

ILY Monster 420

Everyone, but Hinari, who had closed her eyes, looked towards the commotion and the three men stepped backward involuntarily as they sensed the presence of a demonic creature.

Zaki's eyes immediately fell on the girl in red, cornered by three men, pointing a broken bottle on her own throat which made Zaki's heart stop beating. He saw the blood flowing down her throat and in that instant, he lost his sanity and like someone out of a movie, Zaki flew towards her in an unbelievable speed.

Before Hinari could open her eyes, and before the men realized what just happened, Zaki already took the bottle away from her hand.

Zaki's eyes turned red as he looked at the blood on her lips and neck. The fiery rage that he felt when he took the phone call earlier was minuscule compared to the intense feeling of cold hatred that took over. He wasn't emotional anymore. He had turned into a cold blooded demon with no feeling or thought except to spill the blood of those who dared to hurt this woman.

The three men stood in a daze, staring at the demonic creature who had appeared before them. They felt an extremely cold chill run down their spine as if the person that suddenly appeared was the god of death himself. His demonic aura suffocated them and made it hard for them to think and react. They couldn't even move anymore. Their feet felt like they were nailed to the floor and no matter how much they tried to tell themselves to run away, their fear kept them frozen in place.

Zaki eventually turned and the moment he did, he wrapped his hand around the man's neck and squeezed it until he heard the sound of bones cracking before he threw him away like he was a ragdoll in his hand.

The other two perpetrators watched with great fear as their leader was rendered unconscious or already dead in just two moves. 'Move feet, move!' They yelled within them but their legs didn't obey. When Zaki started moving toward them, they were so scared that they urinated on themselves.

Zaki was oblivious to their fear, or anything else for that matter, as he moved on to his next target. He looked like he wasn't human at all. He looked like he was a killing cyborg disguised as a beautiful man. There was no light in his eyes, just bloodlust and nothing more.

This was the real Zaki. Once he was in this state, there was no stopping him until everyone was dead. Countless had already fallen from his hands since he was a young boy. He didn't have a human conscience when he was at this state. This was, after all, what he was originally made for, to kill and kill without mercy.

The two men were finally able to move their feet. They ran towards the door but before they could hold the door knob, they were suddenly thrown back again into the middle of the room. The impact of the blow they received caused them to spit blood as they growled in pain.

At this moment, Hinari watched everything. Her mouth turned agape as she watched Zaki torture the men like they were sandbags. He looked like a demon torturing the sinners in hell.

The men were already covered with blood but there were no sign of Zaki's sanity coming back. Even Hinari was trembling as she watched him slowly killing them. This Zaki was not the Zaki she knew. This Zaki looked like he wasn't human but a killing monster.

But despite her wobbling in fear, she still forced herself to walk towards him. She was so scared yet she didn't stop from getting closer step by step.

"Z-zaki..." Hinari's words were barely a whisper. Her tears didn't stop flowing. She wanted Zaki to stop. She wanted him to stay as her sane superman, not be a god of slaughter.

Thus, just as Zaki was about to mercilessly take their lives for good, Hinari's arms suddenly wrapped around his waist tight.

"Zaki... please, th-that's enough." Hinari cried, her voice hoarse as she hugged him from behind.

That moment, Hinari's voice immediately reached Zaki's consciousness. He felt her warm arms wrap around his cold body. He felt her trembling, he heard her sobbing.

With just that, he was easily brought back to his usual self and the light in his eyes returned. He looked at the bloody men, good as dead before him and he clenched his fists tightly.

His eyes then fell towards the trembling hands on his waist and he slowly raised his hand and touched them.

He then immediately moved and without a word, he scooped her up, not making any eye contact with her as he dashed towards the door carrying her like a princess.