

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 8

I am not okay with this, I am not okay with this. I AM NOT OKAY WITH THIS.

My insides are screaming, the nerves fueled by the anxiety of what lays below the waterline that is nibbling at Merikh's waist. He moves closer to me, each step measured and eliciting a pained noise from him as he grows larger, more imposing. My fingers ache from squeezing the sponge. Merikh stops, waiting for me as he tilts his head.

"I am teasing, Colette. I can manage this on my own." He says with a concerned look. "There is no need for you to stress yourself."

I snap my eyes to meet his and I see he is serious, his hand extending to take the sponge from me. I scowl and hold it tighter. No, I can do this. I don't fight, because I was too weak to train. I do nothing of my accord because I didn't have the status to have my own will. But this, this is something I can do. I can help in this way. So I shake my head 'no' feebly. He presses his lips together to hide a smile as he looks away.

"Could you come and sit on the edge? Maybe there are some stairs...?" I ask hopeful, and he tilts his head to the side.

"The water will be helpful for your leg. You could come in as well." He says like being naked with him isn't easily the most insane idea I have ever heard. He must see the shock and horror on my face as he smiles. "You can keep your undergarments on. I am in no condition to try anything."

"I don't know how to do that with this thing on my leg." I point to the wooden brace still tied to my leg, and he moves closer, stepping up and revealing more of his lower

torso without showing me everything. Panic runs rampant through my veins and I spin away, slamming my eyes shut. I can hear his soft chuckle as it fills the steam filled air, echoing off the marble walls as my heart thuds in my ears.

“You do not have to. I won’t force it on you, but it would be good for your healing.” He sounds almost convincing. I peek over my shoulder, opening one eye only to find him watching me with a color of amusement.

Even pale and a little green in the face, he is more attractive than any male has the right to be. I frown but inch my way over to him, where he stands at the edge.

I think it would be best if you soak and I bandage you when you are ready.”

“Come,” he sighs, sounding like he is struggling with pain, or just patience. I can’t quite tell either, though they seem like they could both be fueling each other. “I’ve soaked for long enough.”

Merikh takes another step up and I find myself shrouded in darkness as my eyes and lips squeeze together in an effort not to spy him naked. There is a rustling sound and after a moment of only being able to hear my heart. beat loud in my head, I feel his fingers teasing my chin and I allow my eyes to open.

He tilts my face up, his eyes meeting mine as he stares into my being. My heart pounds in my ears, my lungs struggling to keep up with the steam and, well...him being this close. I lick my lips and his eyes flash black for a moment before he winces again, and stumbles back a step. I reach out, afraid he might fall, and I wrap my arms around his waist in panic. His body goes rigid, my breathing heavy as I slowly extract myself from him and place my hands up on his shoulders.

“I need you to be lower if I have to clean out your wounds.” I whisper, feeling parched for water.

His eyes lock on **mine** as he lowers down to his **knees**. He gently plucks the sponge from my hand and leans over, dragging it through the water before handing it back to me. Then he twists, exposing his back to me as my eyes grow wide in shock. Merikh’s

back looks awful. Like a jigsaw puzzle of black veins stemming from two angry red spots near his shoulder blades.

“This will probably hurt,” I inform him and he nods, his muscles tense as he readies himself.

“Talk to me?” He grunts as I press the sponge to his wound. “Distract my mind.”

“I don’t know what to say,” I admit, and he flinches away before settling with a shudder.

“Anything will do, Colette.” he grits out, “Your favorite color, what you like to eat. Say whatever comes to mind.”

“How were they able to poison you?” I ask curiously, pressing harder as I drag the herbal scrub over his bite mark. He quivers and grunts in pain.

“They poisoned themselves,” he says after a sharp inhale. I freeze for a moment, remembering the red eyes of the man who stood over me. I had thought I imagined it, but maybe that was real. Perhaps I was looking at a poisoned werewolf.

“Is that why their eyes were red?” I ask curiously, dragging the scrub down once more. He pauses, looking over his shoulder at me and frowning.

“You noticed that?” He asks curiously.

“Yes.” I shrug.

He hums in discontent, looking forward again. “Their eyes were red for another reason.” He says simply.

“... why were they red?” I ask. “Werewolves don’t have red eyes, it isn’t something that exists in our kind...but I was sure they were wolves...”

“They were.” He agrees, but he doesn’t elaborate. I frown at his back, releasing a frustrated huff.

“I’m not understanding.” I furrow my brows and he again goes silent on me. “Alpha...”

“I’ve already told you, it’s just Merikh.” He murmurs. “We are mates now. Call me by my name, not my title.”

“Ah. Right, I forgot. Um. Merikh,” I say, pausing and biting back a nervous smile that breaks free. “What was wrong with the people who attacked us?” I ask.

“There are a few things that could have made them that way.” He says with a small shrug. “But my first guess is that they were under a spell.”

My brows knit together in confusion at his statement.

“Percy made it seem like this kind of thing happens a lot...” I mention trying to find the right way to ask about being spelled.

He chuckles, his shoulders rising and falling under my hands.

“In a sense, yes, we are attacked often.”

I frown, considering what he is saying. Here I thought this was the most powerful pack, the Lycan King who reigns over all werewolves, yet he is attacked regularly and from the looks of his scarred b*dy, they often land some good attempts on his life.

“And do they always try to poison you?”

“This is not the first time, no,” he admits, sounding amused.

“But they are wolves...” I say matter of fact.

“Mmm, yes, these ones were.” He says simply, like there are any other possibilities. Unless that’s exactly what he means. I blink, my hand stilling, and he slowly spins to face me.

“What do you mean by that? Like you mean humans?” I ask, and he tilts his head to the side.

“You don’t really think it’s just werewolves and humans in the world, do you?” He asks, a twinkle in his eyes. I open my mouth to respond but snap it back shut as I process his words. “I see you were under that illusion.” He murmurs.

“It sounds like...I mean...are you saying...”

“That there are other supernatural beings in the world?” he arches his brow and I feel him extract the sponge from my hand. Tossing it to the side as he faces me fully, rising to his feet. I limp back, stumbling slightly as he catches me, his warm arms wrapping around my back.

“What are you doing?” I whisper, my eyes following the sponge, wishing for that little tiny barrier between us.

“My wounds are clean,” His voice is a husky grumble tickling through my body as I lick my lips and watch his face. His eyes trail over me, hungrily eating up what they can.

“So you are feeling better...?” I ask, feeling shy.

“A little,” Merikh gives me a knowing smile before he leans away, his hands on my waist ensuring I have a better footing.

My eyes grow wide in shock as I am drawn to the water dripping down his scarred yet impeccably fit body. His abs ripple with every heavy breath and his massive chest rises and falls as he runs a wet hand through his hair, slicking it back before shaking it out.

I am suddenly traveling in the Sahara Desert, my lips dry and my body sweltering with heat. He takes a step toward me, the towel around his waist slipping loose. I yelp, looking away as fast as possible. I can hear the bark of laughter coming from deep within his chest.

“I have shorts on, Colette. Though I find this–innocence–rather endearing.” He smiles wide as I peek up at him. He reaches out, grabbing the

herbs on the side table and fresh bandages, and once again drops to his knees as he tries to wrap my leg.

“These herbs are for you,” I say, shoving his hand away. He freezes, scowling up at me.

“Your leg is in worse condition.”

“You are still fighting poison.” I remind him, and he rolls his eyes, scoffing.

“I am used to my injuries. They will heal,”

“So will my leg.” I say with a frown, and he sighs.

“You are weak, Colette. Your healing will take longer than mine will.”

My cheeks grow pink again, though this time it’s a different kind of embarrassment. It’s not being caught staring or having lustful thoughts. It’s me realizing how pathetic I must look not only to him, but likely everyone around me. I’m weak. I know it and they know it, but to be catered to because of it? It feels far worse than to be treated like garbage for it.

“Right,” I mumble, noticing how his hand hesitates for a moment. Then he exhales a sigh and places the herbs in my hands.

“Do as you please,” he grits out, spinning his back to face me, leaving me once again shocked by his actions.

I hold the herbs in my hand, looking from them to his back, and then I bite my lip. It’s crazy to think about it, even dumber to hope for it, but maybe...just maybe the Alpha of Death likes me...