## A werewolf, a vampire and a ghoul walks into a bar

"Is this some kind of joke?" He sounded unimpressed as he saw what suddenly had cast the shadow across the alley. The others followed suit and looked over into the opening towards the street. When they saw the lithe figure in the opening they couldn't help but to agree with the look-out. It must be a joke. The five men abandoned what they were doing and turned more firmly towards the newcomer. She was tall and skinny, the black hair in a messy bun with a bandana holding the short strands back. The tiny hair formed a halo around her head as she was backlit by the city lights. She wore a torn, well used flannel shirt and under it a just as well used t-shirt. It had some little black logo on it but was really too dark in the ally. Besides, it was mostly covered by her flannel anyway. Her jeans where skinny and the holes at the front was so large that they saw more of her legs then her actual pants. She almost looked like the "we can do it!"-girl except she didn't look like her at all. She did look like a gangster but all of them could tell that she wasn't like them. Something seemed of.

"Well, look what the cat dragged in. Someone really must pray for us" The largest of the men, the one with the too small jacket and the golden smile: half of the teeth where gold, the other half just yellow, stepped forward and graced the girl with that million dollar smile. It looked predatory.

"Come here honey, I promise we won't hurt you" He says and reaches a hand out for her to take. He notices that she had previously had her hands behind her back when she no longer has them there. She slowly moves them so he can see them: one hand clenched into a fist while the other holds a baseball bat. She speaks for the first time during the short encounter and her voice is dark and low, a dangerous pitch to an otherwise pretty happily spoken sentence.

"Oh, I am perfectly sure that I am not your honey. What I am sure of is this" She raises her clenched fist and holds up on finger. "Grass grows" Another finger is hold up "Birds fly" Another one "Sun shines" A fourth one is held up at the same time as the bat is raised. "And brother, I hurt people" With that, she attacks.

They really thought they had a chance. They really did. But they were oh so wrong. The henchman with the blue baseball cap is the first to go. The baseball bat hits him straight in the stomach on the downward movement of the bat. On the upswing the bat hits a wall, shattering it, splinters falling over the scene.

The one with the red t-shirt is next. He is punched in the face with a hand that somehow no longer seems human. The remaining three witness it in the few seconds left of the fight that really is no fight at all. Suddenly the lady seems much larger than before, much more frightening. If the lighting hadn't been so bad they would have sworn that they saw her grow hairier, her face changing into something scary. But they only had seconds left of consciousness before she had subdued them as well.

The bald one is thrown into a wall, groaning on the alley floor. The dude with the weird face tattoo is tripped and pushed into the ground so hard he won't be moving anytime soon. Last standing is the man with the too small jacket and the million dollar smile. His friends has in just seconds been neutralized by a thin girl. He has just the time to pull out his gun before it is taken from his hand. She does not seem so thin now. She gets up in his face and smiles. Her teeth is pointed. They look like weapons. She head-butts him so hard that all he will be feeling for the next turns of events is the feeling of falling through pitch-black darkness.

The bald one makes the somewhat wise choice to get up and start running for the opening of the alley. Since she still holds the weapon from the million dollar smile he doesn't come far. She slowly takes aim, taking her time before hitting him right where she wants to. A silent "Boom, headshot" is whispered under her breath as she lowers the gun.

A slow clap makes her look up onto the fire escape of one of the buildings. A boy no younger than her is standing up there, grinning down at her.

"Thanks for the help ass-hat" is her way of greeting him. He jumps down from the ladder, sticking the landing perfectly. He slowly raises and looks around at the chaos she caused.

"It didn't look like you needed it" He says as he walks towards one of the unconscious men, the one in the red t-shirt. She snorts and kicks the leader one with a light kick in the ribs. He groans but remains unconscious. She no longer looks feral.

"Well, here's food then. No thanks to you" He throws a lazy grin over his shoulder at her before he leans down over the man on the ground.

"Thanks Val" is all he says before digging in. A small sob in the corner of the ally makes her turn around. It's a small sound. A sound of someone trying to stifle a sob. Val slowly approaches the sound, her hands out and away from her body as she slowly crouches down by the bundle which made the noise. She stretches out one hand but the bundle is shivering so much from fear that it barley notices. Val's voice is no longer hard when she speaks. It is soft and careful and oh so caring.

"Schh, schh. It's okey. Those bad men can't hurt you no more" She carefully removes part of the blanket seeing the face bellow. It's just a girl, not yet old enough to be of age. Her clothes is torn and the blanket is the only thing giving her real coverage. Val slowly helps the girl up, moving her out of the alley onto the night street. Soon enough they find a nice old lady which takes care of the girl and knows what to do. There really only is two kinds of people out at nights like these; those who destroy everything in their path, and those who try to save everything in their path.

As she returns to the alley the boy has finished of the other two unconscious men, only the leader remaining. Her companion looks up at her as she re-enters.

"Val, this one is a ghoul. Should we bring him back to Sebastian and let him have a look?" she nods her head as consent and of they go with the barley alive man between them. They are holding up, pretending to be two nice friends taking a drunk friend home from a night with too much to drink. No one gives them more attention than that conclusion anyway.

They have to kick the door open to get into the bar they're staying at. In one of the barstools sits a tiny man. He turns as he spots the two, a smile spreading on his lips as he pushes down his glasses to look at them over the brim.

"I'm sure there is a joke somewhere in there" he jumps of the stool that is almost as tall as he is, as they drop the barley moving man onto the door.

"Diego, would you kindly shut the god damn door?" Sebastian's tone is polite but the swearwords will forever be in his blood. They can be polished but never removed. Diego silently obeys the midget. Sebastian start to works his magic as Val and Diego sits down at one of the tables. She leans back, her head falling back until her neck is in a cramped position.

"You still hungry, bloodsucker?" she asks casually to the boy at the other side of the table. His hair is pitch-black and sort of long for this day and age. He belonged in the eighties. He looked like

David Bowie if he'd been in a black and white movie. His sickly pale skin, the black polo, the tight, skinny black jeans and the large, black trench coat made him monochromatic. The only thing that was color on him was the ruby earrings dangling from one of his ears like a drop of blood and his pale green eyes. He just smiles at her.

"Yes, anger-management-issues, thanks for asking" he grins at her and lays his head in his hands, his elbows preached upon the sticky table. She snorts and closes her eyes, laying her hands over her eyes for good measure.

"Well, at least I didn't sell my dying body on craigslist, you creep" it's his time to snort and look at her unimpressed.

"My family needed the money and I would have died anyway. I just never knew it would a vampire, your master I might add, that would show up at my side the last day I was alive and turn me into something undead" he sighs but she just waves him off.

"I know I know. You're a noble soul and all that" she opens her eyes and mimics his stance with her elbows at the table. Her chin falls into her own hands and they fix each other with a stare. "It just never gets boring to mock you for selling your body on craigslist" she grins at him and the tension disappears. He sighs and looks away, towards the tiny ghoul sitting on the chest of a large ghoul a few feet away.

"Craigslist wasn't even a thing back then" Is his response. She smiles a smile way to fond for him to ever see as he turns more fully towards their friend. The vampire's curiosity always did get the best of him.

"Sebastian? Have you found anything of interest?" the little man looks up. His usually back slicked hair has gotten into his eyes and the glasses is perched dangerously low on his crocked nose. He rises from the uncomfortable position and turns towards their table. His white shirt and brown suit was still impeccable. He looked as if you had taken Charles Xavier from the X-men: First Class movie, but without the handsome face of James McAvoy, and put him in a hydraulic press and pressed until he was just the right amount of short.

Sebastian sits down by the table, looking at the unconscious man on the other side of the table.

"Well, he doesn't seem to know anything important. The girl you saved was supposed to be food for his master so there's that" an uncomfortable silence followed the statement. The air suddenly felt heavy and the tension in the room grew. Suddenly the noise of a chair scraping against the floor breaks the tension. No one moves to stop her as she round the table towards the unmoving man.

He has just started to regain consciousness when she sits on his chest. He huffs out his breath and looks blaringly up at her.

"It has come to my attention that you are not only a piece of garbage but also useless to us" He shifts a little under her, the pressure of her body making it hard for him to breath. His hazy mind focuses on the logo on her shirt. It is now clearly visible unlike it had been in the alley. The mustache logo felt like a mockery. Like it had a mouth under it: grinning at his impendent doom. He tried to struggle a little more now, but she sat unmovable on his chest. He felt panic rising in his chest but nothing helped, not even his enhanced strength.

"And do you know what we do with garbage? We take you out like the piece of shit you are" she smiles down at him and he knows that he is screwed.