

Jade: The Rein of Tara

She never knew where she came from but she knew that she was something special. It would be years before she would learn what she was and if she would have known what she was sooner in her life she would have been even more dangerous than she is. This is the story of the woman everyone knew as a reign of terror. So because of her reputation she took on the name Tara Rein and went under the name Jade for her job...the world's greatest supernatural bounty hunter. So let it begin...

Tara was an orphan, she had been on the streets most of her life and she didn't remember where she came from or how she eventually got to Atlanta. She was 12 at the time and while there were other girls on the streets doing anything including having sex to survive, Tara was not. She was stronger than any girl or boy at that age and most adults for that matter. She was fast with sleight of hand, more agile than any gymnast, and stealthier than the greatest thieves the world had ever known of. One more thing, she could fight. It wasn't something that she trained to do, she just knew how and with every fight she got into she learned more and got better.

She lived as a thief for some time but one thing that she had that the other girls on the streets seemed to lack was a conscious of good over evil. She had stolen to survive but she never stole anything from good people. She stole from the cruelest of the cruel and humiliated them in the process. It was just her way of kicking the "man" in the balls. She was no Robin Hood by any means because she was stealing for her own survival but she did try and help keep as many young girls over the years off the streets. As a matter of fact it was the fat cats of the rich in Atlanta that deemed her robbing spree as a reign of terror. Since she didn't really know what her name was she used different ones over the years but when they started using that phrase she made an adjustment to the phrase and Tara Rein was born.

Years had passed since she arrived in Atlanta and she was now almost 18 years old but not much taller than she was back then. She had fair skin, short medium

dark hair, and jade colored eyes. Her smile was infectious to others and everyone who knew her knew her as a friend. She was goofy at times with a great sense of humor and always liked putting smiles on people's faces. By this time she had amassed a good amount of wealth from her life of thievery from the rich and someone made a large anonymous donation to have a young women's shelter built to help keep girls off the street. Although she did not have any formal schooling, Tara read a lot and in doing so also amassed a wealth of knowledge as well. She was no longer living on the streets but as she got older she became more aware of all the things that she could do. She wondered why she was the way she was. How could she do all those things that no one else could without ever being trained? How did she end up where she was, and one of the biggest questions she had, why had she never gotten sick? As I said she was smart and she did visit doctors over the years but she always had a clean bill of health. She never had anything; not even as much as a cough or runny nose.

Her reputation for being who she was had spread and one day she was approached by a man about a job.

"Listen guy I don't do that kind of shit, none of the girls around her do, so find someplace else to get off!"

He apologized, introduced himself as Mr. Bishop, Lincoln Bishop, and told her that wasn't the job that he was looking for her to do. Bishop was 6'4" tall, blonde hair, a slight olive skin tone, handsome, and built like a tank. Now at this point she wasn't yet a bounty hunter but when he presented her with the idea of it she was intrigued. She would be able to kick bad guy's asses and get paid for it and for her it seemed like a better life than being a thief. So once he told her about he told her where they could meet for the particulars on who he wanted her to catch. She agreed and the meeting was set up for the next day in his office in downtown Atlanta.

She could afford any clothing she wanted but she preferred the dark boots, dark pants, t-shirt or tank top and a badass leather jacket. Whether people were looking at her for her choice of attire or not they were looking. She was a beautiful woman. The men played close attention to her and the women envied her. It didn't matter if she was in a dress, shorts, a bathing suit at the beach or her ass kicking clothes she knew how to draw a crowd of eyes.

Bishop wanted to pitch the idea of the man he wanted her to catch the same day he approached her but one thing she always did was try and learn about a situation before she went into one. She was familiar with the job of a bounty hunter and it had nothing to do with the TV show with Dog. She learned what everything she could about bounty hunting and her seemingly new employer Lincoln Bishop. She rarely slept and it wasn't because she couldn't but the fact was she really didn't need it. She required very little sleep and maybe that's why she was able to stay ahead of everyone including the corrupt police that were on the fat cat's payroll.

Bishop was a mystery of his own. He showed up four years in Atlanta after Tara did and quickly became one of the wealthiest men not just in the city but the entire state of Georgia. He spoke with a slight accent but it wasn't something that she could pinpoint but it was a combination of English and Welsh. Also she couldn't any information on what kind of business he had. She knew that he was not in the business of bounty hunting and that raised a red flag to say the least. However the fact that he had approached her for a job such as this and he was not in the business intrigued her even more than the original offer did.

She had not doubt questions on why a man who was as wealthy as he was, good looking as he was, built like he was and as resourceful as he seemed would go to her for a job like this. Now while she didn't know this man she had a feeling about him and that he could probably catch whoever he was looking for on his own. It is said that "curiosity killed the cat;" however being killed was the last thing she was worried about.

Once she entered the building, there were men there waiting to take her to Bishop's office and while she wasn't accustomed to an escort she followed politely. Bishop owned the entire building which even though wasn't the tallest building in downtown Atlanta it was the most expensive. It was state of the art in every way possible. There were other businesses in the building but they all had to pay money to rental space to Bishop to stay there. There were 30 floors; the last four which belonged solely to him.

When they reached his office he once again touted about the reputation she had gotten over the years but wanted to know more about her and how she ended up in that city.

"With all due respect Mr. Bishop; you called me here for a job and although I don't need the job or the money I didn't come up here for Q&A session either.

So, either tell me more about the bounty hunting job and who you want me to catch or I'm leaving!"

Bishop smirked and said nothing, so Tara turned around to walk out of the office and was immediately stopped by two large men: one white, one who appeared to be Samoan. She turned back to look at Bishop and said: "Really, you're going to try and keep me from leaving?" He looked at her with a blank stare and smirked out of the corner of his mouth.

"Look Mr. Bishop; I agreed to come here and you're not saying anything and there is no way in hell that these two giants assholes in front of this door can keep me from leaving. So this can go one of three ways: first, I can sit down and you can tell me the job and I can either accept it or not; second, I can just walk out of here without incident; or three, and let me just say I really don't want to hurt these guys but if that is the only way am getting out of her I will. Now if you choose the last choice I promise you that I will drop these two guys in less than 20 seconds and be out of that door in less than 25. So what's it going to be?"

"You have a very big mouth and attitude to match for such a tiny thing!" Bishop said to her.

That was it; she turned back to the two large men and did exactly what she said she would do if he picked the third choice. Both men were well over 6'6", 330lbs but she dropped them like they were dolls. She dropped kicked one of the knees of the white man breaking it instantly causing him to fall to the floor. When the other man went on to grab her since she was already on the floor after delivering the drop kick to the first man's knee, she pushed off of the floor and slid out of her leather jacket, through the second man's legs, leapt up onto her feet, flipped backward, turned around, jumped on his shoulders and slapped her palms onto both of his ears. His equilibrium was instantly thrown off and he began to stumble. She jumped off of him, grabbed her leather jacket, put it back on, and kick the dizzied man so hard in the back with a right side kick that he flew a few feet on to the floor and was knocked out cold. For good measure or just for the hell of it she threw a left hook at the guy who was on one knee and knocked him out cold too. She then proceeded to the door and put her hand on the handle to turn it all within 22 seconds.

Bishop began to laugh and asked to stop and wait. He told her that he was serious about the job he had offered but he needed to know if she really was as

good as her reputation suggested and he was not disappointed. He asked her to sit down and he gave her the target.

"The person that I want you to capture is a man named Tyson Wade. He has been stealing supplies from free clinics all over the east coast. I fund these clinics and I would like to see them stay open but without the supplies it's only a matter of time before they won't be able to stay open anymore. Now I know that you are not a licensed bounty hunter and I can't license you. In addition this man is not currently wanted as a criminal but that's because no one knows that he is the one hitting these shipments. We've had surveillance on him and many of my men have tried to stop him but he seems to have skills that rival what I have seen here today and heard of about you."

He showed her some of the surveillance of Tyson Wade hijacking trucks, blowing them up, infiltrating the clinics at night, and even destroying some of them as well. When Tara was told that these free clinics were erected all over the east coast to help young girls she became furious. He told her that he started these clinics because of her. To help young women receive free health care no matter what their conditions and he needed her help to stop him.

In the surveillance video she could see how fast Wade moved. How quick his actions were and how he wasn't afraid to use the weapons at his disposal to not only destroy trucks and clinics but to kill the people protecting them as well. He told her that he wanted Wade dead or alive and that he would pay her ten million dollars. He pulled out a case with five million in cash and the other five would be given to her upon completion. He told her that he was last seen in one of the fives surrounding Burroughs of New York City and that he had a private jet on standby for her if she accepted the job.

"OK, I'll take the job but I'm bringing him back alive. I don't kill; let's just get that straight right now." She said to him.

"I completely understand, however you've seen the same thing here in these videos that I did...you might not have a choice."

"I will bring him back alive!"

He notified her that there was a car outside waiting for her to take her wherever she needed to go before leaving for New York. She took the case with the five million dollars and followed her escorts to the car where she headed to her home to collect some things before her flight.

Back in his office...Bishop said "let's see if she can get rid of this little annoyance of mine and quickly before he does any more damage. Is everything in place?" he asked his second in command.

"Yes Lord Bishop, the trucks have been disguised, and the clinics have been transformed to look just as they should. She won't have any idea that they're not real clinics and if she happens to stop Wade while he is trying to destroy one of our supply trucks she will find exactly what she expects to find...medical supplies and medication."

"Excellent; we'll get to see just how good she really is and in the process she just might kill that son of bitch Wade for me."

Part II

Tara landed on a private runway in New York where she was greeted by one of Bishop's associates. As she exited the jet the man that she met introduced himself as Joseph and he was told to do anything for her that she needed.

"Ms. Rein," he handed her a gold hotel key room. "Mr. Bishop has a penthouse reserved and on standby at every major hotel in New York. Once you let us know where you will be staying we will have your luggage delivered to you."

"It's OK I have my luggage with me, right here." She pointed at her backpack as she took the card.

"We have also procured transportation for you."

"A Prius," she said angrily. "WTF do you think I am a Smurf? What about that?" She asked as she pointed at a Ninja motorcycle that one of the men had rode in on.

Joseph walked over to the man on the bike and told him to give Tara the bike. He was upset because he had told Joseph that he had just bought the bike. However Joseph told him that Mr. Bishop expressly that she was to be given anything that she wanted and if she wanted the bike then the bike was hers.

He told her that she could take the bike if that was what she really wanted it. Joseph then proceeded to give her a phone.

"What's this, I have my own phone."

"Mr. Bishop has all of his employees provided with these types of phones, so that he can stay in constant touch with them and it will also give you GPS assistance to help you get around the city since this is your first time her."

"First off, I am not Mr. Bishop's employee! He hired me to do a job but this is a one-time thing so you can keep the phone. I have my own and I'll keep Mr. Bishop as I see fit. As far as getting around the city and the surrounding Burroughs I've got that covered and don't worry I'm not running away with his money; besides I left the case of money on the plane."

She did indeed leave the five million dollars on the plane but she wasn't stupid. She made sure that she was paid up front with the five million dollars that she was promised. While on the plane, Tara hacked into the plane's computer system and accessed one of Bishop's lower end bank accounts and once they landed it automatically transferred five million dollars into her account. Bishop was alerted to the money being withdrawn but could not trace exactly where it was transferred to. Nonetheless he had his suspicions that it was Tara that had taken the money and was amused.

Tara walked toward her newly obtained bike and was questioned by the rider.

"Do you even know how to ride this thing?" he asked her."

"Do you," she replied.

"What are you talking about? Of course I did, I came here on the bike duh."

"Really, because as we were taxing in I saw you and you looked a little shaky."

"The throttle sticks, I was supposed to take it in to have it looked at next week," he told Tara regarding his riding.

"Really" She hopped on the bike, pulled the clutch, turned it on, held the brakes and then slowly released the clutch, brakes, pulled on the throttle and spun the bike in a complete circle several times before she stopped. She turned toward the rider and said "the throttle seems fine to me." He wasn't happy that she had just proven that he was that great of a rider. He went to hand her his helmet but she declined and reached into her backpack and pulled out her own. Once she put it on there was a digital voice that spoke; "Identification verified, Tara Rein, system up and running." She lifted up the visor on her helmet, "See you boys!"

She rode away at an incredible speed and left the private runway quickly. Joseph told his men to keep an eye on her and to make sure that they knew where she was at all times. He thought that should be easy to do since they had put a tracer on her but when they went back to the plane to retrieve the case with the five million dollars they found the tracer attached to it. This meant that it would take a bit more effort on their part to keep up with her.

Tara had done some research while on the plane in addition to hacking Bishop's banks accounts. There had been only one clinic that Wade had not yet hit and it was the largest of them all in Brooklyn. Also there was a delivery of what she

thought was medical supplies set to arrive that night to that very clinic. That was the reason that she didn't check into any of the hotels that Bishop had waiting for her and why she went right to work. She had seen Wade destroy these clinics and she wanted to make sure that the largest one that she believed was helping the most women wouldn't suffer the same fate. Also she wanted to catch Wade in the act. She knew the route that the delivery truck was heading. In order for her to catch him she needed to think like him so she positioned herself in a part of the route that she saw the most vulnerable and waited for him to make his move. She knew that he would be hitting that truck because she knew that there was no way he couldn't resist.

Tara didn't have to wait more than a couple of hours before the truck made its way down the road where she had been waiting and just as she thought Wade was right behind it. She was impressed at the motorcycle he was on although she had never seen anything like it. The truck passed her way and she rode onto the street directly into Wade's direction.

This wasn't the first time that Wade had met with security or some sort of assassin or someone trying to keep him from doing his job so he wasn't the least bit nervous or bothered. He continued riding and so did she. The two were on a collision course and it seemed that neither of them was about to back down. They got closer and as Tara pulled harder on the throttle so did Wade. Seconds seemed like an eternity but neither of them moved and the two bikes collided. However, just before the two bikes collided, both Wade and Tara jumped off onto the street. Tara's newly acquired Ninja motorcycle was ripped to shreds; while Wade's bike seemed to have stopped and parked on its own without even a scratch.

She looked at what was left of her bike and the perfect condition his was in and couldn't believe what she saw. She pulled out two semi-automatic pistols and began firing them at Wade. She was a great shot and she rarely missed and although she wasn't trying to kill him she was trying to wound him.

Wade pulled out a sword (one that looked like it would be used by a ninja) and charged at her. She dropped the revolver and pulled out a sword of her own and the two met head on. She swung her sword while he did nothing but dodge her attacks. He didn't fight back nor did he use his sword against her. His reflexes were even faster in person than what she saw on the video and she could see him smiling while she was trying to hit him.

"You're going to have to do better than that sweetheart if you think you're going to even put a scratch on me."

She was startled that he knew that she was a woman considering she had not yet taken off her helmet but Wade knew a woman when he saw one. She was fast; faster than anyone that was ever sent after him; man or woman but she still couldn't get to him. She pulled back on her sword to hit him with a hard blow to the head when raised his sword to block (one hand on the sword's handle and the other of the blade). Her sword shattered instantly in to dozens of pieces. "WTF" she thought to herself. She kept attacking this time with hand to hand combat and he continued dodging every hit and in the process holstered his sword on his back.

"Stop," he yelled at the top of his lungs.

She was surprised that he said that and she did just as he said, she stopped. She pulled off her helmet and she literally took his breath away. He couldn't believe how beautiful she was and her eyes pierced through him like a knife. She also got to get a better look at this so called saboteur. She saw a 6'5", 234lb red headed man, also with green eyes (nothing like hers), a tint to his skin and an athletic body unlike anything she had ever seen before. In other words, she was looking at what she believed was one of the most gorgeous men she had ever seen anywhere. His attire was appealing to her as well considering they seemed to have the same taste in leather clothing and boots.

"Are you crazy," he asked her.

She told him that she was hired to help protect that truck and make sure that it made it to its destination by any means necessary. She told him that she knew who he was and what he was doing and she also expressed her distain for what he was doing.

"Those clinics are there to help keep young women healthy and you're trying to stop that. Do you even know what will happen if you destroy every one of those clinics? Where will these young women find the health care they need to keep themselves safe?"

"Do you know what will happen if those clinics aren't destroyed. I assume you work for Bishop because where else would you be here. You're right about one thing they are clinics for women but you're on the wrong side of the fight honey."

“What are you talking about?” she asked him.

Before he started to explain what those clinics were really about he introduced himself as Tyson Wade, and she did the same introducing who she was. He told her that while the clinics were for women they weren't there to provide medical attention or shelter for them. He had explained that Bishop had his hand in almost every illegal thing that you could think of, from guns and drugs, to human trafficking, prostitution, black market organ sales and unsanctioned scientific experimentation. She couldn't believe what she was hearing but it couldn't be that far from the truth considering she couldn't find anything about him no matter how hard she dug through information.

However in order for her to really believe what she was being told she needed proof.

“Listen, you could walk right into that clinic right now and see exactly what he wants you to see. Maybe you're not as well-known as Bishop or my family, but trust me I've heard of you.”

“Oh really and why would you have heard of me?” she asked him.

“We keep our ears to the ground and although you didn't make it public that you put up the money for the woman's shelter in Atlanta if Bishop heard about it so did we. At first we heard about your record as a thief but the fact that you were stealing from crooks that deserved what was happening there was no reason for us to interfere. Besides we hunt a different kind of criminal, you know what I'm talking about.”

“No, actually I don't know what you mean at all.”

Wade told her what his family had been doing for thousands of years; hunting demons, ghosts, and anything supernatural that was out to hurt the people of this world. She thought that he was nuts...until he told her about why he thought that she knew what he meant. He told her that she was special and that she was far from just a normal human being. He didn't know exactly what she was because he couldn't see what it was but he could feel it. Now while Wade was just a normal human he had certain abilities, skills that no one else had, and weapons that no one else could handle. At this point she still thought he was crazy until he pulled out his sword and told her to take it. She laughed (wondering what this man was trying to prove to her) but she indulged him and tried to take possession of the sword. He cradled it in both palms (leaving the

handle free) and told her to take it. She put grabbed the handle, he let go, and the sword fell to the ground along with her. As light as it looked and as light as he had handled it, the sword became overwhelmingly heavy. No matter how hard she tried she couldn't lift it back up. He reached down with his right hand, took the sword and holstered it once again on his back.

"That's impossible, how is that possible?"

He gave the brief cliff notes version of his family's history and the origin of the weapons he carries. He also told her that he had made his motorcycle out of the same material as his weapon which made it impossible to steal and faster than anything else on the road.

"You are something more than just a woman, and I wish I could tell what it is but I don't know. However if Bishop sent you here to stop me, I have a feeling that he knows what I don't." He handed her a small tablet and told her that all the evidence that proved that the clinics weren't what Bishop said they were was on it and that she should take a look. He got on his bike and also told her that his contact information was on that tablet too and where he would be staying if she wanted to talk some more or needed anything.

"If you do need anything from me make sure you let me know soon; like before tomorrow."

"Why is that?" she asked.

"Well, now that I know Bishop is in Atlanta I'm going to be heading there first thing in the morning and I'm going to kill him. Now I don't know if he's a demon or something else but if he isn't stopped he going to continue doing what he's doing to all these poor girls and I don't' plan on letting it continue."

He revved up the engine to his bike and rode off.

Tara had so many questions and the fact that this man that she was hired to find believed that he knew something about her could help her remember her past. She didn't trust Bishop even before she spoke to Wade and had no intention of staying at any of his suites so she used the card that was given to her in a more constructive way. She went to the clinic that she was initially trying to protect and saw about a dozen women or so outside of it waiting to get in. They looked tired, hungry, and sleepy.

“Ladies, ladies, ladies; if you want a hot meal, and warm place to stay, and some new and clean clothes then come with me. She took the women into Manhattan and presented the card that was given to her and told the front desk that she and her friends would be staying there for the next couple of nights. Even though the people at the front desk weren't happy with the type of women they were, they couldn't refuse them. Anyone that was carrying that card had access to his suite and anything that was ordered would be charged to and paid for by the room.

She may have taken those women there but she didn't stay long. She stayed long enough to look over the material on the tablet she was given and then called Wade. He gave her the address to his home in the city where she took a cab to. She wasn't surprised at all that the place he lived in was a mansion. She went to the door and rung the bell and she was even more surprised that he was the one that answered the door.

“It's funny I would have thought that you would have had a butler answer the door instead of the master of the house.” She said to him sarcastically.

“I'm not going to lie, there are people here that tend to the house when I am away but when I am here I tend to it myself. I don't require a lot of sleep and they do enough while I'm away. However they get a nice paid vacation when I am here and they aren't required to work every day. I pay all of them very well and they are great at what they do but I don't have servants waiting on me. I never have and I never will, not while I can do everything on my own.”

She told him that she was mistaken to take the job and should have learned more about Bishop before she did but that she was on his side now. “Do you really think he's a demon?” she asked him.

He told her that he wasn't sure if he was a demon or something called a Necromal. “What the hell is a Necromal?”

“A Necromal was someone that was incapable of dying but not immortal. Necromals had long life spans but they would grow old and die just like everyone else but if it just took longer than normal however until then they were almost unstoppable. I believe that Bishop may be one of the Five Kings of the Necromals. Over the years Necromals have been cruel horrible creatures that have done whatever they could hurt good people. The Necromals are almost as old as my family.”

Wade believes that is the reason that both his family and the Necromals have been at odds for so long. They are essentially the opposite of his family. While his family does what they can to protect the human race, the Necromals want to destroy it. He did tell her that he wasn't the only person like him in the world. He told her about the fallen angel Jericho White, the 10,000 year old detective (turned FBI agent) Tobias Richter and many others but that other than Jericho his family has been hunting demons longer than anyone else.

"You said that Necromals can't be killed and if that's true then how do you plan to do that?"

He explained that other than the fallen angel Jericho White, the only thing that could kill a demon, werewolf, vampire, Necromal or anything else supernatural like that were his weapons. Necromal or not he planned on driving that sword right through his heart and making that his reign as one of the five Kings of the Necromals ended. She decided that she wanted answers and that if Bishop had them she wanted to return to Atlanta with Wade for those answers before he could kill him. He agreed.

"You get the answers you need from him but once you do all bets are off and I'm ripping his fucking heart out!"

Part III

To keep up with appearances, Tara went back to the private airfield with Wade as her prisoner. They were led on to the plane and headed back to Atlanta. When they landed they weren't escorted back to Bishop's office but to a private building not so far from the airfield.

"Amazing, I am surprised. To tell you the truth I didn't think you had it in you nor did I think you could capture him. This is single handling the greatest member of his family ever known. Since you already helped yourself to the first part of your payment the rest of it is over there on the table as promised for completion of the job."

"I have some questions first" she said to him.

"Do you know?" he replied.

"When I captured him he told me that I was fighting on the wrong side. That the clinics that you wanted me to protect weren't really what you said they were. He also told me that I am something more than what I appear to be but he didn't know what. However he seems to think that you do. I want to know what the hell he was talking about."

"My dear you are not fighting on the wrong side. You are fighting on the side that your birthright requires you to fight on." Bishop said to her.

"What?" she asked startled.

"I don't know why your memory is the way it is but you are doing exactly what your family requires you to do. Necromals are destined to hunt down and kill every member of this fowl family whether the weapon trait of the demon turned savior Nicodemus runs through them or not."

"What the hell are you talking about?" her shaky voice asked.

"Your real name is Rebecca Alexandra Bishop; you my dear are my daughter. I had lost track of you once you ran away but after your reputation here in Atlanta grew it was easy to find and identify who you were. I have to say even though you were not trained by our species you did very, very well for yourself."

"You're wrong; you're out of your mind I'm not your daughter and I am nothing like you or the kind of people you or he described." Tara told him in an angry but emotional voice.

"It was that attitude that caused you run in the first place. Refusing to believe what we are and what we are destined to do in life. There are thousands of us around the world dear child and you are the only one in our history that refused to embrace her destiny. All of the people in our race including your brothers and sisters whom are here with us right now."

She looked around and she could see Bishop's children (seemingly her family), three brothers and two sisters standing with him. She kept telling him that she was not that person. She kept yelling that she was not like them; she told them that she had too much good in her heart to be what they were. She was right in everything that she had been saying. In every race of creatures that Wade and the other hunters have gone after there have always been some who only wish to be normal. Vampires, werewolves, demons and many others just wish to live good lives and had shaken off their expected ways but that had never been the case of a Necromal. For as long as they existed the species of the Necromal was nothing but pure evil but she was something different.

Wade knew that she was something but he never suspected that she was a Necromal. She was nothing but a good woman, even if he only knew her for a short time. However from the work she did to help the young women of Atlanta and stealing from the rich and helping the poor like a modern day Robin Hood was not the Necromal way. There was something else; no Necromal in history ever had the eyes that she had. Eyes the color of Jade; it may seem trivial but all Necromals were either black or brown eyed. None carried any other eye color unless they wore contacts but not Tara. For Tara she was special and while Wade sat in a chair that they had put him in pretending to be semi-conscious heard all this; he couldn't feel anything but pain for what she was feeling.

Tara had fallen to her knees and cried (unable to deal with the truth of what she was). Bishop knelt down before her and told her that there was no reason for her to cry. It made it clear that it was time for her to embrace who she was and that there would be no better way to do that then to take the life of the latest Wade member. She looked at him in disgust. After everything that she had said about not being like them or having the feelings or hatred for humanity that they had he ignored it all. He told her that if she killed him then she could truly unleash her true power.

“Do what you are destined to do, and regain your place at my side as a princess to my throne.”

“I would rather die a thousand times over than ever be like you or these people. You are not my father, these people are not my family, and I am not these monsters known as the Necro....”

Her last words were stopped as she looked down and saw that she had been stabbed by the very man that claimed to be her father. She looked back up at him (her eyes filled with tears of anger and pain) and fell to the floor. Her blood rushed out of her and although she was a Necromal since she had never killed anyone she had never unlocked her true power. Once a Necromal has reached the age of 12 they needed to take a life to be incapable of dying before their time. Since she ran away before that time, lost her memory, and never killed anyone she was susceptible to death like anyone else and it was death that took her at that moment.

Wade was pissed and broke out of his restraints and went on a killing spree inside that room like he had never experienced. He was so full of anger he had turned himself into a raging monster. The reason for this was because he did know that she was a good person and even after getting the answer she had been waiting for almost six years she refused to accept it. No matter what the other Necromals were she was different. Even after she lost her memory she never fell into the instincts that any other member of her species would have fell into.

“I’m going to kill every fucking one of you!” he yelled as he continued his raging attacks. There were more than 30 people in that room, all of them Necromals and since they could remove his weapons off of his body he had them all at his disposal. He ripped through almost all of them until the last ones standing were the Bishops alone.

“My, I have to say you are impressive. More impressive than the five Wade hunters before you (three of which I killed personally) and you do live up to the hype. You are said to be the greatest of all the Wade hunters combined. Hell you are even named after the two greatest ever Tyson Simon Wade. Now although I did not know the first of your family Tyson, I knew Simon and he was a pain in the ass. Too bad I wasn’t able to kill him myself. However time did that for us. While your family may be the greatest hunters the world has ever known

you are all just still human. Although I suspect that you are a bit different than your predecessors.”

“Oh yeah, if you thought it was a bitch to kill them, you’re in some serious shit now!”

“Let me kill him father,” “No father let me,” “No father let me.” His children argued.

“Let’s see, which one of you should have the pleasure of ending his life?”

Bishop was just about to choose when he heard a neck snap and voice come from behind one of his children...

“How about none of you”

Surprisingly Tara was not dead and she had just snapped and killed one of the women who were supposedly one of her sisters. She kicked the other to the floor, jumped up in the air like a gazelle and attacked one of her brothers. She landed on top of his chest and used her head as a battering ram to knock over one of the other two men (brothers) still standing before digging her fingers into the eyes of the brother she had on the floor. She then punched his face so hard that her fist went right through his skull on to the floor killing him too.

Everyone was surprised at what they had just seen, even Wade.

“This is impossible, I killed you. You cannot be alive; you did not meet the requirements to unleash this power.” Bishop said aloud.

“No, I think she did. She killed the person you expected her to be. She killed the evil that you thought should become when (even in the face of reality) she denounced. Like she said, she’s not like you; any of you.”

Tara stood up, walked backward away from the two bodies of her denounced family members and stood right next to Wade. The other sister ran toward the door to get out but the door slammed shut and locked.

“Oh no bitch, where do you think you’re going?” Tara said to her. This in and of itself was different than any Necromancer that anyone that was left alive in that room had seen before. She had not only the ability to heal from death as they all do; speed, agility, higher intelligence, and fighting skills but she also had telekinetic powers that no Necromancer has ever had a history of having.

"I may be a Necromal like you say I am but I am not a Bishop. My name is Tara Rein. That is who I was when I ran away, that is who I am now, and that is the person that I will always be."

Bishop tried to tell her that she could not betray her people but she reminded him that he betrayed her twice. He betrayed her when he failed to accept for who she was and for trying to kill her. In her eyes he was the last person to talk about betrayal.

Wade and Tara looked at each other, smiled, and went after Bishop and his children. By the time everything had ended Bishop himself had escaped but not before he used his children to do so. He had sacrificed them to save his own life but that hardly seemed surprising to Tara or Wade.

The two walked out of the private building in the airfield and while they did Tara turned to Wade and asked him a question...

"What happened to you?"

"What do you mean, what happened to me?" He asked her back.

"It's almost like you went crazy in there after Bishop killed me. I know that I don't know you but something tells me that you're not normally that kind of guy."

"I don't know; I never felt like that before. I never felt so angry or hurt in my entire life. The only thing that I know is that I wanted to make him pay for what he did. I wanted to make him pay for killing you."

Tara pushed up on her tiptoes and kissed him.

"What was that for?" he asked

"For caring; about me and for still caring even after you found out what I am."

"I know who you are; you're Tara Rein and Necromal or not you're just like me, one of the good guys." He then reached down and kissed her.

"What was that for?" She asked.

He didn't say anything and started walking in the opposite direction of the building they were in.

"Ah come on that's not fair, I answered your question. Why won't you answer mine?"

"If you come with me I'll tell you."

She ran off after him and they walked to an abandoned hanger in the airfield. He touched the outside wall of the hanger and a door opened. They went in and when they entered it was anything but abandoned. Inside the hanger was a private jet with the Wade family crest on it, a whole bunch of gear, a shower, a change of clothes and anything else you could think off.

"I pretty much have one of these in every major city but believe it or not other than family you are the only one to ever see one of these. You can get cleaned up there and hopefully you can find something to put on. If not I can have something brought here. I'm going to shower and get cleaned up down here and if you like we can get something to eat because I'm starving."

Tara laughed and agreed but she still needed to know something. "You still didn't answer my question. What was the kiss for?"

"You know I can see the color of your eyes from here, they're like the color jade."

"You avoiding the question," she said to him with a smile.

"Let's get cleaned up, we can talk about that later. OK?"

"OK, oh I think this is yours, I found it near where they had you tied up."

She tossed what she had found down to him and he caught it. He couldn't believe what she had just done. What she had just tossed to him a ring but not just any ring. The ring that he had dropped had been passed down from generation to generation and it just so happened to be made out of the same metal as his weapons. He couldn't explain it because no one can lift that metal no matter how small but something must have happened to her when she died because she handled that like it was nothing.

One more thing, Wade didn't answer because he didn't know what it was; he didn't answer her because he knew exactly why he kissed her.

"It's not every day you meet and fall in love with the woman you're going to marry." He whispered under his breath.

Epilogue

After that night Tara and Wade both knew that there was something between them. Neither of them had ever felt so comfortable around another person in their lives. Just in case anyone is wondering if they became a couple the answer is yes. They were always destined to be together and they were both destined for greatness. His job of being a hunter was never going to be over and she decided that being a bounty hunter was a good gig. She didn't need money and the kind of bounty hunter she was going to be was not something that anyone would have to pay her for. She was on the hunt for her father and the rest of the Necromals in the world. She hoped that she could change some of them over to her cause of goodness and the ones she couldn't; well let's just say they wouldn't be happy with the outcome. She loved what he said about her eyes that first night in the hangar so she adopted the name Jade for her work. That name would strike fear in the hearts of not just Necromals but anyone that had the unfortunate to get in her path!

Because of their jobs, Wade and Tara did get a chance to spend a lot of time together but when they did have the time they made the most of it. They were both committed to one another and it would be a love that no one or nothing would ever be able to break!

The Wade family is a legend and has been for years, but for Tara the legend and the Rein of Jade was just beginning.