

Chapter 76 Keeping His Promise

The empty barrels - which Ziko was grateful for - fell to the ground, making loud sounds, and scattering to the ground around him.

Lancelot couldn't lie, he was relieved to find out the barrels were empty, but even more relieved to know that he was close, very close to her. Despite the harsh smell of petroleum around him, Lancelot could pick her famous lavender scent from the atmosphere of the warehouse. He was sure she was in there, and he was going to get her out.

His car came to a rough halt, turning in a harsh circle and making a loud screeching sound before he turned off the engine, pulled the car door open and jumped out of it.

As expected, the noise from his dramatic and triumphant entry had attracted the attention of Roxanne's captors. Two men, dressed in all black, from head to toe —not leaving out the ski mask covering their faces—ran out of the entrance and charged towards him.

Lancelot could pick up the scent of four men in total. After these two and two others. As they charged towards him, he ran towards them with twice their speed.

Ziko could not be left out of all the fun, Lancelot thought. These men would be no match for him, but it would be more fun to watch Ziko rip their flesh out of their bones and crack their skulls against the ground.

So, as the men ran towards him, both of them holding long iron rods in their hands, Lancelot shifted into his wolf, bringing Ziko to the forefront of the battle.

His wolf stood in front of the two men, in his grey furred glory. The red ring around Ziko's eyes burned with furious flames. He thought about their hands on Roxanne's body, all the pain they had caused her, and how they had insulted him by bringing nothing but iron rods to fight.

He would shred their weapons, then shred them to pieces after that. No, he would tear the both apart, together.

Fear overtook the men once they saw Lancelot swiftly change into a grey and menacing wolf. One of them dropped his weapon and stood still, frozen. While the other continued to run towards Lancelot, even with the weapon shaking in his hands.

Barely three meters away from the man, Ziko jumped and dug his claws into his face, tearing the woolen fabric of the ski mask away from face. He screamed and tumbled on the floor, and Ziko landed on his chest. Horror filled the man's eyes, Ziko leaned into his neck and dug his teeth into it, taking a huge pound of flesh away from him. The man's face contorted as blood oozed out of his neck.

Satisfied, Ziko got off his body and dashed towards the second man. As he watched the wolf eat up his colleague, his limbs grew numb. There was nothing he could do to move or defend himself from the angry animal headed towards him. Ziko did not bother to know the face behind the mask, it wouldn't change the fate of the man, so it was a waste of time. He pounced on him, sending him to the floor just like his colleague. Ziko dug his claws into the man's chest and severed his neck with his teeth. The man screamed out in pain, while his body shook voraciously. Blood splattered out of his neck, like a fountain, and it pleased Ziko to watch.

"The fuck is going on out there?!" Ziko heard a man with a thick Irish accent scream at the top of his voice. He ran on his forelimbs, into the

large and dusty warehouse. The sounds of his claws against the concrete ground echoed all over, and Ziko picked up Roxanne's stench from the wooden door at the far end of the open room.

Without second thought, he growled and dashed towards the door, his head crashed against the wooden door and the force broke the hinges apart, sending the door to the ground with a loud thud.

He stood there, panting in rage as he looked around the room.

His eyes brightened and softened when he caught sight of Roxanne tied to a chair. Her shirt had been completely ripped off, leaving her on nothing but the grey sports bra she was putting on. There were bruises all over her face, chest and stomach. Her head was corked to the left side, he could hear her struggling to draw in air, her blood formed a thick cloth at the sides of her face and her once violet and sparkling eyes were now a dead shade of indigo.

His heart and head ran into turmoil on seeing her. Lancelot wanted to come back and rush to her, release her and take her out of here, out of danger. But, Ziko had his suspicions. Finding Roxanne had been too easy, and he had picked out the scent of four men earlier, so where were the remaining two?

As if on cue, Roxanne's dead eyes rose up slowly. Immediately, she locked eyes with the vicious red ones of a grey wolf. But it wasn't the only beast present in the room, behind him lurked two others; one black and one brown, and they both looked ready to attack him. It felt so familiar, the strong feeling of Deja vu hit her. Flashes of the nightmare of wolves came back to her once more, and her eyelids widened in horror as she screamed in pain.

The fear in her eyes and her painful cry jerked her savior wolf back to the present. Ziko's hair stood erect and his ears rose, danger lurked close, very close to him. When Roxanne's eyes shifted from him, to something behind

him, Ziko knew exactly what it was. In that moment, he heard two wolves growl behind him.

Powered by anger and fueled with rage, Ziko did a swift 180° turn to face his attackers. It was a move they did not expect, if they had thought they could sneak up on him, then they had a big surprise coming in for them. The black wolf was the first to come for him, and Ziko wasted no time in sending a slap to the wolf's face, scratching his left eye out. The beast growled in pain and staggered back. Ziko found his chance.

Ziko ran, head first into the wolf and hit his rib with his head, sending the wolf down to the floor. Ziko jumped on him immediately, ready to pounce on him and give him the same ending he had given to his colleagues outside. Immediately he leaned into the wolf to take his pound of flesh, the wolf shifted back into his human form. Within Ziko, Lancelot's brow furrowed.

He could recognize the face! It was a guard from the palace, the one who often stood in front of his mother's room.

Madeline...

No, she couldn't have been responsible for this. She might have disliked Roxanne, but she would never...

Ziko growled in pain when he felt sharp claws dig into his back. He jumped off the human and focused on his opponent, a huge black wolf, almost his size. He couldn't help but wonder if this one was also a wolf from the palace. However, there was no time to think. With wrath boiling in his veins, and the terrible feeling of betrayal that clutched his chest, and threatened to rip out his heart, he charged towards the black wolf with his mouth wide open and dug his teeth into the wolf's neck. His opponent tried to fight him off, scratch him off, but it didn't work. Ziko bit deeper and deeper, until the wolf's blood filled his mouth and ran down in large bits.

Ziko let him go and he crashed to the ground, forming a thick pool of blood around him.

He staggered back and turned to Roxanne, her eyes were now bright, but in horror and confusion.

This was too familiar; she had been here before. This wolf, this grey one walking towards her now, was the same one that always rescued her in her dreams. Only, this time, it wasn't a dream. It was happening, right in front of her.

All the painful flashes and thinking was making her dizzy. Slowly, she felt herself slip out of consciousness; her eyelids grew too heavy to keep open. After her futile effort to resist it, she let her eyes close, and was once again greeted by darkness.

Darkness, and the sound of a familiar voice calling her name from a distance. "Lancelot," she thought, before she completely lost herself to the darkness.