Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings By Jessicahall Chapter 29



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The King had a schedule set up on a board when I entered the dining hall, a calendar of sorts, and I gulp back the dread when I see today I will be once again with Regan. He did not look happy about it at all as he sat glaring at the board like he could set it on fire if he just glared hard enough.

"Zirah, finally, you're here!"

"Unfortunately! I was hoping she choked

in her sleep!" Zeke sneers, glaring at me.

"Maybe if I'm lucky, you'll choke on that damn ego of yours!" I spit back at him as

I take my seat beside King Theron.

"Moon Goddess, why didn't I make his mother swallow him?" King Theron

mutters to the roof as he rubs his

temples. I snort a laugh, and Zeke

mutters something, turning his gaze away while Lyon looks appalled at his

father's words. 4

"As I was saying to my sons before you entered, I have assigned each day for the next two weeks amongst the three of them. Upon my return, and as long as

none of them have forfeited the throne,

you'll choose whose Kingdom you shall

go to next. Think of this as a trial run, a

try before you buy which pig of son you end up with." King Theron snaps, glaring

at Zeke. 1

"Now, today, you'll be with King Regan.

He'll take you into town to buy some clothes, and you'll spend the rest of the day and night with him. Each morning at 9 am, you'll be passed to the next!" The King announces triumphantly.

"When you say spend the rest of the day and night, does that mean every second

of it?" I question not wanting to spend the night with any of these assholes.

"Precisely. You'll live like a married couple." My eyes dart between the three Kings, who all stare at me like this is my

fault!

"Nope!" I snap, sitting back and folding

my arms across my chest.

"Zirah, must I remind you of what you agreed upon? These are the rules of this arranged marriage. In the end, you'll pick which son you find worthy."

"I'm not sleeping in the same room as

any of them. I rather sleep in the

stables!" I retort.

"Fine, that's settled then, father; I will drop her at the stables at bedtime or the

pigpen wherever she feels more at

home!" King Regan snaps, getting to his

feet.

"Sit down!" King Theron booms, and his

fist comes down on the table.

"A pig would be more worthy of the throne than any of you!" I spit back at King Regan. His jaw clenches, and his hand on the table fists. Turning my attention to the King, I plead my case.

"Can I marry your fattest pig, King Theron? At least if your Kingdom falls,

we'll have bacon!" I ask, and King Theron

smiles. 2

"You marry one of my sons, dear; you'll have all the bacon you want, but no. I need a successor, and these three muppets are, unfortunately, the only options." he motions toward his sons.

"Why can't I stay in the room I am in? As much as I am looking forward to spending time with the parasites you call sons, I fear they'll kill me in my sleep the

first chance they get." I tell him.

"Goddess, give me strength. She is trying my last damn nerve." The King mutters and sighs. He sits back, glaring at his

sons.

"You will not kill her, and the same rule

applies: she dies in your care or suddenly

goes missing, you instantly forfeit your throne and Kingdom! Am I understood?"

Lyon nods his head once. Regan growls in

answer when Zeke smiles wickedly. I

watch him, not liking the evil glint in his

eyes.

"Fine by me, but father, if we must live like a married couple and share a bed and

all that isn't only fair, she has to perform

like one?"

"What do you mean?" King Theron questions. Zeke shrugs. "Well, if she gets to try before she buys, shouldn't we be

granted the same privilege?" My heart skips a beat.

"I'm not following, son. What is it you are asking?"

"He wants to know if she will be obligated to fuck him!" Regan sneers, yet his eyes don't leave me when I look at him.

"Well, if she wants to, sure. But if you brutalize her-"

"We'll lose our kingdoms!" Zeke finishes for him with a roll of his eyes, yet his lips

tug into a cruel sneer.

'So wait, how is any of this fair? We have been given every rule, yet she has none?" Lyon asks, yet my eyes are still locked on Regan. The moment Zeke spoke, his aura flared like a raging storm, crackling around us and darkening to the most

violent hue l've ever seen.

"She needs rules father, we can't have

her walk all over us. Why is it she can pick

and order us around, yet she isn't to even attempt to meet our standards?" Lyon argues. Regan breaks the stare off, and I

let out a breath as he turns his attention

to his brother and father. Turning my

gaze to King Theron, his brows are

creased, and he appears to be deep in

thought.

"Very well, I suppose I'm willing to

compromise, but you'll obey every rule I

set out!" He looks at his sons before he

turns his attention to me. "And so will

you! No if's, no but's, you'll actually try to obey the rules!" My mouth suddenly

loses all moisture, wondering what rules

he'll give me, and my eyes move to

Shelley, who stares at me in some silent message to agree, reminding me it won't matter once I escape.

So I nod in agreement. "What are the rules?" I ask and the King's tense posture relaxes, and he pushes up from his seat and grabs another board to write; he

chews on the end of his marker for a

second while he thinks before writing Grooms on one side and slashing a line. down the middle and writing bride on the other. I pull a face, not liking either of

those titles.

He moves back to the groom's side,

marker scribbling.

"First rule: No killing the Bride!"

"Same rule should apply to her if she is expected to share our bed!" Lyon points out. Zeke scoffs, and Lyon growls at him.

"Idiot, you have to sleep sometime!

Unless you learned how to sleep with one eye open?" Lyon retorts.

"Good point, son!" King Theron states, writing the same rule for me: I can't kill

them.

"Bummer, I was really hoping he would leave that one off; I had your deaths all planned out." I spit sarcastically. 1

The three Kings glare at me while King

Theron moves back to their rules. And the

outrage caused by it is instantaneous by

Zeke and Lyon.

"You'll remain faithful to your bride!" "What? That's some fucking bullshit if she doesn't have to put out!" Zeke snarls. "I'm not agreeing with that one. Either she gets on her knees or on her fucking back, or we get it somewhere else!" Zeke snaps. The King ignores Zeke and Lyon's words of outrage and writes the same on my side, yet that rule is fine with me. I have no plans to deflower myself anytime soon! Instead of reading each one out, he continues writing while we all wait in anticipation of these rules. When he is done, he turns to face us. "Each side will have ten rules. You three boys can write two rules each, and Zirah. You can write one rule for them since they have more rules than you already. So choose wisely?' The King states. The King turns the board so we can't see it on the easel and steps away from the board, tossing the pen to Lyon, who gets up first. He walks over to the board, writes his two rules, then smirks, passing the pen to Zeke. His eyes flicker dangerously at me as he gets up from the chair and looks at his father. "I can make any rule?" "As long as it doesn't go against my rules." King Theron tells him, and Zeke moves to the board. He reads the rules set out by the king and growls angrily and presses his lips in a line before thinking of his two rules. Yet before he can write anything, King Regan gets up and snatches the pen off him. Zeke growls and squares up to his brother, who is a good foot or more taller than him. I watch on nervously when glancing at the King to see if he'll interfere, yet he watches on eagerly when King Regan speaks.

"You said we can pick two rules, right? No matter what those rules are, as long as they don't go against yours?" King Regan questions. His aura oozes out of him angrily, and Zeke snarls, baring his teeth

at his brother.