

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 67

Merikh

Elm's words ring in my ears. The severity of what is unraveling before us is astounding. 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 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 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

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.”