

idk

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a 12 yr old girl that is forced to kill find that killing isnt everything and that she has ppl who care for her.

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1 - Gwen

I looked down at the floor of the old house I was standing in. When I looked up, I walked over to Ray, my best friend.

"Mia what are you doing," His voice was shaky.

"I'm doing my job," my pink hair fell in front of my face and I pushed it back.

"Mia put the knife down. You and I both know your boss has turned you into a killer," He made me look into his eyes.

"You can't turn someone into something unless they do it willingly." He grabbed my arm. I started fiddling with my knife, "Ray, please let go of my arm."

"Mia you are only 12, you shouldn't be doing this." He squeezed my arm tighter. I jammed the knife into his stomach.

"Ray forgive me, I had orders," Ray spit blood up all over me. I took the knife out and, he fell into my arms. I looked down at his lifeless body and pushed it to the floor. I looked at my hands to see they were covered in his blood. His blood was warm on my cold hands. I wiped his blood on a wall.

"Gwen, time for my next mission," A voice said from behind me. I turned to look at the person who spoke. It was a black haired, silver-eyed boy. He looked 15 or 16 from where I was standing.

"Who are you.

"I was told to come here and tell you something, call me Marco," He walked over to me.

"I started killing when I was five. I've killed all my partners that I've had. You give me bad news and you are dead," I looked at Ray's body.

"Well then you will hate this, you are fired," He smiled.

"Okay, One how do you know my name is Gwen? Two I said not to give me bad news."

"Well to answer number one your father told me, and sorry that I gave you bad news."

'I don't think my own father would fire me.' I thought to myself. I gripped my knife tighter.

"They said you were too much trouble," He looked at the front door.

"You hate the smell of blood," I looked up at him.

"How'd you know that?"

"You never once have looked at the dead body and you keep turning your head the other way as though the air was cleaner over there."

"Dang you know a lot for a little girl," He looked at me.

"So I'm fired. Now I see why they sent someone like you," I walked over to the front door. I threw a knife at him, but he grabbed it right out of the air. "So you can stop a knife. Not surprising really I knew the HQ wouldn't send over a weakling to give me bad news. Let's see if you can stop this," I took three knives out and threw them at him.

He dodged all three but the fourth hit him in the leg. He fell to the ground and I smiled. His leg was bleeding pretty badly. His blood mixed in with Ray's on the floor.

"Where'd the fourth one come from?" He said pulling the knife out of his leg.

"While you dodged the first knife, I threw a fourth one," I grabbed another knife out of my pocket. I walked over to him and I slowly ran the knife across his throat smiling as the blood fell. I ran over and picked up all my knives. I walked over to the phone and dialed 911.

"Hello I need an ambulance here. There have been a few killings in this house. It s abandoned. It s at 1921 South Jefferson. Thank you.

2 - Mission

"Mr. Brownswell your appointment with Ms. Morshia will be in a few minutes," A young blonde haired green-eyed woman smiled at Horsh.

"Yes, thank you Melina," Horsh smiled back at Melina.

"Mr. Brownswell I will see you now," A fair, young girl with long light pink hair and dark silver eyes said to him. Horsh stood up and followed the young girl down numerous dark hallways and up many staircases. They stopped at a black door with the gold numbers 592 painted on it.

"Ms. Morshia, aren't you a little young to be working at a place like this," Horsh said.

"Mr. Brownswell please call me Gwen, and you need to learn age isn't everything," Gwen opened the door and turned on the light. It was a small room with one bed and a little wooden table in the middle of the room. It had wooden chairs that looked like they were about to break around it. "Mr. Brownswell, please have a seat," then Gwen took a seat in one of the chairs. Horsh followed her and took the seat in front of her.

"Mr.-"

"Call me Horsh," He smiled.

"Yes well, Mr. Brownswell what is it that you need to discuss with me," Gwen started to fiddle with her hair.

"I need to track down a young man that is about 2 years older than you. His name is Sky I need him dead. He is not an ordinary boy. He is a death machine that will never stop. He's killed my mother, father, wife, and my 2 year old little girl," His voice was full of hate.

"Horsh you are asking a young girl like me to kill a death machine. Are you sure you wish for me to be the one to kill him?"

"Yes because I know this place wouldn't leave me with someone that couldn't complete my mission. They said you were the best for this type of thing. I know this place has the best killers alive," He placed his hands on the table.

"Mr. Brownswell, there are better killers alive than the ones here. Like this death machine, he sounds like a good killer," I smiled slightly.

"I know, but Gwen will you please take on my mission?"

3 - Sky

It was a cold dark night. I started walking down the sidewalk and looked a few blocks down a young woman maybe in her twenties was standing at the end.

I walked down to her, "Hello miss, my name is Sky. May I ask what your name is?"

"My name is Karen, pleased to meet you Sky. Your blue eyes look lovely."

"Why thank you miss. I love your blonde hair," I smiled. 'To bad it will be better with blood mixed in with it' I thought to myself.

She smiled at me, "Oh dear I must be going or my husband might start worrying about me. Good day Sky." I grabbed her arm right as she started to walk off.

"Um miss I haven't fully learned how to tie my shoes will you please tie it for me," I said almost so sweet that it made me barf.

"Oh of course," She bent down to tie my shoe. Right when she started to tie it, I got out my knife. I jammed it into her back and drug is down to make she was dead. She fell to the ground and hit my shoes. I put my knife in my pocket and started to laugh.

"I'm 14, what type of 14 year old don't know how to tie his shoe, no offence to the ones that can't." I said out-loud. 'Great now I got her blood all over my new shoes, this sucks,' I thought looking at my shoes. I started walking down the road when I saw a young girl with pink hair. She looked to be 12, or so. She looked so sweet and kind, I hated her already. I walked towards her, and she looked at me.

"Hello ma'am what is your name?" I said to her forgetting to make my voice.

"Learn how to say it nicely and I might answer." She said looking down.

"What is your name, miss?" I said nicely.

"My name is Gwen, what's yours?"

"Mine is Sky," I started fiddling with the knife in my pocket. She looked up sharply as though I said something wrong.

"That's a nice name," She smiled.

"Yours to, Gwen," I wasn't lying either. I really did think Gwen was a lovely name, but not for someone as happy as her. I took my knife out a little and Gwen grabbed the arm that was taking it out.

"Knives are not for little children, Sky."

"I am older than you are, so you can't call me young," I took out my knife and turned it to where it cut her arm a little. She didn't scream, but she stood there taking the pain.

"Pain is for wimps, which I am not." I saw her reach into her pocket and get out three knives.

"You said knives are not for children, but yet you have three," I said digging the knife into her arm more.

"When you work somewhere that you are told to kill people, you have to have knives, guns, and swords," Her voice was still sweet. She let go of my arm and took a few steps back. I noticed that the cut was very deep but she still just stood there as though it was nothing. "Sky, why do you kill?"

"It's fun to kill, and it's easy. So why do you kill Ms. Morshia? I could tell she didn't want to say because of the look that she gave me.

"My father died, and my mother killed herself. I had no one else to live with. I started to live on the streets and I became a thief. One day I tried to steal from an old man, but he caught me. He could tell I was alone and had no one, so he took me in. He just so happens to own a company where you have to kill. He taught me everything I know, but he fired me. I still work there, but he fired me from working undercover. I am now known everywhere. I guess you saw my name somewhere and that's how you knew my last name was Morshia," She took a deep breath, "If you knew that then you should also know

that I could kill 20 men with in an hour. The man would half to be very skilled in fighting for it to take me over an hour, and you know it. I know you ve been watching me," She looked down with a smile on her face.

"I always felt your eyes on me, and I never thought much about it. You have no reason to kill, but I have all the reason in the world to," her voice was sad and mad at the same time.

"Gwen no one has a right to kill, but they do it anyways. You could always tell your "father" that you don't want to kill but you don't," I placed my hand on her arm.

"Get your filthy hands off me," She slammed my arm down making me remove my hand from her arm.

"You kill so why are you trying to talk me out of killing?"

"Because I know you are after me," I sounded more scared then sarcastic.

"You have fear in your voice, why?" She looked me into the eyes.

"I don't have fear, I don't know what fear is," I lied.

"You are a very bad liar. Sky, I won t kill you this time, but next time you are dead," She looked away from me.

"Why aren t you going to kill me now?" Gwen ran off not answering my question. "What is up with girls anymore," I said and started waking down the street again. I saw a boy that looked to be six, my next prey.