

The Assassin's Daughter

She bolted upright in bed, awakened by a noise. Her heart pounding in her ears as she gasped for air.

How did he find me?

She heard his footsteps getting closer. Her heart beat wildly as she started to think clearly. She grabbed the gun from under her pillow.

Ghosting silently to the closet she waited; gun aimed at the door. The dark silhouette of a man came slowly into view.

She pulled the trigger.

Lowering the gun, she stepped over the bloody body on the floor.

"It's not him! Who the hell is after me now?"