

“You can’t outrun us,” the first man says as if he read my mind.

Damn it.

“You can’t fight us,” the second man says.

But I can climb a tree. The third man follows my gaze.

“You climb, we climb,” he says.

I take a sharp breath. ~~I~~ just as ~~an~~ extra adrenaline infuses bravery into my veins. If I don’t want to be killed today, ~~wouldn~~’t I have to kill these men? I can’t kill a fly. Who am I kidding?

No way am I walking out of here alive. Since I can’t kill them, I’ll end up dead.

My mind blanks as soon as one of the ~~men~~ starts running towards me. He’s in front of me in a flash.

“Don’t worry. I’ll knock you out before I kill you.” ~~” he says as he gets to me in a flash.~~
~~He’s in front of me, h~~His thick arm swings to the side for a punch, ~~which that~~ will knock me out cold. My arm moves on its own. There’s no time to think about what I’m supposed to be doing. I only react, ~~;~~ as I was taught.

I block his punch by putting my arm at the inside of his elbow, but with his strength, he pushes my arm swinging to the side. Although I deflected his punch, he moves his entire body into me and sends me flying to the ground with one shove. I don’t have time to get up ~~because —~~
~~he’s jumps on top of me and straddles~~ straddling me in an instant.

He has all the power over me. He’s stronger, faster, heavier. I must be the stupidest human on Earth to think I ~~can~~ could defend myself against a werewolf.

“Stop playing around ~~with her~~ and finish her.” ~~” one of the other men says.~~

The asshole on top of me gives me a sinister smile, and I know it’ll be ~~a~~ game over in a moment. But I’m not ready to give up, no matter how desperate I am.

I pull my elbows tight to my side, ~~;~~ so he can’t slide his knees to my chest. ~~His~~ He ~~hand~~ grabs my neck ~~tight~~ and ~~he~~ squeezes. Hard.

On auto-pilot I do the move I ~~was taught~~learned ~~during in~~ jujitsu ~~practice~~. I place one hand on his wrist and my other one on his bicep. I ~~bent~~bend my legs and raise my hips with all my strength: ~~I to~~ toss his massive body up and to the side, and flip us ~~with meso~~I'm on top of him.

His lock on my body is gone, and I stand up quickly, ready to run. But I don't ~~go get~~ far. One of the other killers is right behind me. ~~His~~He ~~hand~~ grabs my shoulder ~~so roughly, that and~~ I know I'll have a bruise, but who cares about bruises? ~~when~~ I'll be dead.

He tosses my body like it's a feather, and I land on my butt. Sharp pain radiates to my lower back and down to my hamstrings.

"Enough with the games," ~~!"~~!" ~~he shouts and runs toward me.~~

This will be my end. It strikes me as hard as ~~I felt~~the cold ground on my behind—~~If if~~ ~~I'm~~I were face to face with my parents' killers, even if I ~~could~~were physically able, I ~~wouldn't~~ ~~couldn't be able to murder~~kill them ~~with a cold heart.~~

Because my heart is not frozen. Because I'm no killer.

I wouldn't be able to avenge my parents—the thought brings on a strange feeling of peace in this moment of violence. I squeeze my eyes shut right before the man gets to me. I wonder what happens to us once we're gone. Do we join ~~in~~ the ones who passed away before us? Will I see my parents?

A loud shriek and a thud echo around me, and my eyes snap wide open. The man who was running toward me is now ~~laying, unmoving, still~~ on the ground ~~not too far away from me~~. His eyes are open and empty...~~He's dead~~. I gulp.

I scoot backward on my hands and knees, ~~while~~ taking shaky breaths. Cold chills run up and down my spine, and ~~finally~~ I force myself to focus ~~my gaze~~ on the ~~people scene~~ in front of me.

The two ~~other~~ murderers have taken a defensive stance. ~~and i~~In front of them is another stranger—a ~~men-man~~ with long hair, so blond ~~that~~ it's almost white. Before I can blink, the two killers shift into wolves, ~~p~~. Pieces of torn ~~clothes-clothing~~ fly ~~into~~ the air, and I ~~think I stop~~forget ~~to breathing~~breathe. Their transformation is instant. ~~Their Two~~ brown wolves, ~~are~~ enormous.

One ~~of the wolves pounces and jumps~~leaps ~~into~~ the air; ~~and attacking-attacks~~ the blond man. He moves out of the way ~~in-at~~ the last moment, pivots, and wraps his arms around the wolf's neck. With one swift move, ~~the man~~he snaps ~~the wolf's neck~~it. ~~T~~, and the ~~animal's~~ limp body ~~of the animal~~ falls to the ground. The sound of crunching bones makes my stomach churn. Bile ~~ra~~ises to my throat, and I remind myself I need to breathe.

-The ~~last-other~~ wolf growls ~~at the blond man. It snaps its jaw, and displaying-displays his~~ sharp canines. ~~The wolf snarls and jumps on top of t~~The blond man ~~who~~ dodges ~~the his~~ attack ~~by with a quick~~ side-stepping the animal. Then, he ~~and~~ kicks ~~it the animal~~ in the ~~stomach-belly. and jumps~~In an instant, he's ~~kneeling~~ on top of ~~its-his~~ back. The wolf ~~is whimpering~~whimpers, and my heart clenches.

Wrapping his long arms around the animal's neck, the man twists ~~the neck~~it to the side, ~~and again the sound of the~~crunching ~~of~~ bones echoes ~~in the air~~among the trees. I'm going to be sick. My heart is about to explode. The three killers are all dead, and I'm ~~in a trance~~frozen, staring at the ~~new stranger~~blond man.

~~Based on the fighting skills he displayed, t~~Two things ~~become awfully~~are obvious ~~to me~~—~~f~~. First, he's a trained killer; and, hopefully, not after me. For all I know, he just saved me so he can claim the prize of murdering me. I shake my head. Second, he ~~i's~~ not a human.

~~The blond man~~He dusts off his fancy suit and ~~shakes off~~rolls his shoulders while muttering ~~something under his breath~~. I blink a few times ~~to regain my focus. I finally have the chance~~and take a moment to really look at him.

His hair is straight and almost reaches his lower back. Maybe because I'm staring at him from the ground, he appears taller than Ryker, close to seven feet. His thick, black eyebrows are ~~so straight,~~ abnormally so straight, ~~that they don't curve down like humans' eyebrows do with no arch at all.~~

He's not a human, but he's not a werewolf either. ~~Wide-eyed,~~ I can't move, and I keep can't stop staring ~~at the man.~~ He reaches at into the side pocket of his suit jacket and pulls out a ~~travel travel-~~size bottle of hand sanitizer. He ~~then proceeds to~~ squirts some liquid on his hands, shaking them ~~off to~~ dry. Then, he replaces the small bottle ~~back~~ in his pocket. This is such a human thing to do ~~that~~ I'm about to lose my mind.

Our gazes lock, and my suspicion that he's-we're not the same species like me is confirmed. His green eyes are studying me, the black dot in the middle pupils so small that it'sey're almost nonexistent. His straight nose and pale, thin lips make him look serious and lethal. I bet he doesn't smile much.

~~The man disconnects~~ He breaks off his gaze and looks at his shoes. I use this opportunity to study him further and figure out how much trouble I'm in. If he wanted to kill me, he would have done it by now. ~~My gaze sweeps his body and I admire~~ In his expensive-looking suit, black tie, and white dress shirt. ~~He he~~ reminds me of an important CEO with a black tie and white dress shirt.

"Now I have to buy new shoes again," ~~he~~ He says and sighs loudly.

My mouth is about to hit the ground. The man brushes something off his sleeves and sighs one more time, his annoyance climbing.

"And I have to ask my assistant to dry clean my suit ~~from to~~ get all the animal hair off. Disgusting," ~~he says in such a tone that~~ I imagine venom dripping from his mouth.

I ~~would have~~almost laughed, imagining a ~~five-five-year-year~~-old whining that his clothes got dirty, but this man's aura is so dangerous ~~that I finally~~ close my mouth and press my lips together.

He ~~then proceeds to~~ button ~~up the suit~~this jacket ~~as if he's about to go into a meeting at~~ ~~the office.~~

"I'm sorry, sweetheart. I forgot my manners," ~~his~~His voice softens, and he takes two steps forward.

He's awfully close to me now, and a cold chill runs down my spine. He bends down, extending his hand—I hope the gesture iit's to help me up and not ~~to~~ snap my neck ~~in two~~. As he moves, two long ~~strands~~locks of hair fall ~~forward on to~~ his chest, and I spot two pointy ears ~~poke~~poking out of his head. I make a conscious effort to swallow, but my throat is dry. This man saved my life, after all. He won't hurt me, will he?

I take his hand—so cold but ~~soft~~soft—and obviously, ~~well~~-sanitized. He pulls me up, and I stand in front of him, trying to recover from the shock. I tilt my head back to look ~~at~~into ~~the man's~~his face, and I shiver. His hand moves to my chest, but he doesn't touch me. He stops inches away from the spot where my heart is, and he closes his eyes.

What in the world is he doing?

"The changes have started," ~~he~~He ~~says and~~ reopens his eyes.