

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

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 he 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 reposition 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 thing he says now. After that hesitation, the way he is refusing to inform his community 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 love her. Still, after all of this, I want my Lily back. I want to know what made her do it, what was promised. Without her title, she is no longer protected. If I declare her a traitor now, there will be no answers as Fae kill on sight for sins of 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 herself. She saw the opportunity to get what she wants, and she is taking it,” Hyacinth 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 sickening. 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 you.” I groan, moving on the bed.

“How do you know that?” He asks, snorting like I’m the dumb one in the conversation. 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 abilities 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"

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 without 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 my 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 a 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, over her perfect lips.

"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 luna she was meant to be. I just sort of hoped I wouldn’t be on the receiving end of it anymore.