

Read Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings (by jessica hall) chapter 12 online free

If only I could manipulate air the way grandma could, she was a mystic when it came to elements, almost as if they spoke to her; she could manipulate them all to do her bidding. I tried to master the elements but was never as good at it as she, plants I can to some extent, even water, but air is not an element I ever picked up in her teachings, same as fire. The most I could do with fire was make a candle go out or make the fire pit blaze, but controlling it was never my thing; I had caught far too many things on fire, and burned way too many rugs before granny all but gave up teaching me that one, plants though, she insisted on mainly because I kept killing her herbs, so I know secretly it was to prevent plant deaths. My hands brush the hedge, searching for its source of energy.

I can't part it, but maybe I could get it to accept me within it, absorb me into it. I press back further as the wolf eagerly sniffs the air, his fur caked in blood, his ears prick listening intently and I know I only have seconds before it turns its attention to me. Sucking in a breath, I grip the branches, thorns digging into my hands and slicing them to pieces.

Shutting my eyes, I envision the hedge absorbing me, forcing my own aura and frequency out, asking it to accept me. The branches rustle slightly, and my eyes open. When I do, I see the wolf sniff the ground, turning slowly to look for my scent, which I know must be emitting fear as I try to focus on the hedge and its energy.

At the last second, and just before the huge beast turns, the hedge swallows me whole. The branches and thorns scrape my skin and cut me to pieces while I hold my breath through the pain as the branches close around me, covering me from view completely and hiding me from the savage beast. The branches and leaves that encase me rustle as the vines twist around my body in a stranglehold; the plants does not like me within its confines at all, it wants me out but feel my energy and decides it can tolerate me for how long I do not know as its vines snake around my body like a serpent, warning me not to hurt it or it will strangle me. Just as the hedge stops testing me, the wolf pivots and faces my direction, eyes scanning for the intruder before it looks at the hedge.

The huge beast sniffs the air, stepping closer and searching for me; it growls, knowing something is watching it yet unable to see me within the branches

and thick leaves. I just have to hope the roses perfume covers me enough because right now, I am a sitting duck, and if it attacks the hedge, I have no doubt the hedge will spit me out to become dog food.

It sniffs the hedge, huffing breaths and grunting as it searches frantically. Seconds before burying its nose in the thorny hedges, a howl rings out, and the wolf lifts its head in its direction. Its tongue hangs out the side, and its tail wags in the air excitedly before it takes off in the direction of the sound.

“Thank you,” I whisper to the hedge, knowing it wants me out of its confines. The hedge forces me out, practically tossing me out onto the thick grass. I muffle my gasp at the stinging of my skin. My arms, face, and legs are cut to pieces, but not as bad as the dress that is now barely clinging to my frame in tatters. The skirt, or what’s left of it, is sitting high on my thighs; the long sleeves of the dress are the only thing holding it to me and barely covering me.

Walking over to the wolf’s newest victim, I see it is one of the older women. Her throat had been ripped out; her satin blue dress is covered in blood. Her vacant Jade green eyes were wide with shock, and she lay drenched in a pool of her own blood.

Shaking my head, I continue into the maze when I hear the woman’s shrill screams, making me stop only to hear the savage sounds of flesh being torn to pieces, her torturous screams. I cover my ears against the noise, the scent of her blood thick in the air, when eventually, the screaming stops and the maze turns deadly silent.

And then there is one.

Looking up at the moon, it almost seems taunting as it peers back at me. The stars littering the sky filled with constellations, Granny used to tell me you could read the past, present, and future with the stars, you just needed to know what to look for. To me, they were just balls of gas floating in the vast space. I never understood her obsession with them but would always listen to her speak and enjoyed watching the moon cross over the sky at night when we would sometimes watch the moon for her rituals.

No matter how much I didn’t understand her musings sometimes, I have always been drawn to the night, to the moon. Like some part of it was calling to me on a deeper level, one I could never understand. Or maybe it was because it was a full moon when I received my runes.

Yet peering up at the midnight sky now, I wonder what my future would say if it were rewritten in the stars as granny claimed. If only she saw her death, maybe then we would have escaped their clutches. In a way, she did, a way I was now envious of.

My runes tingle on my arms, drawing my attention away to see them glow beneath the thin, tattered fabric. "Why must you taunt me so?" I whisper to the moon.

Shaking my head, I continue walking, although I am beginning to think there is no end to this maze and that the only way out is the way we came in. Yet finding my way back almost seems impossible now when I step into what must be the center of it; this space was the biggest I've come across so far in the maze; it is an odd octagon shape. Different branches of the maze split off in all directions like some intricate root system.

Was it too much for them to put some signs saying the direction from this point to the exit, some clue, each narrow corridor branching of this part looks the same as the others, each looking eerie and doomed. Sighing, I move to the center, trying to pick one, maybe do Eeny, meeny, miny, moe to decide which path to take.

Glancing around, I try to decide which direction to take when I hear a savage growl behind me, making me spin to face it.