

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

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Chapter 36

Merikh tugs shut the large bay window's curtains, looking around outside as before he turns to look at me. Caspian has all the lights on in his immense office of silver colors and various shades of blue swirling along the walls like shimmering waves of the sea.

It even has a salty smell, one that reminds me of a fresh warm breeze kicking up sand as you walk along the beach. It's annoyingly comforting while I try to remain angry and disagreeable.

"How is Percy?" I ask, looking at the ground, playing with the fabric on the arm chair from where I stand behind

1. it.

"He is healing now." Merikh says, but I still ignore his presence.

"Brent has removed the spells that ban the use of powers for your kind, so you can contact him through the mind link if you are worried." Caspian says. His voice is soft, like he is trying to please me, to win me over. It only

irritates me further.

-Perc?—I call out to him through the mind link.

-Yes, Luna?—

-

How are you feeling? Are you finally healing or do you at least have some relief and know what happened?—

My memory is foggy. But I have agreed to allow Brent to help me clear it once I am a little more healed.—

—Rest, okay? I need my shadow backup and in order—
I tease and smile to myself.

-I've called for backup. Hayes is on his way with Penny—he tells me and I furrow my brows, finally sliding a glance at Merikh. I want to be mad at him for not telling me they are coming, but it's hard to reason with the logic that he hasn't been alone with me long enough to tell me anything.

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I will come visit you after this meeting- I tell him then I shut down the mind link, clearing my throat as I square my shoulders and push my hair over my shoulders.

No more cowering or hiding my emotions. And no more damn tears. I am a luna and I will get my answers and from there I will take my emotions back to my room and feel them without anyone else having to see it.

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There will be no more pity or sympathy or people thinking I am weak because I am experiencing or feeling things. I am a Luna, the damn queen. It's time I act like one.

"How did you meet **my** mother?" I ask Caspian, catching him off guard as he clears his throat and drops into his

seat.

"She was running away from her pack." He whispers, reaching for a leather strap and on his desk and toying with it. "Your grandfather was tired of waiting for her to find her mate, so he arranged a marriage to another alpha. Obviously Melody wasn't too keen on that."

My heart pinches when I hear her name. Those tears I swore I would hide away trying to creep up, but I push them down. Melody. My mom's name was Melody.

"Did she stay with you, then?" I ask him and he chuckles.

"She wanted to. For as to live together but to live together, with what we are... it was hard. I have an entire underwater world to rule and even with my royal blood, I can only remain out of the water for so long. And she is. a werewolf. W

ater is not all that easy to breathe in for your kind.” Then he pauses, looking at me curiously.

“What?” I ask, my cheek heating under his assessing gaze,

“I am curious about what you can do. If anything.” He whispers. “Do you only have a wolf? Can you breathe underwater, manipulate water? Control it with your emotions?”

“She can draw people to her with songs.” Merikh says, breaking in.

“I can?” I ask, my brows rising.

“Yes.”

“Explain...” Caspian says, leaning forward in his chair.

“Bentley refused to let her sing, always telling her she couldn’t carry a tune. That her singing was so awful it hurt people’s ears.”

“He knew...” I whisper, my face heating in anger.

*She called me to her with her song.” Merikh says, sliding his eyes to me as my mouth falls open.

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“I what?”

“In the healing waters, you called me.”

I blink at him, shocked. The memory floods back to me when I was in the healing waters, letting the water calm me as I sang the song I remembered from my childhood.

The way Merikh appeared out of nowhere in a trance and like he couldn’t stay away from me. It was like he needed me, had to have me. My chest tightens as I stare at him, realizing that it hadn’t been him wanting me, but whatever weird powers I have and used through my song.

“I-i-” I stutter, trying to swallow the sting of knowing I had tricked him into coming to me. That what I remember as being the beginning of something big between us was something I forced on him.

“A siren’s song?” Caspian asks, a smile breaking his lips as he watches me with pride. “That is a special gift, though it is generally a song of death,”

“It **was** a song mom used to sing, I think. One about a mate, and calling him home.” I whisper, afraid to look at Merikh, even though I feel the pull to do so. It’s as if I can sense his intense gaze, feel it like he is trying to see my innermost thoughts.

“Can you sing it?” Caspian asks, his voice soft and full of emotion. I look up at him and then at Merikh hating the thought of him touching me right now, knowing that singing it will only draw him closer.

“No.” I rush out, making the decision to never again sing that song. “I have no desire to call my mate. Sorry.”

“Don’t be,” Caspian says, giving me a gentle smile. “This is a lot to take in. You meeting a father you never had. the chance to mourn or know, and me seeing the daughter I thought I lost.”

I tilt my head.

“I thought you said hybrids like me couldn’t exist. That my death was necessary.”

“It was not my order that led to your mother’s death or your discovery. I tried to hide you. Coming back to you. and your mother every few months.”

I frown, not fully believing him. “How did you find out we **were** supposedly dead?” I ask.

“Our little cabin was burned. Nothing left. Just the necklace I made you with your mother and this-” he holds up

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the small thin scrap of worn out leather in his hand. "The remnants of the last thing I gave her!

"But you did nothing..." I furrow my brow. "You didn't try to find who supposedly killed us, or go to the council..."

"I know who did it, which is why I refuse to ever let them on the council again, and your mere existence is at threat to the council. It would be telling them I broke our most coveted rule. I would have been kicked from the council, disgraced."

"Oh my, that sounds so awful for you. Almost as bad as being hunted and killed." I say, scowling at him as my stomach twists in painful knots. "You hid. You are a coward who just accepted our death without trying to find out who the REAL culprit was. It's so easy to just blame the werewolves. Which your mate was. Were you actually sad or relieved?"

"Losing you both broke me," he growls, throwing his chair back as he stands abruptly and leans over his desk toward me. "You have no idea what it is to mourn the loss of a love you never knew you could feel and a child that meant everything to you. Knowing I failed, you both nearly killed me."

"Nearly hardly seems like enough." I hiss, scowling at him.

Finding my father is one thing, knowing he overlooked things for fear of persecution because of what I **am**? It's heart shattering. He couldn't accept me fully when I was around for him to love. What do I expect him to do now?

My body tingles, my wolf growing angrier by the second as my emotions run over me, only feeding the pain and hurt that I have kept under wraps for years. Warm arms wrap around me as I sneer at the man supposed to be my father. His eyes looking around me, awe in them, before looking back at me.

"You need to calm down," Merikh whispers in my ear, the warmth of his breath fanning over my skin and making

me shudder.

“I don’t want to give into his embrace to let him hold me and calm me the way he is but I suddenly feel drained, like my essence is leaking from me one drip at a time and I feel lightheaded, my eyes fluttering closed for a moment before I force them back open.

“What did you do to me?” I ask, looking over my shoulder at Merikh who scans my face with worry in his beautiful green eyes. Then I look past him, watching the water in the air floating above a vase and the water aquarium as it warbles and the fish all line the glass, every one of them looking out like they are waiting for a

command.

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“You are draining yourself.” He whispers softly. “You need to relax.”

“Says the assholes who lied to me.” I mumble, taking his advice anyway as I allow myself to focus on something different. I have a family. Like him or not, respect him or **not**, I’m not entirely alone in this world and he can give me answers about my mom. If I can keep my cool long enough to get his answers.

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Merikh

Colette paces our bedroom floor, back and forth and back again, her hands in her hair and her lips moving as she wordlessly speaks to herself. After realizing she can manipulate water, she ran.

She claimed she needed space and perhaps she did, but maybe it was her father's proud look or my hovering over her that made her feel like she was suffocating instead. No matter what the cause, I chased her.

It took some convincing for her to let me in the room, but when she did, I nearly crumbled at the look on her face. My Luna is falling apart and I'm the reason for it.

It is my selfishness over and over again that has pushed her to her breaking point and now I have to witness the aftermath. This is my punishment, witnessing the havoc of my choices. Even if I have combined myself, it was all

for our kind

"Colette," I call to her softly, trying to get her to look at me. To just acknowledge I am here and she isn't alone in

this.

Even though I was the idiot who placed this barrier between us. I can't help but go back and forth on what I did and the ways I could have done it all differently. I used her and I know it, but in the process, I fell for her and the lies became my way of protecting myself. It is clear to me now; she is the one who needed protecting from me,

not the other way around.

"How long have you known?" She asks, coming to a stop, her eyes wild. Then she points to the couch where Percy sleeps with a soft snore. "Did he know?"

"No, Percy did not know." I frown, "But I have known since before I ever met you."

Her eyes well and she bites her lip, refusing to let the sob I can see coming out.

"You didn't come to my pack for Leslie...did you?" She whispers.

My eyes fill with tears as she breaks down every moment from the second she ever

laid eyes on me. I know what is coming, what questions she will ask and all the answers I will give that she will doubt in every way. I feel defeated, fucking b

eat down as my heart rails against my aching chest, just wanting to be in her arms.

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“Merikh’

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“I did not.” I clear my throat and shake my head slightly from side to side before I look at her. Her red, swollen gaze is trained on me. “I came for you. Leslie was a way to get close.”

“But you knew who I was before you met me...” she asks, rogue tears breaking free as she swipes it away and crosses her arms. Her leg rocks from side to side, a movement done to distract herself.

“Yes.” I nod. “I have spies in every pack.”

“You knew...how I was being treated.” She whispers, pain in her eyes. “You knew...and you let me suffer?”

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“No,” I jump up, hands outstretched. I want to touch her, shit I crave the honor to wipe the very tears from her cheeks that my actions placed there. But I know better than to think she would let me touch her. “In the recent months leading up to coming, that is when I learned what you were in the pack, I had thought it was a ruse. To keep you inconspicuous.”

“You are the lycan king. You could have come and demanded me. Why the show?” She asks, incredulous. “I don’t understand why you had to force me to being your

Luna. Why, you had to trick me into thinking I could be anything other than what I am. You could have asked me to do anything with the promise of freedom from what my life was..”

“Colette, you are my mate. You are meant to be at my side, meant to be the Luna.”

She scoffs, rolling her eyes.

“And I’m a hybrid that shouldn’t even exist. One you could use to get what you wanted, lets not pretend you cared anything for me or my feelings.” She bites back at me.

“You were born to be my luna.” I tell her more adamantly and she shakes her head. “I was never going to go through with my mating to Leslie. The plan was to take you. But the moment I knew what you were to me, I panicked and all I could think about was making sure that you can’t run from me.”

“You took away my options.” She yells. “You realized what I was, and you knew what I am worth and you were worried I would freak out, so you trapped me. Admit it.”

“I love you.” I growl. “Damn, Colette. I fucking fell for you with in days. It wasn’t because of the bond, and I didn’t realize that until I forced the oath. I have wanted to tell you everything. I have fucked up in every way possible except for falling for you. And for that, I won’t apologize.”

She falls silent, looking out the window, her lungs rising and falling as if she had been running for hours.

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“I think I hate you. I really...” She pauses, looking at me, her tears flow freely as she holds her chest and gasps for air like it is being sucked from her. “Damn it, I want to hate you with every fiber of my being, but...but I can’t.”

“What...” I blink at her, shocked.

I was ready for a breakdown, a come to the Goddess moment. But this. This brokenness while admitting despite it all, despite me and my actions...she can't hate me. It's enough to give me hope where hope shouldn't have a place to even plant a seed, yet...it grows, winding through my gut, squeezing as it climbs through my chest and lodges in my throat, keeping me from saying anything further.

"I want to," Her voice breaks, and she shakes her head. "But when I hurt, I want to be near you. When I am scared, I want you to hold me. Damn it, Merikh. Damn you and your stupid trust issues and telling me you love me and for making me fucking love you back."

"You still love me..." I rasp the words, my mouth dry. What is happening? She loves me?

"Of course I do, and I hate you for it." She hisses. "I hate that even when I want to run from you, I can't. I hate that

you keep pushing me away in the most selfish and painful ways possible."

"I am sorry," I tell her, taking a step closer. "I am so fucking sorry."

And damn it, do I mean it. My lycan is whimpering, begging for her forgiveness, for her to fuck fucking touch us,

yet fearing

it because I know I'll fall apart in her hands.

"It's not enough." She shakes her **head**. "It's not enough to say you are sorry. Not this time."

My hands shake, my lips dry as my tongue darts out to wet them, and I try again to move closer. I just need **to** touch her. To feel her skin, press her to my chest and inhale her. It feels worse than death waiting for her to speak, to send me away or to embrace me.

"I will do anything." the words tumble out as I drop to knees, my head bowed down. "Name your price, punish me for as long as you wish and need to."

I don't budge as I place the ball in her court. Never have I knelt before anyone, never have I begged for forgiveness. But then again, never have I loved som

eone and fucked it up. Lauren was different. Lauren broke **me**, so I destroyed her. Colette.... she saved me, in so many ways, and yet I served her a fate th at to her is worse

than death.

“Merikh, stand up,” she whispers, but I remain resolute. Her hands touch my c heeks and I gasp at the contact

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that feels like heaven. She lifts my chin so I am looking up at her and she frow ns, though her tears are still running down her cheek.

“Please,” she sniffles, “You are the Lycan king, you shouldn’t be on your knee s begging.”

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Ours eyes connect and I reach around, clasping my hands together behind m y back, settling in to kneel for as long as I need to.

“I am many things other than a Lycan King. I am a liar and a fool, but for you, my little Luna, for you, I am a beggar. I am where I always belonged.”

“Where is that?” She **asks**, breathless.

“At your mercy,”

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*Colette

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I stare at Merikh on his knees, my chest aching as I fight the urge to forgive hi m. Simple gestures and sweet words will not fix what he did. How he lied and used me like everyone else. There is too much to process, too much for me to

even begin to know how to comprehend, for me to even take the time to consider forgiving him

is insane.

“I need space,” I whisper, taking a small hesitant step back.

My wolf whines, not giving a shit about the emotional turmoil I am in. But she isn't in charge. I am and right now...right now I need water and space. I turn on my heel, moving to the bathroom and turning on the water for the tub when I hear someone at the door. The low hum of deep voices piques my interest as I slide to the door, pressing my ear to the solid oak, hoping to catch a part of the conversation.

As werewolves, we are supposed to have excellent hearing. Me being me, and as sickly as I have always been, my hearing has always been very lackluster. Until now, that is. I smile to myself, pleased to find more things I can do now that I am...well...I guess now that I know who I am and what I can be capable of.

“What do you mean you don't know who attacked him?” Merikh hisses.

“Merikh, I assure you we are doing everything we can to get answers but...” Caspian pauses before he clears his throat. “We **have** a more pressing issue to discuss.”

“What is more pressing than your security measures failing?”

“The reason for attacking your gamma,” Caspian says firmly. There is a pause between them, tension rising as if they are both having a silent conversation, but I know what they are both thinking. I twist the doorknob, opening “the door” and I step out, looking at both men.

“They are trying to get easier access to me.” I finish for them both. Merikh looks at me, a storm of fury clouding his face as he moves to me.

“As long as I'm fucking here, there will be no easy access to you. Ever.” His words are sweet and I believe every word, but I roll my eyes to show my anger, even if my heart skips a beat at his declaration. There is no way in hell I will let him off easy with just words and apologies.

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“Someone else knows what I am,” I tell Caspian, whose eyebrows hit his hairline. He slides a glance at Merikh, who fights the urge to glare at me. Obviously, Merikh didn’t want my father to know about that, so I take extra pleasure in telling him.

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“Who?” Caspian asks, his voice rising. Then he seems to think of something and he furrows his brows. “The red-eyed wolves that you mentioned... You believe the person controlling them is the one behind all of this?”

“We don’t know who exactly,” Merikh says, clearing his throat. “I just know someone here on the council wanted us to be here this year, and they are taunting us. They have been trying to get her nearly the whole time she has been with me.”

“Fuck.” Caspian paces away, his hands on his hips before he stops. “If someone knows...do they know she is mine? Do you think they know she is my daughter?”

I look at Merikh who sighs. “Truthfully, I don’t know what they know. I just know they are after Colette. The first time I didn’t think it was any different from the times other species have come after me for the hell of it. But then the dream weavers happened and...”

“And you realized just how fucking dumb you were,” Caspian growls. “You taking her as your mate verified exactly how important she is. You placed a fucking target on her back.”

“I know being a...hybrid...is not allowed, and it makes me rare, but what does keeping me do? Why not just kill me if they know I am not allowed to exist?”

“There are a couple of reasons.” Caspian sighs, pacing into the room and dropping into a chair. He leans forward like he is in deep thought and pressing his elbow into his knees.

“One being you are mated to a royal blood.” Merikh says, dragging his hand down his face. “Illegal or not, you are protected by me, and all of our kind. You are our queen, and harming you means war.”

The other being, you can be used to control two species now. Not just one. By choosing you as a mate, Merikh has placed not only his species in danger, but mine as well.”

“I didn’t choose her. She is my second chance, mate.” Merikh hisses.

I watch him as he scowls at Caspian before his emerald eyes find mine, a gentle pleading hidden within them before he turns away.

“Are you truly mated?” Caspian asks. “I am well aware of what you said at the dinner table. But...”

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“We are not truly marked yet,” Merikh admits and my cheeks turn pink. This is not the type of conversation I want to have with the man who helped create me.

“Why?” he asks, flabbergasted, as he looks back and forth between the two of us.

“We have our own things we are sorting through.” I mumble and he sighs.

“If you are found out...If it’s revealed what you are, before you are back on the committee, then you are dead.” Caspian admits, a quiver in his voice. “You must be officially mated in order-”

“We have time.” Merikh says softly, his eyes locked on mine like he wants me to know that I don’t have to rush into this, especially when I am angry with him.

“No.” Caspian says, standing abruptly. “You absolutely do not have time. Do you really think anyone bought your

‘my mark is somewhere special’ bullshit?”

“Caspian...” I sigh,

“No. I am serious. You will fucking mark each other. Now.”

My mouth falls open and Merikh bites back a laugh as Caspian looks between us, annoyed.

“Marking...for lycans is different from werewolves.” I say, swallowing roughly. My skin heated in embarrassment. No matter how new he is to being my father, the last thing I want to do is explain to him that he is demanding I

have sex with Merikh right here, right now.

“It can’t possibly be that different.” He scoffs, and I look away, avoiding any eye contact with both men.

“Clearly you weren’t listening too closely at dinner the other night.” I mutter and Merikh bites back a smile.

“Colette and I will figure out the details of our relationship in our own time, Caspian. But yes, I do agree it is important that we figure things out relatively soon.”

“If you guys are going to mark each other tonight, please remember to put me outside the door.” Percy’s weak voice breaks **into** the conversation, and I rush over to him, pleased by the interruption.

“Hey,” I whisper, smiling at him, and he tries to reciprocate. “You hungry?” I ask him.

“No.” He croaks out, trying to sit up..

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+5

“Woah. No way. Lay back down. What can I do? What do you need?” I ask him and Merikh comes over standing behind me.

“Unless you want to help me to the bathroom, Luna, perhaps it’s best you let me do this one on my own.”

“Oh.” I clear my throat, standing to move out of his way. We watch as he stumbles to the bathroom, using the wall and turning to give me a thumbs up before he pauses at the door and frowns at the ground.

“I know I got the shit kicked out of me, but...did I suffer any brain damage?” he asks, looking at us, concerned.

“No... Why?”

“Because there is a shit tone of water all over the floor in here and I just needed to make sure I’m not crazy.”

“Oh, shit.” I rush to the bathroom, peeking past him as guilt floods me like the water pouring over the bathtub’s edge and onto the floor.

I got distracted by Caspian coming in. Then the water lifts, every drop riding from the tile and the sopping wet carpet at my feet. In a long clear line, floods down the sink and the tub is unplugged. Percy elbows me, his throat bobbing up and down.

“Y—you see that shit too...right?” He asks and I nod, biting back a laugh.

“Yeah, I see it,” I mutter before looking over my shoulder at my father. He stands next to the bed, his hands in his pockets, looking entirely at ease. The only indication that this is him is the way his eyes seem to swirl with a vibrant blue. He shoots me a wink and a soft smile.

After he is done cleaning up my mess, I realize I haven’t stopped staring at him. And he has returned the sentiment.

Train me.” I finally say. He tilts his head, a little confused. “Train me how to manipulate it like you do.”

“I wouldn’t know how to train you. My kind just...knows how to do it. We are one with the water. It’s not a gift, **it’s a** part of us.”

“Then teach me how to be one with it.” I rush out. “If you want me safe, if you want to ensure no one can harm me, then guide me in this. Merikh has been training me too...”

He frowns before he nods in agreement.

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Merikh leans into me, his arm resting on the back of my chair as we listen to everyone on the committee speak.

Florence has looked my way a few times, smirking every time I catch her eyes .

I intentionally avoid looking in Johannes direction, not wanting to risk Merikh catching me looking at him of all people. Not that I am drawn to Johannes, but pretending he doesn't exist isn't all that easy in a room full of people I supposed to be respecting.

"Is there anything anyone else would like to bring up?" Caspian asks, looking around. He has pulled off the unimpressed king bit damn well today. Not once looking in our direction with the slightest interest.

"Uh, yes..." Brent says, clearing his throat. "I don't mean to be a spoilsport, but I am curious why these two are allowed in meetings." He nods in our direction with an unimpressed frown on his face.

"Oh great. Here we go again," everyone mutters, sighing in heavy annoyance.

"No, I am serious." He scoffs. "I don't mean to be rude or offensive, Merikh and Letty, but if we are sharing things, important things between our species, should we not be taking measures to ensure what is shared won't be used against us?"

I tilt my head, not really loving that I agree with him. But Brent makes a fair point, and it's not a decision intended to offend or be rude. It's logical that if we are the enemy, we shouldn't be privy to all information agreed upon in the meeting. He locks eyes with me, a curious glint as he seems to watch me closely.

I look up at Merikh, who stares around the table, his jaw clenched and his muscles tense. My fingers glide up his chest, along his soft neck and to turn him to look at me.

“Brent does make a fair point,” I murmur to him and he frowns, glancing up before looking back and focusing on me. Then he sighs heavily and nods.

“My Luna feels that perhaps Brent has a point.” He announces, and I can feel all eyes shift to me.

“Oh? Does he?” Caspian asks, his interest looking piqued as he seems to settle deeper into his chair, his deep blue eyes watching me closely.

“You are all so adamant to keep us from entering the council.” I shrug. “Yet so willing to allow us audience and witness of what you discuss. Things that are of grave importance to your covens, your clans, your...whatever

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Emergency calls

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they are to you. Which leaves the question...Why don't you care?”

“We aren't afraid of some little bitches and dogs. You are below us. In fact, your kind is better under us.” Johannes chuckles and I turn my fiery gaze on him. He glares at me, but I remain resolute, not daring to blink as I make my point.

“I think you all know we will be back on the council sooner rather than later and there for speak openly.” I say with a knowing smirk.

“Bullshit,” Florence chuckles. “You would have to win over the majority, and most of us hate you.”

“Yeah, that sounds like a stretch, young lady.” The bearded guy from the first dinner says, leaning forward.

‘I

"I don't think I have had the pleasure of learning your name yet," I say to him and he frowns at me before sighing.

"My people call me Elm. I am from the Fae realm." He says, giving me a courteous nod.

"Mmm, and tell me, Elm, what do you have against the werewolves?" I ask him. "I am **aware** of why Caspian hates our kind and even why Johannes feels the way he does, even if he is the one who inserted himself and got his own chosen mate killed." Elm chuckles as Johannes snorts at my comment.

"Merikh, you have not filled her in on your bloodline crimes?" He tuts before looking at me. "His ancestors were what your kind calls mates, with my sister. A young fae with a bright future ahead of her."

"Your kind lives that long?" I ask, leaning forward, fascinated by his story and his kind. If this all supposedly happened over two hundred and fifty years ago, how long do the Fae live? Are they Immortal like the Vampires?

"Of course. Your species is the one that lives the shortest amount of time. We hardly have time to learn your name before you die off on us."

"Can we be done with this meeting now?" Florence pouts while I focus on Elm, blocking out the others as they all get up and leave the table.

"Where is your sister now?" I ask him and sadness falls over him. He downcasts his eyes and sighs before looking up to meet mine.

"She is dead." He whispers.

2/6

C

Dream

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Chapter 39

I don't know much about any species other than mine, but if Elm is still alive after two hundred and fifty years and still looks like he is in his mid thirties, his sister can't have died from old age.

+5

"I am truly sorry for your loss." I tell him sincerely, offering him a sympathetic smile. "Losing someone you love is never easy. I lost my mother at a young age, and I know it is not the same. But I know what it is to lose someone you loved."

He watches me for a moment, then he places his palm on the wooden table. The grain morphs, moving as it vibrates, and then a small bud shoots out of the table before me. There is no holding back **the** astonished smile and happy gasp I let out as I gingerly touch the bud, admiring it.

"Her name was Magnolia." He whispers. "She took her life when she felt his presence leave the earth."

"She loved him even when she couldn't be with **him**..." I whisper, touched by the purity of her love.

"Mags loved different from everyone else. She was a lover of everyone and she felt this bond was a gift to her," he

says with a tear in his eye..

"Elm," I say with a soft smile. "Would you like to wander the garden with me?" I ask him.

He seems to snap from his daze, his tender openness dissipating as he looks around. I gently take the bud from the table where he created it, and place it behind my ear, giving him an understanding smile.

"What kind of flower is it?" I ask him and he swallows.

"Magnolia blossom."

“You know,” I say, “When I **was** in the garden I swear I saw a tree that was life less. If I showed you the tree, do you think you could heal it? Is that something Fae can do?”

“Not all Fae, but I can, yes.” He says, ” pauses, looking at Merikh.

you wanted to show me the way, I would not be opposed. But...” He

“You wish for me to keep my distance?” Merikh asks as Elm frowns. “As you know, I will not leave her unattended

since our Gamma was brutally attacked on property.”

“Ah, yes.” He nods. “I suppose you will want to keep her within arm’s reach at all times. I can understand that.”

“Shall we?” I offer and he sighs before nodding and motioning for me to show him the way.

3/6

The moment we hit the garden, I can sense his tension leaving his body. He smiles and reaches out, touching the green hedges and looking around at the stunning flowers and bright green leaves.

“This way,” I tell him, turning down a path to the left and he follows along, Merikh at a distance behind us.

“You can be frank.” He tells me, “No need to keep up pretenses.”

I laugh lightly and shake my head.

“I truly have no ulterior motives, Elm.”

“You aren’t going to try to sway my vote or get me to trust you?” he asks, his eyes narrowed like I am lying. I once again laugh, this time a little harder.

“I am hardly one to ask for trust when I can’t trust a damn soul here, other than my own kind, that is.” I smile at

him and he seems to think about what I am saying. “And as for swaying your vote...what good is trying to change one vote in the face of what, nine, no’s?”

“I think you could sway a few others,” he says, chuckling. “Let’s not pretend you aren’t here to show a softer side to your off putting mate.”

I glance over my shoulder, looking at the massive form that is Merikh, and bite back a smile. He definitely doesn’t

scream ‘let’s be friends’ to someone who doesn’t know him. But underneath, though, he screws up regularly and has trust issues...he’s pretty amazing.

I

“Truthfully, I didn’t even know there were other species until very recently. I **want** to know **you** all, understand you and your stance on why my kind should be subject to being the toy of council members when they get

bored.”

“Oh come now, no one here is like that.”

“No? Not Johannes?” I ask. “Because from what I can tell, what he did is far worse than what our kind did, only difference is you all made it legal to prey **on** us but not allow us to protect ourselves.”

“I play no part in keeping your species out. I abstain from voting now. Even if I don’t like your kind, I believe we are all stringer together.” He rushes out and I shrug.

“Elm, I am here to show you a tree that needs your touch.” I smile. “We do not have to discuss these things.”

4/6

Chapter 39

“**Then** what would you rather discuss?” he asks, and I grin.

“Well...tell me more about the fae. What are you all like? Do you all have such a way with nature like you?”

“Have you learned about any of the others yet?” He asks amused. I shrug.

“I know a little about the Sirens, and I’ve experienced some magic, not quite sure at whose hands it was.” I shrug. He frowns.

“Someone used magic on you?” he asks, sounding disappointed.

“Unfortunately, not many people like my mate. Not that I can’t, at times, understand the sentiment.” I watch as Merikh’s head snaps up, his eyes meeting mine with a glare and I send him a pretty little smile and a tiny hand wave. Just so he knows, I’m thinking about him..

“What kind of magic, do you know?” He asks and I shrug.

“Merikh called it dream weavers.”

“Nasty stuff.” He mumbles. Then he looks around and leans in. “I have an herbal remedy that can erase the things they have done. I will have it sent to your room.”

“You really don’t have to do that,” I say, shocked, and he smiles genuinely.

“I can tell you **are** a decent person.” He says, pointing over my shoulder. “Butterflies like sweetness, and they seem to follow you.”

I can’t help the blush that creeps up my cheek, and he rubs the back of his head.

“My queen would truly enjoy your presence. You are wise, playing this old man like a fiddle, but in a way that I can tell you mean no harm.”

“Could she not make it?” I ask, feeling disappointed as well that I don’t get to at least meet a female fae.

“Not this time.” he smiles, but it doesn’t reach his eyes this time. Instead, he looks disappointed and I get the feeling not everything is sorted in his love life.

5/6

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons Chapter 40

Chapter 40

+5

*Merikh‘

Colette laughs with her father as I sit in the far corner, watching as she wipes water from her blouse. She looks so happy and at ease as she manipulates the water, trying to get it to shake, rather than splash. Caspian was thrilled when we arrived, his hands shaky as he tried to tamp down his smile, but it's glaringly obvious he is

excited.

If I didn't know that they were related, I would almost be jealous. Okay, that's a lie. I am jealous, but not of the relationship they are building. She looks at him with wonder and relief. It's like knowing a part of what she is, where she comes from, has brought to life a side of her I may never get to experience.

All I get are side ways glances and the occasional scowl.

I mean, sure, when we are around the others I get to sneak little moments and convince myself she feels the same pull I do. It's damn hard holding her hand or kissing her shoulder knowing that to her it's an act. For me, it's a taste of what I screwed myself out of. Like an addict carrying in drug of choice in his pocket with never really being able to consume it.

It makes me itchy and irritable to be away from her emotionally. That barrier she keeps up. The damn thing slides into place the second our bedroom door closes. It goes from equator hot to arctic icy. And it's not like I know how to fix it. Apologizing is all I can do and swear I will never do it again, and that I have no more secrets, but what good is a promise if the person making it has proven they can't keep them?

I sigh heavily, fiddling with the bolting on the edging of the armchair, and then I look up, feeling a heavy gaze. She blinks at me, tilting her head and for a moment her brows

furrow, like she might be worried about me. Then she seems to wake up and her eyes harden before she looks back at Caspian.

"I think that's enough for now. I have to admit, I'm tired now." She says. He gives her a soft smile and motions for *her to take a seat.

"Will you stay for dinner with me?" He asks, and she shakes her head.

"The amount of time we spend together will draw attention," I remind him, and he sighs knowingly.

"You have a point." then he looks between us. "Have you two discussed things yet?"

Colette chuckles dryly, looking at the shuttered window and shaking her head.

1/5

Спартер чи

"What is there to discuss?" She asks, and her words hit me in the gut. Is this how she felt every **time** I would refuse to hear her **out**?

"Your mark." He says, giving her a pointed frown. "Or rather, the lack thereof."

"Caspian," she sighs, rolling her eyes, and she chuckles.

"Do not roll your eyes at me," he mutters, but he is half hearted as he smiles brightly. "I didn't think I would ever get to say that to you."

Colette seems to melt at his words, all frustration regarding me fading away as she takes in this little, yet huge moment with her dad.

A knock at the door interrupts us and Ezra shows himself in, giving me a courteous nod as he looks to Caspian.

"We have a few visitors," He tells him and Caspian furrows his brow.

"I don't recall expecting anyone..."

"Oh..." Colette seems startled, and looks over at me and clears her throat. "I—um—I believe they are here for me."

I look at her, startled, and then she smiles softly at Ezra.

"Yes, I assumed as much." He grins. "I have showed both Penny and Beta Hayes to your room."

“Ah.” Caspian says, clearing his throat. He looks in my direction and sighs heavily. “I suppose that in light of the recent unfortunate events to y our other gamma, another arriving in his stead makes sense.”

“Will the others not throw a fit?” I ask, arching a brow, and he shrugs.

“Let them. Someone was attacked in our sanctuary, and you are entitled to your own safety for that reason.” He bites out, looking up at Ezrah, who looks mildly surprised.”

“Thank you, Caspian.” I say, standing and moving over toward Colette. I rest my hand on the back of her chair, looking down at her.

She turns in her seat, looking up at me slightly and my heart stutters in my chest, her deep brown eyes gaze straight in to my very core. I can feel the slight tinge of heat in my cheeks that her innocent stare brings, but I can't find the strength to look away.

2/5

Chapter 40

“Forgive me, But...how was someone able attack anyone on the premises?” Ezrah asks, drawing my attention. and breaking my eye contact with Colette. His words are soft and directed at **Caspian**, who frowns and sighs.

heavily.

“They physically assaulted him, Ezrah. No magic was used.” He says, then he drags and hand down his face as he leans forward. “Since no magic can be used, he was unable to heal as a wolf regularly would. I had brent take.

down the charms until her is better.”

Ezrah freezes, his eyes skirting over to me before he clears his throat and bows his **head**. I can see he wants to say more, to mention things, but with being a messenger, often his opinions and thoughts are disregarded. But in all my years knowing the guy, I have felt he has an impressive ability to read and anticipate situations and people.

“What are you thinking?” I **ask** him. And he shakes **his** head, not wanting to overstep.

“Speak freely Ezra, I trust these two.” Caspian says, and it feels like I was struck across the face to wake me up.

Caspian trusts us? Well, I suppose trusting his daughter makes sense. But admitting it to someone else is shocking, to say the least. Colette’s hand slides into mine and gives it a gentle squeeze, as if she understands my exact thought process.

“Do you?” Ezra asks, a brow arched in amusement. Caspian frowns at him before he rolls his eyes, then clears

his throat.

“I am well aware of the things you are capable of learning and overhearing, **so** I am curious to know your thoughts about all of this. Including my **new** found trust in these two.” Caspian says, choosing to ignore Ezra’s

comment about trusting us.

“I have long respected Alpha Merikh,” He asserts and Caspian sighs.

Yeah, I am well aware of that.”

Ezra clears his throat, looking a little uncomfortable before he squares his shoulders.

“I am often given things to deliver and I move about quickly and with ease, but not without running into things... seeing things.” He finally says, looking **me** in the eye like he is trying to tell me something. “There have been

some questionable things happening in the world up here that I do not pretend to think you, the King of Sirens,

know about.”

3/5

Chapter 40

Caspian knits his brows together in question and motions for him to continue.

“There is a move to make extinct other kinds.” He says softly and looks away, ashamed.

“And you are just now bringing this up?” I ask him, shocked. Ezra’s face pales and he licks his lips as if mentioning anything more might cause him pain.

“I am forbidden from reading or looking at the items I deliver, but...” he clears his throat. “If a letter does not have a sender’s information, only a destination ...”

“Tell me now.” Caspian says, his voice raising as he stands.

+5

“I have delivered three of the same letters. Same handwriting and no return address, the same handwriting on the letter I delivered to you, Merikh.” He says, turning to look at me..

Caspian looks between us as my stomach burns with fury. Things have felt off for years now, but when you are used to a feeling, it becomes normal and when it’s gone, that is when it feels foreign. I suck my teeth, groaning in frustration. Someone is after my kind, of course. Who the hell else could they be after?

“What did you read, Ezra.” Caspian demands, slamming his fist onto the top of his desk, his eyes swirling with danger.

“There is a call for extermination. One that will be voted upon in the next week,”

“I will never allow that on the docket.” He retorts, and Ezra frowns.

“From what I gather, if multiple parties call attention to it, it must be discussed.”

“Shit...” Colette mutters, her muscles tense as she comes to grips with all this means.

It’s not just an attack on me, but our entire species. The whole reason someone has been wanting Colette is a bargaining chip for Caspian. She is a hybrid, so she must die unless she is fully mated to me. But if they agree to my demise, our kinds extermination...Her head is back on the chopping block.

How far will Caspian go to protect his only child? Would he trade our entire kind for the promise of her safety? A hybrid for an entire species. He locks his eyes with mine and I see his mindset is where mine is, but he doesn't seem to know the answer to his own question. Colette would never agree to it, but it is easier to live knowing your child hates you than live knowing they will forever be gone.

4/5

Chapter 40

"We need to go see Hayes and Penny," Colette jumps up, dragging me out the door before anyone can utter another word. It is not until we are safe behind the door that she spins to face me, determination on her face.

"We can use this," she tells me. "We can **use** this to determine who is behind it. How many do you think would actually truly want to kill off an entire species? I mean, truly?"

I sigh, pulling my hands through my hair before I drop them.

"That is a complicated question, Colette. We are truly unliked by many." I tell her.

"Please, we can charm as many over as we need," I hear Hayes behind me and I spin, feeling like a weight has been lifted from my chest at the sight of my brother.

"Easier said than done," I say with a small smile..

"Please, me and you?"

"We are the definition of charming." He says, then frowns. "Okay, I am the definition of charming. Maybe you should sit this one out."

+5