

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 34

Merikh

The sun has been up for a few hours, gently creeping through the window as the soft breeze brushes the curtains aside. Ordinarily I wouldn't sleep with a window open, not after what happened with Colette and the dream weavers, but this is a magic free zone.

No one, not even the assholes who are lurking behind these **mansion** walls, can use magic without being detected. **Caspian** himself will have to log his magic use from last night.

Colette stirs, a sweet groan passing her plush lips **as** her hands glide up the satin sheets above her head as she stretches. The **sage** fabric slips down, exposing her supple breast and my lycan pants, begging for more of her.

He is raging about not having marked her when we had the chance. But no matter how much he tries to force that I refuse to **mark** her. Not **until** she knows everything.

I **have** fucked up in every way when it comes to this stunning woman, and I want her to know exactly who and what she is getting when she agrees to my mark. Yes, she is stuck **with** me. But I have taken every option from her and the guilt is eating me alive more than my need to show the world she is mine and initiate that final step in our relationship. One that is rocky at best half the time.

Her head turns to me, her eyes blinking away the sleepiness as the sun filters in, landing on her exposed chest, and I grin at her. With steady hands, I reach out, stroking her cheek, dragging my index finger along her jawline and down her throat.

I pause at her collarbone, making eye contact as she arches her back up toward my touch and nibbles on her lip. She is asking for more. Looking for that touch as she reaches for the blanket. My stomach flops and I reach down to stop her **from** covering herself.

“Don’t hide from me.” I whisper as I slide down the bed, my hand brushing **over** her flesh and making her **shiver**. “Don’t you ever hide from me.”

“**I’m** not the one who is always hiding,” she murmurs, her eyes closing and her words breathy as I move closer, pressing my nose to her neck and kiss her soft skin. She **makes** a very solid point.

She is always the one trying, **chasing**, and waiting for me. But if she knew what I knew, if she knew just how well I **know** her. would she finally pull away? Would that be the last straw for her? Or would she remain constant, patient and waiting like she always **has** with me?

I cover her breast with my hand, kneading her gently, before twisting and playing with her alert skin. Damn, she feels perfect in my hands, my arms...every way. She gasps and my mouth finds hers like a magnet snapping into place.

I swallow her sexy little noises, feeding off of them as they fuel the throbbing erection pressing into her side. She reaches up, her arms snaking under my arms and up my back as she tugs at me, leading me over her. Then she spreads her legs with no prompting, and I grin against her lips. Colette is just as needy as I am, just as addicted.

Her nails dig into my flesh, making me groan as I slide between her legs, hovering just mere centimeters away. I can feel the heat of her, the way she **is** already beyond ready for me as I press my hips down, hissing at the feel of her as she whimpers in delight

I roll my hips, her hands sliding down my back and gripping onto my **ass as** she meets my movements with her own, just as someone knocks on the door. Colette freezes, her eyes going **wide as** she tears from my lips and looks **over** as if someone **is** going to come in.

The knock sounds **again, and** she furrows her brow, looking up at me, lost for what to do. So, I glide out and **back in, making** her worried eyes roll back as she gasps. The knock sounds **again**, this time angrier, more **frantic**, but I'm too lost in my luna to give a rat's ass about **what** the hell is happening

"Alpha." Percy calls out in such a way I stop mid thrust and snap my eyes to the door. Colette pushes up onto her elbows, her eyes following mine.

"Something is wrong" She whispers.

"Shit." I grumble, swooping down and pressing a chaste kiss to her lips. "Get dressed."

I jump up from her, hating leaving the warmth of her arms and the softness of her body as I slip on a pair of boxer briefs and the first pants I can find. Colette grabs a handful of clothing, her hands shaking as she rushes to the bathroom.

"What is it. Perc?" I ask, yanking the door open and catching my bloodied gamma

"I'm not healing." He says, looking up at me through a swollen bloody eye. His arm is tucked over his stomach as he stumbles into me, trying to remain upright but failing **as** I catch him.

“Holy shit. What the fuck happened?” I ask, dragging him into the room and laying him on the couch.

“I **think** someone poisoned me,” he **says**, his breathing labored.

“**And** beat you?” I ask, furrowing my brow

“They beat me up?” he **asks**, sounding shocked before his eyes rolling to the back of his head. I slap his cheek gently, trying to keep him conscious.

“Stay with me, Percy. Come on.” I whisper, looking around for something, anything to help, with what I have no fucking clue. “Colette!”

The bathroom door flies open, Colette appearing as she yanks a shirt over her **head** and sprints across the room to me. Her face goes white **as** she looks down at her gamma and friend, **then** up at me.

“**What** the hell happened?” She asks me

“I don’t know. He says he isn’t healing. That he **was** poisoned?”

“Luna Letty,” Percy **says** in a sigh of relief. “You are safe”

“Of course I am,” she whispers, reaching out to **take** his black and blue hand.

“How could I not be when I have you **as a** shadow?”

He tries to smile, but it makes him wince.

“I need you to tell me **what** happened. Do you think you **can** do that?” I ask him, and he winces as he tries to swallow.

“Can **try**,” he murmurs, his words growing slurred. Shit. I don’t know what the fuck to do, who the fuck I can go to with this, There isn’t a single fucking person here I trust.

“I will go get someone to help. Colette says, turning toward the door. I catch her wrist, unable to let her go. With Percy down, she **has no** one to be with

her **when** I am not around. There is no one protecting her. She can not leave my sight or Percy's. Not now, not until I have backup.

"You stay. I will be back in two minutes. Do not open the door for anyone," and she furrows her brow but nods.

"Do you understand me?" I give her a grave look

"Of course," she whispers. I move to walk away, but she touches my back and when I look back at her, she has tears in her eyes before she jumps into my arms and presses **a kiss** to my lips. "Please **be** safe and fast." She whispers, stepping back.

I give her a nod, my heart pounding as I exit the door and move down the hall. When I turn the corner, I see someone bent down, looking at droplets of blood on the floor before looking up at me. Brent stands, **taking** two steps closer, taking in my topless state and, I'm sure, disheveled **hair**.

"Who is injured?" he asks, and it feels almost genuine. If I **didn't** know the **wizard**, I would think he actually **cared**,

"None of your fucking business." I growl, trying **to** move around him.

"If someone was injured while here, it's everyone's business." He grits out. I sigh heavily, needing to find Caspian. I need his healers or to alert him to what happened on his watch. Then it hits me...Caspian was the last one with Percy last night. And he slipped up with his magic, angry with my people. He is the only person who could do something like this and get away with it.

"Someone attacked my **gamma**." I tell Brent and his eyes widen

"Attacked?" he asks, shocked. "How?"

"I don't know, but I need to find a healer to help him. His healing is not working

"Take me to him." Brent **says**, pushing past me.

“I don’t trust you.” I scoff and he heaves a heavy sigh

“Look, I am well aware you have no reason to trust anyone here, but I am the best healer in this fucking mansion and you know it I swear on my child’s life I only want to help.

I chew on the inside of my cheeks, trying to decide what to do. If I trust him and I realize this isn’t a trust issue, this is a saving my gamma issue.

“**Fine!**” I grit out, moving around him and leading him back to the room. I push the door open to see Colette trying to **wake** Percy up **with** panic in her eyes.

“Colette, come with me. Brent, if you let him die, I will come for your fucking coven and I Think you know well enough that I will not hesitate.”

space,

He frowns. “I know what your kind call you, Merikh. Outside of this space we are enemies, but here we can be cordial, can’t we?”

“Let’s hope for your sake we can.” I growl, rushing out the door, Colette struggling to keep **up**.

“Merikh, **where** are we going?” She asks.

“To have a chat with Caspian.” I tell her, my voice dripping in anger as we close in on his room after what feels like hours of walking. His door opens as we approach and he turns to look **at** us, shock on his brow before he crosses his arms over his chest.

“I was just coming to speak with you.”

“What did you do to him?” I yell. He knots his brows together.

“What are you talking about?”

“You attacked my **Gamma**. Now his healing isn’t working. He is in our room bleeding out.”

“I didn’t do shit to your gamma.” He retorts.

“Then prove it.” Colette says with a glare. “Prove it wasn’t you, fix him or call a meeting to figure it out.”

“I don’t owe your kind shit,” he hisses, then tilts his head. “But, if you will show me your proof that you saved my **daughter** right now, no strings attached...I might be more willing to help you

My stomach tightens, my eyes sliding to Colette who looks at me, waiting for me to decide what to do, to support me **in** any decision I make. I reach out, gently tugging her to my chest as I stroke her cheek, pushing the hair out of her face before I press my forehead to hers for a moment, trying to extend this moment.

“No matter what happens next, **know** that I truly **do** love you.” I whisper. She pulls back, looking up at me, confused.

“I don’t understand,” she whispers. Then I cup her cheeks and press a kiss to the tip of her nose.

“She **has** been right here the whole time.” I say, not daring to **look** away from her **as** realization dawns on her face.