

Read Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings (by jessica hall) chapter 18 online free

The walk back to the castle feels impossible as I climb the hill. The sun rising quickly, the lack of sleep, and the tormenting night were really catching up with me. As I climb the hill, I'm very aware of the kings behind us, watching me; I can feel their angry eyes boring into me, their auras creeping toward me threateningly. Hunter remains at my side, his fur brushing my legs as I walk.

Yet as we move through the rear courtyard, past the magnificent gardens, and into the grand castle, I find the curious gazes of the King's staff watching me. However, they all quickly scamper away when the three Kings enter behind us. They all scatter, making themselves busy except for one who King Theron addresses.

"Shelley, can you take Zirah here to the guest quarters in my sons wing, please? Find her something to wear."

"Yes, my King," the woman answers, motioning for me to follow her when the King turns to face me.

"Shower and come meet me in the dining room. I'm sure you're hungry. I will have the chefs make you breakfast." The King says before walking off and leaving me with his maid. We watch him go when I hear feel the heat of one of the King's sons press against my back. Moving away, I turn to find it is Zeke. Hunter stares up at his master, not so much in fear, just anxiously like he is waiting for what Zeke will do.

His eyes flicker dangerously when King Regan clamps a hand down on his shoulder. "So tense brother, imagine the fun we can have breaking her. Let her shower first. If we have to play house with her to appease our father, so be it, but we might as well enjoy breaking her as we do." King Regan says coldly while shooting me a glare.

King Regan's lips tug into a smirk. "Besides, I give her a week before she kills herself, then you'll have Hunter back at your side where he belongs." King Regan adds.

The maid touches my arm, forcing my attention to her and I am thankful, anything to get away from these three men so I can figure out how to escape this place. "Zirah? If you'll follow me," she says, nodding toward the stairs.

“Right, come on Hunter,” I call Zeke’s wolf, who instantly obeys. Zeke growls behind me, the sound sending a chill up my spine, and I peer over my shoulder at him and him and smile. Zeke moves to take a step toward the stairs when King Lyon grabs his arm.

“Forget her. Regan is right. She won’t last week.”

“Easy for you to say. She hasn’t stolen your wolf.” Zeke snarls angrily.

“Yet!” I offer, listening as I climb the steps, earning growls and snarls from all three this time. Shelley nudges me, giving me a strange look, and I move to keep up with her.

When we reach the first landing, she turns for the next set of stairs. “You really shouldn’t antagonize them. The King may be alright and somewhat humane, but his sons?” Shelley shudders.

“Try not to get on their bad side.”

“I think I have already done that,” I tell her, glancing at the maid.

Shelley stops and glances around nervously. “I shouldn’t say anything, if the King knew he would kill me for such betrayal. But none of his sons deserve the throne. They are cruel and barbaric. The things they have done...” Shelley shakes her head and bites her lip. Looking at her aura, I can see she is being genuine, the white light casting off it though I do find slightly strange, it flickers with green edges before she clears her throat and I find her watching me strangely.

“I’m sure he can tell his sons are undeserving of any throne, he simply does not care.” I quickly divert, not liking the way she is staring at me intently.

“He cares. That is why you’re here, but—” she peers back down the stairs before stepping closer to me and whispering.

“They will kill you. Those men will not be bound to woman. Your best bet is to run the moment you have a chance.” she states quickly, stepping away before casting a nervous glance over her shoulder. She continues walking, not adding anything else on the matter.

We turn down a corridor before yet climbing another set of stairs and with the twists and turns I was quickly losing direction, glancing at Shelley she appears

to be troubled with her thoughts, her face sterner losing its softness. "Give Zeke back his wolf. He won't leave you alone until you do. He won't kill his wolf. Those wolves are the only thing I have ever seen them show any kind of emotion to since they lost their mother." She tells me abruptly.

"Did their mother die recently?" I ask her. Shelley only appears to be my age, so she can't have worked here long unless the King uses child labor.

"No, around 20 years ago now, she was the last female Lycan. The Kingdom's pride and joy. I was Queen Electra's maid before I became the King's maid; I served her since the boys were born." I stop in my tracks and stare at her.

"But your human? How could you serve the Queen when you are my age?"

"Yes, I am human, but the King gives me his blood. Before that, the Queen did. We were close friends. After losing her, he kept me on."

"So essentially, Lycan blood keeps you immortal like their wolves?" Shelley nods as we reach the next landing and she leads me down a long corridor toward a set of double doors.

"Yes, as long as I have his blood, I will remain alive," she tells me.

I try to wrap my head around what she is telling me. "Do they give all the maids their blood?" I ask, now curious.

"No, only me. King Theron has taken a liking to me. I think it's because I don't fear him as the other maids do." She shrugs, pushing the doors open.

"Now this is the three Kings' quarters, though each room might as well be its own wing. They are that large. The first door is Lyon's. Zeke, is this one beside where I'm placing you?" She points to the blue door beside the one we stop in front of.

"I think I rather sleep in the stables," I mutter, not enjoying being this close to King Zeke when he wants my head on a pike.

"Unfortunately, this is the only guest quarters in this wing. The last door on your right is King Regan's, try not to go into his room, he doesn't even allow the maids in to clean when he stays at the Kingdom, his room is strictly off limits." she tells me before pushing the doors open.

The room is massive with enormous bay windows overlooking the rose gardens below and a huge four-poster bed that sits dead center of the room, other rooms branch off it, and I stare around the vast room wondering why people need so much junk and tapestry. The room is lavish and I feel out of place, much preferring my little branch of the cave I shared with Granny. This room feels far too open and exposed for my liking.

Crystal chandeliers hang from the high ceilings and thick fur rugs cover the floors. Walking in further, I find a massive fireplace. Books line the mantle above it. Shelley wanders over to a set of doors and pushes it open.

“Towels and everything you need to shower are in there. I will return with some clothes for you. For now, you can just wear the robe if I am not back from town before you hop out.” I nod to her, peering into the bathroom, having never seen one before besides in magazines and books I’ve read, yet none looked like this.

Hunter follows me in as I take in the marble sink basin before looking at the huge bathtub before I turn to the shower. Shelley goes to leave when I stop her.