

"I found out who killed the man..." Elana said before she could stop herself. She now realized that spilling her guts to her "best friend" was a mistake, as she received another anonymous death threat tied to a rock.

Elana sighed, picking up the loose glass from her window from the collision. Amber, the woman she could supposedly trust with just about anything, had completely exposed what she said. Frankly, she too would have an upset reaction if she found out her husband was a serial killer that the most powerful coven of witches had been looking for, but she had nearly died several times just by saying those words.

Elana put the glass in a plastic bag, heading outside to give it to the trash-eating cyclops that lived behind her house. As she turned the corner, she heard the cock of a gun. It sounded like the person was standing a good distance away from the young witch, but still noticeable.

"Who are you?" She asked the person standing in her backyard. At this point, the 27-year-old wasn't really scared of the attempted assassinations, more frustrated over the fact that it had only been two days, and she could barely do anything.

"You don't need to know who I am, you just need to know that your time is up."

Elana sighed again. "I wouldn't do that if I were you..."

The gunman smiled, lifting the gun. Elana began to sing. "I'm bulletproof, nothing to lose, fire away, fire away, ricochet, take your aim..."

"Singing? Really? Whatever helps you cope..." The gun went off, bullet hurtling towards her. It reached the woman's stomach, but instead of going into her, it bounced off, heading right back to the gunman.

It buried itself into the man's stomach. He let out a curse, looking at Elana. She stared back at him, unfazed at the cursing or the man writhing in pain.

"What- How did you do that?!"

"It's my magic. Either you're a human in a witch territory, or you're just a bloody fool. Gregor." The trash-eating cyclops, Gregor, came out from under a bush. "He's all yours buddy."

Gregor happily walked over to the person on the floor, grabbing him by his ankles and dragging him back to the bush. Elana walked back around, but instead of going inside, she got on her broom, transforming it into a motorcycle and taking off to town central.

When she got there, she found the wishing well, the one witches went to for help and guidance. Every witch got five times to use it, more if someone sacrificed their wishes. Transforming her broom back, she walked over, picking a quarter out of her pocket. Wishing for the attacks to stop would be a stupid idea in her opinion, so she wished for something else.

"I wish someone would help defend me against the attacks." The fountain was still, then a burst of pink smoke erupted, symbolizing Elana's wish was granted.

She wasn't sure what to expect, but it was definitely not a nephilim. An angel-human hybrid. The Nephilim looked to be about 450, which was somewhere in the older twenties.

The hybrid landed gracefully, her wings flapping gently. "Elana? I'm here to fulfil your wish. My name is Makulki, but you can call me Uki." She smiled with glowing teeth.

"Hi, yeah. Uh, I didn't expect an angel, much less a Nephilim. Especially with a couple small attacks. Maybe a vampire at most, but..."

Uki didn't stop smiling. "Oh sweetie, you are in much more danger than you think. A demon and angel would be overpowered by the forces going at you, so God sent me to protect you!"

Elana wasn't sure what to be more shocked over. The fact that a demon and an angel would be overpowered by a witch, God sent a nephilim, The God, or the fact that the girl was still smiling like a kid on christmas.

Uki pulled a phone out of her pocket, moving her brown hair out of her face. "Oh dear, we should get out of the open."

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing to bad, just popularity, for both you and me." She giggled, motioning towards a group of witches watching them. "Have you ever flown before?"

Elana nodded, pointing at her magic broom. "It's pretty fast too, the newest model."

Brown wings fluttered for a moment, before Uki gasped. "Lets race! My wings versus your broom!"

The witch rubbed the back of her head. "I don't know... It's not really a fair match..."

"I can take it easy on you if you want?"

She scoffed. "That's cute, but I meant I would smoke you." There was something in Uki's eyes. It looked something like contempt.

She grinned again. Elana wondered if she ever didn't. "If I couldn't beat a witch, then I wouldn't be one of God's best sweetheart. You're on!"