

Read Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings (by jessica hall) chapter 14 online free

Regan POV

The loud, incessant rapping on my door makes me groan as I open my eyes. I glare at the ceiling, wanting to strangle the person banging on my door. Reluctantly, I sit upright and rub my eyes, trying to rid them of the sleep I have just had ruined by the twit banging loudly, their thumps on the door growing not only harder but faster, making me growl.

“What?” I yell out to the person ruining my sleep. The door bursts open, and Zeke saunters in, his aura spilling out of him is uncontrollable. Glancing at him, he is dressed and ready for the day until I really took in his outfit, which is more something he would wear to the gym than to work. And my brother doesn’t go to the gym. He is far too lazy for such things; the only exercise he gets is lifting a bottle to his lips or having sex.

Rolling my eyes, I toss the blanket back and sit up. “Is there a reason you are bashing on my fucking door at?” My eyes go to the window. It is barely light outside.

“At this ungodly hour, brother?” I snap, annoyed. I barely got any sleep without Gnash, the big brute usually crushing my feet. With him gone, the bed somehow felt empty, despite me constantly complaining about how much room he steals. I crack my neck, my eyes moving to the spot where my wolf should lay that is vacant.

“One survived!” Zeke says, making me glance at him. Real funny.

“Impossible,” I growl, standing up and reaching for my gray sweatpants.

“Must you always sleep naked!” Lyon asks, strolling into the room. I roll my eyes at him.

“You don’t want to see me naked, don’t barge into my room!” I retort. Not my fault they are less endowed and embarrassed. I smirk at my thoughts, yet don’t feel like getting into a dick debate with them, so keep my thoughts to myself.

Lyon scoffs, and I reach for my tank top. “We have a problem; one of them survived the night. Father thinks it’s hilarious and won’t let us know who. The old fart has been laughing for the past hour.” Lyon tells me.

“Bullshit, check the cameras,” I tell him, dismissing him. There is no way any of those women survived against our wolves. My father is just trying to make us compete in some childish sibling rivalry for some unknown reason. Maybe he really is losing his damn mind.

“They’ve been shut off, and father changed the password, so I can’t log in.” Zeke snarls. I raise an eyebrow at him.

“Anyway, we enter the maze in ten minutes,” Lyon says, huffing out a breath. So they still want to pretend one really survived? Fine, I will play along with their little game.

“We? Neither of you is to enter if there is a survivor!”

“Why, what’s wrong brother? Scared of some healthy competition?” Zeke mocks.

“You know the throne should be mine. You will both forfeit. It is my fucking birthright!”

“Father thinks otherwise, or he wouldn’t have us competing for the spot!” Zeke taunts.

“Not likely,” Lyon scoffs. Leaning down, I snatch up my shoes, and glare at him over my shoulder as I pick them up. Bending down, I go to put them on before growling and tossing them aside. I’m faster barefoot. Looking at Lyon, he watches me, a bizarre look on his face, one I haven’t seen before. His eyes flicker. Determination. Why he suddenly wants the throne makes questions rush through my head.

“You’ve never shown the slightest interest in the four kingdoms. Why would you want it?” I ask Lyon.

“For the mere purpose of getting under your skin.” He says, folding his arms across his chest and leaning on the door frame. However, I don’t believe his words; there is some underlying reason.

“Well, I’m not pulling out. You want the throne. You better run fast, brother.” Zeke smirks before walking out. I growl. If they weren’t my brothers, I would kill them. Maybe I still might!

“Ten minutes. Don’t be late!” Zeke laughs, stalking out of the room. As I move toward the door, Lyon steps in my way. He peers out the door at our retreating brother before looking up at me. “Zeke can not win the throne,” Lyon states.

I raise an eyebrow at him. “I’m being serious, Regan; he will start wars with the dragon kingdoms and the vamps. He is a tyrant and fucking dictator. His kingdom lives in squalor!” Lyon states. He is correct. Zeke was always at war with someone over inconsequential shit. And his people suffered the price, and I was always having to bail his ass out. There is no way I will bloody answer to the likes of him!

Pushing past my brother, I walk down the corridor toward the dining hall. “What are you going to do?” Lyon asks.

“Nothing, I can’t stop him from competing, but you need to stand down and forfeit!”

“No, the throne isn’t just your birthright, Regan. We are all kings!”

“I’m the oldest and the only one fucking trained to run the high Kingdom!” I snarl at him.

“You may not be as bad, Zeke, but you are far from worthy of the spot!” Lyon snarls. My hand grips the front of his shirt before I shove him against the wall. He grunts and glares at me.

“You and I both know it, Regan. Your people are terrified of you, all four Kingdoms are terrified of you.”

“Fear is not a bad thing; it keeps them in line,” I tell him.

“You ruined our only chance of breaking the damn curse because your temper got in the fucking way! Tell me how you are worthy after you slaughtered every witch from that damn bloodline! And don’t even get me started about our mother!” he spits at me.

“You are out of line, and know nothing of what you speak.” They have always blamed me for her death. If only they fucking knew the truth as I did.

“Because you refuse to tell us!” he snaps at me, and I let him go, turning on my heel. I am done with this conversation. As much as my brother annoys me I don’t want to hurt Lyon. Zeke, on the other hand, I could live happily with his blood on my hands, but that would hurt Lyon.

Making my way inside the dining hall, my father looks as smug as a pig in shit. Zeke is helping himself to the small bar area, I shake my head. That man can’t even remain sober for five minutes.

“I have good news, son.” I turn my attention to my father.

“So I have heard.”

My father is wearing a royal blue robe; his pinstripe pajamas beneath are the same color. Shelley stands beside him, and grabs his arm, as he goes to rise. I watch her actions, something was off, and I will get to the bottom of it. She never leaves his side lately unless doing his bidding, she always lingers, and I caught her sneaking into his room last night.

“Thank you, dear, I will take my breakfast on the balcony. Malachi will you bring the laptop, so I can watch the race,” he asks looking toward the kitchen doors; I peer over at him, and he nods rushing off.

“Can I at least make coffee first?” I groan; it is far too early for this shit.

“No, I want to get this over with,” he speaks excitedly, even having a spring in his step. “I think the woman is quite deserving, and I think you boys will approve; she is in the center of the maze,” he says, and I press my lips in a line. Zeke scoffs.

“We’ll see,” Lyon mumbles.

“Regan, you get the north entrance, Zeke the south, Lyon main entrance,” my father states.

“The north entrance is the hardest!” I snap at him.

“Well, you drew the short straw.” My father retorts. Zeke smirks, having got the quickest route.

“Wait, where is gnash?” I ask, are we expected to believe this woman is just waiting in the center of the maze, like a sitting duck, and our wolves have suddenly forgotten their way around it and are lost?

“In the maze.” is all my father answers. “Now, get to your starting points,” I growl but stalk off out of the castle toward the maze, my brothers taking the other doors as they head to their starting points.

Walking to the main entrance, one of the guards moves the door, locking them inside the Maze. Looking into the dark tunnel, I stick my fingers in my mouth and whistle loudly, hearing the echoes of my brothers doing the same as they call their wolves too. However, we don’t so much as get a yip or yap, usually gnash would howl, to let me know he is okay and come running, which sets me on edge, if this bitch has hurt my wolf not even my father would save her from imminent death.