

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

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, 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, Colette.”

“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 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 came 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?”

“Not one that I was ever aware of, no.” She frowns. “But then again, as Fae, we all have our special tricks we don’t always share with others.”

“Then what happened?” Merikh asks.

“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 he turns 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.

“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.”