



# FANG CHRONICLES

*Mandy's Story*

D'Elen McClain

## Chapter One

With a groan, Honey managed to open his eyes and squint into the partial light. Mandy sat on the other side of the bars staring his way, calmly clicking her fingernails and appearing bored. He shook his head, attempting to clear the fog from his brain. Pain—deadly daggers streaked through his skull, making his eyes narrow even more. And... for some reason, his left leg throbbed to the beat of his headache. He didn't dare take his eyes off the she-wolf. "What the fuck have you done?" he growled low and deep throughout the question.

Her lips compressed on her much-too-cute pixie face. "I don't think that's any way to speak to your mate, and I don't like your language," she admonished gently, continuing to look like she didn't have a care in the world.

Her words didn't quite sink into his pounding brain. He looked around his prison. Bars... the steel bars of a feral cage. With another shake of his head he realized it was the one that had been delivered to Brandt and Emily's home—Brandt and Emily, alphas of the Northwest pack, and relatives to the smug she-wolf sitting outside the iron walls of his prison.

The cage, about five foot high and six by four foot in diameter, rested inside a large truck. *Were Brandt and Emily part of this?* He didn't feel good, his stomach tumbled with nausea, and it slowly dawned on him that he'd been drugged. More grumbling came up from his chest. Over the pain... the queasiness... his anger, he looked at Mandy and snarled, "I'm giving you to the count of three before I shift and tear this cage apart."

She stopped clicking her fingernails, her green eyes flashing while she checked out the bars and then gazed back at him. "Hmm. It might hurt, but go ahead and give it a try." She flipped her long brown hair over her shoulder.

His low growl swelled as it traveled up from his chest. "One..."

Her pouty lips curved slightly. “I’m not a child, and the number counting thing is ridiculous.” Eyelashes swept down over her green eyes and then went back up almost in a practiced move.

Nine hundred pounds of Kodiak bear exploded within the steel bars. Large tufts of brown fur stuck out between the solid three-inch slats of metal, leaving no room for movement. He pushed his weight against the steel, and when nothing gave so much as an inch, he went completely wild, which did exactly... nothing.

When his struggling and loud growls slowed, she gave him her bored look again. “Are you finished throwing your temper tantrum?”

While continuing to roar, he shifted to human, his black eyes drilling her with fury. “I. Will. Kill. You.” He shouted this with white foam running from the corners of his mouth, the crazed feelings of being caged filling his human brain.

She offered a slow blink before she spoke again. “I didn’t think it possible to kill your mate, but that’s wolf rules. The only bears I’ve been around are you and Korep.” She frowned and her voice dropped, “I’m sorry about his death.”

Her gentleness didn’t move him and his rage increased. “You are insane. Do not speak of my brother. Where is Brandt? I insist upon talking to him.”

She shrugged her shoulders and looked down at her fingernails... click, click, click... and then she looked up. “That might prove difficult. It wasn’t easy to sneak you away, and I’m sure they’re combing the mountain for us.”

“Fuck.” The word blasted out on a roar.

She did it again, the sweeping of her eyelids... down, then up, sparkling green with a touch of ire, and then she actually berated him, “You wouldn’t look at me, or much less speak to me, so I took matters into my own hands.” Her gaze hardened with more anger. “You are my mate and I’m tired of waiting for you to realize it.”

Her words and their meaning finally penetrated his sluggish thoughts and

another roar spilled from his mouth. “You shall wait until hell freezes over.” He then clenched his jaws so hard it threatened to break his teeth.

His rage seemed to have no effect on Mandy. “That’s wonderful because I don’t believe in hell. It would be easier if we could just get the deed done.”

He pronounced his next words slowly because he realized he was speaking to an imbecile. “Get. What. Deed. Done?”

She looked at him with complete sincerity. “Our mating. I believe you will be much happier with a regular dose of sexual activity.”

He threw his head backward into the bars. It hurt, but when he opened his eyes, she still sat before him—unfortunately separated by the steel he was unable to escape. His clothes lay in tatters. He didn’t usually care about nakedness, but her eyes, looking possessively over his body, caused the wrong effect and it was the last thing he needed. He took a long steady breath to slow his heart rate and tried to contain his temper and his hard-on. “You do realize when I’m out of here, I’m putting you over my knee and reddening your ass, don’t you?”

Her gaze zeroed in on the one part of him he didn’t want her looking at. “Well, I’m not really into that kind of kinky play, but I’m willing to try anything once.”

He stared at her silently for thirty seconds and then his bear exploded... again.

His roar echoed off the inside walls of the truck, and when he calmed enough to see straight, he noticed her delicate hands covering her ears. He shifted to human, trying to control his thought process and demeanor. Somehow, he had to gain control. After several semi-calming breaths, he managed to go from shouting to a medium gruff bellow. “You’re entirely too young for mating, wolf.”

Her same calm stare met his words and she chided. “That’s the dumbest thing I’ve ever heard. Emily was younger than I when she mated Brandt.”

He managed to hold onto his sanity and keep his tone level. “The rules

guide us for a reason.” Clenching his fists was the only way to keep from snarling, so he tightened them around the bars.

She stubbornly shook her head. “And it’s a stupid reason.”

Fuck, she had to be the most block-headed female he’d ever met. His brain reprocessed events in double-time and he again switched tactics. “Brandt and Emily will kill me if I touch you.”

Her eyebrows drew together slightly as she appeared to think about his statement. “Hmm, yep, that worries me, too. They never seem to see reason when it comes to me and the male species.”

“It worries you?” His voice rose and the pounding in his skull increased.

Her eyebrows didn’t unfurrow. “We’ll need to come up with a plan to head them off. Me, being with child, might do the trick.” Her face suffused with red before she continued. “Since Nicolas’ sperm created a child in Zenya, everyone is wondering which species can crossbreed.” The red faded to pink and she looked more content by the end of her sentence.

He blinked then ran his hands through his hair while letting go of his patience. “You are a complete dimwit.” One growl after another left his throat.

Her fingernails clicked, which he was learning might possibly be a nervous habit, but her voice remained calm. “Calling me names won’t help.”

He let out a deep breath and lowered his eyes, trying to stave off combustion. “And just what will help?”

“Accepting me as your mate and claiming me with sex.” Her lips smirked and she slowly blinked again. “I’m hoping we can try the spanking thing a little later on in our bedroom activity.”

He closed his eyes, opened them, and quickly closed them. If he wanted to maintain any control at all, he couldn’t look at her. “You can’t possibly think to keep me in this cage that long.”

“Well, that wounds me. I know I’m not a raving beauty, but I have nice breasts and my butt seems to get male attention, though I think it’s a tad too

large.”

He still didn't open his eyes, but the picture she presented caused his body to tighten. “I repeat. You can't keep me that long.”

“I think I can.”

Breathing steadily and arguing didn't help, so he tried common sense. “What happens when I need to take a piss or something along those lines?”

“I've taken that into consideration. While you were unconscious I bought a urine bottle and bags to dispose of your other waste.”

His eyes popped open and his voice roared with his next words, “I. Will. Kill. You.”

Her lips curved up in a full smile, completely un-intimidated. “You've used that threat already and it has no effect. I know you probably need some aspirin for your headache and I might have caused damage to your leg. It wasn't easy getting you inside the cage. Sorry about that.”

He clenched his teeth again, causing blinding pain to streak from ear to ear. He held onto his human form by a thread and it hurt to talk, but he had to ask, “How did you manage to get me into the cage?”

“It was harder than you think, but I'm stronger than I look.” He heard her nails again, click, click, click.

He gave her his death stare, the one that made many a man and beast shake. “It's your mind that's weak.” The words came out in a gravely low timbre.

Her eyes narrowed in challenge, but her voice was very matter of fact, “Well if that's true... why are you in there and I'm out here?”

She covered her ears when fur exploded inside the cage.

## Chapter Two

She walked out, closing the door behind her. A few minutes later, the engine rumbled and he felt the truck move. He wasn't sure how long he was unconscious while she dragged him into the cage and escaped from the mountain. He also wasn't sure what she used to drug him. He gave her credit for ingenuity, but little else. He knew about her sister Emily's past, and it was reasonable to assume that insanity ran in her family.

Taking stock of his surroundings, he noticed plastic bags, obviously from her store run, sitting out of reach in the corner of the truck. He examined the steel bars of his prison. Metal bolts held the cage to the truck. He'd never seen one secured upon delivery, and her devious mind stunned him. The bolts were flat and screwed tight against metal brackets. He couldn't get anything but his fingernail between the bars or the brackets, but he tried for an hour to pull them up anyway.

His thoughts jumped from one problem to another.

Where was she taking him? She had to have that planned.

Was anyone helping her? He didn't think so. There were no other beastkind crazy enough to mess with a bear.

He heard cars occasionally pass the truck, so he didn't think police would stop her for speeding. Patience wasn't a bear's finest quality, but he pulled in all the calming energy he could muster and continued thinking.

Sending a telepathic message to Dmitri, his liege vampire, was out of the question. He would never live it down, and he wouldn't allow one young she-wolf to get the best of him. His stomach eventually growled. He needed to take a piss, even if it was in a plastic bottle, and the damn bars beneath him made it too uncomfortable to rest.

Another hour passed before the truck finally stopped, and a few minutes

later the back door rolled up slowly. For the first time, she looked unsure, and he wondered if she thought he'd escape the cage.

“You need to eat and use the facilities.”

“Have you changed your mind about letting me out?”

“No, but I'll hand you what you need. I'm going to walk a couple of blocks and get us some food. I'll be back to take care of your business in a few minutes, so be quick.”

“You mean my shit?” He couldn't hold back a snarl.

“Call it anything you like. I plan to keep my civility in this situation, but you can do as you please,” she said pleasantly.

He tried to control his huffing breaths. “That's easy to say when you hold the key to my prison.”

“Actually, there's a key and combination. I special ordered the lock from the people who make the feral cages for my pack.”

“Please tell me you know the combination.”

“Of course.” She walked over to the bags and took out a plastic jug and then a box of plastic bags. Toilet paper followed and he couldn't believe his eyes when she pulled out baby wipes. She removed a child's plastic gardening set with a rake, shovel, and hoe from another bag.

His eyebrows shot up.

“We'll use these to pass things back and forth. I don't trust you within touching range yet.”

“That's the smartest thing you've said since kidnapping me. The first time I wrap my hands around your throat will be the last.” He grumbled.

Her head tipped to the side as she gave him a disconcerting look. “Bears sure are blood-thirsty.” She used the end of the yellow shovel to pass the urine bottle.

He stared at the offending plastic and then realized he needed to piss more than relish his own stubbornness. So far she'd scored all the points. He gazed at her slender body, perfect breasts, and not nearly oversized ass



knowing she really didn't stand a chance against him. She might win several battles, but the war was his.

Mandy passed everything over using the different colored plastic implements. *How the hell did she come up with this shit?*

Lastly, she pulled two pairs of sweats out of another bag, but only sent one in his direction. "I don't mind your nude body. I've wanted to see it for a long time, but I thought you might be more comfortable with something to cover yourself. It might help you feel more in control."

He couldn't help himself, he laughed... and laughed. She walked out, rolling down the door and securing it with what he would bet was another of her infamous locks.