

# Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 66-69

### Chapter 66

Merikh sits on the edge of the bed, his muscles quivering as he stares at Hyacinth, who looks out of place in her velvet dress and crown. I take his hand in mine, his fingers twitching as he frowns up at me,

“You went into the woods? Without me?” He asks, his lips pinched together as he processes what I’ve told him so far...

“Well, you aren’t exactly mobile, Merikh. Hayes was in a panic and I’ve never seen him like that. It scared me, so I had to go with him.” I say, defensively.

“Hayes is a big boy. He can take care of himself,” he says flatly, his eyes narrowed. “You should have woken me up or taken Penny as well, or something.”

“There wasn’t any time for any of that.” I tell him truthfully. “Hayes took off. He wasn’t in his right mind. Plus, I’m a big girl and I don’t need to always be coddled or protected.”

“First of all 1

of all, Hayes is always in his right mind. He doesn’t do irrational or erratic behavior.” He argues back. “And big girl or not, you are a Luna! not a warrior, Collette.”

“Exactly, I am a Luna, and one with water skills. I am not completely useless anymore, Merikh. I am learning and getting stronger.”

“That doesn’t matter. It was stupid and you should have-

“Oh, come on!” I throw my hands up in anger. “His mate was in pain, and he was as helpless. If you had seen him, Merikh. He was so broken. How would you have reacted? If it had been you next to him?” I ask him. He looks away, his jaw muscles tensing before he sighs heavily.

“Fine. So you went into the woods and found a random woman and decided to bring her back with you?” He asks, peeking past me at Hyacinth, who wanders around the room like she is assessing the decorations.

“Not just a random woman,” she murmurs without sparing him a glance. “A fae princess.”

He rolls his eyes and scoffs.

“Okay..but...that’s not even what is important right now,” I groan, pinching the bridge of my nose with my free hand. This is not going well at all. Clearly, his pain is making him unreasonable, well, more unreasonable than usual.

“For fuck’s sake, what the hell could be more important than you running off after fucking danger with our unhinged beta when people are out there trying to fucking kill you?” He asks in a growly voice, his eyes dark with anger as he stares at me.

“That beta is your brother, I remind him with a scowl, choosing to ignore the logic he spews about the imminent danger surrounding my very existence.

“And what did my brother think he would find out there to help his mate?” He asks, pushing up off the bed, grimacing as he straightens

“That is what I am trying to tell you, but you won’t let me talk long enough to finish the damn story.” I hiss at him.

Merikh snaps his mouth shut and looks away, his anger filtering in through the mate bond, but I know he can feel my frustration too. I refuse to be made to feel guilty for doing what had to be done, for doing exactly what he would have done. Was it potentially dangerous? Yes, I get that and I understand his fury, but it doesn’t make going out there wrong.

“I will remain silent while you explain, then.” He clips out, tilting his head.

“Should I just wait outside until this little lover’s spat is over!” Hyacinth asks and I glare at her.

“Sit down, please?” I say through tight lips. She smirks and throws her hands up in defeat. Then I look back at Merikh, focusing on explaining all of this as fast and detailed as possible so we can get him healed already.

“Hayes was freaking out because for Leandra to be in that much pain, Lily had to be nearby.. I tell him and his shoulders tense, making him wince. “She cam

e in like..I don't know, a weird ghost like form. Or something like that, but she was able to have an effect on Leandra.”

“What?” He asks, his eyes going wide as he looks at me and then at Hyacinth behind me. “Is that a fun Fae trick, to be somewhere you aren't physical at?”

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“Not one that I was ever aware of, no.” She frowns. “But then again, as Fae, we all have o with others.”

“Then what happened?” Merikh asks.

our special tricks we don't always share

“Well..We were ready to fight, Hyacinth. I thought she was Lily, but once she explained who she was and why she was here, we came back after weird ghost Lily disappeared.”

He scoffs, then it turns into an amused chuckle before growing into a full-fledged laugh. I stare at him, both confused and awed by the sound, until he shakes his head and calms down.

“And you just took her word for it and brought her back with you?” He asks, arching a brow as he hobbles around me, moving

toward her.

“When you put it that way, it makes it sound like I was being stupid.” I frown. “But I followed my gut instinct, and well...she promised to heal you.”

Merikh spins, losing his footing slightly as I reach out and steady him, my hands on his bare chest

as I meet his eyes with mine. He has shut me out of the mind link, not letting me in right now, and it makes my wolf whine in desperation for that connection. Merikh is clearly not happy with me and my choices, but I fail to see how he would have done anything differently.

“Holy toads on a flaming log. Hyacinth gasps, her hand over her mouth and her eyes trained on Merikh's back. “How the hell are you standing with an injury like that?”

Merikh looks annoyed as he closes his eyes and inhales deeply. Then I help him turn to look at her with his expressionless face.

“You may be a fae princess, but I am a fucking king. I have had many injuries in my life. This one, though painful, will not be the end of me, so why should I lie and wallow?”

“It’s not wallowing, it’s pain.” She says, looking at him curiously. “But your kind has a strange ability to push pain away at times, yes?”

“Yes, and the mate bond acts as a sort of pain blocker when we touch.” I tell her and she makes an impressed face.

“How very interesting.” She makes a movement with her hand, indicating that Merikh should spin for her but instead of responding he scowls and remains statuesque.

“Merikh, she is just here to help. I whisper, but he doesn’t budge.

“Until Elm shows up to verify she is who she is claiming to be, she won’t look at shit,” He growls, his eyes trained on her like he thinks she may launch herself at us at any moment.

“Good, he should already be on his way down here. After all, he is expecting me.” She says in an equally sassy tone.

“She is here to heal you. Not win your trust.” I growl, annoyed. What I want is for Merikh to stop getting in his own damn way and let her heal him. The sooner he is healed, the sooner I can make my decision about if I want to visit the siren world I knew nothing about.

“The two go hand in hand, Colette. To need to be healed is admitting I am weak, and can you just trust any woman in the woods claiming to be a princess?”

I lick my teeth, annoyed with Merikh. The situation, all of it. Hyacinth saunters over to a chair and slides into it silently, her eyes still wandering around the room before settling on me with a genuine smile.

There is a knock on the door and I look between Merikh who scowls at Hyacinth and the ethereal fae woman with a stunning smile on her lips. Then I move to the door, relieved when I see a gaunt-looking Elm.

“Elm,” I say and he meets my gaze, his eyes full of sadness and agony.

“Is my sister here with you? Hayes mentioned she would come to see Merikh,”

“I am here, brother.” She says, jumping up as he pushes past me. Hyacinth wraps her arms around him, whispering something in the Fae language before breaking away and giving him a sympathetic look.

“Heal Merikh first and then we can discuss—” he pauses and clears his throat. “Discuss what has transpired and what we need

to do next.

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“Satisfied?” she asks, smirking at Merikh as she moves toward him. He grunts and turns so she can see his back. Merikh leans down on the side table, pressing his palms onto it as she touches his back, making him nearly jump to the ceiling.

“Fuck!” He growls loudly.

“These burns...” she muses. “They are from a dragon Elm said.”

“Yeah, Giselle shot a ball of fire at Colette and he took the hit,” Elm says walking over. My face turns pink, my heart racing at the terrible memory.

“But this is not a dragon’s flame. This is...this is magical, Elm.” She whispers, her words frantic as she slides a worried glance in my direction.

“What the hell does that mean?” I ask.

“That’s not possible. Dragons, even in human form, shoot the same flame, Cinth.” Elm argues with her.

“This is a purely, magically wound.” She argues back. “I don’t know what to tell you, other than this is not a dragon’s flame.”

“What does that mean!?” I yell, finally getting their attention.

“It means I can’t heal him. Not completely.” She whispers, and I look at Elm who drags his hands through his hair cursing.

“And that Giselle is not what she claims to be. She is not a dragon.” Elm says as the thought comes to him.

“Then what the hell is she?” Merikh asks.

“I don’t know.” Elm says with a forlorn look on his face. “But she isn’t what she claimed to be and somehow, we all missed it.”

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“Merikh

Elm’s words ring in my ears. The severity of what is unraveling before us is as tounding. How the hell we all missed it, how I dismissed the signs and blamed someone else for the red-eyed wolves? It was so easy for them to use my blatant hatred for Johannes and the vampires against me.

Giselle, the person who has been on the council for many years longer than I have, isn’t the species she said she was? Then what the hell is she? Species can sense their own kind, so we would all have known if she was one of us. How could she get away with this for so long! How could not a single person know!

“This is a joke. It has to be.” I say, looking between Elm and the woman he claims is his sister, hoping they tell me it is. Elm averts his eyes and clears his throat. “Are you serious right now? How the hell does something like this even happen? Someone can just pretend to be a species?”

“You didn’t notice anything off about her or her scent.” He asks me like I am the one who is at fault. I scoff, shaking my head.

“I have only ever met her as a dragon representative. It is how she was introduced to me. Lycans and wolves use our scent to determine species and if she has been the only so-called dragon I have met, then how the hell am I supposed to know it is wrong?” I snap at him. Elm places his hands on his head, breathing deeply.

“None of this matters right now,” Colette says softly, touching my arm as she pulls me toward her.

“It most certainly matters.” I scoff, looking down at her. She shakes her head. “What could be more important?”

“What matters right now, at this moment, is getting you better.” She says, a command in her eyes that only adds to the burning irritation in my gut.

“My injuries are nothing in the face of everything happening. At this point, we should head back to our pack and heal there, where we are safer.” I tell her. Colette ignores me as she turns away and moves toward Elm’s sister.

“You said you can’t heal his injury. Are you completely sure?” She asks, sounding desperate. “There is absolutely nothing you can do?”

Hyacinth frowns and looks at me

“Would you mind letting me look once more?” She asks, and I chuckle dryly. This is such a crock of shit, these empty promises of getting fixed when my lycan is already working overtime to do just that.

“This is useless,” I tell everyone, looking around the room at all three of them. “You have already established there is nothing to do with magical injuries like this. What is the point of trying when you will only fail?”

“I don’t want to try. I just want to be sure there is nothing I can offer to help.” She frowns.

I grit my teeth, looking at Colette who begs with her big puppy eyes, and I groan in frustration. What I want is to rest, with my mate actually staying by my side. What I need is for people to stop acting like I am on my deathbed and not getting better every little by little.

“Fine,” I say through a clenched jaw, once again turning my back so she can see it.

Colette slides onto the side table, sitting on it with my hands gripping the sides to her waist. She places her hands on my shoulders, those addictive and familiar sparks drawing out a sigh of content as my pain lessens significantly.

“This may hurt as I poke and prod around your injury” Hyacinth says, her footsteps padding across the floor toward me.

Her fingers are warm, exploring the singed skin on the outside of the wound. She hums in question once or twice, a sharp pain radiating through my spine as she presses on the most tender area at the upper part near my shoulder. Again she hums in thought and I sigh heavily, Ready to be done.

Colette’s hands slide up my neck, finding either side of my jaw as she cups my face and makes me look at her. Her all seeing brown eyes meet mine and she frowns before pressing her forehead to mine.

“Are you okay?” She whispers.

“Fine.” I mutter, not wanting to unload on her how I really am. Because right now I am far from fine.

I am livid, and in pain and murderous and...well..I’m very mad about everything

My mate’s father wants to steal her away. There is an unknown species who took out a chunk off my back and is leading a war against

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half of the council. Ex Council, actually. And there are random people coming and going in a partially demolished mansion.

We are not safe here, we are exposed. Our location is known to our enemies. Even with the help of our allies, who I am not even sure we can trust, we are sitting and waiting for disaster to strike. And to top it all off, my brother, and beta, has lost his ever-loving mind over a mate he keeps insisting he wants to reject.

“Then let me in,” Colette whispers, and I exhale deeply.



"I can't." I tell her honestly. She can't know what I am feeling. I already look like a weak asshole in my current state. I don't need her knowing my mental state is just as messy.

"Fuuuuck," I groan, pain racing up my spine as my whole body shivers and I squeeze my eyes closed tight.

"Sorry," she whispers, sounding distracted.

"Hyacinth..." Elm says, his voice one full of pain.

"Yes, brother?" she asks him, another jab of pain rolling through me. Colette pulls back, leaving her hands on my face as she makes me look at her, my breathing ragged and my muscles quaking under my weight.

"Did you see her?" Elm asks, and she stops what she is doing at my back.

"In a sense," she answers after a moment. She then taps my shoulder, leaning forward so I can see her. "Take a seat on the bed."

Colette slips to her feet, helping me stand upright before I step backward two small steps and she helps to ease me down onto the bed.

"Hyacinth." Elm demands with his voice and she rolls her eyes before looking at him.

"What could possibly be more important than what I am currently doing?"

"Did you see Lily?" He asks, tears in his eyes and his fists clenching and releasing anxiously.

"Yes, I saw the power hungry bitch." She says, crossing her arms over her chest.

"She is not a power hungry bitch." He snaps, and she throws her hands up in exasperation.

"Even now? Even after what happened, what she has done behind your back, you still defend her?" Hyacinth asks in exasperation.

"She is my queen," He reminds her. "And yours."

“No. She is a traitor to our kind, and I warned you about her over and over again.” She hisses,

“Enough.” Colette says. “Elm, she was there, but like a hallucination or a ghost. Your Lily admitted to what she is doing. Hyacinth is right. Lily is a traitor and has been planning this for sometime.”

He looks at Colette, shocked. Then he paces away, dropping into the armchair, his head in his hands.

“What the am I supposed to do?” He asks, looking at me for an answer.

“You need to tell your kind,” I say after a moment. “We all need to go back to our respective homes and recover, recuperate and devise plans of action. War isn’t just marching to us, it has wings, we are running out of time.”

## **Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons Chapter 68-69**

### *Chapter 68*

*“It’s not that simple.” Elm says, sitting forward. “She is my queen, their queen. I can not simple declare she is not bt for the role and rai her out”*

*“Why not?” I ask, baffled that her actions aren’t enough for her to be completely cut off by her kind. “She has chosen a war on the opposite side of your people.”*

*“Because there are laws and stipulations to think about,” He says, growing more irate by the second.*

*“You can bypass all of those, Elm Hyacinth says, a bored frown on her lips. He snaps his eyes in her direction, anger simmering there. She places her hands on her hips, readying herself for any verbal assault be flings her way.*

*“You are second guessing your side, Merikh whispers. Elm looks away, clearing his throat before he rubs his temple.*

*“No, no, that’s not i...” He says after a pregnant pause that has my heart pounding and my mind swirling.*

*Is he changing his mind? Does he love his traitorous queen so much that he would rather repositi on himself and his kind against us in this war? I move toward him, my eyes trained on his face, trying to determine if I can trust a thin g he says now. After that hesitation, the way he is refusing to inform his comm unity about what has happened and how she is evil.*

*“Then explain it, Elm.” I say firmly, stopping in front of him.*

*“Love is not something Fae look for or really care about in relationships. But I l ove her. Still, after all of this, I want my Lily back. I want to know what made h er do it, what was promised. Without her title, she is no longer protected. If I d eclare her a traitor now, there will be no answers as Fae kill on sight for sins o f betrayal. He says, his eyes watery but no tears fall.*

*“She did it because she is a selfish bitch who has always only cared about her self. She saw the opportunity to get what she wants, and she is taking it,” Hya cinth scoffs as she rolls her eyes. “You are the only fool that didn’t see her for what she is.”*

*“Everyone leave,” I say, a wave of exhaustion rising above my head, drowning me in irritability and the need to just sleep this nightmare off. All this shit, the feelings Elm is feeling for his mate, who turns out to be just like my ex. It’s sick ening. It brings up a past “me” that I hated. One who was a slave to someone who wished to only use me.*

*“You have always disliked her, I know that, but the people accepted her. The Fae have always loved her and treated her well.” Elm says. clearly not hearing me.*

*“You loved a version of her no one else knew, because she was faking it for y ou.” I groan, moving on the bed.*

*“How do you know that?” He asks, snorting like I’m the dumb one in the conve rsation. Clearly, he is not seeing things with an open*

*mind.*

*“It is easier to fake it for one person than it is for a whole slew of them. Take it from one betrayed king to another. She used you for access to the power a royal is given. How the hell else would she be able to use these a bilities at the magnitude that she has?” I tell*

him.

*“He makes a fair point,” Colette adds. “Who else do you know who can possess an entire pack at the same time?”*

*“Who else in our kingdom has the time and is always traveling for peace?” Hyacinth asks.*

*Elm stands and silently makes his way to the door. He doesn't pause as he flings it open and exits the room, leaving Colette and Hyacinth here with me.*

*“Well, that didn't go over well.” Colette whistles. Hyacinth sighs heavily and then turns to look at me.*

*“I need to speak with him, but first I can heal a part of your injury. The bruises that were made on impact from the magical fire are something I can heal, as it is untouched underneath the top of the skin.” She says, “Then I need to go try to mend my brother's heart”*

*oves to me without*

*I catch Colette's relief through the mate bond and I put my hand out for her to come and stand by me. She moves to me hesitation, taking my cool hand in hers.*

*“This is going to hurt before it gets better.” Hyacinth whispers.*

*She moves to my back, a soft throbbing in my muscles grows more intense, like a weight pressing into me. My chest grows tight, and nay breathing more labored as I close my eyes and grit my teeth. I can feel my spine creaking and my ribs suddenly shift, cracking with such force I gasp, unable to make a sound as the pain consumes me,*

*Then it eases, my lungs filling with air with ease, and my muscles no longer tense and aching. I look at Colette who watches me close,*

*Ling over her perfect lips.*

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*"That is all I can do Hyacinth says, sounding tired. "Your bruising seems like it was a little more than that. But you should heal much faster with your fractured ribs now healed and your bruised spine now better."*

*"Thank you," I tell her sincerely, and she steps around so I can see her.*

*"The pleasure*

*is all mine, Alpha King." She gives me a small bow before Colette yanks her into a hug, a tear on her cheek as she whispers thank you over and over. Hyacinth only chuckles at her, pulling away from the hug with a soft smile.*

*"Aren't you so glad you didn't kill me in the woods now?" she asks and Colette nods.*

*"Very much."*

*\*Now, I have a brother to help through a terrible heartache." She gives a tightlipped smile before disappearing, closing the door behind*

*her.*

*"How does it feel?" Colette asks me*

*"Honestly, I think most of my pain was from the spine and ribcage." I tell her, though it's not the complete truth, but maybe she will stop babying me and stay with me in the bed tonight. For the whole damn night.*

*She bites her lip, holding back a luminous smile, and I lift my arm, beckoning her to me. She snuggles up to my side, resting her head on my shoulder. We say nothing, just enjoying each other's company before I can feel the shift in the room, the way the air grows tense and how the mind link shuts down.*

*"What is it?" I ask her and she sighs*

*"When will you head home?" She asks, and it feels like the world stops spinning on its axis, violently spiraling out of control and into chaos.*

*"What the hell do you mean by "you?" I ask. "Do you mean we?"*

*She says nothing and I scoff, wanting to punch Caspian for speaking to her about this after I told him not to mention it. Colette doesn't have the option to go with him. She is mine, and she belongs at my side. She knows this, so why the hell is she acting like she has the option?*

*"Caspian wants me to go with him-*

*"I know. And the answer is no," I say bluntly. "I need you, our pack and kind need you."*

*And*

*I understand that, but what if I have more to offer?" She asks.*

*"Like what?" I scoff*

*"Like abilities I don't know how to use yet, or strength I haven't unlocked because I have only been in fresh water and not the ocean. Caspian is at his strongest when he is near seawater. Maybe I am the same."*

*"And what do you plan to do with these abilities?" I chuckle. Her going, her leaving at a time like this isn't just absurd, it is stupid. Now is not the time for self-discovery and hopeful powers. It is the time to hunker down and plan for a war.*

*"Fight by your side." She says it like it's so obvious. But it's not. How can it be when it is very obvious that she won't ever be asked to fight!*

*"I need a Luna, not a warrior, Colette."*

*"I could be both." She whispers*

*"No." I say firmly, putting an end to this. "No. You are not going, not when war is about to start. I need you with me. I have to know you are safe at all time otherwise I won't be able to think."*

*"We will talk about this after you wake up." She refuses to back down and I laugh.*

*There is nothing left to discuss." I tell her.*

*“Fine, we will yell about it another time.” She says, shrugging “I wanted to be civil about it, but if you want to make it a fight, then we can fight in the morning. Right now, I need to sleep.”*

*I frown to myself, trying to remember when she became such a strong-minded woman, but then my frown turns to a smile, realizing how far she has come since she came into my life. It was only a matter of time before my meek mate became the strong-headed lara she was meant to be. I just sort of hoped I wouldn't be on the receiving end of it anymore.*

## *Chapter 69*

### *“Colette”*

*I stare at myself in the mirror, my hair wet and dripping down my bare shoulders as I tilt my head, watching the droplets with intense concentration. My abilities take so much effort and emotion. I try to convince the droplets to float off my body but they don't move, instead rolling down like they would any other day before I knew what I was.*

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*“Colette?” Merikh calls, a soft rapping on the door with his knuckles. I sigh, frustrated with the stubborn man who should still be in his bed rest, not walking around the room in search of me.*

*“Yes?” I call out.*

*“Caspian is asking to speak with us,” He says, his voice muffled through the door.*

*I gaze at myself once more, my stomach a mess of knots. Caspian is going to want my answer soon, and with Merikh wanting to leave as soon as possible, I need to decide what is best for me. For my pack.*

*“Just give me a second.” I mutter, grabbing a towel and drying my hair as best as I can. I toss on my jeans and tank top, yanking on a linen button up as I exit the door and nearly run into Merikh. My eyes fly open wide, stopping in my tracks as he places his hands out to catch me.*

*“Woah.” he chuckles before he pulls me close, wrapping his hands around my waist. “Trying to lay me out again?”*

*“Are you kidding? Keeping you in bed is the hardest thing I have ever tried to do,” I tease, leaning into his chest as I look up into his eyes. There is more spark there, the dark circles under his eyes now gone and he looks good. Damn good,*

*“There are some easy ways to keep me in bed,” He winks, leaning downL*

*His lips press to mine, soft and sweet, before my fingers curl into his shirt, tugging him as close as possible. My mouth part, and his tongue teases me, darting out to skim the small opening I provide him. A little needy moan tumbles out and I can feel him smile against my lips before he applies more pressure.*

*He latches onto my bottom lip, nibbling on the sensitive skin before he overtakes my mouth with his tongue. My hands glide up his neck. holding him in place, afraid he will pull away before I am ready to let him go. I can feel his fingers dig into my hips before they move lower, tucking into the back of my jean pockets.*

*“We need to go,” he murmurs against me.*

*“Mhmm,” I agree, not giving him the chance to stop us. He hasn’t been well enough for anything like this, me too afraid to hurt him and his need to be on his belly has really diminished any ability to be intimate. But if he can stand long enough, sit on the edge of the bed. then there are ways we can be together, or close. Right?*

*Far too soon, Merikh pulls away, a grin on his all too handsome face as he looks down at me.*

*-We need to go, my little luna.” He whispers, his nose rubbing against mine as he leans down once more, this time stealing a chaste to ensure I can’t ensnare him with another round.*

*“You teased me first.” I remind him, thinking of all the ways I would like to make sure he stays in bed. It has been too long since we have been together. For a woman who has only just experienced what it is to be fully in union with her mate, it feels like a lifetime.*



*"I promise to follow through on any teasing, but at a better time." He says, stepping away from me as he entwines our hands and walks us toward the door. "We will have all the time in the world when we get home."*

*I nod in agreement, my heart hurting with the pending choice I have to make hanging over my head. Merikh eyes me suspiciously but he says nothing as we walk out the door and down the hallway.*

*The tension between us seems to rise with every step. As we approach dining room, we see Hyacinth sitting with Elm who looks bereaved, as if he is mourning someone.*

*Menkh sprezes my hand, and Hyacinth sends me a soft sad smile before turning back to her brother who she tries to convince to take a bite of avocado toast as he stares at the wall. As we make it to the other hall, far enough away, I look over my shoulder.*

*"Do you think he will end up choosing her?" I ask, uncertain where the line for loyalty is drawn.*

*Lily betrayed him and their kind, but he has the choice to forgive her and lead his people down the path she has chosen. Elm doesn't know me all that well, but we have a mutual respect for each other. What happens when it comes down to love vs. what is right? I can't imagine the choice he is faced with*

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*"No." Merikh says with certainty. "A king's duty is to their people's well being first and foremost. What she has done, the predicament she has put them in, it proves where her heart lies and that is with power. Not her kind."*

*"But he loves her-" I say, but Merikh sighs, making me pause.*

*"Elm is distraught because he has already made his choice. That is why he is grieving his loss."*

*"I see I murmur, frowning as we approach my biological father's door. I reach for the handle, but Merikh pulls me back, making me look up at him with a small frown.*

*“Wait..” He whispers, inhaling deeply.*

*“What?” Task*

*“We need to be on the same page. He says firmly. “We are leaving tonight, heading back to our pack under the cover of darkness.”*

*“And you are only just now telling me this?” I scoff, frustrated that he is only just now telling me this.*

*“Percy is doing better, and Hayes feels Leandra deserves a chance and wants to be at home for that. Add in the fact that I will heal faster in our pack than here. It is a logical decision. Heading home is for the best for everyone.” He says with a shrug.*

*Except he is wrong. How does he know it is the best for me? My strength is untested, unknown. Is it best for me to head home and cower? To go and hide behind my people who will fight for me while I am sitting around, too weak to be at their sides like a good leader should‘*

*“Ah,” Caspian says, his door swinging open. “I was wondering when you two would grace me with your presence.”*

*He smiles at us before motioning for us to enter. Merikh leads us in and I release his hand, making my way to a chair, using it as an excuse to not have to touch him when I’m growing increasingly angry with him by the second.*

*“I have to admit, Merikh, I am very pleased to see you up and moving. You had me worried there for a bit, Caspian says, sounding genuine. Merikh chuckles.*

*“I am damn happy to be up and moving. Thankfully Hyacinth thought to search for a different way to heal what she could.” He says and*

*dad nods in agreement*

*my*

*“She is an asset on this side of war*

*"I am assuming you heard we plan to leave tonight," Merikh asks and I watch as he arches a brow. Caspian nods his head slowly, his eyes skirting to me for a brief moment.*

*"Yes" He says before he takes a seat himself. "Am I also to assume you will be going with your mate?"*

*"Of course she is. Merikh answers for me and I lick my teeth, hiding a dry chuckle, unable to hide my irritation. We haven't even had the time to discuss this yet, Why the hell does he think he has the right to answer when I don't even know for sure yet what I wish to do?"*

*"Forgive me, alpha, but I was not talking to you." He says, looking between us. "I was speaking to my daughter. The one I was estranged from for years, the same one I wish to help grow stronger."*

*"Daughter or not, the decision has been made." Merikh reiterates*

*"I think you should reconsider. Caspian says, looking at me.*

*I can feel my skin heating, the anger barely restrained as I search for the words to speak but fail.*

*"Once things settle down, after this mess is all cleaned up, then she can visit for a short time. But right now, it is important that she remain with me in our pack, Merikh answers for me yet again.*

*I am brought back to everything in our relationship. The way I have never really made a decision of my own. I had no choice but to mate with Merikh, not really. Not that I regret accepting his offer, but I was a pawn to him. And then again, when didn't tell me who I was, and the way he tricked me with Grady.*

*And now, after last night, telling him we need to talk about this, he has made his own decision about me and what I will do. He disregarded my feelings about what he thinks is best.*

*I love this stubborn man, and I know he wants me near him because he loves me and wants me safe. But I can be so much more than another person to protect. There is potential for me to be able to rely on myself. To trust my abilities and not be a burden, but an asset.*

*"Is that what you want, Colette? Caspian asks, "To wait until after the war r to t  
rain and discover your abilities!"*

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Chapter 69

*I look at Merikh, and I know he can feel my inner turmoil brewing. I can tell by  
the way he doesn't respond to me again. The panic growing in his eyes as I lo  
ok away and clear my throat, letting my heart do the talking for me.*

*"No." I whisper, "No, it's not what I want to do."*