

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 27

### Colette POV

The second the door opens, the air in the room changes. It **grows** cold and Merikh's tension is **palpable on my** tongue. I move closer, catching a set of crimson eyes with a dangerous glint of amusement. His tongue darts out, licking his lips after he mutters something to Merikh, and I watch his knuckles **grow** white as he crushes the door handle.

Pushing my **anger** aside, I **move** over to Merikh, taking his hand in mine, and sliding my other up his arm to press my body close to his **while** looking at his perfectly angled face. Then the man clears his **throat**, vying for my attention, but I refuse to give him a single moment more when Merikh is barely holding on. Instead, I press up onto my toes and drop **a kiss** on his cheek.

"Come, let's rest while we **can**." My heart is thudding and I am certain the man staring at us **can** hear it, but I don't care. I can feel not only his danger but Merikh's just beneath the surface and I know he needs this save. Our pack needs him to calm himself.

"You must be the New Luna?" the person says **and I glance** at him briefly, taking in his appearance.

He is thinner **than** Merikh, and though he is tall by most standards, he is not Merikh's level of tall. His shoulders are slender and his face is thin but attractive. Again, he has nothing on the specimen of a man I am clinging to.

"I am. Is there something we can **assist** you with...?" I ask, leading him so I **get a** name.

"Johannes," He says with a slight accent and a grin on his pale lips. I listen as best I can, trying to determine what **he** is without needing to be told. Then he shows me his fangs and I realize he is a vampire. "Prince Royale of the Vampire clans!"

“Ah, I see.” I murmur, pressing my lips into a flat, unimpressed line. “I am Colette, Luna of the Lycans and werewolves”

Merikh twitches, his hand releasing the doorknob and taking mine in his **and** I can feel his eyes on me as I stand tall **and** introduce myself.

“Mmm, you don’t look like much.” He says, glancing at Merikh waiting for him to take the bait, but he doesn’t.

“Did you get what you needed?” Merikh asks, seeming to finally snap out of his daze. He **stares** Johannes down, squaring his shoulder, and I can feel the way his muscles twitch.

“Your reaction was a little underwhelming, I must admit. I really hoped you would be more excited to see me”

“Are you two friends?” I **ask**, trying to get a sight into what the hell this hostile energy is.

“Friends?” Johannes tastes the word, seeming to swish it around in his mouth before he gives me a devious smile. “Depends on your definition. We shared a woman, **so** to some that would be friendly, no?”

Merikh scoffs, taking a step forward but I cling to him with every ounce of me and he clears his throat sliding me a grateful look.

\*Johannes here was Lauren’s lover, whilst she was supposed to be my **luna**,” he informs me in a bitter voice. “I thought you were dead.”

“**I am** royalty, Merikh. Did you really think my coven cared about who I fucked?”

“The coven? No. The council I thought had more **tact**.”

“Mmm, the council does not protect your kind any longer. What I do with your kind **for** a little fun is up to me to decide. And I **am** not the only one enjoying having you all as little playthings. Or so I hear.”

“So should I kill you now, before I get on the council?” Merikh **asks** him and **Johannes shakes** his head with a laugh.

“You don’t seem to take hints very well, so I will be candid with you. The council will never let **you** back on it. You being here, right now, it’s the elders being nostalgic for the old days. But you will slip up **with** that signature lycan temper. And I can’t fucking WAIT to swoop in and take your new luna for a test-“

“It will be a cold day in hell the second I let you touch me.” I growl, pushing my way in front of Merikh in a last-ditch attempt to keep him from attacking this asshole. “You may have been able to sway a **weak**, unworthy woman with promises of immortality, but I **would** rather die than betray my pack and my mate.”

My wolf is going feral in my mind, lashing out and begging to tear at this asshole for suggesting we would ever be as weak as Lauren. We aren't her. We aren't some weak, traitorous asshole who thinks only of herself. Merikh's arms wrap around my waist from behind, pulling me back into his chest as he takes a step **back**.

“Thanks for stopping by Johannes. Now if you don't mind, kindly fuck right off,” he **says**, sounding amused before he slams the door shut.

The next thing I know **I am** pinned against the closed door, Merikh looming over me with his arms on either side of my head as he studies my face with barely restrained dare I say lust?

There are no words **that** pass between us in this heavy moment, but so much is said in the way he stares into my eyes, and the way my heart seems to match his beat after skipping a few. Then he reaches out, cupping my **face** as he drags my lips to his. Apprehension quickly melts into a fiery need and I clutch to his shoulders, kissing him back.

His lips are soft and pliant **as** I whimper a needy moan, and he nibbles my bottom lip. I am putty in his hands, his to **mold** and do with what he needs as he gives me more genuine emotions than I have seen from him in days. He kisses like he is apologizing, begging to erase the hurt of the past week, but I **know** I can't. No matter how much I crave **this**, and him.

I tilt my head down, breaking the kiss. He presses his forehead to mine, out of breath, as he shakes. It breaks me to see him so vulnerable, so upset about seeing the man who made his life a living hell. I hate knowing that these emotions, his need to kiss me, arose from Lauren and her asshole immortal lover.

“**Thank** you.” He whispers, his voice hoarse and breaking.

“For what?” I ask, surprised.

“Did **you** mean what you said?” He asks, standing up straight. His emerald eyes search me, looking into the depths of my soul, and I frown.

“Mean what?”

“What you **said** to him..about dying instead of betraying your pack and me...” He looks like a little child, waiting for his mom to say yes over some huge gift he asked for and I tilt my head, my hand sliding up his neck as I use my thumb to stroke his jawline

“Of course.” I furrow my brow. “I made a promise to our pack, and you. No matter how angry I am with you, Merikh, you gave me a home. You gave me a purpose, and I owe you everything.”

I swear I witness his heart **break** at that moment, the way his eyes soften and he **exhales** like I had confessed that I loved him

“Thank you for still choosing us.” He **whispers**, his hand covering my and dragging it away from his face. He holds it in his between us, playing with my fingers, fidgeting.

I want to tell him it’s fine and that I forgive him, but the truth is. I have changed since coming to our pack, since choosing this as my path. The path of a luna has no room for the old me. The one who would let everyone, no matter what, walk all

I am the Lycan Queen and it’s about damn time I act like it

“His eyes...” I say, changing the subject, and Merikh nods,

“Yes, the vampire **royals all** have crimson red eyes.”

I furrow my brows, thinking of the wolves in the woods, trying to pinpoint the color of red in their hollow eyes.

“They aren’t...they can’t be the reason for the **red** wolves, right?” I **ask** him and he huffs out a heavy sigh.

The wolves were spelled, or compulsion could have been used, but no, it would not explain the eyes being the color they were .

“So it wasn’t the vampires?”

“It very much could have been them. Or the witches or Fae. Or anyone here working with another group. There is no ruling anyone out, Colette...everyone here is our enemy.

“Every single one?” I ask, biting my lip, feeling uneasy all over again. How the hell am I supposed to sleep if I know that everyone here is probably plotting **against** us?

“Yes, but we will make allies soon enough.”

“You just said we can’t trust **anyone**. So how will we make allies?” I **ask, confused**.

“You.” He says with a shrug before stepping further into the massive suite.

“What do I have to do with it?”

“Everything. But for starters, **you** clearly can keep me from killing Johannes, and that’s a huge win” He moves around the room, looking in doors and checking spaces as I watch him, **shocked..**

One minute he was near catatonic, then homicidal, then kissing me senseless. And now...now he is almost giddy walking around the large room and telling me how important I am. If he keeps this whiplash up, I’m going to end **up** with a concussion.

But I have to admit, it’s **kind** of being acknowledged for something I did right,