



# Curse of the Wolves by Jane Doe Chapter 10



Curse of the Wolves by Jane Doe Chapter 10

## Chapter 9

Blakely

I was getting very, very tired of gods throwing me over their shoulders.

At least Azrael didn't stomp like his brother. Orion's shoulder had left a splotchy bruise on my stomach that still wasn't fully healed.

My hair had fallen into my face, obscuring the room we'd just entered from view. It wasn't until I was slung backwards, my ass hitting the cushioned seat of a chair, that I was finally able to see. All around us were bookshelves. They lined the walls, towering high above our heads, nearly kissing the domed ceiling speckled with glittering stars.

Draco padded past each one, waltzing over to the corner of the room before sitting on his hind legs. I'd yet to see the god of the Lycans in his human form. It was hard to believe he preferred living as a wolf when his kind were forced to shift every full moon. <sup>(2)</sup>

Old tomes sat on many of the shelves, but also cluttered the room in messy stacks. A large wooden table sat just a few feet away, pushed up against an open window. The pages of the books splayed out on top fluttered in the soft breeze.

One shelf in particular held no ancient books, rather a bunch of oddly shaped bottles with strange liquids inside. Some shimmered as though they were imbued with moonlight. A few of them changed colors, dancing between hues, never settling on one shade.

A certain sour-faced, blonde-haired god stepped into my line of sight. Clasped in his hand was an ornate dagger. The silver blade set my teeth on edge, forcing a snarl past my lips.

Azrael appeared alongside Orion and placed a hand on his shoulder. Tucked in his pocket was the knife I'd thrown at his face. "I'd keep your distance for the moment. She's a bit stabby right now."

1/8

"Really, you kept the knife?"

His plump lips lifted in a manic grin. Before he could spew whatever craziness was on his mind, pure sunlight poured into the room. White flashed behind my eyes, followed by an intense heat that washed over my body.

Digging my nails into the armrests of the chair, I blinked rapidly. Spots danced in my eyes. When they finally faded, I was left staring open-mouthed at the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen.

She glided into the room; her dark skin painted in a rich, golden hue. A million delicate braids hung down her back, each one woven with threads that shimmered like the sun. Even the gown that hung off her body was made of gold. It draped over her curves like liquid silk, trailing across the stone floor with every graceful step she took.

Solana, goddess of the sun.

"Honestly, Azrael." Her voice was smooth beams of sunlight. A gentle breeze that coasted across the fields of my hometown during the early summer mornings. It was buttery, twinkling warmth. "Can you blame the girl for being on edge when she's stuck with you three?"

Azrael, who had been playing with the knife I hurled at his face, lifted his shoulder in a simple shrug. How was he not enamored by her beauty? There had to be something wrong with him. I eyed the twitchy, hyperactive god warily.

"Many of her ancestors were on edge when we came for them, but none have shown this much spirit. She's different than the others, I know it."

Eyes that danced like sunbeams on fresh water turned to peer at me. "Yes, she does have courage. Perhaps things will go differently this time."

Orion approached with the shard of mirror he'd stolen from me in hand. A hateful sneer crossed his face when we locked eyes. I buried

2/8

my intense fear of the god beneath a layer of anger. Douchebag.

"They better, or I'll find Ismene myself." He muttered, turning his back on me like I didn't exist. Like I wasn't the star of the damn show. "The mortal tried to escape on the journey here. Azrael found her with this."

The mortal, this. The mortal, that. Didn't anyone care that I had a name?

Solana's sun-flecked eyes widened as they flitted from the shard of mirror to my face. She reached for it with long, elegant fingers. Barely touching the sharp curve of glass, she exhaled. "A shard of the soul mirror tainted with Mirari's blood. How is this possible?"

Draco huffed, his tail swishing across the floor. Azrael inclined his head, and I wondered if he could somehow understand him.

"We all know how it's possible, Solana. The time has finally come. We're going to break the curses and find your sister."

Her sister? The moon goddess and the sun goddess are related?

Orion snarled menacingly, revealing just a glimpse of the beast that prowled beneath his otherworldly exterior. The hairs along my arms raised at the sheer hostility in his cold, detached voice. "Enough. We have no clue what is going to happen, Azrael. For all we know, she could easily die like the rest of them."

And that was my cue to get the fuck out of here.

Anticipating my movements, Orion flung out his hand and sent a gust of magic my way. The clank of metal against metal was the only warning I received before thick, leather straps flung themselves around my torso and arms. They snapped into place, pinning me to the chair.

Sheer hatred burned in his eyes, as hot as the sapphire flames that licked up his arms.

"Let's begin, and we'll know for sure whether or not this mortal is the one meant to free us."

3/8