

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 38

Colette

I stare at Merikh on his knees, my chest aching as I fight the urge to forgive him. 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 lack luster. 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.

“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.

“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...”

“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 mates 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.

“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.