

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 62

“What does a lily mean?” I ask him as I grab Percy some water from the nightstand, hoping I can get him to drink something. “And *why* would that be something that concerns Elm?”

“Elm calls his mate his lily. His queen. It is the name everyone calls her now.” Brent says.

I spin to look at him, taken aback by his response, then my nose crinkles in thought.

“But how would Percy know that?” I ask him. “He is as new to this council stuff as I am. I doubt he has met her before.”

Brent looks at the small paper still on Percy’s lap as Percy stares out the window as if in longing. A frown tugs at Brent’s lips as he lets out a heavy sigh

“I don’t know. But I do know that the second Elm sees this, he will be alarmed.”

“You can’t really think that Elm’s own mate has something to do with...”

Until recently, I really didn’t think hybrids could exist either, and yet here one stands in the flesh next to me.” He gives me a soft smile.

I move toward Percy, sitting on the bed next to him. My hand reaches out, gently grabbing his to get his attention, but it’s like: trying to get the attention of a hollow log.

Percy, you need to drink something.” I say softly, shaking his hand slightly.

“He won’t drink it.” Brent reminds me.

“But he responded to me, demanding he draw something.” I remind him and he shakes his head like I’m not understanding something.

“Your Luna command worked because it appealed to the gamma in him. His job is to protect you. It is what he is programmed to do. He can only fight so much, he won’t waste the energy listening to the demand to drink water.”

“I can’t just let him waste away and die because some asshole possessed him and left him like this.” I grit out fighting back tears.

“I know he is your gamma and you have a special bond, but we need to inform the others. If it is Lily, then Elm needs to know. he is being betrayed and act accordingly.”

“I thought you were going to try to break the curse, or whatever it is. At least try to make it better?”

“I need things. If it were a simple witch’s charm, it would be easy, but with the Fae if it is Lily’s doing, then I need things from nature. They tie everything they do to the earth. So right now, we need to focus on sharing what we know first.”

I look at Percy once more, reaching out and turning his face so his empty eyes are trained on me. He is just a shell of who he is. The light gone from his eyes and his skin pale and sunken already. He is wasting away and we need to save him, just this once it is my turn to protect him.

“Percy, I will be back later I whisper to him, hoping he can hear me somewhere in his void mind. Then I turn to Brent and sigh heavily. “Let’s go.”

It hurts to walk away from Percy, leaving him looking like this when he has done nothing but put himself on the line. I want nothing more than to return the favor and protect him back, but I can’t do anything until we break this freaking link between him and the asshole who has their claws in his brain.

We move in silence back to the room where Merikh is. I rest my hand on the door, pausing when it opens slightly but stops. I can hear voices, that of my biological father and Merikh whispering in hushed tones and then I hear my name.

“But, Merikh, Colette would be safer” I hear my father plead.

“She is safe with me. Did I not prove that?” Merikh growls lowly.

I furrow my brows in confusion, looking up at Brent, who clearly can’t hear what is being said as clearly as I can with my enhanced hearing. Had he known this was my father’s plan to ask me to go with him all along? Was that why he brought it up earlier?

“She was safe with you, but now that you are injured, how long will it be until you can protect her again? Colette should be working to hone her skills. She has potential to be both a skilled siren and werewolf if we let her embrace both sides. Let her stay with me, just until you are back up to full fighting strength.”

“I will not let her out of my sight.” Merikh says, his voice laced with pain. “She is my mate. Mine to protect and rule with. Without her, I am nothing.”

My mouth is dry as I try to swallow. They think they can make decisions without my consent? Say yes or no to things that concern me without even first consulting me? Would Merikh even tell me if he didn’t know I overheard him? I remove my hand, taking a step back. My fingers quivering before I drop them to my side.

Brent stares at me quizzically but he says nothing as I push back my frustrations and annoyance before I shove the door open. and enter the room pretending like I had heard not a word they were discussing.

“We spoke to Percy,” I say, looking between them, then I scan the room, trying to find Elm. “Where is Elm?”

“He needed to step out for a moment.” Merikh says, his face flushed as he sits with his hands on his knees, leaning forward, looking pale.

“You should be laying down.” I say, making sure to lay my disappointment on thick. He looks at me like I might have gone crazy and I roll my eyes.

“You are injured, Merikh. You need to heal and pushing yourself will only make it take longer.”

“Colette, what did Percy have to say?” Merikh asks, conveniently changing the subject.

“Nothing, but he drew a picture of a flower” I say, motioning to Brent, who produces the paper and hands it to Merikh. His brows knit together in thought.

“Is this a lily?” He asks, looking up, and Brent nods.

“Yes.”

“Damn it.” Caspian curses under his breath. Merikh looks at him, concern spreading over his face.

“You don’t think Elm knows, do you?” He asks Caspian, who shrugs.

“Who the hell knows these days? One moment I trust everyone and the next I am getting stabbed in the back.” He throws his hands up.

“We don’t think he figured it out and ran, do we?” Brent asks cautiously. My brows shoot to my hairline in alarm and I look around at the three men who look uneasy about the question posed.

“No.” I finally respond. “No. He wouldn’t have stayed through a fight like that to ditch us now.”

Elm, for some reason, felt genuine every time we spoke, like there was an understanding of trust between us. He is a royal who believes in honesty and equality.

“Who is ditching who?” He asks, coming into the room.

“No one,” I smile, damn happy that he proved my instincts right, at least this time anyway. “But we do have to talk with you.” He nods, looking around the room, a single eyebrow arching as he releases a deep breath. Then He walks over and takes a seat on the edge of Merikh’s bed near Merikh where he sits on the stool trying to stay upright.

“No need to be dramatic and delay it.” He announces, *and* I look at Brent, waiting for him to speak. After a moment he doesn’t and I sigh, taking the drawing from my father’s hands and placing it nearly in his. He frowns at it before looking it over.

We watch as his eyes go from confused to curious, and then his cheeks redden and he stands abruptly. Elm doesn’t utter a word, instead he seems to stew in his anger and frustration. Then he clears his throat and drops the d

“Lily.” He says softly, like a disappointed whisper. “What the hell have you done, my love?”

“Do you really think it was her?” I ask, not entirely convinced yet. There are many variables to think about. Like why she would do it, how Percy would even know who she is to point the finger of blame on her.

“Do you have reason to think it is not?” He asks, skeptically.

“That came from someone I know never met your queen. Percy drawing a lily could mean a few things. Like the flower was present. Or maybe he is trying to send us to a meadow for answers.” I offer and he shakes his head, not believing me.

“Colette, He wrote fire on the mirror as a warning that it was the dragons. He is warning us with elements. Lily’s have no meaning in our worlds, and if Percy had met her, like he would need to in order to be possessed, perhaps she shared her name”

*Lily wears a broach, one that I had made for her, to remind her she is my little flower when I am away. She has never taken it off. If he had seen that, it would explain the drawing and how it looks so similar. Elm says,

“It sounds like you want it to be her,” I say, running my hands through my hair.

“I am a practical being. Letty. One who rules with logic and not emotions. The fact is, there is a likely probability it is my Lily. Which means I need to find her. If you will excuse me again, I need to make contact with the rest

of my kind to locate my queen." Elm rushes out the door, leaving it wide open behind him.

"I will take that as my cue to leave as well," Brent says. "I will try to break the curse or work around it now that I know what to do. He gives a slight bow before he rushes out the door as well.

"Do you really think it was a nature fac?" Merikh asks, looking at my father, who is rubbing his temples.

"Who knows anymore?" He grumbles. He gives me a gentle smile before looking back at Merikh and giving him a stern look. "I beg you to reconsider what we talked about."

"I won't," Merikh clips out and Caspian sighs heavily before shaking his head. He brushes past me, dropping a kiss to the top of my head and a soft smile before leaving the room.

"So, what did you guys talk about?" I ask Merikh, raising a brow, waiting for him to answer.