Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings By Jessicahall

Chapter 30

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"Correct. Once the rules are written, they can not be changed, so choose wisely, Regan." King Regan looks at his father, and his eyes glaze over. My eyes dart to the King, who also has the same faraway expression on his face. And I know

somehow they can communicate that way because it's like their auras merge briefly. King Theron nods once to his son, and Regan turns back to look at Zeke, who he

is chest to chest with.

"Aloud I will only ask once!" Regan sneers, and Zeke glares at him.

"Fucking pussy!" Zeke growls back, barging past him with his shoulder to

stand behind him. Yet it makes me

curious as to why they are fighting when they each got to pick two. My stomach sinks when I see Regan read the current

rules. His eyes flicker, but he says nothing. Instead, writing on the board and tossing the marker at Zeke. It bounces off his chest, and he just catches

it, and Zeke storms over to look at what

he wrote. A loud roar leaps out of him,

when he suddenly smiles wickedly.

"Very well," Zeke sneers, scribbling his

two rules.

Regan takes his seat and glares at me when Zeke saunters over, holding the

marker out to me.

"Choose wisely. You only get one, love!" Zeke taunts. I instantly know what I will choose for them to keep their grubby

paws off me!

Getting up, I move to the board, feeling their eyes on me. My eyes go to the rules first that the King set out on the groom's

side.

1: Can't kill the bride.

2: Must remain faithful.

3: Must plan a date when the bride is in

their care.

I nearly snort as I keep reading. It was like the King was just trying to find any rule to give them to force them to try to make this sham marriage work.

Must share a bed with their bride.

No pornography in her presence.

Dinners must be in the dining hall, and all three grooms must be in attendance.

The Kings must take her outside at least once daily and not confine her to

their rooms.

Must ensure she eats three meals a day.

Kings are to run the kingdom

TOGETHER as one when I am gone.

The ninth rule scares the fuck out of me. If they

are to compete, why must they work together? However, when I see the 10th rule I'm supposed to mate, it is already filled in, but with different handwriting. I gasp. My mouth opens in shock when I realize it isn't King Theron's handwriting and Zeke definitely wouldn't have written

it, meaning it was King Regan.

The Kings will not force her to have

sex with them.

My eyes dart to Regan, who has turned his chair slightly and is watching me with an indecipherable expression on his face.

Glancing at my side and the rules set out, I read the rules the King has written. The first three rules are the same as the Kings.

1: I can't kill the Kings.

2: I must remain faithful.

I must share a bed with the Kings.

The fourth is different.

I cannot run away.

I swallow when I see the next five rules.

My brows furrow, and I glance at King Regan. He gave up one of his rules and added one to their side. But why?

5: The Bride must bathe her Kings.

I grit my teeth, not wanting to be near

them, and I definitely don't want to wash

them.

6: The bride must eat and drink whatever

the King whose care she is in

I shake my head and move to the next. Lyon's weren't too bad, though the bathing one makes me want to scream in

anger. I come to the next rule, which I know by the handwriting is King Regan's.

7: She must hand back our wolves and not use them against us.

Wouldn't that be two rules?

My stomach sinks at that one, knowing their wolves are my only protection, yet nothing makes my blood run colder than seeing the two rules Zeke chose.

8: If the bride breaks any rules or

embarrasses the Kings or causes what we deem as trouble within the Kingdom, the

assigned daily King can pick her punishment.

9: The bride can't refuse their touch or

affections.

My mouth opens at Zeke's last rule, and my heart rate quickens. Zeke must know where my mind went because he speaks before I can ask the King.

"Father said as long as they don't go against his rules, they're allowed." I

press my lips in a line.

"Your rule is basically the same thing!" I snap at him, and King Regan turns his head to look at his brother.

"What's the rush?" King Regan asks, his

eyes trained on his brother, and King

Theron looks at me.

"Read the rule out. Is it one of mine it

goes against?" King Theron states.

"No, it's…" I start to say when King

Regan, who is glaring at his brother, speaks up.

"It's mine!" Regan snarls.

Glaring at Zeke, I read the rule. "9: The

Bride can't refuse their touch or

affections."

"That doesn't contradict my rules, or the one Regan added to your side. Marriages have physical and sexual contact. They are to remain faithful. I can't expect them

not to have some of their needs met, Zirah. Please do try to understand, dear. They can't have sex with you. Regan assured that." My eyes prick with tears as I glare at the board, knowing I can't change it.

"But it's the same thing." I tell him, looking at the King. His eyes soften, and he looks down at his hands and curses.

"That is my mistake, dear. It never occurred to me, but I made the rule that the rules can't be changed." he says, looking genuinely angry with himself before he turns his head to glare at Zeke.

My eyes move to the three Kings. King Regan looks furious, Zeke looks smug as a pig in shit, and Lyon. He is staring down at the table when he looks at Regan.

"Let me or Regan add conditions to it," Lyon speaks abruptly, looking at Regan.

"No, it's my rule; it can't be changed!"

Zeke snarls.

"He won't be changing it. He'll simply be adding to it. Majority rules, Zeke. Father said he would compromise. I vote we compromise on that rule." Lyon snarls at him. Yet I'm shocked to see any of the Kings actually defend me, making me wonder why when they all despise me so

much.

Zeke scoffs, looking at his father, who, in turn, looks at King Regan. "Son, you have to agree or disagree with breaking the majority between you three." King

Theron says, and King Regan's eyes move

to mine.

"Regan, she's a fucking-" Lyon snarls

and is cut off.

"I know she's a virgin! Why do you think I placed that rule on our side?!" he snaps

at his brother.

"I swear, Regan if you take this bitch's

side-" Zeke starts to say.

"You'll what? Snarl at me, voice your

empty fucking threats!" King Regan

growls, pushing up from his chair.

"Well, it's decided Regan will add

conditions but won't remove the rule."

The King adds, and Regan stalks toward me. He steps behind me, plucking the marker from my hand and leaning over

me to write on the board. His chest

presses to my back and rumbles as he steps closer and dips his head.

"You owe me!" he whispers, and I quickly

nod. If it means not having Zeke force himself on me, I would agree for now.

However, when he lifts the marker, his father speaks.

"Make sure not to change the rule Zeke made completely." I peer over the board, looking at him, when King Regan grabs my hand, sliding his fingers, holding the

marker between mine.

He moves my hand and his toward the board, and my hand trembles, wondering if he is letting me add the condition or if he is doing it. I look at him over my shoulder, nearly brushing my nose with him when his eyes flicker, making me

look back at the board. He adds brackets

and then stops, leaving it blank.

Was he giving me the choice? He rises my feet with his and I grip his fingers, waiting for him to tell his father I was trying to manipulate what he writes. When he doesn't call me out, I move the

marker. When I'm done, he drops his

hand and holds the marker out to me.

"What did he add?" Zeke demands as

Regan steps away and takes his seat. My eyes go to Regan, then back at the board. And I read out what I put in the brackets using Regan's hand.

"That the kings will not penetrate the bride without her permission, or touch below the waist without her permission." I read out to him, and Zeke snarls, rising from his seat. He growls, and his father snarls back at him in a warning.

Zeke glances between the lot of us before he turns on his heel and storms out of the dining hall.

I read my rules and theirs once more as I

decide what to add to their side.

I glance over the rules, trying to think of one when it occurs to me that if they demand to choose what I wear, they'll

figure out I am a witch, but another worry

grows at me.

The King may not harm his own people, but would his sons in order to get me to comply? My eyes dart to Shelley. Looking over the rules they've given me. Some are kind of rules rolled into one, like

Regans handing me wolves' back and

using them against them technically can be seen as two rules.

So I write my rule.

9: The bride can pick her own clothes, and the Kings can't hurt any of the Kingdom's people to make the bride

comply.

Stepping back, I look at the rules. "Make sure you sign it as they did." King Theron says, and I glance at their signatures. I quickly sign it before turning the board to show the King.

"Very well, King Regan will take you into town, and as of tomorrow, you will officially be his for 24 hours. You've been

granted 24 hours of grace, Zirah,

tomorrow, you live with my sons as their wife. So please behave. I leave tonight and wish to come home to my future daughter -in-law in one piece." King Theron

states. His brows pinch before his eyes

fall on Regan and Lyon.

"Behave yourselves!" He scolds his sons.

"You don't wish us the same, father. Do you fear she will be no match for us?"

Lyon taunts.

"No, you'll leave her in pieces, but you

three. there won't be anything left of for

me by sun back together."

I snicker, and Lyon raises an eyebrow at

his words, yet Regan remains silent, staring at the table. "Son?" King Theron

tilts his head, and Regan lifts his.

"Where are going that is so important that you would risk leaving her

unattended with us?"

"House of parliament." King Theron

retorts, pushing his chair in.

"There have been notices requiring your

attendance. I would have seen those.

What are you hiding?"

"What I am doing and where I am going is none of your business. You do as required, and don't dare question me,

son!"

"No, if I am being forced to remain here. forced to accept these rules, and forced to accept…" King Regan's eyes move to me.

This human, I seem answers."

"You don't have to accept anything, but

you will do as I say and have some

manners. Your bride has a name."

"Not when with me she doesn't. She is a

commoner, a peasant!" Regan growls.

King Theron walks around the table

slowly while Regan glares daggers of disgust at me. Lyon presses his lips in a line before glaring at me too. Suddenly I feel as small as Regan insinuated. I feel them. So why did he works affairs me so?

I don't want any part of this, either.

King Theron drops his hands on his eldest son's shoulders, leaning down. His aura oozes out like a volcano erupting, it's suffocating, and a beast of sweat slicks down the back of my neck. Yet the longer I remain here, the more I feel and recognize their auras, which is becoming quite concerning. Maybe grandma was wrong about them not affecting me or maybe these runes were wearing down; I

would have to check later.

"If you think so poorly of her, why did you change the rules to protect her?"

Theron snarls.

"That is not why I changed them!" Regan booms and he turns his deadly gaze on

his father. King Theron chuckles.

"You had nothing to say until Zeke suggested sleeping with her. The moment

that was mentioned, you suddenly cared

for the rules. Now, why is that?" Theron retorts. Regan growls, his aura slipping out and challenging his father. I suddenly feel lightheaded under the

oppressiveness of them. The room spins, and my vision blurs. What's happening to

me?

"You don't know, do you? Yet you went against your brother because instinct told you to. Maybe instead of questioning my choices, question your own and the meaning behind them." Regan shakes his head, and I suddenly see two of them across from me. My breathing grows

harsher, and I barely catch myself before headbutting the table.

"Zirah!" Shelley shrieks, and her panicked voice brings everyone's

attention to me. Their auras drops, along with the sickening feeling inside me, my arm burns fiercely, and so does my spine, and then it stops.

Hands clutch my arms, and I shake the feeling off. Only to find Regan suddenly standing and Lyon. The King, however, purses his lips.

"Interesting." The King says, then turns,

walking out of the room, leaving us staring after him.

"You didn't eat last night or this

morning. When was your last meal?"

Shelley gushes, waving down another

servant.

"I'm fine." I shrug her off.

"When did you last eat?" Regan

demands, and I lift my gaze to him.

"Why do you care?" I snap.

"Because I am not carrying you home if

you faint in town, now answer the

question!" He bellows at me. I roll my

eyes, trying to think; I know it was before

I came here.

Granny and I hadn't done much hunting as she was unwell from casting, so maybe a couple of days before that. So I can't be

sure.

"I can't remember."

"Feed her. We leave in an hour." King Regan snarls before stalking out of the room with Lyon jogging to catch up to

him. ;)