

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 7

Colette

My hands cling to Merikh as he drops, my injured leg keeping me from catching myself as I tumble down onto him with a pained cry. My knee lands on his chest, my hands pressing onto him to remove my weight from his massive frame as he lays heated and unmoving. Fear bubbles in my chest, watching his body work hard to breathe, his tender flesh around his collar bone sucking in harshly.

“Merikh,” I say, awkwardly trying to force myself to stand on the brace that holds my injured leg straight. “Wake up,” I whisper, my request growing more panicked by the second. A hand gently grabs my arm and pulls me up, but I feel compelled to be near him, the way he wished to be near me, to help with my pain.

“Hayes!” Percy screams, and he seems to appear out of thin air.

“fuck.” Hayes swoops down, grunting as he tries to pull Merikh up. He gets him up enough for him to look at his back and his face pales.

“What?” I ask, unable to find my breath now. “What is it? What happened?”

“Get her to her room,” Hayes orders Percy, who turns his attention to me.

“Come with me,” he murmurs, and I furrow my brows in frustration as he hurries to usher me away.

“I want to stay with him,” I tell them and Hayes chuckles, rolling his eyes.

“You just met him yesterday and your bond isn’t even fully initiated yet,” he says with a cool tone to his voice. “You have nothing to offer him. What he needs is a healer.”

I want to fight back, to argue that I am the Luna now. But I don’t feel like a Luna, and I certainly don’t look like a Luna. I am weak, injured, and my chosen mate is out of commission. Without Merikh I am just a weak werewolf on their turf.

“You need a healer too,” Percy reminds me as I frown.

"I was already seen." I complain, but he presses his lips into a flat line.

"You need a bandage change and rest if you ever hope to heal..."

"I know but-" I try to spin to see Merikh.

"I don't mean to be rude, Luna." Percy says in a low voice, as he swoops down and lifts me into his arms. I squeal in shock. "But I understand the status you were, and the state your wolf was in when we met you. Healing is exactly what Alpha Merikh wants for you. Of that, I am sure you are not strong enough to offer him any help. Not right now anyway,"

His words sting, hurting what tiny bit of pride I have left. I look over his shoulder as Percy whisks me away from Merikh. Several warriors rush in and scramble to pick up his massive body and take him away. I shouldn't care like I do, but I know it isn't love or even the small pull from our weak bond. I care because Merikh saved me. Not just once, or twice, but on multiple occasions since meeting him yesterday.

He saved me when he chose me. He saved me when Leslie attacked me again. Then he tried to shield my body with his in the crash and then holding me close even though I am certain he finds me repulsive, for the sake of helping me heal.

Merikh, the scary massive mountain of a Lycan and the known alpha of death, protected me. And I can't help but feel a little protective of him in the same way.

"Where are they taking him?" I ask Percy. He gives me a curious look, then a small smirk tickles his lips.

"They are taking him to the infirmary. Then he will wind up back in his room for his resting period."

I furrow my brows and purse my lips. "Does this happen often?"

"The attack or his serious injuries?" Percy asks, and I can gather from his tone that both are a regular occurrence.

"Mmm, so both happen on a regular basis." I state with a heavy exhale.

"Alpha Merikh is a powerful player in our world. Many want him gone."

"Why would werewolves want him gone?" I ask, confused. "He is the Lycan king. Without him, there will be no keeping the peace."

A world with no king is a breeding ground for chaos for our kind. The smaller pack alphas would fight for control and never fully have it, as there would be no trust between any of them. Even though Alpha Bentley hates being under another alpha,

he respects Merikh and the Lycan's. All the wolves do, so what pack has the power to keep attacking and still survive the wrath of the Alpha of death?

Percy clears his throat and looks at my braced leg.

"How is the pain right now?" he asks and I **get** the feeling he is changing the subject.

"It is numb for now," I say truthfully, feeling no pain, though I think once my heart rate and worry for Merikh settle that pain will rip through me like a bear stumbling onto a beehive.

"Ah!" Percy says with a cheery voice. "We are here. Just...wait here for when Merikh calls for you. He will be better soon."

He helps me into the room, placing me on the bed. He quickly grabs a small pile of clothing and places it next to me with a smile before he disappears, leaving me alone in the massive room. My hand brushes the satin pajama set and, with a huff, I shuck my dirty top off and pull on the smooth fabric.

I frown down at my jeans. Or lack thereof. Trying to decide if taking off the brace is the best idea. Then again, perhaps doing it while the pain is gone is my better option.

I lay on my back wiggling out of my one full leg of denim and the other that was ripped to near nothing on the other side. It doesn't take much to slip on the satin bottoms that come lay halfway down my bandage wound.

A light breeze softly brushes the sheer curtains aside, drawing my attention, and I watch as the rest of the sun goes down on a massive lake. My mouth feels dry, my hands itching as I nervously wait, watching the water as it ripples from the same breeze that tickles my cheeks.

It's stunning.

The way the purples and pink hues dance across the glassy water that hypnotizes me, pulling me into a calming trance as I get lost, looking in the one thing that makes me feel home. There were no bodies of water like this back in my pack. Just a creek that would occasionally flow with water after a massive rain storm. But this beauty it is one that has never been tainted with terrible memories or pain. It's new, and soul cleansing-

I ease myself further onto the bed, laying my head down as I watch the way the water grows darker with every passing second. My eyes become heavy, my pain still subsiding as slowly the breeze and the smell of the fresh air seem to wrap me in a soft blanket of serenity and I fall asleep.

When I wake again, I am in the same position, my heart delighting in the realization that I am still here, still safe. Then I hear arguing down the hall as the bedroom door opens and a pretty young woman walks in with a tray of food. My stomach growls on cue. She gives me a soft smile as she walks toward me.

“Is Merikh okay?” I ask, my mind wandering back to the whole reason I am here and even alive. She frowns.

“He has been poisoned.” She takes a seat next to me, placing the tray between us.

“What?” My eyes grow wide and I try to push off the bed. Pain tears through me, taking my breath from my lungs. as I gasp and bile rises. I clasp a hand over my mouth and the woman frowns.

“You should drink this.” She offers me a steaming mug of something, but I shake my head. Between my fear and pain, I have no appetite for even something to drink.

“When will he be back?” I ask her and she shrugs.

“Might be awhile.”

“C- can I see him?” I ask, worried about backlash, as she laughs lightly, shaking her head.

“You are the Luna: The person you answer to is down the hall out of commission. As far as I’m concerned, you can do whatever the hell you like.”

“Really?”

“Of course,”

“But Hayes...” she rolls her eyes and waves me off.

“Hayes is a beta with daddy issues. He idolizes Alpha Merikh, he is just worried.”

A loud scream vibrates the bedroom door and I swallow roughly, my throat suddenly pained. Merikh must be in so much pain. I tilt my head. Maybe if I am the one to change his bandages, it will hurt less? I know our bond is weak, but it’s something and though I’m not a healer, I was always taking care of everyone back in my pack. This is something I know how to do, the one thing I have to offer.

I push through the pain as I carefully extract myself from the bed. I look over my shoulder, waiting for the maid to stop me, but she pops a grape into her mouth, looking amused. She watches me as I quickly grab the unsteady brace and tie it back to my leg as tightly as possible, hoping to avoid making it worse by walking.

“You aren’t going to stop me?” I ask, a little surprised when I am done and she is still sitting in silence. She shrugs.

“What the hell can I do? My Luna wishes to see her Alpha.” She smirks and her eyes go wide as she leans forward. “And don’t let Hayes try to talk you out of it. You need to talk first and then you need to insist on taking over, got it Luna?” She asks and I nod.

“Are you sure?” I ask with a furrowed brow, feeling uneasy.

“Oh, absolutely.” She says with the utmost certainty.

Okay. I can do this. I just need a little confidence in my status. The status I never wanted or asked for or have an idea how to be, but that’s irrelevant.

“Don’t let Hayes speak,” I mutter to myself, inching my way out of the room and down the hallway. I cling to the wall for support, sweat beading my brow as the pain seems to eat me alive, but for once I **feel** a little stronger, a little more resolved, like I’m making the right decision.

He cries out again, an agonizing scream muffled by something and I can only assume Merikh is biting down onto a fabric. I can hear bickering and angry crashing as I get to the door and release a puff of air.

The door flings open and Hayes nearly runs into me on his way out with a curse.

“Colette,” he says, shocked. “You should be resting,”

“I want to see him,” I say weakly, and he frowns.

“Now is not the best time,”

“Why not?” I ask, placing all my weight on my good leg.

“I am about to clean his wounds and he-”

“I will do it,” I say, piping up.

“Uh, I don’t think that is really a good-”

“I know how to clean a wound and re-bandage. You have been with him all night. I promise to take care of him.”

A smile creeps along his lips as he nods his head and looks over his shoulder.

“You know what? You make a fair point. I am tired and if you truly feel up to it, then why not?” He steps back, gesturing for me to enter the room. Then he points to the corner. “The herbs are there, but you will need to scrub the wounds with that special cream colored scrub before applying them.”

“Scrub?” I ask, my brows shooting into my hairline.

“Yes, he is in the healing waters,”

“Healing waters?” I ask as he giddily pushes past me. He spins on his heels, taking a few steps backward with a cheery grin.

“It’s like a large hot tub with herbs.”

“Hot tub...” I repeat and he laughs.

“A bath, Luna. He is in a large bath,”

“Woah, wait!” I holler after him as he rushes away, leaving me in the doorway as a pained grunt comes from my back. I close my eyes, my stomach twisting in painful knots **as** I take three deep, calming breaths.

I step into the steamy room, closing the door behind me as I inhale the fragrant air. The room is silent aside from the heavy breathing coming from Merikh as I move closer. The air swirls, and my breathing hitches as his eyes meet mine in confusion.

“Colette...What are you doing here?” he rasps, standing and walking toward me. I reach over, taking hold of the sponge thing Hayes pointed out. I clutch it to my chest and hobble to him.

“I’m here to help,” I announce, with a squeak. He arches a brow before wincing and grunting.

“You’re going to have to get in here with me if you plan to help. Are you okay with that?”

“Mm hmm...” I nod, lying. “Totally okay with that.”