

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 44

She is brazen. Far more seductive and playful than she has been before. But that's what's so awe-inspiring about Colette. How quickly she adapts and changes. How the moment her strength grew, her personality developed, revealing the true Luna beneath the once reserved and scared maid.

She has always been pretty, but there is something about a woman who has come into her **own** that is utterly spellbinding. I watch her every move with complete interest, soaking in every second as she lavishes her body. with warm, healing water. The way she dips her head back and her hair tumbles into the water, the way her muscles tense and release as she reaches up to her tie her hair up in a bun, the wet strands dripping down her soft skin.

I am a goner. Not that I wasn't aware of this much earlier. No, I knew early on I was in trouble with her. But watching her now, experiencing her confidence and her strength in one display of power over me, well, it's damn intoxicating. I've never wanted anyone to be stronger than me before, to have a hold on me like the mate bond has done, but this is far beyond that.

The mate bond is nothing compared to love. The pull of her, the way my body ripples with awareness every time I notice her eyes on me, that was never there with Lauren. My body craved Lauren, but my heart and soul weren't in it.

Every fiber of my being craves the woman before me. Those brown eyes, that silky skin and that smart ass mouth are mine. All mine, and there's not a damn thing I wouldn't give up for her if she asked me to. I'd lay my life down for her, and it'd be the easiest thing I'd ever done.

“What are you thinking about?” Her sweet voice echoes through the room. A smile breaking over my lips as our eyes meet.

“About how much you have changed and how much I just want to touch you.” I tell her truthfully and she blinks, “clearly caught off guard.

“That won’t make me forgive you faster,” she says with the tiniest frown tugging at her lips.

“Make me suffer my whole life with you at my side,” I shrug. “It won’t change the truth I just gave you.”

“I don’t want you to suffer.” She says, looking disappointed. “I want you to understand what it feels like to have no control.”

We both know that the oath I forced her to take won’t allow her to control me completely. But as long as she doesn’t try to kill me, it won’t fight the pull she creates with her song, I don’t think. I trust her. It’s weird to admit it, but I do. I trust her explicitly and I don’t deserve her, but here I am begging for anything she will give me.

Colette plays with the water, her face falling as she dips forward, her body gliding into the water as she fully submerges herself. My body tingles, my Lycan going crazy as an ethereal sound fills our mind. I gasp as my body moves on its own, stepping into the warm water as it sends shivers through me.

My Lycan wants to fight the control, growling in my head and angry with me for not trying to resist. I silence him, reminding him this is for our mate. This is only the beginning of our penance, and we will bow down and accept it. It takes some convincing, but when he realizes I am right, he lets out a whine and settles.

I can’t make out the words of this song. She sings in a language I don’t understand, but the melody wraps around me like a heated blanket, warming me to my core with thoughts of happiness and a gentle caress of a seductive

promise. There is no hiding how aroused I am, my body vibrating with the need to get my hands on her, my muscles rippling as I move deeper into the water, a soft light emanating from just beneath the surface beckoning me to it and when I get there I freeze.

I am unable to move or make a sound as Colette slowly breaks the surface. Her eyes peek up at me and my breath hitches when I feel her fingers glide over my torso. Her head tilts to the side as she stands and moves backward, beckoning me to follow with her gaze. There is no quelling the erratic heartbeat that rams at my rib cage, no pretending I'm not as entranced in her as I now appear.

She has me stop right before her, my fingers itching, my skin crawling to be closer though she refuses to let me. A dissatisfied growl breaks from my lips and she smirks, more than satisfied. Colette traces her fingers up my chest, and over my shoulders, feeling every groove of muscle I have before she grabs hold of me and spins me.

My back presses into the side of the pool, the cool marble shocking me as I let out a surprised gasp. Then she steps closer and I can see how much she is fighting for control of her wolf as well. I say nothing. Calling her out on her own struggle would probably only lead to a much more painful blue ball situation than I'm currently in.

"What do you want?" she whispers.

"You." I say, the word rushing out of me as easy as a simple breath of air would. It's true though. The very evidence of my wanting her rests in not just the southern region of my waist, but in my chest where my heart misbehaves and in my being where my soul rests, begging for every piece of her.

She smiles wryly and shakes her head.

"What do you want me to do to you?" She asks. Her song hums through me like a thin wall in a cheap home. All the answers that come to mind are dirty

enough to make her perfect cheek blush red and I bite back a vicious grin. Oh, the things I want her to do to me are plenty indeed.

“Touch me.” I say in a husky tone. Her head tilts to the side as she plays coy and my body quivers with agonizing desire for her. Her fingers flit over my cheek as she smiles.

“Here?” she asks, but before I can answer, she drags her nail down my throat and across my collarbone. “Or maybe here?” She asks.

I don’t answer, I can’t. How can I when my tongue is pressed so damn hard into the roof of my mouth to control my actions I fear I may cause actual pain soon? My eyes meet hers, her deep browns swirling with hues of blue that mesmerize me. Her fingers dance lower, her eyes never leaving mine as they dip below the surface.

“Perhaps this is where you meant?” She whispers, the palm of her hand pressing against me, though she grips nothing. A moan rumbles through my chest, my eyes falling closed as my body acts on instinct and my hips grind into her hand.

Colette clicks her tongue, and I snap my eyes open, looking at her.

“You can not take.” She says, her eyes firm. “This is not for you.”

“Trust me, my little luna, I am in nothing but agony.” I grit out, trying to keep my composure.

“You don’t seem like it,” she whispers, and I chuckle, leaning down.

“Should I tell you how much agony I am in? Would that please you?” I whisper, and she seems to think for a moment. Then she lowers herself up to her neck in the water and I gulp at how close she is to my only too happy member waiting for her to do what she wants.

“Please,” she smirks. “Tell me.”

“My fingers are on fire.” I tell her, my voice a low rasp. “Every time your skin is on mine it feel likes a thousand needles of pleasure tattooing your touch to my flesh. My chest aches like my heart will break free at any moment and land squarely in your hands.”

“Hmmm...” she hums, tapping her index finger on her chin like she is pretending to think about something. Then she slides back over to me, her fingers wrapping around me as my body shudders and she looks up with large, innocent eyes.

“Colette,” I whisper on a moan.

“And what kind of pain does this cause you?” She whispers,

“Immeasurable.” I tell her honestly.