

Chapter 103

Tossing it at their opponents, he retained another gunshot wound on his arm before the space in front of them blew up, tossing their enemies in all directions. The unluckiest ones were flung their way and met their demise when the warriors or mavericks had them killed.

Greg and his people wasted no time charging forward before the dust had completely settled, getting to as many thugs as they could first. Those thrown at trees by the impact were getting up and advancing toward them. One, though shifted, found a gun on the ground near where he landed and was about to pull the trigger before multiple firing of another weapon from a distance threw him off balance, at which time Ella - who was nearer to the rogue - impaled her claws dug through his gut before she broke his neck.

Greg already knew who it was behind the multiple firing. Her pull was magnetic, despite the way her glare was burning through his skin as she fired another four bullets somewhere next to him, where another body fell.

Who was supposed to hold her back again?

It was then that Vix linked, 'Boss! The chief is on the loose!'

'Yeah, I can see that.'

'And it isn't just her!'

'Might as well join us here yourselves, then. We need reinforcements.'

It was like he'd just given permission to let out a pack of starved creatures. While shots were being fired, Sush and Greg dodged attacks and took steps closer toward one another with each kill. She'd never met his animal before this day, yet could still tell it was him by the look of his eyes, by the way he looked at her. As magnificent as his animal was, Sush reminded herself that there was no time to gawk in awe

because she was insistent on being mad at him.

When their opponents had gained sudden ammunition, he pulled Sush into himself as they hid behind a tree.

Despite their situation, he shifted back and calmly said, "I was just trying to keep you safe."

The blood on his neck got her attention. Reaching to feel it and seeing him wince, realizing it was his blood and a wound he clearly wasn't healing from, she snapped, "Sure, by narrowly dodging a bullet - an oleander bullet - and almost dying from another bullet."

Thinking about how she showed up to the battlefield and practically saved his life, a smile crept up his lips. "Thank you for that, by the way."

Sush's eyes continued raging before a large figure appearing by their side pulled her attention and she reflexively fired at the rogue lycan's chest as Greg shifted once more to bring their opponent to the ground, at which time a bullet scraped his chin and one landed neatly on his arm. Another bullet scraped across Sush's cheek. They pulled each other back behind the tree as Greg's animal reached out to gently cup her wound, releasing a low, furious snarl.

Greg didn't make a big deal of his own injury as his hand went back to her cheek, at which time she uttered, "I'm fine." She then began firing at their opponents, noticing faces she could have sworn she'd seen before, killing three before she ran out of bullets and cursed.

Turning her attention back to Greg for a moment, her blood ran cold at the sight of the way he was slumped against the tree and his eyes were going through brief flickers of daze. "Greg? Greg, stay with me."

Greg was willing himself and his animal to do just that, to hang on because she was still in danger. They couldn't leave her like this. Harnessing the strength he had, he linked the mavericks and warriors, 'How many more are there?'

'Can't tell, Boss.'

'The Robinsons?'

'Can't see 'em yet. And bad news: the hunters are running out of ammunition.'

'Yeah, I can tell.'

Shifting back, he pulled Sush onto his lap, eyeing her with conspicuous fatigue and dead seriousness. "Get the hunters to fall back."

"What? No."

"Sush, without ammunition, the hunters are defenseless."

Adamant, she argued, "You and the other lycans aren't exactly armed against those psychos either."

"Sush, please," he pleaded, looking into her eyes, trying to reach into her soul. "I need you to be safe."

Pinning him with an equally uncompromising stare, she uttered, "Guess it won't take much for you to understand that I need you to be just as safe."

That didn't do. He needed to get her out of here. "The queen linked earlier, right before the battle. They're on their way. The hunters can fall back. We'll be fine."

Nostrils flared, she snapped, "Then how about you let me do my job until they get here."

In an incoming message from Millicent, the Chief Archer said, "Sush, the mavericks and warriors are asking us to fall back. Many of them are injured, but they insist on staying behind."

"And the hunters with you?" Sush queried.

"Slight injuries but nothing fatal. Is it just me, or have our opponents been targeting the kingdom's forces in particular? My team got a clean shot of more than twenty because the shooters were focusing on the mavericks."

Kenji chimed, "It's not just you. My aim has never been good unless the targets are static but I've already shot five and killed three in that five."

We're running low on bullets and the mavericks are trying to get us to leave, but none of us hunters want to, so... what do I tell them?"

Eyeing Greg like she was speaking to him too, Sush ordered sternly, "Tell them we don't work for them and won't take orders from them. Keep an eye on their situation and don't let any of them go to sleep. Drag them away with you if you have to leave."

"Copy that," they chimed.

Right after her instructions had been conveyed, two rogues - one wolf and one lycan - appeared, one on each side.

Greg's animal managed to push forward right before the rogue lycan with an arrogant smirk began wrestling with him. If Greg had his full strength like before, tossing the rogue would've been a piece of cake. But it was proving to be a challenge now.

The rogue wolf caged Sush and she fell flat on her back. She was going to hit his face with her gun but the rogue knocked it out of her hand before she could. She was instinctively backing away, hands ruffling over the leaves and branches, all the time thinking about only one thing - she needed a weapon, a weapon, a weapon. And right before the rogue's canines went for her neck, she picked the first thing off the ground - a branch? The five-limb octopus mark on her nape glowed in gold as her eyes developed rims of the same color before she jammed the branch through the roof of the creature's mouth.

She was shocked for two reasons: one, that the branch didn't break; two, the part that went through the wolf's mouth and protruded right below its nose had a tip of an arrow. There were arrows on the ground this whole time?

Chapter Comments

1 >



 Watch Ads to Get 8 Vouchers