

# Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

## Chapter 70

Merikh scoffs, looking away from me angrily, his jaw clenching. I look up at Caspian, who looks between my mate and me with a somber look on his face. It's obvious he thinks I should go with him, but that doesn't mean he enjoys the turmoil it brings me.

"So you aren't coming home with me, then?" Merikh asks, trying hard to control his words and the anger behind them.

"No, that is not what I am saying, either." I sigh, closing my eyes for a moment before I inhale and meet his fiery gaze. I can see the hurt on his face, feel his confusion through the mate bond.

"Then what do you want?" he asks. His voice has shifted, no longer filled with anger. Instead, it is soft, resolved, as he waits for my answer.

"I want to be able to make the decision on my own." I tell him, and he shakes his head in disbelief.

"We are mates. We are a team." He tells me. "We decide together

"Yet you made the decision that we leave tonight without telling me until right now. You made the decision for me with no regard for what I might need or want." I tell him.

"This is not the time for this conversation." He mutters, pacing away from me and toward the door.

"When is the time for it?" I ask him. "Because we hardly discussed it last night."

We discussed it." He shoots back. I roll my eyes.

“No. You told me what I was doing, and I told you we would discuss it in the morning.”

He scowls at me. “You actually said we would fight about it in the morning,” he reminds me.

“And here we are,  
fighting about it.” I shrug, standing

“Perhaps you two should discuss this after we are done here.” Caspian says and I look at him, a little shocked. I had forgotten where we were.

“Was there something other than who I am going with that we need to discuss?” I ask Caspian, and he nods.

“Fine.” Merikh grits out, but he refuses to look at me. He throws up a barrier through our bond and I frown to myself. I’m suddenly not all that excited to be alone with him later.

“Once we all go our separate ways, it will be difficult to communicate.” He says as he wanders over to his desk and he pulls out a box.

“What is that?” I ask him. Caspian pads over to me, holding the box out as I take it from him.

Merikh comes close, his chest brushing my shoulder as he leans close looking down as I pull the top from the box. I lift the sleek black cell phone from the box, looking up at him, a little shocked to see he would have a human device like this.

“A cell phone?” Merikh says quizzically. “How do you expect to use this in the water?”

“I won’t. I have already arranged for a small home on the shore of the ocean, one where I will place a siren in human form to watch the phone for news from you or anyone else who has this number.”

“You do realize these devices require service to work?” I ask Caspian, and he frowns at me.

“I do know how things outside of my world work, daughter,” He says. “All of that has been taken care of. Everyone’s numbers have already been added as well and there is a charger in there.”

“Okay.” I say, nodding and he meets my eyes. “If you just wish to speak with me or ask me a question, you only have to call, and my warriors will retrieve me.”

A smile tugs at my lips. This whole having a dad who wants to be a part of my life now feels strange. But it’s pleasant. Nice to not be the last of my family.

“I will probably have lots of questions.” I tell him and he smiles, the joy in his eyes telling me he wants me to call, that he hopes I will do it often.

“Anything else?” Merikh asks, breaking the tender father daughter moment and I frown at him. He looks away and exhales before he looks back.

“I will make sure she calls often.” He tells Caspian, who slaps him on the shoulder with a grin.

“Thank you. Well, that is all I have for now. Caspian says, giving me a smile. Merikh guides me to the door, the cellphone clutched to my chest as we make our way down the hall.

“I want to check in on Percy.” I tell Merikh. He says nothing for a minute and I look up at him, watching as he glares forward and then turns to look at me.

“We have a conversation we need to finish first,” he says, his words restrained.

My stomach drops, not looking forward to continuing the conversation I know we need to have. There is so much emotion, so much panic in what will happen and what I might say in the heat of the moment.

“There isn’t much left to say. I am considering going with my father.” I say with a shrug, trying to make light of it.

Merikh takes my hand as he walks toward our room. He pushes the door open and swings me into it, slamming the door behind us as he backs me into the wall. I square my shoulder, not afraid of him, and then I see the sheer terror in his eyes. The way he looks over my face like he is looking for an answer.

“You can’t go.” He whispers, his body fully pressed to mine. The coolness of the wall does nothing to stop the heat burning through me as he pleads. He rests his forearms on either side of me, boxing me in as I tilt my chin up to look at him.

“I haven’t said I am going yet,” I remind him and he shakes his head.

“No matter how many times I tell you, you just don’t seem to understand it. You aren’t my other half, Colette. You are all of me. I need you.”

My heart breaks as he nuzzles into my cheek and neck.

“I feel the same way,” I say.

“Good, then you are staying with me,” he murmurs, his lips finding my ear as he whispers against my skin.

“That isn’t what I said.” I gasp at his intimate touch, my eyes falling closed. “Merikh, I need to be allowed to think about this. To make this decision. On my own.”

He stops, nearly panting as he drops the most tender of kisses on my cheek before he pushes away.

“Don’t make me use my alpha’s command on you,” he whispers in warning. “I do not want to be controlling or force your hand anymore than I have in the past, but I just... I can’t...I need you with me.”

My burning need for him whips into a raging frenzy of frustration as I scoff and walk past him further into the room. “You have made every decision for me since the moment I have met you.” I hiss.

“Ch no. You chose to mate with me in place of that \*itch, Leslie, Willingly, if you recall.” He says, his eyebrows raised.

“You are infuriating.” I mutter, pinching the bridge of my nose before I shake my head. “You tricked me. Yes, I accepted. But you didn’t choose me because you wanted me. You were there for me because of WHO I am, WHAT I am. Merikh, you came to steal me and use me.”

“And the second I realized we were mates...” he says, but I interrupt him.

“You should have told me, but you didn’t. Instead, you pushed me away and tested me with Grady-”

“He came on his own!” He laughs dryly. “I didn’t seek him out. The dumbass came looking for you. All I did was let it play out.”

“THEN! You refused to listen to me and you forced me into that promise, so I couldn’t know we were mates.” I say, tilting my head and licking my teeth, waiting for him to find a retort for this. His chest rumbles with a low, dissatisfied growl from his Lycan.

“I have already explained those actions to you,” He says simply. Like the explanation was enough to make it all okay.

“Then there was how you never told me what I was or who my father is.” I say, my hands on my hips as I watch him drop onto the edge of the bed.

“Is this punishment, then?” He asks, his voice a whisper.

My hands drop from my waist, my heart shattering, watching him look defeated and broken. His sullen eyes lift to meet mine and my breathing hitches. He is destroyed.

I want to rush to him, fall to my knees and tell him I was kidding, that it was all just me being a little crazy. But the truth is, the more I say it out loud, the more I realize I need to make this decision on my own.

“No, Merikh.” I exhale, tears in my eyes as I move to his side. Sitting next to him. “This is me standing my ground and needing to do this on my own. I love you and who I am with you. But I feel like I am missing so much of who I am. I want to give you every part of me, but I still don’t know myself fully.”

He reaches over, taking my hand in his, but he doesn’t look at me.

“So this isn’t about you not loving me?” he whispers, and I laugh at the absurdity.

“Never.” I say, jumping up and stepping between his legs. I hold both sides of his face, making sure he is looking up at me. “This is something that I have to decide on my own, okay?”

“Okay,” he agrees reluctantly, “I will not hinder your decision. Even if it is one I don’t like.”