

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

Chapter 102

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*Merikh

“How is she looking?” Melody asks me. My heart is in my throat watching **her** swim, afraid she will love this world better than the one she lives in with me.

Could I handle it if she told me she longs for **the** sea? Would I regret everything if I let her do what she needs, even if it means leaving me behind? I shake my head at these thoughts, clearing my **throat**.

“Like she feels at home,” I say with a sigh, lifting my hands from the sand and wiping them together to **clean** the particles

“Ah,” Melody says in a sort of musical tone, like she understands something I haven’t **even** said. I look at her, arching a brow in question, and she chuckles, shaking her head back and forth.

“What?”

“I know that look, the thoughts in your head.” She gives me a knowing half smile.

“I am sure you do,” I mutter, realizing she had it **worse** than I do.

She had a fully fledged siren king. One who couldn’t choose her even if he wanted to. Without the **water**, he would die. Colette, however, only needs to be near water, in it occasionally and she is healthy. But that doesn’t mean she **feels her best** with her situation at home.

“Every single day was agony, every week another week my heart felt both full with Colette yet my **life still** somehow **felt** empty without him there. She was so young, and for a while she kept me busy. When Caspian would come back-” She pauses, her voice cracking. “It was heaven on earth. Nothing could touch us, ruin us.”

“Until reality came for you.” I say with a knowing frown.

She shakes her head and wipes a rogue tear from her cheek.

“It came for my daughter. My heart outside of my body and they took her and Caspian failed me. He promised...” She **stops** her eyes closing as she snuffles and laughs to cover her sadness. The shudder in her body **as** she tries to inhale deeply **doesn’t** escape me. It is obvious she is in pain, and not just physically.

“The problem with a promise is that no one tells circumstances they have to bend to our will to make them happen.” I **say**, looking back out at my perfect mate **as** she dives beneath the water, disappearing from my view, my lycan growing **uneasy** every time she is gone from sight.

“Life has a way of doing what it wants, regardless of our own desires, that’s for sure.” she gives me **a** gentle smile, her **eyes** meeting the Siren who remains above the surface, his eyes trained toward the shore and I **feel** her shiver **as** she drags her arms over her chest, hugging herself close and looking away.

“You two haven’t spoken yet?” I ask, and she lays her head on her arms, looking at me.

“Colette is not meant for the **sea**.” She whispers, her voice full **of** sadness **as** she ignores my question, which is the **answer** in itself.

“How can you know that?” I ask her and she sighs.

“Because she GETS a choice. If Caspian could have chosen me, he would have. His love is pure, and so gentle. She **gets** that from him. The ability to love beyond the mistakes that would make someone else run.”

I feel a pang

in

my

chest and my hand flies to my chest and I am flooded with excitement and the thrill Colette **is** feeling flowing in through the mate bond as she **shares** it all. I smile to **myself**, closing my **eyes as I accept every last** moment of her happiness. Perhaps Melody is right.

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“I don’t know how to protect her heart? I whisper, the moment passing, as Codette’s curtains with Zde at her w

“Ler’s start

with protecting her in general fire. The other hits you will learn along the way the vaje,

“And what do you suggest to do that?” I ask her

“I would start with speaking with Calvin” she says, standing and dusting her legs of the sand *that* clings to her “He is to speak about anything you wish”

“He is a dragon, I frown at her. “How can I trust him?”

before and yes, s

“Calvin is the reason she is alive” she says and I blink at her, amoyed that she has mentioned this before and yet, I t no details or proof that he has done such a thing

“Where is he?” I ask, finally giving in, realizing if I want answers, need to go directly to the source,

“In the cabin,” she says, “Walk with me?”

I look out at the water once more and Melody reaches out, touching, my shoulder,

“If she is safe anywhere from the dragons, it’s with Caspian and in that water”

I know she is right, but it doesn’t make me feel all that much better about it. In my head, she is only safe when I have ey he It’s not a very logical thought, and definitely more of an egotistical one

The lycan in me is convinced we are the only protection she needs. But maybe that is part of the problem. I haven’t hard chance to think clearly since she has been back. Now is the time for me to do just that,

“Fine,” I grumble, standing.

“On the way, maybe you can explain to me why you bartered for my daughter instead of my niece?” She says, but I know is joking with me based on the smile in her eyes.

“Your niece is a terrible person.” I tell her and she shrugs. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“Probably, I’m learning that maybe *my* brother wasn’t so great either”

“To his credit, he tried to refuse me when I demanded Colette. Not very adamantly, mind you, but I think for a moment h thought of protecting her for you” I tell her and she looks away mournfully.

“Knowing him, he was probably worried she would try to claim his title” She sighs heavily,

We walk and talk for a few minute walk to the cabin; me regaling her with why I chose her daughter and when I realized **sh** was mine. It’s not a story that makes me look like a good guy, Bu Melody has seen where *my* heart and loyalty lie in perso

“And she forgave you?” she asks as we push the door open.

“Yes. To my surprise, she was so willing to work through everything. Colette doesn’t run from problems. She has the tendency to face them head on”

Melody grins widely, “She gets that from *me*.”

“You should be resting.” Calvin says from inside the cabin, his voice firm.

“I went for a three–minute walk and sat on the beach.” She says, frowning, “It has been ten years since I have felt the sun on my face. I needed it.”

He frowns as he hobbles to the stove, pulling off a kettle and mumbling to himself as he drags herbs around and adds them to mugs like he is following a recipe from memory.

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