

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 55

Colette

I fly from my seat, a roar of rage tearing from my once composed lips. She just openly admitted to killing my mother, to trying to kill me. My chest feels like it is cracking open and the anger in my body seems to supersede my size. I want revenge and answers. Merikh's hand wraps around my shaking body as I glare at her, words failing me as I try to keep myself from breaking down.

"Woah, easy there little luna." Merikh whispers in my ear. "Now is not the time,"

"Of course it is," I growl at him and he hugs me to him tighter. "She killed my mother, Merikh."

My voice breaks, making me sound young and broken as my lip quivers, my anger morphing into an aching sadness in my chest.

Caspian frowns, his eyes skirting over me as I allow Merikh to calm my nerves. Then he turns a wild gaze to Giselle, staring her down with a ferocity that should be reserved for a battlefield.

"Giselle, I will ask you plainly, and you will answer me." Caspian grits out the words and she gives him an amused smile. "Did you kill Melody?"

The room falls silent, the tension palpable, almost as intense as the urge for me to sink my teeth into her dragon flesh and tear until I make my way to her stony heart.

Giselle sighs heavily, rolling her eyes before she waves her hand in the air as if shooing a fly from her presence.

“It doesn’t really make a difference, does it?” She asks, “I mean, Johannes killed a wolf and yet there was no punishment. That woman was not protected under the council, so she was fair game.”

“She was my mate!” Caspian roars, “So you will answer the fucking question, or I will drown the fire from your very core!”

“Mate?” Johannes asks, his eyes growing wide as I look at him, his shocked expression surprising me.

“Did you claim her as your mate? Was she the queen of the sirens and in your many years with her, did you ever acknowledge her as a mate to anyone? Or did you hide her because you were embarrassed? Too afraid of what everyone would say?” Giselle asks with a grin.

My chest feels like it is going to explode as I look at my father, who stares at Giselle, blinking like he has been bested in a duel. His guilt-ridden eyes drift over to me and he looks away, ashamed of himself. My mouth runs dry and Merikh tugs me closer to him.

“She makes a fair point, Caspian.” Brent says, and Caspian shakes his head.

“The point is null and void if she knew. Which she clearly did, otherwise she would not have come for Melody and my child.” He yells at Brent.

“Ah, see, I just assumed you were fucking her. You were not marked, and neither was she. There was no mate’s mark on your neck and no crown on her head. So, as far as I could tell, you were using her to create a hybrid.” Giselle shrugs like her point is the most nonchalant thing she’s ever said. Like anyone would have had the same train of thought.

“But you did not alert the council of any of this,” Elm accuses her.

“Did I have to? Hybrids are illegal, and werewolves are not protected.” She shrugs. “I was well within my rights and you all know it.”

“These things should always be brought to the council first.” Florence argues.

“He is the leader at the moment. Should I have brought it to him?”

I watch on as the whole meeting dissolves into a bunch of angry supernatural beings speaking as if they can change the past or give Giselle a slap on the wrist. My eyes watch Caspian, who stands silently, looking like he has mentally left the room, staring at the ground, his eyes filled with water and his shoulders slumped.

Then he looks up, his eyes swirling gray as his fists clench. Giselle stops talking, training her eyes on him with a pleased smirk. This is what she wants. For him to snap and attack another council member. I look up at Merikh in desperation, knowing he can feel me, and he gently moves me to the side and rushes to Caspian, stepping in front of him.

“Move, Merikh.” Caspian’s voice sounds warbling, like he is in a sea of water, his voice filled with anguish and pure hatred.

“This is not the time or place, Caspian. You would just be playing into her hands.” Merikh warns him, trying to calm my father. Then Giselle lets out a shrill laugh.

“Do you really think you scare me, water sprite?” Giselle giggles. “I have been around for centuries, watching you, studying your kind. You are untouchable in your little ocean city, but here, you are the weakest of us all.”

“That’s enough, Giselle.” Elm orders, but she keeps her eyes trained on Merikh’s back. Fear licks up my spine, warning me she will try to hurt him. Brent rushes in front of Giselle, standing before her with his shoulders squared and ready to take whatever she was planning to deliver to Caspian or Merikh.

“Who killed Colette’s mother?” Brent asks, his voice echoing as Giselle glares daggers at him.

“No one.” She finally grits out, looking right at me. “She is alive, but not well. Dragons love treasure, things like gold, gems... silver bars.” she smirks and my stomach burns with hatred.

“You are torturing her...” I whisper and she shrugs.

“Torture seems like a hefty statement. She is just simply living in a room of silver. I do wonder, though, how many years it would take to make a werewolf go mad.”

“You will release her immediately. Her kind is officially under the protection of the council now.” Caspian says, but I can see the pain in his eyes, the way he doesn’t know how to process what he is hearing, the same way I am struggling to comprehend. How much pain has she been in all this time?

“I disagree.” She hisses at Caspian. “You tried to trick us into voting for it so your precious hybrid would be safe. I say the vote is void.”

“I agree,” Joffrey says with a frown, “Though I do not condone the violence Giselle.”

“Oh, shut up, you fairy.” She groans, rolling her eyes.

“This isn’t up for a vote,” Caspian states, moving over to stand with Elm, Merikh, and me. “Colette is protected. She is mated to a member of the council.”

“And you all agree with this?” She asks, looking around. Everyone averts their eyes, including Johannes, who clears his throat and looks at the ground. “This is bullshit.”

“What’s bullshit is you manipulating other kinds for your own purpose and pretending you didn’t break council laws yourself,” I accuse. “How are you doing it? Who are you using to control the red-eyed wolves?”

Her flaming eyes land on me, a viscous smirk pulling her lips taut across her face in such a way that makes my wolf go on high alert.

“I don’t have any idea what you are talking about.” She gives me a fake smile.

“You know exactly what I am talking about.” I hiss at her and she shrugs.

“Don’t you think I would admit to whatever crime you are accusing me of if I did it? I mean, after all....I renounce my place on this council.”

“What?” everyone murmurs, looking around to see what the others

Giselle has gone mad. It’s the only explanation that seems to make sense. By stepping out of the council, she opens her kind up to attacks of any kind from anyone.

“You all have left me no choice but to remove myself from the council. So, which of you wants your kind to be first in my rapid fire elimination?” She taunts, scanning the room for any takers.

Everyone looks around, and for a moment, I think they will stand their ground. That is, until Florence sighs and gives me an apologetic look.

“I prefer not to take sides, but if keeping what few of my species are left alive is the cost, then I agree with Giselle. We too withdraw from the council.” She averts her eyes as Johannes scoffs.

“A traitor twice in one day, Florence.” Johannes shakes his head. “I expected more from you.”

“You don’t get to talk bloodsucker. I rule my kind with logic, not emotions. This is the logical option. One hybrid for the good of all kinds? It hardly seems like a big ask. No offense, Letty.”

“And what about you?” Giselle says, scowling at Johannes. “Do you truly think your coven will agree with you siding with the likes of a dog and fish?”

This isn't the time to be noble, Johannes. You have never been one to be. I wouldn't suggest you start now."

My stomach flips anxiously, watching as everyone looks at one another, trying to decide the best course of action for their kind. The council is falling apart, and it's all because of my existence. There is no helping the guilt that weighs down on me with every torn glance I get from those wishing to remain at my side.

"If you are renouncing your position here on the council, you must leave the property at once," Caspian growls, looking around at everyone.

"Oh, with pleasure." Giselle roars.

Her eyes glow the same red as Percy's had last night and a blaze of fire propels from her mouth heading directly toward my chest. Merikh is on me in a second, his body sheltering me as I close my eyes as we fly backward into the wall.

My head slams hard into the hard surface and black dots dance in my eyes, impairing my vision as all hell breaks loose around me. Merikh lays over me unmoving as I try to reach out and feel him in the bond. But I can't reach him, I can't feel him in my mind.