

Chapter 3

TYLER

My mother died while giving birth to me. The doctors managed to save me but my mother wasn't as fortunate. My grandparents told me that my parents had been super excited when my Mum took in. Grandma said it was all they ever spoke about. They even threw parties to celebrate their unborn child. Little did they know that my birth would end both of their lives.

My Dad lived much longer. He kept his distance from me and never really communicated. After Mum died, I guess he gave up on life too. A part of me always knew that he hated me. He never said anything but I knew he blamed me for her death. To him the math was quite simple; I came into the world and the love of his life left. He died a week after my thirteenth birthday. From what I heard, he shot himself in the mouth with a silver bullet.

Apart from my grandparents, Darrel was one of the people I looked up to when I was little.

Darrel Walters was eighty-nine years old. Three years older than my grandfather, making Darrel the oldest werewolf I knew. Probably the oldest in the world. Who could say?

Johnny and I were sitting across the table, facing Darrel. The man had a brown cotton vest on, a cigar in his mouth, and a big pair of glasses sitting on the bridge of his nose.

"It's been a while since we came here," Johnny said, breaking the rather awkward silence. Even that didn't stop Darrel from staring at both of us like someone who had seen something weird in the fridge.

He did something that was either a quick shrug, or he was just shaking his head. "I don't expect young men like you to grace an old boring man with your time. It's good to see you, Tyler. Johnson, you too."

Johnny made a funny face at Darrel. "The name is Johnny."

Darrel dropped his cigar on the table. "Boy, I was there when you were born and when your parents named you. My memory serves me well too."

I beamed a smile at him, happy to see that Darrel was looking strong and healthy. "Don't say that, Darrel. I love seeing you. I don't nd you boring at all."

Johnny chipped in. "Yeah. Sometimes I even forget that you're like two hundred years old."

Darrel laughed at that. "You know what, Johnson? I will take that as a compliment." He looked down at his hands and every trace of that bright smile he had on his face seemed to have vanished and something that looked like fear took its place. "Tyler, we have a problem. A very big one, if I'm being honest. A terrifying one."

Johnny sat back, his hands crossed across his chest. "What is it, Mr. Walters? It's hard to see you this way. If I didn't know you better, I would say you were scared."

Darrel nodded, rubbing his hands against each other as he exhaled noisily. "I am scared, Johnson. You should be too. You see, I was paid a visit by Acelia a few days before I called Tyler."

"Acelia? Isn't she like the most powerful witch there is?"

Darrel nodded. "Some say she is the most powerful witch there have ever been. I know Acelia. As you must have heard, she is not the nicest person you will meet. Most supernatural beings she comes across hardly ever live to tell the story."

"You seem alive to me," Johnny jested, laughing all by himself. "Sorry. I should learn to read the room."

Darrel continued. "Acelia was my great-great-grandfather's wife. At least, for a while, she was. Because of that, she is somewhat lenient to my family."

"Wait... did you just say she was your great-great-grandfather's wife?" I asked. "How old is this woman?"

"She uses her magic to stay young. I don't know, but she has lived for over two hundred years. Now, I didn't call you to tell you about Acelia's powers. I called you here to tell you that we are all going to die if we don't do the needful. Acelia had a vision and her visions are as real and certain as me and you."

Darrel told us that Acelia saw that there were Xirays in the human world. Xirays were demons that had only one mission— to kill werewolves. Xirays, from what Darrel told me, were black-eyed demons. The good thing was that no more than twenty Xirays could exist in the world at a time.

Johnny took a sip of the tea Darrel oered us. "Tastes horrible."

"It's very good for you," Darrel said.

Johnny wiped his lips with the back of his palm. "Let me be the judge of that."

"I don't see the issue here. From what I heard Xirays were strong, but we have the numbers. Five or six werewolves can take down one Xiray. If twenty of them are together, all we have to do is make some phone call and I gather more than two hundred werewolves." I slapped my knees. "The only issue now is to nd them."

Darrel raised a hand in the air. "Even that will not be an issue. Acelia gave me a ring. This ring will lead you to the Xirays."

Johnny suddenly had a quizzical expression on his face as he stared squarely at Darrel. "If that's the case, then all we need is one week at most. We will nd every one of them, end them and put this behind us."

Darrel tossed the little metal ring to me. "If only there wasn't another green eye. And if either of you dies at the hand of a Xiray, then every werewolf will die too at that same moment."

"There is another green eye? I thought Tyler was pulling my legs when he mentioned it earlier." Johnny stated. "Wow. This just got more confusing."

"Yes, there is," Darrel said. "Her name is Ada Katherine Miller. I told her parents about Ada's visit days before I told you."

Darrel told me I had to go and nd this Ada girl and I had to go as soon as possible. Everything was simply too much to take in at once.

"This is crazy," Johnny said as we drove to my grandparents' home. "Now we have to go look for Ada."

"No, we don't. I do."

Johnny turned to look at me. "You have got to be kidding me. We do everything together. No way I'm leaving your side at a time like this."

"I think that's exactly what you have to do. Look, there's a fucking target on my head. Trust me, you don't want to be around me now. This is something I have to do alone."

"Shut the fuck up. I will go with you, Ty. No way I'm letting you do this alone. Now drive because there's no arguing this."

I knew Johnny wasn't going to listen anyway. I just had to try.

I dropped Johnny o before heading to my grandparent's. When I got to my grandparent's house, I explained everything to them. Darrel had already given them a call, but I explained more clearly to them.

"Acelia," Grandpa said aloud like a teacher explaining the elements to little kids. "That woman is never to be trusted. She's evil. She can never be up to any good."

I let out a sigh, wishing I could breathe out all my troubles away. "Now all I have to do is nd the other Green Eye. We can make a plan after that."

Grandma was quiet. She just looked at anyone whose mouth was running but didn't say anything. I watched as she rubbed her hands in between her knees. It was a little weird thing she did whenever she was nervous.

Grandpa and Johnny continued to chat as Grandma signalled for me to step out.

When I got to the porch, she was already sitting, still rubbing her hands together.

"Is everything alright?"

She chuckled and that look of worry left for a moment. "Come on, boy. You know everything isn't alright. I'm scared for you and every werewolf on this planet."

"It will be ne. It wouldn't be easy; I know this isn't the easiest situation to handle. But aren't you the one who always said there's nothing we can't do together as a family?"

"Tyler, I hate to be the one saying this, but this is dierent. This isn't like anything we have ever faced before." Her voice broke and I could see how hard she struggled to hide that she was holding back tears. "There is something else."

"What?"

"A prophecy," she said.

"You can't be serious. There's no such thing as a prophecy."

Grandma held both of my hands and smile at me the way she always has done since I was a toddler. "Tyler, there are people who would swear on their mother's life that werewolves don't exist. But I see you right here, alive and whole. You see me, too, don't you?" She let go of my hands. "You should be careful what you say exists and what doesn't."

"Okay. What does this prophecy say?"

Grandma told me that about sixty years ago, a witch just giving up the ghost, said that there will be a time when two green eyes will exist at the same time. One will kill the other, and end the entire werewolf race.

Well, this just got way more interesting.