

Read Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings (by jessica hall) chapter 20 online free

“I guess you now know my predicament as to why I can’t wear dresses?” she nods her eyes wide as she takes in the runes, covering my arms. Her lips tug up in the corners and she lets out a breath.

“On your chest?”

“Nobody knows, only the late Queen. Your secret is safe with me.”

“As yours is with me. Malachi said the Kings hate witches. Somehow, I think your dresses will get me killed long before I can escape here.”

“You want to run? You’ll do it?”

“Well, I am certainly not marrying one of them.” Her brows furrow and she slowly nods, her eyes darting to Hunter at my feet.

“The King is going away soon...” she peers back at the closed door. “That will be your only chance, if you are taken to one of the three kingdoms...” she looks down at Hunter once more. “You won’t return. They’ll kill you the moment their father’s back is turned. If you’re going to run, do it then, I will try to help anyway I can.”

I brush Hunter’s fur and nod my head before looking back at her. “Shouldn’t you be telling me not to run since you are the King’s maid?” I question.

“I may be the King’s maid, but that doesn’t mean I have forgotten what his sons did to my sister, and I certainly haven’t forgotten what they did to my coven. None of them deserve the throne, and right now you are the only person standing in the way of them getting it. If one of them doesn’t marry, the King will name someone else as his successor. He told me he has a backup plan but didn’t tell me who.”

“He can do that?”

“He can do what he wants, he’s the King,” Shelley says and I chew my lip, pondering her words.

“I will find you some clothes that will cover those. I heard the whispers of the staff in the stables, even overheard Malachi tell King, yet I thought he lost his marbles, the Kings sought out every witch and killed them.”

“The King knows what I am?”

“Yes, he ordered Malachi to tell everyone not to tell his sons. The King was secretly hoping you would win. Apparently, you left quite the impression on him when he saw you. Though even he didn’t look like he believed Malachi’s claims, so I hope he doesn’t see those before you escape.”

“Why would he hope I would win?”

“He said you were tougher than the others, that maybe you would survive his sons.”

“Survive them?” I scoff.

“King Regan wasn’t lying when he said you’d be lucky to last a week, this isn’t the first time their father has fiddled with their loves lives. The other girls barely lasted a week before they killed themselves, or worse, they killed them,” Shelley tells me and a shudder runs through me.

That leaves little hope for me, yet enforces my need to escape. And I have the added bonus of being covered in witch runes, which now puts flames at my feet and a stake at my back. Yep, life just keeps looking more promising by the second.

“Does the King hate witches?”

“Yes, No. I’m not sure any more. He used to. They helped kill his mate and wife. However, things have changed for the King. He doesn’t harbor the same hate anymore. But still, it is best that you not let him see those unless he questions you about them. His mind is quite fragile these days. He can be unpredictable at the best of times. I really must go.” She says and I nod watching as she leaves.

I wonder if the maze trials were one of those unpredictable, fragile moments because everything I have endured and learned sounds insane. Thankfully, Shelley gave me a little insight, yet it left me with more questions than it did answers.

Turning to the shower, I press the green light-up button, turn the shower on, and hold my hand under the water. It is barely tepid, yet still warmer than the river. Hunter moves to lie next to the shower screen door as I step in and grab the soap. All while hissing as the water stings the cuts and grazes, covering my body.

Washing quickly with the lemon-smelling soap, I rush to hop out, only to remember my dilemma with the lack of clothes. I grab the white fluffy robe hanging on the back of the door after drying myself and slip it on. When I am done, I move back to the main room, Hunter following me to the gigantic fireplace. He lies on the rug in front of it, and I sit next to him as we wait for Shelley to return.

However, we aren't waiting long when I hear a knock on the door, followed by Zeke's voice, which makes my stomach drop.

"I will take them in to her, Shelley; you can go."

"The King said I was—" I hear Shelley answer

"I said you can go! You dare to question me. My father may tolerate you talking back to him, but I, for one, won't. You are dismissed." Zeke snarls at her.

Glancing at Hunter, I get to my feet and Hunter instantly follows, too. The moment he steps into the room, my entire body goes tense. His eyes peer around and Hunter growls at him, drawing his attention to us standing by the fireplace.

"Settle boy, I am not here to hurt the wench," he growls back at his wolf. In his hands is a white bag. He tosses onto the bed, before slowly moving toward me. My eyes go to the open door before moving back to him as I pull the robe covering me a little tighter.

"I want my wolf back and you're going to give him to me." Zeke states sauntering over and falling onto the armchair by the fire.

"And if I don't?"

"You don't want the answer to that question, and I won't like having to kill Hunter, but I will if he gets in the way."

“Give him back and all shall be forgotten, we can start out fresh.” he offers.

I move further away from him as he leans forward, clicking his fingers at his wolf. Hunter looks at me and Zeke growls, but I can see the slight twitch in Hunter’s tail. He may fear his master’s wrath, yet I can see he does love him, his aura edged in pink and blue now that Zeke seems calmer.

I nod to Hunter, who quickly rushes over to his owner. He jumps onto his lap, making Zeke grunt before the huge wolf mauls him with his tongue and rubs his face against Zeke’s chest.

“Oh, you’ve been a naughty boy, but I shall forgive you,” Zeke speaks to his wolf, grabbing fistfuls of his fur and rubbing his wolf’s huge face. Yet remembering Shelley’s words earlier, I know my safety depends on having Hunter near. But before I tell Zeke he isn’t getting him back I would much prefer being clothed so I move back to the bathroom and lock the door.