

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

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 armchair from where I stand behind 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.

–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.

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 strand 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. Water 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.

“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 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.

“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.