

## Chapter 73

In the midst of brainstorming with Patterson, Millicent, and Jason, Greg excused himself from Sush's side with a light kiss to her temple when he received a link from Nash Beaufort.

'Your Grace, I hope I'm not interrupting.'

'If you were I would have blocked you out. What is it, Nash?'

'This is about the inventory of poisons you requested a few days back.'

The poison room on the archers' floor had been infiltrated and destroyed, most poisons in the inventory gone, and their supplier was facing a shortage, so Greg offered to help stock them back, sending the list of substances that the hunters needed to Nash. 'Don't tell me you don't have enough in stock.'

'No, no. I'm still not an amateur, Your Grace. But I did notice something peculiar, though let me first say this is purely speculation. The uh... poisons that you requested... there happens to be a combination that enables the production of zahar.'

Shock rained over Greg, making him pause before responding, 'Repeat and elaborate.'

'Zahar isn't a... how do I say this... a genesis of usual chemicals. It's synthesized with the combination of brodifacoum, difenacoum, bromadiolone, and flocoumafen - all of which had been listed in your

request. So the synthesis starts with ten milliliters of br—'

'Skip the process, Nash.'

'Right. In essence, those four are lethal on their own. Zahar can be easily made using these by anyone who knows how to operate the Internet.'

'So that's why we hit deadends at the zahar trail after the eastern attack. It wasn't zahar that was bought. It was the other four that made it.'

Nash pointed out the more pressing issue, 'And it means the culprit looms within the hunters' circle, Your Grace. No one else would know what they have in storage, I hope?'

'I hope so as well. Anything of concern in the list of purchasers for the four poisons to make zahar?'

'Well, yes and no. No, because the types of buyers have always been consistent. Yes, because I'm not sure whether the hunters use our supply through a middleman or have a supplier of their own. I'm not familiar with human territory, Your Grace. Should I have someone contact my purchasers to see whether they've sold the products and if so to whom?'

'That would be helpful... though tedious.'

'I'm open to suggestions, Your Grace.'

'So am I. Unfortunately, I can't think of anything at the moment.' A low chuckle came from Nash's side as a guilty smile tipped Greg's lips. He thought for a moment, finger tapping his chin before he linked, 'I recall you have logos at the bottom of vials and

flasks... but repackaging would cut off that trace like a thirty-sixth-hour mark on scent sprays.'

'Indeed. Shall I await further instructions or execute while waiting, Your Grace?'

'Execute. The hunters are now more vulnerable than ever. The last thing we need is an enemy strengthening their base here and affecting our territory later in the future.'

'I'll see to it that it's done. Would there be anything else, Your Grace?'

'Not at the moment. Thank you for the update, Nash.'

He ended the link, eyes staring into space.

"Hey," A hand fell on his shoulder, though absolutely no force was physically applied, the touch itself commanded he turned to face her. "Who was it? What happened?"


Noting that they weren't alone, he brushed a kiss across her cheek to murmur, "Nash. Tell you later."



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