

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 54

I hold Colette's hand as we stop outside the double doors leading to the meeting room, I can feel her nerves through the mate bond, the fear she has for whatever is on the other side of the thick oak door. If things go like I think they will, she is about to be exposed, but hopefully that will come after we are back on the council.

"Are you ready for this?" I whisper, and she nods, biting her lip. I reach out, my hand at the nape of her neck as I pull her close, kissing the top of her head. Then I pull away, meeting her eyes as she looks up at me.

"I'm a little nervous." She admits,

"There is no need to feel nervous, my little luna. Even if things don't go how we hope, we will figure out another way to keep you and all of our kind safe." I promise her. A small smile plays across her delicate lips.

"I trust you," she whispers, and I feel my heart stutter. She trusts me. My hand reaches out, cupping her cheek as I stroke my thumb over her soft skin.

"And I trust you." I tell her, forcing every ounce of that sincerity through the mate bond so she can feel it. Since Lauren, I have trusted very few people. Only those I have known for years and the one I trusted the most shares my blood. But this is different. Colette has done nothing but prove herself when she never should have had to.

I trust her. With my pack, my life, with my heart.

She smiles softly, leaning in to press a chaste kiss to my lips before she turns and pushes the door open.

Caspian sits at the head table. Pouring himself a glass of water. Florence and Johannes bicker in the corner, and Brent sits looking exhausted next to Elm. I notice two empty seats, watching them closely as I look at Elm, who gives me a courteous nod.

“Why are you two here?” Johannes scoffs, finally taking notice of our presence with a sneer on his face.

“I have invited them to sit in on this meeting, as it is important for their kind and their future,” Caspian says, sounding bored.

“Can we start then?” Florence whines. “This is so much earlier than our usual meetings, and I would like to head back to bed”

“Not everyone is here,” Elm reminds her and she rolls her eyes.

“My best guess is Giselle went back to her cave of riches and Joffrey is the flightiest Fairy there is, so he probably-”

“Is just late?” The tall thin fairy says, sounding amused. “If you haven’t noticed, Florence, I have had business to attend to for the majority of this month long session, but I do indeed come back for the important moments,”

“Oh wonderful,” Florence says, her eyes filled with lust as she licks her lips. Then she slides a glance to Colette, giving her a flirtatious wink.

“Has anyone seen Giselle?” Caspian asks and no one answers, all of them just looking around and shrugging.

Typical of the dragons, never on time.” Johannes chides.

The doors slam shut as a petite blonde woman stares at us, then finds her seat without a word. Caspian looks around once more before sitting forward, resting his elbows on the table before him.

First things first, he sighs. “Before we proceed, we have a vote to make and where I once was convinced this would be a swift and easy vote, I am no longer convinced.”

Oh? Did people change their minds?” Giselle asks, looking amused.

“I vote to reinstate Alpha Merikh and his kind back to the council.” Caspian says with authority. Giselle chuckles dryly and Johannes scoffs as I look around, assessing the others, searching for any blatant response that might single out the asshole causing trouble.

“Why the sudden change of heart, Caspian?” Johannes asks skeptically before sliding an annoyed glance to Colette. “Did the Lycan’s pretty luna woo you? A few nights with the luna and you change your vote?”

A growl erupts through my chest at the insinuation behind his words.

“I would never allow my mate to be used in such a way,” I grit through my teeth, Colette clutching to my hand as she tries to hold me back. I can feel her calm leaching into me through the mate bond and I try to let it overcome me.

“I can’t imagine any other reason his mind would change,” Johannes says with a smirk. I know what he is doing, what he is trying to showcase with his words, and I also know I shouldn’t be playing into it. But I will be damned if I let him make such suggestions about my mate.

“That is enough,” Caspian roars, slamming his fist on the table, his face red.

My eyes snap to him as he silently “This is a vote, not a debate or trial.”

“I also vote to reinstate.” Elm says, speaking loudly to command the attention to him. He looks at Colette, who gives him an appreciative smile.

“I vote against it,” Johannes says, settling into his seat, a mischievous glint in his eyes as he grins.

“I vote against it as well,” Giselle says.

I look at her curiously, not that I am surprised by her response. But when her eyes meet mine, I find a challenge there just before she looks at her fairy neighbor expectantly. Joffrey clears his throat, looking around the room and then he trains his gaze on Colette as if he is trying to get a read on who she is and what she stands for. Then he clears his throat.

“I am usually big on second chances,” Joffrey says, leaning back in his chair. “But not this time. I vote No as well.”

“I vote for reinstatement.” Brent says, making everyone stare.

“What the hell did you just say?” Giselle asks, irrationally angry with him.

Brent gives her a confused, lifted brow before he crosses his arms over his chest. “I believe that makes the votes even.”

Everyone looks at Florence, who seems to preen with all the attention. She smiles sweetly at me, tossing a wink my way before Johannes shoots me a victorious smirk. Florence stands, making a show of her decision as she walks around the room, knowing the weight of her answer.

She stops in front of Colette, looking at her before she reaches out and tugs a strand of her hair. I hold my tongue and fight my Lycans’ urge to rip her hands from her arm as she slides a smirk in my direction, clearly taunting me.

“Enough of the show, Florence.” Caspian groans, though I can see his unease just as well as I can feel my own bubbling in my chest, causing a stabbing pain in my side. If she votes no, there will be war over Colette’s existence, that is, if the person we are looking for chooses to expose it.

“Fine,” she rolls her eyes as she makes her way silently to her seat. “I vote...in favor of reinstating them.”

“WHAT?” Johannes roars as he stands, his chair flying out from under him, clattering to the floor. “You bitch!”

“Oh hush, blood sucker, I live for chaos and you are only feeding that for me,” she hisses at him as he sneers.

“This isn’t over,” Giselle scoffs.

“This topic is closed.” Caspian says, giving her a pointed look, and she rolls her eyes.

“The hell it is! Do you truly think we can all make a decision without revealing why you have so quickly changed your mind on the matter?” Giselle asks, crossing her arms over her chest defiantly.

“I would like to know,” Joffrey says, sitting up in his chair.

“The reasoning is pointless now,” Caspian says quickly. “The voting is closed and Merikh and his kind are back on the council. It is done.”

“Wait, wait... There is a specific reason you all changed your vote?” Johannes asks, growing more irritated. Colette grips my hand and I am ready for anything, my Lycan teeming just beneath the surface prepared to kill who we must in order to protect Colette.

“Merikh’s little mate is a Hybrid.” Giselle snaps out. “She shouldn’t even exist, and the best part? Caspian is her dear dad.”

All eyes skirt between Colette and Caspian, a varying degree of shock and curiosity as they come to terms with what she exposed. But I’m not focused on them, no I am focused on the asshole who just exposed herself to us.

And how exactly do you know that?” Elm asks, standing and coming to Colette’s other side in a show of protection. Giselle rolls her eyes.

“Because I was the one who hunted her down. A dragon never forgets the smell of her prey, and we don’t lose them.” She hisses, her eyes growing gold and her skin steaming. “I am curious about how you got away. Your mother wasn’t so lucky.”

