

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 29

Colette POV

I can't help but feel bad for Caspian, as he looks away from me, unable to look me in the eye. It's obvious that he may not have a queen now, but at one point there was someone he cared for, loved maybe.

I tilt my head, taking in his **graying** hair and the way his skin seems to glisten as if he dusted with a soft morning dew. He is **a** handsome man, looking dashing in his expensive clothes as he eats in his **silence**. But king of the council or not, he is still a man, or part man.

"What is it like?" I ask, making him pause mid bite. "**The** ocean?"

He places his spoon down. Caspian turns in his **chair** to face me, his curious eyes taking in my face a spark of interest in his deep grays.

"**That's** a strange question," He says, but the malice isn't there, instead he places his elbows on the table and leans on them, watching me with **a** curious **glint** in his eyes.

's just that I've never been to the ocean before." I give him **a** soft smile. "I've always wondered what it feels like or even **looks** like under the waves."

"It's a shame **you** haven't experienced for yourself." He says, returning my smile. "The ocean is-

"Wet, and smells of fish" Florence interrupts, mumbling **into** her glass of whatever alcohol can get supernatural beings **drunk**. I'm not entirely sure they can get drunk, but with how she acts, she has to be drunk. All the time.

"My first time being near a body of water was when I came to my new pack." I say ignoring Florence and reminiscing about the lake that instantly made me feel at home. The way **the** water just **calmed** me. **The sound**, the feel, **having** it near me.

"And did you enjoy it?"

I nod, giddily. “The water is magical.”

“It is indeed.” he gives me a tight smile, before clearing his throat. I glance around the table. Everyone’s eyes are on us, watching me like I am spinning some b, ready to catch Caspian and drag him away or something.

Then he sits back in his chair, looking between me and Merikh before he clears his throat once more and picks up his — utensils again, then straightens himself out to eat the rest of his dinner.

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You trained this dog better than the last one. He mutters, before scooping up food and pushing it into his mouth.

My jaw drops and Merikh’s arm tightens **around** me, a warning not **to** say anymore. My gaze once again slides around the table, taking in all the unfamiliar faces who try not to stare or gawk at me and my embarrassed, red cheeks

“This is my Luna, Caspian.” Merikh says in a low, threatening voice.

“Your point?” He sighs, annoyed.

“She is not a dog, nor is she someone for you to **judge** and put down.”

“Please, you think we **don’t** see this pathetic attempt to **make** her dazzle me by speaking about the **fucking** water so you can earn your spot on the council? I am not stupid. If she is your mate, your true Luna, then where is your mark, Merikh?” He asks, turning his **head** and looking at my neck. He observes both sides. “I don’t see it.”

“Our marks do not **always** go where others can see them,” Merikh tells him.

“Oh, come on, that’s bullshit and you know it.” **Johannes** heckles from his side of the table. “You marked Lauren on the neck. Are **you** not as fond of this one? Because Florence and I would take her for you.

“Shut up Johannes,” Caspian growls, “Must you always bring up that dreadful dead bitch?”

Johannes stands abruptly, his chair toppling to the floor as he slams **his** fists on the table.

“Sit Down!” Caspian hisses. I **watch** as Johannes’ eyes flicker a darker red before he pushes off in anger and collects his chair.

“He is right,” a bearded man draws out, crossing **his** arms over his broad chest as he sits back, his eyes boring into mine. “We all know Lycan’s are possessive. Your kind wants the world to know what belongs to them.”

I scoff, rolling my eyes and I force Merikh’s **hand** from my waist angrily. I scowl, looking around the table, **annoyed** and nervous. These people are all full of themselves and such assholes, including Caspian, who I mistakenly got the vibe might be a decent person. Everyone here is so full of themselves and self important that it is a wonder that anyone is ever safe or that the council even serves a real purpose.

“Should I hike up my dress to show you my **mark**?” I offer, reaching for the hem, pulling it up an inch, showcasing more skin that I am used to. Merikh growls, jumping up as Florence giggles and Caspian looks at me arching a brow in curiosity.

“I think we would rather not see it.” He says after a moment. Merikh moves himself in front of me, his eyes blazing in anger and I furrow my brows, confused. Why would he be upset about me calling their bluff to help us!

“Speak for yourself, Florence says with a gleeful grin. “Show me the mark, baby girl.”

“Your mark is only for me to see,” Merikh hisses, bending down so our faces are close together. His nose lightly brushes over mine. A warning in his eyes.

“Sit. Eat your **food**. **You** will **want** all the nourishment you can get before we sit and argue for a **month about** why you will never be on the council again. Caspian sighs.

I press my hands to Merikh’s chest, giving myself space as I look him in the eyes, then nod to the chair. He doesn’t budge until I gently push him a second time and his lips twitch in frustration before he sits and opens his arms to welcome me back on his lap

His muscular forearm **wraps** around me like a seatbelt, tucking me as close as humanly possible to **him**. I wiggle, trying to get comfortable, but freeze when I hear a pained groan and feel something pressing into my butt cheek.

I slide him a glance over my shoulder, shocked, and he gives me a wry smile. He dips his **head**, his lips finding the top of my shoulder, before pressing a kiss to my heated skin. I need

to remind myself I am mad at him. That our relationship is built on a broken foundation with no trust, but damn if I can’t help **but** want to melt into him.

“How did you two meet? Seeing as you are obviously second **chance** mates, which is a little rare for your kind, correct?” A blonde-haired woman asks, drawing my attention. I give her a soft smile.

"It's not crazy rare, **but** it's not an everyday occurrence." I smile. "Merikh came to my pack to mate with the **Alpha's** daughter Loffer, before getting ng **squeeze** from Merikh to continue on.

"**And** you discovered you were mates." She finishes and I chuckle.

"Something like **that.**" I **say** softly, leaning **back** into the wall of a man behind me. "I discovered my first mate in the **alpha's** daughter's bed. He got her **pregnant** and then **rejected me.** Merikh **and** I obviously refused her, and I was traded in her place. At his insistence, of course."

"How romantic," she says, clutching her chest with a genuine smile on her lips.

"It's been a whirlwind," Merikh mutters and I bark out a laugh, thinking back on **what** feels like so long ago.

Then I **shake** my **head** and look down, noticing the plates before us, a little **shocked** that I didn't see them arrive, **but** I **grab a fork** and cut into the roasted chicken breast. As I take a bite, relishing the tender meat, there is shouting down the hallway **that** has everyone looking around.

"Oh, great, Brent is here." Johannes says.

"Does **the** wizard get under your skin, vamp?" Florence asks with a giddy grin.

"Enough. Eat, then go **about** your business. I am tired of the bickering, especially when we all **know** what the first meeting **will** turn into by the end."

I furrow my brow, not really sure what will happen but based on everyone taking a drink from their cups and avoiding **eye** contact with anyone, it seems tomorrow will be very much like this dinner. As long as I'm **not** a part of it, it could be fun.

Merikh leans forward, one arm around my waist and the other feeding himself. I take his lead, devouring my food in silence before pressing **back** into him again and watching the **others** chat amongst themselves.

As everyone **finishes** their meals, they leave in **silence**, either wandering to the deck outside and mingling or disappearing down the hallways. Merikh helps me off his lap, taking his hand in mine as he leads me back to the room, closing the door behind us and releasing a heavy sigh. All of his tension evaporates as he spins and looks at me.

"So how'd that feel?" He asks. I shrug.

“Not entirely different from dinner in my old pack, except at least here I had almost actual conversation. Who is the blonde **woman**?” I ask. “The one that was asking me about how we found each other?”

“She doesn’t matter. What matters is what the hell were you going to do if they called your bluff?” He growls, crossing the room to me as I **take** steps backward to escape him.

“They didn’t.” I remind him.

“If they had, it would have gotten us both killed, you understand that, right? I would have killed every fucking one of them I could for seeing what wasn’t theirs to **see**.”

I bite back a smile, trying to hide the thrilling shiver that zips through my body with his possessive nature over me. No one has ever really wanted me before, all of me. I mean, he has acted this way with Grady, but for him to be this way with people that are equal to him...it’s a little exciting and kind of a turn on.

“It won’t happen again.” I tell him, and he **drags** a hand over his face.

“I’m sorry it’s just...**after** everything with...” He pauses and frowns at me and I sigh. He is **talking** about Grady. Would he **still** feel this way if he knew the truth? If he knew I picked him and that it was an easy decision? I hire my lip, but my damn mouth has a mind of its own since becoming his Luna

“Merikh, I didn’t kiss Grady back. I slapped him and told him to leave.” I blurt out. Merikh freezes, his eyes full of shock and wonder.

“I saw you two kissing.” He tries to argue, but I close the short distance between us now. Pressing my hand to his cheek.

“He kissed me and I was stunned. The second I realized what was happening, I shoved him back and slapped him. You can alpha command me to tell you the truth.”

He pauses, thinking about it for a moment. I want him to trust me, to take my word for it because, damn it, it’s the freaking truth. My chest aches with anticipation, my eyes flitting from one to the other, trying to predict what is going to happen next.

“It is **easier** if I don’t believe you.” He murmurs, and my heart shatters. I don’t know why it does. I knew **what** his response would be. Merikh’s trust issues have trust issues. Asking for such a big thing from him was a long shot, but I still find myself so disappointed.

“You mean you still don’t trust me? Merikh, you could just command the truth. Under the oath, I can’t lie to you, right?”

He steps away from me, **moving** to the bathroom, stopping in the doorway.

“You think the kiss is the **only** issue? The fact remains, you still lied to my face, Colette.” he whispers before disappearing. Leaving me **behind** to force the tears away and reflect on what I know **was** wrong.