

Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings By Jessicahall

Chapter 31

Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings by Jessicahall Chapter 31.

One of the servants quickly serves me juice and eggs on toast; Shelley hovers, refusing to let me leave until she has watched me eat every crumb before handing me an apple.

"I'm fine!" I assure her, even so, I take it, tapping my leg. Hunter slowly gets to his feet and stretches. I watch him. He's been off since he woke up, almost depressed." Hunter, come on, boy." He wags his tail, moving to keep up as Shelley leads me back to my room. Once we are inside, she locks the door and turns to me. Reaching into the pockets of her apron, she pulls out a key.

Grabbing some decent clothes out and removing the robe, I pull on a long sleeve top and the skirt; I have to roll it to keep it on my hips. This one is a little too big,

doesn't have a drawstring, and is much lighter than the others.

"This key is for the back entrance gates behind the stables. It is heavily guarded, but shift changes at midnight, and it is left unguarded for approximately ten minutes. It's only guarded by the cameras and alarms." She tells me, walking over to the bed. She grabs the corner of the mattress by the bedside table and slips it on the bed base before dropping the mattress and tucking in the bed linen.

"So I have not only ten minutes to escape, but I have to somehow hide from the cameras and not trip any alarms?"

"No, before I leave, I plan on getting into the surveillance room. I will set them on a timer and shut them off for twenty minutes. But listen to me, Zirah, this is very important. Head west, follow the path, and don't stray from it! Do not run into the forest North. That will lead you

into enemy territory."

"Follow a path. Wouldn't it be under surveillance?" Shelley shakes her head.

"Yes, but you have ten minutes. Follow it to the drains. They will lead you outside the kingdom's borders back toward the mountains. You'll get out unnoticed if

you can get to those mountains and the neighboring towns." She tells me.

I chew my lip and nod my head before looking down at Hunter, knowing I can't take him. "When?" I ask her.

"In two nights from now, Zeke is your best shot. He's a terrible alcoholic and is usually passed out by then."

"Why not tonight?"

"Because tonight the King leaves, and the King is ordering someone to be stationed

at your door until you are under one of his sons' care." I sigh. This is a mess, and I am not looking forward to spending a night with Regan tomorrow.

"Here, the King told me to give you this," she tells me, reaching into her pocket and pulling a plastic card out. She hands it to me and then gives me a small purse full of gold coins. I hold the card up, having never seen it before. Turning it over, it has a stripe along the back and numbers on the front. What am I supposed to do with this?

Shelley purses her lips. "Maybe just use the coins," she says, taking it and tucking it inside the purse.

"There is enough gold in there; you could buy whatever you want anyway, and I don't have enough time to school you on its use. Maybe ask King Regan?" She suggests. I raise an eyebrow at her.

"Good point, maybe not." She chuckles.

"Now remember midnight, head west along the path!" She repeats, gripping my shoulders when we both freeze, hearing a knock on the door. "Just a minute. She is changing." Shelley sings out, and I quickly finish getting dressed, pulling the sandals on and ensuring the sleeves cover me completely. However, when I tug the sleeve down to my wrist, I notice the first rune on my arm is fading. I stare at it, and Shelley glances at the door before looking at me.

"What is it?" I point at my wrist.

She grabs my wrist, turning my arm, studying the rune before yanking my sleeve up, her fingers tracing over them like it is the first time she truly looks at them.

"But these are cloa-" her words are cut

off when the door opens, and the door handle hits the floor. Shelley yanks my sleeve down, and King Regan steps into the room. I

"I said an hour. A king does not wait." He snarls, and Shelley drops my hand and her head.

"Sorry, my King. We must have lost track of time." Shelley answers, apologizing for me, yet time hadn't really passed that quickly, had it? Shelley gives me a worried look, but one growl from King Regan sends her rushing from the room.

"You don't have to be so rude," I snap at Regan before tapping my leg. Hunter gets up slowly from his spot in front of the fireplace and wanders over, his tail wagging.

"Leave him here." King Regan says abruptly.

I look at the King, but his eyes are on

Hunter. "He needs Zeke's blood. He is

weakening and soon will start decaying."

"What?" I ask, horrified. Decaying?

"Yes, he needs his master's blood."

"Can't you give him yours?" King Regan shakes his head and crouches next to me, ruffling Hunter's fur.

"No, we've tried in the past; it makes them sick. They're sired to their master only. Only Zeke can fix him." King Regan says, grabbing his face. He tilts Hunter's head up, prying his mouth open and

looking inside his mouth before doing the same to his eyes.

King Regan clicks his tongue. "You need to give him back to Zeke unless you want him to die. He's gone too long without blood." He says, standing up.

I chew my lip worriedly; I didn't want him to die. "Maybe we could find Zeke?" I ask him, and I am surprised when King Regan nods.

"Hurry up then." The King walks out, and

I follow with Hunter.

Where is Gnash?" I ask, and he growls.

Away from you!" Regan snarls, leading me through the castle. We have to slow down a few times to wait for Hunter, who is growing worse by the second. It also makes me wonder if this is what will

happen with Shelley when the King dies.

Regan leads me through the castle to some huge entertainment room, a bar takes up an entire wall, big screens on the walls playing clips, and a few guards stand around laughing and talking to Zeke, who is drinking and already wasted.

Peering in, I see a young maid looking

petrified, pushed up against a snooker table by two of the vampire guards. I go to enter when King Regan grips my wrist

and shoves me back out the doors.

The moment King Regan enters, all chatter dies immediately. "Leave us!" He orders, and the guards instantly scatter, almost falling over each other to leave the

room.

"Now, why did you have to do that,

brother, and ruin my fun? I was about to

make Lincoln and Palo bend the maid

over that table and fuck her so I could

watch." Zeke drawls, and I wander inside,

stepping into the huge room to find he

has the girl by her elbow, having not

escaped.

"Go back to your station!" King Regan snaps at her, and she nods, eagerly wanting to escape the situation she has been placed in. She goes to leave but Zeke

yanks her back.

"Only if she is replacing her." Zeke

taunts, his eyes turning black as he licks his lips. I walk into the room further, and

the girl's eyes dart to me.

"Let her go, Zeke, you're-" My words are

cut off when he moves impossibly fast.

One minute he was across the room. The

next, his fingers are wrapped around my

neck.

"Are you volunteering, Love?" He purrs, yet his grip grows tighter.

"You can't hurt me." I sneer back at him,

and he laughs.

"Wrong, I can't kill you. There is no rule about hurting you." Zeke smiles wickedly, and Hunter growls at my feet. His eyes dart down, and his grip tightens.

"Zeke!" Regan warns, but Hunter's growl

has not even half the menacing sound it

usually carries, and I know he is too weak

to actually attack him. My face changes color, and I grip his wrist.

"Zeke!" Regan snaps.

"What did you do to him?" Zeke snarls

angrily. I clutch his wrist, and it grows.

tighter, the blood rushing to my head as

he pushes me back. My ass hits

something solid, and I glare at him before

lifting my knee between his legs.

He grunts, letting go and staggers back while I clutch my knees, gasping for

breath.

Zeke snarls, and I stand up, only to see

his fist flying toward my face. I flinch,

waiting for the impact, only it never

comes when Regan steps in front of me. Instead, Zeke's fist connects with Regan's chest, and he growls menacingly.

"Not on my watch! I have to be seen with her, and I am not going into town with her black and blue." Regan growls. Zeke glares at me and shakes his head.

"Always worried about appearance,

brother," Zeke retorts. Regan mutters under his breath before stepping aside.

"Hunter needs your blood," Regan states, motioning toward the weakening wolf.

"So she is returning him?" Zeke questions, and I swallow, having no

intention of doing that right now.

Zeke chuckles. "Oh, so you thought you

could ask me to heal him but not return

him?" Zeke questions.

"Zeke, give him your damn blood; I have work to do." Regan snaps, sounding

bored.

"No, she gives him back, and I will. Don't,

and he dies? Well, your death would be

worth losing my throne for if something

happens to him." Zeke speaks coldly. I

look at Hunter and then at Zeke.

"Think carefully, Human. He won't last

the night." Zeke snaps. Regan looks down

at me, waiting for my answer, and I suck

in a breath.

"Hunter, go to Zeke," I murmur,

knowing I am losing my only protection.

Hunter whines but does what he is told,

and Zeke reaches toward the small coffee

table and grabs a cheese knife. He slices into his palm and crouches before his wolf. Hunter starts drinking his blood

instantly while Zeke runs his fingers through his fur.

"Come, I don't want to be all day," Regan says, walking out of the room. I give

Hunter one last glance before following

King Regan.

"Now, let's see how brave you are without our wolves by your side," Zeke calls out, then laughs. What they forget is I have nothing left to lose, but they do. Their precious thrones, dead or alive either

way, Zeke won't be getting that throne.