

## Chapter 101

Several things happened within the next few seconds: a stone-faced Mrs. Robinson aiming at Greg and pulling the trigger to discharge the oleander bullet, Sush yelling at everyone to take cover while she herself attempted to pull Greg off Hazel, and Greg using Hazel as a human shield as the bullet scraped across her shoulder while he angled away before he saw Mr. Robinson aimed at Sush at the same time his claws scratched across Hazel's chest, tearing through her shirt and bulletproof vest underneath.

The initial plan was to kill the orange-headed nuisance as painfully as time allowed him to, and the smell of her blood had been a good start, but time clearly didn't offer him that luxury to do more at the moment. The gun aimed at his octopus took priority.

Greg wrapped Sush and rolled themselves out of the way as the bullet jammed through the door. On the ground outside, they overheard Hazel's mother apologizing frantically to her little hyena as her husband guided their daughter inside.

Mrs. Robinson - unsmiling and fuming murderously - stood by the door and aimed at Greg again before Kenji and Millicent shot her arm and hand while Patterson shot her in the chest. Her gun fell from her hand as blood splattered from her palm. She wobbled but her chest was unscathed thanks to the vest. As Millicent aimed for Mrs. Robinson's head and fired, Mr. Robinson appeared just in time to haul his wife in, narrowly missing the bullet before slamming the door shut, at which time the little explosives that the mavericks had indeed planted around the property detonated while they fled and took cover.

When the walls crumbled, everyone's noses detected something. Some

lycans began hearing it.

Gas.

Baxter cautiously linked, 'Boss, that smells like...'

"MASKS AND GOGGLES ON! NOW!" Greg yelled when he, too, recognized it as zahar - and not a low concentration of it. Sush instructed all hunters to do the same and check that their skin wasn't exposed.

When the walls came down like wood raining inside the cottage, those surrounding the property waited for signs of life. And although nothing moved, no one was convinced that the Robinsons were dead. The hunters and mavericks began digging through the broken wood, yanking and throwing to only find furniture, fallen picture frames and everything they've seen through the drone's eye from before.

Foreheads creased as dissatisfaction tensed the quiet atmosphere, their eyes searched until they landed on the fireplace. An empty fireplace. Without the firewood from before. Ella tossed a teardrop-sized grenade toward the flat surface and - after a brief blast - they discovered it opened into a tunnel which allowed any human to fit through. Baxter sent in his drone without being instructed while the rest of the warriors, mavericks who had dug deep enough through the wood and furniture now began tearing off the floorboards, scouring for anything that may be of use. The hunters pulled open drawers and patted through the cushions for the same reason.

The tunnel led to an underground passageway with a maglev train track. With a tap of a button, Baxter got the firefly drone to morph into a hummingbird, pushing its speed to the limit. On everyone's screens that had been split into two: the left side showing the map of their area from an aerial view, and the right displaying the image captured by the drone's eyes, most held their breaths in pure awe at the escape route

with impressive technological advancement under a region that seemed three decades behind, wondering how far it stretched.

In the quiet space, only a few heard Kenji ask in a whisper, "That won't run out of fuel, would it?"

"No," Baxter replied curtly, not having any surplus in his concentration to elaborate that the hummingbird could be pushed to its maximum speed for at least two hours before it faltered.

When a vessel finally came into view, Baxter tried his best to reach it - to latch the drone onto the vessel. The adrenaline rushing through his veins and those of the others watching was momentarily interrupted by Ella, who was looking through the floorboards with the others, stiffly saying, "Boss, there's something ticking here. It's not a bomb, but it looks like it'll activate Lord knows what in less than two minutes. One forty-nine. One forty-eight. One..."

"JADE!" Greg called out, handed his device playing out the hummingbird's journey to Sush, asking her to stay put and keep an eye on the lengthening route - a gentle but firm order that she didn't listen to as she followed him with eyes still glued to the screen. They joined Ella with Jade at the far corner of the demolished cottage, under the floorboards of kitchen cabinets.

While Jade carefully fiddled through the wires that were passed through holes that'd been drilled sideways underground, everyone contemplated on where it could lead to. The moment Jade stiffened, Greg and the others stopped thinking when the top hacker muttered at the glowing numbers, "Please tell me there are no sprinklers on that field."

That line was enough to pull Sush's widened eyes off the screen and onto him.

Ulysa, who did a cursory search across the field with a few others, shut

her eyes and heaved a sigh of despair. "Have to disappoint you, Jade. Good news is that we've taken some of their bowls here to cover the sprinklers. Bad news is that..."

"...it'll corrode or break the material and we don't know whether the sprinklers have been set to spurt people in the face. Yeah," Jade finished as his mind and hands got to work.

While silent curses flew and Jade examined the controls to see if there was anything he could do, Baxter yelled in excitement. "Boss, I got 'em! We're on the tube. Climbing to the front!"

"Once you're there, blow it up. We'll meet them at the end." Turning to his anxious hacker, he instructed, "Jade, leave it. There's no time and there's no need."

Sush instructed the hunters, "Stay off the field and head to the end of the tube."

They hopped into their vehicles hidden within the thick trees and sped to the location, hearing a blast and feeling the earth shake on the way as Baxter punched his fist in the air and chuckled like he'd just set a new high score on a video game.

Once they reached the site, witnessing the head of the tube protruding from the ground and windows broken, Greg ordered, "Search the forest. They couldn't have gone far."

Half the lycan warriors, and the mavericks who were either lycans or had the speed of a velox sped without question. The remaining half got back into their vehicles and sped.

As Sush headed back into her own ride, she ordered, "Team C. Stay back and dig through the tube. Teams A and B, we're tailing the kingdom's forces."

"Copy that, Chief."

As she drove through the uneven terrain with Greg in the passenger's seat, they were forced to stop when a blast came from the front, the impact threw some of their own back as half-shifted lycans slammed into their comrades' windscreens, and the vehicles were either pulled to an abrupt halt or swerved into trees.

"Looks like we'll have to proceed on foot," Greg murmured. Hand already on the door handle, he uttered, "Please wait here."

"Sure," Sush chimed, then got off at the same time he did.

He didn't even know why he bothered trying to get her to stay back when she clearly wasn't going to do so. But there was one thing he could do that she couldn't yet, and that was to speed ahead to check out the level of danger, maybe having time to speed back to lock her in her vehicle if it was too high a risk, so that was what he did - he fled before Sush got a word out.

He reached the source of the blast and expected to see one Traffic Cone, one Lemon Head and one Acorn, so the group of shifted rogues and ready proditors standing a few feet away came as a particular shock

Chapter Comments

1 >



 Watch Ads to Get 8 Vouchers