

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 6

“Does it matter?” I ask and Hayes looks at me in disbelief, giving me his brotherly ‘We don’t keep secrets’ look.

“It matters to me, in how I treat her. Is she your mate?” Hayes asks.

“She is your Luna. You will treat her how she should be treated.” I say, crossing my arms over my chest.

“Merikh.” He whispers low, his eyes softening and I know where his thoughts are going and I refuse to go down that memory **lane** with him. I refuse to go down it ever again.

“She is my mate.” I say matter of fact, and he laughs, rolling his eyes.

“Mate, as in you chose her and followed through with the union to the Alpha’s daughter-”

“That’s not the Alpha’s daughter.” Percy says with a knowing smile.

“Then who the fuck is it?”

“That’s Colette,” Percy says, his smile even wider now. I roll my eyes because no one knows shit about what is actually happening. Hell, it was hard enough for me to believe it when I saw her.

“Who the hell is Colette?”

“She is my second chance mate...” I admit with a sigh.

“And you accepted her...” He murmurs, his eyes observing me as though he needs to gauge my reaction.

“Lycan’s can’t reject a second chance mate, Hayes, you know that. There was no leaving without her. I didn’t have a choice,” I mutter, and he nods in understanding, blowing out a puff of air.

“How did she take it?” He asks.

“She isn’t aware of it...” I say with a wince, and Hayes watches me with curiosity.

“Recently rejected then...” he muses.

“Alpha, she is waking up,” the healer says, looking over his shoulder. “I think it would be best if you are at least around her, so she doesn’t wake up alarmed and thinking she was kidnapped or something.”

I find the sentiment ironic considering I didn’t really give her a choice in our mating. More of an ultimatum. In some realms of the world, that might be considered kidnapping. Not in ours, though, not when you are a royal and privy to knowledge your true mate doesn’t have.

She sits up; her face is pale as she reaches out with a whimper for her leg.

“How do you feel?” I ask, moving to her side.

She squeals and jumps at the sound of my voice, her hands shaking and her face pained in fear before she seems to calm and comes to her senses. I press my hand to her forehead and she closes her eyes, her head pressing into my warm palm as if she is too weak to hold herself up.

“Nothing out of the ordinary.” She says softly and my muscles tense, “aside from my leg, it feels like a normal beating.”

My lips twitch, a snarl waiting to break free as I press my lips together tightly. My Lycan roars within me, tearing to get out and head back to her pack and kill anyone

who hurt her. But I store those emotions away for a day. I will need that anger. Because there will be other fights. This attack was not the first and now that I have a Luna I dare say it will be the last.

“I recommend getting her settled and re-wrapped as soon as possible. The closest place is her pack “The healer tries to say before we cut him off.

“No!” Colette and I say in unison.

“We should get back to our pack as soon as possible. Staying out here or going back will just leave us exposed to more attacks. The only safe place for us is home.” I finish, my eyes sliding to watch her as she looks down at her lap.

If I set foot in that pack again, I will only kill people. No, we need to go where I know it is safe. For her and my treaty.

Her outfit is covered in blood, her pants torn and ripped off nearly up to her underwear line, where a white bandage is settled over her skin with green herbs covering the injury. The long makeshift splint frames her leg, making it unbendable, and I find I want to fix it. To fix her, but I know until the mate bond is fully recognizable for her, my presence doesn't do much to speed her healing. It helps, but not the way it regularly would.

“Come,” I say in a whisper. Moving to her side, Colette nods without looking at me, her legs swinging to the side. as if she plans to walk and a low displeased grumble radiates through my chest. She looks up suddenly, shocked.

“I will carry you.” I tell her, not giving her the chance to **refuse** me.

My arms slip under her knees, her splint doing its job to keep her legs motionless. As my other arm wraps around her back. I tug her close, my heart beating fast as she locks her eyes with mine. There's a hitch in her breathing and I smirk. I enjoy having this effect on her.

“When will we be in your pack?” She asks a soft whisper.

“If we get moving now, we will make it by sunset.” Her muscles tense and I can sense a shift in her. She seems to grow smaller, as if she is shrinking into a shell of fear.

“There will be no more attacks,” Hayes says, stepping up beside us, Percy wandering close behind. “After a surprise attack, the victims are always on high alert. Nah, they will wait for our guard to fall before they attack again.”

I scowl at my idiot brother.

“Very helpful, Hayes.” I mutter.

“Who is Hayes?” She whispers up at me, confused. I look at Hayes to my right, who beams at her, about to open his mouth.

“He is my idiot younger brother.” I sigh and Colette looks mildly amused.

“And his Beta,” Hayes does an awkward walking bow as we approach my luxury SUV that I had waiting by for **us** later in our journey.

“Ah,” is all Colette says. Hayes opens the door and I gingerly slide Colette in. She settles in and I make sure she is comfortable before closing the door.

“I’ll drive.” Hayes says.

“We shouldn’t be in the same vehicle,” I remind him. In case something happens, one of us must survive.

“You know I’m the most skilled driver here. If I had been driving, they wouldn’t have-”

“Bullshit!” Percy growls, stepping up. “That’s bullshit and you know it! They came out of nowhere. Lights off and rammed from the side.”

“Boys,” I groan, pinching the bridge of my nose as my exhaustion and my pain settles into my bones.

“Breaks, or the gas pedal could have helped you avoid...”

“Enough!” I roar, both of them wincing as they look at me like two pups who just got caught stealing the last cookie. “Hayes, drive. Percy in the passenger seat. I don’t want to hear a damn comment from either of you. Understood?!” I growl.

I don’t wait for their agreement as I move around the back of the SUV, my hand pressing into the back of the cool metal vehicle to help me brace myself and breathe. My back is heated, and my skin cracks with every move, no doubt the blood drying to my skin from the various bite marks I received earlier. I inhale a deep breath, preparing myself to be near my mate for hours, and then I crawl in the door.

Colette

looks up at me as I settle in next to her, afraid to touch her as we begin our second trek home. After a few moments I see her bite her lip as we hit a bump and I reach out, pulling her into my arms to afford her all the help our weak bond can. I prop my leg up, then lean forward, my cheek brushing hers as I lift her injured leg up onto mine for better support.

My back burns again, and I bite back a hiss. These pains aren’t foreign to me. I’m scarred for a reason. I’ve lived through many battles. These little things are no different.

“Is that not uncomfortable?” She asks weakly. “I was fine...”

“The bond may be weak as we are not fully mated, but with my status, my touch can help to heal you faster and ease some of your pain. I got you into this mess, Colette, please allow me to help you how I can.” I whisper into her ears as she presses her back into my chest. She quiets down with a half nod of acceptance.

By the time the sun is setting, exhaustion has weaved a web over my b*dy. My limbs feel heavy, my arms tingling and my legs seem to burn with every passing second we remain in the vehicle. I shuffle to the side slightly, Colette stirring and pushing up.

She looks up at me over her shoulder, and I watch as little dots dance over her face. My hands reach out, my brows furrowing as I try to catch them. Her skin is soft, and her eyes curious as she seems to watch me curiously.

“Merikh...,” she says as the door opens behind me.

“Alpha.” Percy says, “We are ho–Shit your back looks...”

“It will be fine,” I rasp out, suddenly feeling faint as I maneuver my way out of the vehicle. I stumble, my hand slamming into the ground as I catch myself. “Shit.”

“Hayes,” Percy calls out in a worried tone, and I grow in discontent.

“Shut up, Percy.” I grumble, moving back to the door and reaching **in** to help Colette out.

Her leg comes out first, and I ease it past me before I **wrap** my hands around her waist and lift her as my vision blanks out. My body feels like it ignites in a broiling heat as I crumple to the ground, blind and in agony. The only touch that brings me peace is that small patch where Colette’s cool hands touch my heated flesh.