

Sephania unsheathed her blades and ran straight for the tall Hunter. She adored seeing the stunned look on his face, the realization that this wasn't an Unlicensed waif he'd found, but an angel of death—capable of tearing him apart if she willed it.

*This man fancies himself an executioner—she grinned, her blade slicing into his right thigh with unnatural speed and precision, all the while being careful to avoid the main arteries. Now he meets one who truly holds his fate.* Oh, how she wished she could kill him, just as he'd undoubtedly destroyed so many innocents in desolate alleyways and streets just like this one.

But to kill him would cause the Defenders to arrive. Hobbling him, slicing him, none of that was covered under a License like his. The Defenders would only come if he was dying.

The Hunter howled like a downed animal as he fell to the concrete. The blood flowed steadily from his leg, leaving crimson streaks on the grey cement. He looked up at Sephania through his pain, his cowardly eyes pleading for mercy as she stood over him. His judge—his potential executioner.

*This is where he belongs.* She inflicted more gashes, more punishment. *This is where all Hunters belong, every last one of them.*

Finally, she held the tip of her blade mere inches from his blood streaked face. “Your punishment should be death.” She moistened her lips with her tongue. “I would give it in a heartbeat. If only—” A terrible scream caused her eyes to widen and her heart to race.

*Erich!* She felt the blood drain from her as she abandoned her fallen prey. *I left him alone with the second Hunter—the red-haired stupid one!*

Her heart thudded wildly as she sprinted around the corner. She had been so enraptured with the moment, so drunk with bloodlust, that she'd forgotten her duty above all—to protect Erich, who couldn't so readily protect himself.