

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 35

“Colette

Blood drains from my face, my hands instantly going cold as I lick my **lips** and try to form any coherent words possible, but nothing comes out. I shake my **head**, fighting the tears as they beg for release.

This can't be happening. Not now, not after I just gave him every part of me. Merikh is lying to me or he is lying to Caspian and I can't see well enough through my blurry eyes to tell which is it.

“Is this a Joke?” I hear Caspian ask, anger and pain lacing his voice as it breaks.

“No.” Merikh's voice is clear **and resolute**..

My knees go weak, my hand flying to my chest, clutching at my shirt, looking for reprieve, hoping it will let oxygen in as I try to suck in air in huge gulps. Warm hands cup my cheeks, smoothing hair from my face as his voice echoes in the background and I slump to my knees.

“Letty, I need you to focus,” his voice is firm and full of concern. “Focus on my voice.”

My hands fly up, finding his wrists, yanking them away from my face as I turn away from him.

“I don't want to hear your voice.” I hiss at him.

“I needed to protect you,” He tries to tell me as some sort of excuse, but if he had trusted me, if he had given me the fucking time of day he would have known he could have told **me** anything. Including this, I force myself up on shaky legs, wiping at the tears that seem to escape despite me telling them **to** stay.

There is no slowing down my heart rate as I glare into Merikh’s eyes. Guilt and remorse swim in his perfect green orbs and I know there is no lie there. It feels like a one thousand pound weight is crushing my chest as I try to gasp for air. Never have I ever felt so helpless, so lost in my entire life.

“She is my daughter? **You** are sure? **Caspian** whispers, hopeful. I turn to look at him, the tears flowing free when I see the glimmer of tears in his **own** eyes. My hurt morphs into rage. What asshole leaves his daughter, lets his mate die?

“You are not my father.” I hiss, taking a step away from him as well.

“He is.” Merikh **says** softly. I shoot him a glare, my chest heaving.

“I **don’t** believe you...” It feels like I am being pulled between two forces, my body being torn into two, my heart rivaling my soul and there is no stopping this agony.

“We will talk about this later, Colette. Right now, I need a healer in our room to take care of my gamma who needs immediate care. Brent is currently there taking care of him, and I am not comfortable with this situation.

“Yes, of course.” Caspian says, not saying anything else as he lifts his hand and snaps. Someone shuffles to him and he whispers in their ear, receiving a bow and the man rushes off. Motioning for others to follow him.

“We should go see him,” Merikh says, reaching out for my hand. I slap it away, taking a step back from him,

“I don’t want to be near you.” I growl, and he frowns, but seems to accept my choice.

“Then I will leave you with your fath—erm, I mean with Caspian.” he looks at the **King** of Sirens and then back at me, a solemn look on his face.

“I **know** you have no desire to forgive me, I understand that, but you are still **my** luna.”

I watch **as** he disappears, both needing his arms around me and simultaneously hating the idea of him ever touching me **again**. If what he is **saying** is true, if Caspian is my real father, he has taken a potentially beautiful reunion and shattered it with deceit and trickery. Does Merikh truly **care** about me, or was I his pawn all along?

Even last night, our beautiful moment I couldn’t wait to share with him is called into question. Was he hoping that by screwing me, I would cling to him **and** not be angry? Or did he care about my feelings in all of this at all? I want to think about Percy, to be **with** him, but being near Merikh makes me feel physically ill.

Caspian’s face appears before mine and I blink away the tears as he reaches out, looking for me to take his hand. I scowl at him, crossing my arms over my chest instead, and he frowns before he nods in understanding. **A** frown tugs at the corner of his lips. Then **he** sighs heavily, striding away from me before turning back around.

“Do you remember me?” He **asks** hopefully, and I shake my head now, my brows pulling together as I try to recall anything about him.

“No.” I tell him honestly. “Truthfully, all I have of my mother are dreams I thought were nightmares. Always her leaving me as I chase her through a marsh area, only to be abandoned and never see her again.”

“She left you?” he asks, his brows **rising** like the action surprises him.

“Yes” I say before sighing heavily. “At least I **think** she did. I don’t remember much past being new in the pack where I grew up since I was ten

He looks away in thought.

“Uh, what pack did you grow up in?” he asks, like he may know it. Strange coming from a siren who should know nothing about the werewolf world other than he knocked up a she-wolf and created me, supposedly.

“Black Mountain Pack.” I mutter, and his eyes snap to mine. He seems to stand **a** little straighter **as** he licks his lips and **swallows** hard.

“Black Mountain pack.” He whispers. “With Alpha Bentley,”

“Uh yes.” I murmur, surprised that he knows his name. “How did you know?”

He clears his throat, looking away for a minute, before looking back, a tear slipping down his cheek.

“He is your uncle.” He says, looking me in the eye. A bubble of laughter burst from my lips, my chest loosening with the action as I **laugh** at the absurdity.

“No, Alpha Bentley was my alpha. I served his **daughter as** a maid and they treated me like absolute garbage. He is not my uncle.”

His face falls, anger creeping back into his demeanor as he shuffles to his other foot.

“He treated you like a maid?” He grits out and I watch him like he is a little unhinged.

“Yes. But I mean, I am a **maid**, well, was.” I tell him and he looks away, his jaw muscles rippling with effort as he clenches his teeth.

“You are a Princess.” He growls. “And an alpha blood werewolf. You are no maid, even if he forced you to do maid-ly things. You are royalty.”

“I **am not**.” I scoff. “You don’t even know you have the right **person**. You are just going to take his word for it?”

“I can see so much of her in you.” He whispers. Reaching out to touch my face, I lean away. “And my family as well. Do you **have** any powers?” He asks.

“Powers?” I scoff. “Until recently, I hardly had a wolf that would show up because I was so weak.”

He nods. “That **makes** sense. Your pack is nowhere near water. When you were little, **you** were so sick, just a tiny little thing your mother had to be near water for you to thrive. How you must have suffered being so far from water for so long.”

I blink at him. His **words** striking something in me, something that feels like truth. A part of me that doesn’t understand how he could **know that** innermost thought.

“How...” I squeak out the question, not sure how to form the full sentence.

“You said it yourself, Colette. Water feels like home.”

“That could all just be coincidence.” I whisper, too afraid to hope for **anything** good in my life. The last thing amazing I had blew up in my face mere minutes ago. “Lots of people think water is relaxing and calm.”

“I could tell you felt it differently.” He **says**, “I could see it in your eyes. It’s why I **thought** you were catering to my good side, trying to wiggle your way onto the committee.”

“But you said it yourself, your daughter died.”

“I was wrong.” He answers, looking hopeful.

“I **think** you are wrong now.” I swallow.

“He’s not.” I **hear** Merikh behind me and my hairs prickle with his closeness. I hate him. Deep in my being. I can feel that anger rising again and I spin to **glare** at **him**.

“I want answers.” I glare and he nods.

“I suppose you both deserve them. But this is not the place.” Merikh looks around like he is trying to find a spy. “There is **no** one here we can trust .”

“You can say that again.” I snort. Merikh frowns.

“He is right.” My supposed father says, suddenly looking nervous. “Your mere existence is **a** threat to all species. If they find **out** what you are, they will kill you, my pearl.”

I blink at my father, his pet name echoing through my ears, speaking to my inner child, and I realize I have heard that name before. Been called it many times. Could he really be my father? Am I really a hybrid, one so feared by the council that they tried to have me killed? I inhale sharply, then clear my throat.

“Fine. But I want every question I **have** answered. No holding back. I deserve the truth, or I will leave.”