

## Read Unwanted mate of the lycan king novel Chapter 9 online free

Regan POV

As I approach the balcony on the top level that overlooks the maze, I can hear Zeke arguing with our father. Stepping out onto it, it becomes abundantly clear something has ticked Zeke off because he's furiously glaring at our father. Lyon stands leaning against the wall near the bird feeders, watching with a look of disinterest. Such a Lyon thing to do. I swear, he cares little for anything but getting his cock sucked or tormenting our brother. He knows better, for the most part, not to push my buttons; it will only end in him being pummeled from an inch of his damn life, Zeke however he likes to tempt death with occasionally.

It takes a lot to rile Lyon up, yet Zeke always finds a way to get under his skin and Zeke seems to think doing such a thing is a game, which is why those two have such an on-and-off relationship. One minute they get on fine. Next, they are plotting against each other. Either way, both of them are snakes.

"What's this about, father? Malachi said you changed the Maze Games this year," I ask, falling heavily into the chair surrounding the metal fire pit. A server brings me a whiskey, and I take it while watching as my father shakes his head at a raging Zeke and waving him off. My brother's temper has always had a short fuse, but never towards our father, so something has irked him to no end.

"This is some fucking bullshit," Zeke growls as my father takes his seat across from me.

"Shelley, dear, can you get me a glass of water?" my father asks the server girl that I see now Lyon is eyeing off. I raise an eyebrow at him when his gaze meets mine. He smirks, knowing he is caught checking out his latest victim. The human girl scampers off to do my father's bidding, and my father leans back in his chair.

"Zeke, sit down and stop getting your panties in a wad, boy." my father commands. Zeke mutters something which makes my father scowl but is out of earshot for me to hear.

“You’re changing the maze games this year. We noticed there are no male contestants, and I want to know why.” I state, sipping my drink. Zeke scoffs and shakes his head before snatching his drink from his frightened server who jumps her hands trembling as she holds the tray.

“Yes, I have made some changes. You boys will compete in the games this year.” I nearly drop my glass at his words and choke on the mouthful I just took.

“Excuse me?”

“Now you know why I am pissed off, yet the old fool wouldn’t tell me why until you arrived,” Zeke says dismissively.

“Are you looking to hire us within the castle, father?” I laugh. This is ridiculous. The maze is held each year. People could compete, or as a punishment for hiding out, they were chucked into the labyrinth. Those that survived were given jobs within the Kingdom. Those that died are not worthy. Though no one has survived the maze in over thirty years, so this year will be no different.

“No, Regan. You will not be competing for a place inside the Kingdom. You three will be competing for my throne.” he states just as Shelley returns. She hands my father his drink, while Lyon pushes off the wall to join us, clearly shocked by this information.

“Your throne?” Lyon asks, confused. Neither of my brothers are worthy of the position. They can barely run their own Kingdoms. My father holds power over ours, but I am the fucking oldest, so this information has me seething, and why the sudden rush?

“I want to stand down.” my father continues. “So what has this got to do with us competing in this ritual?” Lyon demands.

My father sighs heavily, his eyes moving to each of us. “You boys have been competing for this Kingdom your entire lives. None of you are worthy.” My father states, and I scoff.

“Something funny, Regan?”

“I have been running my Kingdom and yours for a fucking century, and you want to pull this shit? You dare tell me I am not worthy!” I snarl.

“That may be so, son. But your temper and barbaric ways make me hesitant to hand over the highest seat in the four kingdoms. Zeke is an alcoholic—”

“Oh, here we fucking go again,” Zeke groans, having been scolded for his drinking problems plenty of times.

My father shoots him a look. “As I was trying to explain, Zeke can barely manage his Kingdom’s people, let alone run it. Lyon is oblivious to today’s politics. I don’t know where your mother and I went wrong, but you three are a pack of damn savages. Not one of you is worthy of my throne, and not one of you has even a sliver of humanity left,”

“Duh, because we aren’t human!” Zeke retorts, waving his glass at the server wanting a refill. My father rubs his temples in frustration. “Goddess help the Kingdom if that fool wins.” my father mutters.

Zeke mutters a curse under his breath at my father’s comment, and seconds later my father’s fist comes down on the small table beside his chair. The wood smashes to pieces from the force, making Zeke jump to his feet.

“You listen here, boy; I am sick of your snide comments. I am the ruling monarch, and all of you will compete. I’m unable to decide if any of you are worthy of my position on the throne. This is the only way I can think of to choose. You do not have to like it, but you will accept these terms or forfeit your rights!” my father bellows.

This is ridiculous. I shake my head, sculling the rest of my drink. “So, what are the rules?” I ask him, wanting to get this over with already.

My father calms down and leans back in his chair. “Since you all lack humanity when the women enter the maze, the sole winner will be offered a prize. One that has never been offered before.” my father states, looking at us.

When the sliding door opens, Shelley is the only server that doesn’t shriek when our wolves proudly step onto the balcony. We have had them since they were pups. There were originally four, but when my mother died, hers died with her protecting her.

We accidentally stumbled across a den, and the mother attacked. We killed her only to find four pups inside. My father forced us to raise them as a punishment for sneaking into the woods. Now the four pure white wolves have

become our pets—amazing creatures, intelligent and just as savage as we are. Lyon whistles and Shadow rushes over to him, dropping at his feet. Hunter, Zeke's wolf, strolls over casually, taking his spot at Zeke's, and I click my fingers, pointing to the floor for gnash to come to me. Obediently, he does, resting his head on my lap.

“If only you cared for your Kingdom as much as you did your pets, this wouldn't be an issue,” My father states, and I roll my eyes. “The maze?” I demand, watching him.