

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 28

Merikh POV

Colette steps out of the bathroom, her scent wafting from the steam that follows behind her. She looks more prepared, like the shower provided her with liquid courage.

Her **hair** is soft **and wavy**, falling over her delicate **shoulders that** are exposed in her pale blue summer dress. The soft ruffles. remind me of waves lapping at the shore as they cascade over her bust and down one side where a slit reveals a portion of her smooth skin.

She looks divine. A breath of fresh air after a lifetime being lost in the Marianas trench. My heart races as I meet her eyes, **my** mouth dry. Colette watches me curiously before growing noticeably nervous and she **crosses** her arm across her belly. holding the other arm while she looks **away**. I hate she feels she has to hide, like she has no idea how damn stunning she is

“Don’t do that.” I rasp out, standing from the edge of the bed as I move toward her. “Do not ever hide.”

“I’m not used to dressing like this...” she frowns,

“You look beautiful.” I tell her sincerely.

It won’t be hard to **make** it seem like I can’t keep my hands off her **in a** dress like this. The lycan in me is rallying against my sane mind, begging to make me force her to change. To cover her up and not allow anyone to see her like this but us. But I **want** everyone to stare. I want them to look at her and gape.

Colette needs to see what she can do, what she has always been capable of. She has always been stunning, but since coming to my **pack**, she has flourished. I know she wasn’t being poisoned in her old pack. Not in the way she thinks she was. But she was sickly, her soul malnourished and her wolf suffered, making her **thin** and gaunt.

Not anymore.

A month of **good** food, exercise and people who treat her well. Well...most people who treat her well. I wince inwardly, hating that I'm the one who causes her stress. I am the one who hurt her and ruined us. It's not fair to punish her for my insecurities, but yet... I can't find it in my pride to tell her that. Not yet.

Not when I know that this is just a small amount of the hatred she will send my way when she finds out at the first meeting.

Her soft hand touches mine, and I shake myself from my thoughts, taking her in once more. Damn, she is perfect. Her lips part and I lick mine.

"**You** don't have to flatter me," she mumbles.

"I'm being honest." I say firmly.

"Oh," she blinks, her cheeks growing pink **as** she tucks some hair behind her ear. I reach out, undoing it and then I look her in the eyes, making sure she **can see the** sincerity.

"Are you ready for this?" I ask her.

"I **don't** have **a** choice," she says with a sigh. It **pains me** to hear her say that, knowing I forced her here. Forced all of this on her.

"Tonight it is." I say, deciding to give her **back** a little control. "If **you** would prefer to stay behind, or both of us to **stay** behind, I can muster up an excuse."

It's true. It would be easy to skip this dinner with a simple lie. To them, we are recently mated, and it would be perfectly reasonable to say we got carried **away** or were too exhausted,

"No." she **says**, shaking her head. "I'll be fine."

"You are sure?" I check once more.

Yes. She presses her hand to my chest, and I know she can feel my fast beating heart. Her eyes soften, but she says nothing. Instead, she hides a smile and steps past me, heading to the door. "Are you **ready**?"

"Yes," I say, clearing my throat and moving toward **her** as she slips her feet into a pair of small heels

"Remember, we are **in** love. I will be close to you the entire evening and if you need to escape, you only need to lean in and whisper. These people can be they can be a

lot. You thought I was a monster being the Alpha of Death? You are about to come face to face with people who will smile while they cut you open.”

Her face pales, **but** she squares her shoulders and sets her lips. She is damn cute when she puts a warrior face on

“I am the Lama of the Werewolves and Lycans,” she says firmly. “They don’t scare me. Not when **you** are at my side.”

I can’t tell if she means it or not and I chose not to dissect it too much because true or not, those words are what I have needed to hear from a mate for so long. My heart feels lighter and my lycan purrs with delight as I reach down and take her hand in mine, entwining our fingers.

“Well then, Luna Letty,” I give her a **wink** using the name she announced herself as Luna with. “Let’s go have dinner with **some** monsters.”

She clings to my **hand**, reaching over and grabbing my bicep as well, pulling herself closer as we enter the dining area. Everyone is chatting merrily, laughter floating through the large space before it stops and all eyes land on us. Johannes smirks, and Florence rolls her eyes while the others look at us with a mild curiosity.

“Oh wonderful,” Florence groans, sitting roughly back in her seat.

“There are two spots over **here**, Johannes says with a devious smirk, pulling a chair closer to him. I growl vibrates through my chest as Florence laughs and the others watch in silence. **It’s** strange how the others don’t join in, but I assume they are already fed up with these two. It doesn’t take much.

“Enough,” a deep, tired voice says from behind us. I turn and watch **as** Caspian, who was supposed to be coming late into this whole charade, saunters into the dining room. Everyone seems to grow stiff, Johannes glancing away and Florence’s cheeks grow red in embarrassment.

“Caspian,” Florence says, shaking her hair out and flashing a **quick** smile. “We weren’t expecting you for at least another week.”

“I moved things around,” He says, walking past **us**, giving Colette and I a sideways glance. He commands the presence of everyone in his navy shirt and linen pants with a stern look. He smells of the ocean breeze and I glance at Colette, who watches him curiously.

“**Who is** this?” He asks, taking his seat, then looking up at me.

“This is my Luna.” I announce, and he frowns, tilting his head.

“A new one? Already?”

“It’s been three years.” I say.

“And you are well aware she was a traitor and killed my father.”

“I suppose that doesn’t inspire much of an undying loyalty.” he frowns. “Sit. Eat. We will have a long **first** meeting tomorrow.”

I look and see two seats on opposite ends of the table and I tense, not happy about splitting up from Colette. She glances **up** at me, fear-filled eyes, **and** I decide to take a drastic measure.

I drag her with me to the seat sitting to the left of Casplan and I sit, then I wrap my arms around her **waist** and tug her into my lap. She feels tense at first until I pull her hair to the side and kiss the bare skin between her **shoulder** blades. **She** shivers, then relaxes, leaning back into me as I nuzzle her neck.

“Is the chair next to Johannes not good enough for her?” Florence spits at us and Colette snaps her head in her direction.

“**You** can speak to me directly, and no. I will not stoop so low as to sit next to a soulless **monster** who steals mates for their own fun,” Colette growls. I squeeze her tighter in gratitude, loving this savvy Luna and how she stands up for her **kind**, and me.

Everyone is silent until **Caspian** chuckles and shakes his head.

“I like her better **than** the other one” He admits.

Pride swells in my chest at his words, knowing firsthand how far she has come. How hard she has worked to grow her confidence.

“She is something else, that’s for sure.” I say, meeting her gaze over her shoulder **as** her cheeks grow **pink** at the compliment. I catch **Caspian** looking at her, then casting his tired, worn eyes down at the plate served in front of him.

“Hold on to her, the mate bond is one thing I have always admired about your kind. There is nothing quite like it.” He says softly, **once** again sliding **a** sideways glance in our direction.

“Do you have a queen?” Colette asks sweetly, and he freezes.

“No.” He sighs, taking a swing of the goblet next to him. “No, I have not been fortunate enough to find my queen.”

I know it's a lie. But few of us know that truth. Hell, until recently, I believed my kind was the only kind to know Caspian's heartbreaking truth. He had a queen once, and a little princess too. He **lost** them both, murdered when he was away kingdom trying to change laws that kept him from his girls. Or so he thinks.

But as I mentioned, I know the truth. His queen may be gone, but his princess is alive and thriving. And she is sitting tucked **away** on my lap.