

Lone Werewolf and Cub

by Xenny Diemes

What makes someone a monster? Appearance? Action? Both? If I was in any of the worlds where my kind are seen as such. I'll be meeting the end of a silver bullet. For years I have learned much about human culture sees us. Rarely has there been a time before the second dragon war where werewolves are regarded as heroes or everyday denizens and not bloodthirsty devil spawn out to kill anything that moves. Then came the time I was sent to an "uninitiated" world where I crossed paths with a boy named Harrison, what happens next will certainly show him the difference.

Days ago, Central tells me that an escaped fugitive has killed several Jump-port officers and taken himself to a world far outside the jurisdiction of the Thirteen Realms with an alien breeder device. The problem? Like bringing a species to an environment that can't handle it, the breeder device would bring serious harm to any world that can't fight back. I asked Central why could they send someone else to do the job and after looking at the fugitive's mugshot, I can see why. I accepted and was sent to that world. The objective: Find the fugitive and the breeder and bring them back, deadly force if necessary, a simple job sure, that is until I came across one variable...

My name is Harrison, just fresh from my 11th birthday and the first thing my parents had in mind, is to send me to Autumn Camp, Camp Pennakey they call it, where I be spending the next month at in order to make friends. Well that part didn't do so well and I ended up hardly any to even consider trying. Either they are with the cooler kids or don't want to be bothered with. But I did end up with two jerks, Ronnie and Atter, for years, they have been "running" things at the camp and no one has stood up to challenge them. I do my best to keep myself entertained and I do it by bringing my favorite comics with me, one of them is "Wolf Man" a wolf-themed superhero who is also a werewolf that cuts his enemies down to keep his city safe. Never had an issue that I couldn't put down. But the camp wants less time reading and more time socializing, that is until their annual

nature walk.

It's a twenty mile hike around the forest and back while learning about nature and stuff, stuff I didn't get really interested in. One night, we stopped and set up camp and the camp counselor told us a story about the legendary Beast of Bellow River. He describes it as a gigantic wolf, with golden eyes and big scary teeth, guarding its domain, those who crossed its path will be eaten! All before wishing is a good night. That's when I started to hear some cracks and rustles coming from the bushes, all while everyone's asleep. I was curious and hoped it wasn't what I think it is and it came out, exploding from the bushes with glowing white eyes, I screamed back and warned everyone that the Beast of Bellow River is out there. But it turns out that it was none other than Ronnie and Atter wearing stuff from the camp and posed as the monster. All I can remember that night is the sound of laughter and me crying myself to sleep.

The next morning, I woke up underneath a pile of leaves and sticks, and learned I was left behind. Not a single trace of the group for me to follow and I panicked. Miles from the camp, no trace to catch up to and I know those two idiots were behind it to leave me. If I can just stay here and wait, they'll notice and come back for me. That was eleven hours ago and the sun is setting, that's when I heard more rustling from the bushes and thought that only those two idiots came back and tell them to cut it out. It wasn't them, it was huge, white, mouth lined with long sharp fangs, big as a house and hungry. It roared so loud that I can't hear my own scream and ran for my life, through the forests, I felt that monster was going to eat me. I knew my end came when my path stops at a cliff. I didn't know what to do or where to go that monster has me trapped and I am about to die here. That is until she came.

I rushed in, claws out, muscles pumped and rage setting in. I didn't do this to get psyched, I did it because this bastard roughed me up by surprised and snatched my packed brawvine steaks and know it was one of the bred creatures the fugitive has brought into this world. I tacked the monster and beat it with each inch of its life, but it really put up a hard fight and cut me up hard. There's one

thing a creature like this one will learn quick: Never mess with a woman and her meats. Though there is the matter of not being aware that a small boy was watching this mess until I hear the loud scream coming behind me. I didn't waste time and I break the monster's neck and ran to the cliff edge to see the boy hang off a tree branch. I try to lend my hand out but he is too scared to reach. When the branch breaks, he fell and I leap off after him.

I grabbed the kid, quickly turned back and grew big enough to take the hard impact of the ground. Hitting the ground after falling a thousand feet feels no different from falling on a bed. But what I cared is the boy. I opened my arms and see him, totally shaken and jumped off me. It's really hard to explain over the sounds of screaming and having rocks thrown at you. My voice and temper can only go so far before I had to put my foot down, better yet, my fist just to knock him off his feet. Even I felt I went too far but what was I supposed to do? After finally getting him to calm down, awkward but careful introductions are made. I asked of why he is alone in the forest, and got an answer that felt all too familiar with me back in my pack days: Runt of the litter goes out on hunting trip, they find a way to ditch them when their guard is down. Except here, he nearly gets killed.

To make matters more complicated, not only he sees me but of the monster that's roaming the forest. If I think what I thought it was, I don't have much time and I must complete this mission but can't leave the kid behind either, I need to make a bold move. Looking at Harrison I know that I got to take care of him and help find his way back and hopefully save the day. I agree to help him find his way as long as he stays out of mine should I encounter more of those things. I feel like I'm having a bad day already.

I can't believe what I am seeing, I mean a werewolf, a real werewolf! But not the kind I expected to see from the books or my comics. I mean she is huge! Strong and tough the way she handled that monster that was trying to eat me. After that fall, and her knocking me off my feet, I really felt that she was going to get me too, but instead she apologized and got me to calm down. She calls herself Mercedes and she's actually friendly so far. She is going to help me find my way back to

the camp but was on some mission she has to take care first. I learned about it as night fell and got to know her more over the small fire. She talks about where she came from and why she is here in the first place. I was fascinated but didn't show much since there's so much at stake and what would happen if she didn't succeed.

Apparently, some alien took something called a biobreeder device. Something that can take a host's DNA and make more "better" versions of itself by the hundreds. That monster I encounter was an altered version of the fugitive she's after and there might be more loose, she then caught eye at my bag and my issue of Wolf Man and asks of it. I told her all the details and it sort of made her happy considering her experiences in other worlds where she talks about how they are more seen as monsters outside her own universe rather than noble creatures. But she guesses it made her appreciate her own world more on how far they came to be equals. I threw off that moment by asking if the werewolves where she came from are as big as her. She shook her head and says she's "unique". She shared some of her food since I was starving and, I can honestly say I never had a steak the size of desk and thick as a sofa cushion before but it was great.

Then there was more rustling and the wind made Mercedes react, I never really saw her like this and tells me to stay close to the fire. A woman like her isn't someone you don't want to disobey so I stayed. She growled and got bigger as she walked deep into the forest but suddenly ended with a loud thump and then silence. I was worried and wanted to see if she is alright. But as I turned around, another one of those creatures stood in front of me and roared and everything went black.

How can I be this dumb, no wait! How could have I know about this, it wasn't even in the mission file about the fugitive's ability to misdirect by scent! But that didn't matter, I was right in its hideout, breeder device churning out more of those things and the "father" behind it. Tarsus. A Velurian from a world in the Hades Universe and long-standing enemy for siding with the Ka-tao during the first attacks. Last time the authorities caught him trying to wipe out a section of forest the size of Alaska for his "purpose". But now he escapes, breaks into a bio lab and took a device where he

can breed himself better, stronger versions all for his sadistic purpose of killing weaker beings. Tarrsus has the nerve to mock me as I was held up by unbreakable shackles or so he claims to be. I try to break myself free but learned they are also gyroscopic. No matter how much force I put in, it will put back.

Tarrsus in his own arrogance, lays out the details of his plan: Make more of these super-versions of himself. Set them loose across the forest and just kill to show their effectiveness. The ones he set out loose were just prototypes, the real ones will be far stronger than he is and ready for their real target: Solterra. But that did not even begin to spark my rage, the bastard also has Harrison hanging in the mouth of one of those things nearly unconscious. I really want it, I really want a reason to kill this fucker if he harms a hair on that kid, Wouldn't you know it, that alien scumbag did by slitting the side of his face, thinking that I wouldn't do it. I didn't know what happened next, but everything went dark. There was crunching, screams of the beasts and me getting melleed but all I know that I embraced the rage of the beast, he created monsters, it's time to show what a real monster can do.

I came to and saw it all. Mercedes really whaled on those beasts when they piled on top of her and then threw them off like dolls. The punches, the smashes, everything she says she can do, she did. But I feel that she can't keep this up forever and I had to do something. That's where that device is and I have to find a way to break it. Typical of me to know what button to press or what switch to pull but if there's anything I can do, best, is break it. Finding a nearby stick, I repeatedly smashed the controls of the device which got the attention and fury of that alien who charged right at me. I dodged and he crashes into the controls electrocuting him which then sends more bolts all over the place hitting the pods, killing what was growing inside. Leaving the rest for Mercedes to handle herself and brutally well. We both been able to get out of there quick because the device was acting in away that tells the both of us to run and we did, well she did, I was picked off the ground and carried. Just as we thought we're free We came across another cliff edge and the sound coming behind us was getting louder.

Mercedes tells me to hold on tight and for a moment I thought I was slowly getting buried in her body. She ran with me at great speed and jumps right off the cliff as from what I can hear a wall of fire was chasing behind us. We landed on the other side and we were finally safe. Mercedes then looks at me and asks if I was alright, I was shaken up but felt a lot safer now. She thanked me for stopping that machine I did ask about that Tarrsus guy and she isn't sure but only cares now for my safety because from the explosion, nothing could have ever survive that, even for him. Thought it was dumb, Mercedes believed what I did was really brave. What happened next did made me sad, with her mission over, she has to go back, basically never seeing her again. That is of course after doing one favor for me.

I helped the kid find his way back to camp but just close enough for him to get spotted. They were relieved and happy to see him again, it reminded me of my welcome back after my first solo hunt, surrounded by my pack mates. That's where I also see the ones responsible, Ronnie and Atter, Harrison tells me all about this beast of Bellow River and well... if they want to see a real beast, they got one! On the night of our little plan, I saw Harrison being harassed by those two for getting them in trouble, I knew I had to act fast and I jumped in, wearing a few things that I made from stuff around and my backpack. I leaped in, grabbed the two and said something along the lines of...

"You want to pick on little boys don't you? SPEAK!" I can already see the fear in their faces as they answer and try to make an excuse for it but I cut them off and announced myself as the beast of Bellow River under Harrison's charge to deliver a warning to the both of them. That I will be watching even from beyond my "domain" demanding that they change their ways and to be nice to Harrison because if they don't I will come back and turn them into paste. I said that while screaming at the top of my lungs and dropped them like the pieces of garbage like they are. They were quivering until I shouted "LEAVE!" with golden eyes and they ran screaming like little women. Harrison even was shaken by it but shook it off enough to give a high-five. That's when I said my goodbye to him and he looked sad. For our brief moment together it really did felt like forever. So, I decide to give the boy

something that was close to me, my long feather necklace. I don't wear it anymore because of me being big it would choke me and use it as a bracelet can now be his as a show of our sudden friendship. I still remember the arms can't reach around my neck as I hugged him and left simply by leaping high into the night sky.

I then returned to the site where it all went down. Looked around for any remains that could have survived and to my surprise, did find the charred remains of Tarrsus and his grip on the device, now broken and damaged in the explosion. One of the most dangerous criminals in the multiverse taken down by a little kid! I got to admit that took guts, but there are things that are still the job of a heavy hitter like me. As for Harrison, I think he's going to be all right knowing that some monsters aren't always bad guys...

Wait, did I just referred to myself as a monster? Damnit!