

*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?”





