For storytelling reasons, the canon Roe (Damon) will be used for the piece.

"I have too many errands to run and too much shit on my mind right now," I tell Chris, "work is the last thing I need to be worried about."

"This is the worst day for you to skip out on. There's this guy here, some new general manager or something. He made us fill shit out."

"I guess I'll fill mine out another day. I'm not coming in. Especially since I'd just be late, and that looks worse than me calling out."

"Fine. But I want you to know that I'm not sharing any bar tips with you. And I'm raking in the dough right now." I hear some shouting on the other line, and Chris goes silent.

"Um, Damon ... I'll call you back later." Before I can question what's going on, Chris hangs up the phone. I frown, setting it down, just as an object comes crashing down onto my car. The collision causes it to fly a short way down the street before stopping. I slam on the breaks, shouting as I stare intensely at the unmoving figure a few feet away.

"Oh shit. Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit." Where did they even come from? What the hell just happened?! I glance around as if something will tell me, but I see nothing.

"Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit. Stop saying oh shit, and get out of the car, Damon." I open the door but immediately wish to turn around and slam my head onto the hood. They practically came out of nowhere. How was I supposed to avoid something like that?

"Excuse me?" I rush to the figure lying there, though I thank the heavens that he's moaning. Instead of being hit by a moving car, he reacts more like he's just been tackled. A little disoriented but still functional. *That can just be adrenaline*, I think to myself, realizing how important it was that I get this guy to a hospital. "Sir, I am so sorry. I don't know what happened." I reach his side, trying to figure out what I can do and if he'd even agree to get into the car with the stranger that just ran into him. Though, in all actuality, he more so ran into me. I turn around out of curiosity, and sure enough, there's a dent. Great. Fucking great.

"That's going to bruise," he grumbles, shifting his clothes and giving both of us an eyeful of a two-toned bruise that looks like it's close to introducing in a third color.

"Shit!" I find myself shouting, feeling his eyes shift to me. "Look, I'll take you to the hospital, no problem. I'm so sorry." Finding words to lighten the moment feels repetitive and just downright stupid. He's probably bleeding internally, and here I am, making excuses.

"In fact, we should go now. Let's go."

"What are you?" he asks, a hint of mistrust and confusion entering his eye as he looks me over.

"The guy who ran you over? Are you ... oh shit, is this the moment you get amnesia and now you don't know who you are, and I just inadvertently caused a problem. Your family will be without you for a year, and it's my fault. Or worse ... the CIA is after you, and now I'm pulled into this really -"

"I mean species," he growls, rolling his eyes as if annoyed by my rambling, "what species are you?" It was my turn to now look at him in confusion.

"What kind of question is that?"

"A good one," he moans, attempting to stand, and though he's proving he's five kinds of crazy, I aid him. "I've been around way too many not to be able to instantly figure it out. You're a hybrid is the best I can figure out. So what kind?" I stare at him, and he stares back. It gets to the point where we're just sitting in the middle of the road, completely forgetting that this guy seemed to fall out of the sky and then get rammed by a moving car.

"Look, sir, you got hit pretty badly. I should take you to the hospital."

"I'm healing," he groans, "and you're avoiding the question."

"You're speaking crazy. Please, let me take you to the hospital."

"You're serious?" he asks after a few seconds of silent contemplation.

"Yea?" He frowns but seems to come to some kind of conclusion on his own. Nodding, he turns away and walks in the opposite direction, only a bit of a limp in his step.

"Sir!?" I question, glancing from him to my car. Why would I go after him? He's crazy and walking down the street with a minor limp. He didn't even ask for my name, nor did he see my license plate, so I was safe. And yet, that bit of common sense didn't make me feel any better. I get in the car with a moan, starting it up and chasing after him.

"I really think we should take a ride to the hospital," I tell him, ignoring the way he sighs and rolls his eyes.

"Your worry is appreciated but not needed. Especially since you seem to be an innocent. A strange one, but one nevertheless."

"You see that dent on the hood of my car? That's from you. You have brain damage, sir."

He stops and turns to me, and I immediately stiffen. Perhaps that wasn't the best thing to say, but I'm also still freaking out. "I will gladly pay for the damages." I pause, staring at him in confusion. I hit him with my car, and he doesn't want a ride to the hospital, and he offers to pay? Why did I feel like the victim?

He looks like he wants to say something else when his phone rings. He answers, frowning all the while as his eyes focus on me. Suddenly, I feel like I'm being judged. Taken apart and put back together so that he can uncover some secret truth that I know nothing about. His frown, if possible, deepens and the creases along his forehead do as well when he hangs up.

"Well, this is about to get interesting. That trip to the hospital," he asks, glancing away, "is it still open?" A large part of me wants to say no. Everything about this just felt odd, and my gut was telling me to get out of there.

"Yea, sure." He nods and opens the door, getting inside and reaching out his hand for me to shake. "Rahim."

Kanim.

"Damon," I say, taking it. One minute we're sitting in my car, and the next, we're at a house. I jerk around, eyes wide as I try to figure out what's going on and how I got here.

"You seem bothered by teleportation," he points out, frowning. I look at him, calm and collected, unbothered that we just ... teleported. Blackness inches in as I collapse.

Meanwhile ...

Chris grabs the woman's bridal style, glancing around in the hope that he will find someone else to help him, despite knowing no one is there. Fuck, this is what he gets for saying he'll lock up today. She moans, and he shushes her.

"It's okay, ma'am, I got you. I'm taking you to the hospital." He rushes to the car, securing her in the front seat. As far as he can tell, there's no blood or broken bones, but he wasn't a doctor. "Where?" she asks, attempting to move, but that action seems to sap the last of her energy as she collapses into the seat.

"Fuck," Chris thinks, quickly racing to the other side of the street and starting the car.