

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 9

“Merikh POV”

“So when do you plan to announce to the pack we have a new Luna...?” Hayes asks, propping his feet up on m couch. I scowl at him, pacing over and slapping them off my furniture.

“When she is ready,” I say simply.

“And what have you done to make her ready for it?” Hayes asks.

“I have been busy, Hayes. If you haven’t noticed, I have been trying to track the assholes who tried to kill me.” I growl at my brother. He pops up from the couch and paces to the massive bay window overlooking the lake.

“Are we so sure they were after you?” He asks softly, and I don’t look at him. My jaw clenching.

“Yes,”

“How?”

“How what?” I snap at him.

“How are you so sure?”

“Who else would they be after?” I ask with an annoyed sigh.

“I’m not dense, brother. I see the things even you try to keep from me.”

“No. You are right, you aren’t dense, But that doesn’t mean you know what you are talking about with this.”

“They crashed into your vehicle and left YOU.” He says in a scoff, “they dragged her a nd left you-”

“They were baiting me.” I growl at him. “Trying to draw me out and taunt me. It’s what they always do.”

“What if they know...” he whispers and I press my lips together in worry. It would be a lie to say the same thought hasn’t crossed my mind once or twice.

“There is no way for them to know, Hayes.” I give him a pointed look and he sighs, defeated. “Only we know, hell even Colette is in the dark on this. It is not possible for anyone to know.”

“I know it’s not logical to think they would know, but it feels wrong, it feels off, it feels like what happened with Lauren-”

“Don’t say her fucking name!” I hiss in anger, pacing over and grabbing Hayes by the collar of his shirt. The very sound of her name makes my skin crawl and my chest burn. It doesn’t matter that I agree with him on this. That it feels off. I can’t bring myself to think about what happened years ago.

“Okay,” he says, hands up in defense as I release him with a heavy sigh. “Look, I didn’t mean it was happening again, I just...we ignored the signs before.”

“I know,” I grumble, sighing as I shuffle away from him and drag my hands through my hair. “I know, I’m sorry, I just...”

“It’s been years, Merikh,” he reminds me, but it doesn’t remove the ache of betrayal. No amount of time can muddle the memories that remain so damn vivid in my mind. Her cries, the begging, the lies.

“We need to keep Colette safe,” I say, ignoring him. “They are after me, and her real significance to me remains a secret. It must remain that way even to her. I remind him, and he frowns when I look his way.

“That means you will need to officially take her as a full mate before the month is up, Merikh. You get that right?” He scoffs and I nod, glancing out the window.

“I have it all under control.”

“You say that, but I’m not sure you do. That girl is afraid of you.” He scoffs, and my brows pinch together in distaste.

“She is not afraid of me.” I huff and he snorts.

“Yeah, okay. The tiny, weak werewolf isn’t afraid of the alpha of death she was forced to accept to save her pack. If you say so,” he mutters.

Okay, He may have a point here.

“I’m nice to her.” I remind him, and he finds the statement even more amusing.

“Nice as in you do sweet things for her or nice as in you let her know she has broccoli stuck in her teeth?” He pops a brow, waiting for an answer, and I scowl at him.

“I gave her silk pajamas.”

“And you have ignored her since she took care of your back.” He reminds me and I scoff at him.

“I’ve not ignored her. I am giving her space.”

“Keep it up and in about a year, she might actually let you hold her hand,” Hayes scoffs as he crosses over to me and slaps me on my sore back knowingly.

“You’re an asshole,” I grunt and he shrugs, trying to hide a smile.

“It’s likely it’s a genetic trait we share, but at least I know how to flirt and win over the ladies. You have a woman fated to be yours and the big bad alpha Lycan is hiding from her.”

“I’m not hiding.” I say with confidence.

“No? Should I have her come meet you here, then? For a little date, maybe?” I have to actively remind myself if he weren’t related, he wouldn’t speak to me the way he does. But then again, I have always needed someone to keep me level-headed. Even if he has a very roundabout way of doing so.

“Hayes,” I growl, and he grins, proud of himself.

“Merikh...?” Colette’s timid voice echoes behind me and my eyes slide closed as I hide the way my body reacts to her. My Lycan nearly pants. I clench my fists.

“Yes?” I respond, not bothering to turn to face her.

“Percy said you wanted to see me?”

My eyes blaze as I glare at Hayes, who looks away, biting back a smile. This asshole mind linked my soon to be gammas, and the two planned this behind my back.

“The Alpha was hoping you would join him for a movie and maybe a snack,” he says for me and I issue silent death threats with my eyes. “In order to help you become more comfortable around him. We know he can be imposing, but I promise he rarely bites.”

“Oh.” she says, sounding surprised. “A movie could be **fun**...I’ve never seen one on a screen this big before.”

Hayes rushes off as I glare at him, my desire to pummel my brother strong. Then I turn and look at Colette, who looks like she is trying to shrink herself down. It's painfully obvious she is used to hiding, being unseen.

"What type of movies do you like?" I ask her after clearing my throat. My lycan craves her nearness and, with keeping him away from her for a few days, I'm unable to fight the draw to her. She swallows and looks away grow closer, then she suddenly rolls her shoulders and straightens her back.

She feels a little different from when I spoke to her last. Every day she seems stronger, her wolf more alert, more present, and I can see her confidence growing. It excites my lycan and me to see her this way, finding confidence in herself.

"Romance?" I ask with a smile on my lips as her fiery eyes glance up to meet mine. "Perhaps a drama?"

"Action." She says, a small smirk hiding behind her plush pink lips and I hum, a deep vibration in my chest, satisfied.

"Really? I pegged you more as a princess movie kind of girl." I admit, and she scoffs.

"Romance is not something I expect to ever experience, action however, well, I've already lived through one of those scenes." Her lips press into an unimpressed line, and I realize how stupid I have been. I have left her side when perhaps she may need someone to talk to. Someone to trust in her fear.

"Do you wish to be romanced, Colette?" I ask, and she frowns.

"When I was a girl, I dreamed of it." She admits, "But I understand that it's not meant to be."

"You do not think I can be romantic?" I ask her, a little offended. "Do you think I'm just a brute?"

"No!" she says, shocked and uneasy. "Heavens, no! That's not what I mean...I mean... you asked me to be your chosen because you needed to make the treaty valid. I understand you probably have someone already chosen from within this pack who will be your true Luna. Give you heirs and lead."

I bark out a laugh, my head falling backwards. She thinks she is a decoy mate?

"Is that what you were hoping for?" I ask, staring into her as she sucks her bottom lip between her teeth, looking nervous. "You are my one and only Luna, Colette. In choosing you, I have selected you to carry my heirs and be my partner."

"But why?" She asks deflating.

“Why not?” I shoot back, reaching out and cupping her cheek. She tries so hard not to flinch away from my touch, but I catch the twitch and it enrages my beast.

“I was not made to be a Luna, or to be cared for. She whispers.

My heart aches to hold her, but my past prevents me from letting her in. I want her because she is mine. And what is mine stays with me. I want her because I need her, even if she doesn’t know it or why. What I want is to trust her completely and hold on to her, but I know damn well trust is not something I will ever be able to have in another woman.

“I chose you, so you are a Luna. And as far as caring for you, well, what is mine is well cared for.”

“Then why do you hide from me?” She squeaks, looking dejected. I sigh, reaching out to take her hand in mine.

“I do not know how to win you.” I tell her as I walk backward, pulling her along with me. “But I want to make this official, make you the true Luna...”

“I already told you I was willing...” she reminds me.

“Willing is good, but I want you to want it.”

She goes silent for a moment, her cheeks flushing a beautiful shade of pink before she looks up at me.

“Then make me want it?”

My body freezes, my mouth going dry and my hands clamming up.

“Make you want me?” I ask, and she nods. “How does one do that?”

“I’m attracted to you.” She offers, “but I don’t know you...we are supposed to be mates now, but I know nothing about you, this pack...”

“I see...” I mutter, trying to think of what to do next. I’ve never had to woo a woman before. With my ex-mate everything was easy, it fell into place because of the bond. Or at least I had thought.

“I enjoy popcorn.” I announce and she bites back a laugh.

“That’s... well, that’s a start. I like it too.” She says, a glimmer in her eyes that brings a genuine smile to my cheeks as I plop onto the couch, dragging her down next to **me** without being too forward.

“I think we should enter an agreement,” I tell her, and she scrunches her nose in confusion. My hand reaches out, my finger stroking her nose, pressing the confused look from her face.

“We are already in an agreement,” she tries to remind me, but I shake my head no.

“I wish to be fully mated before the next big meeting where we will have to leave the pack.”

“You want me...” she points to herself, her eyebrows shooting into her hairline, “to go with you to meetings? Why? Where? Won’t they know how weak I am?”

“You keep claiming to be weak. Do you still have no idea who you are?” I ask her.

“What kind of meetings?” She asks, changing the subject as she tugs at the sleeves of her shirt and I smirk.

“The kind that will change your life,”

She scrunches her nose in thought, then tilts her head. “For the better?”

“Mmm, that remains to be seen.”