

Hybrid

Chapter 1: Escape and recovery



He knew he had to keep extremely still. Even the slightest twitch might have given away his location. He was behind a small half wall that was designed to block direct vision of the rooms behind it and muffle sounds echoing off of the concrete walls and tile floors. The Hunters hustled by through the dimly lit, irritatingly sanitized, hallways of the Lab. The lights were spaced a good distance away from each other, and were in dire need of new bulbs. But capturing him again was a higher priority than changing the bulbs. They could see in the dark well with the fancy goggles of theirs. The Hunters had been after him for years. But only just recently had they nearly gotten him. He saw his chance right as they had their backs facing his planned path. He made a break for it. The door they dragged him in through was that direction. For being a science lab, it was pretty heavily guarded. The door was designed to be able to have small cars drive into it, and not budge. It functioned like a garage door, and a shipment truck had just come in through the door to unload. His heart was beating into his head, his feet were sore, his back was sore, his whole body almost screamed at him. But it didn't matter. If he didn't make it, nothing he did would matter. The door was shutting fast, and it deadlocked as soon as it shut. Someone shouted behind him. Bullets went flying. Being that the guns they were using were for indoor purposes (such as an escape as his), the bullets wouldn't ricochet. That was probably the only thing going for him at the moment, the only reason he wasn't dead already. The door was about halfway shut, and he was halfway there. Using what was left of his stamina, he flapped his wings to give himself an extra boost of speed. It was just enough to make it through the large iron door, but not enough to get away from the gunfire. Pain shot through his wings, tail and left arm. He went into a slide tackle to slide under the 2 feet of space left before the door shut the whole way, he made it out. Barely. He soared up into the sky with light shining off of his light maroon scales. But it wasn't over. He got about a mile out

before his wings couldn't support him because of the damage. He plummeted back to earth. His head was light. The world spun, and everything went black.

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Evelyn sprinted over rocks, dirt and mud in the pouring rain while dodging trees. She was a 16 year old girl with a dirty blonde, wavy hair and dark blue eyes. She had short, skinny legs, and a husky taller body, and was almost flat chested. She was about 5 foot 4.

There he is! She thought.

She saw a humanoid figure laying on a rock, in a surrounded by blood.

It was Wing.

He was lying on his back with his wings sticking out on either side of him and his tail sticking straight down between his legs. His head was tilted back and he was gritting his sharp, jagged, almost tiger like teeth. His hair was tangled into giant knots, and was caked with dirt. His grey jeans had been torn beyond repair, showing almost all of his scaly legs. He had huge gashes in his abdomen and a couple bullet wounds on his tail and wings. If Evelyn weren't so used to it, she would've thrown up.

"Dammit Wing! I thought I told you not to get yourself nearly killed again!"

She pulled out first aid kit from her messenger bag, and started to clean his wounds.

"Ow" he groaned.

"I told you not to get this beat up again!" Evelyn yelled. "Your gonna get yourself killed at this rate!" she slapped him

"Ow, sorry" Wing groaned. "Couldn't really help it. They were trigger happy." Wing barley managed to say.

"You've lost so much blood, you're really gonna have to take it easy, at this rate you should've died."

Evelyn said as she tried to sew up Wing's tail wound.

She sighed. "Do you think you can stand?" Evelyn asked.

"I can try," Wing responded

With Evelyn's help, he lifted himself off of the rock.

"Let's try to head back to my place." Evelyn offered, "You can rest better there"

Wing put on his claw pendant to transform temporarily into a human form. The pendant was a thin black rope with a weak clasp in the back, and a large off white claw with metal wiring wrapped around it to hold it onto the necklace. The claw also had a few sigils etched into it. Full dragons are capable of making these with lots of practice. It took his father about 4 years to make him one that worked. His snout shortened until it disappeared and the scales retracted. His wings folded up and shrunk down. His tail shrunk as well. The gashes on his abdomen remained. Evelyn pulled out a plain grey shirt for him since the one he was currently wearing was a white hospital gown like thing with a few numbers printed on it, and it didn't look normal, just kinda suspicious. Wing's human form kept his long brown hair with some lighter brown streaks in it. He had green eyes and a slight acne problem. He looked almost anorexic, but it was really just his anabolism rate. Having the extra appendages requires more food.

He was still covered in blood and bleeding though. He still needed some help. It was just an illusion after all.

They headed toward an old grey van, which still a few spots of paint had left from when it was a white van. It was one of those ones with no windows beside the back window and the windshield and two others by the driver and passenger seat, those windows were slightly tinted. The van was probably as old as both their ages combined. Evelyn slid the side door open, and helped Wing climb into the van. Groaning, he laid down in the middle, and then Evelyn covered him with a blanket. Evelyn climbed

into the driver seat. Once Evelyn had gotten her driver's license, it let her help Wing a lot more. As soon as Wing was secure, she sped off.

When they got back to Evelyn's house, Evelyn helped Wing out of the car and around the house into the back door. The garage was full of a bunch of stuff ranging from bikes, to a lawnmower, hedge trimmers, and boxes upon boxes of old stuff they never got around to throwing out. They had a small one story house with a large front yard and back yard. They had many trees near the house, and wouldn't be the greatest place to be in an earthquake or windstorm. No one was home, so they were able to go inside without question. The main room was a large and spacious area with a concrete floor. They had an upright piano and a pc up against the walls. In the center, they had a large table near a pair of glass doors. The kitchen was a small island with old bar stools and dark granite counter tops. The kitchen was full of papers and other small decorations that Evelyn or her mom had made over the years. There was a dog bed sat next to the pc, the dog was with Evelyn's mom. The family's large grey (kind of fat) cat however was expecting to be fed; completely oblivious to the injured person walking into the house.

Evelyn helped Wing through the picture adorned hall, and into the guest room, and laid him down. The guest room was mostly a storage room with a bunch of boxes and a small, old, desk, with an old TV on top of it. The desk also held lots of papers and miscellaneous books that were slowly gathering dust. After Wing lied down on the bed, Evelyn ran into the supply closet, and got a larger medicine kit. Her mother was a surgeon for emergency rooms, so Evelyn had been taught first aid and knew a lot about healing people. Her mother also had quite a few medical supplies at home for storage and for when she goes to clinics. Having all that really helped Evelyn to help Wing out as much as she could. As she applied larger bandages, Wing passed out. He was as pale as this paper. With as much blood as he had lost, she was surprised he lasted this long. When she finished putting on the bandages, she rolled him onto his stomach, and then took of his claw pendant and he transformed back to his natural state. His leathery wings flopped next to him, by his sides. They were about as tall as his head to his knees. They were each about the width of his shoulder span, and connected to his shoulder blades and the leathery part down his back to a little above his waist. Because they were so big, they tended to be the main victim when he was running away from people with guns. They had lots of holes in them, and a tear connecting some of the holes. He wouldn't be able to fly really well for a week or two. Maybe glide if he had to, but it would hurt, and his wings might tear more than they already had when he tried to fly away with all those holes in them. His tail however, was flesh that actually had veins in them, and he had a few bullet wounds there. That was bleeding the most. His tail was a little longer then the distance the distance from his waist to his feet. It was about 3.5 feet long, and got thinner as it went. The two of them had to modify his pants a little so when he had to take the pendant off, his tail would have somewhere to go. It sort of worked like the fly in men's underwear; just it was much sturdier, and sort of hidden. They also had to do the same with his shirts. He didn't have many, so it wasn't a big deal. She got some pliers and a tourniquet out of the medicine pack. She put the tourniquet around the base of his tail to help stop some of the bleeding so she could get the bullet out. It was nuts that at 16, bullet wounds are common for him. She had been his only friend for years. He had been trying to keep his real form a secret because of the people trying to get him. That and panic would have broken out because of what he was. Despite trying to hide his true nature, however, sometimes he would try too hard to help, and stick his neck out for those who don't even know him. That was, of course, how they met.