

The smell of iron was overpowering. Someone was bleeding. I couldn't see anything in the dark but felt around for bullet holes. My jacket sleeve was sticky with blood. I couldn't tell if it was mine or not because I was so full of adrenaline I couldn't feel anything. Surprised at the blood, I held up my hand to Killian. He brought it to his nose.

"Not yours. It's his. Finish checking yourself and hurry up. You could be bleeding to death right now."

Yikes! Wouldn't I know if I were bleeding to death? Maybe not... I did as I was told and took some of my layers off. Under the jacket and fleece, I found a neat little hole in my arm. It seemed to go right through my bicep. There was a hole on both sides. That was good. Probably I wouldn't bleed to death right now. Even so, I was bleeding *a lot*. My shirt was soaked. My stomach churned, and my head started to swim again.

"Uh, guys, I have a problem back here..."

Cold hands on my face woke me up. I opened my eyes to Killian's dark face pressing into mine. His scruffy cheek rasped against mine as he whispered urgently in my ear, "Mica! Don't pass out on me! You can be sick later!"

He tied a ripped piece of his tee shirt around my arm before strapping the other guy into a seat belt and covering him with a blanket. Probably a smart move since Sean's driving left a lot to be desired. The car slid wildly to one side throwing Killian against him hard enough to make him grunt in pain. The guy in the blanket didn't make a sound. That wasn't a good sign.

"Please tell me this guy isn't dead. He's not moving," I said.

"Not yet," Killian replied.

Sean's eyes met mine in the rearview mirror. "Don't worry about him. Keep pressure on your arm and don't pass out! You might have to run."

Killian seconded that order and added that there might be more shooting... while I was running... Don't pass out? It was easy for them to say... They weren't bleeding all over the place with a possibly dead guy strapped into the seat with them.