

## ***Casefile: 5734968***

Date: {REDACTED}  
Casefile: 5734968-16  
Home: NA  
On/Off site: Off  
Interviewer: Samuel Horn (I.D.)  
Scribe: Gemma Lewis (S.D.)

Notes: Subject name: Glenn Wolf. Worldborn. Werewolf. 16 Y.O. Male. Mixed Race, favoring caucasian. Dirty blonde hair. Light green eyes. Natural height 6'. Natural weight 217.

Distinguishing marks: Vertical scar on right jaw. Notable scarring on back of legs, lower back, and buttocks.

Subject appears to be an alpha apparent. Single packmate. Brought in by Andrew Baines following a high-level purge. Subject is cooperative.

### TRANSCRIPT

I: Are you comfortable, Son?

S: Yes Sir. Um, I know I asked this, but I'm not in trouble, am I? Is my sister okay?

I: Is your sister the female wolf we brought in?

S: Yes sir.

I: She's fine. [She's] sleeping under sedation. You kids are fine for now. If you're cooperative, you'll stay that way. Alright?

S: (Non-verbal affirmative)

I: Now, My name is Samuel Horn. The young lady with us is Gemma Lewis. She's going to transcribe our interview, so you can ignore her. I'm an interrogator for the Choir. Do you know who the Choir is?

S: Yeah. You enforce the rules we live by. Monitor packs and stuff. You also hunt monsters like we do.

I: Not a hundred percent correct, but good enough for now. Do you understand why you were brought in?

S: Because I killed that woman?

I: No. Andrew was already going to kill her. That's perfectly acceptable. That was you doing your job, actually. No, you were brought in because you were involved in a purge as a potential target of said purge. The agent in charge of said purge made the determination that you and your packmate, who you've stated is your sister, are innocent of the violation that prompted the purge and deserve to be re-educated and released. Agents can not make that determination on their own, however, so you and I are going to have a little chat so I can make a final determination.

S: What happens if you don't think I can be re-educated.

I: I think you're smart enough to figure that out without being told. But, Champion Baines is an excellent judge of character, so his word goes a long way. This interview is something of a formality, but protocol is protocol and is to be obeyed absolutely. There are no exceptions. Simply answer all my questions honestly and you have nothing to worry about. Alright?

S: Yes Sir.

I: Please keep in mind that if you lie or in any way obfuscate the truth, I will know. Understood?

S: Yes Sir.

I: Good. Now, Let's start with your name.

S: Glenn Wolf, Sir.

I: You can drop the 'sir,' Glenn. I understand you're nervous. You can call me Sam if that helps.

S: Um. Okay, Sam.

I: That's better. Now, Wolf is a bit on the nose, isn't it?

S: I wanted to drop my original family name. So we picked a new one. My sister was nine at the time and insisted. I didn't really care that much as long as it was different. So, Wolf.

I: Huh. Okay, that's fine. It's your name. How long were you with that pack, Glenn?

S: The big one with that crazy asshole? We really weren't. We'd only met them that day.

I: I see. Did they turn you?

S: No. We were turned by our previous Alpha. We'd been with them for two years.

I: Before that, where were you?

S: With another pack.

I: I see. Now that is unusual. You're already a bit young for this, but you have a long relationship with wolves in general. Why don't we start at the beginning? Go back to before you ever met a werewolf. How old were you?

S: I was eleven. Sabine, that's my sister, was nine.

I: Okay, and where did you live?

S: With our foster mother and a bunch of vampires.

I: This is turning into something of a rabbit hole. Let's start there, assuming there were no other supernatural creatures that led to that?

S: No. The vampires were the first non-humans I ever met. Before that, all the monsters were purely human.

I: Then continue.

S: My sister and I ended up in the foster system because our birth parents were not good people. Not sure what exactly happened to them, only that whoever our birth families were, they either did not want us or were unfit to claim us. Our foster mother, Jolene, was a functional drug addict. She was okay at first. She didn't pay a lot of attention to us, but we got food and clothes and went to school with other kids. She kept up appearances for the social workers that checked in on us.

When I was around ten, she met this guy named Ash. I don't know if they were dating or what, but we started seeing him a lot and he had a bunch of money. A big house in the Hollywood Hills. One of those places where you don't see cops unless you call them first, you know?

Anyway, Jolene tells us we're gonna move in with Ash. We could have toys and nicer food, but we had to do a little work for it. See, Ash and his friends had special dietary needs. They needed blood. Living blood from living people. Jolene couldn't give them what they needed because her drug use made her blood bad, so we'd give them the blood. That was it for a month, maybe two. Then they wanted more. Much more. More than what a couple of little kids should be giving to anyone. I don't have to go over that, do I?

I: No.

S: Thanks. I tried to protect Sabine from what I could, but I was a kid. They would beat us if we resisted and sometimes even if we didn't. We were toys. It was horrible. They were always careful not to do too much damage, but once Jolene pulled us out of school they got a little less careful about marking us up. Social workers suddenly stopped showing up. Eventually, we got used to it. Stopped fighting. Became better pets. I wanted to die, but I couldn't leave Sabine. I kept hoping they would take too much or hit me too hard and it would stop. They never did. I guess we were just that fun to have around?

One day, a couple of people show up. One of them I recognize as Ash's maker. They'd introduced us to him before. He'd never touch us though. He'd just watch. The other was a woman. She was wearing this weird, hooded dress and a mask. The mask looked like a crying face with no mouth with a half sun on its forehead.

I: Hold on a moment. That mask. If you saw it again, could you identify it?

S: Yeah. Easily.

I: (At this time, Agent Horn pulls out his cellphone and pulls up a picture that is

shown to the Subject.) Is this the mask you saw?

S: Yeah. That's exactly it.

I: For the record, the Subject has identified a mask of the Children of Contrition.

S: Children of Contrition? Who are they?

I: They are kind of like, the internal affairs of the vampire world. I would say they're like us, but it's more nuanced than that. It's not overly important at the moment. Please continue.

S: Well, that explains what happened next. See, the Maker was acting really scared of her. His posture was hunched over a little. His shoulders were down and he wouldn't look directly at her. It was the same way my sister and I looked all the time, so I recognized it.

Ash didn't get it. He thought the woman was some sort of present for them. Some new toy to play with. The other vampires were making jokes. When he started to reach for her, his Maker backhanded him across the room. He slammed into a wall and was pretty wobbly for a minute. The others stopped laughing. I've never seen his Maker hit him. I've never seen anyone hit him.

The woman wants to see us. So they bring us to her. She wasn't that much bigger than I was. She reached out and put both her hands on my face. She was wearing gloves made of something soft. She touched my face in a really gentle way. Almost kind. She was warm. So warm. It wasn't like anything I'd felt before. I didn't want her to let me go.

She made me take off my clothes and turn around. I had a lot of scars on me, all over my back. The whole time she's dead silent, but it's not creepy or uncomfortable. It feels like I'm supposed to be doing it. Then she takes my face in her hands again and even though the mask doesn't have eyeholes I can feel her staring at me through it. Looking right into my eyes. Then, after a few minutes, she tells me to get dressed. She does the

same thing to Sabine. All of it.

After she's done, touches my face again and I hear a voice inside my head. It tells me that when this woman leaves I am to take Sabine and hide. Hide and don't come out. Don't talk. Don't cry. Don't tell Jolene. Just hide. She lets me go and turns to the Maker.

She speaks for the first time. It's the same voice that I had just heard in my head. She tells him to renounce them. He waves his arm at them and says it's done. When I look at Ash and his friends, they look shaken. They're freaked out like something just changed and now they're all scared.

She turns to them and speaks again. So softly that it's almost a whisper, but I can hear it as clear as day. I don't think I can forget what she said if I tried. "Your crimes are innumerable and for them, you shall all die screaming. Yet, even in the creation of that sweet symphony, you are still unforgiven."

Then she leaves. I didn't even hear her open the door, but it was open and she walked out, the Maker following close behind. It was like she'd cast a spell on them because they didn't move. I grabbed Sabine and ran. I didn't need to pull her, she knew what we had to do. I'm sure the woman told her just like she told me. Even if she hadn't we'd have still ran. We knew something terrible was coming. Something more terrible than anything we'd ever seen or experienced and we didn't want to be there for it.

The house had two floors and an attic. We used to try and hide there until they started beating us for it. Today, we didn't care. I put Sabine on my shoulders so she could grab the string and pull it open. The stairs folded out and we ran up them. I folded them up behind us, snatched the string off the other side of the hatch and pulled it closed.

We waited there in silence. Just huddled into a corner of the attic, hearts beating like rabbits, and tried not to cry. Sabine had gathered my shirt in her mouth and was biting me to keep from whimpering.

We could suddenly hear them arguing, but we couldn't make out what they were saying. I could still hear the fear in their voices. The confusion. Then I could hear Jolene yelling for us to come out. She was scared and angry. We didn't move. She was under the attic hatch shouting for us to come down. She started to threaten us with what she was going to do to us. What she was going to have done to us.

Then came the sound of breaking wood and a slamming noise. I was sure it was the sound of the door getting smashed in. Then silence.

Then, the sound of breaking glass and screaming. God, the screaming. We could hear furniture moving, things being broken. We heard fighting and snarling and begging.

Then we heard Jolene. She was crying beneath our feet. Begging us to let her into the attic. As she begged, I found myself relaxing. As her begging turned to screams drowning in snarls, Sabine relaxed. As everything went silent again, I think I started to cry, but what I felt wasn't sadness. I don't know what it was. I don't know how I felt. I knew that we were free. No matter what came next, we were free. I think, maybe it was peace?

We sat in silence for a few more minutes, waiting for whatever had gotten into the house to come and get us. For whatever nightmare that woman had summoned to tear its way into the attic and do to us what it had done to Jolene and the vampires.

I heard someone saying to find the kids, followed by the sound of hurried footsteps and moving furniture. Feet thumped up the stairs. Lots of 'hellos' and 'come outs.'

Then there was a knock at the hatch. We froze. The knock came again. Then were heard someone say "Yooohooo. You kids up there?"

It was strange. Why didn't whoever it was just come for us?

The voice came again. "I know you're in there. I just need you to come out so I can eat."

Then another voice, gruffer and older rang out. "Damn it, Keith. Do you hear yourself?"

The first voice said, "Sure I do."



Then there was more silence and the gruff voice said, “Just go downstairs and eat. I’ll handle this.”

Now Sabine and I are looking at each other confused. I wasn’t sure what to do because that exchange does not match anything that today has been leading up to. I crept over to the hatch and pushed it open a little.

There was a man there. A big man, probably the biggest man I’d ever seen at that point. He was wearing this dark green poncho that was covered with blood. He was bald with a short beard and was smiling at me. It wasn’t a hungry smile. I knew what those looked like by now. It was happy. He was happy to see me.

He waved at me and asked me if my sister was with me. I told him yes. He asked if we needed help getting down. I said no. There wasn’t any point in hiding any more so I pushed the hatch open and let the stairs down. Sabine was practically on my back at that point. We went down together to talk to the man more.

He told me his name was Henry. He explained that he and his family had come to kill the vampires that lived here. They’d also killed Jolene because she wasn’t a very good person because of what she’d done to a couple of kids at the behest of vampires. He asked us to forgive him for that part of it. I told him we didn’t care what happened to her.

I then asked if I could see what they had done. I don’t know why I asked. I just needed it. I needed to see those guys dead, you know? Henry didn’t seem comfortable with it, but he agreed and led me and Sabine downstairs.

It was pretty violent. The windows were broken, the front door was destroyed, furniture was smashed, and there was blood everywhere. In the middle of it all were seven werewolves. Even though I’d never seen one before, I just knew that’s what I was looking at. Wolves the size of men with distorted limbs and paws to look almost like a person. They were eating the vampires, all of which looked like they were still alive. Their throats were torn out and their limbs were savaged. They were trying to struggle a little as the werewolves tore mouthfuls of meat out of them.

I started laughing. I also started to cry. When I look back on it, it should have been gross, but it wasn't. Sabine was just silent.

I asked Henry if they were going to kill us too. He said that wasn't his plan. He figured he'd just send us to the police. They'd get us a new foster family and we could move on. I told him that there was nothing we wanted less than that. What had life given us so far that should make me so excited to gamble on new people not also being trash? It would be better to just die right there, right then, so we didn't need to deal with anything else. This horrible moment in time was literally the best life had ever been.

We just stared at each other for a moment. He looked so sad about that. Then I heard Sabine giggling. At some point, she must have left my side. When I looked over, she was on the back of one of the werewolves who was running around the room. She had a fist full of his hair in one hand and one of his ears in the other. The Wolf's tongue was hanging out like some stupid-looking laughing dog. She was completely unconcerned with the blood they were now both covered in.

One of the other Wolves began shifting back into human form. It was a woman, with broad shoulders and a shock of coarse black hair. She bounded up the stairs towards Henry and me. She looked excited. Hopeful.

"Boss, can keep them?" She said.

Henry looked at me. He didn't seem to like the idea. He said he couldn't make his pack any bigger. We were too young anyway. She pleaded. The other wolves whined. Henry rubbed his temples. He said he'd let us come with them until I changed my mind. I saw that Sabine was happy. She was laughing. So I said yes. I said I would prefer that to anything else.

I: So they just made you family? They didn't turn you?

S: Henry said he was at the limit. No turning. No pack can be bigger than 8 including the pack master. So he just kept us. Said there was no rule that stopped him from just keeping kids to keep them safe. I secretly think he wanted to keep us too. I'm glad he

did.

I: Thank you for that, Glenn. How about we take a break? You can see your sister and we'll pick up in a bit.

END TRANSCRIPT

Date: {REDACTED}

Casefile: 5734968-2

Home: NA

On/Off site: Off

Interviewer: Samuel Horn (I.D.)

Scribe: Gemma Lewis (S.D.)

Notes: Subject name: Sabine Wolf. Worldborn. Werewolf. 14 Y.O. Female. Mixed Race, favoring caucasian. Dirty blonde hair. Light green eyes. Natural height 5' 10". Natural weight 158.

Distinguishing marks: Notable scarring on length of back, and buttocks.

Subject is a common wolf currently bound to her elder brother. Brought in by Andrew Baines following a high-level purge. Subject is cooperative.

TRANSCRIPT

I: How are you feeling?

S: Better after that nap. Thank you for not killing us.

I: You're welcome. Do you feel comfortable now that you've seen your brother?

S: Yes. He feels safe, so I feel safe.

I: Good, good. Now, we are going to do a little interview with you so I can make a judgment about releasing you and your brother. I need to get to know you both before I can make my report, alright?

S: Alright.

I: Now, would you please state your name.

S: Sabine Wolf.

I: Thank you, Sabine. My name is Samuel Horn, but you can call me Sam if you like. That lady over there is Gemma Lewis. She is going to write down our conversation, so you can just pretend she isn't there.

S: Okay, Sam.

I: Let's get started, shall we? How long have you been a werewolf?

S: Almost two years.

I: And before that, you were just traveling with werewolves?

S: Yeah. That was our family. I miss them.

I: Can you tell me about them? About your time with them?

S: I think so. It kinda hurts right now.

I: To talk about them?

S: Yeah. Glenn said to be strong though, so I can do that.

I: He seems like a good brother.

S: He's the best brother. He's always been the best brother.

I: Now, tell me about your family.

S: Okay. There were eight of them. Henry, Sarah, Wallice, Lin, Wanda, Keiran, Bob, and Keith. Henry was like Dad and everyone else was the kids. Me and Glenn were the babies.

I: So Henry was the Alpha?

S: Is that what you call the Packmaster?

I: It is.

S: Then yes. He was the boss. He told everyone what to do. He was nice. He didn't even yell at us. He got a lot of headaches though.

I: Headaches?

S: Yeah. He would always be taking these super deep breaths and rubbing his temples like his head hurt.

I: Ah. I see.

S: Besides the headaches, Henry was incredible. He was smarter than almost anyone

I've ever met. He taught me and Glenn a lot of complex stuff. Though I've forgotten a lot of it. Algebra was something he taught us. I used to be good at it, but not so much anymore.

I: How about the others?

S: Wallace was more like an uncle. He was as old as Henry and was a really good fighter. He taught Glenn and me how to fight. I remember all of that. It was really fun. Besides that, though, Wallace slept all the time. He sounded sleepy even when he was awake.

Sarah was Henry's mate, so that made her like mom. She was as old as Henry too. She told me she was his second and Wallace was his third. They'd been with him when he started his pack.

Then there was Lin. She liked to pick on Glenn a lot. She had a job as a dancer. I wanted to see her dance, but Henry said Glenn and I were too young. She made a bunch of money though.

Wanda was like my big sister. She showed me how to do my hair and how to steal candy when Henry was busy. She also taught me how to do my makeup after Lin got in trouble for teaching me wrong.

Keiran, Bob, and Keith were almost like kids. Like, my age kids even though I think they were like twenty-five. They played games and play fought all the time. I mean, all the time. They did it for money even. I liked them the most, but they were dumb. I mean, super dumb. They tried to take me and Glenn to see Lin at her job one day, but Wallace caught them and yelled at them for half an hour.

I: They sound like good wolves.

S: They were great wolves. I miss them. I'm glad that piece of shit is dead.

I: We'll get to that. Can you tell me about how you came to become a wolf?

S: Well, one day, Henry tells us we're going to the woods. Usually, he only would do that for a hunt, so me and Glenn think we aren't included.

I: They never took you on hunts?

S: No. We were just kids. It was dangerous. Anyway, he tells us that we needed to come with this time since it involved us. Glenn was worried, but I was excited. I was hoping they were finally gonna turn us. Glenn told me it couldn't be that because of some stupid rule about pack sizes.

I: It's an important rule.

S: I get that now, but at the time I thought it was dumb. So we get in the car and go to the woods. Then we hike forever before we get to this big open space with a big fire pit. Henry asks us to build a bonfire and we spend some time doing that. Then he Wallace and Sarah go off to talk about stuff in private while the rest of us wait. Keith and I wanted to hurry up and light the fire, but Wanda told us we had to wait.

Eventually, Henry and the others come back with five more people. They were another pack of wolves. Their Packmaster was named Corbin. He wasn't big like Henry and he seemed like he was pretty young. His pack didn't say much at the time, then again, ours was pretty quiet too.

Henry had us light the fire and he sat near it with Corbin. Corbin had some expensive alcohol that Henry really liked and gave it to him. Then they started drinking and talking.

I: This does sound like a parley. Do you remember what they talked about?

S: Mostly hunting. They also talked about some people whose names I can't remember right now. I do remember the hunting stories were really cool. We were all sitting around listening to them. Corbin talked about his people and Henry talked about

ours. He even talked about me and Glenn; about how we were family to him, even though he couldn't turn us. Like we were his kids.

I'm never gonna see him again. I'm never gonna see any of them ever again.

I: Do you need a minute?

S: Yes, please.

A five-minute pause is taken for the subject to collect herself.

S: I think I'm okay now.

I: Then please continue.

S: Okay. Where was I?

I: Corbin and Henry were talking.

S: Yeah, okay. So, after that Henry asks to examine Corbin's pack. They all shift into their wolf forms and Henry is looking them over like a doctor. Checking their teeth and eyes and stuff. He sniffed them too. That was funny. I'd never seen Henry scenting before. Usually, he let Keith do that stuff.

After a bit, he stops and calls me and Glenn over. He asks us if we still want to be werewolves. If we are willing to stop being humans for good and surrender to the hunt and the will of a Packmaster. I'm not even questioning it, but Glenn starts asking questions. I guess he knew something I didn't because he asked if we would stop being us. Henry said that a good master doesn't change too much, but your will is his will and that's just the way of things. If we didn't, that was fine, but this was our chance to change and Corbin seemed like a good master.



Then he asked if we'd see Henry and the others again. I hadn't thought about that. Henry said that it was kinda like getting married. We'd still be close and could talk, but we'd have our own lives to worry about. Henry also said we wouldn't really mind. No one ever does. Not usually anyway.

I: Wolves have absolute loyalty to their masters. So it makes sense that you wouldn't care once the change happened.

S: Yeah. Again, I get it now, but at the time? Not so much. Glenn finally says yes and I am so excited. It was finally going to happen. We were finally going to be wolves.

I: What happened next?

S: Corbin cut his hand and we had to lick the blood from his palm.

I: Did you expect that?

S: Yeah. Sarah told me it could be done with a bite or with blood. You just gotta get a little of the Packmaster into you and he has to want to turn you. She said it could be anything. I thought about asking her how Henry turned her, but I'm pretty sure I know how.

I: How is that?

S: Well, you know. [Subject makes an obscene gesture.]

I: I suppose that's direct enough.

S: They all pretend like I don't know anything. It's like they want to forget what me and Glenn used to have to do. I'm not a baby.

I: I guess even werewolves get uncomfortable having those talks.

S: It's not a big deal. Anyway, after that, they started talking about territory and rules of assistance and stuff, but I got bored. Also sleepy. Glenn was too. We fell asleep pretty soon after the blood thing.

I: How long did it take you to change?

S: About a week? I think that's right. I'm not sure since I spent most of the time sleeping. Glenn was taking care of me though. He was always there when I woke up. One time I woke up and he was talking with Corbin about me.

I: Was something wrong?

S: I don't know exactly. Glenn was asking Corbin to not touch my mind and Corbin was asking him how he knew something was even happening. Glenn said he could feel it and it was bothering him. Corbin stared at him and then started laughing and called him a thief, which pissed me off.

I: You got mad?

S: I got super mad. I got up and yelled at Corbin for calling Glenn a thief and Corbin just laughed more.

I: Did he explain why he was laughing?

S: Yeah. He said that Glenn was showing traits of being a Packmaster himself and that he'd imprinted on me in my sleep. He'd basically 'stolen' me. He was making a joke because Glenn wouldn't have normally been able to do that, but he cared about me so much, and Corbin wasn't paying attention.

I: Did Corbin try to take you back?

S: No. He said we'd be a pack inside of a pack for a while. At least until Glenn was old enough and strong enough to actually do the trials to be a proper master. Glenn was just too young. Either way, I was happy. My Brother was my Packmaster. It was perfect.

I: Thank you for that Sabine.

S: No problem. What else do you want to know?

I: I think I'd like your brother to join us for this last part. Let's take a short break, okay?

S: Okay.

END TRANSCRIPT

Date: {REDACTED}

Casefile: 5734968-3

Home: NA

On/Off site: Off

Interviewer: Samuel Horn (I.D.)

Scribe: Gemma Lewis (S.D.)

Notes: Subject one is Glenn Wolf. Alpha apparent and elder sibling of Subject two. Subject Two is Sabine Wolf. Common werewolf and packmate of Subject one.

TRANSCRIPT

I: I think after this we'll be done. I'm almost ready to make my final determination. For this last part, I wanted to talk to you together.

S1: Thank you.

S2: We're ready.

I: Good, good. Now, at this point in your history, you are both werewolves and Glenn has shown Alpha traits. You are traveling with an Alpha named Corbin who, upon discovering Glenn has claimed Sabine as a packmate has allowed the bond to stay in place.

S2: Corbin was really nice.

S1: His whole pack was.

I: You were with them for how long?

S1: Two years.

I: And what was that like?

S1: We finally got to do a little hunting.

S2: Just a little. Corbin felt we were too small for some of his hunts, but I got to eat faeries a lot! They were like spicy chicken nuggets.

S1: He actually sent us to hunt those on our own a lot. We mostly did scouting on small fry. He said it was because he couldn't control us, we'd be a liability.

I: I see. Was that frustrating?

S2: He made us watch when he'd hunt vampires and monsters. At least he let us eat

when it was done.

S1: He was keeping us out of danger, Sabby.

S2: I know, but I wanted to fight!

I: Did you have an issue with how werewolves eat?

S2: Subject giggles

S1: Oddly enough? No. Not at all. It's the best part.

S2: I used to eat faeries in two bites on purpose.

S1: I really feel like there should be something wrong with that, but honestly I can't reason out why I think that.

S2: It's because you're stuffy.

I: Outside of hunting, how was life with Corbin's pack?

S1: Corbin taught me a lot about being a pack master. Mostly the pack control aspects and how to keep my mind out of Sabine's unless I needed to be there. It's easier to leave her mind alone than it is to control it.

S2: The rest of the pack was way less delicate with us too. I mean, they still treated us like kids, but not like we were made of glass. I think Corbin worried too much. Henry never told him what we went through. What we can take. I bet he'd have taken us with if he did, but Glenn said it wasn't needed.

S1: Sabby. Calm down.

S2: I'm just saying.

I: It sounds like you weren't happy, Sabine.

S2: I wasn't unhappy. Just bored.

S1: Safe.

S2: Yeah, well, safe is boring. I know you know how I feel. I know you feel the same way. You felt alive when we killed that lady. I know you did. I could feel it.

I: That actually brings us to more recent events. What can you tell me about the day you met that succubus and the big werewolf?

S2: I want to kill her again.

S1: Calm.

S2: Fuck calm and fuck her and fuck him. He stole from us. They stole from us.

S1: Sabine.

S2: Sorry.

S1: Feel what you want. It's okay. I just can't explain with you boiling over.

S2: Right. No boil. Just simmer.

S1: Exactly. Anyway, Corbin had been concerned because he couldn't get in touch with Henry. Someone had hit a really powerful vampire on the edge of our territory. It was something Henry had reached out to Corbin to plan, but then Henry went radio silent and the Vampire vanished. Since it wasn't Henry's style to go quiet like that, Corbin was worried something had gone wrong. He decided we would all go to see what happened.

When we got to Henry's place, it was bad. There was blood all over. Henry, Sarah, and Wallace were dead. Henry's chest was crushed, but Wallace and Sarah were just dead. It was like they didn't even fight back, but it was pretty clear there had been one. It didn't make any sense. The main thing we realized though was there had been a lot of people in that place. There was no tracking anything at first.

S2: Then I stepped in.

S1: Yeah. Sabine picked up Lin's scent in the whole mess.

S2: Lin always smelled like sweat, money, and champagne. At least that what Wanda used to say. Either way, I could smell it.

S1: Sabine tracked the smell to the woods, but Corbin told us to stop. He said something was wrong. He didn't want us there, but-

S2: Glenn insisted. He was so mad. I was mad too, but Glenn was madder than I'd ever seen him. I was happy he was mad, but also mad that he was mad. He was crying.

S1: I was upset.

S2: He was pissed. Someone had killed Henry and all we smelled was werewolves.

S1: Corbin told us that sometimes there are disputes. Some wolf packs are not content to handle things peacefully. Sometimes they fight and kill each other. They will wipe each other out over territory, but they usually kill the packs to the member. They only take members with them if they are undermanned, but whoever had killed Henry had only seemed to fight him. Sarah and Wallace weren't visibly injured. They'd taken

five wolves with them. The whole situation was wrong and he didn't want to take us into a mess.

S2: He'd called it a shitshow.

S1: So, yeah, I insisted we come with. I regret that now. When we got deeper into the woods, we came to an old hunting lodge. It was pretty wrecked. It was coated in wolves, but they weren't right. They were all agitated and twitchy. I saw Keith and he looked crazy.

S2: It was sad. Keith was dumb, but not crazy. Even from far away, it wasn't him anymore. I could tell.

S1: There were at least fifteen wolves we could see. At a distance we could all tell there were more inside and they were probably, um, preoccupied.

S2: There was bangin' going on in there. Lots of it.

S1: Corbin was pissed now. He said it was like some idiot was living out his own vision of what werewolves were like. Even wild animals didn't act like this. He told us we had to get clear of the place before we got noticed since we were wildly outnumbered.

S2: Then we got noticed.

S1: With all the smells in the air, we didn't notice someone patrolling, though I think they were as much a patrol as a wandering idiot. Anyway, he started howling. In human form. I don't know what was more insulting being spotted by one of these wolves or that we were spotted by someone who howls in human form.

S2: It was the second one.



S1: Anyway, the house erupts with wolves-

S2: Naked, sweaty, crazy wolves.

S1: It was kind of gross. It was also really scary because there were a lot of them. Like, forty or so came out of the house. Corbin told us to hide and run at the first chance we got and then he and the others stepped out.

S2: Glenn tried to stop them, but Corbin said there was no fixing this. He couldn't get himself and his pack out, but we stood a chance. Corbin was a good wolf.

S1: Yeah. He was. He saved us for sure. When they stepped out, the wolves made a semi-circle around them, so we couldn't risk running yet. Then, this guy comes out of the house with a woman behind him. He was buff, but he wasn't that big.

S2: Not at all like Henry. He was only a little bigger than Glenn.

S1: Yeah, but we could tell he was the pack master. Corbin starts to yell at him about consorting with his food and points at the woman. He yelled something about spitting in the Grim Fang's eye and that his pack was a clear violation of all the rules we're sworn to live by.

S2: The white-haired bastard just laughed at him. Said the biggest can do what they want. He said the Aegis is king and to fuck our rules.

I: He used the term Aegis?

S1: Yeah. It was so weird. Then he starts to shift, but he doesn't do it right. He doesn't do it normally. It's supposed to be smooth and even. This guy was shifting violently. It was like no one taught him the right way to do it.

S2: He was also huge. Super huge.

S1: When he was done, he was twelve feet tall at least and white. He was bigger than Henry or Corbin by far in their shifted forms. He was a monster. I'd heard the elders got big, but this guy wasn't acting like an elder.

S2: He was acting like an asshole.

S1: So he then orders Corbin to change. The whole time, his pack is laughing and growling and drooling like mindless lunatics. I could see Lin, and Wanda, and our old friends acting the same way. It was like their minds were gone.

S2: If we didn't know this guy was a bad pack master, that sealed it.

S1: Corbin refuses to change to amuse this guy and then he grabbed Corbin and just ripped his arm off. He didn't even work for it. It was like he tore the wing off a cooked chicken. Then he held him down while the woman walked over and did something. She touched him and a few seconds later, Corbin just stopped moving. Then she said she wanted the other four and pointed at the rest of Corbin's pack and the giant pack just jumped them.

S2: That's when we ran. It was awful. They couldn't even fight back. It wasn't fair.

I: Is that when you ran into Andrew?

S1: Yeah. We'd almost made it out of the wood when he caught us.

S2: I tried to bite him. He almost broke my neck.

S1: He probably would have if she wasn't so small.

S2: You're small.

S1: I'm bigger than you.

S2: Still small though.

S1: Anyway, he asked what a couple of kids were doing in the woods running like the devil was after them. At first I didn't answer, but someone wouldn't stop growling and gave it away.

S2: Subject shrugs

S1: He asked if we knew who the Choir was. I told him we did. He asked if we were werewolves and Sabine tried to bite him again. He just started laughing and told us he'd let us go if we didn't try and run away. So I calmed Sabine and promised not to run.

He told us his name and let us go. We told him about what happened and he asked us to lead him back to where the big pack was. I told him there was no way he could bet, like, fifty wolves in a fight.

S2: He laughed and ruffled our hair. I still wanted to bite him.

S1: He told us he was a champion of the Choir and that the only fight he might have is with their alpha. He already knew how big the pack was and came out alone for that very reason. So we led him back. Once we got close enough to see the cabin, he told us to wait and not to run. He said if we ran, he would catch us and rip out our spines.

S2: I was kinda rethinking the whole biting thing because he sounded like he could really do that.

S1: Then he walks right out of the woods towards the cabin. Pulls out two big knives and starts yelling for someone named butterfly to come outside.

S2: No, no. He said, 'Butterfly, you arrogant bitch, bring your stupid ass out here and

bring your ugly ass guard dog with you.'

S1: Do you want to tell this part?

S2: Yes. Yes. Very much.

S1: Fine. You'll pretty much do it anyway.

S2: Subject squeals happily. Okay, so at first all the wolves that were around the house are staying clear of him, but then we hear a woman yell from the house to kill him, right? They all start shifting and running right for him. No tactics or anything, just numbers. Andrew is just standing there, all cool with his big knives. Then, he begins to wreck shop. I mean, one hit and one wolf is two wolves, you know? It was nuts. He was hardly even moving.

Soon, more wolves start to come out of the house and he keeps putting them down. I'm completely off the idea of wanting to bite him now. He's throwing those knives into folks, smashing them against the ground and trees, and those are the lucky ones. I didn't think a human could do all that. Are all Choir people like that?

I: Andrew is a very special case. Champions are the most powerful agents the choir employs.

S2: Fair enough. Knowing that guy might come for you if you act up is enough for me. Anyway, the fight takes no time at all, and now the area is wallpapered in wolf bits. I didn't exactly see when he killed our friends, but they weren't themselves anymore and it was better that way anyhow.

The guy and that Butterfly woman come out finally. We could smell how scared she was. The guy shifts into his wolf form and starts talking about how much he is gonna enjoy tearing Andrew's face off, and Andrew is all, 'Quiet, dude, a ten is talking.' Then he starts to yell at Butterfly about how she got lucky last time this happened and that the rules got changed because of her alone and that she and her pet fuck up had screwed up the balance on the whole western coast. He said he was going to slowly burn her out of

existence and he was going to enjoy it.

S1: Real fast, what did he mean by that? The whole, screwing up the balance on the west coast?

I: That Succubus and her Aegis had killed off most of the wolf packs on the western coast as well as two elders. The Choir is scrambling to fix the massive hole in the ecosystem this caused. It's very bad. There is a lot going wrong now that wolves would have controlled before.

S1: I see.

S2: Can I keep going?

I: Please do.

S2: Okay. So, Butterfly shouts back about not living in fear anymore and that once Andrew is dead, the Choir will be crippled and she's not scared of him anymore. Andrew starts laughing and says that he'll be wearing the big guy as a coat when she dies and then boom, he knocks this giant packmaster through the building behind them. I didn't even see him close the distance. He was just on him.

Now, Andrew and The Asshole are fighting and it's like a storm. The air is full of rocks and dirt and trees and bits of building as these two dudes kick each other's asses all over the place.

S1: I really think the fight was more one-sided than that.

S2: Hey, you said I could tell the story.

S1: Sorry. Go ahead.

S2: Thank you. Now Butterfly is watching this and she's sweating fear and that weird light that succubi make is coming off her like she doesn't want to be noticed. That's when I have a super smart idea.

I turn to Glenn, who is just watching the fight, and go 'Hey, let's eat that bitch.' Glenn is all, 'What?' and I point at Butterfly and I'm like, 'She a Succubus, right? Andrew is already gonna kill her and if Andrew loses, we still get some revenge. Sooooo let's eat that bitch.'

S1: It was a good idea, I will admit.

S2: Since Glenn is my pack master, he's gotta take over for us to fight our best. So he's in my head now and we both start to circle the battle, just out of Butterfly's sight. We're dodging the stuff flying around and moving in sync like one big wolf. There is nothing better than pack hunting, you know? Sharing eyes, ears, and noses. The thrill of all of that is beyond anything else.

Anyway, right as we close in on her, there is this explosion of light and heat and that big wolf lands in a smoking heap at Butterfly's feet. Andrew is looking at her. She's looking at him. Then Andrew says 'Well?' and We can feel he is talking to us.

We strike. I bite her legs and Glenn bites her neck and we drag her to the ground. She starts to scream and it's like music. We can feel her trying to drain us, but with our teeth in her she can't anymore. Andrew sits down on that big dead wolf and looks at us. What did he say, Glenn?

S1: Don't let it get cold, now.

S2: And then we ate her. When we finished, Andrew told us to come with him and you know the rest.

I: That I do. Thank you for all that.

S1: You're welcome.

S2: No problem.

I: So, here is how we are going to handle you two. We'll introduce you to an elder who can properly get you ready to become an independent Alpha and pack. Until that time comes, you'll be housed at the Choir home for your own safety. Alpha's are very important behind this. Like I said, the loss on the coast is devastating and we'll be needing you back into the ecosystem strong and ready.

Welcome to the Choir Reeduction Program.

END TRANSCRIPT

Date: {REDACTED}

Casefile: 5734968-21

Home: NA

On/Off site: Off

Interviewer: Samuel Horn (I.D.)

Scribe: Gemma Lewis (S.D.)

Notes: For security reasons, Champion Baines and Champion Gallo are present. Champion Gallo is accompanied by Claudia Paris, an I.D. agent from Home EU as Gallo is currently an EU asset.

I.C.D. Report on subject: Subject is Matron Nemesis, P.K.A Lillith the Elder. Matron Nemesis is the eldest known living member of the Empusa clan and self-proclaimed Matron of all Succubi. The unknown age and unpredictable abilities of the Matron is the reason two Champions were required for the interview. The Matron has shown in the past to be unusually resistant to all mental abilities despite her clan's normal weaknesses so the inclusion of Champions was deemed a requirement to avoid incident.

Subject is currently attended by The Empusa's Fang, B.K.A. Peaches, a known hunter of wolves. She is not the target of this investigation and is known to be

antagonistic if not hostile to The Choir, thus she is to be excluded from any and all questioning.

Matron Nemesis, as of this interview, is not seen as hostile nor is she seen as a suspect in case 5734968. This is to be a formal interview, sanctioned by the council to serve as supporting information pursuant to a proposed P.O.D. non-contact policy between Succubi and Wolves.

## TRANSCRIPT

Horn: Thank you for making time for us today, Matron.

M.N.: You are welcome, Child.

Horn: For the record, My name is Samuel Horn. My scribe is Gemma Lewis. The interviewee is Matron Nemesis of the Empusa clan. Also present are Champion Andrew Baines, Champion Susan Gallo, Observer Claudia Paris, and The Empusa's Fang.

E.F.: If you're gonna have me on record, I'd rather my name and not my friggin' title.

M.N.: Peaches. I suspect I am dangerously close to saying something twice.

E.F.: Sorry, Mother.

Horn: For the record, The Empusa's Fang will be referred to by her current name, Peaches.

M.N.: How kind of you.

Peaches: Thank you.



Horn: Now, Matron, the reason we've called on you was to discuss a certain event that took place last month in northern California. Are you aware of the event I'm referring to?

M.N.: I am not. However, I suspect you are referring to Butterfly's death.

Horn: Correct. How much of that event do you know about?

M.N.: That she is dead. That she had a large number of hunters with her when she died. The vampires of the area suffered noted losses due to her vindictive nature and I strongly suspect your Champion had a hand in her demise. Tell me, Champion. Is my suspicion about her passing true?

Baines: I was going to kill her, but a couple wolves beat me to it.

M.N.: I see.

Horn: So you are unaware of Butterfly's relationship with the wolves she was consorting with?

M.N.: Not wholly, no. However, Butterfly was ever a solitary child and not prone to consorting with her siblings. Seeing as most other agents I have steered clear of her, I could only guess at what she could have done.

Horn: Would you be willing to share your thoughts on what she did?

M.N.: I would think the idea of taming animals would come easily to humans. You make such industry out of it.

Horn: Humans don't have any natural predators with the same level of instinctive hate that Wolves have for your clan.

M.N.: Save yourselves.

Horn: A sadly fair point.

M.N.: Well, I am happy to share my thoughts. In fact, Peaches and I were recently discussing this point, were we not?

Peaches: Yeah. Only two possibilities and both are gross.

Horn: Those are?

M.N.: She was either in love with an Alpha of considerable power and it with her or she was feeding herself to it. Both are as vulgar as they are unlikely.

Horn: What makes either of these things so vulgar and unlikely.

M.N.: You are a skilled profiler, Mr. Horn, are you not? Are you not one of the most highly respected in your current generation?

Horn: I was unaware of such a reputation.

M.N.: Are you insulting me on purpose, Mr. Horn?

Horn: If I insulted you somehow, I apolo-

M.N.: If?

Horn: I apologize, Matron Nemesis. I fail to see what I said wrong.

M.N.: Truly? Where are we right now, Child.

Horn: Your home.

M.N.: Correct. My home. There are none here but Myself and my most trusted daughter. Do you believe I would have allowed in an Esper with a Champion in tow, let alone two of each, were I at an informational disadvantage?

Horn: Ah, understood.

M.N.: I trust I do not need to explain myself further?

Horn: No.

M.N.: Now that we have a better understanding of each other, I trust you can answer your own questions about how unnatural a Succubus and Wolf pack master falling in love would be? How utterly insane it would be for any being to willfully feed itself to its most hated foe?

Horn: Then would it be fair to say that Butterfly had to have been insane?

M.N.: My daughters do not suffer such a human malady.

Horn: This creates a difficult situation. On one hand, the event presented is treated as an impossibility, but the break in reasoning required for it to happen is also unacceptable.

Peaches: She didn't say impossible, she said unlikely. How did we lose a war to you things?

Baines: You would know. You were there.

Peaches: I was there when your ancestors learned to read with their mouths closed.

Baines: A lesson you missed, maybe?

Gallo: Oh, wow.

Horn: Andrew, would you kindly?

Paris: You as well, Susan.

Gallo: What did I do?

M.N.: I fear my daughter has been more mouthy than usual these days. My own hostility has not helped. Let us return to your line of questions anew.

Horn: Of course, Matron.

M.N.: While poorly worded, Peaches is correct. I said it was unlikely, but not impossible, and even so, impossibilities do become reality on occasion. The Abomination was impossible, and yet he lives. As much as his self imposed prison could be called living.

If we consider the chances of the three options of love, self-mutilation, or madness, all are equal in probability. If I had more information about Butterfly's actions during that time, I could break the deadlock.

Horn: We are still gathering information to that end.

Paris: Investigator Horn, if I may?

Horn: Observer Paris, I'm not sure what you could add to this?

Paris: I've read the report on the Wolf children. Surely their information would help the Matron.

Horn: The children only slew Butterfly, they had no knowledge of her personally.

Paris: Yet they did witness and describe Butterfly's actions when their pack was killed. They saw the Aegis disable their pack master and allow Butterfly to consume him without resistance.

M.N.: Is that so? Interesting.

Horn: Yes. That detail had slipped my mind. Thank you, Observer.

Paris: We are all allies, Investigator.

M.N.: This new information shows that she was not mad. Nor was it an act of love that caused such aberrant behavior. One doesn't ask ones lovers to violate such major tenets of faith. That leaves self-mutilation. She tamed the wolf by feeding parts of herself to it.

Paris: Does this not sound painfully familiar, Investigator Horn?

Horn: You read Butterfly's file. Yes, it does sound like that.

M.N.: Oh? It seems there is more I perhaps did not know.

Paris: I do not wish to step on toes, but I feel this would help us to confirm things for the record. Butterfly was once held captive by a fledgling pack of wolves. They were feeding her humans and then eating her half to death. I believe Champion Baines was personally involved in that case. I'm amazed the similarities didn't jump out at you.

Baines: That kind of thinking isn't my forte. That's what the investigators are for.

Gallo: Are you slipping Andrew?

Baines: I just know my job, Cousin.

M.N.: So, Butterfly was simply using her trauma to her advantage. She saw what could be done and repeated the action. She got the same result without losing control of the situation. She probably captured a lone wolf or killed its pack to make one. Certainly a young one without much knowledge of the true laws set in motion by the Grim Fang. She then made him into a pet. Slowly growing him into a suitable weapon to be used against her enemies. Such a bright girl.

Peaches: Smart or not, it's still disgusting. It's better to fight your foes head-on than to stoop so low as to feed yourself to them.

M.N.: Yes, but at what cost, Peaches? You feel so little pleasure with those teeth in your body.

Peaches: It keeps their bites from shutting me down. I'm so used to the pain, a little more won't stop me from sucking them dry. Butterfly was barely seventy. Look how well her method worked.

M.N.: This does beg the question. Why did you need to ask me anything, Mr. Horn? With so much information in front of you, why chance such a dangerous interview that you had to bring two champions here? Surely Andrew would have been enough?

Horn: We felt it prudent. Your actual strength is unknown to us.

M.N.: Yes, but why ask at all? Did you, perchance, suspect I had something to do with Butterfly's actions?

Horn: All Succubi are your daughters, are they not?

M.N.: Yes, but not directly. I could not say who actually birthed Butterfly. We are not so monolithic as that. Did you have hope that I could aim you in the proper direction? Or did you suspect I had done that for Butterfly in the first place?

Horn: I did not wish to imply that.

M.N.: Why? That certainly wouldn't have been insulting. I would love to say that I gave Butterfly such an idea, but alas, she had it on her own. I assure you.

Horn: Well, I think that will do for now. I thank you for entertaining my questions, Matron.

M.N.: It was my pleasure, Mr. Horn. After all, we are all allies, are we not?

END TRANSCRIPT