

## SIX - WANTED By The Lycan Kings

Jasmine's POV

I stood there dazed, staring at her back as she walked away like she hadn't just threatened me.

I was receiving death threats already!

Yuri had already told me how every other slave there wanted to be in my 'position,' a slave to the alphas. I was a bit irritated at how shameless they were being for the Lycan kings. I couldn't deny the triplets were attractive as well. I had never seen a more appealing and sexy male; I couldn't decide if they were naturally attractive to females or if it was because of the fact that we were mates and the mate bond had a very pulling effect.

I had been told by Yuri they were good in bed and left girls begging for more. The information surprisingly pleased me. But this desperate to be their slaves, I shook my head at the short black-haired girl who walked towards a treadmill. She stood with two other girls, a tall, slim brunette-haired and a shorter blonde girl with freckles.

The three she-wolves glanced at me and giggled, mumbling some things. They were probably gossiping about me; I rolled my eyes and glared at them. I wasn't going to be pushed around or let them bully me.

I knew my position; I was obviously higher than them as the alpha's exclusive slave. I cringed at the thought of being a slave. Lola sent a glare back, showing she wasn't going to back down. This was going to be a bit troublesome.

“Ignore her,” I heard a voice behind me and turned to Yuri with a small smile. She had already told me to be careful around other 'slaves.' I shook my head and replied, “It's nothing.”

“Come on, let's go.” She took my hand and pulled me into the room. I could feel their gaze on me; I felt a bit uncomfortable. I didn't like the weird looks I received from the other she-wolves in the room. They mostly gave me a look of jealousy, anger, or disgust. I sighed. I was the alpha's daughter in my pack. I was used to the attention of other wolves, but this. I never, for once, thought I'd find myself in such a situation as a slave, a sex slave. Not just anyone's slave, but a slave to the three most potent lycan kings, and what was even crazier was the fact they turned out to be my mate.

It is every wolf's dream to meet their mates. The one paired with them by the moon goddess herself. A forever partner; everyone dreamed of experiencing the shocking thrill of having a mate—the feeling of bonding with another wolf intimately, of loving and being loved.

I sighed for the nth time that day. I was so unlucky. I had been eagerly awaiting to meet my mate since the day I turned 18; not only had my wolf not appeared, making me weaker in the pack, but I was mated to not just one but three Alphas. Due to my position as an alpha's daughter, I already

knew I wasn't going to be mated to a lowly wolf, but I had not expected to have been mated to the famous Lycan kings.

Now that my father had sold me off as a slave to my mates, they'd refused to acknowledge me as their mate and would only treat me as a sex slave they bought me as.

I walked towards another treadmill opposite Lola, as I didn't want any trouble. I stood on the machine and turned it on. I had set it to slow as I didn't have the energy to go faster. The day had already been stressful for me. I bit my lips as my mind went back to what had happened earlier today. The alpha touched on me, and I shivered.

I was surprised with how willing I was to please the alphas, my mates. I felt like I was no different from the rest of the slaves here, wanting to get in their beds.

Suddenly, I felt something, no someone, hit me with a tremendous sudden force. I found myself falling off the treadmill harshly and scraping my knee.

I heard loud gasps from around. I groaned. I had hit my head badly, and my knee was bleeding. "Jasmine!" I listened to my name and blinked my eyes rapidly as I stared at a blonde girl who had a look of hatred when we locked eyes before changing it to a sad one. She had pushed me knowingly; I fisted my palm in anger.

"Are you okay?" She asked softly, but I could still hear the mocking tone in her voice. I glared at her, and I felt someone hold me from behind.

"Jasmine, what happened?" Yuri's worried voice came, and I pulled my gaze away from the blonde bitch that had pushed me to look at worried Yuri. "I'm fine," I said, my voice wavering.

She stared at my face and then my bruised knees. Her eyes widened for a moment at the sight of the injury, worry, and surprise evident in them before looking up to glare at the blonde hair that had 'mistakenly' pushed me.

She huffed and helped me to get home. I groaned out in pain as I stood on my feet. My left knee ached severely; it hurt. "Let's get you out of here."

"Thank you," I whispered to her as she helped me get up and walk out of the training center. The whole room was silent, and all attention was on us for some reason. Some girls stared at my knees and giggled, while some just gave me a pitiful look. A part of me wondered why they gave such reactions; I just rolled my eyes and walked out.

....

"Eish," I bit my lips as Yuri tried to help me with my bruised knees. She applied a gel-like stuff that gave a cold, tingling sensation. "This is bad," She mumbled.

“It's not that bad; I've had worse injuries. This is barely a scratch.” Yuri shook her head. “You don't understand, Jasmine, this is bad.” I'd never seen her look so worried.

“It's terrible? And she nodded. Yuri sighed and got up to sit beside me.

“Jasmine, things here are different. Have you forgotten what we are?”

I frowned slightly. Of course, I didn't forget. How could I? My father had sold me off without thinking twice, to be enslaved, to be a toy, a pleasuring tool to the alphas.

“We, the alpha slaves, are supposed to be pretty and perfect. Without any scars and marks, bruises and injuries.” Her eyes went to my bruised knee. “The alpha kings want their property untouched and perfect.” I frowned; I didn't like how she referred to me as their 'property.'

“They might not want you anymore.” My eyes lit up. Her words echoed in my head. They might not want me anymore. I unknowingly began to smile, and maybe this was a blessing in disguise. This meant freedom. Even though I was their mate, they had failed to acknowledge me as one, and since I was bruised, they might not want me anymore.

That meant I would be free. “That's good, that's excellent news, please don't treat it anymore.” I didn't care if the injury grew worse; I wanted it to be as bad as ever so they wouldn't want me anymore and have me out of their sight.

“Jasmine!” Yuri called strictly. Her face didn't show any sign of happiness. Was she not happy I was going to be free?

“There is no escaping this. Freedom?” She scoffed. “It would only get worse, Jasmine, don't you understand? Slaves here are ranked based on how beautiful and attractive they are. This bruise means you're going to get demoted. A free-use slave, one anyone can use anytime for pleasure. You wouldn't belong to the alpha anymore, and you wouldn't have their protection anymore.” I froze at her words. A free-use slave?

“You are already stunning and the alpha's slave. Every male has their eyes on you. They want to have a test of the alpha's exclusive slave. If, if they find this, ”she stared at my bruised knees, “they might reject you and demote you. And then you would turn into a free use slave. Every male wolf is itching to get their hands on you...”

“No!” I interrupted her. Life couldn't get any worse. I couldn't let the alphas find out about my bruised knees; I didn't want to end up like that. The thought sent a shiver down my spine, and the hair on my skin rose in fear.

“N-no... none of that is going to happen,” I said, my voice breaking.