

Chapter Four: Lycan Kings

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Tristan POV:

"Never, brother, you can and go mate with that w***e, but I won't," Yelled Hayden.

"Think this through, Tristan; you're asking us to forgo our chances of a true mate and mate with that egotistical power-hungry slut: Brianna." Said Lucas.

What did my brothers think I wanted to mate with that girl? Not in the next thousand years, but from the look of things, it was getting hard to delay this topic with the court and our parents. We had turned eighteen and shifted to our Lycan's fteen years ago and still no mate. Our lycans were growing impatient, lethal with every passing year without a mate by their side. With us being kings, our Lycans were the deadliest; we ruled over the entire wolf and lycan population of three multiverses: human, wolf and lycan, and if it were up to me, my brothers and I would continue to rule and wait for our true mate without taking a chosen, but the royal court was up our asses to take a mate and not just any mate, Brianna in specic. Brianna was our childhood friend and the daughter of the former royal gamma, her brother Dillion was our current gamma.

According to the court and former leaders, our parents, beta and gamma, no one was better suited to help us rule than her since she was brought up in this world and had grown up with us. That was utter bullshit, though; yeah, she grew up with us and did know the protocol, but no doubt what my brother said was wrong in any way; she was an egotistical power-hungry w***e of a lycan. She had slept with several wolves and Lycan, though no one knew that. In front of everyone in the castle, she was the perfect angel; she had even slept with all three of us on different occasions and tried to convince us to share her and take her together—however, just the thought had disgust swirling in me and shrinking my p***s into a cocktail sausage. But from the constant pressure, it wasn't likely we would be getting out of the pressure of mating with her. The only way of getting out of this was by nding our mate, but she's MIA.

"Are you even listening, Tristan?" Said Hayden. Breaking me out of my thoughts.

I closed my eyes and pinched my nose. Why couldn't he see that I didn't want this either? Despite my efforts, there was so much I could do to delay the whole thing. I usually kept Hayden and Lucas away from unnecessary tension; it felt like a responsibility since I was the eldest of the three, despite them hating how I tended to hide things from them because, despite my efforts, they always found out. Well, we were co-kings. It was hard hiding things in general, but that didn't stop me from trying.

"And you think I want to? Yeah, she's a good f**k, but nothing more than a bed warmer. But how am I supposed to tell the court and our parents that? To them, she's the reincarnation of the goddess: pure and perfect!" I said, frustrated with the situation.

Lucas POV:

I could tell Tristan was exhausted; the dark circles under his eyes were all the evidence I needed. Apparently, my brothers and I were being set up with a childhood friend and the local w***e to mate despite announcing a mating ball to the three multiverses under our rule on the occasion of us taking a chosen. Why the whole drama of a ball when the f*****g court and our parents have already decided who will be our Lycan queen?

It was absurd!

What was more pissing off was that Tristan knew the whole time and hid it from Hayden and me, and he was the one who suggested the ball, claiming it would be unfair to the people since they would think everyone didn't get a fair chance. Little did those people know it was a drama! I knew Tristan felt this sense of responsibility for Hayden and me, but f**k if it didn't piss me off when he hid things. We had to nd out from a gossiping group of omegas that Brianna was to be their Lycan queen, and the announcement would be made at the end of the ball.

Like what the f**k! Who did that f*****g w***e think she was?

We used to be close: us three and Brianna growing up since she was a year younger than us. But as we grew, her power-hungry side slowly became prominent, the lies had started, and of course, her w***e ways that she still claims to be a lie. Little did she know we had tabs everywhere; she was a narcissist and only slept with wolves, and Lycan with standards and people talk in the upper class, so it wasn't hard to nd out. But, what was brain exploding ridiculous was when she claimed that Tristan took her virginity, which was f*****g bullshit. The w***e had lost her virginity years ago to an alpha wolf during a summit. The little w***e had even climbed into mine and Hayden's bed; no doubt she was a good f**k, but as Tristan said, a f*****g bed warmer, nothing less, nothing more!

"You want to or not; I don't know, dude! But I do know that I'm not mating with that whore." I gritted out.

Tantrums and short-tempers were Hayden's thing, not mine, but the thought of that w***e taking our Luna's place was having my Lycan rage war in my head.

"As I said, she's a bed warmer! But everyone believes her puny act, and all these years, we didn't bother correcting anyone because it wasn't our concern, but now it's coming and biting us back in the ass. To the court and our parents, she's the perfect candidate to be the Lycan queen." Said Tristan.

"Then why host a mating ball? You're giving her something to boost her ego. That girl loves to gloat." I said.

I couldn't stand the thought of Brianna as our mate. Yes, all three of us had bedded her, and on multiple occasions, she hinted to us about sharing her and taking her together, but that sent shivers of disgust down my body! Only one girl was to be shared among us: our mate and Luna Queen.

Hayden POV:

I was f*****g raging! How dare that w***e tell everyone she was to be our chosen mate when no one has asked Lucas or me. Apparently, Tristan had known all along, and he even came up with the idea of the mating ball to delay the whole thing, but we had to f*****g nd out from the gossiping servants and not our brother! As much as I wanted to be mad at him, I knew he was looking out for Lucas and me. However, that didn't mean I didn't want to kick that w***e's ass! How dare she think she was even remotely capable of being our luna queen, a position we had not let anyone take for fteen years. That throne would remain empty until its rightful owner sat on it: our fated mate.

We used to be very close, Brianna and us, but over the years, because of Brianna's ways, we kept our distance from her, only inviting her when we needed a good lay, which she happily obliged. If I knew this would get to her head, I would've never motherfucking touched her and would've even tried stopping my older brothers.

We were no saints; not having your mate for fteen years takes a toll on your lycan; even if I didn't want to go out and bed different girls, the temptation was too strong, plus I had waited long enough for my mate. I knew once we found her that she would be my one and only, but I was going to have my fun till then. But if I knew about that egotistical female Lycan but, I would've stayed far away from her and would have had less drama to deal with now.

"f*****g mating ball or not! I'm not mating with that w***e! Mom and dad don't control us anymore! We are now the kings; what we say is the law, then why should we even entrain this." I seethed out.

Out of the three of us, I was considered the most volatile; you could say my anger metre could go from zero to ve hundred in less than a second. People tended to avoid me when asking for something, going to Lucas and Tristan instead, not that I cared. I was more of a eld guy anyway; Lucas and Tristan were there to hold down the diplomatic oce s**t.

"To agree on a luna queen, all three of us have to agree, and for me, it's f*****g capital letters NO," I said.

"Me too, bro; I ain't mating with that whore." Said Lucas.

Tristan sighed! I knew he was tired and fed-up; he had been taking the blow from all this drama for quite some time, so he was exhausted. I knew he didn't want that w***e either, but from what Lucas and I had heard, the court and our parents were adamant.

"I know, man, I feel the same way, but I'm literally out of ideas to delay this. Our only hope is that our Luna is at the ball this weekend, and we can get rid of that w***e once and for all." Said Tristan.

He was right; we needed our mate!

Please, baby, wherever you are, you need to come out of hiding now; otherwise, we might never be able to be with one another.