Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings By Jessicahall **Chapter 33**

She drops her gaze when I feel him grip my wrist, tugging me out of the store. He leads me outside and down a few stores, stopping at

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another which has dark windows you can't see in, and a beaded door. I glance up at the sign before Regan pulls me inside. A bell chimes as he pushes through the beads and opens the glass door. A woman wanders out from behind the counter. Her eyes go to the King before darting to mine, yet the moment my eyes meet hers, I know there is something more to this woman than meets the eye. Her energy radiates power. "My King, what brings you here?" She asks, yet her

lips tug in then

on me and her see she has all sortsg around, I

clothes. And pants!

Regan tells her I am here looking for

clothes. The woman nods and purses her

lips.

"Size?" I almost groan, having not paid attention in the last store, so I am

shocked when Regan gives her my measurements. She hums and nods.

"Well, we have this section, which should be mostly your size. What are-"

"Something with long sleeves," Regan says, as he runs his fingers over the racks. The woman nods and grabs some stuff, holding it up, but

everything is... floral. What is it with people wanting to look like a flower around here?

I am about to shake my head when Regan starts plucking things off the racks that are just plain colors and much more, something I would wear or make myself.

"Try these on and leave whatever that crap Shelley has you wearing here so she

can burn it!." Regan orders, thrusting a dress into my arms.

The woman motions toward a curtain and I pull it back to find it is some sort of

booth with a mirror taller than me.

Slipping inside, I hang the clothes up, getting rid of the clothes Shelley gave me. Can't I give them back to her? Why must I

throw them out? Shaking my head, I pull the black dress on. It flows to the floor, hugging my hips and the top of the dress is low cut; I pull a face, seeing my

does have long sleeves. Twisting, I smooth the dress out, finding it fits like a second skin, the stretchy material hugging my curves and I feel even more exposed.

Yet it offers more coverage than my boy

legs did and is quite pretty when I see the straps at the back hanging down. I hold them up, wondering why I have tails. Walking out of the dressing room, I am about to ask the woman what to do with them when I find Regan now sitting out the front, a heap of clothes similar to

breasts on display. Pulling on the fabric, I try to tuck them in and pinch the top closed, but the make of the dress doesn't allow it, but it

"Does it fit?" He demands, looking up while I am stupidly holding out the bits of fabric, probably looking like a bat! His eyes roam over me and his eyes flicker black when he suddenly stands. The woman comes rushing over to help me, but Regan steps in her

Great! How am I supposed to tie that by

what I'm wearing across his lap and his phone in his hand.

path, grabbing the pieces of lacy fabric I'm holding out. He begins crisscrossing them over my waist and hips before spinning me around and tying them at the back.

myself? Regan then spins me around to face him. He clicks his tongue, looking down at my feet. He huffs, wandering off and grabbing heels when I shake my

"I'm not wearing those!" I tell him and

another pair of ballet-looking shoes. He

these strappy-looking flat shoes, and

he presses his lips in a line before finding

nudges me to sit in the chair he was in before he lifts my skirt. I nearly slap his face when he grips my wrist before it

"If I wanted to fuck you or touch you sexually. I wouldn't have added that rule to your side, Zirah!" He snaps, letting my wrist go. "So you do know my name after all, that the second time you have said it!" I retort. He says nothing and laces the shoe up my leg before

at me.

connects with his face.

moving to the next.

head.

However, his hands linger far too long on the other leg when he leans closer, his face barely an inch from my mine, and he sniffs the air before leaning back to look

"You really are pure, aren't you?" he questions.

"Untouched! You're a virgin." My face heats at his words. It's not like I didn't know what sex is. It just never appealed to me, especially hearing the echoes in the caves. Half the time, I wasn't sure if they were in pain or in ecstasy, maybe both. Yet his words made my face heat

"You can really tell? I thought the King was just saying that to make the women

"How so?" I question. He seems to think

" he grabs my hand, brushing his

"Virgins smell different, their scent isn't as potent."

fear lying."

"Excuse me?"

for a second. "I don't know...just different. For example

thumb over the back of my hand. He then

like being a virgin is something to be ashamed of. Regan raises an eyebrow at

holds my hand to my nose. I can smell his touch on my hand. It's a masculine scent,

like the smell of the woods after a storm. Refreshing.

human you don;t have the same sense of smell. You'll just have to take my word

He shakes his head. "Of course, you're

for it. You smell different from other

always lost when hunting.

women; I can smell their lovers on them, but it's different to just me touching you." He frowns before continuing. "I can smell they've lost their innocence." He

"It helps keep things where they should....

not that you need it ye-" his eyes dart to

She shakes her head. "No, take them.

Your money's no good here, Zirah."

half the kingdom. We look after our

She shakes her head, bagging t

own." Her eyes go to the King and I shake

name?" I ask her.

items."

to take it.

I tilt my head to the side. "You know my

my breasts, he clears his throat but doesn't finish what he was going to say. The woman chuckles. "I think he approves," she laughs.

handy for storing crystals in. Instead of Granny pulling my hair so tight she could shove them, or the bracelets she used to make that I

my cleavage before he smirks, not even caring that I know he is looking at them. I shake my head, fighting the urge to cover them before remembering the

"The entire city knows your name, dear. You saved my daughter from entering the maze. I owe you a great debt and so does

I glance down at them. I've never understood why men get so excited over lumps of fat on a woman's chest, created to feed a child. 1

Regan growls at her, but she does not seem to be bothered in the slightest by him. Glancing at him, he looks down at me. His eyes flick to

my head, trying to push the bag toward her.

if everyone has one. Regan clicks his tongue, pulling me in front of him.

drop-down tier is a smokey quartz stone and the last tier is black amethyst.

"The Kingdom has waited a long time for someone like you." Regan scoffs.

coin's purse Shelley gave me. I hand it to the woman, not sure what to do with it.

"Well, if you won't take her money, take mine, she is stubborn and won't leave until you do and I have work to do," Regan tells her, pulling a card from his wallet. Similar to the one Shelley gave me.

I watch him use it when he raises an

"You're not supposed to watch."

Please take it," I ask her, but she refuses

"The chip goes in here. You slide it in." He pushes the card into the device. And points to the screen. "Then you press which one you want, so this one." He points and shows me. "You press the button, then type the pin number in. He presses four digits. "Hit ok

need it?" I taunt.

eyebrow at me.

"They will. That's why I'm not worried about you sending me broke!" He laughs. I shake my head when the woman sings out.

shocks me, it's the runes that are

her own.

"Zirah!" she says and I stop and Regan growls.

She's a mystic like granny. My lips tug in the corners.

down to the smokey quartz before his

between my cleavage.

folding clothes.

thumb brushes over the last stone nestled

brothers would kill me, so I don't think I

embroidered on the inside where no one will see. Runes, I know, mean protection. They won't work the same as granny's but I know this is her telling me what she is, and that she knows what I am, one of

"Tell Shelley I said hi," she smiles, with a knowing look on her face. I glance at her aura and tilt my head when she finishes tying it in place.

"Yeah, we would find all sorts of crystals in the caves," I tell him and he nods. He looks back toward the counter where the woman stands,

The woman rushes over. "Stay where you are, but lift your hair for me." My brows furrow, but I do as she asks when she moves her hands in

front of my face, revealing a leather and lace choker with a black obsidian stone nestled into the center. Hanging off the choker on the first

I glance at her. "We look after our own!" she repeats and my fingers brush over the leather, but it's not the choker that

"Sorry, Shelley gave me one of those things but never told me what to do with it," I tell him, looking away and wondering why it is a secret

"No, but she will keep US humans safe from the Lycans." she retorts and then walks away. I turn back to find Regan looking at me. He pinches the choker, running his thumb over the black obsidian that sits in the center, then

"Yes, because a human ruling will really keep you safe from the vampiric Kingdom." Regan sneers.

"Come on." He grabs my hand, leading me out. Regan is quiet on the walk back, as he tugs me Wrist is fir his grip on along after him. When we arrive back at the castle gates,

and stomps off immediately into the massive entertainment room Zeke was in

"It's a black amethyst," I blurt stupidly, and his eyes flick to mine.

"You know about crystals?" He questions. I bite my lip and nod my head.

Lyon has his feet on the coffee table and a

he passes the bags to one of the maids

earlier. Walking past the entrance, I notice Zeke lazing in the armchair a drink.

behind the vase when someone clears their throat,

in his hand as he watches his brother.

behind the vase more. "Where are you going?" Zeke laughs.

"To deal with her!" he growls stomping off toward the stairs. I cover my mouth, trying not to laugh. When he is out of view, I step out from

However, immediately notice Hunter isn't with Zeke, and I am about to ask where he is when Lyon speaks, making me freeze. "That explains your mood! Wrong time of the month, brother?" he laughs, and Regan looks over at him. Noticing them looking at his pants,

drink in his hand. "What happened to your suit?" I had completely forgotten about the currents I mashed in his pants. Zeke tilts his head and then snickers.

he twists, and I duck behind the massive vase that is as tall as me in the entryway. He growls furiously. "That fucking brat!" Lyon snickers and I hear a glass break before stomping footsteps. I press against the wall, hiding

making me jump. Lyon is leaning against the wall just in the entry. "Run human, I'd hate to be you when he gets his hands on you!" he laughs wandering back into the room. I peer in, and Zeke smirks at me,

and I quickly rush off to look for Shelley since I can't go back to my room right now.