

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 59

Merikh

My muscles twitch, first my fingers itching to move. The Lycan in my head whining and forcing my consciousness awake. Each second, I become more and more aware of the searing sensation on my back. My skin tingles, pins and needles pinching and stabbing my back as though I had been numb for too long.

I try to inhale deeply, but the agony of my injury forces me to stop, taking only short, quick breaths as I force my groggy eyes open. The world is blurry, my pain overwhelming as I blink away the fog.

I want to move, to get up and stretch my stiff muscles, relieve my chest that aches. But my back is on fire, the waves of heat and pain ebbing and flowing as if it were a hot coal exposed on a windy day.

“Merikh.” I hear Hayes surprised voice as he rushes over, gently pressing me back down as I try to make my way to my hands stomach. and knees. He fights my efforts, winning out as my body gives way and I grunt, collapsing back into my side.

“I want up.” I rasp out, my voice dry and painful. The room seems to move, swirling from side to side as I try to focus and fail. I blink over and over again until Hayes comes into focus **and** everything comes flooding back in.

The meeting from hell, Giselle going berserk and trying to kill Colette. I choke on the panic as I tear myself from the bed before Hayes has a second to stop me.

“Brother, you need to rest.” He insists.

“Where is Colette?” I demand, ignoring his request. “Is she okay?”

“We can talk about it in a second, but you need to lie back down.” He says. “You are going to undo all the bandages and herbs that are healing you.”

“Where is my Luna?” I grit out, trying to force myself to stand on my own.

Hayes sighs, scowling at me, and my stomach falls, the worst thoughts climbing up from the dark place in my mind. Did I not save her! Was I too late? Or had my being injured left her exposed and open for another attack she couldn't fight off?

I can hear Hayes speaking to me, but the anxiety and pain from the thoughts is enough to send me off the deep end. I had I failed her? Had I unknowingly broken another promise to her? I try to turn toward the door, releasing the bed as I take a step and tumble forward with a cry of agony. My body falls forward, but not before Hayes catches me.

Tingles ripple through my body, a satisfied sigh breaking from my chapped lips and I look up to see it wasn't Hayes who stopped my fall but my sweet, perfect Colette. She is on her knees before me, her soft hands on my face, cupping my cheeks as she lifts my eyes to meet hers.

“You're awake,” she whispers, tears breaking free from her eyes as she lunges forward and pressing her lips to mine. My arms cling to her back, my body protesting, but I ignore the pain. How can I feel anything other than sheer relief when she is okay?

She pulls away, her forehead pressed to mine as she breathes heavily, her hands still clinging to my face, like she is afraid to touch any other part of me.

My arms grow tired, slipping down and falling to my side, my body unwilling to respond to my demands any longer.

“Are you injured?” I ask, scanning her face.

“No,” she **says**, pressing her lips to mine again as she sobs, moving as close as possible, just wanting to be near me. I welcome her touches, the sparks calming, the fire burning on my back like a hose to the flames.

“Thank heavens,” I murmur, breaking away once more. She looks past me and nods to someone.

“Let’s get you up and back on the bed.” She says, and I furrow my brows

“No. I do not want to be in bed any longer.” I tell her and she sighs,

I meet her eyes again, witnessing the sadness there, and I frown. My injury must have scared her, hell it scared **Hayes**, so it must be pretty **bad**. But I am an alpha, one with a true mate, so I will heal soon and it will be **like** nothing happened.

“What happened after Giselle attacked you?” I ask her, and she shakes her **head**.

“I will explain everything **once** you get on the bed. You are bleeding through the bandages, so we need to change them.”

Hayes gently grabs me under the arm, Colette following suit on the other side as they lift me with heavy grunts. I try my best to help them, using my legs that feel like wet noodles. They both struggle to get me to the bed and I lean forward, scooting myself as far as possible.

Hayes walks around to the other side, grabbing my leg as he drags me on all the way, and I turn my head to see Colette kneel on the ground beside me. She props her chin up on her crossed arms on the white bedding and a happy smile on her lips.

Her hand reaches out, dragging her nails through my hair, gently massaging her way through my locks. I moan in satisfaction, happily distracted from the pain of moving.

“Hayes, go get Ezra.” She whispers over me. Hayes silently exits the room, looking at me once before closing the door behind him.

“Ezra will be in to change your bandages.” She whispers.

“Ezra? Why not Brent?” I ask, a little surprised. Healing is usually Brent’s realm of things. I can **sense** she feels my confusion, and she frowns a little, then sighs.

“Brent is in a meeting with Caspian.” She says, then she looks away solemnly. “The council is finished.”

I chuckle. “I am not entirely surprised by that”

“Some people have taken sides, others have just disappeared.” She shrugs, looking at me once more.

I arch a brow. “Who is still here?” I ask her.

“From the council, Brent, Caspian, us, Elm and Joffrey.”

My eyes widen a little, my hand reaching up to stop her from her **assault** on my skull, making me sleepy again. This is important information and I want to be **as** awake as I can be as she relays it to me.

“Joffrey?” I ask, confused.

“It wasn’t really his own choice!” She frowns. “He was injured and **Elm** saved him. He is still unconscious. Caspian and Ezra really **have** more details than I do right **now**.”

“Why is that? You are on the council. You are my Luna.” I say, growing defensive and she laughs. Her smile and the melody of her happiness fill me with hope and I give her a soft smile. Damn, I love this woman.

“I have been a little preoccupied.” She admits, her smile fading, and I find it’s like watching the sun hiding behind a cloud. “With what?” I ask her.

“With worrying about you. Trying to **make** sense of why you would allow yourself to get injured. You are the important one, Merikh, and you could have died.”

I scoff, letting my emotions flow through the bond so she can feel how much I disagree with her. She shoots me an unhappy look.

“How many times must I say it, Colette? You own me, all of me. Without you, I am nothing but an empty shell. The thought of **you** getting hurt, the thought of losing you. My voice breaks and I clear my throat. “You are my strength and my weakness, and I will always protect you without a second thought.”

Tears tumble **from** her eyes and she wipes at them, chuckling to break the serious tone she **is so** uncomfortable with.

“Well,” she snuffles. “Ugh, you always know the right thing to say.”

“Only when I mean the words,” I grin.

She stands, leaning **down as** she presses her lips gently **to** mine.

“I love you, Merikh.” She whispers. “So damn much. We will figure this all out, and then we will have a beautiful life together.”

I arch a brow, ignoring the pain lacing through my nerves as my muscles begin to twitch.

“Does that mean you forgive me?” I tease her and she laughs, standing up straight.

She tries to hide a smile, but it lives in her eyes, unable to be masked as she looks at me and I feel her love like a gentle warmth in my soul, filling me with nothing but hope for the future she plans for us

“Nearly dying seems like the easy way out.” She says, biting her smile back.

“Oh wow,” I grin. “Noted.”

“If you want to be forgiven, promise me you won’t ever do that again.”

“What? Nearly dying to protect you?” I ask, flabbergasted.

“Yes!” she says with a head nod.

“How long do you think you can hold a grudge?” I ask thoughtfully. “Because I will never promise to not protect you.”

“Oh, then I just may never be able to forgive you.” She says, defiantly,

“Hmmm, then I suppose it’s a good thing I’m a glutton for punishment.” I grin as the door opens and Ezra pops his head in.

“Hello old friend, rumor has it you are ready for a bandage change?”

“I guess so.” I mutter, not **too** excited about my wounds to be messed with.

“This will hurt quite a bit, so hold on to Colette’s hand for a little less pain.”

“Maybe this will be your reminder to think before you act?” she whispers, dropping to her knees and taking my hand.

“Unlikely.” I grin, then I grimace as Ezra touches me, the pain rushing through my body and making my toes feel numb. This is going to hurt like hell.