

Mated To The Werewolf King

CHAPTER

4

Zefer

"Tonight is the full moon. We cannot go beyond our borders for there are main concerns of vampires roaming about. We cannot risk them breaching our borders again and attacking the young and the weak." Zachary declared as he sat on his throne that was made of real gold.

A gold crown embodied with crimson crystals sat atop his head. His fingers wrapped tightly around a golden scepter that had the head of a werewolf sculpted at the top.

He reeked of power and authority to others yet to me he was nothing but an imbecile who cared about his dying son and mate. *They made him weak.*

To hell with the young and weak. If you cannot fight for your life then you are not meant to live. Blasted mongrels.

"I say we ought to show them rancid vampires who they're messing with. We are stronger and we have an entire army!" A man yells in the crowd.

His statement has the entire throne room in an uproar. There were shouts of agreement while the cowards protested. *Fools.*

I feel the powerful anger radiating off of Zachary. His wolf was ready to lash out. "Enough!" His commanding alpha tone leaks out and mutes them all.

I turn around to stare at him. His mate, Isabela stood beside the throne, her red dress spilling around her. The golden crown atop her flaxen

curls. She was beautiful and before I kill her, I'd make sure I would have my wicked way with her first.

I was a few steps standing before them, if needed that one of the wolves in the room would attack. I was always the guard. I was tired of being the guard.

My destiny did not revolve around babysitting a mutt who's head was shoved to far up his own ass to know that he was not fit to rule. I was supposed to be king. I am king.

"We cannot let our guard down at this moment to attack the vampires. We do not know of their true intentions, neither do we know who is their king. And we certainly do not know how many are lurking around." He growls. His red eyes flashing in warning while his canines extended.

The wolves in the room bowed their heads. *Blasted fools.* Zachary's eyes cleared to it's usual color, blue. Isabela's long fingers wrap around his shoulder and she squeezes. Relaxing the fool.

"Tonight we hunt and do not surpass our territory. If vampires are seen lurking inside our territory then you might as well take care of it. If not and they are outside our borders and have not breached we leave them." His alpha tone has the whole room shaking in fear of protesting. No one protested, not if they wanted their head missing from their shoulders.

Well this full moon will certainly be fun.

I closed the dark oak wooden door behind me. I strolled over to my black wooden shelves. Bottles of strong liquor decorated on top and compelled me to reach out and grasp one. I do so, removing the cover to gulp down the burning liquid.

My chambers matched my personality, dark and fearsome. Everything was set in Black and silver. Silver was our worst enemy yet, I loved the glittering blades of death in my room.

"Well you're drinking early." The feminine sweet voice giggles.

I removed the bottle from my lips and wiped my mouth with the back of my hand. I stared at Mericel. I arch a brow. "You are in my room at this time? What if one of my brother's guarding wolves had taken your scent?"

She smirks walking towards me, her hips swaying. She was clothed in a black lacy dress that spilled at her feet. The dress left little to the imagination.

The color of her nipples could be seen peeking through the material. The shape of her womanhood also teased the naked eye. "I teleported my sweet, there is no possibility that they could take my scent." Her long fingers trace the curve of my jaw all the way down to my chest.

I should not be surprised, the witch had a tendency to come somewhere she wasn't welcomed. *She cannot be seen in my chambers.* If they take even the scent of her, all my plans for tonight will go down in the drain.

Her nails, black and pointy scratch the surface of my skin. My fingers wrapped around the bone of her wrist. My eyes flash in anger and I was sure she noticed the dangerous red in my iris.

The color of my wolf. Only true blooded royals eyes turn this color. The color of promised torture before death. Blood. "You cannot be here Mericel." My canines flashed.

Her dark eyes peered up at me and a nasty smile curls at her upper lip. "But that my sweeten is not true, am I not always welcomed at my lovers chambers?"

Her question is not so much as a question, I hear the underlying warning in her tone. She starts speaking in tongues and the candles in my chambers lit up the entire room. They flicker in warning.

"Merichel stop with the games and tell me why you are here. I'm very much growing bored." I grumble letting her wrist go. I step away not liking that the scent of death she normally carries will cling to me.

She sighs and pouts, her plump lips inviting. "Can't I just come to pay my love a visit?"

My eyes narrow. *Witches are devious beings.* My wolf Stone growls in my head. "Not if you want something." I told her walking to my opened window. The sun was already beginning to set below the horizon.

I could feel the power of the moon calling my wolf. Every full moon wolves would bathe in the moonlight to soak up its powers. This is when we are at our strongest.

I feel her eyes on my back as I reach over and close the window. I do not want one of the wolves below to take her scent. I turn to her.

She smirks and starts speaking in tongues. One of her crows teleport on her shoulder. It is black and its eyes are what children fear at night. Darkness.

"My crows have informed me that Ester possesses the last ingredient. She is at this moment creating the healing potion for Ares. Tonight is the full moon, we need to act now." Her eyes had gone a pale white. She usually sees through the eyes of her crows, I was sure this is what was happening at this moment.

I nod. "Aye you are right. I plan on killing my brother tonight under the light of the moon. This way his powers can pass down to me."

To become the next King, it is costumed to kill the current king under the moonlight to obtain the power of a king. It will only work if the

current king does not have an heir. Since Ares was next in line to the throne even though I would kill Zachary, I still could not become king since his heir still lives.

Merichel cackles her eyes turning back the shade of black. "You fool. Ares is not dead yet, if you kill your brother now you won't be the next King. Ares needs to die first."

My wolf flashes its anger at being mocked. She is lucky I do not kill her there and then. "You say that Ester has gotten the last ingredient for the potion?"

She nods reaching up to pass her long nail on the crow. "Yes her mate had found it in the deepest of the woods. I would've killed him but I did not want to get my dress dirty."

Ofcourse.

"Then we kill them tonight before Zachary and Isabela goes for the potion. They will not leave the wolves on their own knowing that vampires are around. They will wait until the moon reaches its peak. Then the wolves will be at their strongest. They will not have to worry about vampires breaching the territory." I stated.

Merichel smirks. "Then what of the boy?"

I snarled,my canines extending. "If he doesn't die from the last dose of the toxin we had given him before the moon reaches its peak. Then I will slaughter him myself and feed Zachary his blood before I tear his throat out to become the next king."

Merichel clicks her tongue."Very well, I will teleport us to Ester and her mate's cabin. But before we must cloak ourselves as Zachary and Isabela. That way they will let us in without a hassle."