

Sneak Peek!
The Beast King Chronicles
Book II:
The Diplomat's Son



Excerpt



Sir Deryk Samyth awoke to the sound of thunder.

It was a welcomed relief to hear the noise after years of drought. But, by all recollections, his father, the elder Lord Kergan Samyth, had not predicted rain this night. And the man was, for all intents and purposes, a venerable walking barometer.

Samyth strained to squint from his bed to see through the partially opened curtains. It did not appear to be raining, yet the noise continued. With a groan he decided to check. However, when he attempted to remove himself from the bed, he found himself stuck.

Oh no.

Samyth rolled over to find himself face to face with the Lady Antisella. The noise was coming from the snoring figure. Samyth swore silently. He did not know what possessed him to take to her bed last night, for it was well known that her father was a big man with a bigger temper, who protected his daughter's virtue with the ferocity of a mama bear.

Samyth was not one to take virgins to his bed, but when Antisella had started to flirt him with at the party, he found himself using her attention to distract from his boredom. When the night was coming to an end, he had agreed to chaperone her back to her home. He had all intentions to deposit her at her doorstep and leave. To his shock, the young lady had dragged him inside. He quickly found out the so-called innocent Lady Antisella was not as virtuous as she seemed.

After a thorough ravishing he attempted to broach the subject with her, only to be met with firm confirmation from her that despite their actions, and her obvious skill and experience, she was still a virgin, and that was that. When he expressed his confusion, she abruptly shut him up by proving the complete opposite of her beliefs once again. He decided he was not one to tell a woman her own mind and left well enough alone. Nevertheless, he could not help but wonder how many other men of the court had been privy to her "virginity".

Shaking clear the fog of sleep, he focused on the

task at hand, which was quietly removing himself from the snoring woman. He was certain, despite Antisella's conviction to intactness of her maidenhead, the true reason every male had kept quiet to her conquests was likely sleeping in the other wing, with a handy set of rifles at his disposal. With all the skill he had acquired over the years, he swiftly removed himself from her bed and shimmied out the window without a second thought.

It was pre-dawn by the time Samyth arrived back at his family's estates. He walked in to find his father speaking with a tall robust man in the grand entrance, leaning against the fireplace. Surprised to see the manor occupied at the ungodly hour, Samyth executed an elegant knight's bow.

"Your majesty," he said to the Beast King. "I was not expecting you."

King Ulric laughed, taking in young Samyth's crumpled clothes and mussed hair. "I expect not," said the king with a knowing smile. Kergan blushed and stammered excuses for his incorrigible son.

"None of that now," King Ulric said, eyes sparkling. He clasped Kergan's shoulder. "I consider you family, not friend," he said to the elder man. He turned and beckoned Samyth. "Come," the king said. "There is much to discuss."

Samyth dutifully walked over to stand by the king

and his father as they discussed the kingdom's business. His eyes glazed over and his mind wandered, as he thought of the comforts of a bath and bed. Noticing that both the older men were looking at him expectantly, he wracked his brain for snippets of their conversation, a skill that had gotten him through his schooling. The king had mentioned an uprising in another kingdom. Of course, his father, the king's most esteemed diplomat, would be involved in the conversation. Samyth felt his anger rising. The family estate was falling apart and once again his father would be running away to exotic lands.

Samyth kept his expression controlled. "How long will you be gone, father?" he asked coolly.

The Beast King looked at him with surprise. "But lad, it is not him I want to send, but you."

Samyth could not contain his shock. How had he missed that in the conversation? "I am not skilled like father," he said. He lowered his head demurely. "A diplomatic mission may be beyond my expertise."

King Ulric chuckled. "Come now, boy. From what I hear you can sell a donkey as a battle mount to a knight. Do not shame your father so with such modesty. Are you suggesting your father lacked in your education, and taught you nothing?"

Kergan paled and glanced at his son. Unsure how to respond, the Samyth merely shook his head.

"Good," King Ulric said. "It is settled. You leave to-

morrow.”

Samyth opened his mouth to protest. The king raised his hand for silence. “There is no more to discuss,” he said firmly. He shook both men’s hands. “Your father has all the details. He will explain the mission in detail.” With one last nod, the king called for his escorts from the kitchens and took his leave.

Father and son remained standing in the grand entrance, an awkward silence widening between them. Finally, the elder statesman took a deep breath and turned to the young man standing before him.

“Son, what on earth have you gotten yourself into?”