

Read Unwanted mate of the lycan king novel Chapter 10 online free

“Once the winner is announced, you three will enter the maze. The first to hunt their bride wins the throne.” My father states, and my brothers, and me included, jump to our feet in outrage.

“Bride!” I roar furiously. Has he lost his damn marbles? Does he seriously expect us to go along with his shenanigans?

“This is your grand plan, father. We marry a fucking human to save our so-called humanity!” Lyon yells, finally coming to his fucking senses and understanding the gravity of this situation.

“I’m not fucking marrying anyone. You’ve lost your damn marbles, old man.” Zeke snaps. My father, unperturbed by our anger, listens to us rant and rave at him about the ridiculousness. He almost seems tired, though how I hadn’t noticed before is beyond me. Looking at my father now, he doesn’t seem so full of life.

Granted, it has been months since I saw him last. I usually run my Kingdom and his remotely, thanks to the advancement of technology, probably the only good thing about humans is they’re always looking for advancement. Their curiosity not only gets them killed, but they are determined to figure out the world. Goddess only knows why because they’re all doomed anyway in today’s world.

Although I would not advise them otherwise or break the little bubble of their gullibility of thinking they will ever retain anything again in today’s world. Besides, it saves me from having to be in two places at once. They are mere worker bees, living to serve, hoping for recognition and social status.

“You tamper with the games; you are disqualified.” My father states. This explains why only women were competing this year. I curse, shaking my head.

“And if no one survives?” I ask.

“Then we start again until one does, and I can hand the throne down.”

“So what, it’s a foot race?” Lyon asks, showing a little more interest than usual in Kingdom politics. He has never shown an interest in the throne before.

“Yes, but there are conditions. I know you boys will do anything to get out of marrying. So I have placed rules. One is that you can not kill the bride the day after the wedding. Two, the woman who wins; will survive and rule aside you. Three, any harm comes to your future bride, where she meets an untimely demise. You will relinquish your Kingdom and step down from the main Kingdom’s throne and your own!” I scoff. I can’t believe this shit.

“So you are forcing not only us to compete but to marry and stay fucking married! And to a human!” Zeke says, disgusted.

“Yes, the human part is a slight fault that can be changed, you may not be able to change her, but your blood will make her immortal like your wolves. The winner of the maze will be rewarded by being made Queen, ensuring her future within the Kingdom.”

“Exactly what is the point of marrying when no woman can carry pure Lycan children? She’ll only be able to produce a werewolf, father!” I demand, and he shrugs.

“For a King to rule, he needs a Queen. You three failed to take mates, so I am forcing your hand. Now I am done with this conversation and growing tired. I will watch the games from my quarters. In the morning, you all enter the maze.” my father says, rising from his chair and dismissing us.

“If you want us to compete, I have a request.” I call after him, and my father stops.

“No, you will participate. You have no choice!” he snarls angrily, clearly over this discussion.

“And if all three of us refuse, who will choose then, father?”

“What is it you want, Regan?” he demands, and I know he didn’t think of us not competing and refusing to enter the maze.

“What are their tests?” I ask him. He shakes his head.

“Lions and vampires, I am only doing two tests, not the usual three.” he tells me, and I nod.

“How about one test? Remove the vamps and Lions.” Lyon tilts his head with a wicked smile making his lips tug up, he knows where I am going with this,

and he knows no one will survive. We would then have another year before the next trials.

“What do you suggest?” my father demands.

“We send in our wolves,” I tell him, motioning toward Gnash.

“That’s it?”

“Is it not enough?” I ask him, a glint in my eye, and I watch my father look at our three wolves.

“The winner would have to get used to our wolves anyway, father. If they survive them.” Lyon shrugs. “I may just see the winner worthy of hunting.” Lyon shrugs.

“Those beasts are more savage than the Lions.” he snaps at us. I shrug because he is right; the amount of lions we have gone through because our wolves wanted to play is shocking. They are bloodthirsty and savage when ordered or hungry.

After all, they are no longer normal wolves but immortal, stronger, and a lot bigger, matching that of the werewolves. We feed them our blood daily to ensure it.

“Come now, Father. Lyon and Regan are right. If you want us to enter. We will, but we want some say in it.” Zeke chimes in behind me. My father growls but nods once. “Fine; have it your way. But I will listen to no arguments about having to enter the maze in the morning!” he snaps, turning on his heel and stalking off inside.

I press my lips in a line and move toward the balcony, peering over. My eyes roam the maze before falling on the woman entering this year. Shaking my head, Lyon chuckles behind me. “They don’t stand a fucking chance now.” he laughs when my eyes land on her.

It is the girl from the stables. Something nagged at me. Something I couldn’t place, and I hold her gaze, which appears curious yet unafraid. Lyon and Zeke come over just as her attention is pulled away from peering up at us.

“This is supposed to be a game,” Zeke growls.

“It still is. Now it just ends in marriage!” I tell him, turning back and heading for my old room to rid this darn suit.

“If one survives,” Zeke says, mockingly.

“Not a chance.” Lyon chuckles.

“Gnash, come!” I call, and he chases after me.