

Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings By Jessicahall

Chapter 24

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Zirah POV

The three kings leave and once they are gone, I feel like I can breathe a little easier until I turn my attention to the King. He watches me, then turns side on in his seat, giving me his full unwanted attention while leaving one elbow on the table, his fingers drum against the mahogany wood.

“What is it you want?” King Theron asks tilting his head to the side.

“Nothing you can give me unless you know how to raise the dead,” I tell him

and his eyes flicker black, his lips pursing

as he raises his chin slightly.

“Think of something else. I will give you whatever you want. I’m offering you the four kingdoms, a lavish life full of riches

and anything you could possibly desire.”

The king snarls and gone is his calm demeanor as his canines elongate. Shelley clears her throat awkwardly next to the

King, and he turns his gaze to her and

sighs.

“Shelley dear, fetch me a glass of water, my throat is feeling a little dry and it is making me crabby” the King orders. Shelley shoots me a

worried look but quickly obeys, and I wonder if this is the king’s unstable side she mentioned

earlier.

The king turns his calculating gaze back to me. “I will ask once more, what do you

want?”

“Nothing, I just want to leave,” I tell him and he grits his teeth and I continue. “I don’t care for your riches, or your sons, I can’t be bought.

You had me ripped out of my bed, killed my grandmother, and you think I would just agree to marry your

sons?” I laugh. This man is insane. What person would agree to such terms, and who in their right mind would marry one of those

insufferable men?

“Fine, have it your way, then. You want your freedom, I’ll grant it. But on one condition.” King Theron tells me. I lift my chin, wondering what

this condition is, yet by the flicker of his aura, from bluish- gray to black, I can tell his condition is quite sinister.

“Malachi!” The King yells and Malachi jumps in the room’s corner where he

stands. He takes a step forward and I

watch the two exchange in some silent

conversation.

Malachi clenches his teeth. “But my King

“Do as I ask. I won’t be questioned. She won the maze she gets to choose her prize

and if that is freedom, so be it.” Malachi’s

eyes flick to me and I watch his Adam’s

apple bob as he swallows. He quickly

bows to the King.

“Ten minutes, make sure it is done!” the

King orders as he turns.

“Yes, my King.” Malachi rushes off just as Shelley returns to the dining hall. She nervously hands the crystal glass full of

ice water to the King. He takes it and

motions toward the table.

“Are you hungry?” I shake my head. I was

starving before, yet after seeing Malachi’s nervousness and the way he

ran from the room. My appetite is

suddenly gone.

“Shelley, go to my safe and fetch a bag of gold, also prepare a bag for Zirah here. Also, tell my sons they can enter.” the

King says and her eyes move between me

and the King. She bows her head and

quickly rushes off while I turn to the King

just as the doors are shoved open. King Regan, Lyon and Zeke saunter into the

room and retake their seats.

“So, are we allowed to have any input about this?” King Regan asks. The King shakes his head. Reaching for some grapes. He pops two red

grapes between his lips and chews slowly, watching me. Butterflies swarm in my stomach

nervously under the intensity of his gaze. Something telling me it is off. My intuition tingles violently and I don’t like the way he is watching

me.

“No, Zirah here refuses to marry any of you and asked for her freedom. Since I am obligated to grant her a prize, I shall free her.” the King

tells his sons. I glance at them and King Regan smiles and folds his arms across his chest while leaning back in his chair. However, Zeke leans

forward.

“Fine, but she can’t leave with my wolf.”

My eyes flick down to Hunter sitting at my feet. “I’ll ensure she gives him back. We leave in ten minutes, so if you’re

hungry eat, we’ll be going on foot.” The King says. The Three kings glance at each other, looking confused, but don’t argue with their father.

I pick at my food,

mainly feeding it to Hunter while

receiving death glares from Zeke.

When Shelley returns with a leather pouch in her hand and backpack over one

shoulder, the King rises from his chair, signaling the end of the meal.

“One condition, then you’re free to

leave.” the King says. My brows scrunch and the three kings look at me in question.

“What is this condition?” King Lyon asks.

“You’ll see when we arrive. Malachi is

organizing it.” the King states, his eyes straight ahead. He walks toward the huge double doors and stops. Shelley rushes to

fit his cape to his shoulders and hands him a huge golden staff. The three brothers whisper amongst themselves

while I rise from my seat.

“Follow Zirah. You have a choice to make;

then you’re free to leave. So hurry along, dear, I have not got all night.” the King says. I pat my leg, and Hunter follows me. When I approach

the King, he offers me his arm. My eyes move to Shelley, and she

inclines her head, telling me to do as he

asks.

Slipping my arm through his; I walk alongside the King, yet as we pass through the castle I find it is deadly silent. Guards watch us as the

King leads. me out the grand front doors and down.

some steps. He then leads me down a

narrow red cobble path between the gardens to the high-pointed fences.

As we approach the guards, they open the enormous iron gates that are wrapped in

vines with blooming pink flower buds.

“Where are you taking us, father? I must leave soon?” King Regan questions.

“I told you, leaving is out of the question, now be quiet, son.” the King growls. We

walk for another five minutes along a

private path when I hear hushed voices. Then the sounds of sobs and pleas reach

my ears.

Looking toward Shelley, she has her head hung, and I can see she is trying to hide her tears. I swallow, wondering what it is that upset her. I

am not left wondering for long when I am led through giant sandstone pillars onto a stage in what appears to be a massive town square.

Guards line the streets, and people are crying and begging. The King lets go of my arm and raises his hand in the air. The moment the

people notice him, they drop to one knee, heads bowed.

“I’m sure you’re wondering why you’ve been called upon today.” the King’s voice

booms out loudly when I look at the

crowd, only then do I realize the guards are barricading the streets, trying to stop people from getting near the stage. Looking down, I find

all those kneeling before the stage are women.