

Murder of the Past
Chapter 1

In the near future, around 2100 in the European Union on a random street, there was a teenager named Luke who had been homeless for a few weeks since he ran away from his home in late May. As he ran, his lungs burned from prolonged running from a few street thugs which he had just tried to pickpocket but had been caught in the act. He wasn't about to be beaten up and robbed of the 20 euros he had gotten from some arrogant rich bastard's pocket as a free donation for his stomach, involuntarily—like it mattered to him.

As he ran, a few familiar walls came into view. Now it was his territory where he knew the best spots, where he had a slight advantage. And he entered into one of the shopping districts packed with people. There was a baby crying, which made Luke's anger boil. He didn't know why, but he found the sound of the baby crying annoying to the point he could kill someone. And in that chaos, he lost his chasers, at least that's what he thought.

Now it was time to hunt for his tomorrow's meal. He had seen a lot of people to the point he could tell how much they had in their pocket from their actions. Yes, there was the couple where the father had a Rolex on his wrist, but their actions didn't add up to his watch. Now he was sure the Rolex was either a cheap knock-off or a stolen one, so he passed on that. He wasn't low enough to rob fools—no, he aimed for rich fools or arrogant fools. Either was acceptable by his morals.

Then he found his perfect target: long coat and trimmed beard. The way that bastard walked just made Luke annoyed, so he went to that person and put on his puppy eyes, which he was good at pulling, and asked, "Hey sir, do you have change to spare?"

At that question, the stranger looked offended and said, "Mind your own business."

And at that moment, Luke's hand was in the stranger's pocket getting his wallet, and when the stranger turned away, Luke pulled out the wallet, which was quite thick. And when he looked at the wallet, his stomach dropped since he could understand a few runes from the scheme which was engraved with gold in the wallet. And he had to act fast, like extremely fast. Now his heart was pounding on his chest. Adrenaline was in full force, and he ran to the stranger—not to give the wallet back, but to detach this damned wallet from his hand, and it was already heating up. Luke knew he had only a few seconds until his hand was scarred for life.

And when he reached the stranger, he slapped the stranger on the back with the hand which had the wallet stuck, and at that, the wallet dropped to the ground. Now that stranger was turning back to see him. He knows he has to run, and without thinking, he ran, not even bothering with the dropped wallet.

As he ran back to his base—not really, just a random shop where his friends, that is what Luke called them, but his grandfather would call it "group of punks with nothing to do"—as he ran back to the base, he contemplated what just happened. How he came close to getting caught, snatched. He knows if his grandfather saw this, he would laugh and say, "Son, don't be dumb. Yes, Hunts play dirty, but the only thing that matters is not getting caught. That is why we are at the top." That damned old fox, but he knows he can't hate his grandfather when his grandfather raised him since he was 9. But he didn't want to be another one to continue this corrupt society. He wanted change, but he knows if he stayed with his grandfather, his future was nothing more than inheriting his grandfather's assets and just being a replacement to his grandfather.