

Nothing to Fear

She realized with surreal wonder that Bryce had sliced the knife across her neck.

Her hands flew to her throat. Blood gushed between her fingers. She sank to the floor, finally free of Bryce's grip.

Through a blur of pain, she was vaguely aware of El Lobo lifting his gun and yelling something unintelligible--shattering glass as Bryce hurled himself through the window into the rain drenched night--the booming echo of a gunshot--and El Lobo running to the window.

The man looked back and forth between Bryce's escape route and where she lay on the floor. Moving to her side, he tore off his shirt and pressed it against her throat, cursing under his breath.

The metallic taste of blood filled her mouth. Iciness twisted deep inside her--seized her skin. Her body convulsed. She clawed at the hands that held her. Dear God, she couldn't breathe.

In her delirium, she saw a blurred image of demonic red eyes and huge fangs.

This must be what death looks like.

The room faded in and out like the screen of a movie theatre as it switched frames. She tried to stay awake, afraid of what the blackness would bring, but her mind wouldn't focus.

"Hold on," a voice murmured. "Please don't die on me, please don't die."

She wanted to answer but couldn't. His words came from far away, then disappeared completely.

The world went silent as darkness swallowed her.