

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 32

Merikh POV

“Okay, what do you have to tell me?” Colette asks. She turns her body to face me, a look of worry on her brow as he tilts her **head** and prepares herself.

The only problem **is** I don't know that this is the right time to tell her. To explain to her that the whole **reason** she is here with me is entirely because she is the one **and** only hybrid to ever exist.

My choosing Leslie as a mate was no coincidence. I had every intention of leaving her before the ceremony and kidnapping Colette if need be. Fate clearly had other plans, but the fact remains. Colette is my proof that the only ever hybrid was saved by my family. Not only is she that hybrid, but the only **child** of Caspian.

She takes my hand, turning it over so my palm is **facing** up, and then she gently lifts it, pressing it to her lips. There's no fighting the shiver that runs through me, the desire that has been there **and** doesn't seem to go away rages **against** my barriers. I have thrown up time and **time** again to protect myself.

“You can tell me later, if it's easier.” She whispers. “You seem exhausted and tomorrow you have the second meeting.”

I stare at this timid, beautiful woman and my heart aches. Guilt **riddles** me, every day wreaking **havoc** on my heart and in my mind and my lycan...my lycan fights me tooth and nail to claim what is ours, what we have hidden away to keep us in check. I want to speak to her, to tell her everything, but trust is as elusive as fucking smoke.

The moon goddess has failed me once before. And though I punished myself for my part in everything, the way I turned a blind eye to Lauren's misgivings in the name of the mate bond. I don't think I can trust the moon goddess **again**, and that makes it impossible to know if I can trust in Colette the way I yearn to.

"I try to speak but I say nothing, only staring at her, hating myself more with every passing second because I am weak. So fucking **weak** and though I tricked her into the oath, even though I don't deserve her.

I crave her. My soul begs to be one with hers, constantly fighting me, tearing at my conscience. Shit. I don't know what to do with her anymore. Shit, I know I have to tell her something. I can't **just** hide from her forever like I **have** for the last week.

"I am ready to hear what you **have** to say about Grady— I offer, swallowing roughly as I allow her to play with my hand before entwining our fingers. She watches me closely, assessing my response, waiting for me to pull away from her like I always do.

"Are you sure?" she whispers, making sure her eyes meet mine, trying to pull the truth from inside of me.

"Yes," I nod..

"You can't run off, or get mad." She says, again waiting for me to run away like I always seem to do.

"I won't." I assure her, but she looks skeptical. Colette sucks **in a** deep breath **and** then nods.

"Grady was my best friend. My only friend. He **would** sneak me food, and comfort me when I would cry. I had a crush on him, no...I loved him. She pauses to look at me as I fight my **anger**, every bit of **jealousy** in my body looks for a way out but I bite it back, forcing it **away** and focusing on the **woman** who is here, with me, holding my hand.

"I am fine," I assure her through gritted teeth. I notice a small smile tugging at her lips, but she nods and continues, anyway.

"I loved him, but my feelings were one sided. Everyone knew it, including me. He slept around with girls and stuff, but when he slept with Leslie, it hurt the most because she always took such joy in causing me pain. I wanted nothing to do with him after he rejected me. It was **still** so fresh when I agreed to be your mate. I was still mourning, and I was trying to do it **alone**, without you seeing"

"That **was** wrong of me," I admit. "I see **that** now."

"If we are second **chance** mates like **you said** we are—

"We are," I state firmly, and she gives me a tight-lipped smile.

"Trust goes both ways, Merikh, so I hope you can forgive me for being skeptical of that claim." Her

words are brutal and blunt, but it's what I need. It's the delivery I need. It feels **truthful and** honest **and** I have to feel **that**. No, I need to

"I understand." I struggle to get the words out, my ribs aching from restraining myself and fighting my nature to argue back, to make a point or to let my anger take over.

"When Grady showed up, I already knew I wanted to be with you, sure I had made **you** a promise and I keep promises, but I fell for **you** after the second week and then I feel hard, so damn **hard** and knowing about **your** past...it let me see you in a different light. I can be patient, Merikh. But it won't change my mind. I chose you and our pack. I chose you the day of our mating ceremony and I chose you over Grady and even now I'm choosing you again even when you make me so angry I cry.

Her **words** feel like an ax to the chest, splitting me open like **a soft** log and tearing me in two. There is so much **to** hear in there, but all I can do is feel it. She has not tried to run from me, even when I reveal my insecurities. Even when I am acting a fool

When I was with Lauren, I felt drawn to her because of the bond. It was only the bond, but with Colette it is different. My heart is nearly bursting and it feels like I am going to burn up just sitting here.

"I **love** you" My eyes shoot up in shock. The words tumbling from my lips before I can even have the moment to think about what is coming out. Did I just tell her that?

"What?" she gasps. Her eyes grow misty and she searches my face for the lie, one I realize she won't find because damn it, somehow between **my lack** of trust and my temper tantrums and secrets, I feel in love.

Not because of a bond or because it would make our reign easier. I fell in love with her because of her patience, her kindness and how gentle she is, and that growing snark adds she finds herself.

"I-I love you." I stutter **again**.

The air in the room feels thin, my cheeks warm as I grow embarrassed with every **passing** second she stares at me. Then she **stands**, moving in front of me. Colette reaches out, dragging me up with her as she wraps her arms around my neck.

"I swear to you, I slapped Grady and told him to leave. I did not kiss him back. Ask me , ask me to tell you the truth under the oath and I will tell you the same thing-

My lips slam into hers, unable to stop myself as my heart **thuds** painfully against my ribs, begging to leap into her hands and let her have control of it. I slide my arms

around her back, pulling her as close to me as possible before gliding my tongue **over** her lips, begging for entry, needing to taste her.

Colette tilts her chin up, her mouth parting as she hums in delight. I seize the moment, mingling my tongue with hers as

my stomach flips, the butterflies turning into a tumultuous hurricane.

This isn't a kiss of passion, it's one for survival, one to hide in, as I push everything that should keep us apart to the back of my mind and let my heart and Lycan win.

He **adds** to the hunger that rises low in me, and she rolls her hips into my body. She rises on her tiptoes, trying to better reach me, **so** I reach down, cupping her upper thighs

as I drag her up my body, showing her what she has done with me. Her frame shivers as she whimpers and kisses me deeper, her fingers tangling in my hair, dragging me closer to her.

My conscience tries to creep up. She should know who she is before I take anything further. She should know all the **things** I know about her. Then one of her hands releases me and caresses its way down my chest and she drags it across the top of my dress slacks.

"Fuck," I grumble against her lips.

I spin her, **using** one **hand** to keep her pressed to me as I lean down and crawl onto the bed, then gently lay her beneath me. Her hair sprawls out like a halo around her head and I suck in sharply. She **is** absolutely stunning. Then she pouts and I realize just how lost I am. I am a man lost at sea and she is the siren leading me home.

"Don't stop, please." She whimpers, her hands gripping my hips and pulling me down to her. "Please stop thinking and just... live in this moment?"

There is no denying her anything, not now that I realize I love her.

It's funny how I **thought** who she is or what she is was so important to the council. I **was** so damn wrong.

Who she is, is my **Luna**.

What she is, **is** mine.

And I am done denying us both what we need.