

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 63

Merikh looks at me with a small frown, his face pale and sweat beading on his brow. It's obvious he is in pain and exhausted. I should help him back into bed, force him to rest, but I need to know. I need to know he wasn't going to make a decision for me and never tell me. Merikh and I have come too far, suffered too many lies and miscommunications to falter now,

But I need him to come out and say it. For me not to be disappointed in him and what we have. He has to be the one to bring it up first and tell me how he feels without demanding I do one thing or another. He sighs, then he stands, taking a fumbling step toward me as his eyes drift closed and open slowly.

"Shit," I mutter, rushing to him, holding him up as he hunches over.

"We need to talk," He whispers, but his voice is weak as I move him to the side of the bed.

"Save your strength. Right now, I need you to try to scooch onto the bed for me." I tell him as he sits, and then with intense care and lack of speed, he drags himself to the middle of the bed, his eyes closing

I guess that talk will have to wait until he wakes up, no matter how much I feel. I need the answers now. He sighs as I gently pull the soft sheet up and over his body, then I move to the door. If Merikh can't tell me, then I will talk to Capsian and hear his side of things first. Learn why he chose not to come directly to me first before approaching my mate:

“Stay,” I hear the words muffled by the pillow, my hand pausing on the doorknob. “I need you.”

His words are all I need right now, stopping me in my tracks, reminding me that he has done nothing wrong yet. Merikh is sick, severely injured and his body drained from its constant healing. An argument between him and my father over me is the least of my problems. No matter how upset it makes me. Right now I need to be a good mate and luna.

I turn back around, looking at him as his barely open eyes lock on me, his body working hard to breathe easy. My heart aches. My eyes getting watery as I move wordlessly to the bed. I kick off my shoes and take off my t-shirt, leaving me in only my bra as I crawl in next to him.

My warm skin touches his clammy body and he shivers, seeking more skin to skin from me. The sparks dance through the bond and I can feel his muscles relax, the telltale sign that the bond is easing his pain as it should. I lay next to him, my body pressed up against his side as I reach out and stroke his hair from his face.

“Is this better?” I ask him, and he hums happily in response.

His breathing grows more regular, his body working less strenuous as he seems to fall back into sleep. I sigh, just looking at his all too handsome features. My thumb strokes his high cheekbones, making me smile softly as I run over his stubbled face. I tilt my head, next assessing his sharp nose and the tiny freckles that from a far aren’t noticeable.

I wish I could see his piercing green eyes at this moment, witness the love he has for me, but instead of waking him I let him sleep, continuing my assault of touch on his face. My fingers trace his lips before I lean closer and press mine to his. He smirks and hums, his eyes remaining closed.

“I missed you.” He whispers, and I chuckle.

“How can you miss me? I have been by your side all along” I remind him, and he shakes his head softly.

“Not when I close my eyes. I miss you when I close my eyes.” He says, sounding a little drunk.

“Then dream of me, you crazy alpha.” I grin, then bite my lip. It shouldn’t make me blush, but it does. The way he speaks, even when he is exhausted and ill

“Too tired to think,” he murmurs. His voice breaking off. As I lean closer to his ear.

“Then I will tell you what to dream about,” I whisper to him.

“Min, yes, please

So many options spin through my mind. What would constitute a good dream for him? The devious part of me, the one that wants him to heal so I can enjoy my nights with him in a different way, begs me to say things I shouldn’t. But then again, perhaps I should give him something to look forward to.

“I want you to dream about when you are better. When all of this political crap is taken care of and it’s just you and me. Back in our pack, in our room. In our bed.” I say my cheeks are heating as I speak to him. “I refuse to leave the room for an entire week, and I refuse to let you leave my side.”

“Maybe, something less spicy.” He groans, shifting around on the bed slightly, and my eyes pop wide.

“Oh my gosh. I’m sorry,” I giggle, realizing he must be uncomfortable laying on his stomach with whatever my imagination is. doing to his body.

“Me too.” he sighs.

“Why don’t you tell me what you want to dream about? It may help you actually fall asleep more efficiently.” I offer.

“You, and me. Our future. Our family,” he says, his eyes opening for a moment, and meeting mine. My heart stutters when our gazes meet, my

desire to be closer to him nearly suffocating as I wiggle further into his side. He chuckles and then his eyes fall closed again.

“Let’s see. Our future.” I whisper in thought. “In our future, I see three kids. Maybe two boys and one girl. She will have stunning eyes and my hair. Our boys will look just like you, but they will be wild because they won’t have to worry about wars and death. They will get to be kids, all of them.”

As I speak, I realize I can see this future all too well. All the way down to the cute black tennis shoes our future little boys are wearing. Merikh makes me want it all. The life I never knew I wanted or could have. All I want is him, me and peace. And in order to have that, we need honesty. I have his loyalty and he has mine. But where we lack is truth and openness.

“Our relationship will be perfect.” I murmur, speaking into existence the way I want it to be between us. “We trust each other, and we share our expectations. There is nothing we don’t share as we rule together.”

I move my hand down his neck, his head stretching to the side, seeking my touch. I drag it down his arm, stroking it up down until I finally hear his lightly snoring. A smile dances across my lips and I watch him as he sleeps in peace.

-Luna. Caspian asked to speak with you – Penny says through the mind link

-Tell him I will be there soon, please—I shoot through the link. I can feel her acknowledge my request.

I don’t move right away, instead I lay for a few minutes longer watching Merikh, not wanting to disturb him by removing myself from his side. Then I lean forward, pressing a chaste kiss to his cheek.

“I will be right back. I’ve been summoned.” I whisper.

I extract myself from the bed carefully, watching him the entire time to see if the pain comes back and is too unbearable for him. When I make it

to the door and notice he hasn't moved, I exit and rush to my father's office.

I pass by the open hole in the ceiling and wall where the conference room used to be, careful not to hit the new construction that is already in place to secure the building to prevent further damage.

As I make it to his door, he exits, looking surprised for a brief moment before giving me a gentle smile, Caspian motions toward the doors leading outside and I walk along beside him in silence until we exit the building and the doors close behind us. I can see how tense he is, the nervousness in his stature.

"Everything alright?" I ask him, and he chuckles dryly,

"That is a loaded question, dear daughter" He shakes his head. "My leadership has led to the downfall of the very thing protecting everyone."

I frown. "Your leadership is the only one that wants unity."

"For you. I wanted unity if it meant you were safe." He sighs. "I was selfish, and now many lives are on the line."

I blink, my chest tight as his words sink in. He regrets choosing to protect me.

"I see." I murmur.

He pauses and looks at me, his eyes growing wide. "I don't regret my choice, Colette. There is no shame in admitting I would choose you above all else. I would do it all over again if I had the chance. What I need is to be realistic with myself right now. Every innocent life lost is in my hands."

I sigh, looking up at the sky, taking in the cool breeze that dances over my face.

"You led the council," I say, looking back at him. "You were not the one who made the decision for them. Caspian, you call yourself selfish. I call the others weak minded. Their fear caused them to make an enemy of us,

not the other way around. Fear and jealousy are divisive points. Not a father's love or the desire to make everyone equal in the council."

He huffs out a puff of air and looks at me, pride in his eyes.

"You are already such a wise Luna," he smiles. "Your mother would be so proud."

I look down, watching each step as I wring my hands.

"Will you tell me more about her?" I ask. "I want to remember her, to imagine her smile and the way she loved me."

"I actually wanted to discuss something with you first," He says, clearing his throat. "How would you feel about coming back with me to my world?"

I'm not surprised by his question, given the conversation that he had with Merikh. "Uh, after everything settles down?"

"No, I mean when we all leave in a few days' time." He explains, his hand going behind his head to scratch an itch. "I already brought it up to Merikh,"

"He hates the idea," I tell him without even have to address it with Merikh first.

"Naturally, but you would grow more powerful, and I could teach you--"

"You mean you could keep me safe, hidden away there because you know no one else can get to you there?"

"That too," He agrees. "There is so much you could learn, so much strength for you to unlock so you can use it to protect your pack, your mate."

"And where would I stay?" I ask him, arching a brow. "I can't remain underwater forever."

"We don't know that," He shrugs.

"Uh, hello. I am half wolf. Remember?" I ask him. "I may be half siren, but I don't have a tail or scales for extreme swimming abilities when I get

wet. Hell, I don't look like you do when you are in the water. I look..human."

He seems to grow sad and shakes his head.

"I'd have a cabin for you to stay in at night and during the day you could be in the water, learning, growing."

"But I would have to leave my injured mate." I remind him. "Something I would never feel right doing. I refuse to hide."

He shakes his head, convinced that I am not understanding him,

"Colette, you are not hiding," he clarifies. "You are learning, training. You will be getting stronger, strong enough to protect those you love and care about from attacks from the dragons."

"And what happens if an attack happens when I am not there?" I ask him with a raised brow. He says nothing, just stares at me before he shakes his head, looking disappointed.

"We need to hope that doesn't happen." He whispers "You need this, Colette. Your pack and even Merikh need it. I just need you to think. Don't answer me right now. Discuss it with Merikh, think about it. This is something I feel like would be beneficial to the whole of our cause. You need to do what is best for your pack, not just your relationships".