

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 39

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 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 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 bloodlines 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 downcast his eyes and sighs before looking up to meet mine.

“She is dead.” He whispers.

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.

“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 lifeless. 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...”

“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.

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

I 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.

"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."

"**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.