

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 3

I can feel Leslie's heated stare as I blink at Merikh trying to keep my fear at bay. With his lighthearted teasing I had almoststten who I mated myself too but I see his true nature in his eyes now. The feral Alpha of Death

He who commands respect wherever he goes. I understand his reaction to me looking at Grady. I am his Luna, as he keeps saying. Looking at another man longingly is a slap to his face.

"I understand Alpha," I bow my head to him, trying to figure out how to do this Luna thing.

"Alpha Merikh," a man says, stepping up and whispering in his ear. He is slightly shorter than Merikh and his red hair highlights his pale face and little freckles. He looks much friendlier than his alpha.

"Colette, excuse me for just a moment," Merikh whispers in a low voice, stepping a few feet away from me to have a heated conversation with the redhead.

It takes Leslie a whole two seconds before she swoops in for another verbal assault.

"I can't believe you would be such a backstabbing cunt," she hisses, while offering smiles to those who pass and offering congratulations to me.

"I did nothing wrong," I insist, finding a little inner strength when I catch Merikh looking in my direction with curiosity in my eyes.

"If I had known he wasn't an ugly disfigured alpha, I would never have slept around so much." She mutters to herself with an irritated groan. I furrow my brows, trying to process everything she is saying.

"I thought you said you were only sleeping with Grady?" I ask, my voice breaking at the mention of his name. Leslie rolls her eyes and scoffs.

"That doesn't matter. What matters is, you stole what was mine the second you found out he was attractive."

“He chose me,” I tell her, shocked. Her head falls back as she laughs loudly, her sardonic tune echoing back at us.

“No one would willingly choose you. Are you that idiotic? You are a weak, simpering sorry excuse for a werewolf. You have only successfully shifted like what? Twice in three years?” She crosses her arms over her chest waiting for an answer and embarrassment stains my face.

Leslie is right. Merikh wouldn't have accepted me if he knew my wolf hardly ever comes forward when beckoned. But then again I tried to tell him, so did Alpha Bentley, but he insisted he wanted me.

“Why would you even want him now?” I ask “You are pregnant with Grady's pup. Is he not good enough now?”

“Of course he isn't.” She scoffs, throwing her hands up in exasperation. “I never wanted Grady. I just knew you wanted him, so I figured why not fuck him? It was enough knowing I was destroying your precious little heart. But now you think you can choose someone more powerful? This is about you, Colette, always needing a reminder of where you belong. In the dirt, at my feet,” she growls out as she lunges at me.

Her hand tangles in my hair as I gasp and clutch her wrist, trying to keep her from tossing me around. She grunts in pain, her body going slack and her eyes growing wide as I look up to see Merikh with his hand squeezing her throat.

“Release my Luna. Now.” He whispers menacingly.

When she does, he steps away from her and moving behind me. The red-headed lycan sidles up behind her as he lifts his legs and kicks the back of her knees, sending her tumbling forward with a crack of her kneecaps and a cry of pain.

“Ask for forgiveness.” He growls, squatting beside her, murder in his eyes.

I feel Merikh's heat, his hand coming to rest on my shoulder.

“For what?” She shrieks, looking around for someone to save her but the hall has emptied, everyone rushing to the dining area for the promised **feast**.

“For insulting my mate.” Merikh's chest rumbles, sending a shockwave down my spine . “I was patient. I afforded you more slanderous words than you deserved because of the treaty that was

just established between our packs, but now...now you are bordering on declaring a war.”

“I was just joking with her,” Leslie stutters, her eyes filling with fear as she looks up at me. “Tell them Cole...I call her names all the time. It’s our little game?”

I look over my shoulder at my new mate, pondering what it will be like living with him. He seems so gentle one moment and volatile the next.

“What are you going to do with her?” I ask him, and he smirks.

“What would you like us to do with her? She has offended you too many times and in doing so, she has insulted me personally and our pack. Where we are from, that is punishable by death.”

My heart drops to my feet, blood leaching from my face as I swallow the dryness. Death? He wants to kill her? Leslie sobs, her hands reaching out for my ankles, her nails embedding into my skin.

“No,” I squeak. My mind swirls, the only thought saving the unborn pup of my best friend that is growing inside Leslie’s womb. I shake my head, pleading, and he seems to frown. “She is pregnant,” I whisper, and he seems surprised.

“Who is the father of the unborn child?” He asks Leslie, his foot pushing her hands away from me.

“Grady...” she says on a whimper, a sob breaking from her. “I think...”

My heart aches. She thinks? I was rejected on the notion of the possibility of Grady being the father and she isn’t even sure. I feel my world spin and a hand wraps around me, steadying me at my lower back. Merikh holds me close to him as he exhales.

“Get her ass out of here and keep her and Grady away from the feast.”

I hear Leslie’s quiet sobbing grow to silence as Merikh spins me to face him. He searches my face with a look of disappointment before sighing.

“I will allow you a few moments to feel sorry for your loss, Colette. This will be the one and only time I will allow you to mourn the loss of your mate.”

“But the broken mate bond gives me a month,” I whisper to his chest, my eyes slowly lifting to his face.

“One month and you can move on and find your second chance mate, yes. But you have me now, Colette, and my rules are very different, yet set in stone. If you wish to cry, do so now or where I will never hear of it. Do you understand?”

“Yes.” I murmur, as his gaze finds mine and it feels like the air is ripped from the room.

He is devastatingly handsome, even without being fated to him. My insides feel like jelly. Merikh’s fingers tickle the line of my jaw and little sparks blossom on my skin, making me shiver. I must make a sound as he chuckles deep in his chest.

“See, the bond is already sparking to life.” He murmurs. “Now, let us go to the feast. We are expected,”

The feast is uneventful as wolves get drunk and dance while others eat their fill and I sit next to Merikh, unmoving, as he looks uncomfortable every time someone asks him to dance with me. After what feels like forever, Merikh stands and takes my hand in his.

“I would like to thank you all for coming to celebrate this union and our new treaty, but my new Luna and I are eager for some time alone. Please, stay and party to your heart’s content.”

Everyone cheers as my cheeks, once again, grow red with the implications behind his words. He pulls me up as a chant breaks through the crowd.

“Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!” Everyone slurs the word, but the meaning is there as their glazed eyes watch us with merry glee.

Merikh turns to face me, his hands sliding around my waist as he swoops down and steals a chaste kiss from my lips. My first kiss. My eyes nearly pop from my face in shock and he looks satisfied.

“Come on Alpha Merikh!” The redhead from earlier hollers, “You can do better than that!”

Merikh scowls at his friend and sighs heavily. I feel sick, like I am some cheap party trick, and he looks at me.

The world seems to spin on its axis as he brushes the hair gently from my face, his eyes scanning me before he cups my cheek and, ever so tenderly, he presses his soft lips to mine. My hands find his chest, pressing gently as I lean into him, into the kiss.

When his mouth opens, I follow his lead and his tongue traces over my lips before closing and coming back more forcefully. I hear nothing as I get lost in the kiss, my body responding in ways it only ever has for Grady, and I moan enough for him to hear.

Just as quickly as this kiss came on, he is tearing away from me and raising his arm, cheering like a wild man. I look for his eyes to find me again, trying to find a comfort here that maybe this was more than some silly show for the people screaming for entertainment, but it never comes as he drags me down the hall.

Merikh saunters over to the edge of the bed, loosening his tie as he sits, all the while his eyes stay trained on me. My mouth goes dry when he undoes the top button, and I clench my fingers into a fist. I'm his mate now and along with that title come...certain expectations. The kind I have never experienced before. I glance away, my cheeks burning with embarrassment as I wait for him to instruct me.

"What is wrong?" he asks, standing, his fingers move deftly down his button-up shirt. I gulp, the mate bond we created drawing me towards him. My wolf whines to be near him, to touch him and feel those sparks we were so convinced we would never get to feel again.

"I have..." I swallow, "How do you..."

Merikh

chuckles, removing his shirt from his body as he takes a step closer. I step back on instinct, bumping into the chair behind me with a surprised 'oh'. He isn't just massive, he is a literal wall of defined muscle. He is perfection. My heart thumps wildly and I feel lightheaded.

"Calm yourself, Colette. I can sense your panic and your worries." He sighs, sounding bored.

"I'm a virgin," I blurt out, watching his eyebrows shoot into his hairline, his lips twitch, then he shakes his head. "I-I am not sure I can do this...yet..."

"Did I ask?" He responds, sounding amused.

"No...It's just that...I mean...you are huge." I fumble over my words. He takes another step toward me, his lips in a full smile as he observes my freak out. "I don't mean huge as in down there— I mean, I guess I haven't even seen it to compare, so I can't really say it's not. But in general, you are a big alpha, that is what I mean."

"And you are scared?" He asks with a cocked brow.

I bite my lower lip, my legs shaking in fear. Will he force himself on me tonight? Do I not get a say in when we mate?

“We won’t be consummating this union today.” He says, reaching out and tilting my chin up with his index finger. His eyes find mine, making sure I am giving him my undivided attention.

“We-won’t?” I ask, tears of relief burning my eyes as I clutch my nervous stomach.

“Not tonight, my little Luna. Not Tonight.” He murmurs, “For now, we rest.” He strips out of his black slacks and I swallow, spinning away from him.

“S-
should I sleep on the couch?” I ask hopefully. His soft chuckle breaks through the room as the lights turn off and I hold my breath.

“I may be huge, as you say, but there is still space on the bed for you,” he teases.

“I don’t have any clothes in here,” I whisper into the darkness and he sighs.

After a moment, something hits me in the face, and I quickly change into the oversized shirt. The chilly breeze nips at my exposed flesh as I run and jump into the bed, yanking the covers onto my cold body.

“Merikh...?” I whisper, and he groans. “Can I ask you a question?”

“What?” he says after a moment and an exasperated sigh.

“Does it bother you that I am a nobody?”

“Clearly not if I accepted you.” He says dryly, and I press my lips into an unimpressed smile.

“I am a maid. To the Alpha’s daughter.” I murmur, “My wolf is weak, hardly ever surfacing when she is called and my mate rejected me hours ago...”

He says nothing and for a moment I convince myself he has gone to sleep. Then the mattress dips beneath me and the light flickers on. Merikh turns to face me, his hand reaching out as he pulls some hair from my face.

“I know exactly what you are, my little Luna. Question is, do you?” He hums, twisting a strand of my hair between his fingers with a victorious smirk on his lips.