Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings By Jessicahall **Chapter 34**



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Later that night.

Regan has changed from his ruined suit

and is now dressed more casually in jeans

and a black shirt. He glares across from

me at the dinner table, and I have ignored his hateful gaze for the past half an hour.

King Regan is still pissed off, and I spent most of the afternoon hiding in Shelley's

room once I found it. I haven't dared to

return to my room out of worry that he would be waiting to make good on his

threat.

Regan reaches for his glass of whiskey, swirling it in the glass before drinking it and holding his hand out to the waiter wanting another. The waiter takes its rushing off when King Theron turns in

his seat to look at me.

"You are to meet Regan first thing in the morning at 9 AM; my sons usually have breakfast brought to them, so just meet him in his room." King Theron tells me,

and I swallow nervously, knowing I

would have to spend an entire twenty-

four hours with Regan. His lips turn up

into a cruel smirk.

"Why wait, father? We might as well start the game now?" Regan growls, his lips tugging up into a smirk. King Theron purses his lips, and I open my mouth to argue when King Theron speaks.

"See, why can't you two be as eager to win her hand?" King Theron asks Lyon

and Zeke. Zeke snickers, his lips turning

up deviously, knowing Regan is probably plotting my death, not seeking my hand unless it's to remove it from my body.

"I rather cut mine off!" I tell him, not

wanting to go anywhere near Regan with how he has spent all of the dinner glaring

at me.

"My King, you promised Zirah a night to herself?" Shelley steps in for me. King Theron glances at her, and she drops her head, bowing slightly. King Theron huffs out a breath, and Shelley lifts her eyes to meet mine. I suck in a breath, waiting for

his answer.

"I did say that?" the King mumbles, and I chew my lip, waiting for him to answer.

"I think let her have a night to herself,"

Lyon interrupts the King's thoughts. Regan glares at him, and so does Zeke,

who leans forward in his chair to look

around Regan.

"Yes, I'm sure she wants to get a good night's rest after her adventures in the town today?" King Theron says, looking

at me. I nod my head quickly, keeping my

gaze from Regan, who I can feel is glaring

at me, his aura making goosebumps rise

on my arms.

"Very well, it's settled then. Tomorrow at

9 AM, you are to meet Regan in his bedroom for breakfast but remember, dinners are held together."

He glances at each of his sons.

"That means all of you!" King Theron orders his sons. They grumble and growl but reluctantly nod, and I pick up my

spoon and taste the soup set out in front

of me and nearly spit it out.

It's scalding hot, but I manage to force it

down. It's chicken soup, and I am starving, hungry. The King lays out the

rules again while I dip my bread in the soup, only half listening, having heard it already.

Hearing the rules again wasn't going to change the fact I was doomed no matter what! However, when Malachi enters the dining room, the King looks up, his chair scraping as he pushes it out.

"The car is waiting, my king." Malachi bows slightly. King Theron places his napkin on the table and stands. He sighs, walking over to me. He puts his hand on my shoulder and gives it a squeeze.

"Give 'em hell, dear." He winks at me,

then walks off, followed closely by Shelley and Malachi. Turning back to the table, I find all three Kings staring at me.

Zeke smirks, and I move to leave when

Regan speaks.

"Dinners are to be spent together, or have you already forgotten the rules?" King Regan asks.

"Yes, as of tomorrow. So until then, I am

done here!" I tell him, pushing my chair

back.

"The dinner rules were never mentioned

as to when it takes effect, only when you

have to act as our wife!" Zeke smirks, leaning back in his chair and folding his

arms across his chest.

"Remember, human, if you break the

rules, we get to punish you

appropriately." His eyes flash

menacingly. Regan's eyes dart to Zeke briefly, and he presses his lips in a line,

and I purse my lips.

"Fine then, hurry up. I want to go to

bed!" I snap at them, folding my arms

across my chest defiantly.

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Four Hours Later.

My ass is going numb, and my back is

aching from sitting at this damn table for so long. They weren't even eating, just talking or fiddling with their phones, and every time I went to get up to leave, one of the Kings would raise a brow or smirk

and pick up something popping it into

their mouths.

It's 10 PM, and I am usually asleep by now. Yawning, I watch Zeke set down his bottle of liquor. He has managed to down

an entire one-liter bottle of rum. He

wasn't even using a glass, just drinking it straight from the bottle. Lyon is also half

drunk. Regan, however, has been nursing

the same glass of whiskey for the past

hour. All the while, they pretend I'm not

here until I move.

"Are we done?" I ask, and silence falls at

the table. Their chatting dies down as

they all turn their attention to me. When

they don't answer, I push my chair out

and tuck it back in. The moment I turn to

leave, Zeke moves with a speed that should be illegal! He steps in front of me,

blocking my path, and I sigh, annoyed.

"Zeke, move-" my words are cut off by

his hand gripping my hair, and he jerks my head back, making me hiss when my hair tug painfully.

"You dare address me by name?" He

snarls at me.

"You're not my King!" I spit back at him, clutching his hand when he cranes my

neck back further.

"No? Then what am I?" he growls, and I glare at him, knowing he is looking for any reason to enact a punishment, so instead, I bite back any of the profanities I want to spit at him. When I say nothing, he smiles, his eyes flashing.

"Our father may be forcing us to

participate in this little game of playing house with you, but that doesn't mean you can do what you want!"

"That goes for you too; last I checked, you're supposed to be playing for my hand, I can tell you right now. You were out of the running the moment I met you!" I sneer at him.

"You'll be dead long before you have a chance to pick between us; the only hand

we are playing for is a hand in your death! If you haven't noticed yet, my father is

gone, none of the staff will help you, and

you're without our wolves. Accidents

happen, and no one here will question whether or not we have reason to punish

you or what that punishment should be."

"I've done nothing wrong to warrant punishment!" I retort, and Zeke smiles.

"Haven't you? Did we say you could

leave?" He snarls, his eyes flickering dangerously. His breath smells of rum. The liquor permeates off him, and I am learning quickly that Zeke isn't safe to be around sober yet drunk. He's an entirely

different sort of asshole, cruel.

"Zeke, let her go!" Regan growls.