

"No. That's not totally true. I know at least one place they may have gone. It's somewhere me and Chick had gone a few times," Justin said and immediately received an elbow in the side from Mollie, as she called him an ass and a lying cheating dog.

"We must go," said Pauline, starting off before she realized she did not know exactly what direction she should go. She turned to Justin. He pointed.

"What's the big rush? They'll be there when we get there, wherever *there* is," Mollie said, rolling her eyes at Justin, as she stepped away from him and bumped right into Ophelia, who was gripping her shotgun with both hands. Mollie glanced up at her face then quickly averted her eyes elsewhere.

The group moved through the wooded area stealth-like, barely making a sound on top of the dried leaves, crunchy dirt, dried wood and other small living creatures that fed on earth's ground. The thick light fog provided some cover for the mixed who needed none but still quietly walked toward the edge of town then took a deserted side street, where long abandoned boarded up buildings sat on both sides of the road but the mixed kept an eye on them anyway.

The one thing about the vampire death dealers was they were quiet and most never saw them coming when it was time to deal death to those vampires who were marked for such.

"How the hell do you know about this place Justin and what did you guys do there?" Mollie wanted to know. Her irritation with the thought of Justin being with Chick was beginning to show but it was also beginning to irritate the guardian death dealers.

Boz cut her eyes over at Mollie and immediately wanted to club her across the head but it was against what the others stood for, fighting against their own, save for an extreme circumstance, which Boz was leaning toward believing this was just that. Large boned and slightly muscular, less than a normal man, Boz towered over Mollie at 5' 10" and outweighed her by at least twenty five pounds but held her beauty amongst the best of them.

"She's pretty mouthy, huh?" Ophelia asked, as she eased up next to Boz's left side.

"We should have just left her behind to fend for herself, that way I wouldn't be having the feeling like I need to hurt her," Boz responded, shaking her head, as she eased her eyes over at Ophelia then back in front of her.

Suddenly, the group scrambled to hide in the tall grass field at the left side of the paved road. They'd heard voices long before they saw anyone the voices belonged to. Mollie frowned and wanted to say something before she looked up and saw the couple walking toward them, toward town, holding hands, giggling and talking but Boz had held a finger pressed to Mollie's lips then eased the barrel of her shotgun up so Mollie could see it. Mollie balled her lips tight.

The couple carried on like two school aged kids out on a first date and the guy had that gleam in his eyes that he was sure he was about to get laid and his happy partner was more than willing to oblige.

The woman wore a tightly snugged dress that was bottled against her upper body and forced her large breast to spill over the top teasingly but was flared as it cascaded all the way down and rested on the top of her black boots. The man wore a simple pair of dark slacks, with a white slingshot that showed off his chiseled arms, which the woman had hers closely locked around. He grabbed a hand full of the woman's ass, as he licked



his lips assured of what he was in store for. Mollie hoped this place the couple was headed was not the same place Justin and Chick had gone. But in her mind, they were.

"What a freaking whore," Mollie said after the couple walked by and was out of earshot of hearing her description of the woman.

"Let me guess, that girl was a friend of yours and she stole your boyfriend," Boz said, almost joyously.

"Hell no," Mollie snapped getting to her feet.

"That was Mollie's mom but not her dad," Justin said, moving closer and taking Mollie's hand but she pulled away.

"Ah, now I get it. Your mom is a whore and you hate that about her because that is a reflection of you," Boz said, with a quiet giggle of her own.

"She's not a whore. I just called her that because she's cheating on my poor dad."

"And you don't like it very much, do you?"

"Hell no I don't. You wouldn't like it if your mom cheated on your dad and it would eventually rip your family apart and you don't know where you may end up, shit."

"Well frankly, it wouldn't bother me any. In fact, it would be a miracle if that was to take place." Boz laughed hardily, revealing a perfect set of pearly white teeth, then moved up with the others.

"What a freaking bitch," Mollie said to herself, twisting up the right corner of her mouth.

"Actually, you are right. Boz can be a bitch and most times she is, especially when someone speaks about her dead parents," Ophelia said, moving up behind Mollie and Justin, who flinched because she never heard her quiet movement.

"Well, excuse me. I didn't even know her people are dead. She shouldn't have called my mom a whore..."

"Actually, Mollie, you said it first, when your mom walked by with that other guy and he squeezed her ass after she squeezed his," Justin exclaimed proudly, knowing full well, like mother like daughter, was in full effect.

"So what Justin, she didn't have to repeat what I already said. You shouldn't be in my business anyway. You're too stuck on Miss. Chicken shit and I don't even know why. She's as ugly as hell anyway."

"Come on Mollie. Chick is cool. There's nothing wrong with her..."

"Oh, there aint? She is suffering from some of the worst kinds of diseases..."

"Mollie, we all are. We are the mixed, hybrids..."

"Well, at least I'm not like her...!"

"Which is?"

"Which is bi-polar for one, which is depressed and stuck up for two, have dementia, post traumatic disorder, schizophrenia and which is enough but is probably suffering from a whole bunch of other retarded shit she can't even pronounce, which is fucked up no matter how you look at it and if you're still looking at her anyway, you're fucked up too."

"Nobody can suffer all those things and still be living a normal life Mollie," Ophelia said over her shoulder.

"She's a mixed," Justin said.

Mollie licked out her tongue at Ophelia's back for sticking her nose in her business then said, "She can. She got something because she can't even remember that Justin and

her broke up and he act like his ass can't remember that either." Mollie punched Justin on the arm. "Furthermore, she still thinks she's a hot sixteen."

"Come on now Mollie. We all think we're still sixteen sometimes, especially us girls," Ophelia said as she dropped back to where Justin and Mollie slow walked behind the group.

"Ok, maybe you're right. I do be feeling kind of like sixteen sometimes," Mollie said, knowing full well there was an old blood stream that ran through the veins of the entire group that was no less than one thousand years old in mixed years.

Pauline's surveyed thought of just how Mollie would conduct herself proved to be right. She had Justin give her complete directions to where they were headed and knew the place herself. They had been distracted by Mollie's jealous rant, strayed once but got right back on course, not encountering another couple or human as they made their way forward.

The wearily grayish blue sky peeped down upon the group, showing little of itself between the fog that could not make up its mind whether it wanted to stay thick or thin but was sure it wished to stay fully dressed and at its finest. It was cover after all.

Pauline and the others came to the door of the old food warehouse, stepped inside and followed by Mollie then Justin. They immediately heard low voices coming from ahead in the dark somewhere. Pauline threw up her hand, cautioned everyone.

Boz eased the door closed without it making the small ping sound it made after Pauline pushed it open. Guns were ready and aimed in the black darkness. A small window up high on the right allowed a small hint of the peeping sky, which did not give enough light to brighten the room.

The group moved quietly, stealthy forward. No foot noises gave them away as they moved closer to the sound of the voices. Pauline gave the signal for the others to spread out. If they had come upon a vampire enclave, they had the advantage and are prepared to deal the mindless mind controllers their just deserve, death.

Pauline counted to three in her mind then a flashlight came on. The source of the voices had come from the couple the group nearly encountered on the road, the man and woman, Mollie's mom. They were both fully nude and jumped to their feet off the dirty mattress.

"What the hell?" Mollie said, not surprised but pissed.

"Wow," exclaimed Justin, getting a first time look at Mollie's mom's full breast. Now he really knows where Mollie gets hers from. Her flawless skin glued assuringly in its bright even caramel color. Her body was sculptured to fair well as a bronze bust, her lips teasingly full and pristine.

"That's pathetic," Boz said, sizing the man's small penis. "That all you were handed out?" she joked. "It's a wonder you're doing it in the dark. I don't blame you for that but bringing a lady in a dingy warehouse, what a cheap bastard you are." At nearly forty years of age, the man still held the stature of an active athlete.

The small corner room was measuring about seven by eight, with only a mattress on the floor and nothing else. Ophelia had snatched the flashlight away from Justin and scanned the room to be sure no others were around.

She flashed outside of the room in the dark warehouse but there was nothing but open space between them and the door, aside from this secret room. Then flashed back on

the couple who were startled enough to gather up their clothes and shield themselves with them.

"Mom, I would ask are you serious but that would be a waste of words. You are definitely a whore." Her mom's hair was disheveled and she looked as though all she needed was to be paid for her service. The man's eyes were caught in the deer in the headlights look. No weapon and nothing to protect himself with. He hid behind Mollie's mom.

"Baby, I..."

"No mom, don't even. Nothing you can say will change how I feel about this, about you. Dad doesn't deserve this. He is a good man and has only been good to you..."

"Your dad fucked my sister." When Mollie's mom said that, the man looked at her because he is married to her only sister. He shuffled his pants over his naked lower half, while Mollie turned to Justin.

"So, what the hell were you and Chick doing here, Justin, since obviously, her and Hish isn't here?" Mollie was squeezing Justin's arm, as she spoke in a hushed broken voice, as tears flowed down her face.

"Stop it Mollie. Just stop it. What the hell do you think we were doing?" he yanked his arm away. "Hell, it's no secret anymore. At least I didn't bring you down here but I can't say the same about your mom. Looks like she knows where to get hers done in private..."

"You're a pig Justin. No, you're a pig and an ass and stop staring at my mom's breast." Mollie slapped Justin across the face. Her mom eased her dress on over her head. "I'm not going to stand here and take this shit anymore. I'm out of here." Mollie stormed away from the rest of the group, disappearing somewhere in the dark of the warehouse, in spite of the fact that Boz tried to grab her...if she wanted to.

"Want me to shoot her?" Boz asked but Pauline knew any sound from such a large weapon would almost certainly alert the others whom she wished not to be alerted of their arrival. By now, she was certain the werewolf who she allowed to escape has already alerted the cave dwellers and a party has been sent out to seek their whereabouts but not to confront them because to confront the death dealers would surely mean death to those who sought it.

"No, you can't shoot Mollie. She's still one of us," Justin cried.

"Don't play yourself close like that kid. You're not even one of *us*. True, we're all mixed but your mix and ours is not the same," said Delfin, standing just to the right of Justin. He shined the light at her then aimed the beam to the floor.

Tobias was shaking his head. He'd smelled the couple long before they entered the warehouse and knew it was not Chick and Hish but wondered if the death dealers would notice the same. He glanced around at them all as he stood just outside of the small room. He listened while the bickering took place from the start and it did all sound like to him a bunch of sixteen year olds trying to figure out just what they were going to wear to a school dance, grad-school or high school. He knows Mollie, the youngest is at least nineteen years old but her blood is far older.

Tobias knew the area Justin directed them to because he knew the town and its outer reaches well. He had delivered this or that to just about every inch of the town. But what kept him cautious and aware was the fact that he'd been attacked twice already and does not completely know what is out there waiting for them all. He would not say, even

though he is fearless, but he is glad for the company of the others, even though he has reservations about Mollie and her attitude.

"Justin, you are a complete *asshole*, you prick." They had found Mollie standing in the middle of another hidden concrete room. She was standing in the middle of a bare mattress in the middle of the room. This room was lit by a small lamp on the wall. A dusty wooden chair sat in the corner. Mollie took that chair and clubbed Justin with it. He slammed down to his knees, almost shifting.

"That's enough. He got what he deserves," Pauline said, blocking the chair after Mollie went to deliver a second blow, with the remainder of the broken pieces of the chair. Delfin eased the remainder of the pieces out of Mollie's hands then laid them on the floor and shuffled them out of reach with her foot.

"I'm not done with this dick," Mollie said, attempting to kick Justin but was blocked by Pauline.

"You're done for now," Boz said, handing off her gun to Ophelia then grabbing Mollie in a bear hug from behind, pulled her away from Justin and kept an eye on her. "Dick."

Justin got to his feet, smiling sheepishly, even though he'd just been struck with a chair. He knows Mollie always had a bad taste for Chick, always looked at her different than the other girls but a boys heart played games on him, which in turn, forced him to play games on girls, pitting two girls against one another because he was too weak to make a choice as to what side he wanted to be on.

Tobias continued to look on silently but stayed aware of any sounds that may be heard outside. He refused to get involved or gage the situation between two girls and a boy one way or the other. Their situation was one he knew all too well.

Even though Tobias is only three years older than the three, he's experienced his share of the love triangle and enough of one round was just that, enough. None of that business fairs well, as far as he's concerned. He can only hope that Justin learns a thing or two out of messing with two girls at once before it is too late because what he surely knows is that, you can not fool nor carry on with the mixed and be safe about any of it.

"Ok, they are not here. Where else do you think they would go?" Pauline was facing Justin, as the group stood just outside of the warehouse. Justin was patting the spot on his head he felt the blow of the chair connect, checking for skin break but there was none.

"Move your stupid hand and let me see because you're acting like a big old baby," Mollie said, slapping Justin's hand away and taking a look herself, something Justin was banking on as part of his lack of decision making between what girl he truly wished to be with.

Justin smiled; until Mollie squeezed down hard on his wound extra hard then he winced. "Stop it Justin. Your stupid head isn't even bleeding. I didn't even hit you that hard, even though I should have." Mollie pushed him away.

"Well, it was hard enough..."

"Yeah, I have to admit myself, that was pretty hard, hard enough to smash that chair in two pieces," Delfin cut in, shaking her head. Delfin was slightly taller than Mollie but was almost the same size. What she lacked in size she more than made up for in her mixed bloodline.

"Nobody asked you. Why are you all looking for Hish anyway?"