

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 25

### Colette POV

I want to hate him. The stupidly handsome **man** sitting next to me as we ride to this council meeting he has been **panicking** about since I arrived in our pack. His **eyes** keep wandering over to me, lingering for only a moment before they **snap** away every time I look at him

I have **had** one week to process **what** he did. One week of giving him the silent treatment on anything related to me and how I am feeling. I still can't believe he thought I wouldn't be angry after forcing me to take a blood oath under the guise of us being second chance **mates**.

He isn't the only one with broken trust. If anything, I have more of a right to be upset with him than he does with me. I have tried to communicate and **explain** everything to him, but he won't listen..

But he **has** no reason for why the hell wouldn't he tell me we are second chance mates. What kind of jerk sets up his second chance mate to see how they will act when their first mate wants to run away with them? Not that he knows I am aware of that part.

He should be. I'm not dumb and I know he is smart enough and our **pack** is trained enough to have known Grady was there. Merikh set me up. And instead of being upfront with me, he led me into a trap and then refused to listen to the entire story. My cheeks heat in anger just thinking about it again, and I look out the SUV window as trees fly past.

"You have been quiet," He says, the air thick and heavy between us.

This **is** how it's been all week. Him trying like hell for a conversation and me only doing the bare minimum. If he thinks I will easily forget this or that the temptation of him marking me to see if we actually are a second chance mate will soften me to him, he is severely wrong. I am livid, even all these days later.

“Would you like me to entertain you?” I ask, **turning** to look at him. He furrows his brow, turning his massive frame to face me on the leather seat.

“No.” He sighs. “I just was worried you might have some unresolved emotions about long car rides after the last incident.”

He’s not wrong and I hate that he is bringing it up. It takes an immense amount of **mental** strength to keep myself from freaking out every time I see a truck at a stop or someone passes us. Each squealing tire feels like a dagger to my lungs, **and** my hands are **a clammy** mess.

“I **am** fine.” I force out, but I can tell he doesn’t buy it.

“You are anxious,” He says and I exhale, shaking my head.

“A little”

“Then perhaps we should **discuss** what will happen when we arrive.” He offers. “To distract **you.**”

I press my lips together, not entirely pleased. I’m busy trying to hate him. Even with the bond between us suppressed, I am still drawn to him. I’d **love** to **blame** the **Luna-**alpha bond, but the truth is angry or not, feelings don’t just go away. And I have genuine feelings for Merikh, untrusting or not, and that makes me angrier than anything else.

“Sure,” I **agree**, placing my hands on **my** lap.

“We won’t be warmly welcomed. Our kind is not entirely well received by the **others.**” He pauses as I listen. “Once we are dropped at the front door, the council laws will protect us and we will be safe, but that doesn’t mean we can trust anyone.

“No, of course not. Why would we ever think we can trust someone?” I grumble.

“This is not **a joking** matter,” he says sternly, and I glare at him.

“Of course not. Got it. Trust no one. That I can handle. I’ve been living like **that** long enough **that** it’s habit now.”

He lets **my** attitude slide as he continues growing a little nervous.

“We will share a room.”

My heart sinks, and I meet his eyes. The only way I **have** been able to maintain my anger is because Penny has stayed in thy room with me for the week he **has** been absent. I fell for him in

three weeks because I spent so much time with him. How long will it take me to forgive him because of those emotions? Especially when I don't want to forgive him!

"Will there be a couch?" I ask

"We will sleep in the same bed." He says, and I bite my lip. "They will know by our scent if we do not stay in the same bed, Colette."

"Is that a bad thing?"

"The types of beings at this meeting will **have** different rules, thoughts on mating and how to treat one's chosen one. If your do not smell like me, to them you would be fair game."

"Fair game how?" I ask, a little shocked. This is the most he has really told me anything about the others.

"They will try to get to you. To use you, like **a** toy." he frowns. "Something to spice up their bedroom life, a challenge to win from me or worse, a reason to eject you from the meeting and let you loose in the land outside the council rules."

My heart races and my mouth falls open. A toy? His hands lands on mine **and** I let it stay there. Where the hell is he taking me that his word is **not** one to be taken seriously? He is the Lycan king, known for his lack of mercy in battle. Yet here, if the one he says is his **luna** doesn't smell like him, they will try to...steal me?

"Why didn't you just mark me?" I ask, my fear melding with my hurt anger.

If he would **have** just marked me, spoke with me..this could be avoided. Instead, he is placing me in danger. For what reason? Why the hell does he even need me here at his side? Should I not have stayed and helped Hayes take care of the pack!

"You know why," he murmurs, and I scoff.

"Right. I'm not trustworthy," I grind out. "What else do I need to know?"

"We will need to act like a fully mated couple." he watches me close, gauging my reactions.

"Won't they know we aren't because I don't have your mark?" I scoff.

"Lycans generally mark on the neck, yes. But we can technically mark wherever we want. If anyone asks, just say your mark is only for me to see, **and** I will say likewise."

"Okay."

“This **will** mean we have to do things **that** may make you feel uncomfortable. Things that make them believe we are mated,”

“Like what?” I **ask him**, narrowing my eyes.

“Holding hands, me nuzzling your neck, kissing you, **and**, at times, potentially sitting on my lap.”

My checks turn red, embarrassment rising.

“Those are pretty descriptive things,” I force out, my mouth dry. Not because I **am** worried, but because like a totally love struck idiot, I crave those moments with him. And I know I shouldn’t..

“Vampires and Fae are very intimacy driven creatures. And vampires can be persuasive”

My **eyes** go wide, shocked.

“F–far” I ask and he nods.

“You will meet many supernatural beings. Ones **you** may not have heard of.”

“How long will we be here?” I ask him and he looks **away**, then looks back.

“We are hoping to be asked to stay for the duration of the meeting. Which is about a month.”

“What? A month long meeting?” I gasp and he nods.

“It is not like one formal long event. It’s similar **to a** vacation with friends.”

“Only everyone will want to steal me from you if I don’t smell like you, and the fate of the werewolves **and** lycans depends on this going well.”

“Yeah, there is that...” he says, chuckling nervously. I tilt my head, looking at him closely, noticing the dark shadow under his eyes for the first time.

“**Merikh**,” I say softly, “Why do we need to be a member of the council?”

“That is a loaded question,” he exhales.

“I think we have some time.” I offer and he watches me close, his eyes scanning my face looking for something. Then he sits forward and rests his hands on his knees.

“We were banned from the council for two hundred **and** fifty years.” He **says**, “Before that there was peace, rogues nearly never happened and everyone lived happily. Until my great great–great–grandfather killed a council member.”

“Why would he do that?” I ask **him**, shocked, **and** he shrugs.

“How my father explained it was that my ancestor found his fated mate, but was denied her because one of the other species did not agree with breeding **outside their kind**. Hybrids would be too powerful, **and** hard to control with **no** knowing what they would be like once they come into their powers” He explains.

I feel like my mind is about to explode as I revel in all the possibilities and process the information at hand. Hybrids. First, there are other supernaturals. Now there are rules against hybrids?

“Do they not realize a wolf or lycan needs their mate? That is not a choice we make, but a completion of our souls.” I say.

“Like I said, different species with different kinds of mates and purposes for them.” He **explains**.

“So if our kind **was** banned for two hundred **and** fifty **years**, how much longer do we have to wait?”

“Our time has been up for years.” He says with a frown. “My father tried many times to bring us back in but we are refused **what** is ours. And it is because they do not want us to have our time as the head of the council”

I shake my **head**, confused. “Wait, wait. Head of the council?”

“The head of the council changes. Every twenty–five years, it cycles through from species to species to keep things fair. Our term should have started the year Lauren betrayed me.” He says simply.

“Why would they do that?” I ask, completely shocked. “Why would they not give us what is ours? Especially after we served our time?”

“Because the current head of the council **is** a power hungry asshole who took not only his species term, but another **booted** species **and** now ours.”

“You aren’t doing a lot to help me want to be nice to people” I mumble. He smiles at me **and** I grin before realizing I am mad at him. I look away with **a** scowl. “So, who is the current head?”

“King Caspian.” He tells me. “The King of the sirens and complete **asshole**.”

I look back at him and then frown. Crossing my arms over my chest as I lean into the chair.

“Who do you think **has** been the one attacking me?” I ask him and he **blows** out a puff of **air**, settling deep into the chair, leaning back into the **leather** headrest,

“That’s tough to tell. **Many** of them have magical powers. There are the witches, vampires, Fae. Any of them could **easily** manipulate a werewolf or other species to do their bidding.”

“Is **that** the reason you brought me?” I ask, tilting my head. “To keep me safe, here where I am protected from all of them?”

I watch as his muscles tense and he looks out the window, refusing to look at me.

“Something like **that.**” He mutters. But I get the feeling he is yet again not being truthful.