

Eclipse Of Innocence

Pain. It's the only sensation that registers, a relentless torment that consumes me. The frigid air rushes in and out of my lungs as I propel my legs in a desperate escape bid. A warm trickle snakes its way down the back of my neck, and my vision is clouded by a thick, black haze.

His presence looms closer with each passing second, the heat from his hand almost tangible as it reaches for my shirt.

Abruptly, I find myself awakening in the heart of an abandoned building, bound to a chair with a gag stifling my cries. The circulation in my wrists and ankles dwindles, and a hard, sticky substance restricts the movement of my neck. I cast a frantic glance around, trying to discern my location, when a faint rustle echoes from behind me.

I attempt to swivel my neck around, only to be thwarted by a hand clamping down on the back of my neck. He leans in, his hot breath grazing my cheek as he whispers, "What do you think you're doing~?" A blade is placed under my chin, drawing a bead of blood.

Struggling proves futile as he tightens his grip, my windpipe crushed beneath his hand. His laughter rings out, a manic sound that sends chills down my spine, as he licks the blade. "I've been dreaming about this, little Bella~,," he croons, "Watching you slowly perish under my hand while your eyes beg for mercy~"

I gnaw at the rope, attempting to scream. He releases my neck, only to deliver a punch that sends the chair toppling over, my head colliding with the ground and reopening the wound. He yanks my hair, pulls my head back, and positions the knife under my chin, pressing it deeper.

"Look at me, my love~,," he whispers. I shake my head frantically, causing the blade to penetrate further into my chin. "I said, look at me, Bella." I open my eyes, meeting his gaze. He smiles, "That's better~"

Bella

New School

Bella Osborne wakes up in the middle of her bed, her breath quickening from being awakened from a nightmare. She looked around her dark room but only to be frightened again by her alarm clock demanding her to get ready for school, "What a lovely first day of school.." she muttered as she whipped her hair out of her face. "What am I going to wear?!" she said as she started trying to get ready to give a good first impression. She opened her closet doors and searched through her clothing muttering to herself, "That one has a satin, that one is old, and that one is pink." She finally decided on a shirt that was gifted to her after her father passed away from a motorcycle crash, it was an old Hawaiian shirt that had blue hibiscus flower patterns. "First day of school Dad..again..let's hope for the best" she whispered as she put the shirt on.

Bella finished getting dressed and went downstairs, the smell of avocado, eggs, pepper jack cheese, and toast surrounded her and made her mouth water. Bella's mom Gabby Osborne was over the oven putting the eggs on the piece of toast and humming a random melody, "Morning Mom!" Bella said cheerfully while pouring coffee into her cup. "Good morning Bella May, have you looked at your schedule yet?" Her mother said while putting the avocado on the other slice of toast. Her Mom looked up and recognized the shirt but said nothing and stared at Bella until she answered, finally, Bella sighed and said "No..not yet Mom, but you don't need to worry! I can do this, and if I need help I can ask someone in the hall." Her Mom put the toast down and looked at Bella intensely "Isabella May Osborne, this kind of thing happened in your last school, and look at what happened!" Bella was about to argue but was instantly cut off with a loud horn honking impatiently, "That's my ride!" Bella said while snagging a piece of toast and running out of the front door "You know what to do Bella!" her mom shouted before Bella rushed out the door.

Bella jumped into a black F150 2007 and waved bye to her mother who stood watching her in the doorway, "Drive" Bella said quietly. As soon as the truck was out of view Bella turned and faced Lewis "Thanks, you kinda saved me from a conversation I did not want to face" she said while kissing his cheek. Lewis looked straight ahead and said nothing, the silence was ominous but Bella shook it off "Maybe he is having a bad day" she thought, but she knew it was much deeper than a bad day. They pulled into the school parking lot just as all of the buses and the other students arrived. Lewis jumped out of the truck and speed-walked to the school, Bella struggled to get out and ran to Lewis but only to run into Victoria. Victoria is the cheerleader leader, one of the richest girls, and the teacher's pet. Everyone loves and wants to be like Victoria. Victoria smirks and looks at Bella "I thought I saw the last of you when you...oh that's right. I can't talk about it" Victoria's gang behind her giggled and whispered like a bunch of hyenas. Lewis stepped between Bella and Victoria blocking their view of each other, "Oh~? Who is this" Victoria said while looking at Lewis up and down..assessing her next prey. Lewis looked at her and Bella felt the change in the air, Victoria's body posture changed from assertive to flirtatious as she looked between Bella and Lewis "Are you two a thing?" she sneered, "Actually.." Bella began to say but was interrupted by Lewis saying "No, we're not."

Bella

New People

Following an intriguing conversation with Victoria, Bella and Lewis walked to class enveloped in an uncomfortable silence. "Bella, I'm sorry," Lewis said, his voice devoid of empathy or regret. "I wanted to end things differently... but I never got the chance." Bella spun around, forcing a smile onto her face. "It's alright, Lewis. I completely understand, and I hope you find happiness," she responded, her cheerfulness feigned. "I'm going to the restroom before class. Don't wait up."

As soon as Bella rounded the corner, she dashed into a bathroom stall, slamming and locking the door behind her. She pressed her back against the door, muffling her sobs with her hand. Hot tears stung her eyes, and mascara streamed down her face like black rivers. She slid down the door, gazing up at the light and wondering where she had gone wrong

Bella's breakdown was interrupted by a series of curses and the slamming of something against the stall she was in. "Please! Just leave me alone," a small but powerful voice pleaded. "You spilled your coffee on me, you little witch, now you're going to pay," a deep, raspy voice snarled. Bella shot up when her stall shook, and a small figure fell into her view, a sickening crunch echoing in the silence. Bella stepped out of the stall, shaking with rage. "What the hell are you doing here?!" the raspy voice yelled. He was a tall, lanky male who thought he was the bee's knees. "I thought I was in the girls' room," Bella retorted, standing protectively in front of the small figure with her arms crossed. "Well... it is the girls' room," the bully admitted, avoiding Bella's gaze. "Then why are you here?" Bella challenged, raising an eyebrow. "I... uh..." the bully stuttered before he bolted out of the bathroom, sprinting towards the door.

Bella knelt beside the small figure, shaking her gently. "Are you okay?" she asked, her fingers already calling for help on her phone. The figure was a young girl, her head bleeding profusely. The girl groaned, clutching her head and muttering something unintelligible. Bella reached into her bag, pulled out a water bottle, and handed it to the stranger. "Are you alright, Miss... I'm sorry, I don't know your name," Bella said, helping the girl to her feet.

Once they had both calmed down, the girl looked at Bella and said, "Thank you for that... I... had it under control though." Bella looked at her and replied, "Yeah, you did. Being slammed onto the floor and a wall means you're in complete control, huh?" She said this in a joking tone. The other girl looked at Bella and laughed, "I'm Rina, who are you?"

Bella looked the girl up and down, "I'm Bella. Nice to meet you." Rina replied, "Nice to meet you too. Uh, would you like to walk with me to class?" She said this while rubbing her hand on her head. Bella looked at her and could see she was hurt, "How about I walk you to the nurse?" Bella suggested.

Rina looked at Bella and smiled a bit, then asked, "What were you doing in here anyway?" Bella was almost shocked by this question, not due to the fact she asked but she started worrying that it looked like she was crying. "Well, uh... I was dumping what I had left in my heart out all over the floor," she said, trying to make a joke out of it but ended up making herself feel worse.

"Oh," Rina replied, looking Bella in the face, "You know it's okay?" Bella looked at the girl and replied, "What's okay?" Rina took a moment to reply, "I guess life. You seem to be having a hard one." Bella stared ahead, thinking about what Rina said. Before she could reply, she walked into someone. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" she said before looking at what she walked into.

"Ma'am, you are supposed to be in class. Why are you roaming the halls with this girl?" This was Mrs. Hinko, who came from Japan to teach here, and ever since she's been a pain in the neck.

Bella was about to say something but Rina cut in, "Ma'am, I mean no disrespect but Bella was walking me to the nurse after I tripped and hurt my leg."

As Bella and Rina made their way to the nurse's office, Bella couldn't help but feel a strange sense of camaraderie with the girl she had just met. Rina, despite her initial tough exterior, seemed to be just as lost and vulnerable as Bella felt. They walked in silence, the only sound being the soft echo of their footsteps against the cold, sterile tiles of the school hallway.

Upon reaching the nurse's office, Bella helped Rina onto one of the beds. The nurse, a kind woman named Mrs. Jenkins, quickly attended to Rina's injuries. Bella watched from a distance, her mind racing with thoughts and emotions she couldn't quite comprehend. She felt a strange mix of relief and sadness, relief that Rina was okay, and sadness for the pain they both seemed to be carrying.

After Rina was patched up, Bella offered to walk her to class. Rina agreed, and as they walked, they shared stories about their lives, their dreams, and their fears. It was a strange, intimate moment, one that Bella would remember for a long time.

As they reached Rina's classroom, Bella turned to leave, but Rina stopped her. "Bella," she said, her voice soft, "Thank you. For everything." Bella smiled a genuine smile this time and nodded. "Anytime, Rina. Anytime."

And with that, Bella turned and walked away, her heart feeling a little lighter than before. She knew that she and Rina were just two lost souls navigating the complexities of life, but for the first time in a long time, Bella didn't feel quite so alone.

Rina

Saved

Rina found herself in her first-hour class, Greek Mythology, where Mrs. Finny had begun a discussion on Hades. However, Rina's mind was elsewhere. She found herself pondering over Bella and questioning why Bella had saved her. Suddenly, Mrs. Finny's impatient voice cut through her thoughts, 'Ms. Newborn, would you care to explain why Hades was sent to the Underworld?' Caught off guard, Rina could only think, 'Crap, I was...' Rina was interrupted when the door swung open and Bella walked in saying "Hades was a son of the Titans Cronus and Rhea, and brother of the deities Zeus, Poseidon, Demeter, Hera, and Hestia. After Cronus was overthrown by his sons, his kingdom was divided among them, and the underworld fell by lot to Hades", Mrs. Finney stood there speechless "Hi, I'm Bella Osborne. I just transferred into your class" Bella said smugly while holding up a piece of white paper.

Mrs. Finney took the paper and read over it again and again, "You may sit beside Ms. Newborn, get out a pencil and paper." she said reluctantly. Rina is so excited to see that Bella is in her class and that Bella sits beside her, Bella walks over and sets her stuff down smiling brightly at Rina.

After class, Bella walked Rina to her next class, as they were walking through the crowded hall Bella got shoulder-checked by someone. Rina did not recognize the person that did it to Bella but Bella seemed to know him, "What was that for?" Rina asked Bella but Bella looked straight ahead. "Bella, are you alright?" Rina asked cautiously while looking Bella up and down. Bella was shaking, her knuckles were white as freshly fallen snow, her eyes used to be liquid brown but now they were almost solid, and Rina could see the tears welling up in Bella's eyes. Bella cleared her throat and smiled at Rina "I do believe your next class is Biology correct?" Rina could see the pain behind Bella's fake smile so she set her things down and hugged Bella, Bella slowly pushed Rina away and looked at her with sadness in her eyes, "Thank you I needed a hug after all that" Bella said to Rina.

Rina walked away reluctantly but she was going to be late if she did not leave now, "See you at lunch Bella" Rina said, but there was no answer so Rina turned around and saw Bella being talked to by the same guy that passed us in the hall. "What does he want?" Rina thought as she turned back around. During the rest of the hours before lunch all Rina could think of was who that stranger was, "Ms. Newborn if you are not going to pay attention to my class, I am going to need you to leave the class" At that moment the bell rang for lunch. Rina gathered her stuff quickly and rushed out of the classroom.

Rina

Together but Alone

When Rina reached the cafeteria she looked around for Bella but did not see her in the crowd of people, the cafeteria was loud and crowded, the sports players were all in the center of the room with the cheerleaders hanging onto the sports players for dear life, the theater kids, the choir kids, and the band kids were all sitting together in the very back. All of the people had their little groups they hung out with, Rina looked everywhere for Bella but then saw the guy that Bella was talking to. Rina observed from afar and saw that girls were hanging all over him and one blond in particular was dead glaring at the rest of the girls who were trying to get close to him, after looking around one more time Rina left the cafeteria and went out to the school yard. Rina saw Bella underneath a tree near the tree line, Rina ran to Bella thrilled, and stopped in front of her breathless "Bella, I was wondering if you wanna go to the woods and study! We have a test in Ms.Finney next week" Bella said nothing.

"Bella? Are you alright?" Rina said concerned Bella had a distant look in her eyes and Rina could tell she was lost somewhere Rina couldn't get her out for a while. Rina sat beside Bella throughout lunch and their 6th hour class, Rina eventually fell asleep beside Bella and leaned her head against the tree behind them. Rina was awakened by sudden movement and she felt Bella

move, Rina opened her eyes and she saw something completely different in Bella's eyes. Rina saw determination, "You said you wanted to study in the woods? Meet me in the woods in an hour and don't be late" Bella said while gathering her gear "I wanna teach you some things my father taught me and then we can work on the work together."

Rina returned home, her mind buzzing with anticipation. She grabbed her raincoat, ready to delve into the secrets hidden among the ancient trees. As she stepped into the forest, she wondered what mysteries awaited her.

Rina had discovered a new spot in the woods, a quiet clearing surrounded by ancient trees, and she had been eager to share it with Bella. Suddenly, Rina found herself alone. The forest, usually teeming with sounds, fell eerily silent. The only sound piercing the silence was a low, menacing growl. Rina's heart pounded in her chest as she started looking around, standing up to get a better view of her surroundings.

That's when she saw it - a wolf. Its gray fur was almost ghostly in the dappled forest light, and its yellow eyes, sharp as daggers, were fixed on Rina. Its mouth was smeared with the blood of a recent kill, a chilling testament to its hunting prowess. But it looked hungry, its gaze never leaving Rina. As it prepared to pounce, an arrow suddenly flew from the shadows, embedding itself into the wolf's neck. The wolf let out a yelp and collapsed, its threat instantly neutralized.

Rina turned to see Bella emerging from the trees. She was holding a bow, her face determined. She brushed the hair out of her face and smiled at Rina. "Oh, I was going to teach you to hunt, but I guess you got started without me?" she said, her voice light despite the recent danger. Then, Bella sat down on a fallen log, wiping the sweat off her forehead with the back of her hand. She looked at Rina and laughed, the sound echoing through the forest. It was just the start of their extraordinary lives.

Sam

"What Am I?"

Awakening to a body wracked with pain, Sam wonders, "What's going on?" It feels as if he's been asleep for years. He attempts to move, but his body is stiff. A voice echoes in the room, "Oh, you're awake?" Sam scans the room, his gaze landing on a shadowy figure. Fear tinges his voice as he asks, "Who are you?"

The figure responds, "Oh boy, you've been sleeping for a long time now..." Sam tries to recall who this person is, but the effort intensifies his headache. The figure advises, "I wouldn't think too much, your head might hurt after everything that's happened to you..."

"What happened to me?" Sam manages to ask before the pain overwhelms him, and he blacks out.

When he regains consciousness, he has no sense of time. "Where am I?" he wonders, struggling to his feet. His surroundings are dark, yet he can see clearly. He notices a glass panel on the wall and approaches it. The reflection reveals a scarred face with mismatched eyes. "What is this ugly thing?" he exclaims, then realizes with a shock, "That's...me. What did they do to me? I'm a...monster."

Panicked, he punches the glass, shattering it to reveal a hidden room. "They've been watching me!" he realizes. He jumps through the broken glass, finds a door, and slams it open. He's in a dimly lit hallway. Choosing the left path, he hears an alarm and a voice over a loudspeaker, "Subject SAM has escaped from his block. Threat level 5. Once spotted, disarm and subdue him at any cost. Do not harm him."

"Subject Sam...So my name's Sam?" he thinks as he runs. He rounds a corner and sees people. "Wait, those things don't look normal. That thing looks like an animal!" Before he can react, someone screams, "That's him!" Sam tries to reassure them, "I'm not bad! Why are you scared of me?" but is interrupted by a blow to the back of his head.

Turning to face his attacker, Sam thinks, "I can take him." As the attacker swings, Sam grabs his hand with surprising speed and breaks his arm. His attacker stumbles to the ground, and then something strange happens. Sam's vision starts to blur, turning a deep shade of red. He looks around, trying to find the source of the red hue, only to realize it's emanating from his own eyes. Overwhelmed, he blacks out.

When Sam regains consciousness, he finds himself leaning against a wall, a sword clutched in his hand. He glances at the sword, then follows its path to the body it's impaled into. "Holy... What did I do?" he whispers, his voice echoing in the silent room. He scans the room, his gaze falling on body after body. He releases his grip on the sword, letting it clatter to the floor. He sinks to his knees, covering his eyes as he sobs, "What is going on? I just killed all these people..."

Suddenly, he hears a faint sound of someone crawling. He quickly stands up, alarmed, and sees a man dragging himself away. "Sir! I... I didn't do this... This isn't me!" Sam pleads. The man stops and turns to look at Sam, a twisted smile on his face. "Oh, but you did," he says, blood splattering from his mouth with each word. "This is what you were made for. You just... work too well."

The man continues, "The Maker will be proud... I'm almost sad I had to die and not see you in your full power..." With those final words, life drains from the man's body, leaving it limp on the floor. Sam watches in horror, the reality of his actions sinking in. He's not just a monster in appearance, but in actions too.

With a final glance at the lifeless body on the floor, Sam bolts from the room. He navigates through the dimly lit hallways, his heart pounding in his chest. He doesn't know where he's going, but he knows he needs to get out. He finally finds an exit and bursts through the doors, emerging into the open air. The outside world is a stark contrast to the dark confines of the building. The bright sunlight stings his eyes, but he doesn't slow down.

He runs as fast as his legs can carry him, his breath coming in ragged gasps. He can hear the sound of alarms blaring behind him, growing fainter with each step he takes. But just as he thinks he might have made it, he feels a sharp prick in his neck. He reaches up to touch it and his fingers come away with a small dart. His vision starts to blur and his legs give out beneath him. As he falls to the ground, the world around him fades to black.

Sam

Misson

Sam woke up in a cold sweat, his mind a blank slate. He looked around, trying to make sense of his surroundings. The room was dimly lit, the only source of light coming from a small window high up on the wall. He was lying on a hard, uncomfortable bed, the sheets rough against his skin.

Suddenly, a voice echoed in the room, seeming to come from everywhere and nowhere at the same time. "Sam," it said, its tone cold and emotionless. "You have a mission."

Sam sat up, looking around for the source of the voice. "Who are you?" he asked, his voice echoing in the silent room.

"I am the Maker," the voice replied. "And you have a task to complete."

Sam frowned, trying to understand. "What task?" he asked.

"You must find two individuals and remove them from this world," the Maker said. "They pose a threat to our plans."

Sam felt a chill run down his spine. "Remove them? You mean... kill them?"

The Maker was silent for a moment before replying, "Yes."

Sam felt a wave of nausea wash over him. He was no killer. But then he remembered the bodies, the man's last words... Was he capable of such a thing?

"I... I can't," Sam said, shaking his head. "I won't."

"You don't have a choice," the Maker said. "This is what you were made for."

Sam felt a surge of anger. "I am not a monster," he said, his voice shaking.

"But you are, Sam," the Maker said. "You just don't remember."

With that, the voice faded, leaving Sam alone with his thoughts. He looked down at his hands, the same hands that had taken so many lives. He felt a sense of dread settle in his stomach.

He didn't know how long he sat there, lost in his thoughts. But eventually, he stood up, determination setting in his eyes. He didn't know who these people were or why the Maker wanted them gone. But he knew one thing for sure - he had to find out.

And so, Sam walked out of the room, stepping into the bright sunlight. He didn't know where he was going, but he knew he had to start somewhere.

Bella

Stranger = Danger

The forest enveloped Bella and Rina, their breaths mingling with the earthy scent of pine needles and damp soil. Bella revealed in the wildness of it all—the freedom, the connection to something primal. She was passing down the ancient knowledge of her people, the Blackfoot Tribe, to Rina. The young woman absorbed it eagerly, learning to hunt and fish in harmony with nature, leaving no trace behind.

Together, they sprinted through the woods, agile as deer, leaping over fallen logs, dodging ancient trees, and splashing through babbling creeks. Bella's heart raced, fueled by adrenaline and memories she couldn't escape. She knew that if she stopped running, the pain and fear would catch up to her, like shadows in pursuit.

But then they reached a clearing—a sanctuary beside the river. The air shifted, carrying the delicate fragrance of wild lavender. Sunlight kissed Bella's skin, warming her arms and face. The river murmured, a soothing lullaby. Here, Bella found solace, a respite from the weight of her responsibilities.

Rina appeared at her side, eyes wide with wonder. The vista before them stole her breath—the river winding through the meadow, the lavender dancing in the breeze. Bella perched on a moss-covered stump, inhaling deeply. The scent of lavender wrapped around her, a gentle embrace. She glanced at Rina, her smile bittersweet.

"What do you think?" Bella asked, her voice soft. "It's a pain to reach, but it's worth every step."

Rina's response was breathless, filled with awe. "This place is beautiful."

Bella's emotions surged—a mixture of joy, grief, and longing. Tears threatened, and she turned away, whispering, "No, not now."

Rina noticed, but she respected Bella's need for privacy. Bella had always been strong, a protector. She didn't want Rina to witness her vulnerability. Instead, they sat together, watching as the forest darkened, nocturnal creatures awakening.

The scent of rain replaced the lavender, promising renewal—a cleansing of the soul. After a while, Bella stopped crying. She started getting up when Rina grabbed her hand; looked her in the eyes and said "Are you ok?" Bella looked at Rina with a sad look, "Yes I'm fine I'm fine" Bella said while avoiding eye contact. Rina sat there worried for her friend but she sat in silence not wanting to push her friend. "We should be going.." Bella said reluctantly "It's getting dark and I don't wanna be running around in the woods at night."

Sam

Hunt

Sam, dressed in a fancy black suit with a red tie, his red hair gleaming under the sun, walked with a purpose. His shoes, laced with metal, echoed a distinct clicking sound with each step he took, drawing attention from the passersby. He leaned on his cane, a necessary accessory not just for support but also a part of his enigmatic persona.

As he moved through the crowd, people began to notice him. They noticed the scars that marred his otherwise handsome face, scars that told tales of battles fought and won. Whispers followed him, curiosity piqued by this stranger who seemed out of place in their mundane world.

But Sam paid them no mind. He had a mission. He was looking for two people, two people he was made to kill. He didn't know who they were or why the Maker wanted them gone. But he knew he had to find them.

His journey led him through the city, past towering skyscrapers and bustling markets, to the darker, quieter parts of the city. He knew he was getting closer. He could feel it in his bones.

As the sun began to set, painting the sky with hues of orange and red,

Days turned into nights and nights into days as Sam journeyed through the countryside. He left the city behind, its towering skyscrapers replaced by rolling hills and open fields. The hustle and bustle of city life gave way to the tranquil serenity of rural towns, each with its unique charm.

Sam traveled from town to town, his eyes always alert, always searching. He asked questions, showed pictures, and followed leads. Some people were helpful, others suspicious, but most were just curious about the stranger in the black suit with a red tie.

His journey was not easy. The physical exhaustion was bearable, but the emotional toll was far greater. Each dead end, each fruitless lead weighed heavily on him. But he didn't let it deter him. He was a monster on a mission, and he would not stop until he found his targets.

At night, he would find a quiet spot under the stars, his mechanical hands resting on his cane. He would look up at the vast expanse of the sky, the stars twinkling like tiny beacons of hope. He was alone, but he was not lonely. He had a purpose, a reason to keep going.

After three months of relentless searching, Sam found himself in a small town nestled between the hills. It was a quaint place, with cozy-looking homes, a school, and a town center that was the heart of all activity. The town had a sense of calmness that was a stark contrast to the chaos of the city he had left behind.

Sam walked into the town center, his presence immediately drawing the attention of the townsfolk. He could feel their curious eyes on him, but he kept his focus. He had come too far to be distracted now.

He spent the next few days in the town, visiting the school, talking to the locals, and even attending a town meeting. He was looking for any sign, any clue that could lead him to his targets. But the town was peaceful, its people innocent. There was no sign of the people he was looking for.

As days turned into weeks, Sam began to feel a sense of despair. Was he on the wrong path? Had he misunderstood the Maker's instructions? But then, one day, as he was about to leave the town and continue his journey, he saw them.

There were two young women, about his age, between 16 and 20. They stood side by side, their youthful faces illuminated by the setting sun, their eyes reflecting a depth of experiences that belied their age.

Sam watched them from a distance, his heart pounding in his chest. He had found them. The two people he was made to kill. But as he looked at them, something stirred within him. A sense of familiarity, a connection he couldn't explain.

He knew he had a mission to complete, a duty to fulfill. But as he looked at the two young women, he couldn't help but wonder, who were they? Why were they his targets? And most importantly, could he go through with it?

His mind was filled with questions, doubts, and a strange sense of anticipation. His journey had led him here, to this small town, to these two young women. And now, he had a decision to make.

Rina

Hunted

After being attacked in the forest by a wolf Rina returned home, " Hey Dad! " Rina said as she walked into the backdoor of her home, " Dad..? " She said after a while noticing it was extremely quiet, she stood still for a while trying to hear any sounds, She walked into the kitchen and in

shock she could see her house was trashed, tables flipped and wallpaper ripped from the walls" DAD???" Rina Screamed this time as she rushed into his room, " Oh My God. " Said Rina as she looked at her father's room, her dad's bedroom was ruined the window was broken and while she was walking around she almost slipped on something wet as she looked down she gasped at the sight of a trail of blood into the window, as soon as she noticed the blood she called Bella" Bella... I... someone...my dads missing... and there's blood... " Rinda said to Bella over the phone bella replied" Rina Get out of that house call 911 I'm coming with my mom to get you. " It took Bella about an hour to get to her house due to the police blocking the street, " Rina Are You OK?" Bella Said, " I Think So.." She Said This Failing To Hold Her Tears Back, Bella Noticed And Hugged Rina, Bella Then Said " Who Would Do This? And what is your Mom? "

Rina Then Looked At Bella surprised, noticing she never tried calling them, she pulled out her phone, looked for her mom's number, and called. " Mom!? Dad's Missing And Where Are You? " The voice that replied was not her mom's but the voice of a man, " Sorry Honey But I Took your mom and dad on a little trip " Rina looked terrified and Bella asked " What is going on what's your mom saying? " Rina looked at Bella and said " It's not my mom. Someone has her phone. And her. " As soon as Rina said this Bella got a cop to come over and told Rina to put it on speaker, Bella then said " Keep talking to them, ask their name and what they want. " Rina looked scared but shook her head yes " What's... Your Name..? " Rina asked " Names Sam Honey. And Yours is. Rina, I Guess? That's what the number ID says. And I'm guessing the other female I heard is Bella? " Rina looked at the cop and the cop told her to ask what he wanted, " What do you want..? " They heard a raspy breath and what sounded to be a tapping sound and humming, " I Want to meet you both... I've been sent to. Remove you both. And I'd like to meet you before I start my hunt. And don't think about that cop in front of you .. yes the blonde in front of you two, they can't help you you're going to enjoy it when we meet we will talk once more, Goodbye. " As soon as he said goodbye he hung up and Rina and Bella started looking around while the cop called in their walkie-talkie for an area scan. Rina was crying and Bella was trying to help her " It's going to be ok... It's going to be ok.. "