

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 37

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

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

“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?”

“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 rouse. 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, let’s 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 within 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.

"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 someone 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 that to her is worse than death.

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

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

“Please,” she snuffles, “You are the Lycan king, you shouldn’t be on your knees begging.”

Ours eyes connect and I reach around, clasping my hands together behind my 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,”