

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 71

Percy grins when he sees me walking down the hallway toward him. The relief I feel only shows how much this young gamma has grown on me and the reminder that I have missed him. He looks completely normal, well fed and free of mind. But then again, he had the last time as well. So, as I approach him, I give him a gentle smile.

"I promise the witch is no longer in my head." He says, putting his hands up. I chuckle, stepping into a quick embrace before stepping back.

"It is so good to see you back to normal." I tell him and he nods.

"Yeah, well, it was a weird sensation. My only regret is I didn't realize it sooner." He says, frowning. I sigh, tilting my head.

"Perc, you fought her off! An incredibly powerful fae, not just powerful, but the damn queen. You held her off and tried to give us a warning." I remind him.

"Yeah," he says as he shakes his head. "But she still won out eventually."

"No." I scoff. "You won. There isn't a single person you hurt. You let us know in time so you could be saved. It takes a powerful warrior to do that."

He nods, looking away from me as the others scurry around with luggage and mingling.

"I know it may seem weird to ask this but...is there anyway you would be comfortable with me still remaining on as you gamma?" He asks, his

freckled cheeks growing pink as he clears his throat and looks at the ground. I furrow my brows, confused.

“Why wouldn’t you be?” I ask him and he seems shocked by my response.

“Alpha Merikh suggested it might be best for me to step down, just for a little while.” He explains, and I find myself growing, annoyed with my mate once more.

He continually claims that he needs me, that I am the one in control, and yet he does things behind my back. I get he is trying to protect me, that he isn’t doing these things to be controlling or possessive. But intended or not, that is exactly what it feels like.

“Alpha Merikh is wrong.” I say with a tight smile. “I would not feel comfortable with just one Ga*ma. You guys are a package deal. I need you and Penny.”

“Glad to hear you say that,” Penny says from behind me, and I look over my shoulder to see Percy’s twin grinning. “When Alpha made the suggestion, it felt...wrong.”

“I will talk to him about it.” I promise.

Hayes walks past us, a somber look on his face as he looks lost, almost like he is just going through the motions. I look at him before turning to see Percy and Penny with an alarmed look on their faces as well.

“I will go speak with him,” I say, rushing off after the lumbering beta.
“Hayes...”

He looks up slowly, blinking at me before he gives me a half-a*sed smile.

“Can Thelp you Luna?” he asks.

“Uh, well, first you can explain this mood to me.” I motion to him and he sighs, shaking his head.

“It is complicated” He whispers, then he glances around. “I would like to discuss it with you when we make it back to the pack...if you might have the time?”

It is obvious that Hayes is desperate and if this has anything to do with our last heart to heart, I can only assume he is struggling with his new found mate.

“Of course,” I tell him. “We are family before I am your Luna.”

“Thank you Colette.” He says, rubbing his face. “Where Merikh is usually great to talk to about these things, sometimes a woman knows a woman better than an alpha.”

“I can definitely agree with that.” I laugh and nod in agreement.

“Hayes!” Merikh calls out, beckoning his beta over to him from outside the open double doors. Hayes rushes off, leaving me standing in the doorway watching my handsome mate with a tinge of fury. Why the hell does he have to be so good looking? It makes it so much harder to be angry at him when he does stupid shit and then smiles at me.

Right on cue, he shoots me a sexy grin and a wink before turning to Hayes and pointing some things out. I exhale in annoyance before turning and heading to my father’s office to tell him my decision.

His door is wide open, his office tidy and neat and his desk completely empty. A frown creeps across my lips as I move deeper into the office. There is nothing here that feels like him. The homey feeling he brought the room with his disarray and the smell of his salty scent that felt familiar and comfortable.

I trap my bottom lip between my teeth, then rush out the office door, heading toward his room. He has to be there, packing. Unless she doesn’t really pack? What could he need from our world when he lives under the sea?

I fly through his bedroom door, not bothering to knock, and I’m slammed in the face with the scent of bleach and cleaner. Tears fill my eyes, my heart aching at the thought of missing him and not being able to say goodbye. I didn’t realize he was going to be leaving so soon.

His massive bed is made, the windows drawn and white linen covering the couch and nightstands. It is obvious he is gone, one of the first to

leave. But why would he leave me without me telling him myself what my decision was? How could he know I was going to choose to go with Merikh?

As I exit the room, I slam into someone, grunting and bouncing off their body into the wall with a thud. The back of my head hurts as I touch it, wincing. Someone touches my arm and look up to see the worried face of Ezra.

"Luna, I apologize. I was informed you were rushing up here and I have a message to deliver you from Caspian." He rushes out, then he grimaces as he watches me blink. "Are you alright? Should I see if Brent of Hyacinth are still here?"

"No, No I am fine. What letter do you have for me?" I ask him and he reaches into his pocket withdrawing a small letter with a wax seal of a violent ocean wave. I brush my finger over the seal before looking up at him.

"When did he leave?" I ask.

"He left twenty minutes ago." He says. "Caspian wanted to say goodbye, but he wasn't sure he could do it without breaking down."

"I see," I murmur, looking down at the letter, slipping my finger under the lip and breaking it free from the wax.

Colette,

There is much I wanted to say to you during our time, much I had planned to do with you and even more I had hoped to experience with you in the near future. But fate plays games more often than not, and for now we find ourselves apart again.

War is a dangerous game, one that many see as a strategy for who is the strongest. But it is not. Use your strong mind and stay close to Merikh. I have every bit of faith he will keep my little girl safe, where I failed to protect your mother.

I want you to know I respect your decision to stay with Merikh, though I had wished you were the one to tell me and not your mate. Trust your instincts, test your abilities, and stay hydrated.

Love,

Dad

Tears fall from my eyes as I read his word, holding it close. Then tears turn to anger and confusion, the last paragraph replaying over and over again. When did Merikh go to him? It couldn't have been after the meeting where I told them I would make my decision. Merikh would never betray me that way....would he?

"Ezrah," I call out to him as he walks further down the hall.

"yes?"

"Did Merikh go see my father before he left?" I ask him and he looks conflicted, clearing his throat.

"That is a question better served for him, don't you think?" he asks, arching a brow.

I tear from the hallway, rage building as I get closer to Merikh. There is no way he isn't feeling my anger through the mate bond, as I don't even try to shield it. He rounds the corner before I make it to the doors, his hands up already to keep me calm.

"Colette..." He says, and I know what he did.

Merikh went behind my back. Again. After everything, after what we discussed. I had already decided. Damn it, I was choosing to go with him. I wanted to be near him. To fix us better before I left. But now? Now I can't even look at him.

"How dare you!" I seethe and he frowns, guilt rippling through those green eyes I love so much. "You are such an asshole."

"I knew what you would choose." He tries to tell me and I laugh dryly.

“Hardly.” I scoff at him.

“You were going to choose to stay with me. I know you Colette.” he reminds me as he steps closer. I shove at his chest.

“It wasn’t your decision to predict or share with him. It was mine! MINE! and you did exactly what you promised you wouldn’t.” I grit out. “You said you would support my decision.”

“And I do,” he argues back.

“Good!” I hiss. “Then get my bag from the car. I’m going with my dad.”

“What?” He asks, like the air was sucked from his lungs. I swallow roughly, squaring my shoulders.

“I need space from you,” I say. “So, for now, I will go with Caspian. I won’t be gone for a long time. Just a few weeks.”

A range of emotions play over his face before he places his hands on his hips and barks out a laugh of disbelief.

“Are you serious?” He asks, “Truly really serious? Because if you are, then I won’t stop you.”

I hesitate but stand my ground. “Yes. I am serious.”