

## Season of the Mixed



Mollie's gold colored short hair sprang to life on her head when she howled out after one of the werewolves leaped on her from behind and clamped down on her neck, sinking its large teeth into her flesh.

Tobias immediately sprang into action. As a low percentage hybrid, he had an advantage over most of the others he engaged. He raced over, leaped through the air in his human flesh then his body charged back down to earth like a battering ram in its werewolf form, grabbed the other werewolf by its thick fleshy neck and violently yanked it off of Mollie.

The medium build stubborn gray werewolf went flying through the air, with Tobias closely behind it in his human flesh, thrust his bare fist right through the flesh of the beast's stomach, watched it slam to the ground, just as he himself came back to earth's floor on all fours. He told Justin and Mollie to run then turned and prepared to engage the remaining half dozen werewolves on his own.

Tobias' eyes sparkled and if it were to be believed a werewolf can muster a smile as wide as any canyon, Tobias was smiling as wide as the Grand Canyon itself. Brushing off any inkling any one of the other werewolves could defeat him. He always felt that he was born the way he was for situations like he is now facing, particularly when his foe believes he is the one outnumbered, in which Tobias readily and defiantly disagrees with its analysis within his blood soaked human beastly heart.

"You should not be here boy. You are way out of your league," one of the others said, as they circled Tobias deep in the hidden area of a tree landscape away from town and any hope of what help may or may not arrive.

Surely, Tobias was a friend to just about everyone in town but the outsiders, the Vampire cave dwellers and their mind controlled agents, they are no friends of the town's people, in fact, these particular werewolves worked closely with the Vampire clan who controlled the caves and who has, over the centuries, made slaves of the town's people they managed to capture and then drag off to the cave city hidden in the woods behind an unlisted address and who also controlled the small minds of a particular sect of werewolf, "weak ones," Tobias believes.

"Oh really, then perhaps all this time I foolishly misunderstood my position in life or is it that I am half dead that is misunderstood? I was certainly under the impression that werewolves, like me, loved the great outdoors, especially a nice dark and damp wooded area such as this one we're in now. Nice and earthy, don't you think? Excuse my feeble immaturity, if that is how you perceive me. You may blame my lack of knowledge on my youth if you wish to place blame," Tobias said, back in his human flesh, shifting his eyes from left to right. At times, he gave way to bliss of unrelenting sarcasm a bit more than others who encountered him would like to hear.

The yellow eyed werewolf in its human form was bigger than Tobias, a brute looking ton of flesh that took no favor to any weakness. Its eyes were dark marble hard and stony. Its muscles piled on its frame like an over stuffed turkey on steroids waiting its turn for the slaughter block but this was surely no turkey. This was one of the meanest



werewolves Tobias has ever encountered but he was still unafraid. He had explained as much to Hish before she went missing.

The werewolf glanced around in various areas on earth's floor at its fallen comrades, growled at Tobias then took on its flesh eating form and leaped toward Justin, who was just helping Mollie to her feet and seemed like easy enough prey who was not on his guard. Tobias leaped into his hairy form, nearly completing an overhead flip and latched onto the werewolf's left hind leg and twisted.

The werewolf snapped at Justin, merely missing by an inch. Justin wore a rugged pair of overalls and heavy boots, no shirt. His skin was bronze and his energy was golden. He and Mollie had gone out; against the wishes of everyone they may have encountered, to search for Hish, one of the newly captured and hauled off to the cave.

Before they could make a run for it they were attacked by the werewolves. This time they were prepared. Mollie quickly recovered and got to her feet and immediately sleighed two werewolves on her own. She was not the strongest of her kind, small in stature and moderately dressed, but still, she was one of them. Submissive at times, when she felt she needed to be but this was what made her witty. She often used her wit to her advantage.

Usually, when it came down to it lately, Mollie was like Tobias in a way, had too much energy and was willing to fight, no matter the outcome or if she was sure a victory. Tobias had to restrain her. "No, let me go," she insisted, as she struggled against the bigger and stronger Tobias.

"Yes, let her go. I would like to see what her and her boyfriend can actually do," the bigger werewolf said, coming up comfortably on his manly legs but Tobias could tell he was hurt. It was the pride of the beast not to reveal weakness to an enemy and this one was no different, it was very prideful, courageous.

Justin was already in motion. He had slammed one of the werewolves into a tree so hard that the impact broke its back in two then turned and caught another one between his teeth and snapped its neck.

Justin shifted into his human flesh, bounded to the trees above, with Mollie right behind him then came down on top of another werewolf and tore it apart.

"And that just leaves you all by yourself," said Tobias to the remaining werewolf. His arms were crossed over his bare chest and he straitened his posture as Mollie and Justin turned to him with flesh and blood dripping from their jaws.

"Now, what was that you said about my being out of my element? No, league. I believe you used the word league. You said you believe I was out of my league.

"So, I'm a bit impressed but don't get too carried away over it. Sometimes I'm easily impressed, depending on the situation and who it is trying to impress me. In this case, none of that changes my position about you," the beastly man said.

Tobias kneeled down to the werewolf who had retreated on the ground and who was in between forms. It was rubbing its leg when Tobias stood straight up then stomped right down on the injury. Even though the werewolf was now fully in its human form, it still howled out like a wolf after the pain shot through its leg.

The werewolf squirmed under Tobias boot, as he smashed down even harder. Tobias repeatedly mimicked the werewolf's howling pain then went to deliver a final blow but was tackled from behind and sent scraping across the earth floor bed. After he gathered



"Ok then so, what's the plan. I need to rescue Hish and her friend." Tobias looked around the wooded area, still not confident he would not be ambushed again, even though he was now in the company of the guardian death dealers, whom he has come to learn not to trust. Even though they look the part of female humans, they are far more deadly.

"First, are you positive they are holding her in the cave?" Pauline asked, bringing Tobias attention back to her.

"Yes..."

"No. Hish is not in the cave anymore." Everyone turned and looked at Mollie. She was more eager now than ever, wanting to locate the missing two, but not for reasons the others think or could imagine. "She and Chick were able to escape." Mollie sneered when she said Chick's name.

"Where are they," Tobias asked hastily. Then a thick but dense layer of fog rushed in and Tobias found himself being attacked again and rushed to the ground.

Pauline and the others spread out across the wooded area.

"Stay close," Justin said to Mollie just before shifting. Mollie remained in her human flesh, sometimes feeling she held more advantage that way. The fog would hinder the normal werewolf but only increased the visibility of the mixed.

Mollie and Justin took to the trees overhead to get a clearer view of what lay below. Pauline and her sect were more than capable of warding off and defending themselves against their enemy with their physical prowess, especially as a group but often decided to use their chosen weapons, saving their energy for livelier play and especially after their weapons served them well during their last foray.

Boz gored a black leather coat clad vampire in the eye with one of her knives, who had leaped out at her then booted it in the stomach.

Ophelia shuffled back a few feet then caught one of the vamps in the air with the barrel end of her shotgun, forcing buckshot's through its stomach, stepped aside then watched as its body slammed to the ground with a thud.

Delfin was fiercely swinging her sword, slicing every vampire her blade came in contact with, while Pauline physically muscled two vampires to the ground on her own, slamming their heads together.

"There will be more," Pauline said getting to her feet and turning to the others, who stood ready. "We need to locate Hish and Chick. Do you have any idea where they might have gone?" Pauline asked Mollie as she and Justin descended from the tree.

Tobias took note that Justin looked away when Pauline mentioned Chick. He knew Chick and Justin had been an item but was not sure what their relationship means now, especially since he and Mollie have been seen together. Mollie who is or was, a friend of Chick's as far as Tobias knows.

Tobias is slightly older than the three of them, only by a mere three years, depending on what bloodline you're looking at because age sometimes does not play into the equation when one is a of the mixed.

"We don't know where they could have gone," Mollie said defiantly, with her mouth twisted because Pauline pushed the issue about Chick's name in Justin's head and she knows he's thinking about her again. She cut her eyes over at him.

The fog dressed the treed area with the depth of a warm blanket that let in a small breeze now and then but was protective of whomever or whatever it covered, including the mixed.