## Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings By Jessicahall Chapter 23



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Stepping out and into the corridor, wel

## pass the human's room to see her door

open and the room empty. Zeke walks in to quickly see if Hunter remains, coming back out angry when he realizes he went with her. Leaving our wing, we make our way to the dining hall, only to find her and Shelley on the main floor. I just can't

seem to escape this woman.

We follow the Human to the dining hall.

My eyes trail over her. The clothes she is

wearing reeked of Shelley's scent. I hate

I couldn't stand Shelley; she had

changed since my mother was killed. She

blames me. They all do. Just none of them are willing to say it to my face except

Zeke, let alone voice it out loud.

And smelling Shelley's scent all over the human, for some reason, repulsed me.

Something about the girl intrigued me, something I can't explain. Something

that had been nagging at me from the

moment I had laid eyes on her.

Hunter walks close to her, Zeke's eyes on

his wolf as he glares at her. While Lyon is

too busy checking out her plump ass, the skirt hugging her waist showing off her

curves. I must admit, she is quite

attractive. She has curves I want to run

my hands over and map out. A full hourglass figure, her long hair falls to the middle of her back, natural highlights from spending plenty of time in the sun frame her face; my eyes take her in. The

clothes she is wearing are a little too

tight; Shelley is like an ironing board, with no curves, pencil straight, just like a boring personality.

Maybe that is what has intrigued me about the human, the fact she does not appear to fear me, the way she can hold

my gaze, unlike the rest of them. Only my siblings and father ever meet my gaze, yet she did without fear. Turning into the dining hall, my father is reading a newspaper. His legs are crossed as he

leans back, holding the paper up. His

glasses perched on his nose as he took in

the pages.

The moment we enter, he looks across at us and sets his paper down. It is a little too early for dinner, yet well and truly

after lunch. Yet the table is set with an

awaiting feast. No doubt, my father

would have asked the chefs to cook

everything they could think of to appease our intruder, not knowing what she would like. He has been pushing for us to take mates for the past decade. It drove us all up the wall.

"Come, come join me, Zirah. Boys." he motions to the chairs but pulls out the

one beside him and pats the seat,

nodding toward Zirah. She watches him for a second, looking unsure, before

glancing at Shelley, who nods and urges her forward. Zirah hesitantly takes a step

forward as if she thinks it is some sort of

trick. I don't blame her. No commoner

eats at the dining hall in our presence or

in general. Let alone sits near King!

Zirah takes a seat, and my father nearly

shoves her into the table as he tucks her

chair in, and I roll my eyes at so-called

chivalry. "Dig in. You must be starving."

he urges.

Zirah instead waits for him to take his

seat before calling Hunter to her. My

father looks at him. He never let our

wolves at the table. However, he says

nothing when she calls him to sit beside

her.

Zirah looks around at us, and I could tell she feels out of place, and she certainly looked it. Her eyes go to me sitting across

from her, and I motion for the servant

needing a drink if I had to endure this shitshow that was about to go down. "Can we get this over with over, old man? I have places to be and people to torture back home," Zeke states while the servant places a glass in front of me. "You won't be going home anytime soon, so get comfortable, Zeke." My father growls, shooting him a look. "I have meetings with the vampiric kingdom in two days, father." I remind him. "You can go to the meeting from here. I am closer to the vampiric kingdom, anyhow. I will hear no excuses. Until you can be trusted to go home with her, you will all remain under my watch." "Excuse me?" Zeke asks, outraged. "If you will shut up and let me explain Zeke, it would be much appreciated." My father growls in warning at him. Zeke presses his lips in a line. "Your wolves chose her for you. Now it is up to her who she chooses." Zirah pulls a face, her eyes moving to each of us. "I am not marrying one of your sons. I don't care what the so-called prize is. I rather die." Zirah sneers, glaring at us. "I am offering you a chance to become. Queen of the four biggest ruling kingdoms, dear. Most would die for this opportunity," "Not me. I was happy enough in my cave away from the Kingdoms. Do you think we all lived there because we wanted to be a part of this elite society? So what makes you think I would marry into it? I may have survived the maze, but that doesn't mean I want the winning prize, King Theron. And I would hardly call your sons

a prize more of a punishment in my eyes." My father glares at us.

"See the reputation you three have? I

can't even give you away, offer a woman a

chance to be Queen, and still, she turns you down. And those I have had agree, you all killed!" 1

"We don't need a bride to rule," I tell him.

"None of you are worthy,"

"And what she will suddenly make us worthy?" I deadpan. My father rubs his temples in annoyance.

"No, but it doesn't matter. My word is law, and this marriage is going ahead."

"And if we refuse?"

"Then you refuse my throne and forfeit your kingdoms."

"And if I do?" Zirah speaks up, and my father gapes at her.

"You would honestly refuse a position of power, a position humans have longed for decades?" he questions.

"Yes, so if you would show me the door, I

will gladly leave and find my own way back home." My father's fist comes down on the table, making everyone jump.

"This wedding will go ahead."

"If death is the only thing you are holding over my head, forget it, Theron. I want nothing to do with your kingdom's politics or your sons. I was not born into your world. Therefore, I care very little about it. Nothing holds me here, not even death. So your threats are empty because I don't fear that option either."

My father's jaw clenches as he turns in his seat to look at her. Seconds pass, and well all hold our breath as they stare each other down when my father finally

speaks.

"Sons, give me a moment with your bride," he says without taking his gaze

from her. Zeke scoffs.

"You aren't seriously dismissing us?" Lyon asks.

"Out!" my father orders, and I grit my teeth, snatching my drink off the table and walking out, only to stop at the door when he speaks again.

" he

"Don't wander far. I will send Shelley for you in a few moments. I just need to speak to Zirah here for a moment, says. This is ridiculous. His plan is falling apart in his hands. She doesn't even want us, and we certainly don't want her, so why is so insistent on forcing our hand? 1