

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 24

Merikh POV

I lounge back in the chair on the deck, taking in the clear sky above me, showcasing the stars and the waning moon. My whole body feels like it's vibrating with every emotion. Rage, guilt, betrayal. **All** of them meld together, ripping through my **mental** state like nothing I've felt before.

"So you did it, huh?" Hayes says, approaching me from behind. I roll my eyes, knowing I should have expected him and his usual confrontations. It's what makes him such a great beta. That and I can't kill him off for his honesty,

"Hello to you too, brother." I grumble.

I **ignore** him as he takes a seat next to me, sighing heavily, keeping my eyes trained on the sky.

"So how did she take it?" he asks, and I scoff.

How did she take it? Not fucking well. That's for sure. Hell, the more I think about it, the more I try to convince myself I didn't see how hurt she was. How betrayed she was. **But** I need to get used to that look, and the feeling it carves into my soul.

"I think.. I exhale, looking over at him finally, "I think I broke her heart."

"Of course you did, Merikh. You took her options away." He says like she ever actually had any.

"What option? Could you explain what exactly I took from her?"

"Well, her choice, for starters."

"We both know that the blood oath is entirely reversible." I grumble. "I took nothing from her, I just delayed it."

“We know that, but she doesn’t. How can she when you refuse to tell her you guys are second chance mates?”

“Colette agreed to this. Okay? She agreed to being Luna and take my mark one day.” I say, sitting up and swinging to face him.

“Yes, but she meant being marked. Not the blood **oath** that you use on a top warrior or someone you have to keep close.”

“Damn it, Hayes” I **growl**. “Without this oath blocking the pull **to** her, I will lose control! It’s intoxicating, SHE is intoxicating. I want to claim her. Shit, more than I wanted to claim Lauren. It’s like **a** festering inside my chest, like a fucking infection that keeps growing. There is no antidote or cutting it out. But this oath, it’s a bandaid. It buys me time, it’s to keep me sane,”

“Buys you time for what?” He scoffs.

“To figure out what the hell to do next!” I stand abruptly.

“You should have just told her you are second chance mates, so that she knows the oath can be broken when you mark her.”

“I want a mate I can trust!” I roar, my chest pinching at the memory of Colette kissing Grady. The moment my **trust** for her shattered. “How does telling her prove this I can trust her?”

“Forcing that trust isn’t real trust.” Hayes says softly and I chuckle dryly

“Beggars can’t be choosers,” I mutter, annoyed, looking **away**.

“You are the alpha. You don’t have to beg”

“No, I shouldn’t have to beg”

“Are you done having a pity party yet?” Hayes says, his voice firm, like he is fed up with me.

“Pity party?” I scoff, striding away before turning and grabbing him by the collar. “Hayes, it is my job to take care of this **pack** My **job** to finish what father tried to fix before MY MATE fucking killed him with her vampire lover.” I release him, but I stay in his face, making sure he understands the shit on my shoulders.

It wasn’t Hayes who found them. Dad’s dead body laying **at** the feet of the traitorous bitch who had told me the night before she wanted to carry my pups. It wasn’t Hayes who had to step up and keep his shit together to lead a pack that was broken and distrusting of me.

He forgets the whispers; the rumors doubting me and my role in all of this. Lauren had planted seeds, and they bloomed into black blossoms of doubt overnight after being watered with our father's blood.

"Merikh, dad's death is not on you." He breathes

"It was my mate who fucked our pack over. It was me trusting her, and the wrong people on the committee that have the Lycans weaker than we have ever been, and the werewolves exposed to the fucking other supernatural asstards that can use them how they please. This isn't a pity party. This is me trying to plan out what is best for EVERYONE else."

"And you think tricking her into an oath where she can't backstab you, while **you** use her to get your way with the committee, is going to fix all that?"

"Look, I did it for her, and for me." I grit out. "I need to trust that she won't try to leave me when shit is revealed."

"Ahh, so that is the real reason." He whispers, looking disappointed in me. "You wanted her to be forced to stay by your side."

"And marking her wouldn't have the same effect?" I **scowl**.

He scoffs, dragging **his** hand over his stubbled chin.

"You are so wise, big brother, truly. **And** you have done so much for our pack and you are sacrificing so much to do what **you** think is best..But you are on the path to messing this up beyond repair"

I sigh, looking up at the moon for some clarity.

"Too late." I mutter and he sighs.

"You need to smooth this over before your committee meeting" He says, looking at me. "I mean it, Alpha."

"How do you suppose I do that **now**?"

"Go tell Colette you are second **chance mates**. Go tell her why she is so important. Tell the poor woman **who** she is. She is strong enough to handle it now."

"I can't risk her knowing her past." I bite out. "We need the element of surprise"

"What you need is a unified front, not one **that** is fake. You don't want to tell her all of that yet? Fine. But the oath

is already in place and she deserves to know **that** when you **two are** ready, that mate bond will be there for her, too.”

I stare at **him**, seeing more and more of dad **in** him every day. Hayes has the heart of our mother and the **wise** words of our father. The combination always brings me comfort after pissing me off first. So instead of taking his advice into consideration, I nod, agreeing.

“Okay.” I whisper, shoving my hands in my pocket. “Okay, I will tell her what she is to me.”

His eye grow wide and then he smirks victoriously.

“I’ll be here waiting for a chat when you are done. I have to know how she responds. Do you think she will slap you?” He teases and I frown. From a wise father like figure to idiot brother in ten seconds flat. Might **be a** record. I chuckle, giving him a gentle shove as I turn and walk back into the pack house.

The trip back to the room is anxiety ridden, my lycan pouting in my mind, still angry with me for doing what I did. Maybe if he were a more controlled beast, we wouldn’t have had to take drastic measures, but he doesn’t like that opinion.

As I get closer to her door, I **can** feel the emotions brewing. The anger I feel for her and the ache in my chest to hold her. Such conflicting emotions are becoming a constant in my life and it’s going to cause permanent damage to my brain. I am

I knock, waiting a moment before gently pushing the door open. Colette looks up at me from her spot on the ground, sitting with her **back** against the bed and her eyes red and raw. There are no tears anymore, only the residue from the ones **that have** fallen and my heart breaks. I did that. I put those tears on her cheeks and redness in her eyes.

“I need to speak with **you.**” I swallow, “If you allow it.”

“Do I have a choice?” **She** clips out.

I nod, giving her the ability to push me the way I have done to her. Instead, she sniffls and scoffs.

“What do you need?” she asks, her voice small and shaky.

“The oath will break when I mark you. If you want me to mark you.” I say, fumbling over my words, choosing the most direct **path.**

“Merikh, I know what a blood oath is. I may have been raised as a maid, but I know things. I will never get to experience a full bond with you.”

“Then you know there are loopholes,” I remind her **and** she nods.

“Of course. But that would entail me finding my second chance mate, and I can’t do that with the oath in place.”

“But he can find you.” I swallow, my mouth going dry.

“I suppose.” She furrows her brow

“You felt **the** pull, didn’t you? How strong it was?”

Colette pulls her knees to her chest and sighs heavily.

“Yeah, it was mind numbing” She admits and I find myself relaxing just a little knowing it wasn’t just a one sided attraction.

“I was going to lose control of my Lycan.”

“I wanted you to mark me. I care about **you**, Merikh. What would losing control do?”

“It would force me into marking you when I am not ready,” I say, moving closer to her. Her eyes are glued to me, **watching my** every move as I stop just before her. “I can’t **risk** a full mate bond when **there is no** trust.”

“If you would **have** asked, or explained this...I probably would have agreed. All you had to do was **ask**.” She **says**, glaring at me. I sigh and shake my head.

“I wasn’t in the right frame of mind. My pull to you..it is stronger than yours to me. It’s different.”

Her brows furrow in confusion. “Because you are the **lycan** king?”

“No. Because I know who my second chance mate is.”

-What does that have to do with...”

“You are my second chance mate.” I interrupt her. She blinks at me, her mouth falling open.

“I don’t **that** doesn’t make any sense.” She frowns. “Is this some joke? Are you trying to humiliate me? Because of Grady?”

I flinch when **she** says **his name**, **hating** the sound of it in her voice.

“When we mark each other, the oath will fully disappear and you will recognize **me** as your second chance **mate**.”

Colette says nothing, only frowns as she tries to process what I am telling her.

“I don’t believe you, she whispers. “How can I believe you?”

“You are just going to have to trust me,” I whisper, hoping for a little leeway, even though I know I don’t deserve it.

“Do you trust me?” She tilts her head, waiting knowingly for the answer. I draw in a shaky breath and exhale sharply.

“I–can’t.” I admit hesitantly,

“**Yeah**, I didn’t think so.” She chuckles dryly, standing from the floor and stepping into me. “Then I **will** keep my trust until you prove to me you are my second **chance** mate. And when you are ready, I have proof that what you think **you** saw was only a snippet of what actually happened. I have asked Penny to stay with me tonight.”

Then she moves past me, opening the door and holding it for me to exit