

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 51

"When did you become a smartass?" Merikh asks with a frown, but I see the glimmer in his eye. The one that says he is amused even if he is still upset with me for coming when he demanded I not.

"I've been taking lessons from Penny and Percy." I say with a smirk, the mention of my sick gamma bringing me back to the reality of our situation as abruptly as someone flicking on the light in the dark. Merikh is injured and not just a little bit. He hasn't even tried to move his arm that looks to be broken and he isn't putting any weight on his other leg. Not to mention all the blood and bruises over his exposed chest and abdomen. My hands shake and my eyes water as I reach out to touch him, so afraid of causing him more pain.

"Where is Percy anyway?" He asks like he is in no pain, but when I press my icy fingers to his heated flesh, he hisses.

I flinch, pulling my hands back in shock, and he grabs my hand with his good arm and drags me closer. My eyes meet his and my mouth goes dry, the world falling away around us as he places my fingers over his heart and then removes his hand to wrap his arm around me as he pulls me close.

"Your touch is the only thing that doesn't hurt me," he whispers, leaning down and rubbing his stubbled cheek against my smooth skin. My eyes fall closed, craving his touch, my skin needing the contact just as much as his.

"Merikh..." Hayes says behind us, the uncertainty and quiver in his voice one that puts me on alert and I pull back, looking at him. His eyes are focused on his older brother, a plea within them as he seems to dance between his two

feet. He reminds me of an anxious child waiting for permission to use the bathroom at school.

"Go," Merikh says with a nod. Hayes spins on cue, sprinting through the trees like he was just given an alphas order he can't resist. "Where is Percy?" He then asks again. Penny clears her throat and straightens her shoulders.

"He is locked in the bathroom." She says. He looks down at me, confused, and then back at her.

"Which bathroom?" he asks.

"Ours," I say. He seems to think for a moment before he nods and sighs heavily.

"Good. At least we know where he is. We need to get back to the mansion." He says, groaning as he limps past me, his hand latching onto mine, tugging me along beside him. "Should you be moving?" I ask him and he chuckles. "Maybe you should lie down for a bit?"

"In war, staying still will kill you. Moving is the only option."

"But you are injured." I say, shocked.

"Correct, injured, but not dead or dying. Which means we need to move." He says, taking another step forward.

Caspian moves to his other side, sliding Merikh's arm over his shoulder as he provides stability. Merikh groans as they take a step forward, and then another me at his other side, holding his hand. "My arm and leg will be mostly healed by the time we make it back," he assures me.

"Can we discuss what the hell happened now?" Caspian asks, anger and concern in his voice.

"They were expecting us. We were ambushed." Merikh explains as he hobbles along with my father. Penny falls in behind us, and I look over my

shoulder at her, only for her to give me an encouraging smile. "Who ambushed you?" Caspian asks, and Merikh scoffs.

"The fucking red-eyed dickheads, only this time they brought a whole other species."

"You were only supposed to be looking around," my dad says with a frown. "Not fighting." Merikh sighs heavily and shakes his head.

"We made it to this area and realized our Lycans were being repressed somehow. That is when we turned back and ran into a group of red-eyed wolves. They were easy enough to defeat and then the fucking trolls came in and we had to run. They drove us to where we would be at our weakest."

"That is why you sent Hayes for reinforcements." I say on a breath and he nods.

"Yeah, though he was supposed to bring Percy and not you," he grumbles, frustrated. "He will have to answer for that once we get back."

He grumbles along with Caspian for a moment about Hayes and how he is too distracted and obviously in a panic and though I am interested in why he thinks that. I can't let Hayes get in trouble for my decision. He isn't my keeper, nor is he able to control me.

"I refused to stay back." I tell him truthfully. "Hayes told me to stay, and I told him no," I say with a shrug, not caring if Merikh gets mad about it. He left me and swore he would come back when everything I witnessed pointed to him, likely not coming back at all.

Merikh frowns as he hobbles along with my father.

"Yeah, too bad for him. That doesn't negate the fact that he put his Luna in harm's way." He says.

"He didn't. I wasn't safe there," I scoff. "You left me and then I felt your distress. When we tried to leave, Percy told me I was no longer safe."

"At least he is smart," Merikh scoffs.

I stop walking, indigent that he is being such a hard ass right now about me coming to help. I may be weaker and still training to fight, but damn it, I actually did something. When all he could do was be a rag doll, I was able to save him. Me. Not Hayes or Penny or even Caspian. It was me.

"You are lucky I can look past my anger and still come to save your stubborn ass." I growl.

Merikh sighs and stops, leaning heavily on Caspian as he looks at me with annoyance.

"No, you are lucky they didn't capture you. You walked right out into the enemy's territory and didn't think twice." He shouts.

"Your life was on the line." I growl. "I will never think twice when it comes to ensuring you come back alive. Plus, the enemy was hanging out in my room all along. You ran off and left me with them." I hiss, stepping into his space, glaring up at him, enjoying the glimmer of confusion I see in his eyes.

"What?" He says, confused, looking between me and Penny. "What do you mean, it was hanging out in your room?"

"Percy is compromised." Penny whispers. Merikh's eyes snap to her, wide and full of alarm.

"What the fuck do you mean?" he demands and Penny looks at me, begging me to explain. "They got to Percy."

"Got to him how?" he grits out and I can see the way his chest heaves as he waits for more details.

"He is red-eyed." I tell him, and he seems to stumble a little into Caspian.

"Fuck,"

"Yeah, that's how we felt," I mutter.

"We need to get back." He says suddenly, a look of determination set on his brows. He hobbles, Caspian moving with him as he looks over his shoulder at Penny and me. "Now."

We walk in silence, the speed steady, though slow, and I can sense his growing irritation with every passing minute. Then he stops abruptly with an annoyed growl and looks at me.

"This is just wasting time. Switch spots with Caspian." He demands of me, racing out and pulling me to him.

"Why?" I ask.

"Penny and Caspian, you need to get back as fast as you can. If Percy is compromised, they can make him do anything they want, including attacking other council members to prove their point that we are dangerous and need to be eliminated."

"Merikh..." I call to him, but he ignores me as I try to speak.

He talks over me, discussing things with Penny as my dad steps away and urges me next to Merikh. Before I can even try to get a word in, the two are sprinting off, leaving me with Merikh. I look up at him, frustrated that he didn't give a chance to explain anything to him before he took charge and just pushed me to the wayside.

"Percy is taken care of." I grit out, finally getting his attention. He furrows his brows, confused.

"Locking him in a bathroom is hardly taken care of. You don't think he knows how to break down a door or open a damn window?" He scoffs.

"Merikh..." I say slowly, stepping away from him so he can see just how angry I am with him. "Do you think I am dumb?"

He groans as he exhales deeply and shakes his head.

"Of course not," he says.

"Oh? Then why do you assume we just closed the door and left him?" I arch a brow. "You didn't think to ask what transpired. You just panicked and sent them away without so much as thinking that maybe I had it covered."

"Covered how?" He asks.

"I commanded him, as his Luna. They wanted to speak with me through him, so I let them say their piece and I demanded he kick them out of his head." I tell him, my anger morphing to pride as I stand up for myself and show Merikh I'm not the empty-headed woman he seems to think I am right now.

"Colette," he sighs, limping toward me as he grabs the back of my neck and presses a tender kiss to my forehead. You are stunning, and incredibly smart. But a Luna's command is not absolute like an Alpha's. It carries weight...but there is a real possibility that Percy is not going to have the strength to follow your order."

I blink at him.

"I have faith in my Gamma." I tell him, "Just like you should have more faith in your Luna."

"I have complete faith in you." He whispers, the truth clear in the way he looks at me, the tingle of his skin on mine and through the mind link. Then he uses his finger to lift my chin as he dips low and kisses me sweetly before pulling away.

"A kiss won't make me less angry," I pout and he cups my face, looking into me.

"I am not used to being afraid, Colette. And since the second you came into my life, I have felt nothing but fear and anxiety over losing you at any moment. I know you are not dumb, and I am sorry I made you feel that way.

You have to understand, to them, you are a weapon. If they have you they have complete control over the Lycans and the Sirens." He says with a soft frown.

"You control the Lycans and werewolves, Merikh. Not me." I remind him, trying not to be swooned by his sweet words.

He shakes his head like I am missing something important.

"You just don't seem to get it." he looks away and releases a shaky breath.

"Get what?" I ask with a frown.

"If they have you, they control me. I would kill any species they asked me to if I knew it meant you were safe, and I would sleep soundly at night, knowing you were okay." he swallows roughly. "Colette, you are my only weakness, my heart and soul living outside of my body, and they have a target on you. It makes me fucking irrational and panicky. When I ask you to do something, it's not because I doubt you. It's purely selfish, so I can keep you with me, always. I need you safe, so I can be sane."

"Okay..." I whisper, my lips brushing over his as the air feels thin. I am high on him, on the way he makes me feel exactly what he says he feels. "I promise I will do what you say."

"Mmm, that's my good little luna." He rasps before he kisses me hard and breaks away. "Now let's get back. I would like to thank you for saving me..."

He gives me a wry grin, and I bite back a small smile, nodding in agreement.