

Read Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings (by jessica hall) chapter 22 online free

Regan POV

Gnash sits patiently between my feet, staring at his bowl in my lap. Grabbing my knife off the coffee table, I slice my palm, fisting it and letting my blood drain into the bowl. Gnash licks his lips, and I run my tongue over my palm, healing it with my saliva. Patting his head, I set the bowl down, and he instantly drops his head into the bowl, licking it up.

Leaning back in my chair, I watch him for a second. Relief at having him back settles within me. I could hardly sleep last night without him hogging the bed and crushing my legs. Or his constant whining for pats and affection. He annoys the crap out of me, but he is my oldest friend. Gnash sits back when he is finished, and I pat the couch when my door suddenly bursts open.

Growling, I turn my head to see my brothers stroll into my quarters. "Have you not heard of fucking knocking?" I growl as Zeke falls into the armchair across from the fireplace.

"You're the one who wanted to see me!" Zeke retorts, and I hear the door click shut and see Lyon move toward us.

"What are you talking about?" I retort. I never called for him. Zeke turns his gaze to our brother, and so do I, wondering what is going on. I have to get back home, so I have no time for whatever drama they have going on.

"He was going to kill the human; I needed to get him out of her room before he fucked everything up!" Lyon explains, glaring at Zeke.

"I was not going to..." Zeke shakes his head, and by the look on his face Lyon is right, and Zeke knows it.

"You kill her; you ruin things not just for yourself but for us. Father said we kill her. We forfeit our kingdoms."

"Should have let him; he would have lost his kingdom, not us!" I deadpan. What was Lyon thinking? Zeke could have solved all our issues. Zeke growls, glaring daggers at my willingness to sacrifice his Kingdom.

I shrug, uncaring, and Zeke mutters under his breath. "She has my wolf!"

“Not my issue!” I tell him, wanting them to leave.

“It will be if he dies. I haven’t given him my blood in three days! How do you think Gnash will cope? You know they’re all linked!” My eyes flick to my wolf. He’s right. They are all linked. My mother was the one who had them bonded to us. Our blood just reinforced it and gave their lives longevity, yet bonding them to us also bonded them to each other. When my mother died, and her wolf died. It took Gnash months to recover. All our wolves refused our blood, and we had to force it down their throats.

“We’ll have to speak to father,” I tell him, looking at my wolf.

“He’ll take her side. You know he has this stupid idea in his head. And now he has seen our wolves taking a liking to her. I know that old bastard will use that against us!”

“So, what do you suggest?” I ask.

Zeke smiles wickedly and sits forward in his chair. “Dad said we can’t kill her!” Lyon snarls, and Zeke’s eyes flicker challengingly to his Lycan side.

“Yes, we can’t kill her. Not our fault if she kills herself.” Lyon looks between us, and I sit back in my chair, pondering what he said.

“You want to break her?” Lyon asks, moving to sit on the lounge next to me. “Aren’t either of you the least bit curious as to why our wolves took to her?” Lyon asks. I was curious, but if it meant marrying her, I could remain curious and live with not knowing if we could get rid of her. Gnash whines and yaps at me. Picking up on my thoughts, he tilts his head to the side, watching me, his eyes calculating.

“They will be an issue. We’ll have to lock them up.” Zeke speaks, and Gnash growls, turning his deadly gaze to Zeke.

“I’m not locking my wolf in a fucking cage.” I snarl at him. Zeke shrugs.

“He gets in my way; I won’t be held accountable for what happens to him,” Zeke says, glaring at Gnash.

I chuckle and shake my head. “You touch my wolf, Zeke, and Gnash will be the least of your problems. Besides, what do you think will happen to Hunter if you hurt his brother?” Zeke grits his teeth and curses, sitting back.

“Do what you want to the girl. Either way, I leave tomorrow. I won’t be here.”

“Neither of you has heard?” Lyon asks, and we both turn our attention to him.

“Father said we are to remain here.” Lyon shrugs, not seeming the least bit bothered by that information.

“I can’t. I have a meeting with King Antoine in two days; I need to prepare.” Lyon shrugs.

“The Vampiric Kingdom?” Zeke asks curiously.

“Yeah, trade issues, but I also need to speak to him about something else.”

“Oh, for the love of god, you’re not still chasing down that bloody oracle! Give up on that already. The curse can’t be broken, and even if it could be, there are no female Lycans left and haven’t been in 20 years! When are going to give up on finding the old witch? She’s dead!”

“She’s not!” I answer. She still has to be out there.

“You’re chasing a ghost, brother?” Lyon adds, making me glare at him.

“Mom said...”

“Mom is dead. You hunting that woman got her killed? And it will get you killed, too. Fucking give up on it already.” Zeke growls. I glare at him when Lyon suddenly gets up, drawing our attention to him.

“Well, I am going to see the conditions of this stupid arranged marriage. Wait here and fight over the oracle, or come. But either way, I have a throne to take.” Lyon laughs, walking to the door. We watch him open the door, and my eyes go to Zeke before both of us jump up to follow him. As I shut the door, Gnash tries to follow, but I point at him, telling him to stay. Zeke has already lost his wolf. I wasn’t losing mine to her too.