

Read Unwanted Mate Of The Lycan Kings (by jessica hall) chapter 16 online free

Zeke staggers forward, stopping as he takes in the scene before him. The confusion is evident in his features as his eyes go to the wolf beside me, then to me.

He also has gray tattoos on with a black tank top. He isn't covered in the same ink, more of a tribal design down his arms, yet also the same runes look at the same time it was like the runes blended and morphed into the tribal pattern that covers his arms from what I can make of them.

However, turning to look at the third brother who has entered, Lyon is wearing jeans and a shirt, though it is drenched in blood, making me wonder what trap he stumbled upon within the maze. He has a huge cut across his chest that has sliced through his shirt and across his chest.

They all stand there, glancing at each other and at their wolves at my feet. Lyon tilts his head to the side while Regan looks at me in shock still.

His shock soon dissolves when he smirks. "Out of all them that entered, of course, it had to be you that lived!" He sneers, his eyes flickering dangerously with a predatory glint. "Maybe I will get to have my fun destroying you after all." he chuckles darkly.

King Zeke growls, eyeing one wolf in particular in anger. "One job Hunter and you couldn't even complete it, you useless wolf!" he snaps angrily.

"None of them did. Doesn't that make you question why?" Lyon asks, his eyes roaming over me, examining me from head to foot as if he is looking for what is so special about me.

Well, if he figures it out, I hope he lets me know so I don't accidentally piss off these wolves and have them turn on me. Yet his words seem to go unnoticed by his brothers, while I have been pondering that question since I woke up.

Glancing down quickly, I make sure my arms are still covered remembering Malachi's comment about them hating witches, and one glimpse at my skin and I might as well pick my pillar to burn at.

Maybe the fates don't hate me after all because my arms are still covered and no breeze moves across my back, so I know it is covered too; my legs not so

much, but the blood covering them keeps me pretty covered, not that I have any marking on my legs.

Regan takes a step into the center toward me, and the wolves tense, their eyes going to their masters. Zeke watches his brothers, his head turning from side to side in some silent challenge when all their eyes fall on me.

My heart thumps erratically at the sudden attention, much preferring the growling and sharp teeth of their wolves to the predators that now watch me. Within seconds of the silent nervous glances they send each other, all three rush at me when the wolf I spent my sleep laying on lunges at Zeke's face.

King Zeke moves quickly, diverting the attack he clearly did not expect by the shocked gasp that leaves his lips. The wolf latches its powerful jaws around his arm, its sharp teeth ripping through his flesh, while he shakes his head viciously.

Zeke roars in fury, shaking his arm furiously before punching the wolf. Still, the wolf hangs on, biting down harder. Regan and Lyon freeze, and back up as the other two wolves snarl and snap their mighty jaws at their masters in a warning. A sickening crack sound, followed by a yelp, draws my attention to the wolf attacking Zeke. He is flung off when he kicks it. His enormous body goes flying toward me.

A whimper escapes me when I see the wolf hit the ground, skidding across it and stopping a few meters from me. He whines and tries to get up before collapsing again. The other two wolves snarl louder, and I notice Lyon back up and put his hands up in surrender. "Settle down, boy," Lyon tells the wolf, forcing him back while Regan growls back at his wolf Gnash, who is facing off with him.

"Fucking try it, Gnash, I fucking dare you!" Regan snarls at his wolf. Zeke curses, examining his arm where his flesh looks like it has been torn apart with a rusty piece of tin. Blood gushes out of his arm, dripping from his fingertips and spilling onto the grass below his feet.

"Hunter!" He screams, stalking toward the injured wolf and my eyes widen when I see him raise his fist. The wolf shakes his head, getting to his feet just as I stupidly grab him and yank him back.

The wolf rears back onto me with a yelp just as I feel fur brush across my face on one side and my arm on the other that is wrapped around Hunter's wide chest.

Gnash and the other wolf whom I have yet to learn its name growl furiously at Zeke, who stops dead in his tracks, his fist still raised.

"Regan, Lyon, call 'em off!" Zeke snarls.

However, Regan and Lyon look at each other as the two wolves stalk Zeke, pushing him back, heads dropping and teeth clashing together as they stalk the king.

"Shadow, here now!" King Lyon calls, yet the wolves do not move, eyes on Zeke as they protect their brother. "Gnash, come!" King Regan calls to his wolf. Gnash doesn't even look in Regan's direction, too focused on his target.

Zeke's wolf Hunter, who is on top of me, crawls off with a slight limp while I shuffle back toward the exit behind me. As I do, I watch in horror as each wolf stands off with its owner when Lyon speaks.

"They aren't protecting Hunter Zeke— they're protecting her. Look!" He snaps, pointing at me and I freeze from my snail pace escape.

"Where she goes, they are following!" Lyon points out, making me realize that with each slow move backward, the wolves back up with me, but their eyes watch their masters.

King Regan glares at me, and so does Zeke, while Lyon cocks his head to the side. A low growl emits from Regan and his surrounding aura grows darker, more sinister.

"Fuck this. I've had enough of this shit. Gnash now!" King Regan orders his wolf.

His aura floods out like a storm cloud, his eyes turning to pits of onyx, and Gnash whimpers under the command. His legs shake as he tries not to drop to his belly under the pressure of the command. I know if I was standing, his command would drop me, which I find odd, auras and commands have never affected me.

Yet saying that I have never met a Lycan until I came here, werewolves I stumbled across once and granny killed it quickly when I was a child, even a vampire I have seen and pumas but never a Lycan. Granny said they were the worst of the fate's creations. So I only knew what Granny told me.

She told me they could command werewolves, normal wolves, any form of canine, and even weak-minded humans. However, she told me my runes would protect me from a Lycan command or vampire compulsion, even see-through vampiric glamors.

It made me wonder if my runes were failing or maybe needed redoing, though they haven't faded since the last time.

Now and then Granny touched them up, usually only one here and there, or she added another, not like the first time when I received the biggest all at once.

Gnash whimpers as his legs threatened to give out from under him, and the wolf's aura trembles and falters under the pressure of its master. A normal wolf wouldn't stand a chance against a full-grown Lycan. But these wolves are fed with the kings' blood, giving them some form of immunity to fight them, it appears.

Regan moves toward us and Gnash and Hunter both drop their heads. At first, I thought to submit, but instead, they bare their teeth as their huge shoulders roll, ready to pounce while they growl menacingly. King Regan stops mid-step when Gnash snaps his teeth at him.

All three brothers look at each other and in unison growl before charging at us. The moment they do, they're attacked by their own wolves. The Kings are trying not to hurt their pets, yet their wolves didn't hold the same fear as they tear through flesh and ripped into the Kings.