

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 23

### Colette POV

Merikh paces back and forth, his **hands** sliding through his hair one minute and a scowl shooting my way the next. His **lycan** barely restrained and with every second I fear we are getting closer to it breaking free. My hand reaches out, but I stop myself, drawing it back to my stomach as I bite my lip and watch him fall apart.

Every part of my body screams to touch him, to be near him, but the hatred in his eyes chills my blood. If only he would let me explain. Let me tell him I **chose** him and slapped Grady when he kissed me. But I know it won't make a difference, **not** now. Not when he has already made his mind up that I am a liar, and someone he can't trust.

"Alpha," I swallow, not sure how **to** address him when he is this mad at **me**.

"**Alpha?**" he scoffs, **a** sardonic chuckle breaking free. "You make out with your ex-mate, lie about it and suddenly I am back to **Alpha?** You call me Merikh. Understood?"

I nod in agreement.

"I'm sorry." I whisper, **wanting** to counter his accusation with the truth. But Merikh isn't looking for the truth right now. He is looking for sanity and it feels like I am the reason for the lack of it.

"I won't be marking **you.**" Merikh **finally** states, stopping and **looking** at me.

His chest heaves violently, his breathing labored. Tears dot my eyes for yet another time tonight. It hurts, though I can't say am surprised. I've done nothing but wear a fake smile, but I knew the moment Grady stepped out that there was no way Merikh would want me anymore.

"Perhaps you should choose a different Luna," I murmur, my heart breaking at the thought, my wolf whining as she paces, unsure of how to react with me.

He is in my face in an instant, tearing me from the edge of the bed where I sit and dragging me to standing, Merikh's eyes are jet black and his voice melding with his lycans.

"Mine!" he snarls and I wince, looking away out of fear. His grip disappears **just** as fast as it had landed on me, and Merikh stumbles back into the dresser behind him. He shakes **his head**, then scrubs **his** hands down his face.

"I-  
I don't know what to **say**..." I admit and he glances at me. "Merikh I don't know how to fix this."

Time will fix it. I won't trust you, but I will mark you, eventually. But not like this. Not when I can't decide whether to fuck you or to kill you."

I can feel the blood leach from my face at his words. From the very first moment I met him, he was calm, collected, and put together. Even in his **anger**, it was never really pointed at me, being on this end of it, watching him come undone because of me, because of what I did it's tearing my heart to shreds.

Merikh releases a heavy sigh and **groans** in frustration. Then he takes three measured steps close to me, but not **too** close. I can see the war waging in his green eyes. The way his lycan rails against him, fighting for control. And I can feel the tug to him, the growing urge to reach out and just make him mine.

Every second I stand near him my wolf seems to drool, going more hungry for a mark than she ever has been. Granted, she **has** almost been dormant for so long, so she hasn't been hungry for much. Which only makes it harder to control her.

"My wolf" I gasp, as she lunges at the barrier in my mind, begging to be released, wanting to force him to mark us.

"Shit," He mutters, grabbing my hand. He turns my wrist up and rubs his nose along the inside and he nearly moans at the scent. Then he sinks his fangs into my wrist and I yelp in pain. He clings to my arm tightly as panic travels through me.

Holy shit, he is going to literally consume me. I whimper in pain, then he finally releases me. My blood stains his lips and his eyes dance between black and green. I clutch my wrist to my chest, cradling it, then he nods at me.

"What?" I ask, trying to wrap my head around the burning in my arm that travels up and makes my hair stand on edge. Merikh shoves his wrist into my mouth and my eyes bulge, trying to force him away.

"**Bite**. Down." he demands, and I hesitate before complying.

His warm skin breaks with my teeth and a thrill shivers through my body. The moment his tangy blood touches my tongue, he takes his arm away and grips the back of my neck, dragging my forehead to his as he stares into my soul.

“Repeat after me, understood?” he asks, sounding pained.

“Yes,” I swallow roughly, intoxicated by his closeness.

“I pledge my life to this pack,”

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“And to the whole of the lycan and wolf shifter community” He **says**. I close my eyes, fighting my wolf off.

“And—uh—  
to the whole lycan **and** wolf shifter community..” I say, trying like hell to keep up.

“I pledge to remain at the side of my Alpha, to never leave it unless I am forced and to follow where he goes.”

My eyes pop open, and for a half second I hesitate, trying to understand what is happening. He growls, and I repeat the words in a rush.

“I pledge e to stay by your side and never leave it. I promise to follow where you go, Merikh.”

Merikh leans in, stopping to look me in the eye, before he presses his lips to mine. The room spins, my heart racing as I reach out to touch his cheek, but he yanks away. There is a twang in my chest, like the feeling of a taut rubber band being snapped and his eyes flash gold, and my wolf **submits**. Then he takes a step back, sighing like he can finally breathe.

“W—what was that?” I ask. A strange gentle tingle through my body.

“A desperate measure,” he sighs as he walks toward the bathroom.

My eyes follow **him**, and I can feel our **dynamic** shifting. That desperate need to crawl up his body and make him make me **his** isn't suffocating anymore. That thread that always seems to grow tighter is suddenly slack and I feel like my emotions are mine **again**, my urges controllable.

He returns to me with a white towel **in his** hand and grabs my arm, wrapping the rag around my wrist. It's painfully obvious that he is avoiding eye contact as he looks anywhere but at me. Panic rises in my stomach, bubbling up into my mind, reminding me of what it was like back home.

Back in the pack, where I was treated like an object **and** not a person. I've never had control, ever. But at least here it felt like I had some semblance of control over myself. Until right now, until what he just did.

"What did you do to me?" **I ask**, struggling to keep my emotions out of my quivering voice.

"We have made a blood **oath**," he says so nonchalantly, like it isn't a life altering thing.

"You tricked me into never leaving your side?" I ask, tilting my head to the side. "Yet you won't mark me?"

A blood oath? Merikh has just stripped me of the ability of ever feeling a full force mate bond. Even when he marks me, if he marks me, the oath will remain intact until I find my mate or second chance mate, but there is no finding those.

Not for me. Not when one is exiled and the other I will never find because this oath, it blocks my ability to find them. And for **what** reason? I would have stayed. I **would** have done what he asked **and** would have always remained loyal to him, to my new station

His eyes meet mine and I see it. The guilt burns in him and he turns away. Good. I hope he chokes on it.

"You never planned to leave my side anyway, so what does it change?" He shrugs.

"But you didn't...I **don't**..." I stutter over the words and he frowns.

"This is for the best." He whispers, though I'm **not** sure he believes his own words..

"I wanted to feel the bond. Merikh, I wanted to have all of **that** with you." I say, **raising** my voice. "I thought that.."

"You thought what?" He asks, releasing my wrist and crossing his arms over his chest. "**You thought** that because I let Grady live, I would be lenient with you too? This IS lenient."

"I wasn't expecting anything." I whisper.

"Good. Having no expectations is easier. Leaves you with nothing to get upset about," he grumbles before he storms out of the room, slamming the door shut behind **me**, making me **jump**.

I want to hate him, to be angry and curse his name, but the truth is. I would have agreed to the oath if he would have asked. I am more upset because I know why he

did it this way. One betrayal for another. Merikh's punishment of exiling Grady wasn't enough and because he doesn't trust me, he needs to know he can force that trust. This isn't the Merikh I knew.

This isn't the one who watched my heart breaking in the woods and changed his mind about an execution.

Merikh gave me the most beautiful gift, and he is convinced I saw it as a weakness. He showed me he had a heart tonight, so he **broke** mine to hide his. But that says far more about him than it does about me. Broken hearts are still capable of love. And even in my anger and sorrow, I still feel it, beating just as loudly as the rage in his actions. As much as I want to deny it and push it away, it's begun to beat for **him**.