

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

Chapter 101

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Training has been awful. All six hours full of exhaustion and stupid skills that refuse to surface, no matter how hard I try! call them. Moving water it seems is easier when I don't think about it. But with the constant demand for perfection, how 1 not think of it constantly?

I try to get in touch with the way the ocean kisses my skin with every passing wave. To tap into the sea life that thrives in t very water I am trying to channel, yet the best I can muster is a rising spout that barely rises before it tumbles back into th

ocean.

"No," Zale scoffs as he drops his head back, showcasing his annoyance. "Have you ever even tried to use your abilities

before?"

My annoyance flares at his rude attitude. He is clearly threatened by me, or just a jackass by nature. Either way, I am sick c being treated like an idiot who has zero skill when I know for a fact I have done things that even my father was shocked by

"Have you ever taught anyone before?" I snap back at him, cocking my head to the left as he presses his lips together in an unpleasant frown.

"No." He bites out.

"Yeah, that much is clear."

"Look, I was told to get you prepared as fast as possible, that you have the gift and it comes naturally, but all I am seeing from you are little spouts that my

kid can do better than you." He says, lifting his hands in a shrug. "I can't train someone who has zero talent."

"What did I do to offend you?" I ask, shocked by how blunt he is with his dislike for me.

"You shouldn't exist," he says through clenched teeth.

“And yet I am here, and your king is asking you to do this.” I say simply.

He isn't saying something that I haven't heard over and over again. And family or not, I don't know this asshole, just like he doesn't know me. But that doesn't excuse him, thinking he can speak to me in this way.

“Start again from the beginning.” He says, sighing heavily.

“And do what?” I ask him.

“Something! Anything more than what you are currently fucking doing!” He roars.

“Well, that is super helpful.” I groan, flipping my middle finger at him as he turns his back to me, placing his hands on his head. He whips around, his eyes filled with anger as I shrug. “Why didn't you just say that before?”

He glides closer, his fishy lips twitching as he gets ready to go off on me again, so I tune him out, my eyes sliding closed as I reach out for the feel of the water within.

My body grows calm, my wolf whining in satisfaction as I let my frustration win. My hands fall to my side, below the waterline, the current around my legs picking up in speed and pull as I lift my arms.

Zale's eyes grow wide as he looks down at the water wrapping up his body in a tight swirl, encasing him completely before he is lifted up in a swirling circle of treacherous waves. My body grows weaker with every passing second and he begins to slowly descend back down.

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“That's good,” I hear my father's voice behind me. “Open yourself up to the natural flow of the water, feel the way it ebbs and flows. It does the same through you...”

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I try to catch what he says is **there**, and though **I can sense it, the feeling is fleeting** and I drop Zale into the water, panting **as** I do so. My father's hand rests on my shoulder and I turn to look **at** him, his **eyes still** tired and his cheeks **still** sunken from his exhaustion.

“You should be sleeping.” I tell him, and he chuckles.

“And miss my daughter comic into her skills? Never.” He whispers

“You mean miss me and Zale bickering?” I tease, and he furrows his brows.

“Zale is not the type to argue or bicker...” He says, looking at Zale, who floats with **his** arms crossed and dagger **eyes** pointed right at me.

“Yeah, well, maybe you should remind him of that. He seems to think I should be **dead because** of what **I am**,” I mutter, sticking my tongue out at the frowning fool who guffaws at my action.

“He said that to you?” Caspian asks, his eyes soft and his mouth set in a frown.

“Maybe...” I mutter, biting the inside **of** my cheek, suddenly feeling like a traitor for telling on him.

“Zale.” He commands, his voice rippling over the water like a tremor. Zale goes stiff, diving into the water before rushing to us. He skirts his eyes over me as he pops up.

“Yes, my king?” Zale **asks**, whisking over.

“What did you say to my daughter?” He **asks**, arching his brow.

“I was trying to anger her to determine if her powers are more emotionally based.”

“What did you say to her?” He **asks**, his tone growing more angered. Zale looks anxious as his eyes dart around and he clears his throat.

“I said what you told me, not to mention.” He admits, looking out at the horizon.

“And what did you discover?” Caspian asks, sliding a curious look my way before looking back at my cousin.

“She is controlled by her emotions,” he says. My mouth falls open before I snap it shut, annoyed that they stooped to such tactics.

“You said that just to piss me off?” I ask Zale, who shrugs, looking apologetic. I cross my arms over my chest. Caspian chuckles and shakes his head.

“You are the only one **of** your kind, Colette.” He reminds me. “Your skills will not be like ours. It’s just not possible. But learning your abilities and limits will help you. Since you don’t know Zale, it seemed easier to let him press your buttons.”

“Good to know he isn’t actually a jackass.” I mutter.

“No, I definitely am a jackass.” He grins.

“There **is** something I have been wondering, and now that I am well enough to at least swim, I want to test it out.” Caspian says, but his voice betrays him and I can tell he is worried. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Hook to the shore where Merikh sits on the beach, his eyes trained on me, watching closely with every move. Zale sends him a little wave, but Merikh doesn’t move a muscle.

“I see what you like about him,” Zale teases and I grin.

“Do I need Merikh for this?” I ask Caspian. He tenses when my mother limps down the beach, taking a **seat** next to Merikh.

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“No,” He swallows looking away. “We need to go deeper for this

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Then he drops below the surface and swims *away*. I sigh, annoyed that they assume I can just keep up and swim as fast **as** them. I kick and paddle my way out to them, Zale grinning at my form, which, admittedly, is terrible considering water is a new thing for me. Hell, truth be told, I used the water to keep me afloat.

“What now?” I ask.

“We sink,” Caspian says. My eyes bug out wide, and I gape, looking from him to Zale.

“Sink? Like under the water intentionally ask.

What do they want me to do, sink and walk across the damn bottom of this ocean? What **if** I have to open **my** eyes and they sting because of the salt water? Or worse, what if I get too far from the surface and I can’t breathe and I suddenly pass out?

“You will be fine. We just have to see how you react to being under the water, your abilities to breathe or swim without **your** skills. I will protect you if anything goes wrong. Trust me, Colette?” My father asks, and I exhale through my nose and nod.

“Yes”

I dive under, my eyes closed tight as the warmth surrounds me and instead of feeling suffocated, I feel freed.

“Open your eyes” I hear Zale’s voice so clearly and I snap my eyes open, shocked to see him in front of me. My eyes sting for a moment as I blink and then my vision clears and it feels like I can see for miles.

“I want you to focus on transforming into a siren.” Caspian says. And I snort, my air bubbling out as I panic and suck in the water, my hands grip my neck. My throat stings, and I try to cry out more water entering my mouth, the taste of **sea** bombarding my tongue making me grimace as I race to the top.

My head breaks through the water as I gasp and sputter for air, vomiting **as** the water rushes from me and I lean back, floating on my back as I pant, trying to catch my breath.

I can’t do it. Breathing under the water, speaking or even doing anything other than opening my eyes is not possible. Caspian pops up, his hands reaching out to provide me support as I shake my head.

“I can’t there is no siren in me.” I rasp out, coughing. “It’s just...it’s not there.”

“That’s okay” He says, giving me an encouraging smile. “One **day**, we will figure out how to show you our kingdom. Just not today”

“So I can only move water?” I ask, feeling disappointed with myself.

“Only? Child, you can move water and shift into a wolf. You are skilled beyond anyone else in this world. You are magnificent, just the way you are.”

“I wanted to be better.” I whisper. “I wanted to make you proud.

“How can you possibly be better?” He whispers softly. “I am proud because you are my daughter. F’d love you even if you

couldn’t move water”

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