

Mommy 128

Chapter 128

Kenneth slowed his step as they came through the door in the warehouse, and all that he could see was the hallway passage.

He hesitated, but he knew every second counted. If they were going to save Queen. With Marion down, he needed to lead this

team and make sure they were still standing and able to save the Queen when the time came.

Kenneth spotted Zayn, the grey wolf with glowing red eyes, standing at the end of the hallway, in front of the door they would

have to go through to continue their journey. From the look of it, they would only get through that door after defeating the one

before it.

"You see him too, right?" Kenneth asked those with him.

"Yeah, he is standing right ahead." Alpha Cruz answered.

This told Kenneth that the Lycan standing before them was real.

"Do you

think he wants to fight?"

"I know he wants to fight," Kenneth said in a matter-of-fact tone.

"I will fight him. Once the two of you find any opening, take it and run through the door." Kenneth instructed, and they nodded.

"Our biggest priority is the Luna queen." Kenneth stepped towards Zayn, standing before them. "Will you be willing to grant us

passage, or do we have to fight our way through?"

The wolf standing growled, and from his nostril came steam. Chills ran down Kenneth's spine at the sight.

"I will take that as a no, then," Kenneth said, and the grey wolf took the first step towards him. "Does this mean I have to fight

you?" he asked, although he began stepping back with Lukas and Cruz with him.

"Please, I would like to negotiate because I believe everything can be done without using violence." Kenneth continued to speak;

he meant every word he spoke.

Zayn was one of the six minions of the dark masters. Kenneth met him once in the world of the living while under Doom's control.

He didn't talk much, and he always stayed in his wolf form. Kenneth never got to know the reason, because it wasn't in his place

to ask the question, but he took a keen interest in him.

The minions didn't always get along; they always fought for dominance and other

things. Basically, they all hated each other, but they all had one thing in common: they served a common master, Doom.

Zayn was said to be the first Lycan to access the dark dimensions two thousand years ago and agree to do the bidding of Doom

and Mischief. He was also the strongest. Though Zayn said a few words, he was sharp and calculating and could take on both

Dexter and Billy at the same time.

Knowing all this made Kenneth sceptical about taking him on. He had a brutal attack, and the only thing he cared about was

blood and battles.

Facing him now meant facing death himself, but there was no turning back.

Lukas saw an opening, and he took the lead to run past, but Zayn already took notice. Kenneth knew what this meant, but he

couldn't run in to save Lukas, because that would mean death for them both.

Zayn's fist collided with Lukas, and it sent him flying off and crashing into the ground.

"Lukas!" Cruz called out in panic and tried to go help the alpha, but Kenneth took hold of his shirt to stop him.

"You will die!" Kenneth said it with the utmost certainty in his voice. "Do you hear me? You will die if you try to go close."

"What do we do?"

"We are going to run." Kenneth answered, and Cruz looked at him as if asking if he was joking, but he wasn't. Running might

look like a cowardly act, but it was the bravest thing to do in this spot.

They turned their backs, and they ran.

Just as Kenneth expected, Zayn chased after them, and that left the post empty.

“Listen to me, Alpha,” Kenneth began, even as they ran.

Cruz’s eyes turned to look at him. “In three seconds, we are going to turn around, and we will run towards him.”

“Isn’t that suicide?”

True. One of them might die, but the

both of them charging at him at the same time

would give them an advantage, and he had been running for a while, which meant his strength would not be as concentrated as

it was before.

This was all based on luck.

“Yes, but this way we will both have fun.” He answered with a happy smile on his face. “Ready?”

“I’m not.”

“Good. One, two, three.”

They both halted at the same time, and they turned around to face Zayn, picking up their pace. Their sudden change of stance

took him by surprise, and it didn’t click until they were close enough. His fist lifted, and he threw them at both men.

“Duck!” Kenneth yelled to alert Cruz.

Cruz ducked, and the punch barely grazed him, but Kenneth couldn’t duck in time despite sounding the alarm.

Kenneth saw Cruz slow down in his pace, and that sent him into a panic mode. “Get out of here!” he yelled before Zayn’s fist

collided with his stomach and sent him flying.

Cruz nodded and ran through the door, and at the same moment, Kenneth’s body landed on the ground.

The impact wasn’t as terrible as he anticipated, and as he expected, Zayn’s lack of concentration had saved his life. His bone

began to heal from the impact of the punch, and before he could deliver another, Kenneth raced to his feet, and Zayn’s fist met

with the ground.

This blow had much concentration, and it caused an eruption of the floored ground.

“Can we make a new deal?” Kenneth asked, his hands raised above his head in surrender, even as Zayn stepped towards him.

“I feel like you will like this one. I promise. It’s simple: surrender, and I will let you live.”

Zayn stepped forward, and it didn’t seem like he took the deal.

“Well, I tried,” Kenneth said and charged at Zayn, and as he got close enough, he dropped to his knees and slid through Zayn’s

legs. With no one there to hit, the force with which Zayn had thrown the fist worked against him and took him to the ground.

Kenneth capitalised on it, shifting into his wolf form, Neth, and launching at him. His size was not as big as the grey wolf, but it

gave him an advantage. His claws slashed through Zayn’s ribs and then up to cut off his head. Zayn stopped his paw before they

could come close, and he threw Neth off and rose

Now on his feet, taking him back down would be difficult, but Neth needed to do that if he hoped to put an end to the menace

called the

grey wolf.

Zayn’s eyes glowed, and a growl left his mouth. Neth felt chills once again at the growl, and he didn’t see when Zayn took to his

heels and charged towards him. A second earlier, he was there, and the next, here. That was how he felt. Neth didn’t know what

happened; he knew, though, that he saw himself flying, and he landed on the floor.

He couldn’t feel his hands or his legs. He lay, almost as dead, and the only thing he could use were his eyes and his ears.

He heard the footsteps, but he couldn’t move. He knew death was approaching, but he stayed still.

From the corner of his eyes, he saw Lily in a white silk dress. Her blonde, wavy hair fell over her shoulder, and she had the

happiest look he had ever seen on her face.

“Kenneth!” she called to him.

His eyes grew glassy. “Lily.”

“You look horrible, Kenneth. What happened to you?” A concerned look came over her face as she stared at him.

“Life happened, Lily; you left me.”

Her face dropped. “I didn’t want to leave. I had to; he came for me. He came for me and took me from you.” She said, and she

ran away.

He followed behind her, and he soon found himself standing in their bedroom. He saw Kenneth on the bed, and Lily slept

soundly beside him.

This was the night she was killed; he knew this because he saw the ruby necklace on her neck. He had given it to her when they

came home together. The necklace was a promise to never leave again, and the joy in her eyes told her she believed him.

Just as they slept, the east wind blew, and the curtain raised, and there in the room he saw Zayn, the grey wolf, standing at the

corner.

Zayn moved over to the bed and placed his hand over Lily’s mouth. Her eyes snapped open, and panic stayed on her face upon

seeing him, but he thrust his hand into her chest the very second and pulled out her heart. The light in her eyes faded, and that

was how she died.

He had woken up a few hours later and found her in a pool of blood beside him, her

heart missing.

He blamed himself. How could he not have heard footsteps? How could they have killed her while he was in the same bed, yet

he felt nothing?

He couldn’t forgive himself because he didn’t know the one who took her from him. He never thought he would find them, but he

was going to find solace in fighting for his world.

Lily’s murder wasn’t connected to the others; it was a malicious attack carried out by Zayn.

He thought he was on his last road, but knowing Zayn had killed Lily gave him a reason to stay and fight.

He will avenge her death, even if it was the last thing he did.

His eyes snapped open as he felt Zayn’s claw dig into his chest, and he delivered a hard and swift punch to his jaw, which took

the grey wolf off his feet.

Neth had only one goal as he stared down at him. Vengeance for his beloved Lily. This was the least she deserved for

everything.

Zayn charged at him again, and Neth calculated his steps and charged at him. Zayn threw a fist, but Neth swerved and threw an

uppercut instead. This took the off his feet and onto the floor.

grey wolf

Neth launched at him with his sharp, extended claws. He dug it into his neck, and with a loud growl, he slashed his head off.

Zayn's head rolled off to the corner of the hallway.

Neth rose from on top of him and approached the entrance where the body of Lukas lay. He tried stepping through the door, but

he heard a soft groan coming from there, and he knew Lukas was still alive. He hurried over to him and got down on his knees

before him.

"You're still with us." Neth called to him.

Lukas' eyes opened, and he nodded. "Sadly, I am."

Neth smiled and stretched his hand out to him. Lukas took it, and he pulled him onto

his feet.