Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 47

"Merikh"

"I don't like this," Colette says, her tongue running over her teeth as she drills me with her angry eyes.

"**Are** you worried about me?" I tease her and she crosses her arms over her chest.

"Of course I am! Don't pretend like you can't feel it through the bond." She growls.

She is right. I feel her fear and the way she doesn't want me to leave her side. The way she wants to just wrap her arms around me and keep me here. It's damn adorable and so fucking refreshing to know it rather than hope.

"Letty," I say in a gentle voice, stalking toward her. She rolls her eyes, trying to be mad. "Penny and Percy will both be here with you."

"You stupid fool." She sniffles. "DO you really think I care about me? It's you that I am worried about."

"Am I not the Alpha of Death?" I ask her, arching a brow, and she scoffs. Her indignation only feeding the playful side of me. "Am I not the Lycan king?"

"You are my mate above all those things." She says and her words spear me right in the chest. Her words surprising me as I blink at her, dumbfounded.

"Am I that important to you?" I ask her and her shoulders drop, her eyes going sad.

"Do you need me to say it as well as feel it for you to believe it?" She asks me and I nod emphatically.

"Every day. I need you to tell me every day."

"I love you, and I hate you." She says like the smart ass she is.

"Oh? and what is it you love about me?" I ask, walking toward her and rubbing up and down her arms as she looks up at me.

"You mean what is it I hate about you?" She rivals and I smirk.

"Oh, I know why you hate me. A little all too well. What I don't know is why you love me."

"Because of the mate bond," she says, but I feel the lie, all the while watching her lip twitch.

"Interesting." I mutter. "Do you want to see if the lie detector works for me, too?" I ask, arching a brow, and she fights back **a** smile.

"Hit me with your best lie." She says, bracing yourself as a knock sounds in the door.

"Brother, open up." Hayes calls.

"Hold on, I'm having sex with my mate." I call out and her eyes go wide with embarrassment.

"No, he is not!" She squeals as I laugh, scooping her up and holding her close. I run my nose along her jawbone, humming in delight as her scent nearly spirals me out of control.

"I want to be," I murmur and she scoffs.

"That's not a lie."

"No, it is not. And I will never lie to you again." I tell her sincerely.

"Merikh, we need to get a move on. We should have left hours ago."

I hesitate to put her down. My heart is as full as my arms right now and I feel the way her love trickles through to me even as she tries to hold it back as best she can.

"You promise never to lie to me again?" She whispers, her eyes full of worry, and my heart seizes. I never want to make her doubt a word I say, and I know damn well she isn't done punishing me yet. But I've learned my lesson. No more lies, not for any reason ever.

"I swear." I tell her as she slides out of my arms, pressing her nose to mine.

"Good, and you promise you will come back?"

"Easiest promise ever." I say, sounding cocky, but it's damn true. I always come back. Fighting is my specialty and there is no being better than me at it. She nods, stepping back and sighs.

"Good, because I have some fun punishment in mind for you once everything is all sorted out." She says. I lunge forward, pressing a kiss to her lips before I tear away and pause at the door, looking back once more and give her a gentle smile. "Stay with Penny and Percy."

"I know, I know." She groans as I pull the door open.

"Hey Alpha!" Penny says cheerfully as she and Percy slide past me. Percy gives me a knowing nod and I leave them behind, finding Hayes leaning on the back wall.

"Well, damn." He says, reaching out for my neck. "You weren't kidding. Look at the fresh mark."

I slap his hand away, pretending to be mad, but I can't help the huge grin on my face.

"You look happy, brother." He says gently, "I only wish I could find a mate to make me as happy as you are."

"One day, Hayes. I have **a** feeling you will find her and she will be a bigger handful than you are."

"You mean she will be as amazing as I am?" He teases and I snort.

"If you say so." I mumble as we break into a run as we exit the building.

We head for where the trees were blazing earlier, sniffing around and trying to find evidence or anything other than possible magic. Flames are easy for any of the council members here other than Caspian and vampires who avoid flames.

I glint in the sun catches my eyes in a nearby tree and I look up, seeing a metallic red canister. I place my hands over my eyes, shielding them from the sun as I move closer and Hayes sighs heavily next to me.

"Gas canister." He confirms, and my stomach falls.

"Shit." I grumble.

"Guess that rules out all the fire people like the Dragons, wizards and fae kind."

"It rules out no one." I scoff. "You don't leave shit like that behind unless you want it found. And you don't want evidence found unless you are trying to aim people in the other direction."

"Unless it is the red–eyed wolves. Because they don't give a shit about evidence." He reminds me.

"Yeah," I exhale. "There is that option, too."

I look around, moving deeper into the forest, with Hayes right behind me.

"I am leaning toward it being the red–eyed freaks." He says. "The real question is, who controlling them?"

"That is the question of the year, Hayes." I murmur a strange scent, catching my attention as I move further. My Lycan goes on high alert sensing something and I can sense Hayes' Lycan coming forward as well.

"What the fuck is that smell?" he asks. I notice my vision going blurry and I realize too late we are waltzing straight into a trap.

"Hayes, I need you to force you Lycan back," I say, doing the same to my own. He relents to me easily as my vision comes back in full force.

"I can't," He growls, his head shaking from side to side as he tries to control himself. I spin on my heels, grabbing him as his skin grows fury and I force him to look into my eyes.

"You may not come out. Stay in human form," I use my alpha voice and his Lycan retreats, Hayes gasping for air.

"What the fuck is going on?" he asks, beads of sweat on his brow.

"We are about to be attacked, and we cannot use our Lycans." I whisper low enough no other ears, but his can hear me.

"Fuck." He mutters, dragging his hands over his face. "Lets do this shit."

I turn slowly, trying to see deeper into the trees. But no one is there.

"You can come out." I call out, waiting for a response but finding none. An eerie feeling comes over me, and I can feel the magic creeping up through the grass. There is no fucking way I am playing in a magic landmine without my Lycan.

"We should turn around." Hayes hisses and I nod in agreement.

"Yeah, I don't like this."

We turn and walk casually away from the enchanted area, my Lycan growing stronger with every step we take. I can see where the trees burned and I turn to look at Hayes, only to find he is missing.

"Hayes," I call out, keeping the panic from my voice as I search for him.

"Merikh!" I hear his call out, pain in his voice as I charge forward. A hand grabs my wrist and yanks me to the side, and I nearly collide with him as he covers my mouth.

"They are playing tricks," He whispers.

"Merikh!" His voice sounds again, the agony in his voice no longer hidden as I stare at my brother and watch him shiver in fear.

"What the fuck are we dealing with exactly?" he hisses.

"Hell if I know." I grumble, crouching down.

Then I see it. A werewolf wandering aimlessly, her mouth wide open as my name screeched from it like a recording. My blood goes cold and Hayes grips my arm. I can sense his fear as well as I can feel my own.

"We need to get out of here." Hayes says firmly.