

THREE - WANTED By The Lycan Kings

JASMINE's POV

“Do you know your purpose here?” Nathan asked, his voice cold and devoid of any warmth.

I gulped, trying to find my voice.

“I... I was brought here because of a deal my father made with your pack,” I stammered.

Zachary leaned in closer, his dark eyes piercing into mine.

“You are here for one reason only,” he murmured, “to serve us.”

“You see, Jasmine,” Ryan began, his voice dripping with mock sweetness, “we Lycan Kings have needs, desires that you must meet.”

My heart raced, and I stared at them in fear and disbelief.

“I thought mates were meant to be cherished, loved,” I whispered, recalling the stories my mother told me of true mates.

Nathan chuckled darkly, tilting my chin up to meet his gaze.

“That’s where you’re mistaken,” he said, his voice chillingly calm.

“You have the blood of a weak alpha running inside you. Did you think we would accept you as our mate? You are here to fulfill a purpose as our slave. Nothing more.” He explained.

I had always anticipated the moment when I found my mate, eagerly waiting for him. What I had not imagined was that I would have three mates, and none would find me worthy.

My eyes filled with tears as the reality of my new fate dawned on me. Sold off by my father, and now trapped in a place where I was nothing more than an object to be used and discarded.

“You should be available to us at all times,” Ryan ordered.

“I won’t be used by you,” I spat angrily.

The three brothers exchanged amused glances.

“Do you believe you have a choice here? You don’t,” Zachary whispered harshly.

“The moment your father placed his signature on that contract, your entire being now belongs to us.”

“Leave,” Ryan ordered.

I didn't need to be told twice. I quickly scramble to my feet and run out of their office. I exhaled deeply as soon as I was out of their presence.

“Follow me, darling,” I heard a feminine voice say.

I looked up to see a middle-aged woman who looked to be a maid here. Seems like she had been waiting for me to come out. Without a word, I started following her. It's not like she was going to kidnap me and put me in a worse situation than I was already in.

“Where are we going?” I finally asked, breaking the silence.

“The slave quarters,” she replied.

“What?” I gasped in shock. They had entire quarters reserved for slaves?? What sort of sick place was I in?

She didn't reply and continued leading me to my supposed quarters. She looked a bit robotic in her actions, like she was thoroughly trained to perform her duties.

She pushed open a set of double doors, which led to what looked like a sitting room. What stood out to me were the ladies present who were half-naked. There were about fifteen women here, all dressed in really skimpy clothes.

“Girls, this is Jasmine, our new addition. She's a private slave reserved for the Lycan kings only,” the middle-aged woman announced.

Some of the women gasped, while some glared at me in anger. Wait, what did I do wrong now?

“Yuri?” The woman called out, and a slim lady with blonde hair stepped out. She looked friendly.

“Jasmine would be your roommate, so kindly show her around,” she said.

“Okay, Ms” Yuri replied and stretched out her hand for me to take.

She was the first friendly face here, so I felt like I could relax a bit. I accepted her hand, and she led me through a hallway into a bedroom with two small beds and a pile of clothes lying around.

“Sorry for the mess; I had no idea I would be getting a roommate today,” Yuri apologized sheepishly.

“Um, it's fine,” I replied.

“Come sit down. I bet you have a lot of questions piled up in that pretty head of yours,” she said, giggling softly.

“Yeah, I do,” I replied, a small smile forming on my face.

She had so much positive energy it felt like it was lifting my spirit, too.

“So ask away, what do you want to know?” She asked as soon as we settled on our respective beds.

“Are you all slaves too? Why aren’t you sad or trying to escape?” I asked curiously.

“Yeah, we are. I guess we get used to it, and it’s not like we have any chance of escaping,” she replied.

“Also, I don’t want to escape anyways. Life before this wasn’t any better either. And besides, the men are fucking hot, and the sex is great!” She giggled.

I stared at her, horrified and unable to process what she said.

“Okay, listen. Since you’re my roommate, it’s my job to explain how things work here.” She started.

I just nodded for her to continue.

“So I’m an exclusive slave of the pack’s beta, Ethan. One man exclusively owns some of the slaves. Example: me and you. While few others are free to use by any high-ranking men,” she said, pausing to catch her breath.

“Every slave was either bought or captured from a weak pack that was defeated. Their ranks were based on how pretty the women were,” she explained.

“Wow...” I muttered, still in shock.

“And you, my darling, are very pretty. Gosh, your ginger hair is gorgeous! Just a quick warning: some girls are already jealous of you since you’re under the most wanted and admired Kings.”

“The last slave of the lycan kings, Ann, was trashed because she had too many scars, and the kings despised any damage on what’s theirs. And by the way, she got those scars from the other girl’s secretly bullying her.” Yuri whispered as if afraid of the other girls overhearing her.

Wow! So not only was I unlucky to be enslaved, I now had a target behind my back.

Just great!

JASMINE’s POV

The room was silent after Yuri's explanation. I was prepared to stand up for myself and hopefully escape this sick place.

Seeing my worried expression, Yuri tried to lighten the mood.

“Look, it's not all bad. Once you learn the rules and find your way around, things become easier. And like I said, there are perks.” She winked, trying to make me smile.

Before I could respond, a bell rang out, echoing through the quarters.

“That’s the dinner bell,” Yuri said, rising from her bed.

“Let’s go eat. The food here is quite good.”

We went to the dining room, a large hall with several long tables. The room was tense as we entered. I could feel eyes on me, assessing and judging.

Yuri led me to a table where a few other girls were seated. Their conversation stopped as we approached, and they exchanged glances.

I greeted them with a small smile, but they merely nodded, offering no warmth.

As we ate, I could feel the hostility directed towards me.

The girls spoke in hushed tones, occasionally throwing pointed glances my way. It was clear I was an outsider.

I was mentally and emotionally drained and needed the comfort of sleep. I changed into the provided nightwear and settled into bed, trying to shut out the world.

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I woke up a bit late the next day, and Yuri had already left the room. Tiredly, I sat up, rubbing the sleep from my eyes.

Breakfast was a repeat of yesterday's cold treatment. I tried to engage, to fit in, but it was clear I wasn't welcome.

Yuri, bless her soul, tried to include me.

“Hey, new girl.” A girl who I heard was named Sasha called me.

I turned to look at her questionly, surprised she was talking to me.

“The Lycan kings demand your presence now,” she said, making me freeze on my spot.

"Do they always summon new slaves like this?" I asked, trying to hide the fear in my voice.

Sasha shrugged, her expression unreadable. "Every slave's experience is different. Just do as they say, and don't make any trouble."

Swallowing hard, I nodded and pushed my chair back. The walk to the Lycan kings' chambers felt like an eternity.

The massive double doors scared me, and I hesitated to knock. Taking a deep breath to calm myself, I knocked gently.

"Enter,"

I hesitantly stepped forward; I stopped a few feet away from them, keeping my gaze lowered.

"Look at us," Zachary ordered.

He grabbed my face to turn my head toward him. Zachary kissed me; his tongue went into my mouth, which made a moan slip out of my lips.

My wolf was so excited about making contact with our mates that my body refused to cooperate and ran away. It was like my body had a mind of its own, and it wasn't controlled by me.

I felt his cock start to harden against me, reminding me why I was there.

His hand tugged at my blouse, pulling it out of my pants. His bare hand caressed my warm skin.

When it started to dip into the waistband of my pants, I pulled away quickly. What was wrong with me? Why did this turn me on? I should be running to get away from them and not eager to please them.

"Don't deny yourself the pleasure your body craves for. It's obvious how horny you are," Nathan smirked.

He silenced my protest with another deep kiss. His hands unbuttoned my blouse. He slid it off my shoulders, revealing my breasts in their white bra beneath.

I glanced over at Ryan and Zachary, who were watching intently, Ryan swirling his wine, Zachary leaning back and watching through half-lidded eyes.

Their eyes took in the curves of my body, lingering on my breasts. When Nathan's hands came up to cup them, they watched that movement, too. There was something so profoundly erotic about the way they were watching.

Drinking me in...

Heat flooded my cheeks, and my chest heaved. My eyes fluttered as Nathan pinched my nipples through the fabric of my bra, rolling them between his finger and thumb. I moaned loudly.

“Gorgeous,” Ryan complimented.

“Isn't she?” Zachary agreed, running his hand behind my back to unhook my bra. My breasts fell free, large, and perky.

Zachary cupped them and massaged them. He grabbed me and pulled me closer to him, pulling me so I rested back against him, the view to the triplets even better.

He laid kisses along the skin of my neck, and I arched, giving him more access. A low moan escaped my lips.

Zachary knew how to touch me in ways I hadn't imagined.

They looked at me wickedly, and it looked like they were scheming something evil for me.

“Kneel, Jasmine,” Ryan ordered.

I wouldn't dare disobey their orders after all the warnings, so I knelt down.

Ryan held my head and grabbed me by my hair in his strong hand, forcing me to look up at Zachary. His gaze was intense, commanding. My wetness dripped between my legs, aching.

“Go ahead, baby girl,” Zachary growled.

I didn't know what I was supposed to do.

Did they want me to suck his cock??

“Come on, open your mouth and suck it now!” Ryan ordered.

I reluctantly opened my mouth, and Ryan pushed me by my head further. Now, I was feeling the wet heat of his balls against my tongue. Zachary let out a soft groan.

“That's it,” Zachary whispered. “Now suck.”

His words were a command, a demand for submission.

I sucked gently at first, but as I felt his hips thrust forward, pushing his cock deeper into my throat, I knew I had to take more. I gagged, the tightness building in my throat, but I drove past it and did not resist.

Zachary let out a low, throaty moan, his hand combing through my ginger hair.

My cheeks hollowed as I took more of his length into my mouth. I could feel the head press against the back of my throat.

I moaned around his cock, making Zachary's cock twitch in my mouth, and the scent of his arousal filled my nostrils.

From the corner of my eyes, I could see Ryan and Nathan stroking their cock as they watched us lustfully.

Zachary pulled away from my mouth, making me whimper slightly with desire.

“Well, ain’t you eager?” Zachary mocked.

My face turned a deep shade of red in embarrassment when I realized how needy I was to have them.

Feeling extremely shy, I picked up my shirt and ran out of their room.

I had no idea how I would face the triplets again.