

Read Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings (by jessica hall) chapter 13 online free

As I turn, my breath makes clouds in the air as my breath rushes out of me in a gasp. Hackled up and growling, I am met with the red eyes of one wolf stepping into the maze center when another growl rings out from the side. Their fur is no longer white but red with the blood they have spilled throughout the night. They reek of it when the third one steps out, each one's steps calculating as they size me up.

I turn, trying to keep an eye on all of them, when they step closer, caging me in. The biggest one growls at its brother, and it snaps its teeth in return back at its brother. Great, they are fighting over who is taking the first bite.

The third one cocks its head to the side, sniffing the air.

"Are you trying to decide which part is juiciest, sorry boys, I'm more the jerky kind of meat. You won't find much meat on these bones, no need to fight, and I'm sure I taste as bitter as I look," I tell them. The big wolf huffs, cocking its head to the side.

"Well, clearly, they are fighting over the rump." Well, those two will be disappointed; not much meat there either my diet of leafy greens and fish and the occasional deer don't allow for such juiciness, especially this time of year when everything is hunted by bears before we get a chance to find or catch it.

The other two are still arguing and bickering over their midnight snack, which turns into a fight between them, and I am long forgotten as they fight, and the other wolf turns its attention to its brothers for a second.

"I'm chewy, I will definitely get caught in your teeth. You don't want this," I tell it. Yet the third one tilts its head to the other side as if it understands exactly what I am saying; it sits back on its haunches, watching me. Maybe he is deciding I do I look chewy, or maybe he had his fill on the red-haired girl; she looked tasty but obviously not much to his taste he only ate part of her; he must be a picky eater.

My eyes flick across the two wolves fighting, the bigger one slamming its brother on the ground. I take a step closer to the nearest exit when the wolf suddenly rises, and once again, all attention is back on me.

A feral growl tears out of the big one and the second one as they both charge at me, and I know I am gone, yep they were definitely fighting over the bone they wanted.

Instead of running, I accept it. I couldn't outrun these beasts, so I give in knowing death is inevitable, so why fight it? Besides I rather go this way than be cleaning the Kings toilets for the rest of my life, or scrubbing their backs or worse still King Regan making me his bed chamber slave, so death by wolfy chew toy sounds far more appealing.

I squeeze my eyes shut, praying to the fates that I get to see Granny in the next life, and drop to the ground on my ass. Dew covers the grass, wetting my already cold skin, the dress offering nothing in the way of protection from the elements. Growls tear out around me while I wait for my death to come. Their paws pad on the soft grass audible when I hear the grass get torn up as they tear it up to get to me—waiting expectantly for the tearing pain when instead, I flinch when I get a whine next to my ear.

Then a wet nose to my cheek, another to my neck as they start sniffing me. Fur brushes my skin as one wolf weaves its body around mine like a cat, rubbing itself on me.

My eyes fly open when the smallest, which is not small at all, nudges my hands, trying to get his nose under it while whining loudly

My hand shakes as I lift it, and it drags its face beneath my palm as if it wants me to pat it. I swallow, my heart thumping against my rib cage, when the biggest one drops onto his stomach, resting its head in my lap.

I blink down at it. The other seems inquisitive and keeps sniffing my hair, my face, and my neck before, finally, it lays down behind me. My hand gently pats the small one's head, too afraid to stop and upset the beast.

Eventually, it lies on my other side. I remain frozen in place, too scared to move or even breathe loudly while wondering why they aren't killing me.

Yet, as the night sky lightens and the stars start to disappear, my eyes droop, and my head falls forward. I shiver, the frosty air chilling me to the bone when I feel paws hit my chest and jolt me awake as I doze off. The wolf's paws hit my shoulders and shove me into the one behind me.

I tense, waiting for it to rip me apart as the huge wolf presses me against its brother who whines loudly behind me, and lifts its head. He licks my cheek and lays back down. While the other wolf lays across me while I half lay on its brother, its fur warm, and they all suddenly move and wiggle around me, covering me with their huge bodies and warming me.

After a few tense minutes, I realize their intention is to keep me warm, or maybe they are heating up their breakfast; I'm not sure, but it still leaves me with the question of why. Why am I still alive when I watched them maul everyone who entered this maze? Knowing I am never going to get that answer, I finally relax, and the warmth they offer sends me crashing from exhaustion. It doesn't take long before I fall asleep huddled with the kings' wolves.