Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings By Jessicahall **Chapter 32**

Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings by Jessicahall Chapter 32 Worry gnawed at me as I follow Regan out of the castle when he stops noticing

Malachi at the front gates.

"My King," Malachi acknowledges, and

his eyes dart to me next to Regan. "Zirah." I give him a brief nod.

"Are you leaving with my father?" King Regan asks him. Malachi sighs.

"Regan, you know I can't give you information."

"We're all family. If there is something you need to tell me, now is your chance, Malachi." Malachi looks ahead.

1/19

"Something is going on, more than he is saying. Is the Kingdom in danger?"

"That may be so, but I am loyal to your father. That is all I can tell you." Regan growls.

Malachi shakes his head.

"Is my father?" Regan asks and Malachi swallows but says nothing, yet I could tell that was his way of saying yes without breaking his loyalty

"You've said enough. But I have one more question. Is this the reason for the urgency behind..." King Regan glances at me. "The human?" he sneers. "Your father needs to ensure the

Kingdoms just in case." King Regan nods his head once. However, when he goes to leave, Malachi grabs his arm.

"He won't. I'll kill him before I allow

"No... You don't understand Regan... Zeke, he's up to something, he's..."

"A month ago? Zeke told me and Lyon he only returned for the Maze trials."

"No, Zeke has been here for over a

"Excuse me?"

"You didn't know?" King Regan shakes his head.

"He attacked her?" Regan questions.

"Litha is dead." King Regan states.

could tell he genuinely loves and worries for his King.

"Yes, I had to pull him off her at dinner the other night, like he forgot who she was. He called her Litha.. thought she."

"And be quick. Zeke is hiding something; you need to find out what it is." King Regan nods, and Malachi motions for the guards to open up the gates. King Regan stomps and I look at Malachi.

"Well, off you go. Keep up." Malachi

"I find out what is going on."

smiles. "You didn't tell him?" I ask him. He looks

"I shouldn't be telling you this. But-I owe him my life." Malachi says sadly.

my sleeve up a

at me, confused.

little and Malachi instantly rips it back

"I had a hard enough time ordering the maids to forget. As for vamps, I took care of them," he whispers. "Now go and never mention this

questions. I know a witch cursed the Lycans, but why, after all this time, do they still hold a grudge? What's done is done! Shaking my head,

down to cover my wrist. "Don't let them see." he hisses, glancing around at the other guards who aren't even looking in our direction.

Malachi's words leave me with more

are if I was able to

so I lose track of him

sure if I can recreate it.

snicker.

just couldn't resist touch; Casant hands

he trudges through the forest.

grazed and bruised.

"You don't get along with your brothers?" I ask.

"Asshole!" I sneer at him walking ahead.

"I'm sorry," he mutters, letting me go. I

again."

keep up with his long strides as we walked into town; he seemed to be on a mission to get this over with so he could get away from me, which is fine by me.

However, as he gets further ahead, I give up trying to keep up, instead taking my own pace, looking for paths and alternate routes, so much

I race to keep up with the King. Yet he is already on the

me wonder what that means and how I am going to get what I need to revitalize them. That is not something I am looking forward to, and I highly doubt King Regan would point me in the direction of wolfsbane, branding iron, and the

them. Pulling my sleeve up, I see the fading mark. The blue is gone, and it has now turned gray. The scar beneath is the only indicator of

Stopping, I glance at the forest lining the narrow footpath, wondering if any of the herbs are here and if I just need to find

Granny used a spell, one I never paid attention to because I never understood the language she spoke when she did it. However, while

what it once was, yet the magic has now faded and I'm not even

completely as he disappears. He seems to forget I am supposed to be in his "Care"

herbs I need without asking questions. Plus, there is the issue of the spell granny used.

unsupervised, I decide to wander off the track. I find some wild currents and pick them, popping them in my mouth and chewing before picking a handful and moving a little deeper.

his furious voice. "Human!" I hear King Regan snarl,

I pull on my wrist, and he growls, then stops and grabs me. A squeak leaves me,

the path, using those impossibly long strides and a fast pace that leaves me stumbling to keep up.

"I have meetings in an hour! You are wasting my damn time!" He snaps. I glare at his backside and the light gray suit he is wearing before I

not expecting it when I find myself dangling upside down and looking at his plump ass. Not bad, even if I do say so myself.

current, when I smirk. Opening my hand, I chuckle and squeeze the currents, mushing them in my hand and turning it a deep reddish purple. I then smear it over his backside, ruining his gray pants.

the almighty King of assholiness!" I slap his backside.

"Keep that up and I will leave you with Zeke!" he says. I roll my eyes, digging my elbows into his back and resting my chin on my hands as

He says nothing, ignoring my question, and I sigh. Such a conversationalist! When we are back on the path, he then dumps me on the

ground, just tossing me off his shoulder. I land on my hip and ass and graze my elbow. I hiss, rubbing my elbow and my entire side feels

He stops. "Control yourself and keep your pitiful peasant's hands to yourself!" he snarls before slapping my ass. I snicker to myself.

"Do I look like a cat? You can't fucking toss me and expect me to land on my damn feet!" I retort, and I continue walking toward the town when he grabs my arm.

glance at him, but he just slows his pace to mine. My hip is killing and I can feel the bruise forming.

"Last I checked, I'm the one who picks out of the lot of you, not like you have any options lining up to

you!" I tell him. "What and you do?"

"Three, apparently, you've been

your father's damn litter."

"Well, I don't see you trying to kill me?"

me into the closest store. It has racks

everywhere with clothes and I walk

over.

through the aisles when a lady rushes

are short-sleeved. After an hour, I realize

they have only airy, flowy dresses made.

for the hotter months.

behind me.

"And what makes you think you have a say in it?" He demands.

that twat!" I snap at him and he looks down at me.

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He huffs. "Don't let that make you think I like you. I just know my brothers; I'm not risking my throne when they will do the dirty work for me." He chuckles.

"You assume you'll live long enough to marry any of us?" He laughs like he finds that the funniest thing in the world.

Stepping into the town square, I find stalls set up everywhere, little boutique stores and grocers, anything and everything you can think of.

"Your majesty." She bows low, and I look at Regan, who looks at her, annoyed. "Well, don't just stand there, help her! I have places to be." He snaps at her and she quickly rushes over to me. She asks what I'm looking

and pulls some dresses down, holding them up and I shake my head, seeing they

"Do you have anything with long sleeves?" I ask her. "But it's "I hold up my hand, cutting her off.

scars like he could see through the blouse.

to the King, his half brother from what Shelley told me. "I wish I could say more."

"Zeke can not get the throne," Malachi says slowly.

that." Regan assures him, yet his words confuse me that he would speak like that about his brother.

"He's what? What has he done this time, Malachi?" Malachi glances at the castle and presses his lips in a line. "Nothing I can prove, but what is going on with your father didn't start until he showed up a month ago."

Malachi's brows pinch and he shakes his head. month. His Kingdom is being run by his Beta."

"Check the logbooks. He's up to something. Ask any of the staff but your father's had issues since he arrived." "I noticed, he seems...." Regan doesn't finish. "Not himself... yeah, he's even been forgetting staff names, he's attacked Shelley twice...he's not of sound mind."

"I know. I was there with you and watched her burn. But... I don't know it like he sometimes forgets what decade he is in." Malachi worries and, by his aura, I

"Tell him what?" I pull

path and once I reach it, I slow down, giving up. King Regan didn't

However, I have other things on my mind besides escaping this luxurious prison I have found myself in. One of my runes is fading, making

Becoming absorbed in my task of finding herbs and trying to locate the dreaded wolfsbane in the thick brush, I end up finding crab apples and have an entire handful of berries and fruit when I hear

"Your attitude is getting on my damn nerves. Do you think I want to babysit you?" He snaps, grabbing my arm and tugging me back toward

Popping another current in my mouth, I push up, leaving all my weight on his arm, and he growls. "Current?" I offer. He presses his lips in a line before lifting me higher and tossing me back over his shoulder. I glare at his backside before going to eat another

Argh, finding it hard like a fucking rock! I shake my hand. It stings me more than him. He snarls and digs his fingers into my thighs.

"Sorry, Regan." I draw out his name and he jostles me, his shoulder digging painfully into my stomach.

"If you don't want me to touch it, don't put it in my face. I couldn't help myself, so plump, like a peach. My

"Oh, for goddess' sake! Don't you start fucking crying?" He snaps. "Over you, not a damn chance!" I snap back at him. Now I am glad I ruined his pants. My only regret is I didn't have mud to make it look like he soiled himself!

He sighs before moving closer and offering me his hand, but I slap it away, getting to my feet.

"I didn't expect you to land on your ass!" He yells at me. I stop and raise an eyebrow at him.

"Are you, or just worried I will snitch on you to daddy, or more worried I won't pick you and you'll have to answer to Lyon!" He stops and glares at me. "Lyon?" He growls.

"Yeah, well, Zeke stands no chance in hell at the throne if I have any say in it! I'm surprised your father even expects me to go along with

volunteered. Lucky me.... You get a wife and I get a headache and I get the pick of

Now that it is open and bustling with people, I see how large the place truly is. "Well, hurry up! I have a Skype meeting soon!" He snaps at me. I look at him, not

sure what he wants me to do. I've never been to a store before. He growls, shoving

for but I have no idea, then asks what size I am and I just stare at her. "I don't know; I used to make my own clothes." She purses her lips and tugs on my clothes. She then moves to the racks

"Maybe try Kelly's four stores down. She never throws stock out," she tells me.

"Thank you," I tell her and she smiles before her eyes move to Regan sitting

"I know, the days are long and hot and nights freezing," I sigh.

"You would be more comfortable in-" I shake my head as she holds up a floral dress that looks like a dais a floral

"Just pick something!" Regan snarls at me. The woman glances at him before dropping her head.

explosion. "I have scars I like to keep covered," I tell her, not knowing what else to say without saying; witch trying to hide her runes!

Yet saying that aloud seems to have piqued Regan's interest as he looks up from his phone. His eyes flicker and he looks me over for these "I'm afraid my store might not be the store you are after. Most of my stuff is mostly for spring." She chews her lip. I nod, about to thank her for wasting her time.