

Chapter 105

Heaving a frustrated exhale, the Chief Chameleon tapped on his communication device and bluntly said, "Thivya, if you don't take cover right now, I'll shoot you myself." At that order, Thivya snapped out of it and ran to the nearest tree, alerting their conspicuously surprised enemies when she'd suddenly moved. Some would later argue that she would've been just fine even if she didn't move for the rest of the battle.

Hazel turned her attention back to the Chief Octopus who was getting annoyingly hard to kill, and the shield that came out of nowhere must be a cool magic trick that she never bothered sharing. The ones on her side were given explicit instructions not to kill these two. They were her targets, her trophies. She released another two shots at the shield, stepping closer each time before she fired at Greg's exposed leg.

Once. Twice.

As Greg groaned while trying to drag back his leg, he muttered, "Fucking Traffic Cone."

Sush's hands searched for another branch and - with more anxiety than confidence - turned it into another javelin when she pushed Greg off and threw it blind over the shield. Hazel leaned away just in time to see it fly past her chest, but right before she turned back toward her targets, a bullet scraped across her chin and Kenji cursed his latest miss while a trail of blue flowed from the minor wound of Hazel's face.

Mr. Robinson had seen the assault on his poor little hyena and he loaded his gun, aiming at Kenji. But right before the bullet was discharged, something lunged at him, holding him to the ground. It weighed a ton, and when the old man's eyes met an onyx glare that was coupled with the snarl of the lycan king, his face paled.

Several fired at the king, and although the archers on Millicent's side shot a few bullets out of the way, some still landed on Xandar's neck,

arm and leg. Unaffected, Xandar merely scowled at the source of assault and released an enraged, thunderous growl that shook the earth and rattled leaves as the oleander bullets fell off his body while his wounds healed within seconds.

"FALL BACK!" Someone yelled as the surviving rogues, proditors, and thugs retreated at the speed of a strong breeze. They didn't see the point in ingesting the shell since their profession kept them within human territory - one where none of them expected to meet any lycan ruler.

Xandar tossed Mr. Robinson at a tree near Kenji, making the hunter jump before the king said, "All yours."

Kenji took a quick glance from a groaning Mr. Robinson, who may have broken more than a few bones, then back at Xandar before he offered a confused, awkward bow. "T-Thank you, Your Majesty." At least he didn't squeak this time, he thought, but his right hand smacked his forehead like it thought Kenji just embarrassed himself. Kenji found himself looking at that hand and muttering in annoyance, "Oh, like you could've done any better."

"FALL BACK! FALL BACK!" The warning ensued in the background.

But it was too late. Xandar had emitted his Authority and compelled every rogue to drop their weapons and sink to the ground on both knees with their backs bent forward and heads leaned so low their necks and spines were on the verge of breaking.

His wife arrived a few moments later, panting heavily from the sprint.

Lucy took in the scene of blood, weakened hunters, and her injured subjects. Her chest rose and fell as her nostrils flared and ears heated. Her onyx eyes glowered at the retreating figures now in a distance as she snarled, "Fucking. BASTARDS!"

Eyes turning blue, she reached for every single rogue and compelled them to turn back.

The rogues' limbs halted, turned, and began heading in the direction of

the pull, their brains engaged in a losing battle when their autonomy was no longer theirs, covering the distance they'd just made from the battleground.

They stood before their queen like loyal soldiers and knelt to her like devoted subjects as their king joined them by her side, the power and rage emanating from their beings overwhelming and undeniable. The rogues' animals whimpered before their rulers, pleading for mercy.

Lucy's wrath forced their animals back in, revealing their humans as she delivered a chilling promise, "I'm going to break you..." her fingers twisted inward, slowly cutting off their air supply as their necks stretched, their eyes rolling back as they faced the sky "...each one of you..." most were already gasping for air "...very, very slowly."

"Oh, dear Lord."

The familiar voice from behind softened Lucy as she released her compulsion strangulating the rogues but still kept them rooted to the ground when she turned and offered the vampire empress and her party a small smile. "Pelly."


"Aunt Lucy, Uncle Xandar," Pelly greeted as Octavia, Rafael and Amber offered brief waves or nods, all sheepish that they couldn't get here sooner.

Wasting no more time, Pelly expanded her Authority up ahead the way Lucy did earlier, hauling back the creatures under her command.

The proditors thought they were getting away until they, too, were forced to return against their will, trotting toward a source they didn't know of yet, though many of them had a good guess of what it was, or rather, who it was.

Chapter Comments



 Watch Ads to Get 8 Vouchers