

## Read Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings (by jessica hall) chapter 15 online free

Zirah POV

The wolf moves beneath me; he whines, nudging and licking the side of my neck, while the one laying across my lap with his head propped on my shoulder lifts his big head.

My eyes flutter open when it starts licking my face frantically like I am its favorite lollipop. Blinking and trying to wake up, I freeze, wondering if he is tenderizing my flesh with his tongue before he tries to eat me.

I push his head away, grabbing fistfuls of his fur and he whines loudly, and his tongue starts flicking faster, trying to lick my face, making me chuckle as he covers me in slobber and drool.

“Stop, it’s gross and you’re making me nervous,” I tell the huge white wolf who had managed to lick most of the blood off his fur coat, I am grateful he has but also slightly disturbed, hoping the leftovers caking its fur were enough to tide him over and that he isn’t looking for breakfast. The wolf cocks its head to the side, its big red inquisitive eyes watching me as if it understands the words I speak.

The wolf beside me reeks of blood when the one behind me sits up abruptly, making me fall backward from the one on top weight crushes me. The big one snaps at his brother, who yaps and yawns, sniffing my face and nudging me to get up. Groaning, I grab the side of the wolf on top, pulling myself to a sitting position.

Right now, they seem calm as they continue to sniff and move around me.

“What is it? Was I not tasty enough for you to eat? Is that why you didn’t kill me?” I ask the big one who sits watching me. The smaller one nudges my face with its wet nose. With the three monster wolves like this, I can’t believe they are the ones responsible for killing everyone that entered the maze. Right now, they seem like oversized puppies that had a bloodbath, well except the big one that had a tongue bath during the night.

Looking around, I am still in the maze. Some part of me hoped I dreamed of the torturous night we all endured, that maybe I would wake up on my boulder

bed next to granny crushing her herbs on the rocks, or choking me out with sage and lavender that she used to burn every morning.

Those things I hated waking up to. Now, I would do anything just to hear the clanging of her smashing herbs with rocks, or to wake up to her chants that annoyed me to no end and always disrupted my blissful sleep.

Instead, I wake to three gigantic wolves who, for some reason, decided I wasn't a worthy midnight snack, while trapped in a maze that was designed for no one to escape. Sighing, I try to get up only for the littlest wolf, which is by no means actually small, to crawl into my lap, wanting me to rub its belly. Sighing, I give him a scratch only for the wolf to tense.

Yet when I hear a loud whistle followed by two more. The wolves grow anxious, and I peer up at the sky to see the sun beaming down at me. It must be around 10 am, meaning I got little in the way of sleep, considering the sun was beginning to rise when I fell asleep. My lack of sleep, however, appears to be the least of my worries.

Either way, it doesn't matter because something has set these wolves off; something has made them anxious. Which, in turn makes my anxiety peak. What did these monster wolves have to worry about with teeth that tore through flesh like a hot knife through butter?

Suddenly, the biggest one stands. Peering toward one of the narrow branches of the maze and I hear his voice ring out loudly. A voice that could not be mistaken for anyone other than King Regan.

"Gnash!" He bellows, and the massive beast of a wolf whines loudly with his tail wagging, as he wiggles excitedly, almost prancing on the spot with excitement. He moves toward the branch of the maze when the small one beside me makes a noise and he suddenly stops.

The wolf looks torn about whether to go find its master or remain here, yet one yap from his brother makes him peer back at us and he huffs like he is pouting.

"So your name is Gnash?" I mumble and his tail wags faster and I wonder what the other two are called. Seconds later, I hear a thunderous snarl from the opposite direction, which has Gnash growling and pivoting to look down at another entrance to the center.

All three wolves stand, all looking in different directions and backing toward me. It doesn't take long before I hear a loud bang like a gun went off before next, the sounds of running and cursing can be heard within the maze. Wondering what is going on, I get to my feet. My heart thumping in my chest quickens as I stand stunned. The wolves tense, looking at the different entry points. Gnash paces slowly, like a predator tracking its prey. I watch the wolves slowly circle around me.

One part of me wonders if they'll obey their masters and kill me. Another part of me worries the Kings will when they find me. Yet nothing prepares me for when all three Kings are suddenly stopped dead in their tracks as they enter the center.

"There you are, boy. Why didn't you come?" he says, noticing his wolf first. He takes a step closer while Gnash backs up, his wagging tail smacking my legs. Only then does he notice me standing there behind him and between his wolf brothers.

Regan wears only gray sweatpants and nothing else. Even his feet are bare. Cuts and grazes litter his hard-muscled chest and stomach, no doubt from the thorns and traps of the maze. My eyes trail over him, and I notice the intricate tattoos covering every inch of his arms, chest, and back.

The last time I saw him, he was in a suit that covered these designs covering his flesh, yet now I can't tear my eyes from him as I take in the markings.

To me, it appears almost as if they are runes, yet not the celestial or Wiccan kind I am covered in. No, these look like something darker and sinister. Mapped out into his flesh like some sort of road map to hell, yet even I must admit hell looks good on him.

Every piece of this man was hard and defined like he is cut from the hardest stone and molded into perfection. Too bad his personality didn't match the masterpiece of his body. No, there is something twisted about this man, depraved. His cold eyes sparkle with the promise of the pain he wants to inflict on me. He did not look happy at all that I am the survivor of the maze. His gaze tells me I may have survived his wolf, but I won't survive these Kings.