

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons Chapter 1

Chapter 1

Colette

“Leslie!” I call out down the empty hall, my heart racing and stomach twisting in fear. Of all the days for the Alpha’s daughter to disappear, she had to choose her wedding day. I frown at the door at the end of the hall, a sock on the handle, and I roll my eyes. Clearly, she has found herself a partner for the night and overslept. Not unusual for her lately.

I jiggle the door handle, finding it locked, and groan in annoyance as I reach into my hair and withdraw out a pin to pick the lock. The handle clicks, the door swinging open and I am slammed in the face with the divine smell of eucalyptus and cottonwood.

My wolf perks up, and my eyes grow wide when I step into the room, flipping on the switch and my heart stutters. Leslie sits at the foot of the bed wrapped in a white sheet, hair and makeup askew. She looks at me and her eyes grow wide, and then she covers her mouth as she runs toward the bathroom, retching along the way.

The sound of her vomiting floats through the silence, and I feel my stomach churning as well. I struggle with my wolf, trying like hell to resist the urge to look to the right and find the source of the smell.

My mate is in this room, but after seeing the state of Leslie, I’m not sure I’m ready to meet him. Not like this. My heart flutters and my ch*st aches simultaneously. If he is in here, then he’s been IN Leslie...and that’s enough to break my heart.

“Cole...” His voice is soft and full of regret, and it’s all it takes to break me. Grady. Heavens no...

“No...” I whimper, the tears welling up in my eyes as I clutch the bodice of the ridiculous dress Leslie asked me to wear as her personal aide.

His gentle hands grab my arm, the telltale sparks zipping through me and my heart sinks further into my gut. Grady tugs me toward him and the seconds bleed into what feels like minutes as I look up into my best friend’s face. The guy I have loved since I was little. The man who I was hoping to find as my mate today...and I did. In the most horrible way possible.

“You slept with Leslie?” I ask, swallowing down the burn of acid in my throat.

“We didn’t know how to tell you.” Leslie says from the bathroom door, her eyes red and face white as the sheet hiding her n*ked b*dy, but I can see the glimmer of pleasure in her eyes, the way she is relishing in my pain.

“You guys are...” I turn my face away, hating the taste of the words on the tip of my tongue. “Together?”

“No,” Grady chuckles dryly, tugging me to him, my b*dy igniting with his addictive touch.

“Yes.” Leslie counters with a growl.

“What?” Grady and I blink at her and her jaw clenches as she glares at Grady.

I wish I could disappear, escape from this awful nightmare as I try to free myself from his clutches. The room stinks of sweat and s*x and every second I stand here, the threat of falling to pieces turns into an inevitability. I need air. Fresh, untainted, clean air.

“I mean, you’ve been screwing me for months, Grady,” she scoffs. “We are more than f**k buddies at this point.”

“For months,” I repeat, her words echoing in my head as I yank free of Grady’s hold, trying to rub the filth of him off my skin. The hurt in his eyes makes me second guess myself for a moment before I stumble back to get further from him. He is suffocating, his scent swirling around me, almost calming until I smell her on him. The overly sweet vanilla and cinnamon that makes me queasy.

“Almost three months, if you want to be precise.” Leslie says with an unbothered shrug.

My eyes fly wide, my head whipping to Grady for confirmation, and he drops his chin in defeat, shoulders deflating. His bare ch*st heaves up and down as though the air from the room is thin. For a moment he glances up, his eyes pleading as he reaches out for me and I flinch away.

“It was just s*x, Colette, I swear. I want my mate, I want you!” he steps closer and I shake my head no, a whimper slipping from my lips.

Grady growls as he paces away, his hands in his hair. He yells out in frustration. I notice something on his back and my heart stutters. Long pink trails where her nails dug into his back and there is no going back as the bile rushes up my throat, filling my mouth.

I push past Leslie, running to the bathroom, and I vomit the three cups of coffee I anxiously drank this morning in anticipation of today. The world spins around me as I lean over the toilet, feeling faint with the tears streaming as I heave painfully again.

I reach for a square of toilet paper and wipe my lips, tossing it into the trash and freeze when my eyes glimpse the long, white item sticking partially out. My heart thuds in my ears as I stare at it. The little blue plus sign. A positive pregnancy test.

“Leslie...” I call out in a shaky voice. “Grady is the only male you have been seeing?” My eyes slide closed, a prayer on my lips begging her to say that she has been with lots of men, that maybe there is a hope that Grady isn’t the father.

“Of course, I take our relationship seriously,” she announces proudly, and I bite back a sob. Grady was my light spot. The star in the bleak sky that lit my life. And now that star has turned into a black hole, sucking any chance I had at happiness.

“You are supposed to be getting married today.” I whisper, steadying myself in the bathroom’s doorway, my knees weak and vision blurry.

“Supposed to,” she says with a mischievous smirk.

“This isn’t just some random Alpha, Leslie.” Grady says, reminding her of her duty. She agreed to this union even though she doesn’t like the idea of it. And You don’t simply abandon the Alpha of Death because you don’t want to marry him AFTER you’ve agreed to it.

“I don’t want to be stuck with some ugly scarred alpha no one wants...” Leslie rolls her eyes

“He is THE Lycan King of Hidden Shadow pack!” I hiss. “WHAT he looks like doesn’t matter. You have to get dressed, otherwise there will be a war!”

“No.” She growls back. “No, he will kill me when he finds out.” She slides her eyes to Grady, who has found himself at my back, his hand resting on my arms as he gently rubs a circle on my skin and I greedily accept his touch. I shouldn’t, but I am weak for Grady and anything he needs.

“Lots of women aren’t virgins when they mate or marry,” Grady offers.

He presses a k*ss to the side of my head and my heart aches. He is choosing me, making a show so she knows he wants his mate. That he wants me, but he has no idea that it’s too late. I can see the pain in her eyes, but it is quickly replaced with a dark rage. Her hand flies to her belly, rubbing it and making a show.

“How many of them are pregnant with another man’s child, Grady?” She sneers, stepping closer to us. He tenses, his hands dropping from me and my tears slide down my cheek, just waiting for it, the moment he realizes what all of this means.

“What?”

“I’m pregnant.” She whispers, a small smile on her lips. “We are pregnant, Grady. I can’t marry him. Not now, not with your baby growing inside of me. ”

“No,” He breathes the word, his arms wrapping around me from behind as he presses into my back, clinging to me, killing me with every moment he holds on.

“Reject her.” She hisses, and he tightens his arms around me.

“Never.” He growls. Leslie scoffs and places her hands on her hip, acting like a petulant child, not getting her way.

“Then I will abort it.” She says with a sinister grin, then she shrugs. “Then Colette can have the constant reminder that your baby died because of her selfishness. We all know how much you would resent her.”

Grady’s hold loosens enough for me to know exactly where his mind is at. We have been best friends long enough for me to know how important family is to him. Unborn or not, that pup is his, and he would die for it.

I inhale his smell, pressing back into his chest, memorizing the feel of the mate bond. Every millisecond of finally being in his arms feels so perfect, but it

ends too soon when he steps away, a sob breaking from him as he spins and kneels before me.

“Colette.” He whispers, clutching my hands. My b*dy shakes, my throat aching from trying so hard not to weep in front of him. “Please don’t hate me,”

Tears stream down my face, my whole b*dy shaking violently and my wolf howling in my head begging me to fight a battle I have no hope of winning.

“I, Grady, reject you, Colette as my m-mate,” he stutters and sobs as I step away with a gasp. My fingers clutch my chest, my mind muddled and vision all a blur as I nod in agreement. Then I turn to run out the door.

—Where is she? — I hear the alpha in my head and I grimace at the thought of telling him she isn’t coming. The door opens behind me and I look over my shoulder, watching as Leslie saunters over.

“You need to inform Lycan King Merikh that I won’t be coming.” She smirks. I don’t have the strength to argue with her. “My father says it will be better coming from a weaker female.”

“And if I say no?” I ask, knowing the consequence is likely to be a beating.

“Can’t,” she shrugs, walking backwards as Grady rushes out the door. He tries to come to me, but Leslie grabs his hands, pulling him away. “Dad will give you the alpha order any minute. Oh, and happy birthday by the way,” she grins as she preens over Grady, both of them watching me. I’ve had awful birthdays before but today is by far the most painful.

— Stall the Lycan King until I can find a replacement, inform him Leslie will not be coming — The Alpha orders on cue and I sigh, spinning on my heels and leave my heart behind me

I rush to the ballroom in record time, only a minute to spare before Leslie is expected to walk down the aisle. As I pass the mirror on the wall, I freeze, wiping my face before pulling in three ragged breaths.

“You can do this Colette.” I recite, my nerves gnawing away at any real bravado I have, so I dig deep, turning to my anger and pain for strength as I move to the double doors and throw them open.