

Read Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings (by jessica hall) chapter 11 online free

Zirah POV

Malachi urges us toward the maze entrance, and the women begin to panic, turning and running, yet I stay rooted to the spot staring up at the large hedges. Guards that helped escort us down snatch the other women, shoving and pushing them toward the entrance. Snarls and growls suddenly fill the air, and we all spin to see the three Kings and next to each one were three huge wolves, white as snow with blood-red eyes. They weren't ordinary wolves. They also weren't werewolves, making me wonder if these were the savage pets Malachi spoke of.

Not only that, but they are larger than normal wolves yet don't share the amber eyes werewolves have.

"Get them ready, I need to find out what is going on. The Kings aren't meant to enter until morning." Malachi orders one of the guards before stalking off up the hill.

I listen closely trying to gauge what is going on when the guard that seizes my arm, hauls me closer to the maze entrance and the women struggle and thrash as we are placed directly in front.

"Well, it is nice meeting you ladies, you're all fucked now." the guard announces and the girl from the truck whimpers. "Change of plans, you don't need to fear the lions." he nods toward the Kings walking down the hill with Malachi.

"The Kings have brought down their pets to play." the vampire man tells us. The women sob and cry while I watch them draw closer when we are suddenly thrust into the maze.

"When the horn sounds, the wolves will be released. Survive the night and you shall be rewarded." I scoff, knowing no one ever survives the maze.

"Well, start running, the Kings haven't fed them yet. They are hungry," the vamp taunts. The women instantly take off, yet I stop just inside the entrance, turning and looking up at the high hedges where the women rushed down. My eyes scan my surroundings as I stare at the intricate vines.

“Seems this one wants to die first.” The vampire laughs, and I glare at him over my shoulder, walking in a little deeper.

“As long as they are all dead by morning, I don’t care who dies first.” I hear one of the Kings voices, my guess is Zeke.

“Are you staying to watch my Kings?” I hear Malachi ask.

“No, we will stop by in the morning to pick them up once we lock them in. They’ll handle them.” I hear King Regan speak confidently.

Shaking my head I move deeper, following the maze. Yet the deeper I went the darker it got. The only light came from the high full moon. Bending down, I dig my fingers into the dirt, feeling for the vibration, the energy of this place just like granny taught me.

Everything has a vibration, energy, and aura, you just have to train your mind to feel and see it. Let the earth speak to you. Yet the moment I dig my fingers into the earth, my runes tingle up my arms, most are protection runes, some give the gift of sight, yet I am not as good as grandma.

She could see flickers of the future while all I got was glimpses of the past, sometimes voices and as I dig my fingers in, I could feel the essence of those that died here, hear their screams as if they all stood around me. With a gasp, I yank my hands out of the soft, moist soil.

“30 years,” I whisper, that was the last time someone survived the maze.

Listening intently, I can hear the women’s rapid breathing, their footsteps, trying to focus on their location. I stare around in their directions before focusing harder, searching for their auras as I navigate the maze. Their auras are like a mystical glowing beacon even with the high hedges I can see them glowing brightly, flickering like phantoms in the night.

When I see one bright yellow aura, I know it is the girl from the back of the truck. I recognize the blue outer edges of it. I follow her, picking up my pace. The other women I don’t know where they came from, but she is one of us, so I will try to stick close to her.

Yet when her aura flickers, I slow, trying to pick up a sense for it. Focusing, trying to find where she went I forget my surroundings and propel forward only to jump back at the last second, not having seen the giant hole in the ground.

My hands shoot up to cover my mouth and I stagger back when I see the girl I am following lying dead at the bottom, huge stakes are piercing through her body where she fell in, huge snakes cover the bottom and are winding their slippery bodies around her, strangling her bones as she stares off vacantly with eyes unseeing.

I look around to see a narrow lip along the sides of the hole and move toward it. Just as the horn sounds making me look up at the night sky which is littered with stars. It is merely seconds later that I hear the Kings' wolves growling.

Gripping the thorny branches of the hedges, I use them to climb across. The other women must have taken a different direction because I suddenly can't make out their auras in the dark. I am not close enough. Yet I hear one of them scream by the time I cross the pit of snakes and stakes.

Moving down the narrow pathway to the next turning point, I stop when I hear panting breaths. My feet halt mid step when I hear the wolf whine loudly as if it is bored. Listening to it rip into flesh, I drop to my knees, trying to see under the hedge when a dried leaf cracks beneath my hand. The wolf's growl, grows threatening, it hits the hedge and I fall back on my hands and ass. The beast attacks the hedge, trying to break through to get to me.

Five of us entered, and we had been in here for roughly Forty-five minutes and only three of us remained. We were set on an impossible task. One that will end with my death.

Scrambling to my feet, I follow the hedge and make yet again another turn. For most of the night, that is how it is spent, navigating the never-ending maze when I hear one of their loud howls ring through the night and another scream moments later.

Pausing, I listen for the direction which I am not even sure which direction I am walking anymore with the twists and turns I have made. It is somewhere left of me so I go right at the next T section only to walk directly behind a wolf feasting on another woman. Leaving the count down two. I carefully step back, when my back brushes the thorns and branches of the thick hedges. The wolf lifts its head sniffing the air.