

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 40

Merikh

Colette laughs with her father as I sit in the far corner, watching as she wipes water from her blouse. She looks so happy and at ease as she manipulates the water, trying to get it to shake, rather than splash. Caspian Was thrilled when we arrived, his hands shaky as he tried to tamp down his smile, but it's glaringly obvious he is excited.

If I didn't know that they were related, I would almost be jealous. Okay, that's a lie. I am jealous, but not of the relationship they are building. She looks at him with wonder and relief. It's like knowing a part of what she is, where she comes from, has brought to life a side of her I may never get to experience. All I get are side ways glances and the occasional scowl.

I mean, sure, when we are around the others I get to sneak little moments and convince myself she feels the same pull I do. It's damn hard holding her hand or kissing her shoulder knowing that to her it's an act. For me, it's a taste of what I screwed myself out of. Like an addict carrying in drug of choice in his pocket with never really being able to consume it.

It makes me itchy and irritable to be away from her emotionally. That barrier she keeps up. The damn thing slides into place the second our bedroom door closes. It goes from equator hot to arctic icy. And it's not like I know how to fix it. Apologizing is all I can do and swear I will never do it again, and that I have no more secrets, but what good is a promise if the person making it has proven they can't keep them?

I sigh heavily, fiddling with the bolting on the edging of the armchair, and then I look up, feeling a heavy gaze. She blinks at me, tilting her head and for a moment her brows furrow, like she might be worried about me. Then she seems to wake up and her eyes harden before she looks back at Caspian.

“I think that’s enough for now. I have to admit, I’m tired now.” She says. He gives her a soft smile and motions for *her to take a seat.

“Will you stay for dinner with me?” He asks, and she shakes her head.

“The amount of time we spend together will draw attention,” I remind him, and he sighs knowingly.

“You have a point.” then he looks between us. “Have you two discussed things yet?”

Colette chuckles dryly, looking at the shuttered window and shaking her head.

“What is there to discuss?” She asks, and her words hit me in the gut. Is this how she felt every **time** I would refuse to hear her **out**?

“Your mark.” He says, giving her a pointed frown. “Or rather, the lack thereof.”

“Caspian,” she sighs, rolling her eyes, and she chuckles.

“Do not roll your eyes at me,” he mutters, but he is half hearted as he smiles brightly. “I didn’t think I would ever get to say that to you.”

Colette seems to melt at his words, all frustration regarding me fading away as she takes in this little, yet huge moment with her dad.

A knock at the door interrupts us and Ezra shows himself in, giving me a courteous nod as he looks to Caspian.

“We have a few visitors,” He tells him and Caspian furrows his brow.

“I don’t recall expecting anyone...”

“Oh...” Colette seems startled, and looks over at me and clears her throat. “I—um—I believe they are here for me.”

I look at her, startled, and then she smiles softly at Ezra.

“Yes, I assumed as much.” He grins. “I have showed both Penny and Beta Hayes to your room.”

“Ah.” Caspian says, clearing his throat. He looks in my direction and sighs heavily. “I suppose that in light of the recent unfortunate events to your other gamma, another arriving in his stead makes sense.”

“Will the others not throw a fit?” I ask, arching a brow, and he shrugs.

“Let them. Someone was attacked in our sanctuary, and you are entitled to your own safety for that reason.” He bites out, looking up at Ezra, who looks mildly surprised.”

“Thank you, Caspian.” I say, standing and moving over toward Colette. I rest my hand on the back of her chair, looking down at her.

She turns in her seat, looking up at me slightly and my heart stutters in my chest, her deep brown eyes gaze straight in to my very core. I can feel the slight tinge of heat in my cheeks that her innocent stare brings, but I can’t find the strength to look away.

“Forgive me, But how was someone able attack anyone on the premises?” Ezra asks, drawing my attention. and breaking my eye contact with Colette. His words are soft and directed at **Caspian**, who frowns and sighs heavily.

“They physically assaulted him, Ezrah. No magic was used.” He says, then he drags and hand down his face as he leans forward. “Since no magic can be

used, he was unable to heal as a wolf regularly would. I had Brent take down the charms until her is better.”

Ezrah freezes, his eyes skirting over to me before he clears his throat and bows his **head**. I can see he wants to say more, to mention things, but with being a messenger, often his opinions and thoughts are disregarded. But in all my years knowing the guy, I have felt he has an impressive ability to read and anticipate situations and people.

“What are you thinking?” I **ask** him. And he shakes **his** head, not wanting to overstep.

“Speak freely Ezrah, I trust these two.” Caspian says, and it feels like I was struck across the face to wake me up.

Caspian trusts us? Well, I suppose trusting his daughter makes sense. But admitting it to someone else is shocking, to say the least. Colette’s hand slides into mine and gives it a gentle squeeze, as if she understands my exact thought process.

“Do you?” Ezrah asks, a brow arched in amusement. Caspian frowns at him before he rolls his eyes, then clears his throat.

“I am well aware of the things you are capable of learning and overhearing, **so** I am curious to know your thoughts about all of this. Including my **new** found trust in these two.” Caspian says, choosing to ignore Ezrah’s comment about trusting us.

“I have long respected Alpha Merikh,” He asserts and Caspian sighs.

Yeah, I am well aware of that.”

Ezrah clears his throat, looking a little uncomfortable before he squares his shoulders.

“I am often given things to deliver and I move about quickly and with ease, but not without running into things... seeing things.” He finally says, looking **me** in the eye like he is trying to tell me something. “There have been

some questionable things happening in the world up here that I do not pretend to think you, the King of Sirens, know about.”

Caspian knits his brows together in question and motions for him to continue.

“There is a move to make extinct other kinds.” He says softly and looks away, ashamed.

“And you are just now bringing this up?” I ask him, shocked. Ezrah’s face pales and he licks his lips as if mentioning anything more might cause him pain.

“I am forbidden from reading or looking at the items I deliver, but...” he clears his throat. “If a letter does not have a sender’s information, only a destination...”

“Tell me now.” Caspian says, his voice raising as he stands.

“I have delivered three of the same letters. Same handwriting and no return address, the same handwriting on the letter I delivered to you, Merikh.” He says, turning to look at me.

Caspian looks between us as my stomach burns with fury. Things have felt off for years now, but when you are used to a feeling, it becomes normal and when it’s gone, that is when it feels foreign. I suck my teeth, groaning in

frustration. Someone is after my kind, of course. Who the hell else could they be after?

“What did you read, Ezra.” Caspian demands, slamming his fist onto the top of his desk, his eyes swirling with. danger.

“There is a call for extermination. One that will be voted upon in the next week,”

“I will never allow that on the docket.” He retorts, and Ezra frowns.

“From what I gather, if multiple parties call attention to it, it must be discussed.”

“Shit...” Colette mutters, her muscles tense as she comes to grips with all this means.

It’s not just an attack on me, but our entire species. The whole reason someone has been wanting Colette is a bargaining chip for Caspian. She is a hybrid, so she must die unless she is fully mated to me. But if they agree to my demise, our kinds extermination...Her head is back on the chopping block.

How far will Caspian go to protect his only child? Would he trade our entire kind for the promise of her safety? A hybrid for an entire species. He locks his eyes with mine and I see he his mindset is where mine is, but he doesn’t seem to know the answer to his own question. Colette would never agree to it, but it is easier to live knowing your child hates you than live knowing they will forever be gone.

“We need to go see Hayes and Penny,” Colette jumps up, dragging me out the door before anyone can utter another word. It is not until we are safe behind the door that she spins to face me, determination on her face.

“We can use this,” she tells me. “We can **use** this to determine who is behind it. How many do you think would actually truly want to kill off an entire species? I mean, truly?”

I sigh, pulling my hands through my hair before I drop them.

“That is a complicated question, Colette. We are truly unliked by many.” I tell her.

“Please, we can charm as many over as we need,” I hear Hayes behind me and I spin, feeling like a weight has been lifted from my chest at the sight of my brother.

“Easier said than done,” I say with a small smile.

“Please, me and you? We are the definition of charming.” He says, then frowns. “Okay, I am the definition of charming. Maybe you should sit this one out.”