

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons Chapter 4

Chapter 4

I stare at Merikh's back; the moonlight filtering in and highlighting the jagged raised scars that litter his skin. My fingers itch to touch them, to trace it down under his shoulder blade and across his spine, but I don't.

He wasn't wrong when he said he carries many scars but not on his face. A deep gash catches my attention, and it sit up slightly, leaning in to get a better view. It looks like teeth marks and a chunk of his flesh was torn out.

My hand gently flutters across it, his hot skin sending a thrill up my arm and straight to my chest. What had he done to get these scars? Who had he fought and how awful was his pain? Questions rush to the forefront of my mind and I realize. Even with everything going on, the rejection, being mated—well, verbally mated to the scariest guy in the lycan and werewolf realms, he is just a man.

"Do they gross you out?" He asks and I jump, my hand recoiling from his skin as I blaze in embarrassment at getting caught.

"Where did you get them?" I ask him. Merikh sits up in the bed, his back muscles rippling around the scars that make up the majority of his skin.

"Do they gross you out?" he asks again and I frown.

"Of course not." I tell him, though he doesn't seem to believe me as he scoffs and reaches for a shirt. He tugs it over his head with a heavy sigh, then looks over his shoulder.

"When do we leave?" I ask, changing the subject as I watch him slide on a pair of denim pants and move toward

the dresser.

"Are you eager to leave?" He asks, pausing and looking at me over his broad shoulder.

"yes..." I admit.

“Then we will leave now.” He says. “All your stuff was packed and placed in the vehicle up last night.”

“But it’s two in the morning...” I tell him, my mouth gaping open, the thought of not being able to say goodbye to Grady, rejected mate or not. He was the only light spot in my life for so long.

“I just want to be home with my Luna.” He levels me with a stare and I gulp. “The pack will be excited to meet you.”

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I feel that thick sludge of shame creeping back up in my mind, and I look away. His pack will hate me when they sense how weak I am. Will I be some joke here too? Or worse, am I just the means to an end for a political statement and he has someone else back in his pack?

It would explain his desire to get home. His lack of wanting to be intimate as the mate bond dictates and even as we k*ssed I could feel His hesitation. My chest burns at the thought and I tuck a hair behind my ear, trying not to think about it. I know I have no right to be upset. I’m barely a real werewolf. Of course, that is why he selected

1. me.

I am weak, easy to manipulate, and less likely to comment on him having a preferred mistress. And why shouldn’t he? It’s not like I would promise him any strong heirs. No, I’m a pawn.

A piece on his chess board to further his reach in the werewolf lycan communities. And I’m okay with that. I think. But if that were true, then why does the thought make me want to throw up?

“What is going on in that mind of yours?” He asks softly and I lift my eyes, my gaze clashing with his. I force a smile. But he doesn’t seem to buy it, though he doesn’t say anything either.

“Just excited to leave this place.” I tell him honestly.

“Good. Percy will be here in a moment to take you to the SUV.”

“Percy?” I ask

“The redhead. He is training to be a gamma.” He says and I nod like I know what that means. I’ve never understood the role of a gamma as not all packs have one, like ours.

“Is it not a sign of disrespect to leave without informing the alpha first?” I ask him and he chuckles.

“Is it not a sign of disrespect to be physically accosted by the Alpha’s daughter when you are a Luna?” He parries

and I look away, ashamed.

A knock on the door saves me from the silence filling the room, and Percy enters, an excited grin on his face.

“The SUV is being pulled around as we speak, I can walk Luna Colette out, so you can go say the cordial goodbyes?” He asks, looking between us. I slide a glance to him, his eyes trained on me and he quirks a smile.

“No need, a disrespect must be returned. If Bentley takes issue with our leave, he will reach out to let me now and then I can inform him of his daughter’s slights,” he says, walking toward me.

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His big, warm hand engulfs mine, the little sparks from our new bond rippling through my skin as he urges me along beside him. It’s not entirely easy keeping up with a man about a solid foot or more taller than me, but I make sure to pick up my pace.

Not a single soul is up as we exit the front door and clamber into the black vehicle. Percy hops in the passenger’s seat, and Merikh slides in next to me, his b*dy imposing as

it takes up more space than a normal person would. Again, he is a huge individual. And one whose thigh is pressed against my leg.

As we drive along, the trees pass by, the moon light cascading down along the landscape dusting it with a beautiful glow outlining everything I have never seen in the area.

“Will

you miss it?” Percy asks from the front, as I watch miles stretch by separating me from the pack that I called home. The pack that looked down on me and the people who made it their life’s journey to all ways belittle me.

“No.” I say firmly, knowing for a fact I will never miss this pack.

The only person I will ever miss is Grady. My stomach twists at the thought of him and move around in the seat. trying to get comfortable and force him from my thoughts. Goosebumps erupt over my arms as I think about what life has a head for me. What my new pack will be like and if I will ever be accepted as their true Luna.

A warmth seems to radiate from Merikh, and I look up at him, catching him watching me with an amused look. Then he frowns and his arm lifts, swapping around the back of the seat, his hand resting on my shoulder and gently easing me into his open chest. My eyes roll to the back of my head as the warmth wraps around me and I

can’t help the sigh that breaks from my lips.

“You are cold,” he murmurs, and I shake my head.

“Not anymore...thank you.” I offer, but he doesn’t respond. He then clears his throat, his thumb rubbing circles on my upper arm as he seems to grow nervous.

“What do you like to do, Colette?” he asks, and I drop my head to the side in thought.

“When I have time, I like to read.” I offer, but he doesn’t seem satisfied.

“I mean, what hobbies do you have? You can’t have tended to Leslie at all times?”

“I’m not sure what you are hoping for, but I have no talents, Alpha.”

“Merikh. To you I am just Merikh.” he whispers, leaning his head closer.

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“Yes—Merikh,” I say and I swear I feel him shiver.

“Do you not draw? Or garden or even sing?”

“Ha!” I giggle. “Drawing would require materials, which I would not have been granted. I would kill a garden if had one. I would never be able to give it the time it needed.”

“And singing?” he muses, and I shake my head.

“I am an awful singer.” I say with a soft chuckle.

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“Oh, I doubt that.” He says sweetly and I smile up at him for the first time with a genuine, unscared smile. “Sing something for me,”

“Definitely not. If my status didn’t scare you away, then there is no doubt my singing will. I was told my voice was so terrible it could kill any poor soul who had to hear it.”

“Well then, I suppose we won’t get you singing lessons anytime soon,” he jokes, and I find myself at ease with him. “You will need to think of some hobbies or fun things you wish to do. You will be busy as a Luna, but you will also have free time to enjoy whatever you wish.”

“Well, I do like to read a lot,”

“Then you should make use of the massive library we have.”

My eyes light up in excitement. “We have a library?” I ask, turning my body to face him.

Merikh’s eyes grow wide, his mouth falling open as he yanks me close to his body and a loud crashing sound echoes through the air. Glass breaks and my b

*dy floats, slamming hard into the roof of the car. Our bodies tumble, Merikh trying to cling to me as I attempt to burrow my head into his massive safe chest.

It feels like we roll for ages, every rough landing bruising my b*dy bone deep until the last one. A crunch vibrates up my leg and pain follows behind it as I inhale sharply and release a sobbing cry. When I look at my leg, I grow lightheaded, the blood pools around me as I focus on the white sharp object sticking out of my flesh.

“Is that...” I murmur before falling back, dizzy and bile rushing to my lips at the sight of my bone slicing through my thigh.

The pain only grows more prevalent by the second as I reach out, feeling for Merikh. A hand grabs me and I cling

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to it, waiting for him to pull me to safety. Tears roll down my face as he roughly frees me from the tangled metal, and then he disappears.

I feel his hand on my ankle, then suddenly he tugs on me, making me cry out in sheer agony as dots dancing across my field of vision.

“Merikh,” I whimper out, hoping to beg him to stop. “Please...”

I know my words are weak, barely audible as my consciousness wanes.

“Colette!” I hear him scream and I force myself to look behind me, where I see him limping in my direction as I am pulled away. The pain is replaced with sheer terror as the person stops dragging me, dropping my leg haphazardly.

“You don’t need to

be awake for this bit,” a deep voice murmurs, walking over to me, a hood darkening his face though I can see a glow of red in his eyes. Then an object strikes my cheek with a dull thud and the world slowly fades away. The last thing I see and hear are Merikh’s feral eyes and the roar of his beast coming to life.

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