

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 31

“We will not see eye to eye on this matter, I fear.” He sighs heavily, shaking his head.

I shrug and keep walking, picking up my pace to get back to Merikh a little sooner. No matter how much he gives me the silent treatment. I crave his presence when I’m not around him.

Maybe it’s the supposed second chance mate bond her claims we have. Or perhaps it’s because I find I feel safe with only him. Either way, I want this encounter to be over.

“I suppose not.” I frown, my eyes scanning the shadows of the trees along the east, looking for Percy. It would be nice to know where exactly he is, to give him a **signal** that I want him to come whisk me away.

“Your friend is still there. I **can** sense his presence.” **Caspian** says without looking at me. “He is lucky **that** we allow him to remain here. We could have him dispatched, and you wouldn’t be able to do anything about it”

“We wouldn’t be here if we couldn’t bring him, and touch him and I will rage **a** war.” I snark at him a little sassier than I should.

“Mmm, I don’t recall even inviting your kind here in the first place,” He retorts. This king swaps moods quicker **than** a woman trying on **a** dress for her first date.

“**And** yet we found an invitation. You don’t find that odd?” I ask him and he refuses to look at me,

“I’m not sure I understand what you mean,” Caspian mutters, sounding bored.

“Someone at this event wants us to be here.” I shrug. “My guess is the person who is trying to hurt me, and Merikh has ulterior motives.”

“It is possible.” He shrugs, sounding disinterested before he releases a large huff. “Well Letty, it was an interesting interaction but I suppose I should be off...”

“Can I ask you something?” I ask, stopping him by stepping in his way. He Places his hands on his hips **and** looks me over with a curious gaze before nodding **and** rolling his eyes.

“You may ask, but I do not promise to answer,” he bites out, making sure I understand he is in control of **this** conversation.. Which means I need to tread lightly ...

“Why can’t you have a mate?” I ask, and he laughs, caught off guard by– my question. I notice the way the water ripples in tune with his melodic tune, and I realize that is just a small semblance of his true force, his real power.

“Sirens do not have mates, like unicorns or witches,” he explains. “Werewolves and lycans are the favored of the species, always the loyal one and you were all rewarded with a love that can not be refuted.”

I snort. “I’ve seen it be refuted. Rejection seems to be a rising trend in our community .”

“Yes, I suppose **you** have, considering the story you told us at dinner a week ago. What I mean to say is that it is a soul tie. Something that goes beyond love. It’s a completion of your soul. Without it, you are only half a person.”

I furrow my brows in thought.

“So then, what do you call your version of a mate?”

He shrugs and looks up at the sky for a moment.

“We use the term mate as well, but it does not have the **same** meaning. Ours **is a** partner. Someone we chose as we **think** they will strengthen us and make us wiser. Mates for us **is** a strategy, one that often ends in multiple mates.”

My brows knit together in thought.

“And you have chosen not to take a mate?” I ask him and he nods his head yes. “And why is that? Do you not need to **have** a mate?”

He chuckles and shakes his head

“I have **many** nieces and nephews who would love to **have** my **throne.**” He says.

“But that doesn’t mean that they are suited for it. **And** you avoided the real question,” **I say**, quirking a brow

*True, many of them are not. But I **am** too old now for a child, so I will choose from them one day. And no, I do not need a mate as I do not plan to have a child at my age.

I **give** him a credulous stare. Does he seriously think a mate is just a strategic act? One that means you have to have a kid?

“Having **a** mate isn’t just to have **a kid**. It’s about **having a home inside** your house. Somewhere you can go when you are **lost** inside your head. Someone who keeps you **safe** just by holding **you** close.”

I watch his lips twitch as he looks off into the distance wistfully.

“I know,” he whispers as if he is speaking to a memory, and I watch him curiously,

I let him **dream** in his **head** for a moment, thinking of the other species and their way to find a mate. Or their own version of a mate. Caspian is so right. How truly lucky we are to have a fated mate that we can know is meant to be **ours** and not someone else’s. Not that I can tell if I have that with Merikh yet. But the thought is truly a thrilling one.

Then I think about Lauren. How **she** was mated to Merikh and yet, she still chose a vampire over him and our kind. Can cross species children happen from time to time? I mean, if Lauren and Johannes were lovers, surely they could procreate?

“You look inquisitive again,” Caspian says, sounding amused.

“I’m just curious. I admit. “I did not know there were any other species out there, let alone this many. Is it possible for a werewolf to mate with **any** of them?” I ask.

“No.” He says quickly, like he is trying to shut the topic down, but I won’t let this go that easily. I am intrigued by the thought there could be thousands of little hybrids **running** around the world.

“No, it’s not possible? Or no, it’s not allowed.” I ask, making sure **to** slide my eyes to **him**, studying his **face**, hoping to tell if he lies to me or not.

“It is not allowed.” He says, refusing to look at me.

“But Lauren and Johannes...” I say and he heaves a heavy sigh

“Vampires can not have children. Not with a species that is not their own.” He explains. “Vampires can choose whatever mate they want because there is no risk of a born hybrid from them.”

“Has it happened with any other two species before?” I ask, growing more curious by the moment.

“Yes,” he sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose as though he is annoyed with all the questions. But I have no plans to stop until he asks or walks away.

“How many times?” I ask, getting excited and he looks **away**, his body growing stiff and the air around him turning chilled.

“Once.” He says, clearing his throat and looking away from me.

“And what happened to him?” **I ask** and he clears his throat, stopping where he is before he looks around and then steps into my personal space.

“Why? Do you wish to create a hybrid child?” His words are harsh, full of a thinly **veiled** anger.

“What? No. I will carry my mate’s children. I am just curious.” I try to explain

“You are too curious.” He **hisses**, again his eyes darting around and his **voice** barely a whisper.

“Maybe **you** are too **evasive**.” I shrug and he **sucks** on his teeth.

“She died,” He clears his throat. “It **was** a girl, and she was killed. A hybrid is against council rules. They can not exist. A hybrid would be too powerful and unpredictable”

I feel a tightness in my chest at his words, the way he tries to hide his emotions, hiding behind his annoyance with me and anger. Caspian is the king, and has been for a very long time. If a hybrid was killed, it was his order that killed her. It would have to be.

His anger isn’t anger at all. It’s guilt. **And it makes** me sick to **think** he could ever order someone to death over something that wasn’t their own fault.

“How old was she?” I whisper, needing to know the level of evil I am dealing with. I have to see if this handsome older **man** from the sea is truly a **sea** monster or just an old lonely man from the depths of the **ocean**.

He looks away, a mist in his eyes.

“She was ten.”

My mouth goes dry, my throat aching from resisting the urge to cry. Who does that? Who kills a child for being born? **What** assholes **kill** someone because they are afraid someone might be more powerful than them?

"You killed.." I pause, swallowing roughly "A child. A little girl

"The council has rules." He clips out.

"This council is bullshit." I growl. "A child! Do you hear yourself? You killed a child because her parents loved each other."

Caspian

turns his gray eyes **on** me, a hurricane lashing through his dark irises as the water **to** my side floats. His eyes flash like lightning striking through the sky as he seems to fight for control of his emotions or power.

"Your kind killed her," he roars, his voice echoing through the trees, and I see Percy as he moves swiftly to my side. Then a warm hand wraps into mine and tugs me back. I look up to see Merikh, his eyes black as he stares down Caspian with a raging fury

"Our kind saved her." He growls. My eyes grow wide and snap up to him in shock.

"Lies!" **Caspian** steps closer, the water moving forward **with** him.

"I have proof." **Merikh** says, standing tall, unwavering. "I **have** proof and **when** you are ready to discuss letting us back on the council, I will share it all with you."

Then he turns his back to the still raging Caspian, pulling me along beside him, taking us back up to the house.

"Merikh, what was **that** about?" I hiss at him and he slides me a look but refuses to say anything **until** we make it back to the bedroom.

"There is something I need to tell you..." He sighs, pulling me down to sit on the bed next to him. "And it **might** be difficult for you to believe."