

# Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings By Jessicahall

## Chapter 26

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“You’ll do what?” King Theron asks,

though his smile grows wider.

“Free them, I accept... I’ll marry one of

your sons!” I tell him.

“You accept?” the King questions.

“She said she did now let the underage girls go, father!” King Regan orders. He pays his son no mind, and King Regan stomps across the stage, stopping at the

steps.

“Free them!”

“No! Zirah here doesn’t get to keep changing her mind, she chose this.” the king states, his eyes on me. Lyon shakes his head and steps forward.

“No, father, these are girls, children!. I

am not that kind of fucking monster. Regan is right, she agreed. So let them go!” King Theron looks at Lyon and then Zeke. Zeke shrugs, uncaring, and I grit my teeth, turning my gaze to him.

“They’ll all die anyway, so what does it

matter?” Zeke says, and King Theron

smiles.

King Lyon and Regan shoot an angry look

at Zeke. “Lead them to the maze. Zirah, come collect your payment and freedom.”

“No! I agreed to marry one of your despicable sons. Now let them go!” I yell

at the King.

“You were given a time limit.”

“Fuck your time limit!” I sneer and I hear the collective gasp echo around the town square. Hear the whispers about me disrespecting the King. King Theron

chuckles waving them off while his eyes

flash dangerously as if I challenged him.

“This is exactly why you would make an

excellent Queen. You bow to no one, but

you will bow to me! And my word is final.

Your opinion is no longer worthy and

seems I am at a tie with my sons. Zeke

doesn’t care, and neither did you five minutes ago about these women.” King

Theron says.

My eyes go to Zeke and I clench my jaw, knowing all he had to do was agree with his brothers to let the women go, to fucking accept me in their place. The King watches me with a wicked grin and I don’t like the game he is playing, and he is playing a game, he’s baiting me.

I tap my leg, calling Hunter to follow, and march toward the stairs. Grabbing the girl on the steps arm, I yank her back and climb the stairs before marching across the stage toward Zeke. He smiles

deviously, and I notice King Regan and King Lyon watching me and their

brother.

I look at King Theron. “Zeke agrees with Regan and Lyon,” I tell the King and Zeke

scoffs.

“Hunter!” I call, and Zeke unfolds his

arms. “Agree and I’ll give him back,”

“Oh you’ll give him back!” Zeke

threatens.

“Good luck taking him from me Zeke!” I

retort.

Murmurs break out from the crowd and

the Kingdoms staff at my casual

reference to their names.

King Theron laughs. “Your answer Zeke, do you accept Zirah as your possible Queen?” Zeke growls menacingly.

“Take the deal, Zeke,” I tell him, and he

grabs my throat. Time seems to stop and I

notice King Regan, out of the corner of my eye, take a step forward.

Zeke leans down. “You dare threaten me, Love?” Zeke growls, his lips brushing

mine.

“I am not threatening you. I am ordering you to accept!” I sneer at him and his

hand grows tighter, cutting off my air.

Hunter growls, but my fist clenches his

fur and he sits back down.

Zeke’s eyes dart to his growling wolf. He

tugs me closer, his arm snaking around

my waist, as he pulls me flush against

him. His hand then slides up my back and

grips the nape of my neck while his

fingers tangle in my hair.

“Order me again, Love, and the only place you’ll find yourself is in a body bag.” I glare at him, and Hunter growls

menacingly at my feet and goes to move, but I yank him back.

“Ask me nicely?” Zeke whispers, his lips

brushing mine. I grit my teeth, knowing all eyes are watching to see what I would do. Zeke growls when I say nothing and his lips crash against mine hard, his hand in my hair forcing me closer when he

bites my lip hard enough that blood fills

my mouth.

“I want my wolf back.” he snarls against my lips. Hunter snarls viciously at his

owner and I can feel the vibration as he tremors yet my hand gripping the scruff of his neck keeps him in place beside me.

“He bites me, and I kill them all and make you watch. Starting with little

Leila.” Zeke speaks. He looks past my shoulder and I know by his taunting gaze

he is looking at her.

“She is why you decided, She is what made your mind up to sacrifice yourself,”

Zeke laughs.

“Your humanity is sickening, but unfortunately it’s what my father likes about you, that and your inability to fear death, even when you’re in its clutches!” Zeke cranes my head back by my hair and Lyon growls.

“Zeke!” Lyons snarls.

“No, she must learn her place, especially in the presence of a King!” Zeke snaps, shooting his brother a glare. Blood

dribbles down my chin from where he bit me and trickles down my neck.

Zeke moves his thumb, smearing my blood across my throat before licking the

trail from my chin to my lips. His tongue traces the seam of my lips and he pulls

me closer.

“What will it be, Love?” he purrs, and my

lips part. Zeke smirks before kissing me

as if he owns me, his tongue tasting every

inch of my mouth and he growls when I

don’t kiss him back. I have no idea what

game he is playing, but he is deliberately putting me on a show and for what to

show I will never measure up to him,

never be his equal that I will bend to his

will?

Grandma did not raise me to be a

pushover, so I kiss him back, my hand

grabs his shirt and I feel him smile like he

won. Until I bite him, his grip tightens in my hair, ripping the strands from my scalp but I refuse to let go.

Until he cuts my air off completely with the hand that has his fingers wrapped around my neck. He snarls, letting my throat go and wiping his mouth with the

back of his hand.

“You want Hunter back? Tell your father you accept!” Zeke snarls and raises his

hand when his father grips his wrist just as I let go of Hunter, who moves and squeezes between my legs. Zeke looks

down at his wolf.

“She hit a King?” Zeke roars at his father.

And I am surprised when Regan comes to my defense.

“No, she hit her husband... if she chooses you...” Regan says, stepping forward. 4

“I never said I accept.” Zeke sneers at his

brother.

“But you will, or I take Hunter,” I tell

him, and Zeke turns his deadly gaze back to me. He jerks his hand from his father’s

grip, who is smirking deviously.

“You knew I wouldn’t be able to choose,”

I tell the King.

“Correct, because you my dear. Were born to be a Queen. Welcome to the family.” King Theron laughs.