

## **Read Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings (by jessica hall) chapter 21 online free**

Undoing the robe, I hear Zeke trying to coax Hunter out of the room, but it appears he is once again, not listening to his master.

“Hunter damn it, now!” I hear Zeke snarl just as I pull the black long sleeved top over my head. I almost groan when I see how low cut is, my breast poking out the top, I try to close the buttons but my bust only pops them back open, digging through the bag, I damn near curse when I find it is a skirt. I was hoping for pants, but beggars can’t be choosers.

Digging through the bag, I find different variations of the same skirt and groan not one pair of pants, only two of the tops would actually cover me, three out of the five are midriff shirts which would not cover the runes that run down my spine to my lower back. I suppose I should be grateful they aren’t the royal colors she was going to buy originally.

Slipping it on, I find the sides have slits up to my thighs, the skirt might as well be tiny shorts like my boylegs I made back in cave for the little coverage they gave me.

Hearing Zeke growing more annoyed, I rush to leave the bathroom only find he has Hunter by the scruff of the neck and is trying to drag him out of the room.

“Hunter, here.” I call him. Zeke snarls at me baring sharp canines and Hunter yelps as his grip tightens. Blood starts streaking his white coat and I notice Zeke’s claws stabbing into Hunter’s fur coat.

“Let him go!”

“You will not tell me how to handle my disobedient wolf!”

“But I will tell you not to manhandle MY wolf.” I retort. Zeke growls letting Hunter go who runs toward me. Zeke snarls stalking toward me, the moment he reaches for me Hunter growls menacingly and he stops.

Interesting, his wolf fears him except when it comes to me. I find it odd, yet welcome it at the same time.

“This is some fucking bullshit!” Zeke roars when a knock sounds on the open door. Zeke stops his rant turning to look at the intruder and I find Lyon standing at the door.

“When you’re done here with Hunter, father sent me to retrieve.” His eyes wander over. And I glimpse down wondering if one of my breasts escaped or if I put the outfit on backwards in my rush attempt of getting dressed. Yet nothing is out of place or peeping out much to my relief.

“Father wants to see the human.” Lyon growls, his lips turning to a sneer. His gaze flicks to Zeke. “Father is not happy you sent Shelley away, she was supposed to bring the girl to the dining hall.”

Zeke huffs glaring daggers at me, and if looks could kill I would be burning at that pillar I am waiting to pop up out of the floor.

“Give me my wolf!”

“Only when I know you won’t harm him. Until then, he’s mine.”

“You’re harming him by keeping him; he needs my blood. You kill my wolf and I will skin you alive. Now give him back!” He behaves worse than a toddler throwing a tantrum, though I look down at Hunter and wonder how long he can go without Zeke’s blood, Shelley left that part out so I would have to verify if what he claims is true.

Zeke’s eyes flicker black and he takes a step toward me. Hunter snarls, dropping his head low.

“Leave her brother. With any luck, Hunter will eat her while she sleeps, like he did your last girlfriend.”

“She was not my girlfriend!” Zeke snarls, seemingly offended as he spins to face his brother. Lyon chuckles.

“Whatever you say, come. Regan has a plan on what to do about her.” Lyon says, walking off. Zeke glances at me, a sneer pulling at his lips before he turns on his heel, stalking off after his brother. When he is gone, I let out a breath of relief and look down at Hunter.

“Your master is a prick.” Hunter wags his tail excitedly and I tap my leg, he follows me to the door while I try to figure out where this dining hall is.

I should have paid more attention to my surroundings when Shelley walked me to my room. I have been stumbling around lost for the past ten minutes when Hunter grabs my skirt with his teeth, trying to tug me in the opposite direction. Seconds later, I figure out why when I hear the angry voices of the Kings. Looking around, I try to find an exit not feeling like having another run in with them.

Zeke has put me in a sour mood, but more than that, Lyon's words earlier told me they plan to get rid of me, which is exactly what I want to do, rid myself of them. I just needed to bide my time. Shelley said the King had to leave soon, and I could hold out until then unless one of them killed me first. Hunter tugs on my dress, and I move, letting the wolf lead me.

"Dining hall?" I ask him, and he looks up at me with his demonic red eyes before tugging my skirt in his giant mouth toward a set of stairs that I just walked past. Though this set was not at all what I remembered walking up earlier—the pictures on the wall were different. The voices behind me grow louder, and I quickly race down the stairs with Hunter at my heel.

Halfway down, I spot Shelley looking just as lost as me. She stands with her hands on hips looking up the corridors, her brows pinching together. She has changed from her wet clothes and her long blonde hair is pulled into a tight bun, her green maid's tunic fits her snugly as she waves to one of the other maids getting their attention. "Have you seen—" her words cut off.

Hearing me come down the steps, she turns and lets out a loud sigh. Her facial features softened. "There you are! I have been looking for you everywhere." she breathes out.

"Did Zeke—" her words are cut off by a thunderous growl from behind us. Looking over my shoulder, I see the three kings coming down the steps.

"Did Zeke what Shelley?" Zeke sneers at the woman. Shelley presses her lips in a line.

"Nothing, my King, I was simply looking for her," she says, averting her gaze to the wall. Coming down the last couple of steps, I move to her side, and she instantly loops her arm through mine. "Sorry about the tops and skirts, I was called back by the King, and that is all I could find in my wardrobe; I'm sure the King will allow you to pick your own clothes. I will ask for permission to take you into town," Shelley tells me.

