

Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings By Jessicahall

Chapter 28

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The next morning I am woken by Shelley knocking on the door. "Wakey, wakey?" Her chirpy voice rings out loudly as she steps into the room. I sit up in the comfy bed and rub my eyes; the chill in the air was ice cold because the fire went out.

Glancing at her, she wanders over to me, I was sure I locked that door. Hunter sits up where he is lying beside me and sniffs the air before lying back down and

watching her. I pat his head. "How did you get in?"

Shelley holds up a key. "Master key." She tells me, and I groan.

"Please tell me the three Kings don't have one of those?" She gives me a

sympathetic look. "Of course they do!" I mutter, tugging the blanket back. I

instantly pull it back over me, I swear this

place is colder than the caves.

Shelley chuckles, walking closer. "The

King wishes to see you."

"Which one? Asshole one, two, or three?"

"King Theron." She whispers.

"Master asshole then," I tell her, and she

chuckles.

"He's not so bad. He's usually quite

nice."

"He was going to make me pick women to enter in the maze of death; I would say otherwise." I tell her, and she shakes her

head.

"He was testing you. Only those that volunteer in the Kingdom enter the maze. He was never going to let them enter."

She tells me.

"Wait, you didn't think to tell me this; I could be free and miles away by now!"

She cringes.

"I'm sorry, he ordered me not to tell you.

"Then why were you crying?"

"Because I thought he was at first, well, until Malachi told me otherwise once we got there. And I kind of thought you would pick twenty of

them." She cringes, and I raise an eyebrow at her.

"Really, because I look like a murderer?"

"Well, no but people change depending on the situation they're handed, and honestly if I was in your shoes, I don't know if I would be

brave enough to do

what you did." She admits looking quite

embarrassed.

"So he knew I wouldn't pick any of

them?"

"Yes, he said you tried to save one of the girls in the stables before you entered the maze?" I sigh and nod my head.

"Great, so I agreed just like he wanted." I shake my head, climb out of bed and grab the fluffy robe and pull it on.

"But if it makes you feel better, now you know he won't risk his people." She tells

me, and I chew my lip.

"But that doesn't help me now, does it?" She shrugs, then glances at the door, which is cracked open.

"The King is leaving tonight. That is why he wants to see you. He sent for the Kings

too. He is setting the rules for while he is

away."

I watch her for a second, wondering if

she'll answer honestly because

something has been eating at me since I

saw the darkness flickering in King

Theron's aura.

"The King is dying isn't he?" I ask her and her eyes widen in shock, and she peeks back at the door, then quickly rushes over to it and closes

it quickly.

"He is, isn't he?" She chews her lip

nervously.

"His sons don't know, no one does except me, and he told Malachi last night." She whispers, looking down at the floor.

"That's why he needs to choose between

his sons?"

"Yes, but no one is supposed to know. If they find out, the surrounding kingdoms may start a war for King Theron's throne, and if the

vampiric Kingdom gets their hands on his throne..." she shakes her

head.

"But King Theron has vampires working

for him?"

"Yes, but not by choice, part of the

alliances. He knows they're traitors and

were sent here to report back," Shelley

tells me.

"So why doesn't he want his sons to

know?"

"Because they've been at war with each other for years, he's hoping that this..."

"I can't say, I'm sorry... But just trust me,

what he's doing is for the best. If you think the Lycan Kingdoms are brutal,

you're wrong. If the Vamps get their

hands on his throne before he hands it

down..."

"What? Just tell me."

"Humankind will be enslaved." I scoff, then laugh.

"And they aren't already?" I laugh.

Humankind was already enslaved, has

been long before I existed.

"Werewolves need humans, and so do

Lycans to procreate since there are no

Lycan females anymore."

"But that will just make more

werewolves," I tell her.

"Yes, but without the Lycans or werewolves, the humans will fall into the

vampiric Kingdom's rule. They don't

need us to procreate; they need us for food! To feed off us! That is why so many try to flee the vampiric Kingdom and

come here, those of us here donate blood to the vampiric Kingdom monthly, yet under King Slavic's rule, he'll turn us into incubators and

blood bags, enslave us, make feeders out of us and use us for

slave labor."

My brows furrow, which sounds horrendous. "I know because I've seen it;

I've been to the Vampiric Kingdom, and

the humans are kept on leashes, half-

starved and tortured. And the men?" She

shakes her head. "Trust me. You think

the maze is harsh. In the vampiric kingdom, you're in the maze fighting for your life every day. I would take my chances in the maze any day

than end up there," she tells me, and a violent shiver

runs up my spine.

"So you said the King is leaving?"

"Yes, for treatment. And that will be your

chance."

"Chance?" I ask her, and she nods while I

put on my slippers.

"Yes, to escape. You'll have a week."

"But you just said that the vampiric

Kingdom..." she cuts me off with a wave of

her hand.

"I know what I said."

"But..."

"The King has a plan if they fail to marry, and quite frankly, I rather his sons not be

on the throne. None of them deserve it,"

she tells me,

"A plan? What plan?"

"No one knows. I'm not even supposed to

know. The King left his journal open one

night, he swore me to secrecy, but if one of his sons doesn't marry or prove they are worthy, he is giving the throne to Malachi and, unite

the four Kingdoms

and strip them of their thrones."

"Why Malachi?" Shelley smiles, her cheeks turning pink with her blush. 2

"He the King's illegitimate brother."

"And you and he are-" she quickly

shakes her head.

"What, no, not like that.. I'm human and

a wit..."

"But you like him."

"He's sweet." she shrugs. Maybe because

she never witnessed his bad side as I have.

"What will happen to you when the King dies?" she shrugs, "I'll die without Lycan blood, and that's okay. I'll finally be able to go home. I'll

be set free." she smiles

sadly.

"You're not scared?" she smiles.

"No witch fears death. We know it's not

the end, so no, I don't fear it. I embrace it, embrace what will come next." I smile

because that is exactly why I don't fear my demise. Any true witch doesn't fear death because life and death go hand in

hand. For something to be reborn, it first must die, and energy never dies, not permanently anyway; it recycles; it forms into something else,

and that is what we all are energy. Expansion. Metamorphosis. Limitless.

"Come on, we can't leave King Theron waiting, he can be quite impatient, and I know he wants to send you into town today."

"Why?" I ask while moving to put on one of the skirts and dresses Shelley gave me.

"For clothes, for one, it's getting chilly of a night, even though the days a stifling hot." she sighs.

"Can you come with me?" I ask her, and she nods and chews her lip. "Yes, but whoever's care you're under today will also be coming."

"Whoever's care I'm in, can't I just go

with you?"

"I'm signed to the King, so you're not my assigned, and it's part of the King's rules. Each day while we're gone, one of his

sons will be assigned to you until he returns. Once he does, you'll choose whose kingdom you got to first."

"What?" Shelley scratches her neck nervously. "I'm sorry, but for the two weeks, the King wants you to remain here. with his sons, just to

ensure he can trust them not to kill you. When we return, you'll be told to choose which kingdom to go to first." I pinch the bridge of my

nose.

"And that is exactly why you need to run the moment you get a chance, and I know the Kings will kill you the moment you're not under the

King's rule but theirs. Here they can't kill you, but at one of their Kingdoms, it wouldn't be hard to make out you ran away or killed yourself

or had

some accident." I swallow, knowing she is right, I didn't think I would have to travel between Kingdoms.

"So come on, let's so who you've been assigned to first and figure out your next move," Shelley tells me, and I sigh.

"Hunter, come!" I tell him, following her

out of the room.,