

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 53

Merikh

I wrap my arms around Colette, holding her close as she struggles to control her heart rate. Her fear pours into me like a free flowing fall over a cliff so I lower my head, pressing my lips to her ear.

"It's Percy's writing." I whisper, but it doesn't make her less worried. She shakes in my embrace, and I press my lips to her skin, giving her a reassuring kiss and forcing my calm into the bond between us, trying to help her relax.

"Why would he write 'burn'?" She asks, finally waking from the shock. I move away from her, reaching out and wiping the word from the mirror with my hand before turning to look into her shocked face. "Either he was under their control, or maybe he is trying to warn us." I offer, stepping forward and wrapping her in a big embrace. Colette releases a heavy sigh but shakes her head. Then she leans into me, the steam still swirling around us in the bathroom.

"We should go see him." She says, spinning in my arms, looking up at me. Her eyes are filled with doubt and uncertainty. I reach out, stroking her cheek as I move hair from her face and I offer her a soft smile. "Percy will be out for a while. At least for the night." I tell her, and she frowns.

"How can you be sure?" She asks.

"If he wakes up, Penny is staying in the room with him, along with the healers. We will be informed. I promise, Colette."

She mulls over the information before looking over her shoulder and nodding that she is giving in. The hand writing isn't easy to determine as Percy's, but I remember the little pranks he would pull on Penny, the little notes he left on the bathroom mirror to make her paranoid that someone was watching her. This seems like a warning of what I can't quite tell, but burn could mean anything.

"I don't think I will be able to sleep." She mutters and I reach down, tugging at the hem of her shirt.

"I can think of ways to tire you out," I tease her, and she arches a brow.

"As tempting as that sounds, you truly do need a shower."

"Care to help me?" I ask, and she bites her lip nervously. Mated or not, this is still all very new to her. "I promise to be a gentleman."

She hesitates before she gently nods her head, giving me her approval. I remove my hand from her shirt, tracing them down her wrists and taking her hands and lifting them above her head.

Then I tug her top off, tossing it to the side. My heart is sounding in my ears, staring at her with her pink cheesy and lush breast on display. I hook my thumbs into her shorts, pushing them down to her ankles.

A shiver runs through her, and I step back, appreciating everything about her from her shy stance to her nervous energy. Then I strip my shorts off and place my hand out for her to take as I push open the glass door to the shower and bring us into the heated spray. She sighs on contact with the water, her eyes closing in relief as the droplets rain down over her.

I'm enraptured by the picture before me. Her chin tilted up for the water to roll over her face and down her chest. There is no looking away as a soft smile breaks over her lips and she reaches up, dragging her hands through her hair.

It's not until her perfect brown eyes open, watching me curiously, that I snap out of my trance. I instinctively wrap my hands around her, stepping closer to her as the water runs over my sore flesh. The water temperature surprises me and I hiss, trying to step away, but she clings to me, giggling.

"Don't be such a baby," she says with a teasing lilt in her tone.

"You are boiling me alive." I grimace and she presses her bare, wet chest to mine.

The stinging stops, my body tingling with the sensation of our bond, and I bite my lips, trying to force the moan away. The mate bond can do so much for a couple. From expediting healing, down to a dopamine hit.

"Let me help you," she whispers, as she steps around me, grabbing a bar of soap.

Her arms wrap around me from behind, her hands dragging up and down my cheek and stock with the soap before she presses a gentle kiss on my shoulder and slides around my front. She proceeds to scrub my entire torso and shoulders before setting the bar aside and moving me fully into the spray of water.

"Only washing my upper half?" I tease her and she again grows shy and shrugs. I sense her hesitation, her worry about what to do, how to please me or start without looking like a fool, and I chuckle. "Turn, I will wash your hair."

"But I was washing you." She insists, and I grab the soap.

"And you did wonderfully. Now, allow me to return the favor." I tell her as I lather my hands up.

I scrub her scalp, making her moan with pleasure as she closes her eyes. I scrub her body with a loofah making sure to cover every inch of her, my hands following along, behind for good measure. Her eyes are on mine the moment I touch her collarbone, not once looking away from me.

I glide over her skin, dropping sweet kisses along the way until I reach her waist. She waits for me to decide what to do as I drag it over her perky cheeks, pressing her just a touch closer to me. She gasps when I press into her soft stomach, but she doesn't seem shocked in the slightest. Then I spin her around and hold her close to me, cradling her as the water washes away the suds.

I itch to do so many things for her. The options are endless and the access open, but I promised to remain a gentleman. So begrudgingly, I will remain just that. Her head falls back onto my shoulder, her eyes closed.

"Do you think this could be our last pleasant moment together?" She whispers and I give her a squeeze, hating the thought process.

"Not a chance in hell." I whisper, pressing my lips to her cheek.

"How can you be so sure?" She asks. "I mean, they have trolls on their side."

She makes a solid point, but what she doesn't get is that trolls don't exist, especially not troll shifters. Which means those trolls, they are just someone being used by magic, like the red-eyed wolves. "What happened when you brought that water down on us?" I ask her, and I see the side of her little frown.

"I'm not really sure." She whispers.

"You washed away the magic spell." I tell her. "And what happened to the so-called trolls?"

"They turned into humans."

"Exactly."

"Wait...so they were just spelled? The area didn't allow you to transform, but it gave them the ability to." She whispers as she unravels it all. "But why water?" I mean, it could just have easily rained and would it have worked to wash it away? Not to mention the trolls weren't transformed."

I sigh, not sure how to answer that question as it's been one on my mind too. Why was the spell so easily dispersed? Then I remember that the person behind this all was talking to her, saying things through the troll before she got rid of them.

"What was the troll saying to you?" I ask her and she frowns up at me.

"The princess has some skill..." she murmurs, her eyes zoning out for a moment before she blinks herself back.

My stomach sinks, and I tuck her

into me closer. They knew who she was, that she was a hybrid and Caspian's daughter, but I have long wondered what took them so long to come after her. Why wait for her to be with me? Surely attacking her in her old pack would have been easier. Instead they attacked me, us.

"They wanted to see if I was truly a hybrid." She whispers, coming to the same realization as I have.

"And they want to see what kind of power you have." I finish for her and she shivers despite the hot water hammering over us.

"Now that they know...what will they do with me?" She whispers and I spin her to face me, reaching out and shutting off the water before I grab a fluffy towel and wrap it around her.

"They have to get you first, Colette. And that will be over my dead body."