head, waiting for someone to kill **him**. Instead, I point into the woods.

“I banish **you**.” I utter, the words booming through the forest with **force** as the trees rumble. “You are not to return to any of the werewolf or lycan communities. You are no longer one of us. If you come back, you will be killed on sight.”

“What?” his mouth falls open before he holds his stomach in pain, the tie to our kind breaking, making him a true rogue. His eyes slide to Colette, who remains silent and unmoving. Then Grady drops his head, and she looks away at the ground, unable **to** watch **as** he turns and rushes off.

“We need to head back,” I say, breaking the silence and Colette’s eyes scan me, looking at me closely as I turn and walk away from her. “The sooner the better,” I **say**, feeling dead inside.

The rustling behind me is a **good** indicator that she is following along as my warrior goes back to his dungeon duty, heading in the opposite direction. Other than the **birds** in the trees and rustling of the forest floor beneath us, there is no sound. No attempt from either of us to understand or explain **what just** happened.

I

could **have** killed Grady. And honestly, I really wanted to, but I have more important things to worry about than an ex-mate trying to reclaim what he can never **have**.

As the music comes back into ear range, I feel her hand grab my arm and I go rigid, confused. I look down at her thin fingers that wrap over my shirt and then look **at** her **as** she stares forward, walking at my side. She must be doing this to **put** on a **show** in case any of the **pack** members see us coming back out of the woods.

It’s smart. The last thing I need is my pack thinking I **picked** someone **randomly that** I don’t even care for. No matter how angry I **am**, I will never be able to lie and tell myself I don’t care for her. Hell, I just fought the part of me I have always let win to keep from losing her forever.

As we get closer, the sounds of laughter and clinking echo through the trees, and I feel at ease. My pack is finally happy. Since Lauren, things have been..rough. A luna strengthens a **pack**, helps guide me in my mission to protect an entire **pack** and the whole of our kind and the werewolves. The role is vital to being a successful Lycan King. A king must have his **queen**.

“Luna!” Penny squeals, coming up and bouncing around us eagerly. “Did you do it? Do you have a mark now?”

The girl is drunk. How she has successfully managed it this quickly is beyond me, but drunk is definitely what she is. Which **means** Percy must be close by on duty.

“No,” Colette says sweetly, “He just took me for a **walk**.”

“OH!” her eyes grow wide. “For your present? Not going to lie, kind of thought your present was going to be eggplant shaped and a fresh bite,” she winks.

Colette furrows her brows, confused. Then she looks up at me for the first time since leaving Grady in the woods. I expected to find anger and apprehension in her beautiful light brown eyes yet; **I find** something entirely different. Instead, she just watches me. Her chin tilted up and mouth parted ever so slightly.

“He gave me something so much better.” **She** murmurs.

“Not sure what could be better than what I suggested,” Penny hiccups, and I shoot her a scowl.

“Penny, no more drinking and get some food in **you**.” I order and she nods, waltzing off happily.

“So what did he give you?” Hayes says, walking up and I close my **eyes**, squeezing them tight, wishing to disappear. Why does he always show up at the most inopportune moments?

“That’s between us,” Colette says, with a soft chuckle.

“Well, that is not fun,” Hayes teases before slapping me on the shoulder. I watch as Pack members come up and drag their **Luna** off to meet other all the while chatting and smiling. Hayes sighs heavily at my side.

“She seems to have liked her **gift**, then?” He asks as **I** glare at him.

“Yes, I suppose not murdering him in front of her **was a** good choice.” I mutter, reaching over and stealing the cup of liquid. from my brother. I sniff it, a little disappointed to realize he is drinking ice water, but I take a swig anyway.

“Are you going to kill him now that she thinks he is safe?” **Hayes** asks, and **I** sigh

There is no point in lying. I had thought about that option. Several times on the walk back over here, but truth be told, it’s a waste of my resources and dangerous to venture out into the exiled territory just for a meaningless kill.

“No.” I bite out, my eyes glued to my Luna **as** she be spells everyone with her melodic laughter and genuine smile.

“Are you **planning** to forgive her?” He asks, lowering **his voice** as he turns **to face me**. I slide **him an** annoyed glance **and roll my** eyes.

“Forgive her?” I scoff. “Forgiveness **is usually** something someone asks for. She hasn’t asked for it, hell she **hasn’t** told me **shit**. All that has happened is I announced that I **know** she’s full of shit and she thinks I was somehow being nice.”

-Well, I mean you didn’t murder her first love, so that kind of seems nice.”

“Yeah, shut the fuck up.” I growl.

“The council meeting is coming up,” he **says**, choosing to change the subject.

“I am aware.” I grit out.

“And she is going to find out you are second chance mates in a week.” He continues. I groan in annoyance, looking at the cup of water in my hands, really wishing it were **that** special brew **that** can get a Lycan drunk.

“We **will** see,” I grumble and I can feel his curious gaze.

“You wouldn’t..” he **says** skeptically.

“Well, I’m sure as shit not marking her yet,” I shoot back at him and he furrows his **brow**.

“It would be easier if you did.”

“Marking requires sex, Hayes,” I remind him.

“Yeah, I know that.”

“I’m not really feeling all that gentle or loving. Do you suppose I should screw her while I am angry at her? I am sure that would make **for** a super comfortable first time.”

“With the rate you are going, you are fixing to be mad at her forever.” He **says** with a frown. “Why don’t you try **talking** to her about **things**?”

“I gave her the chance, to be honest. She lied right to my damn face.” I hiss at him and he rubs the back of his neck.

“Merikh.” He starts but I give him a dagger filled glare and he stops, looking frustrated. After a moment, he sighs and walks off, leaving me alone.

An hour passes, one filled with congratulations and giddy excitement as the kids leave the party and the parents remain drinking to their heart’s content. Colette makes her way back over to me, Percy at her side.

He gives me a nod before backing up to give us space and Colette **reaches** out to take hold of my arm. My lycan wants her touch, craving it, while my anger fights him for total control. I can't slip up, I won't.

"Are you ready to go back?" **She** asks, a look in her eyes I can't place. Perhaps it's a mixture of worry and desire. Or maybe she is drunk **and** just wants to lie down. Either way, I frown but nod.

"Sure."

The walk is fast and silent as I nearly drag her back to the room, shutting the door behind us. Her smell seems to suffocate me in this room. The bond between us is stronger now that she is officially Luna, and my Lycan wants his Luna in the most desperate of ways.

"Merikh" Colette whispers. I press my head against the closed door, trying to gather my wits when her hand touches my **back**. I flinch away, moving from her and the door.

"Dont" I rush out, my wild eyes meeting hers, a sadness there but understanding and fuck if it doesn't make it harder to stay away from her.

"I need to tell you what happened with Grady."

"You really don't," I mutter, letting my anger take over to keep me from giving in to the pull that seems to hum through my veins. It's unheard of, announcing your Luna before the mating ceremony, **but** I wasn't expecting this draw to her. This need to make her mine in every damn way possible.

"Merikh, please, I am begging you, just let me explain..."

"I DON'T TRUST YOU!" I roar at her. "No amount of words or talking will change the fact that I can not trust you."

"Then why did you make me your Luna?" she asks, shocked.

*Because I NEED you." I hiss and her brows **knit** in confusion.

"I don't understand..."

"And you won't. Because you don't need to **know**, not yet."