

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 45

I want to wrap my arms around her and seat her on me as I show her never ending pleasure. I want to run my hands over every curve, every swath of skin and pepper it with kisses while showering her with tender promises of a perfect future. But instead I fight my every urge, my very nature, to take the lead.

“And what makes this so intolerable?” She asks, sounding slighted.

“It’s the lack of touch.” I shiver. “I want to feel every part of you. So damn bad, Colette.”

“No, you want to be in control.” She says, drawing her hand away. I look at her through heady eyes, her serious gaze doing nothing to diminish the throbbing erection she has fully fueled.

“I have surrendered to you fully.” I tell her truthfully.

“Not yet.” She shakes her head. “But you will.”

She stands and rushes to me, pressing her body against mine as she reaches up, wrapping her arms around my neck. Her plush lips press against mine and I kiss her back, my mouth opening as she rolls her hips into **me**. **It** want to wrap my arms around her, but they are stuck to my side.

“Can I touch you back?” I beg her, breaking our kiss for a mere moment, and she pauses, a smile on her lips.

“I like you asking permission first.” She says.

“Is that a yes?” I huff and she shakes her head.

“Yes. For now.” I capture her lips again, my arms wrapping around her as I lift her up. Colette’s slender legs wrap around my waist. I am so close to the point of entry, my Lycan cursing me for not dropping her lower and taking her hard and fast.

She moans into my mouth, my body alight as I eat every little sound she makes like it is the only sustenance I will ever need again. One of her hands slides down, tracing my arm as she moves it from her lower back to her ass. A feral growl releases from me as I slide my other hand and she tilts her head back, exposing her neck to me.

My lips know immediately what to do as they latch onto her tender skin, and I rain down on her with gentle nips and licks. I move further down, finding the cusp of her perfect breast before I look up, begging for permission. She smirks and shakes her head no, and I whine in disappointment.

“You are punishing yourself,” I grumble and she sighs.

“Fair point.” She murmurs. Then she wiggles, my grip loosening as she tries to break free from my arms. My chest aches at the thought of her stepping away until she meets my eyes as she lifts one leg and I feel her slide down on me.

“Fuck,” I groan, low in my chest, my eyes rolling back in my head as her heat envelops me. She places her hand **on** my shoulder as she releases sweet little pants. Then she lifts herself before she drops on me again and I shiver.

My fists clench as I try to keep from taking control. It’s not until her hand slides up behind my neck and she pulls herself impossibly close that I meet her gaze and she nods, giving me free rein. In an instant, my body feels freer and I reach out, gripping her ass, lifting her and dragging her down my body, meeting my thrusts midway as we both groan, her head falling back.

“Letty,” her name tumbles from my lips and I close my eyes, fighting against the mounting pleasure that is coming on too soon, too fast.

“I’m close,” she whispers and I reach between us, my thumb finding the sweet point between us as I massage it with a gentle circle.

“Me too,” I groan out and she snaps her head up. She leans forward and grips me close, her lips nibbling on my ear.

“Do not finish,” she commands me. “Mark me, but you are not allowed to finish.”

“What?” My eyes go wide just as her teeth break my skin and I roar out, trying like fucking hell to stop myself from the climax that’s just a half a thrust away.

I am plunged into her mixture of emotions, the way she feels as she comes with me inside of her and I grit my “teeth before I grip her head and yank it to the side hovering just over her neck.

“Are you sure?” I whisper, my lips brushing over her skin, and she nods her head, unable to catch her breath.

My teeth sink into her skin, a popping sound ringing in my ears as water rains down on us. She rolls her hips into me and I bite down harder, fighting the orgasm that tries to rip through me, and then she hisses in pain.

“Finish.” She whispers. “Come now.”

My head falls back and my eyes close as I convulse, clinging to her as she shakes in my arms. I find it impossible to make a sound until I come down from the clouds, my forehead finding her shoulder and I rest it against her soft skin.

My lungs ache as she gently pushes herself away from me and drops beneath the water, her back to me. When she pops back up she moves

toward the shallow end, leaving me heaving to catch my breath. I try to follow, but she stops and looks at me, tears in her eyes.

“I need to use the restroom.” Colette whispers just as a soft sob breaks free. I furrow my brows, worry replacing the pleasure.

“Did I hurt you?” I ask her and she nods her head.

“Yes.”

I try to rush toward her but she grabs her clothing and rushing into the bathroom, leaving me behind feeling wrecked with guilt and self hatred. Had I bitten her too hard? Or maybe I was too rough on her for it only being our second time together.

I drag my hands through my hair and slide beneath the surface for a mere moment before breaking the surface while allowing my mark to remain in the healing waters. I touch the tender spot in my neck where her mark is. The same spot I bore my mark for Lauren, but this time, it feels different.

It feels right, like this mark belongs here and no one can change that. Colette is safe now, protected from anyone who might try to harm her for who she is, what she is. There is not a single being in the world who would successfully take her from my side now. I only hope she feels liberating in that, and not trapped.

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I tug my hands through my hair as I drop into the water, sliding beneath the surface for a mere moment before popping up while allowing my mark to remain in the healing waters. I instinctively touch the mark. The same spot I bore my mark for Lauren, but this time, it feels different.

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“I thought I might find you here,” I hear a voice, and I turn to see Ezra walking through the door.

“And why would you think that?” I frown.

“Mostly because Caspian told me I could find you here if you were not in your room.” He shrugs. Then he pauses, looking at me and then glancing around.

“Where is Colette?” He asks, worry in his voice.

“She is getting dressed.” I inform him, and he nods.

“Is there a reason you needed to find us?” I ask him, an unease rippling through my mind.

“Caspian has discovered who injured your gamma. Percy.” He says simply, and my eyes grow wide.

“Who on council was it?” I ask him, my anger rising.

“It is not wise to speak about it outside of his office, Alpha.” He says, looking around, “I do not think we are as alone as you would hope.” He whispers.

“We will be right there,” I inform him as he turns his back and exits the room. I rush out of the water, toweling dry as I shove my legs into my pants and then I gently rap on the bathroom door.

“Colette...” I call softly and I hear her sniffing. I go against what in instinct tells me and I push through the door and find her sitting on a small bench in the large locker room-like area. Her red eyes find mine and she bites her lips.

“Shit, I didn’t mean to hurt you.” I mutter, my heart aching as I fall to my knees before her, reaching up and wiping her tears away as my fingers tingle. “Where did I hurt you?”

“I wanted to be mad at you b–b–but–” she hiccups. “Merikh I can feel it all.” She murmurs.

I furrow my brows, confused. “Feel what?”

“The mate bond. You weren’t lying.” She whispers, her eyes full of love and confliction. “We really are second chance mates...I can feel the bond.”

“And it hurts you?” I ask, yanking my hands away. She reaches out and grabs them, gasping as the bond electrifies between us.

“No, what hurts me is how much I understand you now. How much I can feel your sincerity in the way you trust me and love me. It makes me want to forgive you...”

I frown, taking her hands and pressing them to my lips.

“I never meant to hurt you.” I whisper. “And I am so sorry that I ever thought I was being wise. I am sorry for hurting you, lying to you and tricking you...for all of it.”

“Damn it, I hate that. I can feel how sincere you are. I want to be mad at you.” She grumbles and I laugh. I know I shouldn’t, but she is so damn cute as she pouts.

“I promise I will still make you mad. Just not as mad and if down the road you remember how mad you are or should be, you can take it out on me then.” I pull her to me, dropping a kiss on her forehead. “But right now, we have to go see your father. He has an update on Bercy’s attacker.”

“What?” she asks, jumping up, shocked. She grabs my hand and rushes toward the door, the bond fluttering across our skin as smiles, then clears her throat and yanks me out the door.