

Read Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings (by jessica hall) chapter 17 online free

Blood sprays everywhere, and fur as they try to ward off their wolves without hurting them, making me realize they care deeply for their wolves.

I would have to remember that. It means they have a weakness, yet it also means they would probably kill for their pets too.

Yet I could tell this would end in the wolves' deaths, majestic beautiful creatures, yet lethal and monstrous. A strange combination, they instilled fear and awe. Yet I could tell they wouldn't stop fighting, which means they would be forced to either leave and submit to their pets, which I know they would not do, or kill them.

"Gnash, Hunter, Shadow!" My voice rings out clearly in an order, not even sounding like my own, nor do I remember thinking or speaking the words. Like some baser instinct to protect, the wolves overrode common sense because they obeyed instantly, moving to sit at my feet.

I blink at what I did. Wondering what the heck is happening and how I commanded their loyal pets when they couldn't.

"Well then, isn't this a startling new development?" Comes a deep baritone voice. Everyone stops and peers to the left to see the King.

He is dressed in an elaborate and stylish robe made of thick material, the buttons holding it to his shoulders made of gold, matching the gold medals that lined his shirt.

His clothes beneath the heavy-looking robe are made of silk and embroidered with gold thread, although his crown did not sit on top of his head, he still looked like a king, and was far more presentable than his night clothes when I last saw him.

No, now he oozed power and authority like his sons. Even the air surrounding him seemed otherworldly, eerie, yet powerful. One thing became abundantly clear: this man was powerful and rightfully so being a king. But not even his sons have learned to master the authoritative stance he holds as effortlessly.

The King walks into the center yet the wolves whine at him, instead of growling like they either think he is harmless or knows he is untouchable. I'm

not sure which. But it is clear the King does not fear the wolves, instead he gives Gnash and Hunter a scolding look. Both wolves drop their heads and back up toward me.

The King watches them and chuckles, shaking his head before turning his gaze to his three sons.

“It appears your wolves have chosen for you. Now it’s a matter of who she chooses!” He speaks clearly and calmly, yet leaves no room for argument. His aura is stronger than that of his three sons, more powerful, yet looking at the edges, I see the flicker in it. A flicker of death.

“Chosen for us?” Lyon asks, looking between the King and his wolf.

“Appears so.” the King murmurs, looking back at me.

“You’re the girl from the truck. I did hope you would win. There is something about you, I just can’t put my finger on it, but you remind me of someone.” the King muses thoughtfully.

“You’ve met?” King Regan asks him.

“Yes, quite the attitude. Maybe you three have met your match. I do hope so. Maybe there is hope for you yet!” The King speaks.

“She attacked me!”

“Good, you could do with a good beating, son. I am much too old to chase you to deliver it myself. Hopefully, she can smack some sense into you. That’s if she shall choose you. Your mother was never slow to give me a clip behind the ear, would serve you three well.”

I watch him as the King steps past Lyon and Gnash whines at him.

“None of that, I mean the girl no harm Gnash!” The King scolds him and Gnash drops his gaze to the ground as if he is pouting.

“Girl, what is your name?” The King asks and everyone turns to look at me. I stare at them, wondering if we could get to my death part, I was already tired, and I really didn’t feel like playing games of denying the inevitable or the fate that was sealed for me the moment I was chucked into this barbaric ritual.

I may have survived the maze, but no way in hell was I being a maid for these fools or scrubbing the floors beneath their feet. I rather pick my pillar to burn at now, than prolong it.

“Your name?” The King repeats.

“Zirah!” I answer, wondering what is going on.

“Nice to meet you, Zirah; I am King Theron. However, you can call me by my name. We are in far too deep now for titles. I will not have my future daughter-in-law call me by title, now come. We have much to discuss.” He says, offering me his hand.

I stare at his hand, then at the three kings. Daughter-in-law, has he gone mad? Surely I misheard, or it is some kind of joke. I didn't think he was serious about the conversation I overheard between him and Malachi. Why would the King want his sons to marry a human?

“Father? You can't be serious about marrying one of us to her? I rather marry a bitch from the whorehouse than marry this wench!” Zeke asks. The King looks at his son, then back at me.

“Then marry a whore, but forget my throne if you do. Talking like that, you won't have to marry her, because what woman would want to marry a prick that speaks like that to his future bride!” the King retorts. My eyes widen, seeing the King speaking so crudely and casually to his sons, nothing like I would picture of the man standing before me.

“Zirah, come with me. They won't touch you and you can bring your wolves.” He states. Now that makes the three kings scoff.

“Her wolves?” Regan snarls in outrage. The King quirks a brow at his oldest son.

“Fine son, go on, tell your wolf he doesn't belong to her now.” the king's lips purse as he nods toward Gnash at my feet while I look at the wolves sitting obediently at my feet.

I never asked for these killer wolves. Looking up, I see the three Kings staring at their wolves. King Regan looks like he is about to drag his wolf away from me like I have brainwashed his wolf against him.

Lyon actually looks sad his wolf isn't at his side and when I peer at his aura, it has flickers of green and blue through it when he peers at his wolf, King Regan's flickers like a colored cloud showing that both of them truly do love their wolves. But Zeke he is glaring at Hunter, his arm still dripping blood as he slowly heals.

"Gnash, go to your master," I tell the wolf. King Regan's eyes move to mine, his aura flickering with curiosity. However, Gnash doesn't move. I brush my fingers through his fur before flicking his ear gently.

"Go to Regan," I tell him, and he huffs but moves toward his owner.

"Didn't realize we were now on a first-name basis. Just because my father said you can call him by his name, don't think the same applies to me human." Regan sneers at me.

"I have plenty of other names I find suiting for you. Would you like me to pick another, though I'm sure you'd prefer your name to what I truly want to call you, your Highness?" I sneer back at him. Regan glares at me, and I look at Lyon.

"Shadow, go on. Go to Lyon." I tell him, and he wags his tail, rushing to his master's side.

"Thank you." Lyon whispers and nods once. At least he has some manners.

However, looking at Zeke, I don't want to give his wolf back to him. His aura is menacing, and I know Hunter would be punished. I click my fingers and Hunter follows me toward the King when Zeke steps into my path. His hand reaches for his wolf and I grip his wrist.

"I don't know what you've done to my wolf, but hand him back!" Zeke snarls, and his entire body trembles, but my grip tightens. No doubt he could break my hold like he broke his wolf's ribs, but he doesn't in his father's presence, meaning he fears his father's wrath another thing to take note of.

"Zeke, touch one hair on that girl and you'll visit the gallows, but you won't return from them." the King orders his son. Zeke takes a step back from me.

"First to touch her, right father?" Zeke says, lifting his hand. My brows furrow.

“She touched you and none of you were getting close to her unless you were willing to kill your wolves. Now stand down, son, or I will put you down!” the King commands. Zeke growls and shakes my grip off.

“Give him back!” Zeke’s eyes go to his wolf at my side, his eyes glinting with his anger.

“He’s mine now,” I tell him.

Zeke laughs and shakes his head. He reaches for the scruff of Hunter’s neck before I can grab him. Hunter backs up and Gnash growls, stepping forward.

“As I said. He’s mine now,” I tell Zeke before shoving past him. His father lifts his hand, offering it to me. “I won’t bite Zirah, I have manners, unlike my sons.” he glares at them behind me and I sigh, accepting the old man’s hand, thankful he didn’t order me to give Zeke back his wolf.