

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 42

Merikh

“Where is Colette?” Hayes asks as I we exit the massive white mansion, heading into the back garden, the sun. high in the morning sky.

“She is with Caspian,” I mutter, looking around to be sure no one is listening.

“It’s interesting how...not upset she is with you.” He furrows his brow.

“Hah!” I snort. “I get the feeling that no amount of remorse will save me from my life of groveling.”

Hayes smirks and shakes his head.

“You groveling does sound pretty entertaining. If she is smart, she will drag it out for as long as possible.” He pauses as I frown, then he continues to stare. His heavy gaze unearths my brotherly annoyance with him, and I exhale heavily.

“What now?” I grit out, and he chuckles.

“Oh, I’m just curious what you plan to do in your ‘groveling! Will you get on your hands and knees while begging? Lavishing her with presents? Making every promise in the world to make her stay?”

“Shut up, Hayes,” I grumble and look away.

I'm not quite ready to admit to him I've already done my begging. It feels like a betrayal of that intimate moment between her and I. But truth be told, begging is the beginning of what I will do. I meant what I said when I told her I was at her mercy and I will be sure she knows it every single day.

"Fine, then. Let's discuss the issue of her not being marked yet." He frowns, crossing his arms over his chest as he turns to look right at me.

"It's none of your concern," I sigh and he scoffs.

"As your brother, it is my concern wince. It's your mate, and as your Beta, it is even more my concern. She is our Luna, Merikh. She must be protected, and your misconceptions can't keep you from protecting her."

My anger flares, my blood boiling as I press my lips together, trying to calm myself. He is down playing the shit I have done. All the ways I have given her nothing to trust in me. I may be his brother, I may be his alpha, but I am fallible, just like anyone else.

"I lied. I betrayed her trust: Don't try to downplay what I did. You of all people know the depth at which a lie can burrow in and destroy even the most pure of things." I say with measured frustration.

"I am well aware, Merikh, of exactly how you fucked up. And I get a lie is a lie, but tell me, when were your lies malicious? When were they intended to harm her? I mean, truly harm her."

I suck my teeth, reminded why I am the alpha and not him. Hayes is wise, and he is a formidable beta, but that he can't see the issue is one reason I am the alpha. Other than my birthright.

"Intent means nothing when the end result is just as painful." I frown at him and he looks defeated.

“Look, I get it. You fucked up. We all did. The point remains that how you feel about her isn’t a lie. Your reason for keeping things close to the vest makes sense.”

I sigh, shaking my head before I turn and walk away. This isn’t the reason I brought him out here. We need to discuss the pack, the things ongoing with the committee. But most importantly, our plan.

“Have there been any more reports of the red-eyed wolves?” I ask him. I can feel the glare that the back of head. Hayes is a big communicator. Someone who likes to discuss things, especially when it’s not easy.

“Only for the first few days, it has been completely quiet now,” he says, but I can hear his frustrations.

“Hmmm,” I muse. It’s not that I’m surprised by this news, more that I’m unsettled over not knowing what their next move is. There is no doubt they are after Colette, and for now she is safe. Or so we hope.

“What are you thinking?” He asks, a tilt to his chin as he watches me, waiting for an answer.

“Caspian still hasn’t figured out who attacked Percy.” I frown.

“I mean, it’s possible it was them, but would they be that bold?” He frowns, looking like he doubts the statement.

“My guess is it’s the person who has been plotting all of this.”

“Solid guess, brother,” he says with a teasing grin. I give him a shove and he laughs lightly.

“Alpha...” Percy calls from behind us, and I turn quickly, surprised to see him striding over to us with as much ease as he is.

“Percy,” I smile at him and he bows his head.

“I want to be back on duty with Penny.”

“Are you fully healed?” I ask him, and he looks away as he clears his throat.

“I am healed enough to protect and fight, alpha.” He says, his voice full of conviction as he meets my eyes.

He is eager to prove himself, to prove that this attack was a fluke and he will never again allow something similar to happen.

“Are you healed enough to explain what you witnessed? What happened?” I ask him, and his cheeks turn pink as he clears his throat.

“I was attacked from behind. And when I tried to fight back, their hood was up. But I can say if they are one of the committee members who doesn’t heal like us, there would be marks on their upper arms.” He says with pride.

“What kind of marks?” I ask him.

“Claw marks,” he smirks. “I didn’t go down without a fight, alpha. You trained me.”

“Any red glowing eyes?” Hayes asks and Percy shakes his head.

“No. It was like looking into a black hole. Nothing but darkness.” He then looks disappointed. “I should have tried harder to remember it all earlier,”

“Percy, enough.” I say, giving him a stern look. “Go back to your post. Follow in the shadows like before.”

His freckled face lights up in excitement as he rushes off to find Colette and Penny. I feel much safer having two people on Colette as opposed to one now.

“How are things in the pack?” I ask Hayes as we watch Percy disappear into the mansion.

“Good.” He reports, stuffing his hands in his pocket. “They are eager to have their Alpha and Luna back at home.”

I nod in understanding. We are both eager to be back home. Mad at each other or nod, I do know that Colette sees the pack as home. Those people are here people now, and she cares. She truly cares.

“Soon enough,” I sigh, then I shake my head. “Caspian is aiding us in every way he can. So hopefully when we come Home we have the protection we need from those wishing to cause us harm.”

A loud crashing sound comes from the trees, startling both Hayes and me as we watch the woods cautiously.. Then it sounds again, this time a feral animal cry breaking through and making the birds flee in fear.

“What in the hell...” Hayes murmurs as we both step closer, knees bent and hands up, waiting for an ambush of some kind.

Fire licks up a tree and up into the morning skyline, smoke billowing out as I watch Caspian sprinting from his balcony as Elm rushes around the corner. All of the council members stop near us, watching as the wood ignites faster than lint to a flame.

Water floats up from the small creek, funneling into the trees as vines and fresh greenery spring from the earth, wrapping and twisting together over the fire, choking it out. Florence panics, pacing up and down, her hands in her hair as she looks at Johannes and the two argue back and forth. Ending with her, shoving at his chest angrily before she takes off.

The red headed petite dragon stands next to elm, drawing in a deep inhale as the flames come barreling toward her. She inhales them as if she is sucking in a spaghetti noodle, leaving behind only the smoke.

I make an effort to scan the crowd, watching as everyone looks shocked and murmuring. Colette catches my eye as she moves over to me, entwining her hand in mine as she gapes at the damage.

“Florence is gone,” she whispers, leaning closer to me like she is worried, putting on a show, but I eat up her closeness.

“She was here, but then she argued with Johannes.” I murmur and her eyebrows crinkle in the cutest way. I bite “back a smile, watching her as she thinks.

“They seem too obvious.” She mutters and I smirk, loving how quick she picks up on things.

“I would agree.” I tell her, and she frowns.

She looks over at her father and he makes a concerted effort to look around before sliding a glance and a gentle nod in our direction. He looks tired, like perhaps all the training with Colette and not this is hard on his body, especially since he has been out of the sea for a little while.

“I have asked Penny to wander, see what she can and hear what she can hear.” Colette tells me.

“And who will be with you?” I ask her and she smiles.

“Other than Percy?” She tilts her head to the side, and I hide a smile, giving a gentle nod.

“Yes, other than him.” I agree and she shrugs, a stunning smile breaking over her lips as she looks up at me.

“I had a conversation with Caspian.” She swallows, her cheeks growing heated as she licks her lips.

“Oh?” I ask, arching a brow. Colette looks to my side at Hayes, who chuckles and wanders away.

“I was hoping you could...spend time with me tonight. We have some unfinished business to attend to.” She whispers. My stomach does somersaults and I clear my throat, my clothing suddenly feeling restricting.

“Colette,” I say, frowning.

Shit, I want this from her; I want to mark her and feel her teeth sink into my neck, finally finishing this little dance between us. But I wanted us to be fixed. I wanted it to be a choice she could make this time rather than something she feels she was cornered into.

“No,” she shakes her head. “You are groveling. And this is my first demand.”

I feel conflicted, my Lycan and me jumping for joy, but that reservation is still there. That fear or worry that this will make things worse. That I will have to hear and fear exactly what she really thinks and feels for me. What if I find out she’s been lying too? What if Colette never cared for me in the first place?