

Read Unwanted mate of the lycan king novel Chapter 8 online free

The vampire grabs the woman, and I cringe, noticing it is the same one from the stables, Neil, I believe Lina called him. He starts dragging her off while I claw at her dress when he sinks his teeth into the woman's neck. Her blood-curdling screams ring out when arms lock around my waist, ripping me away from her.

The King drags me off her, his grip tight as I am pulled back against his chest. I scream for the woman, thrashing in the vamp's grip, her movements grow weaker and her eyes widen as the monster feeds on her. The women behind us are screaming when I feel the King's grip tighten, stealing the air from my lungs.

He buries his face in my hair, his nose trailing down the column of my neck. I lash out, thrashing harder when he growls, his claws slip out sinking into my ribs and I gasp at the sudden pain. "You won't fight me." he growls next to my ear before I feel his claws retract and the piercing pain leaves my ribs.

The vampire tosses the woman aside, her body drained of blood, and completely lifeless, while the women behind me start to sob and I blink at her lifeless body discarded like rubbish.

"You asshole," I scream when the King's hand grips my neck, forcing me to look up at him.

"I knew something about you intrigued me," King Regan chuckles darkly, his eyes flickering to show what sort of beast he is beneath the facade of man.

"I love when they fight. And you're a fighter, aren't you, little human." he purrs, the sound more threatening than intrigued like he claims.

"Fuck you!" I spit at him.

"I may take you up on the offer before I let them kill you," he snarls, running his tongue across my cheek.

"Your fear is intoxicating. I do hope you survive. I could have so much fun breaking you." I glare at him before attempting to shove him off, but it is like trying to move a brick wall.

The King laughs before inhaling my scent, his nose skimming across my face. "I must admit, for a human, you smell rather good. I wonder what you taste like, do you taste as enticing as you smell?" he purrs.

"You'll never find out!" I snap back at him. He growls, turning me to face the audience we have gathered. His hand grabs my breast, making me cry out as he squeezes hard, while the other cups between my legs through the paper thin dress.

"Are you sure about that?" he purrs, squeezing harder, and I grip his wrist.

"Do you think they would stop me if I threw you down and fucked you in the dirt?" he growls. My eyes scan the faces of those present. Malachi looks away as if nothing is happening, the women stare in horror, yet he is right. Not one of the staff made any move at his threat.

"Maybe I will let my men have you when I am done before I let my wolf rip you apart and feast on your innards," he snarls.

"Brother, come now. Play with your food later." Zeke calls, and the King huffs.

"You have no control here, not over anything, especially your life, do well to remember that next time. If there is a next time, though, I doubt it very much." he growls before stepping away from me then shoving me. The other two kings leave and continue back to the castle, while King Regan addresses us.

"Let this be a warning to the rest of you. You run. You'll meet the same fate as her." he snarls, pointing to the dead woman. King Regan's eyes flick to me.

"Are we clear?" he asks, and I clench my jaw and nod once. He turns his attention to Malachi.

"Get them to the maze. Any of them run. Kill them." King Regan snaps. He then turns on his heel and follows after his brothers, who have already disappeared into the castle. Malachi comes over and grabs my arm, hauling me back to the line.

"You must have the gods on your side, girl. I have never seen King Regan let someone live for such disrespect." he tells me, and I swallow the dread that is threatening to suffocate me.

We are led down to the far back of the castle grounds as we crest the top of a small hill. However, I stop in my tracks, my breast still hurts, and I wonder if I have bruises because I could still feel his fingers as if they remained embedded in my flesh. Reaching the top as far as I can see, the rest of the land surrounding the castle is just an enormous maze. High rose-filled hedges filled with thorns make up the walls. They look thick and almost impenetrable, also wrapped with thick black vines.

Whoever the gardener is really made sure those walls weren't to be scaled or pushed through. A hard shove from behind sends me moving after Malachi. The whispers and murmurs behind me are filled with terror, and I glance over my shoulder to find the whimpering woman behind me pale as a ghost as she peers at where we are to meet our deaths.

However, movement on the huge balcony that wraps around the top floor of the magnificent castle catches my attention. We all jump when we hear a loud roar followed by a loud crash. I peer up to find the three kings looking furious, glaring at their father, who stands by the railing.

Everyone stops, including our guards, as we all watch the spectacle. Zeke, I could see, is arguing with the King while Regan paces before he stops. He turns, looking down over the railing toward the maze, then at us. His eyes glowing in the darkness make me suck in a breath as they stop on me.

My attention is pulled away when Malachi grabs my arm, dragging me back into the formation I hadn't realized I had stepped out of and back onto the footpath. Trudging down the hill, I steal another glance at the balcony to find all three kings watching us be led to our deaths.

Lyon shakes his head, then turns, walking away, and I notice the King is also gone when Malachi pulls my attention to him. "As I said earlier, you best pray the maze kills you. I have a feeling they will send in their wolves for the survivors, knowing if anyone survives, they will be forced to participate this year." Malachi states.

"Wolves, as in werewolves?" a girl behind me stutters.

"No, their pets. Though I believe they're more savage than werewolves myself." Malachi answers.

"How so?" I ask curiously.

“Because the three Kings raised them since they were pups, found them while hunting; they accidentally killed the mother. Their father ordered them to raise them. They have been with the kings since they were small boys.”

“But wouldn’t they be old or even dead by now?” I question him.

“Not when the Kings feed them their blood daily. Those wolves are savage and obedient. If the maze doesn’t kill you, girly. Their pets will.” Malachi tells me in some bizarre warning, if it is supposed to offer hope it does the opposite.

“What’s in the maze?” the girl behind me dares to ask as we stop at the massive entrance.

“Step in and find out.” Malachi taunts, his lips tugging up and showing off his sharp canines. He looks like a Lycan when he smiles. Staring at him, you could forget until he smiled, reminding me precisely what monster has my arm in his grasp.