

Read Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings (by jessica hall) chapter 19 online free

“Wait!” I blurt before my face heats as she turns back to look at me..

“Yes, Miss?” she asks and I sigh, feeling stupid.

“Can you show me how to work the shower?” I ask, feeling like an idiot, but it looks nothing like the ones I saw in the old magazines granny has found. It has buttons and a panel on the wall inside the shower, multiple shower heads and what is the weird silver pipe thing in the walls? This shower does not have twisty handles, and why are there so many niches and heaps of potions and lotions, surely one does not need all these to feel clean?

Shelley blinks at me in confusion. “I lived in a cave, no showers or baths, not even a toilet,” I tell her.

“A cave, in these modern times Miss?” I quickly nod and she stares at me, dumbfounded, before clearing her throat.

“Right, well.” She waves me over showing me how to work the panel and I instantly forget watching her press different things as screens pop up on the screen, she explains there to adjust the temperature and water pressure yet why I need to know this is beyond me and quite frankly confusing me more, why not just a simple on and off? People complicate things that do not need to be complicated.

“Now you try,” she says turning it off. I blink at her having forgotten everything she just told. Chewing my lip I glance down at Hunter who is at my feet watching expectantly. Stepping into the shower and taking her place, I start pressing buttons. Lights on the screen go berserk.

“No, no..the other. Wait..” I look at her as she steps in with me.

“This one?” I ask pressing it as I do. Her hands move to grab mine and stop me when water shoots out of the wall, smacking her right in the face. I jump back while she shields her face, the water bursting out of the wall and narrowly missing me. Where the heck is that coming from? She fumbles with the panel blindly. Well, I guess I know why there is those weird pipe looking things between grey tiles.

“Turn it off,” she sputters, choking on the fountain of water blasting her. Yeah, I’m not winning friends here! Moving I try to shut it off. Instead I only manage to saturate myself. I am drenched, as I try pressing buttons and Shelley moves toward the door, smacking into it, not seeing it closed behind her when she stepped in. The screen rattles and she shakes her head as she turns just as I hit the reddish button on the screen, thinking surely it means stop. It doesn’t mean stop, more water spurts out from the other wall, blasting us both with scalding hot water.

This is so ridiculous I can’t help but laugh as I hiss at the hot temperature. Shelley blindly smacks the panel with her palm. We looked like drowned rats, my clothes clinging to me like a second skin by the time she manages to shut it off. Chuckling, I look at Hunter who has his paws over his eyes like he is embarrassed for me.

“Well...” Shelley wipes her face with her hands, water is dripping off her nose and chin and her eyes are bloodshot from her face being blasted, her hair hanging in wet ringlets having pulled from her bun, while her shirt is soaked, and her blouse button opens, revealing a very lacing undergarment and a crystal necklace tucked between her cleavage.

I stare at it. Her gaze follows mine when I notice the faint rune, burned into her flesh, poking out from her bra. She quickly closes her top and clears her throat. Staring at me while I avert my gaze as she steps out of the shower.

“Well, now we have had a thorough tour of the shower and its pressure system...” she looks at Hunter.

“Think you can handle it?” she asks with a snicker, swiping her hair behind her ear. I am near tempted to ask her about the runes burn on her chest remembering what Malachi said about witches, I could tell she wasn’t one, but clearly, she knew one at some point. Either that or she hasn’t practiced in a long time which might explain her aura if she was a light worker or earth witch.

“Definitely not,” I tell her. She sighs, going to show me again. Honestly if I were in her shoes I would have told me to figure it out myself.

“Just on and off would be good. I don’t care about the temperature. The rivers are cold, so the fancy mumbo jumbo we can skip.” I give her an awkward smile.

“On, off.” She points to a red and green button and I nod.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to show you again? The water is quite cool. Not that we really need a shower now, anyway. I’m pretty sure every inch of me has been thoroughly blasted and burned,” she chuckles. I let out a breath. At least she doesn’t hate me for my blunder.

I shake my head, already feeling awkward enough when she moves to walk out when another thought occurs to me.

“Ah, Shelley?” I ask, and she stops at the door.

“Yes, miss.”

“Please don’t call me that. Zirah is fine. I come from a cave, remember, and titles mean nothing to me. Besides, I just showered with you. I am pretty sure we are past first base now.” I laugh and she smiles.

“Considering your caveman upbringing, Zirah, you seem to be up with the times and modern day language?”

“I like to read. Granny used to bring books home she would scavenge. Unfortunately, she brought no shower manuals home, but I assure you I can work the toilet as long as it isn’t controlled with, whatever that thing is.” I tell her, pointing at the screen she tried to teach me to use.

“Thank god, I don’t fancy being flushed down the toilet, Miss,” and she smiles and I raise, an eyebrow at the term miss.

“Right cave girl, sorry.. mi...Zirah, it is then.” I nod, and she waits for my question while I tug at my dress.

“You said you had to retrieve me some clothes?” she nods.

“Yes, but we haven’t got anything other than maid uniforms here, so I will head into town to grab you some dresses.”

“No, dresses,” I tell her.

“It is customary for princesses to wear purple or blue, Zirah. The King won’t be happy if I allow you to wear a maid uniform, not with what he has in store for you.”

“You know he is marrying me off to one of the kings?”

“Yes, though one was supposed to win the trials since no one did. I think his plans have changed.” I sigh, the reality truly settling in.

“Why?” I question. I had so many questions, so many. Yet nothing would make sense to me about a Lycan being married off to a human.

“I am not at liberty to say. The King will tell you if he wishes for you to know his reasons, but I must head into town if I want to be back before dark, the streets are not safe at night.”

“No dresses, and not the royal colors or whatever you just said. It needs to have long sleeves too.” I tell her.

“Zirah, the weather here is strange. You’ll roast. The nights may be freezing, but the days have been long and hot.”

I tug the soaking wet dress off over my head and it plops on the ground with a wet thud. Her lips part and she quickly glances over her shoulder as if she is worried one of the Kings would burst in and drag me to be burned at the stake. She turns quickly slamming the door shut.