

Traded To The Lycan King by MG Wattsons

Chapter 103

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It's been days now, and with every a stronger, more confident Colette. sunrise come She wakes before the sun, barely eats play with the water. Not that

and then she is off to I am bitter.

I get to hold her as she snores all night long, watching her perfect face, measuring every single breath, and adding it to my list of favorite things she does. But, I am lonely. It's different to miss someone when they are gone. I missed her so much it caused physical pain when she was gone.

This is a stranger version of that. It's watching her grow and loving every minute but longing for that reunion we missed out on. In books or a movie, the heron rescues the woman and they embrace, and then they get their happily ever after.

She has been both rescued and the rescuer and yet, our happily ever after is still yet to come. I want to memorize every part of her, erase the horrors she experienced with mind numbing pleasure.

But most importantly, I want a real fucking life with her. Colette deserves a life of simple pleasures. A walk to the beach, swimming with our children, laughing as I do something incredibly stupid as we know I **will**.

There is a knock at my door and I sigh, pushing away from the small weathered table in our little room. It is no surprise to see Melody on the other side, looking more healed than she has been, though she still seems sickly. Not that it should surprise me with her mate still maintaining a literal ocean between them.

"Have you spoken with her yet about your idea?" She asks, wringing her hands. I sigh and give her an annoyed frown before pushing past her into the hallway.

"No, Melody, I have not." I tell her, padding down the hall toward the kitchen. My inability to sleep for fear of waking up to Colette not being there is taking a toll on me.

"Is that because you are afraid she will do something stupid?" She asks, chasing me down. For the past three days since telling her and Calvin my thought process on how to take down Giselle, she has been trying to convince me I should keep it from Colette.

"I don't keep things from Colette." I remind her, and she races around the counter, blocking the coffee pot from me.

"And yet

it's been days and you haven't told her yet." She says as if she has caught me in some terrible scheme. I sco and roll my eyes.

"Melody, you are standing between me and the only shred of sanity I have. Move out of

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way

and then we can talk." I growl.

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Her **eyes** grow wide and she clears her throat, brushing her hands over her shirt as she obvious she is embarrassed *at* how she is reacting, but truth

grows red in the face. It is

be told, I understand it.

She only just got her daughter back after ten years. Melody isn't aware of how strong and wonderful her daughter is. But I am, which is why *wh*

or rather, less exhausted from training, I will tell her what's

Colette is awake enough,

on mind.

my

She walks away, taking a seat at the table that overlooks the very waves our mates are

distance, her mind either lost or maybe it shuts off from time to time. Perhaps a learned trait from years of pain and torture.

hidden beneath. Melody does this a lot, staring off into *the e*

After pouring my cup of coffee, I groan to myself and take my mug to the table. I take a are lucky, we may be seat across from her, moving it to face the window as well. If w able to catch a glimpse of them.

But ever since Colette learned she can hold her breath for an extended period of time and that in wolf form she can breathe underwater. We are lucky if we ! minutes every couple of hours.

see them for a few

“He still hasn’t come to see you?” I ask, looking down at my steaming cup. She lets out a sad, dry laugh that is meant to mask her pain, the tears she would much rather shed.

“Why would he come see me?” Melody whispers, clearing her throat as she moves around in the chair.

“You are mates,” I say, sliding a curious look at her. She picks at the fabric of her fluffy pajama pants and shakes her head.

“I don’t know what we are,” she whispers into the air. “Parents, estranged lovers, broken...anything but mates, I guess.”

Her voice breaks and she snuffles as she looks away and yet again clears her throat. I reflect on her statement, weighing each word before realizing Colette and I have been two of those three things and yet, here we are stronger for it.

“You can be all of those things and still be mates who love and care for each other.” I tell her. “One day Colette and I will be parents, I hope. But we have been estranged lovers, and we were broken long before we met.”

“Yeah, well, I am certain Caspian holds blame for me in his heart over losing Colette. That kind of broken doesn’t fix easily.”

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Her voice is filled with regret and guilt. As if she feels the pain of it all so freshly even though Colette is safe and alive. Even though she laid her life down for her daughters. I furrow my brows and place my mug down, turning in my chair to face her as I place my elbows on the table.

“You blame him.” I whisper, the emotions finally making sense as she sighs and places her hand over her heart. And nods as a soft sob breaks from her quivering lips.

“I don’t want to and I know I shouldn’t. It’s not fair to blame him, but I can’t help it. If he had been here. If he had been available and present for us more than an occasional week or weekend, he could afford to get away...maybe she...maybe I wouldn’t have missed her whole life.”

“You didn’t miss her whole life,” I say, frowning, and she lets out a bereaved chuckle as she wipes her eyes.

“As a parent, you learn there are different stages in your children’s life. I missed the innocence, the easy and wonderful love of a child who dotes on their parents who can do no wrong. All she gets now is an empty, damaged version who will never be the same loving mom she deserves. Colette should have left me to rot in that hellhole. I mean, shit, she doesn’t even remember the past.”

“Are you done yet?” I ask, arching a brow. She snaps her attention to me fully, a look of confusion as she opens her mouth to say something back, but she can’t form the words

“The last thing you need is to sit here and think that what they did broke

“You have no idea what they did to me. For ten fucking years-

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“You are right, I don’t.” I admit. “But does that change how much you daughter?”

“Of course not.” She snaps.

“Then you

nods.

love your

can’t be that broken.” I say, giving her a pointed look. She stares at me, then

“Maybe, maybe not.”

“Perhaps what you need to make yourself feel better is a little swim.” I shrug. “Maybe pretend to get a kink in your leg or a stitch in your side. Rumor has it there is a siren king in the water with a hero complex.”

“What I need is *to* talk to him.” She says. “Not look like an idiot in front of him.”

I lift my mug to my mouth, chugging the now lukewarm liquid before placing it down

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on the table and standing.

“Sometimes you need to be an idiot to initiate conversation.” I grin at her and she thinks for a minute before she stands, a small smile tugging on her scarred face.

“Hell, I’ll go be an idiot with you. Maybe a princess will save me and we can force them to eat lunch with us.” I add, which makes her smile. She lets out a real laugh, one so similar to her daughter that it is almost startling. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

“Are you going to let Colette swim you to shore?” she teases.

“I will be a damsel in distress for her any day. Hell, I’m an idiot for her everyday already.”

We rush toward the door, hell bent on making our way to the shoreline, when I notice someone sauntering toward us. I step closer and Melody moves behind me, her fingers digging into my bicep as I feel the way her body shakes in fear.

“Fancy seeing you here,” the woman says. Her near black hair shines in the sunlight and her pale skin makes her look dead. But I recognize those evil eyes, ones I used to stare into and think I was blessed.

“Lauren,” I say, hiding my shock. How the hell is she not only actually alive, but walking in broad daylight if she is a vampire hybrid? And why the fuck is she here?

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