

Grace of a Wolf BK 2

Chapter 13 - Grace: Kidnapped

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My head throbs with each pulse of my heart and my stomach churns. A sharp ache shoots through my shoulders as consciousness creeps back. My wrists burn, bound tight behind my back; whatever's holding me captive bites into my wrists. There's a gag binding my mouth, and it takes everything in me not to panic and try to shove it out with my tongue; I can breathe, but it feels like I can't.

2

Aside from some chirping from birds, there's no other sound to be heard.

I open my eyes to look around.

Still in the forest—somewhere. Dawn's covered the area in a soft haze, the grass misted over. I should be cold, but something warm is covering me.

A quick glance tells me it's a giant black tail.

1

Heat radiates against my back, and the hint of ethereal light tells me exactly who the massive tail belongs to. Each breath he takes lifts my body slightly where I'm pressed against his side.

My furry captor sleeps curled around me like some kind of protective barrier. The irony would be funny if I wasn't tied up.

1

Damn it. I thought he was my friend, and he betrayed me. This is why you don't go around picking up strays.

6

The events of last night crash back in a flood; the serial killer/Lycan King/weird stranger with tattoos isn't around, but he's clearly not worried about me getting away.

Arms bound behind my back, gag in mouth, and giant wolf on guard, even if he's asleep. Check, check, and check. There's no escape in my future, but I test the ropes

anyway, unsurprised when they don't budge. The more I struggle, the tighter they become, cutting off circulation to my fingers.

The wolf's twitches, and a soft whine escapes his throat. Whatever he's dreaming about has his massive paws twitching against the ground.

3

My shoulders scream as I try to sit up, stiff and aching from my position on the ground. The movement pulls at muscles I didn't know existed. The gag muffles my groan of pain.

The wolf's tail tightens around my waist like a furry seat belt.

"Mmmph!" The shocked sound I make is embarrassing, but the gag at least muffles it into something unrecognizable.

His ear flicks. One gray eye cracks open, fixing on my face.

I narrow my eyes at him, trying to radiate all my disapproval and betrayal in his direction.

The wolf lifts his head and yawns, displaying rows of teeth that could snap my bones like twigs. His tongue lolls out, and he has the audacity to look pleased with himself.

His tail wags once, thumping against my hip. He stretches, pressing closer against my back. His nose nudges my cheek, and his breath fans hot across my face.

Dew has soaked through my pants where I lie on the ground, my fingers have gone numb from the ropes, and this oversized furball acts like we're on some kind of camping trip.

2

The gag makes it impossible to tell him exactly what I think about this situation. About him. About everything. It's going through my head with a lot of curse words, though. If I'm going to die anyway, I may as well tell him exactly what I think of his disloyalty.

The wolf stands, shaking out his coat. Sparks of light dance through his fur like fireflies. He circles me once, twice, sniffing at the ropes, and I'll *die* before I admit the disappearance of his warmth sucks.

"Just untie me," I say through the gag, though it comes out as unintelligible mumbling.

He sits back on his haunches and cocks his head to one side. Those storm cloud eyes study me with far too much intelligence.

"Please?" I try to make my eyes wide and innocent. It works in movies, though not usually on wolves.

His tail sweeps across the ground. Amusement radiates from every line of his massive body. I don't know how, because nothing changes, but I can *feel* it in my bones. He's laughing on the inside.

A branch snaps in the distance. The wolf's head whips toward the sound, ears forward. A low growl rumbles from his chest.

My heart kicks into overdrive. Fight or flight instinct screams at me to run, but I can barely wiggle my toes, let alone stand.

The wolf's fur bristles along his spine. The glow intensifies until it hurts to look at him directly. He positions himself between me and whatever approaches, muscles coiled tight beneath his shimmering coat.

"Oh, fuck off, Fenris. I'm not going to eat her."

3

The voice makes every muscle in my body seize as the wolf growls in a grumbling sort of way before settling onto the ground, like a dog who's been told to lay down.

The stranger steps into view, and my heart stops to see those dark tattoos on his neck. His gray eyes are disturbingly similar to the wolf's—Fenris, this man calls him—so I assume they're... brothers, or something?

4

"You survived the night," he says, as if he's displeased.

My throat closes behind the gag. Fenris huffs and settles his massive head on his paws, but doesn't look my way even once.

Disloyal as a damn dog, once anyone shows up with a milk bone. I knew it.

5

The stranger's boots crush and destroy fallen leaves as he approaches, the sound far more intimidating than it would be under any other circumstance. My skin prickles as he crouches in front of me with a long sigh.

His fingers grip my chin, rough and calloused, sending goosebumps down my spine. He jerks my face to one side, then the other. The inspection makes me feel a bit like a budget cow at auction, and his touch burns against my skin.

At least I'm not thinking about him shirtless anymore.

3

Though, now that I think of it—

7

No. What the hell is wrong with my brain? He must have some insane power to take over a woman's thoughts and throw them straight into the gutter. He's my kidnapper, and kidnapping is literally zero percent sexy.

6

"Interesting." His thumb brushes my cheek, and I flinch. "A human girl who reeks of shifter." His lip curls. "Tell me, are you mated to one of those Blue Mountain mutts?"

The question makes me flinch. Rafe's face flashes through my mind, and Ellie right beside him. Bile rises in my throat. I shake my head. My eyes burn with unshed tears.

His fingers tighten on my jaw. "Don't lie to me, little human. I can smell him all over you."

Fenris growls, and the sound vibrates through my bones.

"Quiet," the man snaps without looking away from my face. "Answer me truthfully. Are you mated to one of them?" The anger in his voice leaves me terrified. If he hates the Blue Mountain Pack this much, he must not be the Lycan King—my bet is *definitely* on deranged serial killer, even if I can't quite figure out why the wolf would help him out.

I shake my head again, even as his fingers dig tighter into my jaw. *Please believe me. Please.*

His nostrils flare as he scents the air around me. "Then why do you carry their stench? Are you one of those human whores who like to fuck wolves?"

14

Oh, hell no. I've heard of pack bunnies; Rafe's told me about them.

This time, I jerk my head out of his grip to shake my head in vigorous denial. No, definitely not one of those, either.

His narrowed eyes roam over my face. "I guess I won't get answers out of someone like you. It's better to go straight to the source."

7

The stranger rises to his feet in one fluid motion, his height towering over my bound form. My protests turn into muffled nonsense behind the gag, but he acts like I don't exist.

Just take out the gag and let me explain!

8

His complete dismissal of my presence burns worse than the ropes cutting into my wrists. Here I am, tied up and gagged, and he won't even give me a chance to explain? Even worse, it sounds like he's going to go straight to the pack—which means they're going to know exactly where I am.

1

Fuck me.

6