

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 26

Colette is nervous, her hands **shaking** as we exit the vehicle and come face to face with the enormous remodeled castle. The once gray stones have been painted over in a soft white.

Pristine bushes frame the heavy wooden double doors, the spiral pattern climbing the height so the entrance. A thick line of hydrangeas line the stone wall, in full bloom and tall enough to kiss the bottom of the tall windows.

Percy unloads behind us, pulling **our** luggage to the door before tugging a chain and bells chime, announcing our presence. Penny was **as** angry as **a** raging bull when I told her she wouldn't be coming with us. But with her unmated and around the likes of a **few** of these assholes, I'm more comfortable with Percy

"I will be your shadow as always, **Luna.**" He says, giving her a nod and Colette gives him a gentle smile. The same smile I used to get **and** I've come to realize I miss more than anything.

"I'm glad you are here," she admits, then she looks at me, her face going **cold** and looks forward. I lean into her ear to whisper something snarky, but the door creaks open instead.

Ezrah gives me a smirk and I take an internal sigh of relief. I was worried one of the others would answer. There is one person in particular I am trying to avoid.

"You answer doors now?" I ask him and he chuckles.

Thankfully, no, I am on my way out after delivering the message you would be **arriving**

"You have been monitoring us, Ezrah?" I ask, and he shrugs. "How did they take that?" I quirk a brow and he fights a grin.

"Oh, with an air of grace, Alpha. **As** always. But I can hear the teasing lilt in his voice. I am sure they took word of my arrival with rage and **a** side of bitterness.

“Ah, yes. I am sure they did.” I clear my throat, looking to Colette, who watches Ezra with a curious eye

“Ezra, this is my Luna, Colette,” I say. She bows her head in respect and Ezra barks **out** a laugh.

“Oh, I like her.” he grins. “I should bow to you, Luna, I am no one, just a low messenger.”

“And I was a maid until recently. Your station doesn’t matter much to me, but your kindness does. You seem to trust each other. She **says**, shooting me a look.

Ezra arches an amused brow

“Trust? Hardly. His great grandfather killed my kind.”

“Great, great–great–great..-maybe a few more in there somewhere– Grandfather. It’s been a few generations now.” I remind **him**, and he nods knowingly.

“Yes, I **am** aware of how you all get over things in time. But it is much harder for the people who live much longer.”

“And It wasn’t your **kind**.” I frown at him.

“The council is my **kind**. I serve all.” He reminds me with a twinkle in his eye. “As long **as** it is in the best interest of the council”

“Fraternizing with the enemy. Ez?” a **light** airy voice beckons and I reach **out**, instinctively gripping Colette’s hand in mine.

“Never, Florence.” He gives a tight lip smile, turning. “I was just leaving and ran into an old friend”

“**Friend** my ass.” She mutters, taking a step forward. “Well, Merikh, I **can’t** say it’s great to see **you**. I rather hoped you would get the message you are unwanted and unwelcome here.”

“Wanted or not, we have the right to represent our kind” I say firmly. She scowls at me and then turns her **gaze** on to Colette, her eyes **lighting** up with delight.

“Oh,” she giggles. “Oh my. You brought a plaything?”

Colette freezes, and I pull her close. She steps willingly into my embrace as I press my lips to her head.

“I brought my mate and Luna. She is my **equal** and will be treated with respect. Not like a person to play a part in your foreplay.”

She tuts and then rolls her eyes, throwing the **door** open wide.

“You lycans and your possessive nature. Perhaps she wants a little fun. Heavens know you **aren’t any.**” She mutters, turning and walking **away.** “Hurry along and I will show you to your room.”

Colette remains silent the whole walk, Florence mumbling to herself as she shoots daggers my way and checks Colette out once or twice. She weaves us past a second kitchen and up a set of spiral staircases before stopping with an annoyed expression.

“Apparently, dinner will be in two hours” She says, sounding annoyed. “It’s requested that you bathe and dry off thoroughly. I would hate to choke to death on the smell of a wet dog.”

“Don’t tempt me-”

“Thank you for kindly showing us to our room.” Colette **says** cutting me off as she death grips my hand. Florence’s face changes to one of an overly excited cheerleader.

“It was nothing.” She tucks a hair behind her ear flirtatiously. “The women **will** be **having** a drink before dinner, if you want to join?” she **asks.**

“That does sound nice, but we are newly mated and uh...” Colette flushes “I’m not quite ready to be too far from Merikh yet.”

“What a shame.” Florence sighs before she sashays away, and I drag Colette into the room. The second the door closes Colette steps into me, her face buried in my chest as she drags in long deep breaths.

“Are you okay?” I whisper, running my hands up and down her arms.

“I am in way over my head, Merikh.” her voice trembles and her fear makes me want to burn the whole of the council down and let everyone fend for themselves.

“You handled yourself beautifully.” I admit. “Truthfully, I **was** worried you might not speak at all the entire trip. But you once again surprise me.”

“I didn’t want you to lose your temper with her.” She **admits,** “The last thing we need is enemies.”

I frown, framing her face with my hands **and** pulling it **back so I can look** down into her eyes.

“To everyone, we are the enemies. No one trusts us, and we can not trust them.”

“What is Florence?” She asks, **taking** a step back **and** fixing her shirt.

“Promise not to laugh?” I ask, biting back a smile. She is going to lose her shit when she hears what Florence is.

“Uh. Okay. I won’t laugh.” She says, but I know she will. Which is why I told her not to because now she won’t be **able to** stop herself because she is expecting **outrageous**, but not this outrageous.

“Florence is a unicorn.” I grin.

Colette chokes **on** her own spit, her hand over her throat and her **eyes** wide **as** she laughs and heaves. It’s contagious. Her smile, her laugh, and I rub her back, joining in. After a moment, she **shakes** her head and wipes her eyes.

“No, seriously.”

“I am dead **serious**.”

“Where is her horn” She asks, still chuckling. I tug at my shirt collar, wondering how she will handle all the species she will meet over the month.

“Her horn only appears in her true form. She isn’t quite a shifter, not quite human. They are able to **take** on human form with **the** use of their magic. And they have a horn to symbolize their greatest downfall.”

“Downfall?” She tilts her head. “You mean her **snarky** mood isn’t enough?” she says with a smile.

“They **are** always horny.” I shrug and she freezes.

“Like they always want to...”

“Yes.”

“You are joking.” she whispers **wide eyed** and I bite back a grin.

“I’m actually not. She has tried many times to make her way into my room with one of her various partners.”

“Doesn’t take no for an answer?” She asks, but I can see the rage growing in her eyes. It seems like my little Luna doesn’t like the thought of someone else trying to bed her Alpha.

“She does. But it takes some convincing. The point is, avoid being alone with her at all **costs**.”

“Not going to lie. I may be mad at you, but I don’t think I will leave your side.”

There is a knock at the door and I take a few steps back, my heart soaring at the thought of her staying close at all times before I spin and pull the door open. All joy and happiness leeches from me **as** I stand face to face with the fucker who blew my world up three years ago. He leans on the door frame, grinning.

“**Rumor has** it you have a new Luna” His voice grates on my **ears**, his fangs **showing as** he looks over my shoulder. “She isn’t nearly as stunning as my Lauren was, but she will do just fine.”

“She is off limits.” I grit out

“What are you going to do? Kill her to keep her from me. Eventually, you’re going to run out of options.”