

"Is that everything?" Karina asked as she took the plate of leftovers and covered it. She had volunteered to take the food to the guys on watch by the hidden entrance. Mikalaj and Wiktor were too drunk to navigate the sewers, knowing one of them would fall and break his neck and that wouldn't do. They needed all the hands they could get. Jan, said he'd go but he looked tired and of course you couldn't ask Amelia. She cooked and was now cleaning. Karina didn't mind going anyway, she wasn't tired and wanted to go for a walk even if it was through the sewers again. It beat staying upstairs. So what she'd have to maybe shower again.

"Let me get some cigarettes." She gestured to the pack. Jan handed it to her. She took one out for herself, lit it and then stuffed the pack and the matches in her pocket.

"See you in a bit." She winked at Jan, as she took a drag of her cigarette. She turned and just as she did so the window was smashed in sending glass and plaster fragments everywhere. The gusting wind blinded them, the snow was thick. Jan was thrown back, Karina lost her footing and was sent flying back into the wall. The food gone now, on the floor. Mikalaj, Wiktor and Amelia, were nowhere to be seen. But she heard them, she was screaming and they were cursing.

But that was soon forgotten about when she heard the growl...she was on the floor, her body twisted. She slowly picked up her head, she had a gash on her forehead that stopped in the middle of her left eyebrow. Blood was gushing from it, and in that moment she wished the blood blinded her from the sight before her.

"Oh my god..." She said in a low tone. The beast was looking right at her. It was a Werewolf, a goddamn Werewolf, over six feet tall, so tall in fact it needed to hunch down. She scampered back away from it. Her mind was racing, she was in a panic. While she knew such things existed she never saw one. Grandparents would tease and frighten their grandkids to sleep with tales of the Werewolf. 'They would come and get little boys and girls not sleeping.' She was told that often and believed it. As an adult...she never really thought of them much...not when the monsters you were fighting were far more worse. But now here was one...stalking her. His white teeth, dripped with drool. It was getting ready to lunge for her when gunfire erupted. Wiktor and Mikalaj even in their drunken stupor recovered and grabbed the weapons. The Beast roared as the bullets impacted it, but they did nothing more than irritate it and enrage it. The Beast spun and lunged at them, Mikalaj managed to fire off one last shot before his throat was ripped out. The white snow coming in was now red. Poor Mikalaj's head was hanging by a piece of flesh as he fell to the floor. Amelia screamed as the beast bit into her throat sending blood everywhere. The fur was soaked in it, Karina was hit in the face with it. She was in total shock by what was going on, she couldn't even hear the screams, it was like she was in a wind tunnel. Only when Jan grabbed her by the shoulders was she brought back to the here and now.

"Karina! Come on!" He screamed, and pulled her by the wrist. The Beast was feasting but it was not distracted enough to not see them. He spun around and struck out! Jan nearly had his face torn off, he jumped back, pulling the still in shock Karina as she saw what remained of her friends. She saw Wiktor's ribcage on the floor, and half his face. Jan raised his arm and fired off a few rounds into the chest of the beast. That gave them enough time to run past it and through the front door into the snowy night.

They really had no other choice. They couldn't take the secret passageway for fear of the Germans finding it. They had to take the chance in running for it in the snow. Maybe...on the outside chance they could lose it in the storm that was now hitting them.

But they never had the chance, to find out. Nazi troops were now surrounding the house and cutting off the street. They stood stock still and raised their hands up. The Nazi commander was yelling for them to come forward. Mp-40's were cocked, locked and ready to mow them down. Jan threw his Luger away.

"It will be ok..." He said as he glanced at her. She wanted to believe him but did not.

They were as good as dead. They may as well allow the beast to eat them. Once they were within range they opened fire on them. Jan had enough sense to push her away, as the bullets riddled his body. She screamed throwing out her arm, and that's when she was finally broken out of her stupor and in the snap of a finger fear, and confusion, were replaced by rage, pure rage. She was still on her rear when the Nazi's fired on her. Karina spun her hand and stopped the bullets in mid air and sent them right back at them. Killing the ones that fired them. The remaining Nazi's scattered, behind their jeeps and a Half-track. But that would not save them, she reached out with her mind and lifted one of the vehicles up and dropped it on Germans trying to escape.

The wolf growled and came for her as she was doing this. Karina only had milliseconds to dodge. She did so, she rolled into the snow spun and gripped the beast in her mind and sent it hurtling back into the

house. It cried out like a dog getting kicked, and with her mind powers again she forced the house to crumble down around it. She did not stay to see if the beast was dead, she ran.

More Nazi's were coming and then ones that were still there, were thrown back, or their heads crushed. Karina ran, into the darkness, she didn't even have time to say goodbye to her friends, and Jan....poor Jan his last act was saving her life. She would never forget him, nor never stop loving him. He would always be her one true love...she cried in the storm and her tears quickly turned to ice as she fled.