

# Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings By Jessicahall

## Chapter 35

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“Weren’t you the one wanting to punish her for ruining your pants?” Zeke asks, jerking my head to the side and making me grit my teeth as my hair tugs painfully.

“Yes, and I will when I feel like it. Now let her go; we are done with dinner. She is

free to go.” The screeching of someone’s chair behind me makes me tense,

wondering if I am soon going to have to

escape the clutches of one of his brothers,

too.

Lyon comes into my line of vision and

claps a hand on Zeke’s shoulder.

“Come now, brother. We can’t kill her the

first night she’s here. Father would have

our heads. You can have your fun with her

soon enough.” Lyon tells him. Zeke’s eyes

flicker oddly, and he smirks. He then

shoves me away, and my ass hits the

table.

“I give you a week before you’re hanging from the rafters,” Zeke laughs; he then

follows Lyon. I stare after them when Regan speaks behind me.

“You need to be careful around, Zeke. He’ll find any excuse to punish you, and his punishments can be quite brutal and lethal.”

I glance at him before staring back at the entryway. “Well, get it over with, then. I want to go to bed!”

“Get what over with?” He asks, and I hear

him tuck his chair in. Each step he takes

makes my heart rate spike when he finally steps in front of me.

I roll my eyes. “Your “punishment” for ruining your pants,” I say sarcastically,

wanting to get it over with, so I can go to bed and sleep.

“You want to wash my pants now? I was going to make you wash them tomorrow, but if you insist, I can show you where the laundry is?” He chuckles.

“That’s the punishment?” I ask, a little shocked. I was expecting something

horrid and possibly painful after the way

Zeke treated me.

“They’re pants. Though I have killed people for less, I don’t believe my father would accept death as a suitable

punishment for ruined pants.” He purses his lips and scratches his chin, looking

thoughtful.

Regan laughs softly before a hint of a smile ghosts his lips. “Maybe you’re not the only one wanting to go to bed,” he tells me before leaning down to whisper.

I only stayed to make sure they didn’t kill you!” He shakes his head with a laugh before turning on his heel and walking away from me.

My brows furrow and I watch him leave, waiting for him to turn around and tell me he is joking and I have to sleep in the stables or something. When he doesn’t, I move to catch up with him, having to run

up the steps to catch up to him.

He glances down at me but says nothing as I follow him, partly because I still don’t

know my way around and spent a good

hour lost while trying to find the maid quarters where Shelley lives.

“But you were angry?” I question, remembering the way he stormed off to

hunt me down when he realized what I

did.

King Regan sighs. “Yes, most people are

in the moment. But I’m not a complete monster despite what my brothers and father think of me!” He growls.

“And why do they think that?” I ask him, having to power walk to keep up with him.

“Because they also aren’t wrong, either.” He shrugs, and we turn the corner to find the enormous double doors leading to their quarters.

King Regan pushes the doors open and slips through, and so do I

when I hear the lock click behind me as

the doors swing shut. I stop, glancing at the doors, which were open all day.

Do they lock them at night? King Regan keeps walking, and I turn to tug on the

door handles. The door rattles but

doesn’t open, and I hear laughing behind

Turning around, I spot Zeke leaning

against his door, and he holds up a key,

jiggling it in the air before placing it in his pocket.

“Can’t run from us now, Human.” he

snickers.

King Regan growls and keeps walking

while I hesitate, knowing I have to walk

past him to get to my room. Exhaling, I stride toward him, and as expected, he

steps in my path.

“Move!” I snap at him. Zeke chuckles, and I go to move around him, only for him to sidestep. I roll my eyes at his

childish antics and move to the opposite

side, only for him to grab my arm in a bone-crushing grip.

His claws pierce into my arm when he lets them slip free of his fingertips, making me cry out. I grit my teeth, angered that I let him know he is hurting me, because he smiles in response, his grip tightening

more.

“One week!” He purrs. I glare at him and

try to jerk my arm from his grip, and he smiles sadistically, tugging me closer.

Blood streams down my arm from his claws, embedded in my flesh. The pain is burning, and I bite my tongue to stop myself from letting him see how much he is hurting me when he lengthens them, something I didn’t think they could do. His claws slice deeper, and I gasp, my lips parting, and I suck in a sharp breath to stop from screaming at the burning

agony.

A second later, he smiles, letting me go, and I stagger back. He smiles, and I hurry to my room, blood dripping from my fingertips. Shelley is right. I have to get

out of here!

Opening my door, I slip inside and lock it.

Only to notice the door handle on the inside is still broken by Regan. My eyes

burn with tears I refuse to let fall.

Instead, I walk to the bathroom and flick

the light on.

Stepping inside, I examine my arm to find five deep puncture marks oozing a bloody trail down my arm and dripping off my fingertips onto the tiled floor. I snatch some tissues off the counter and

wet them under the tap, dabbing at them

while my eyes scan for something I can

use to put pressure on them.

Finding a hand towel, I wrap it around my arm, tucking it under my arm to hold it in place when I hear the door. I suck in a breath, popping my head out the

bathroom door, and I hear a whimper and

furiously scratching. I look at the gap below

the door and see a shadow. My heart beats faster as I approach the door,

wondering what joke Zeke is now playing.

The scratching starts again, only louder

when I hear whining and recognize the

sound as one of their wolves. I rip the door open to find Shadow Lyon’s wolf at

my door, tail wagging, and he jumps up on me, his paws resting on my shoulders as he licks my face frantically. I rustle his fur, and he sniffs my arm and then growls.

“Did you sneak out?” I whisper, then quickly stick my head out the door to see Lyon standing at the door of his room. He nods to me once, then goes back inside his room and shuts the door. I chew my

lip. 5

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Does that mean he is letting me have his wolf for the night, but why? Either way, wasn’t saying no, and I quickly step back, opening the door wider. Shadow rushes past me and jumps onto the bed, making himself at home.