

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 43

I swallow roughly as I follow Colette into the room, her hand in mine, leading me after Caspian sent everyone to their respective rooms for the time being. No one is allowed out until he has a chance to talk with each person individually. Which means I am locked in a room alone with the only person who makes me nervous now that

she has made her demands.

Colette tugs on my hand, but I resist her as she tries to pull me further into the room, the door just closing behind me as I look at her. Shit, she is stunning. She carries an air of determination, nervousness swirling in her deep brown eyes, but I can sense she is resolute.

Colette is putting her foot down. She is making this demand and even with it coming from her; I feel...hesitant that this is something she wants. This is a game we've been playing for so damn long already. She asks. I refuse even though I crave it, too.

"We don't have to do this now," she whispers, taking a step toward me.

"Is this what you want?" I ask her and she drops her gaze from me. Her dainty hands come before her and she fiddles with her fingers.

"It is what must be done." She murmurs. My skin itches to caress her as I reach out and lift her chin with my fingers. I capture her eyes with mine, ensuring she sees me.

"I have done nothing but continually fuck up where you are concerned." I tell her, my mouth going dry, when tears form in her eyes. "There is nothing, no

reason, for you to force yourself to do this. In every way you are my Luna. A bite mark in the heat is passion does not negate that.”

She frowns, then she takes another step closer so our bodies are near pressed together and she sighs heavily. Colette leans forward, her forehead pressing to my chest as her arm slides around my back and she hugs me.

A simple action. Something so small, yet it feels mountainous as my emotions spring forward and I just need to hold her. My arms slide around her body, taking the time to appreciate how much full

her body has gotten **since** I'd first held her in my pack.

Colette had been sickly, a weak and thirsty hybrid. One needing water and care, neither of which she got. But since moving with me, since being here and learning her new skills...she has more meat on her bones. A deeper curve to her hips, fuller breast, and even a softness to her stomach that I want to rest my head on.

No longer **is** Colette a weak, scared girl. She is a strong, wise and humble Luna who always puts other first. And she is mine, truly meant to be mine. Even with all my fuck ups, even with all my resistance...she knows. She feels it; I hope.

“Merikh.” She whispers. I glance down at her as she lifts her head and looks up. My heart stutters in my chest and the air feels thin. “I’m still so mad at you...”

“I know,” I murmur, unable to not touch her face as I reach and stroke her cheek with my right hand, my left holding her close, refusing to let her run away just yet.

“I have stipulations for us marking each other.” She swallows roughly.

“Anything.” I rush out, not caring at all about what she demands of me.

“I want it to be done in water.” She says.

My brows come together in confusion, imagining a heated moment in the shower. The drops cascading down her bare breasts as I lap at them, her legs wrapping around my waist as I hoist her up and enter her. Yeah, this request sounds easy enough.

“Yes,” I rush out a little too eagerly. She grins and shakes her head.

“In healing waters,” she clarifies, then she takes a deep breath. “There is a bathing chamber, one meant for just siren use. Only my father has the key and he has given it to me.”

“I already told you, whatever your request is, I will meet it.” I remind her. And I fully intend on meeting every request she makes. Admittedly, I am more excited about the healing waters than the shower sex. Though shower sex will indeed be in our future. Many, many times.

“You will enter the water when I sing to you,” she whispers, and my excited demeanor dissipates as I tilt my head. She looks nervous all of a sudden.

“Okay...”

“I respond slowly, waiting for her to explain.

“You have controlled every scenario, what I know, my choices...” she releases a shaky breath while I wait, growing more worried by the second. “I want to use the siren song on you. To control your actions during...”

My eyes grow wide, my mouth falling open in shock. I snap it shut, my lips pressing together as I stare at her. Colette wants to control me. She wants to use the song to force my movements and reactions. She wasn't powerful enough to do much before. Just sing and I came running like a lovesick fool, but now she can... manipulate me with it?

“You can do that?” I ask her, surprised by this change in her abilities. She's been working hard with Caspian, but! guess I didn't expect her to have grown so much so fast.

“Yes,” she nods.

“So, what will you control?” I ask, trying to get a better understanding.

“That is for me to decide.” She says, taking a step away from me. “I am the one in control this time.”

My muscles twitch at her words, not keen on letting my control go, but if this is what it takes, then I will do it. Even a little begrudgingly.

“Whatever you want.”

A knock sounds at the door and I move to it, hesitantly pulling it open to find Caspian standing in the doorway. He looks disheveled, and he pushes his way in, moving directly toward Colette.

“What is going on?” I ask him.

“Have you marked her yet?” he asks, reaching out and pushing her head to the side, looking for a mark. He frowns and looks between us.

“We just made it back to the room,” Colette reminds him and he paces away.

“What the hell is going on?” I ask, and he frowns.

“Everyone is trying to pin what happened on you.” He finally says. “We know it wasn’t exactly an attack, but they believe it was retaliation for your gamma being injured.”

“Which would be just,” Colette chimes in and Caspian gives her a disappointed look.

“Just or not, now is not the time to get defensive.” He grits out. “I can sense something is coming, and every instinct is telling me you are not safe.”

“She is safe with me,” I tell him flatly. Does he think I am unable to protect my luna?

“She is not safe until she bears your mark and we all know it.”

“You are pushing it awfully hard,” I mutter, and he scoffs.

“And you both are fighting it harder.”

“If it were my choice, we would be mated fully by now, but I need Colette to make this decision and I refuse to rush her.”

“Fine, I will,” he says, whipping around to look at Colette. “My dear, sweet, newly found daughter. I can not handle losing you again. I am begging you to please-”

“I already decided we would go through with it. But it will be in my time.” She says, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Your time ends by end of day tonight, Colette.”

She flushes pink, and Caspian rolls his eyes.

“It’s just a mark, Colette.” he whispers, and she scoffs, then she rolls her shoulders back like she is ready to say something before he looks at his watch and curses under his breath. “But I have to go. Brent is the first one on my list and I have a feeling it will be a very long day.”

Caspian rushes out just as fast as he came crashing in, and Colette and I are washed in awkward silence. She clears her throat and then walks to the dresser and pulls out a set of pajamas, tucking them under her arm. Then she tosses me a pair of boxers and walks toward the door.

“Where are you going?” I ask her and she gives me a soft smile.

“To bathe, you coming?” She says with a sultry smile and my throat goes dry. I try to swallow, struggling to get the saliva down as I nod yes.

“Do you know where you are going?” I ask her and she nods.

“Of course I do. He told me a back way to get there,” Colette says, exiting the door and taking a left. She opens a storage closet door after looking up and down the hallway. Then she drags me into it and pushes a mop bucket to the side.

A back door opens behind the dump sink and I follow her, shocked first that a door like this exists and second that she would know it. Colette steps through, and I duck, entering the small door before it slides back into place.

“Caspian has told me all about the little secret passageways in this place. He said it allows him to cut down on travel time from place to place.” She explains.

“I see,” I mutter, ducking under a massive spider web that barely clears her head. “How do you know where we

Boing?” I ask her and she looks over her shoulder at me, a big grin on his lips.

“I can sense the large amount of water,” she tells me, then she pauses and her body shivers. “We are here.”

Colette pushes at a small door, breaking us into a massive room that smells of herbs and fragrant oils. I look at the massive pool of water, starting as a shallow body of water that grows deeper with every step. Petals dot the purple tinted water and I watch as she closes his eyes and inhales it all deeply

“You seem at home.” I say with a gentle smile and she blushes.

“Water feels like home. And you also...feel like home.”

“Colette...” I say, my voice barely a whisper, but she silences me as she places her clothes to the side and slips out of her clothes.

Her bare skin is on full display for me as I watch her with hungry eyes. My Lycan is near feral in my mind, telling me to strip no and chase her into the water, but my brains are telling me we have not yet been invited.

So instead I take in the delicious view as her bare hips sway side to side, making my chest tighten and my body react in such a way that I am nearly in physical pain.

She spins to face me and I feel my knees grow weak. Her perky breasts stare at me, practically begging me to come and cup them, knead them...kiss them. Colette is on full display and she knows exactly what it is doing to me. As she smirks and slowly walks deeper before dropping to her neck in the water.

“How does it feel?” I ask her, nearly panting.

She moans, her eyes sliding closed as she leans her head back to wet her hair.

“So good,” she murmurs.

Then, without knowing it, I am shucking my pants, my torso pulled free from my shirt as I move to the water, my feet toeing the water line. I wait, so fucking patiently, for her to beckon me, or tell me to leave. One or the other, but instead **she** watches me, **every** second more excruciating than the next that I can't touch her.

“You want to come in?” She asks and I nod. Like the wanton **man** I am, and she chuckles.

“Have a seat. I plan to soak for a while.”