

Content Warnings: Violence, blood, death

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Well, this is going horribly, Eros thought as he took a punch to the nose, feeling his eye bounce in his skull and his sockets water.

He'd been commissioned by his client to take out a human, and they happened to be in a human-populated city, so he donned his human form and went to get the job done.

After cornering his target in an alleyway, he raised his rifle to shoot at them, but they charged at him and tackled him to the ground, causing him to miss and drop his rifle.

The target kicked the gun to the side and pinned Eros to the ground, grabbing him by the neck and preparing to punch him.

"You better figure out a way to explain yourself before I help you lose that remaining eye of yours."

They didn't know he wasn't human yet, which gave him an advantage.

Eros took in a fake breath and spoke.

"Ohh... hey, so, I think I mistook you for someone else..."

As he spoke, he shifted his form slightly to give himself his tail.

"... nothing personal though!" he beamed with a sharp toothed grin watching as his target's face morphed in confusion.

He wrapped his tail around their waist and used it to throw them off of himself, getting up as fast as he could and brushing himself off, preparing for a fight.

The target got back up with a groan and glared at him.

He grinned as he shifted back to his regular human form.

Eros tackled his target into the wall, reaching for the tactical knife he had strapped to his thigh, but was stopped when they headbutted him, knocking him backwards and

dizzying him. He swallowed his eye to protect it as they shoved him, then threw a punch at his face, hitting him square in the nose.

Evidently human eyes watered when they got hit in the nose, because his sockets stung. He noted that for later, then shifted his nails into claws before swiping at them.

They let out a gasp of pain as his claws caught their shoulder, ripping fabric and flesh, and retaliated by aiming a kick at one of his legs.

Eros anticipated the move and moved closer, making it so that the kick was far weaker than it could have been. In the time it took him to move, his target aimed a punch at his diaphragm.

Unfortunately for them, this didn't do anything to the CCCat, apart from make him laugh.

Distorted laughter filled the air as his lungs struggled to work with his diaphragm, the organs spasming on instinct.

He headbutted them, sending them backwards with a bloody nose and watery eyes as they sucked in a breath through their mouth.

The target grunted and balled their hands into fists before rushing at Eros and punching him as hard as possible in the ribs, a *crack!* being heard as the CCCat yowled in pain. He stumbled away, his ribs mending themselves quickly, but was unsteady on his feet, allowing his target to kick him in the stomach, sending him backwards and causing him to nearly spit up his eye.

He managed to keep his mouth closed and teeth locked together to keep his eye inside, but he was writhing in pain as his heart was beating quickly and messily.

The target was moving towards him quickly, he had to think of something fast.

His knife.

As they loomed over him, about to probably stomp on him, he grabbed his knife from its sheath and stabbed it into their thigh, grinning when he heard a scream as he yanked it out.

They stumbled backwards, clutching at their new wound as Eros stood, gripping his blood-drenched knife.

“Fuck— fuck, please don’t kill me...” they sobbed, their voice hoarse and brittle as they backed away, slumping down to sit against the wall.

They were bleeding from their nose, shoulder, and thigh, tears streaming down their face.

“I don’t want to die...”

Eros’ eye popped back into one of his sockets and he crouched down to their level, turning his knife over in his hand.

“It’s like I said,” he said, looking them in their eyes. “It’s nothing personal.”