

Patrick walked to the bar. It was Sunday night and he was feeling good. His knee no longer hurt. He'd used some of the tips the waitress gave him to get some medicine for it so that by the time Friday came about he was okay to work. he'd called Joey to get a few hours at the scrap yard, but the bulldog wouldn't talk to him until Monday.

His mom hadn't been happy about finding out he'd been in a fight, but she knew he hadn't started it. She called the police, over his objections, and two officers took his statement, but since Patrick couldn't give them anything more species and gang association, they weren't optimistic. Patrick didn't think they'd even bother looking into it, after all this was the Brownstones, the police didn't exactly care what happened here.

Patrick lifted his jacket's collar and pulled it tight. Tomorrow was the first day of spring, and he hoped it would bring a change in the weather because he was getting tired of this cold.

He caught movement out the corner of his eye, a flash of color, Saranto colors. He turned, but who ever it had been, wasn't there anymore. Patrick cursed. He was only half way to the bar. Was it worth running? His knee could take the run, but what if this led to an ambush? He couldn't afford to get hurt again. He couldn't spend any more time off work.

He paid more attention, and he caught the colors again in a reflection. As far as he could tell it was only one person, mottled fur. He didn't see enough details for a species, but he seemed on the smaller size. With this gang member tailing him he made sure to keep an eye in front of him for any indication more were waiting.

They knew his route, he always followed the same path, which was stupid on his part, now that they wanted him dead. He couldn't afford to make it easy on them. He turned on a side street and picked up his pace. If there was someone waiting for him they'd have to reposition themselves now.

Steps quickened behind him. This street had fewer people on it. Patrick wasn't sure how he felt about that. The Sarantos wouldn't attack him in crowded places, but now? Fuck it.

He stopped and turned to face his pursuer. and barely ducked in time to avoid the baseball bat. The kid, a rabbit, wielding it couldn't be more than fifteen.

"What do you think you're doing kid?" Patrick asked.

"I take you out, I become a big man." The rabbit swung at him again.

Patrick stepped back. "Kid, I took on three of yours last week and I walked away. I don't want to fight you."

"Way I heard it, you had help. Don't worry We're going to find them too and make them pay. No one goes against the Sarantos and live."

Figured they'd make up something. They couldn't just say he'd gotten lucky. "You got to be stupid, why else you'd refuse to join?"

Patrick looked around, both to see if more Sarantos were coming and if some of the passerby might help. The few people there had moved to the other side of the road. He was alone, yet again.

Patrick stopped and raised his hands. "look kid, You don't have to do this. The gang isn't going to do you any good. It's just going to drag you down with it."

"You want me to be stupid like you? I'm not. I'm a Saranto. I'm going to be an important guy after I kill you." he swung at him, but this time Patrick was ready.

He caught the bat in his hand and ripped it out. His hand stung and he could barely hold on to it as he threw it in the street while he caught the rabbit by the collar with his other hand. What the fuck was wrong with kids these days they'd want to join? When he was that age, threats were used to get kids in the gang.

The rabbit's hand flashed and Patrick dropped him with a yell of pain. Three lines of blood appeared on his hand. "You little son of a bitch, that hurts."

"You're going to hurt a lot more by the time I'm done with you."

"okay, kid. I'm going to teach you something about taking on someone who's bigger than you." It only took two steps to reach the rabbit and grab him by the base of an ear.

He pulled him hard, making him scream in pain, and dragged him until he was against the wall. "That hurts doesn't it?" He slammed the kid against the wall a few time. "This is what pain feels like. you like it? You think this is just for fun? You think being in a gang's going to keep you from getting hurt?"

Patrick stopped talking and moving. The kid was bawling, his hands on his, trying to get him to let go of his ear. Fuck. what was he doing? it was just a kid. He let him go and took a step back.

The rabbit crumpled to the ground holding his head. At least there was no blood anywhere. He would only have bruises.

"I'm sorry kid. I shouldn't have done that."

The rabbit looked at him, hate blazing in his eyes. "You're dead. you hear me? You think you can treat me like

that and walk away. I'm going to kill you. you hear me?"

Patrick just stared at him. he was threatening to kill him, after what the tiger had done? What was wrong with the kid.

"I give up. You want to kill me, fine, you come and take you best shot, but you're going to want to bring backup, because next time I'm not going to be as nice."

Maybe what had just happened to him finally registered because the rabbit's hateful gaze turned to worry. Patrick didn't stick around. He had to go to work. Fuck, why couldn't his life be nice and peaceful.