

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 46

Colette

My wolf wars with me, whining and reminding me he was telling the truth. We are mates, truly and whole fated to be together. Him as my Alpha, me as his Luna. But fate doesn't erase the lies and the hurt he has brought me. Trust is more than love and mating.

It's showing up for each other, its expectations being met and open communication. How am I supposed to forgive him for failing to meet two of the three requirements? I know in time, the feeling of betrayal will fade and the bond will nearly erase it along the way. But I need him to fully grasp how it felt to be branded as not only untrustworthy but set up to fail when he wanted to trust me.

"Are you okay?" Merikh asks, his hand sliding up my arm as he rubs it lovingly. His warmth oozes into through the bond, the purity and the depth of his emotions both terrifying and beautiful.

"Let's just see what is going on," I say, avoiding the question.

"Letty," he says, his voice dropping low as he stares into my eyes. I am certain he can feel my inner fight, just as I can feel his glow of warmth.

"Now is not the time, Merikh," I tell him firmly and he frowns, then he nods. I push the door open, Caspian looking up, an unusually icy look on his face, and I look around the room, seeing Johannes in the corner with Elm.

“You just invited yourself in, huh?” Johannes snorts with disdain. I roll my eyes, really sick of this asshole’s snide remarks.

“We were invited, so I assumed he would be expecting us.” I retort, and his eyes widen, a little shocked by my annoyance. The fact that he is here, along with Elm, makes me think that one of the two men were involved in trying to hurt my gamma. A gamma I happen to care very much about.

“Knocking is respectful,” my dad says and I bite back another annoyed response, instead of realizing that he is right. I can be informal when it is just us, but in front of the others we are putting on a show. No one can know, not yet anyway, who I really am.

“I apologize,” I sigh, bowing my head in respect. “You are correct. I am just eager to have some answers.”

“Our gamma is important to us and when we heard there was an update, we got a little excited.” He says with an air of authority. “We meant no disrespect.”

“I can understand that tensions are high, especially after what we are assuming was an attack.” Caspian says respectfully, but I see a glimmer in his eyes, the hidden tenderness he has for me, and I give him a soft smile.

“**Thank** you.” I say, then I look around the room. “May we sit down?” I ask.

“Yes,” He clears his throat. “Please take a seat. These two have something to share.”

“I hardly think being here is necessary for me,” Johannes complains, but Caspian silences him with a glare.

“Are you not at fault for Percy’s incident?” Merikh asks, choosing to stand behind me as I take a seat.

“You think it was me who did it?” He snorts. “Typical.”

“You have a history with our kind.”

“Yes, I either screw them or I kill them. I don’t beat on barely of age children and leave them for the hell of it.” His comment clearly makes him feel proud as he flashes and big knowing smile at Merikh, but I don’t feel the hatred I thought I would from him.

“Enough bickering.” Caspian groans, rubbing his temple.

“It was me.” Elm clears his throat, his eyes finding mine as I blink at him in shock. I look at the man with a usually calm demeanor, recalling our conversation.

“Why?” Merikh asks and I can feel he is feeding off my emotions. I don’t believe Elm was the one who attacked Percy and Merikh is feeding off of that.

“Does one need a reason?” Johannes scoffs, rolling his **eyes**.

“Why are you here if it wasn’t you?” Merikh snaps at him and Johannes’ nose twitches as he tries to keep from saying another smart ass remark when Caspian glares at him.

“I overheard him discussing it with another council member.” He bites out, then he glowers at Merikh and me. “Look, I know I am an unforgivable dick. But rules are one thing I follow. No violence on council grounds. That is something I take seriously.”

“**You** killed my father,” Merikh says, his voice strong but I can feel the pain of his loss lance through my heart, my eyes turning up to look at him as he keeps his eyes focuses on Johannes.

“I don’t know why I did it.” Elm breaks into the conversation. He looks remorseful, his head bowed in shame as he walks over and kneels at my feet.

My eyebrows disappear into my hairline as I stare at him, shocked. I glance up at Merikh, unsure of what to do as he furrows his brow.

-What do I do?—I think in my mind and I nearly crawl out of my skin when I hear Merikh's voice in my mind.

What do you want to do?— He asks me. My skin goosebumps and I hear his laughter filter through me and it warms my chest. Our mind link is fully established-

-This feels weird—I admit.

-We need to devise a punishment for Elm.— He says, bringing me back to the issue at hand.

“I need you to elaborate on why you don't know.” I say to Elm, who looks up at me with his remorseful eyes.

“I don't recall being in the woods, or even seeing him around. I remember waking up in pain and using the earth's energy to heal my wounds. Truthfully, I had no idea what I could have possibly done for it to happen.”

I furrow my brows looking at my father, who seems to be in deep thought.

“I thought we couldn't use our powers before the attack happened...” Johannes adds in thought, his own interest clearly rising as we all discuss this openly.

“Is it possible he was controlled?” I ask, looking up at Merikh. “Like the red-eyed wolves?”

“Red eyed wolves?” Johannes mutters to himself in question.

“Yes, if the magic barrier were down.” Merikh offers, ignoring Johannes, “But it was supposed to be up at that time. It should have only come down in order to help Percy heal, as his healing was affected.”

“So, someone was able to topple it. Make me beat your gamma and then put it back up?” Elm asks.

“Seems that way,” Caspian mumbles. “So, it is not entirely your fault, Elm.”

“How it happened is no matter to me,” Elm says, bowing his head again. “I wish to atone for my hand in it all.”

I sigh, tilting my head as I look at him. “Elm, if you were coerced in any way, it is hardly your fault.”

“Not to mention hurting him isn’t what is illegal.” Johannes adds.

“It is when they are here and when they are protected under my watch.”

Johannes puts his hands up in defeat, pacing over to the window that overlooks the garden.

“Have your workers here noticed anything?” Merikh asks Caspian who rubs his temples, looking tired.

“No.”

I keep my focus on Elm, watching him as he doesn’t move a muscle waiting for his punishment while the other three discuss and try to get a better understanding of things. Elm doesn’t recall it, so punishing him feels wrong.

-He could be faking it-Merikh says in my head and I turn, looking up at him. He gives me a tight smile, showing me he is just trying to help me understand the situation better, but I don’t respond.

“I want you to vote for us to join the council.” I say, making the room fall silent. Johannes scoffs and I feel a trickle of pride filter from Merikh. “That is the punishment I chose for you.”

Elm looks up at me, confused. His mouth falls open to speak, but he tilts his head and frowns. Then he sits back on his knees and watches me closely.

“You don’t want to beat me or my mate?” he asks like either would have ever been an option.

“Of course not. Your mate is more innocent than you in the matter, and I am convinced you are equally not at fault.” I tell him.

“I’m confused.” Johannes snorts. “You are just going to...blackmail him into voting you back onto the council. That is not how this shit works. There is a process and-”

“I accept.” Elm says gratefully. “I accept and I attest to the fact that I would have voted for you before you asked this of me.”

“Johannes,” Merikh says his name and the vampire hisses at him, as he turns to look at him. “Who was he speaking to about it?”

“I was talking to Florence.” Elm says. “She told me I should not come forward, that it would be bad for my family, but when Johannes told me he knew, he swore he would blackmail me into voting against you.”

I glare at Johannes, who shrugs. “I do not think your kind belongs here.”

“That is not up to you,” Caspian says.

“They should be eradicated.” He bites out. “Down in the dirt beneath my feet, where they belong.”

“Leave my presence,” Caspian says, bolting up. “I am sick and tired of your blatant hatred. You caused your own downfall, and the death of the woman you pretend you didn’t want.”

Johannes slinks out of the room without so much of a look back at us, and Caspian pinches his brow.

“He is not the only one speaking of eradicating your kind,” Elm tells us. “There are also rumors of a hybrid amongst the council members.”

Elm glances around the room and then rubs the back of his neck. He meets my gaze and then his eyes skirt over to Caspian.

“You know,” I whisper. He nods.

“I knew during our real talk.” He agrees. “Being a Fae, I can feel other elements. Earth is my specialty, but I can sense the water in you. It’s in your veins, melded into your soul.”

Have you told anyone else?” Merikh asks, his protective nature coming on strong as his voice sounds like a threat rather than a gentle question.

“No.” He says simply. “I voted against no hybrids. To my kind, a mate, a true mate, is a gift that is rare. So, if she was created from a union that was divinely given, she is supposed to be here.”

“And the others?” I ask, swallowing the lump in my throat.

“They do not think like I do.” His lips tilt down. “The very existence of a hybrid sets them on edge. The thought that someone could be more powerful is the only thing many of them fear.”

“Even the dragons?” Caspian asks.

“They were the biggest advocate to eliminate your hybrid child.” Elm says with a grim look.

“Why are you just now coming out to share this information?” Merikh asks.

“She is a gift,” he says simply. “A kindhearted, and genuine gift. It is rare to meet a humble leader of any of our kinds.”

Merikh looks at me, a gentle smile on his handsome face.

“She is special,” he murmurs.

“How many others can you help turn to our aid? Caspian asks Elm.

“Easier said than done, Caspian.” He explains. “But I can try my best with Brent and Florence,”

“Florence will always side with the vampires,” Merikh sounds glum.

“I wouldn’t be so sure, She comes off like a sex crazed harpy with a love for mischief but she is calculating and if she finds it in her best interest, she will switch sides without a second look back.” Caspian says, sounding tired.

“I agree with Caspian. Florence has taken a strange liking to Letty. Let me see what I can do.” Elm says, before he gives us a nod signaling his leaving and he walks out the door leaving it just Caspian, Merikh and I.

“Any news on the fire?” Merikh asks.

“Nothing yet,” he groans, plopping back into his seat. My father looks drained, his complexion pale rather than its usual sun-kissed glow, and his eyes are dull.

“What now?” I ask him, and he shakes his head.

“I wish I knew, but everything is happening so fast. No matter what plan I form in my head, by the time I even consider executing it, something else has happened. Your gamma being attacked, the woods setting on fire, Elm not recalling how or why he committed the crime against your gamma, the barrier coming and going as it pleases. Someone here is ten steps ahead of us. At all times.” Caspian answers, sounding frustrated.

“I would like permission to search the premises. The woods, everything, with Hayes.” Merikh announces.

“I will come with you,” I offer.

“No!” Both Caspian and him yell in unison. I scoff and roll my eyes.

“If I am with Merikh, I am safe.” I tell them.

“Not this time.” He frowns. “We do not know what is out there, what we will find, if anything.”

Exactly, and I’m not completely useless.” I frown, crossing my arms over my chest.

“I will mind link you every step of the way,” he gives me a soft smile, feeling my worry for him through the blasted bond and I roll my eyes trying to pretend that I don’t care: But I do. We both know exactly how much we care for each other now.

“You marked each other, then?” Caspian asks, sounding relieved.

“We did.” I say and he nods, pleased.

“Good. Now we just have to get you all voted back onto the council and then you will be truly safe,” he murmurs, more to himself than to me. “Merikh, you have permission to search the grounds with your beta. Please be careful. I’m not entirely sure who we can trust anymore.”