

WOLF CITY

THE STORY OF THE EMERGING KINGDOM

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The country that housed Marsev could hardly be called a country. It had many names depending on the region. There was no overseeing government – there were stories of one that existed hundreds of years ago, but now there was no single power player. There were zones that had their own form of government, though most seemed to run on an anarchic basis with crime syndicates ruling the streets.

Marsev was by far the most impoverished, crime-riddled, and forsaken zone. It had seen an all-time low approximately ten years ago when police brutality and increased taxes caused a revolt by relying on gangs for protection, outsourced goods, and general order. Without enough personnel to patrol each street, the government became a laughing stock and was disregarded as an entity altogether.

It was during these times that Jericho Jennings slithered into the government like a snake. He had waited patiently, biding his time until the government lacked so much control that nearly anyone with money and political ties could weasel their way into office.

The man was an intimidating six feet seven inches tall. He was in his forties at the time with jet black hair with a few lingering gray strands combed back into the obsidian locks. He was clean-shaven, and while not the most attractive man in the world, his confidence, money, and charm often gained him favor with women.

No one was entirely sure of his upbringing. He told semi-lucid tales of growing up in a middle-class home. Through his younger adult life, he was a member of the police force. Due to his scary level of intellect, and ability to demand respect, he was quickly thrust upward through the ranks.

When Jericho was introduced into office, reforms sprung forth immediately. He quickly instituted a city-wide curfew and increased military spending, thus affording the country another two thousand more policemen who were placed on border patrol, and he began cracking down on and targeting known gangs around the city.

And for the past ten years, a war had been waged between a government trying to gain its position and the gangs that had stolen it.

She had found her mother dead nearly a month ago, and her father had been arrested the same day. With no foster care system in Marsev, Amoretta was left to the streets to fend for herself. She wandered aimlessly, stealing bread and digging through trashcans for scraps. She slept on the streets like most of the other homeless.

On an especially cold night, Amoretta found refuge inside a trashcan pushed against the side of a small house. She was small enough to fit inside with the lid closed. There wasn't much to offer, but it was dark and enclosed; these were two things she had learned to appreciate.

She remained in the trashcan for hours, hugging her knees to her chest and trying to stay warm. But she did not think she slept anymore. The image of her mother's corpse haunted her every thought. It began to drift. Cold, white, and covered in blood. Eyes wide open, staring up lifelessly. Amoretta would shudder, and she more or less zoned out when she was tired. But she never drifted to sleep for more than twenty minutes at a time. The deathly image of her red-stained mother made sure of it.

In the middle of the night—maybe it had even been early morning—the lid to the trashcan was removed. The blonde child glanced up and saw the face of an olive-skinned boy staring down at her. He blinked curiously at her, and the two locked eyes for several seconds. He dropped the bag of trash he had brought out and frowned. “Why are you in our trash?”

Amoretta crossed her arms stubbornly and returned the frown. “I can do what I want.”

“Don't you have a house to sleep in? It's dirty and stinky in there.” He disgust was evident.

“No. And I don't have a mommy or daddy, so you can just butt out.” She held out a hand, her fingers extending above the trashcan and into the open air. “I'll take that bag if you're done with it.”

The look of disgust on the boy's face melted into sympathy and understanding. He looked at the girl who scowled and stretched out her hand, and even though she tried so hard to frown and look mean, he could see the masked solemnity in her eyes. Finally, he turned his head toward the trashcan. “Mom!” he yelled. “Mom!”

Amoretta heard the creaking of a door opening and slamming as it closed. “Aiden?” she called, though from inside the can, Amoretta could see nothing. The boy turned to face someone else, and he gestured inside. That was when Amoretta saw her face.

The boy's mother clicked her tongue and smiled sadly down at Amoretta. The woman

“It's nice to meet you, Amoretta. Would you like to come inside? I can make you some soup to eat, and you can warm up by the fireplace.” She held her hands out, and it took several moments before Amoretta stood up cautiously and allowed the woman's hands to hook under her armpits and pull her out of the metal bin.

When she was set down, she followed the two inside, her eyes shifting from side to side constantly in apprehension.

“Mom, she *stinks*.”

“Aiden Mitchell, you watch your mouth. We'll clean her up and get her something to eat.” Leslie smiled back at Amoretta and gestured for her to follow her into the kitchen. The girl followed, taking in the sight of the small house. It did not even seem big enough for a mother and her child. Leslie was not sure why the woman had invited her in. It was dull and brown inside. There was a small sofa, splintering wooden flooring, and a lone picture frame on the wall that had unfamiliar faces.

“Arms up,” the woman told her. Amoretta twisted her lips but lifted her arms up above her head. Leslie pulled the dirty brown dress up and over her before tossing it to the side. After running water into a bucket and grabbing a cloth and soap, she knelt before Amoretta. The mother dipped a washcloth in the bucket of warm water and soap and began to scrub the girl's skin, starting with her arms.

Aiden stood and watched as the blonde girl was scrubbed raw. “Mommy, is she going to stay with us?” He watched with slight admiration as the girl stared forward coldly. As his mother finished, Amoretta, the young girl said nothing. She only looked ahead, her eyebrows furrowed and her chin held high. How she could be in such an embarrassing situation and still look so proud bewildered Aiden.

“If she wants to.” Leslie began working the soap into Amoretta's hair. “Go get a pair of pajamas, Aiden. She can borrow those until I make her some clothes.” Leslie glanced over her shoulder as Aiden nodded and ran out of the room.

“How old are you, Amoretta?”

“Ten.”

“Wow, you're a big girl. Where are your parents?”

seemed like an eternity, she was finished washing the dirt and grime from the girl. She began to pat her dry with a towel.

For the first time since she had been in the house, Amoretta spared Leslie a glance. Her words, nearly inaudible, escaped Amoretta's throat. "You won't be my mom," she told her, not out of defiance but out of assurance for herself that her mother would not be replaced.

"No, of course not, sweetie. No one could ever replace your mother. How about you call me Aunt Leslie?"

Amoretta stared at her for a long while before nodding her head curtly. "Alright."

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NINE YEARS AGO

Assimilation into life with Aiden and Leslie was admittedly rough. Amoretta was, at the time, only eleven, an independent girl who refused the help of others. Having had her parents' divorce combined with the fact she had endured a life of poverty and watching her parents work unrelentingly to be able to feed just so she could eat had hardened her. She was a child in body, but one look into her eyes betrayed her maturity.

Aiden was a kind boy. Instead of giving into the initial jealousy of sharing his mother with another child, he accepted her and tried to befriend her. It took months before Amoretta would give him the time of day, and he was surprised by the fervor his comment had elicited that afternoon.

"Can you hand me that trash bag?" Aiden and Amoretta had been tasked by Leslie to clean up in the back yard. Wordlessly, the blonde handed him the bag. For some reason, Aiden felt a wave of irritation wash through him. He had dealt with her silence for a year, and he was tired of it. "You could be a little more grateful, you know." He ripped the weeds out a bit more fiendishly than necessary.

Amoretta stopped what she was doing and stared at him. "Do you want me to call you that?" The deeply etched frown of her lips never seemed to fade.

"You were starving and dirty. You had no family. Now, you have a full belly, clean

though his tone breathed more hurt than anger.

Back then, Amoretta was not as well-equipped with words to describe how she felt to call him a self-entitled asshole, but the only response she could formulate was, “You act like you care about me, but you don’t. You just want to feel good about yourself, trying to get me to thank you for that isn’t going to work.”

Aiden snaked his fingers into his curly brown hair, pulling in frustration as his eyes narrowed with a growing fury. “You’re such a brat! Don’t you like us?! Why can’t you just be happy with us? Look, I’m sorry your mom died, but that happened a year ago. People die all the time. It just happens. My dad died, but you don’t see me going around treating my mom like shit.”

At the mention of her mother’s death, Amoretta lunged forward and shoved her hands into his chest. She was surprisingly strong for her small frame. Her shove was powerful enough to knock him back and cause him to fall onto his behind. But Aiden was not a violent person, and even in self-defense, all he was capable of doing was yelling.

“Stop fighting me, Amoretta!” he called from the ground.

“No! You’re not my brother, you’re not my cousin, and you’re not my friend!” she yelled. Childishly, she kicked the bag of weeds across the yard and huffed at herself.

Aiden’s mouth hung open slightly as he stared at the pugnacious young girl. Tears welled up in his eyes, but none fell. “You can’t keep being like this, Amoretta.”

The girl flinched. She hated that name. She hated that fucking name. Amoretta was the name her mother used to whisper tenderly to her at night when she was being tucked into bed. Amoretta was the name her father called when he was looking for her outside. Never once had her name been used in anything but love and tenderness. And now, it was only ever spoken in anger.

She stormed off.

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EIGHT YEARS AGO

For a twelve-year-old girl, Amoretta got into a scary amount of fights. The past year

hand remarks, she resorted to blunt tenacity. She had no qualms telling someone what she thought about them.

Unfortunately, in Marsev, that meant blood.

“I wouldn’t want it any other way,” Amoretta commented boldly. Her face was stern and impassivity like always, but in certain angles, it looked as if she was suppressing a smirk.

Amoretta was a hell of a good fighter for being just twelve. She was fast and strong, surprising her opponents. Her reflexes were almost inhuman, and she normally made quick work of a bully. But four boys was too much, even for her.

One moved to slide around her, and she was too preoccupied with the other three to get back to them to fend off the other one. The boy grabbed her elbows and yanked them behind her, effectively keeping her back pressed against him. Any time she tried to move away, he only tightened his grip and threatened to dislocate her shoulders.

The three other boys stood with their apparent leader in the middle, his lackeys flanking him on either side. None of the boys were older than fifteen or sixteen, but they were much bigger than Amoretta. The leader grinned malevolently and threw a swift punch into her stomach. This made the girl to cough and bend over, but the boy behind her kept her upright.

“Make her suffer,” the leader told the other two, who then moved forward and began punching in places they would punch. One of their hits socked her dead in the cheek, and a tooth went flying, a few drops of blood sputtering out of her mouth along with it.

“Ahg!” one of the boys gurgled as he fell to the floor.

Amoretta blinked curiously as the boy crumpled to the ground, holding the back of his head where it bled profusely. She saw Aiden standing there, legs spread shoulder-width apart and his fingers gripping a tire iron tightly.

It was at this point that the boys no longer cared for beating up on a little girl and instead turned their attention to what they perceived as an actual threat. The boy holding Amoretta let go of her and ran to help his friends, but Amoretta would not let that happen.

She stuck her foot out and hooked it around the front of his ankle as he ran forward. He fell flat on his face. When he rolled onto his back, Amoretta was on him like a leech. She straddled

“Amoretta, enough!”

The girl finally saw again, but she realized quickly that she missed the darkness. Aiden was behind her, wrenching her off of the boy she sat on. His face was unrecognizable, and she felt her hand was broken and covered in blood. Had she blacked out and simply went to town? How had she maintained bodily consciousness but lost such a significant chunk of time?

What disturbed the young girl the most was not the horror of the boy’s bloody face but the fact she felt no remorse. She had even relished a little in it. She would have killed him if Aiden not forcibly removed her, and she would not have lost any sleep over it.

Although Amoretta was not wildly flailing around, she was still struggling to break Aiden’s grip and go after the other boys who seemed to be scrambling to their feet and run. Aiden knew she would not stop until they were out of her sight, so he tugged her away from them and down an alleyway. Once they were midway through, he let her go and stared at her with a mix of curiosity and anger.

“What?” she bit out and spat some blood to the side. Her tongue moved to the back of her mouth and felt the groove of a missing molar. Bastards, she thought.

“Why do you always have to get into fights?” he asked as he scrutinized her battered face. “You would’ve come out with a lot more wounds if I hadn’t shown up. You might not have even made it out at all, Amoretta.”

The girl huffed and leaned back against the wall, folding her arms across her chest. She met his stare. “They attacked first.”

“But you provoked them. You know better.”

“You want me to keep my mouth shut when someone is being a dick? Is that it?”

“Yes!” he exclaimed. “I want you to know that you telling them off is not going to make the world! It’s not going to make anything better for yourself!”

“I know.”

“You’re going to get yourself killed one day. And I know you may not care too much about it, but think about my mom. She would be devastated!”

“I know, okay,” Amoretta seethed. She slid down the wall and hugged her knees with her arms.

to the recent memory of him bursting into action and saving her. Aiden was not a fighter. No matter how many times she had shoved and berated him, he never hit back. For him to resort to violence meant he truly cared about her. She was not willing to gain a brother, but she could gain a friend. “Okay.” She paused. “I don’t like when people call me Amoretta.”

Aiden blinked curiously. “What? Why?”

The blonde girl sighed, and she averted her eyes away from the boy. “It makes me feel like a happier times.”

Aiden seemed befuddled at first, but he slowly grew to understand. She associated the name with the life before Aiden and Leslie. It was a life where she had both parents whispering sweet nothings tenderly. “Alright... What about Jessica?”

Amoretta jerked her head back to look at Aiden in disgust. “What the fuck kind of person do you think I look like a Jessica to you, bitch?”

Aiden stifled a laughter in his hand. “Okay, okay! Hmm.” He rubbed his face and the memory of Bullet slamming her fists rapidly into the thug’s face entered his mind. “Alright, fine. I’ll call you to me—you’re Bullet.”

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SEVEN YEARS AGO

“Happy Birthday to you, happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday dear Aiden, happy Birthday to you!”

Aiden stared down at the small, chocolate cake his mother had prepared for him. He saw the sticks of wax with wicks buried inside them were lit, but they looked more like molten globes than candles. Bullet stood next to Leslie, watching the boy.

“You’re taking too long!” the young girl bit out in impatience.

“I’m trying to think of a good wish, okay?” Aiden responded acridly, glaring at her. The long stare from Leslie shut them both up, however, and after a second, Aiden blew his candles out.

“What did you wish for?” Bullet inquired.

became drowned out as she focused on the feeling of happiness that was swelling inside her. She tried to tell herself to forget about it, however, as she knew this happiness would end one day soon.

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SIX YEARS AGO

“Amoretta, we’ve lived together for almost four years now. Can I trust you?” Leslie smiled and looked sweetly down at the young teen.

Leslie was the only one allowed to call her by her real name anymore. The young teen nodded quietly, curious as to what her aunt was about to ask of her.

“Follow me. It’s time you see what being a part of this family truly means.”

Trailing behind the slender woman, Bullet wondered what had changed in her aunt. Leslie was somewhat of an enigma, now that Bullet really thought on it. With Bullet and Amoretta being fourteen, they were trusted to handle all household duties by themselves. The two children cleaned, cooked, and took care of the garden from which most of their food came from. Most days Leslie was gone almost every day. Bullet had never asked where she went, always assuming she worked as a seamstress or something similar in a shop in town.

“Where are we going?” Bullet finally asked after thirty minutes of walking. It was dark out, and they were surrounded by nothing but shrubbery and trees. The younger girl successfully navigated around the tree roots that threatened to make her trip, but Leslie walked without looking down, as if she had walked this path a thousand times. When Bullet received no answer, she scratched the back of her head.

“My husband owned a small business. His line of work was...not appreciated by the town. Her eyes slid over subtly to Bullet. “They killed him.”

Bullet swallowed. “And your daughter?”

“Wrong place, wrong time for her, I suppose,” she answered cryptically. She had never shown this side of herself to Bullet before. Quiet, serious, distant. Bullet felt closer to the woman than she had before.

The teenager seemed shaken by her words. Never had Leslie brought up her mother. “How do you know? And why? My parents did nothing illegal. They were manual laborers.”

Leslie pet the younger girl once, letting her hand slide down and cup her neck. “They don’t know them very well. You’ve been watched constantly since you first showed up at my Amoretta. And the only reason they would spy on a child is if she had some previous affiliation with the black market or criminal world in some way.”

“Then why not kill me? I don’t understand.” Bullet could maybe believe that she did know her parents as well as she thought she did. But this was still so much information, and it was given so quickly and so casually that Bullet felt sick to her stomach.

“Because you’re with me, now. And they know what a terrible mistake that would be.” Leslie smirked—for the first time since Bullet had known her, Leslie *smirked*.

Bullet was too thrown off to respond. Her mouth hung open in a slight part, and no word came out that neither could decipher. Before too much longer, Leslie grabbed her left wrist and led her into the cabin. As the door swung open, she stepped inside cautiously. Leslie pulled up a trap floorboard door, gesturing for Bullet to descend. When she did, her eyes snapped

“Does Aiden know about this?” she asked quietly.

“Hunny, Aiden is the one who’s been protecting you from Jericho Jennings since they began living with us.”

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Bullet heard something in her wrist snap as Aiden’s leg connected with it. For the past few years, Aiden had begun training her in self-defense. She was naturally tough and quick, but she had no formal training or knowledge of how to fight other than street scraps. To her surprise, Aiden was a martial arts expert. What was even worse was that he showed no mercy.

“Stop being a pussy, Bull.”

“I mean, I’m pretty sure you just sprained my fucking wrist, but okay.”

hear ear. “Who said I wasn’t going to hurt you?”

The next thing Bullet knew, her back was slammed into the wall, and all of her breath was gone from her lungs in one rough exhale. She fell to her hands and knees while coughing, the back of her head split open and bleeding. After a second, she glared up at the teenager and growled. “What the fuck?!” she yelled before scrambling to her feet, sacrificing all form, and entering a blind rage. She swung at him repeatedly, and he dodged or parried with his own limbs accordingly.

He sighed while he defended against her onslaught of melee attacks. “You’re so reckless. Like, Jesus Christ. Can you—!” He was interrupted as he had to parry yet another blow. In frustration, he snatched up her wrist and jerked her body toward him, his other hand going to her throat to keep her in place. “Can you listen to me for a second?!” he barked. She still tried to argue and retaliate, but he was too pissed to give into her childish ways. “Do you want to actually accomplish anything in this world? Do you want to avenge your mother? Free your father? Run the government into the ground? Does any of that interest you?”

She tore her eyes from his, pouting.

He shook her. “Does it?!”

“You know it does, Aiden! But this isn’t me. I don’t fight like this. I’m not a trained fighter. I’m a tank. A motherfucking tank built for dealing and taking damage while other, more skilled fighters go for the strategic kill.”

The brown-skinned male grit his teeth and pushed her away from him. “You don’t want to be asking you to fight like this. But this training is going to help you in more ways than one. I’ll give you some discipline.” He rolled his eyes and mumbled. “Lord knows you could use some discipline.”

Bullet rubbed her injured wrist in agitation. “Fine. I’ll fucking do it your way.”

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FOUR YEARS AGO

“It might be wise to start creating some connections,” Aiden suggested.

A year of training was all it had taken for Bullet to hone her natural prowess and su

“Don’t get it twisted. Those people join those gangs because they were either forced or had nowhere to go. I’m going to destroy their leaders and offer them freedom or a place to go.”

“Eh... I dunno, Bull. Two sixteen-year-old kids taking on full-blown Marsevian gang leaders?”

Bullet grinned. “Have faith in me, bro.”

“Tch. You got it, *sis*.”

“First thing’s first, though. We gotta make ourselves look a little more intimidating.” Aiden looked around, grabbed a grocery bag, and then emptied it onto the table in front of them. Scissors, a comb, and some clothes now sat before them. Aiden looked skeptical at first, but he could tell he was in for the matter as she moved behind him and told him to kneel down. She began cutting away at his long brown locks, each one falling soundlessly to the floor. Aiden stared at the growing pile of hair, silent and wordlessly. He could do this. He could take on this life with Amoretta. Leslie had been missing for months now, and he knew that she was probably dead. In order to keep from falling apart, he had to focus on the project he and Bullet dubbed, “City of Wolves.”

It had started as a conversation about Marsev and its true name. Jericho Jennings had been recently placed into office and his name made known, but they had heard that name for years from the rumors. He was an alpha on the prowl, desperately trying to claim more territory. What he did not know was that a wolf like Bullet lingered in the shadows, waiting and building her army.

When she was done with Aiden, he rubbed his spikey hair and brushed off the loose strands. He then began helping his best friend with her hair. Why she had chosen electric blue instead of her natural color, he would never know. He liked the blonde. It represented innocence to him. But he saw that it was fitting now. Nothing innocent about Amoretta remained anymore, because truth be told, she no longer existed. There was only Bullet.

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Styx was a smalltime gang that mostly thrived off petty crime. Its leader came from a wealthy background but had left home with all his parents’ money in order to fund his and his friends’ bad habits. Rapidly, they had recruited vulnerable teenagers into their ranks. They had no b

the others nervous. Her hair was bright blue, her ears were pierced with countless rings. She wore cargo pants and a loose tank top, and her combat boots made her two inches taller. Oh, and a customized fully automatic assault rifle strapped to her back. Maybe that was why everyone was so on edge. “I wanna talk to Moth.”

“What the hell do you want with our leader, eh bitch?” a scrawny, pale-skinned teen asked as he approached her.

“Hey, didn’t you beat me up once when I was a kid?” Bullet asked curiously, scrutinizing his face. Without vacillation, she twisted her strap around and fired from the hip. Three bullets hit his chest, and he hit the ground. Her eyes quickly swept the facility once more, almost as if ignoring the yells of the others. Without even looking at them, she demanded their leader’s name.

“Who’s firing in the warehouse?!” roared a stocky man. He tore out of his private room and into the main lobby. “Who the fuck are you, you weird-lookin’ bitch?”

“Moth?” she presumed before aiming at his head, leaving plenty of distance between them.

“What are you dipshits waiting for?! Kill her and take the weapon!” It was hard getting assault rifles in Marsev. How a sixteen-year-old, skinny, eccentric-looking girl got one among them was a mystery. Rather than be smart and detain her, however, he went for short-term gratification instead.

“Wrong.” Bullet shot him mercilessly, and as the other members aimed their guns at her, she stepped inside, twirling the ring of an inactive grenade in his hand. “All you fuckers need to know is I’m not here to kill you. But I will if I feel threatened enough.” She could tell no one wanted to be involved in this mess to begin with. “I just killed your leader. You’re now free to go do whatever the fuck you want in this goddamned city.”

Glances were exchanged between members. Tension fell and rose constantly as everyone searched for a loss for what to do. Things had gone down so fast, but Bullet had no intention of babying anyone. “You can follow me. If you’re tired of the way the world is, you can join me in creating a new one. I puts this shitty little one to shame. I have access to firearms you didn’t even know still existed. I have information on a certain government official no one else does. Jericho Jennings—ever heard of him? More looks were exchanged, but this time, a few “fuck that guy” variants followed.

“I know what I’m doing, and I can get shit done. I won’t abuse you as you’ve been

on this? You just walked in here and killed two guys. You think we're okay being taken over?

"Are you stupid or deaf? I can't figure out which." Bullet rolled her eyes and approached the smaller girl. "I'm not taking over shit. You're free to leave. And you're free to stay. You decide. You can join me in purging the government, or you can join me in purging the government."

The smaller girl scoffed. "Purge the government? You?"

"Yes, me. And anyone else who joins." She directed her attention to the others. "Listen, you're free to walk. But I've got more than just big guns and explosives; I've got information."

The girl who had previously spoken stared at the blue-haired assailant. There was something so believable about her presence. She was young, but she looked no less dangerous than a trained general. Finally, she looked toward her friends who seemed to be at a loss. Silence sat in the room for too long. Really, where could she go now? She had been robbed of a home by this woman. Her friend's life had been taken by this woman. And yet... She felt the impulse to follow her into hell if she had asked. "They call me Mango," she said, and this caused Bullet to look at her. Mango stuck a hand out. "I'm not promising my allegiance just yet, but I'm too curious to turn away from someone like you."

Bullet smirked and clapped her hand into Mango's, grasping it tightly. "Sounds good."

"Augh, Mango. You know if you go somewhere, I gotta follow yer ass to make sure you don't go dyin' and shit," said a new voice from the small crowd. A tattooed man stepped forward next to Mango. He held out a hand and stared nonchalantly at the blunette. "Rizi."

The rest more or less followed, but a few did decide to leave. And before the day was over, Bullet had accrued ten or so people willing to give her a chance and build a gang with her.

"But what are we calling ourselves?" Mango asked later that night as everyone sat around a table conversing.

Aiden spoke up as he polished a knife set. "Well, Bull and I really have a penchant for symbolism. The symbolism is just too striking to pass it up, no matter how cheesy it sounds. So we were thinking Wolf City."

Mango stared at Aiden and glanced away coyly, nearly blushing. "I like it," she said, not to stammer.

she would build. The empire that would take over everything and return Marsev to the den was rumored to have once been a part of.

~*~*~

CURRENT

“Mr. Jennings, is it really okay not to send people after them?”

The exceedingly tall man who had ascended to power held a cigarette to his lips as the warehouse of Wolf City burn. The flames were loud and crackling as wood snapped all kept his eyes on the fire as he spoke. “We don’t have the resources right now to capture her.”

“Capture? You mean kill, sir?”

Jericho slid his eyes to his subordinate playfully. “Kill? No. She’s more valuable alive now. Besides, I want to see if she remembers my face or not. It’s been nearly eleven years since I saw her.”

The lower-ranking official merely stared up at the man, not knowing what was going on. Fully aware Jericho had something planned. He dared not to ask, however. Even speaking to him this much terrified him. The way Jericho calmly flicked his cigarette forward and stuffed it into his pockets was horrifying. His entire presence was horrifying. The things he was capable of...horrifying.

“Don’t you worry that pretty little head of yours,” Jericho added as he turned and began walking off. “We’ll be seeing our Wolf City queen soon enough.” He stopped walking once he saw a corpse that had been bagged and zipped up to the chin. Jericho bent down and grabbed the material in order to begin dragging it as he walked. Only briefly did Jericho even look down at the corpse of Aiden.

The smallest twitch of a smile tugged at Jericho’s lips. He took one last deep inhale of sulfur before heading back to Central.

“Until then, my queen.”

You have reached the end of Wolf City's second installment! This is part of a series that consists of five installments. The third installment is expected to be released in January 2016. My stories are free, but I do put a lot of work into them! If you enjoy it, consider donating to help support cover artist, editing, and publishing.