Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings By Jessicahall

Chapter 25



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"As you all heard last night, the maze trials were won for the first time in thirty years. However..." The King motions toward me, waving me closer. Malachi nudges me when I don't move.

I stagger closer, the King offering me his hand and his eyes flicker in warning not to disobey the offer. I take his hand, and he tugs me closer.

"Your winner, Zirah here. Refused her prize and asked for her freedom." The crowd lifts their heads, all looking at me

with curiosity.

"Now I am sure you are wondering what prize she turned down?" The King speaks, murmurs break out, following his silence, and my heart races in my chest.

"As you all know, I am trying to choose between my sons, which are eligible for the Throne to the four Kingdoms. The prize she turned down was a marriage. Now, since she asked for her freedom, I

am obligated to give it as you know already." The crowds murmurs grow louder and the King raises his hand and

stamps his golden staff on the stage,

making them fall quiet.

"I have granted Zirah her freedom, on one condition, which is why I have had your partners and daughters gathered here." the King speaks clearly and I see

the three Kings step forward, casting confused glances at their father.

"That condition is, Zirah here must choose twenty women to survive the Maze trials in exchange for her freedom." My heart nearly leaps out of my chest as I take in the sea of faces watching me. The

women wail and parents and men fight to get past the guards. The King smiles and turns to me, yet the unruly crowd grows

"Malachi, take Zirah down to pick her twenty contestants." King Theron orders and Malachi climbs a few steps toward

angrier. After a few minutes, the King grows tired and growls, making the town square fall silent.

me and offers me his hand.

"Oh and Shelley dear, hand Zirah her bag and the gold." the King snaps at her, and she steps forward. I shake my head, not wanting his blood money.

"You refuse?" the King questions and I glance out at the crowd all watching me

with tear-stained faces.

"I don't want your blood money!" I sneer

and the King smiles.

"Very well, now choose!" he growls. Malachi seizes my arm and pulls me

One thing I notice is they range from young teenage girls around fifteen to the oldest-looking, which are around my age. They all shake,

down the steps to the rows of women.

tears streaming and whimpering as Malachi leads me past each one and makes me stop. I shake my head at the first row.

They are far too young. Just young girls. I glance over my shoulder at the King, who has an unreadable expression on his face. Malachi waves the first row off and they

rush to their loved ones. The second row is no older than the first. The girls whimper and plead, and their parents plead in the background as I

Malachi leads me to the end. He.

dismisses the next row and motions

toward the next, but I shake my head.

"You must choose," Malachi states, but how do I choose who dies for my freedom?

Turning, I see the three kings watching me and I move toward the stage. "Are you confused about whom to choose? I can

ask my sons if they have a preference?"

King Theron asks. I glance at the three

Kings who look furious with their father but remain quiet.

"I know Zeke likes the innocent ones. All

virgins come forward!" The King orders, and the women whimper.

"Remember, my guards can tell who is pure or not. Now step forward!" The King orders. The girls stumble forward,

clutching each other, and crying. They were all teenage girls. Yet some of the

older ones also come forward.

"Let me help narrow it down for you."

the King states, looking at his sons.

"Lyon has a thing for brunettes. All brunettes step forward," The King

orders. Around twenty women step forward at various ages, while those with blond or red hair are led away. The King

then turns, looking at Regan. "Regan, though, is harder. He'll fuck anything with a hole that is willing to die on the end of his cock." The King

ponders, steepling his fingers under his

chin. "Regan likes curvier girls, tits and ass, father," Zeke sneers while glaring at me.

"Fine then, guards grab the breastier girls," the girls scream as they are

ushered forward and the rest are

released. "Now that should make it a little easier. Go ahead, Zirah, and pick

twenty to enter the trials. They will enter tonight and be put through the three tests."

I gulp, turning to face the human women who look defeated and have given up hope. Around forty remain and most were younger than me. "You have ten minutes or they all enter the maze." King Theron states. The women wail and cry and my heart breaks

Walking around, Malachi orders each to state their name and age. Knowing their names makes it harder to decide. Moving to the next girl, I know I can't decide, but if I don't, all will be forced to enter.

The girl that steps forward whimpers. Her lips quiver and her blue eyes shine

Looking at the crowd behind the guards, I see most are the girl's parents or lovers

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who watch horror.

for them.

she murmurs looking to the side of me, I follow her gaze to see an old woman that reminds me of grandma though she holds a walking stick looking rather frail and a

knees pressed to his chest as he sobs. "Please, they have no one else to take care

young boy about six sits at her feet, his

with tears. "Leila ma'am, I'm sixteen,

of them," the girl whispers, and I turn my gaze to her, my eyes trail over her and I find she is in a maid's uniform, not just

any uniform either. One that matches

Shelley's. I swallow when the King calls. out.

"Time is up. Since you failed to decide, guards, lead the women to the maze." The women scream as a few vampire

children and the men fight for their partners.

Looking around, my eyes move to the King, who is watching me with a smug smile. The three Kings watch on with

gritted teeth when Regan steps forward. "Father, some of these girls are underage. Send them home!" Regan snarls angrily.

"No, she was given a chance!" King Regan shakes his head and balls his

hands into fists. "You're signing their death certificates!" he snarls at his father. The guards lead

guards move in along with some Lycan guards, grabbing the women and chaos ensues as the families fight for their

them to the stage toward the secret passage behind the stage that continues to the castle. As the first one climbs the steps, I feel sick to my stomach.

"Wait!" I call out. Everyone quiets and the guards stop while everyone turns to me. The King raises an eyebrow at me.

"I'll do it!" I snarl angrily. I can't force these girls to their death just for my freedom, nor could I live with

knowing any survivors, if any, would be

left in the three King's hands and at their mercy.