

Read Unwanted mate of the lycan king novel Chapter 2 online free

“Zirah, hurry,” grandma hisses, her hand barely touching my fingertips. Gritting my teeth, I try to use my foot that is still on the wall to push higher. The Lycan below me loses his grip slightly, his sharp claws hooking into my ankle to rip me back down.

My hand flails, trying to grab Grandma’s. When she manages to grab it, she grabs my arm with strength I didn’t know she still wielded and the Lycan claws at the inside walls of the tunnel, trying to reach me.

Kicking my foot out, it connects with the side of his head and he tumbles back out. Grandma groans and I look up to see her eyes glowing white. Her pupils then glow blue as a current of air tunnels around me, and she rips me out of the far too-narrow hole peering down, the Lycan is trying to squeeze through the narrow opening before sliding back down to the cave floor, unable to fit.

Looking at my ankle it is a bloody mess, the claws marks deep, and the cuts sting yet where he dug them in like fishhooks hurt the worst, those were almost to the bone. Groaning, I get to my feet, pushing away my grandmother’s fussing hands.

“Quick, show me,” My grandmother hisses, but I shake my head, nudging her to keep going.

“We haven’t got time. Go,” I whisper, yell at her. She nods, climbing the rocky terrain as we try to go around them, each step painful as my ankle swells. We just need to get to the other side of the mountain, to where the beach is. The cliffside here is rocky and offers some cover, yet our scent would give us away quickly.

And it does immediately. To make matters worse, it is a full moon, which means the beasts chasing after us are at full strength. Grandma slips on some loose rock, and I barely catch her. Steadying her on her feet, I start pushing and dragging her around the mountain’s edge when I hear growls coming from the direction we are running to. I freeze, and so does Grandma. My eyes dart around nervously, trying to spot them while looking for another way, but I only see a small landing before the cliff edge.

Grandma starts running down, sliding and skidding on the slick surface, and I follow, thinking maybe she sees something I don't. Just as my feet hit the smooth rock below, claws slashing down the boulders make an awful sound, which sends my gaze up.

It is the first time I have seen a Lycan up close, and they are more terrifying than I ever thought imaginable. It stalks us, and I take a step back, and Grandma clutches my arm tightly. Another feral growl comes from the side of us, and my head turns. There is another one.

My head whips from side to side, trying to watch both, when my grandmother lets go of my arm. For some odd reason, I take my eyes off the Lycans to see her smile.

"We are out of time. Time is something I have been fighting against for eighteen years. They may be kings, but they are far from worthy," she whispers, and I take a step toward her.

She takes one back, and my eyes widen as I reach a hand out to her, she shakes her head. My heart races in my chest, some intuitive sense of knowing what is to come makes my lips quiver, my hand grasps the air. My stomach sinks at her next words. "I must let you go, my sweet girl. Use the crafts. Remember what I taught you."

"No," I choke out, just as a noise behind me makes me turn my head to find the Lycans nearly at our location. We are trapped, cornered, with nowhere to run.

"I won't go back there, Zirah. I can't, not after the last time." Her words confuse me. We have never left the mountains. Her eyes move to behind me, her eyes narrowing furiously into slits.

"They found you, but they'll regret it." She chuckles before taking another step back.

I reach for her, sensing something is wrong, when she suddenly runs for the cliff's edge. My eyes widen in horror; it is far too high to jump from. My scream is loud and visceral as I watch, horrified, as she takes her own life.

The ocean may be below, but from these heights, it would be like hitting cement. No matter how fast the current is. And if somehow she survived the initial impact, she would never survive the Jaggard rocks that line the bottom.

My feet skid on the surface, and I drop to my knees, peering over the edge into the darkness. Tears burn my vision when movement behind me makes me glare over my shoulder. She killed herself. She would rather die than go with them, which made my mind up.

My grandmother is fearless; if she fears these beasts, I am best off going with her. Quickly jumping to my feet, I back up, building the courage before running for the edge.

The snarl that rips through the air laces my skin with goosebumps. Then the air is suddenly knocked from my lungs, and I am crushed beneath a heavy weight. I instantly start thrashing, screaming, and trying to fight my way free when the weight lifts slightly. Huge clawed hands grab me, rolling on my stomach and pinning me to the ground.

Furry feet stop next to my head, and I toss my head back. The beast on top of me groans and sniffs loudly, telling me I hit him in the nose, turning I smack him in the side of the head only for him to shove me back onto my stomach. His knee presses between my shoulder blades, and I feel his fist slam down on the side of my head. The blow is hard, my eyes flutter as my ears ring loudly. My vision tunnels and I blink. My head feels like it is cracked on the rock like an egg. Pain explodes, coursing through my skulls and pulsating behind my eyes, stealing my vision. Then, the next second, all I see is black.