

The Indomitable Huntress And The Hardened Duke

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Chapter 13

Turning back to their own prey, Christian and Xandar delivered swift kills, through their throats and stomachs before breaking their necks, letting the lifeless bodies sag. Lucy's claws were about to plunge through Seni's abdomen when the woman's muffled "please" and stream of tears made Lucy sigh in impatience. Pulling the tape off with force as Seni yelped, Lucy asked in exasperation, "What?"

"Please, Your Majesty. Please. We weren't lying. There really is someone else, someone calling the shots. Only Izabella knew him or her. That person must have removed all evidence somehow and..."

Lucy cut her off, "What a convenient incident that you've had the misfortune of suffering."

That stupid excuse had been used by every conspirator for months, yet no evidence could be recovered to prove it. The monarchy decided that, whether there was someone else or not didn't erase the fact that these people were involved in attempting to steal Enora's blood to be sold in the black market because of its speculated healing abilities that she is suspected to have inherited from her mother.

Before Lucy's claws went through, Seni exclaimed, "No! I have a child. She's just turned three. My daughter and husband need me."

"Oh, I know about your family," Lucy replied, cold and callous. "And I'm quite sure your daughter would grow up just fine without having you as a role model. The last thing I need is for you to teach the next generation to inject and extract things from our future generation without caring whether they'll live or die."

With that, Lucy claws dug into the former Chief Chameleon's abdomen. Seni's screams were cut short when Lucy's claws swiftly swiped all the way up through her chest, throat and head, making this the bloodiest execution thus far. Due to Lucy's lack of height, some blood splattered on her dress and more got on her face.

Before she could turn to Greg and his victim, Xandar spun her around, a bottled water from the table ready in one hand and a tissue tucked in the other as he gently cleaned the dots of blood off her cheeks, forehead, nose, and jaw, then pecking a kiss on her nose to indicate that he was done and was rewarded with her soft smile and a hushed "thank you" through their link.

Greg got busy, dragging Larson out by his hair that

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had grown long enough to be tugged. The warriors held the door open for the duke as he hauled the red-face, muffling chameleon until the first glass wall came into view, where he slammed the hunter against.

Larson groaned as Greg held him up by jabbing his claws through the hunter's collar, feeling the tips meeting the glass surface while Larson screamed and muffled a line of curses. Deciding to improvise instead of going ahead with the initial method to end the bastard, Greg made their eyes fuse before smirking darkly, relishing in the hunter's weakened state.

Without warning, the duke crushed Larson's elbows and ankles, broke his limbs, watched him take bated breaths and turn pale, about to pass out. Right before he did, Greg's hand went low, sliding his claws through his penis and testicles, earning another cry.

Rage fueled the duke as he struck Larson's head to the glass, sending him into a daze and breaking the glass that dug into his nape. Taking a broken shard, Greg stabbed it into Larson's throat, watching blood ooze like juice from a fruit. Finally, he tore out the chameleon's rib. One by one. Larson was already dead by the second rib but Greg didn't care. He went on until the last bone was out and snapped. Only then

did he let go of the body.

Taking lungfuls of air, he appraised his handiwork while everyone around him remained silent.

Christian found the sequence of his slaughter eerily familiar. Toby and Lucy - when they realized where the steps had come from - turned to Xandar, who was equally stupefied.

When Greg was done and locked eyes with his cousin, he uttered, "Inspiration can come from the most unlikely of places."

His claws retracted and - for some reason - his eyes locked with Sushmita. He didn't know why, but for a brief moment, he felt like they were the only two creatures in the room. Then, her voice permeated through the silence when she asked, "The agreement doesn't state that the kingdom wants the corpses, but are they required, Your Graces, Your Majesties?"

Her voice. Smooth. Silky. Cool and collected. Why hadn't he heard anything like this before? The tone was meant to be flat, he knew. But how did something flat carry its own melody?

"Greg?" the queen's voice tore his mind out of oblivion.

Greg felt stares on him. Knowing he was given the choice, he muttered, "No need. We don't need these

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bodies polluting the kingdom.”

Sushmita pushed a polite smile and asked Lucy and Xandar whether there was anything else they wanted to discuss. There wasn't, so they thanked her - ignored Valor - and called it a day.

On their way back in Xandar's jet, Lucy sank into the seat facing Greg, asked if he was alright - he'd had better days - and whether he could tell Enora about the change in his work schedule starting the following week - of course, how hard could it be?



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