

The Short Second Life of Bree Tanner

Excerpt

I watched his body change.
He crouched on the roof,
one hand gripping the edge.
All that strange friendliness disappeared,
and he was a hunter.
That was something I recognized,
something I was comfortable with
because I understood it.
I turned off my brain. It was time to hunt.
I took a deep breath,
drawing in the scent of the blood
inside the humans below.
They weren't the only humans around,
but they were the closest.
Who you were going to hunt
was the kind of decision you had to make
before you scented your prey.
It was too late now to choose anything.