



History of the Changelings
Billy Barker Zorn Brad Jenkins

D.A. Sanford

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Billy Barker, Zorn, Brad Jenkins

by D.A.Sanford

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Warning: Contains adult content due to graphic descriptions of any or all of the following:

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History of the Changelings Billy Barker Zorn Brad Jenkins© 2025 D. A. Sanford

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This is a compilation of the Flock leaders journey and the demons daughter. I now have written the link. When Billy Barker finally dies humans have gone extinct. His progeny are changelings. After all remnants of humans has disintegrated into dust,

A new species is born to a small canid. Her child is named Zorn

This is the new section. It covers Zorn and many of the aspects of the changeling powers. Also how did human resentment of their success cause them to want Zorn dead.

Finally there is Brad.

I have made revisions to the original issues of the two books. There are tweaks and corrections that I caught after publication. I now use the word program voice review. The tweaks are to bring the stories in line with each other.

I have made revisions to “the flock leader’s journey” and “the demon’s daughter” for continuity and clarification.

The Flock leader's Journey

No one knows

No one knows what happened back then. Whether it came from a lab or a natural occurrence, maybe from a meteor it's too late to even care. We are what is left by whatever hit the global population. Not seeing anyone for untold months is common. Sometimes it is a god send because people can be more animals than animals. Humans are the worst. Most of the humanoids will treat you fairly but mainly with indifference.

As expected, from something that killed off the majority of the world population, there were continuing mutations. The mutation variations depend upon the species. The only common thing is rage. If they catch you, you're doomed. Either eaten or, if you can get away with only a bite, it is a certainty that you will become one of the mutants. Other than the bite, there is an unknown factor that can trigger a community wide mutation to occur. They do eat, they do live, and most seem to not be that affected by the cold. So much for a winter break.

I'm Billy Barker. This is how my journey started.

It all started when I was young and traveling alone. I had to find a place to hide for the night. You never went out in the dark. You find somewhere to hide at least two hours before twilight. Felid night stalkers have excellent night vision. They will tear you apart.

Unlike normal cats, they will not play with you before they kill you. I still can see, during the day time, bodies high up in the trees of some fool that tried to stretch the two hour limit.

I will try for a cave with an opening that I can cover. Sometimes hanging a hammock under a bridge that is tight to the under surface of the road. It is surprising how you can get used to skunk lure. For some reason, it can still be found in old country hunting stores. The smell masks your scent. You can sleep. Another good side effect is that you do pick up that smell and any one you do meet, it is a very brief encounter.

Being around the age of twelve when it hit. My father was the first to die but he was quickly followed by my mother. Her last words for me were that I needed to go to my aunt's house in the next town. I never made it out of my neighborhood.

The streets were a mess. Bodies that were just moved to the sidewalk were rotting in the noonday sun. The dogs were starting their journey towards going feral. They were starting to eat the dead. Within a few blocks from my house, there were gun shots. If I remember right, that was common for those who did not want to turn into mutants. These shots were directed towards me.

I knew the area well. In the woods was a cave that I used to play in. My mother hated it. "You'll be in there and it will cave in." She would warn but like most kids, it went in one ear, gained velocity and shot out the other ear at sonic speed.

The cave had some of my camping gear and a stash of snacks. I was a kid. Why would I stash canned goods. They were at home. I had used some construction adhesive on a board and put some stones on the board. I think back, today's standard, I would have been the snack.

For a few weeks, everything calmed down. I did not wander at night but in the day, I finally realized, after throwing up a stomach's worth of junk snacks, that I needed some real food. I was able to go into the stores and get those canned goods. That is when I started the habit of real food as opposed to snacks.

My cave was small but it was home for most of the spring and early summer. I had to leave. There were at first, the human mutations. They appeared to be zombie like but without the rot. Aggressive but not rational. They were like they no longer had any reasoning. Total aggression when they saw prey. They did not shuffle like in the movies. They took on the swarm instinct and they could run. The only saving grace is that they are not as coordinated as a felid, they tend to stumble and fall. I always ran over rough terrain when they chased me.

First the runners, then the night stalkers. They are nocturnal but can come out in the twilight and cloudy days. Evidently, the mutation has rendered their eyes almost useless during the daytime, too bright. They had been coming closer and closer to my cave. That is when I found the skunk lure.

When it finally came to fall, I found that I needed heat or freeze to death, I abandoned my cave and found a house on the outskirts that had a fireplace in the basement rec room. It had quite a few cords of wood. That is the biggest reason I chose it. I used my unlimited supply of lure around the outside of the house. I also boarded up both the inside and the outside of all the basement windows. Then I hung blankets over the inside. I needed to make sure that no light from the small fire in the fireplace did not show.

It was cozy for almost the whole winter. I was on starvation rations towards the beginning of spring. Winter had been brutal. Storm after storm. I was the only one in this neighborhood so I was able to take most of the canned and dry foods but the storms kept me inside.

I had brought all the wood inside but I was running low. The wood furniture was first. I stayed in the basement rec room. The main floor furniture would mostly break up by pushing it down the stairs. I just made it to early spring.

With warmer weather, I decided it was time to get out of the area. The runners were still sluggish from the cold. My best bet was to drift further south. It used to be a joke my father would always tell us when he was going to go out to shovel snow.

“One of these days, I’m going to put this shovel on my shoulder and start to walk. When I get to an area where someone asks me what’s that you have on your shoulder, that is where I will live.”

I don’t have a snow shovel but I know one thing, I don’t want to be in the cold any more. South is the direction. I remember things so, morning sun on my left and afternoon sun on my right, south is in front of me.

As I went south, I found that there were a few more mutants. The biggest I needed to worry about were the biters, which are turned canids. They have the nose to track. Once they get a scent, there is no stopping them short of killing them.

Then there are the harpy turns. They are the fliers. Normal harpies take great pride in their plumage. Grooming is something they do often. The best sign of a flier is, when you see one, ask yourself, are their large feathers looking ragged?

My familiar safe spot, a cave, now is something that really must be scouted. Look for tracks in the dirt. Those are the best indications that a cave is occupied. If it is, walk slowly backwards, keeping your eyes on the potential threat. When you are far enough away, turn and run away. A basic survival rule.

Walking, on edge you are alive, alone, but alive. Everything is out to eat you. I realized that you must get strong. Stronger but do not turn into an idiot. Muscle brains always find out that there is always something stronger. Usually at lunch time. Theirs not yours.

No, I learned that smarter is better. The mutants are just instincts. It’s the human so called normal that you have to be smarter than. That food offered, the drink, the invite to bed will get you dead. Some humans are worse than mutants. The humans enjoy the kill. Smarter is better. Skunk is a very good defense.

I found my way down to the warm. Spent a few years wandering.

Another lesson learned. Every place has its own draw and its own faults. South is warm during the winter but almost unbearably humid and hot during the summer. Then there non mutants that want to dine on you. Gators, bugs, snakes, to name a few.

After a few years, I found myself drifting back up north. I had places in both that I could stay in but summer was for the north.

I picked up a cross bow in my travels. I am now very proficient with it. I can eat every day with what I hunt. I also now can pick off some of the mutants at a distance. With a few well placed shots, you can take down a flier.

Night stalkers and biters, the skunk lure usually does the trick. Unlike the old movies, it is best to avoid these two but biters can be taken down with a cross bow. I have tried some of the chemicals to throw their noses off but skunk works best so why bother.

I hate to say this but sometimes you can have fun with the runners.

In the hills, when I spot a small group of runners and there is a cliff or a ravine, I will get them in a frenzy. I will run towards the edge. At the very last moment, I will jump out of the way and watch them plummet. So, sue me. Oh, that's right no courts anymore. I think of it as population control.

Now it has been nine years since the shit hit. Alone, on guard all the time and the only rest you get is when you can get into a totally safe place. I may go west sometime. I remember the rich made lavish bunkers there to ride a war out. I think about it but what the hell, give all this up just to find that the power has run out and they could not open those bomb proof doors.

I'll stick to wandering.

Choose your poison

I have been lucky so far. Deep caves are good finds. Once I found that I was able to cover up the crawl way into a cavern. I dusted up my tracks, as usual, put rocks in the entrance of the tunnel and a little skunk lure, I was set for a few days rest. I did not hear anything but err on the side of caution.

It was bound to happen one day. Another cave that I found before the two hours from sunset. I went in only to find that it was occupied.

The only thing I could do is to freeze. She was asleep. There was a lone harpy. She was smaller than average. Very pretty plumage. That's all I could see. She was curled up in sleep.

Slowly I started to turn to get away but there was a pebble that I kicked and it skittered across the stone floor making a small noise. She woke with a start, saw me and started to cower.

"Please don't hurt me, I'll leave." I tell her

"I did not know that this was your hide. I promise not to tell anyone where you are. Please don't kill me." She cried.

She is crying so much so that you have to know that she has had bad trouble in the recent past.

"I won't hurt you if you promise not to hurt me. Sound okay with you. This is not my cave. I'll leave"

"Not your cave, that's good but please don't leave. I'm lonely. Please stay."

"It's too close to night fall to find any other safe place. I'll stay."

I go to the other side of the cave and sit down on the floor.

"Why are you here alone?"

"I was with my flock." She hangs her head. "I'm the runt, the weakest. The flock found a male and I kept trying to get a turn and was always thrown back. I finally resigned myself that I was not going to mate. After a while, the leader started to eliminate her closest threats. Then I was thrown out of the flock. Worthless. I was told that I was a waste of food. They said that if I was seen, they would kill me. That night, I found a store back room to hide in and slept."

"Hide during the night in a safe place. Store back rooms usually have no windows. I will say one thing, that is a smart solution. For someone just kicked out of her flock, you show some good judgment."

She is now puffed up.

“You can praise me more!”

She then looked and asked, “Would it be possible for me to travel with you? I need someone. We harpies are flock oriented. I don’t like being alone. Can I be a flock with you?”

“I’m Billy Barker, may I ask your name?”

“My name is Blaze”

“Blaze, I’m going to ask something. Why haven’t you tried to mate with me yet? You have been very calm”

“Having to try to fight with the others, I gave up. I found that I could keep the urge in check, somewhat.”

She now looks like she is really trying. I haven’t had anything in a very long time. Should I take a chance? Its dumb but I figure she is small, harpies are light weight. If things get out of hand.

I get up and start to block the entrance with fallen rocks. I look and Blaze looks very puzzled.

“Whenever I hold up in a cave, I try to make the entrance look like a cave in. That’s all I’m doing. Keeps prying eyes out. Now when is the last time you ate?”

Sheepishly she said “I had something yesterday.”

“Anything substantial?”

I dig in my pack and open a large can of beef stew and split it with her. I used my drinking cup for her because it has a handle, and a spoon. She was able to eat but she wolfed it down.

“Yesterday’s meal would not have been a few of these bugs crawling around?”

She looks down and says yes. I had eaten a good lunch. I poured the rest into the cup for her.

Blaze was dumb founded.

“You need to eat too.”

“Large lunch. Not bugs, I caught and ate a squirrel. So, I really am not hungry. Eat up.”

She did and looked like she just had a nine course meal at the best restaurant. Now fed, she had licked the cup and spoon clean, I told her that we need to get some sleep.

“I do not go out until an hour after sunrise but it really looked like it could rain. If it does, I will stay here another day. If we are going to travel together, we travel on my terms. Only in the day. Now, it looked like you were sleeping. Are you a night or day harpy?”

"I am a day bird, I was sleeping because I am scared of being alone. I will walk when you walk and sleep when you sleep."

She now is getting an inquisitive look.

"Can we sleep next to each other to keep warm?" she asks, with some desperation in her eyes.

"I can see that you are fighting an urge. Is that, clothes on or off? If it is off, we can do it if you want but one long slow session, Then sleep."

She squeals in delight. As she takes off her clothes, she is doing some sort of dance as she sings "Fed and bed" over and over. I lay my bed roll down and she stops.

"You are not going to back out are you?"

"This is our bed. Now I do like what I see. So, if you would lie down on it, I'll get undressed."

Blaze's idea of a long slow session was entirely different from mine. She had a lot of pent up passion. She was just as famished for sex as she was for food and a flock. We went on for a long time. I must say that I missed the companionship and the benefits. I now know that she is a keeper.

I have never seen someone so happy to see it raining when I opened the mouth of the cave. We used the rain to wash up. She spotted a rabbit and in a flash she had it. She presented it to me and I praised her. She seemed like it was praise from the gods. She is very happy. A while back, I found a small cook stove. I would usually cook the rabbit over a fire but the wood is wet with the rain.

"Do you want your portions raw or cooked?" I ask.

"I'll have it the way you have it."

As I clean it, I can see that she is looking at the raw meat. Normally, I cook the liver and heart but this time I put it in front of her.

"You caught it, to the victor go the spoils. Eat these up."

Much to my amazement she also grabs the other innards and eats those. Discretion being the best route, I don't say anything and cooked the meat with a few vegetables I had and made a soup. We had enough to last a few meals that day.

That night, I insisted that we get a night's sleep but gave in to one round. This time I took the lead and showed her what a romantic mating was. She had such a blissful look. I could tell that it was something that we will do more often.

The next day, it was bright and sunny. We pack up and leave. The first thing is always scrounge for whatever can be found.

“First thing, we need to find what food is out there. Any stores in this area or any houses? Are we in your flock’s territory?”

Blaze says that it is on the lower edge so I tell her that we will walk. I pull out my cloak and have her put it on.

“It has a hood so if they fly over you will not be recognized. I’m going to tell you something that is a hard fact. Even if it is your old flock, if they come after us, I will kill if attacked. Can you live with that? “

Without hesitation “I will help. You are my flock leader now. They kicked me out but they always treated me like the runt so I have no love for them. Now there is some houses in this direction.”

With that we take off in that direction. I could tell that her answer was a partial lie. The way she was leading me was out of her flock’s territory. I did not doubt that she would fight but it would hurt her to see others of her old flock killed. I would bet, the way she described the leader, she would not feel bad if I had to kill that one.

Blaze was right. There were quite a few houses and none of them showed that they were occupied. None showed any sign of being searched. Usually, you don’t see someone that has searched a house, close the doors. That is almost a universal sign of being searched

We were able to find a lot of good items, including a side arm with a few boxes of ammunition. Fire arms are used in a last defense, not for hunting. Loud attracts unwanted guests. Kitchen knives on the other hand.

At one house, there was one of the grocery carts that are the small ones on two wheels that you pull along. We are now able to take more. We were caught up in our good fortune when Blaze put a finger to her lips and pointed to a window.

Looking out, I saw a very large harpy flying around. She whispers to me that it is the flock leader.

“She can smell a male. That is why she is circling. It must be that she has caught your scent. We washed in the rain so you don’t stink of skunk.”

Thinking that I may have to shoot that one, I again ask Blaze,

“I’m going to take out the pistol.” But before I could finish, Blaze says

“She has found you! Shoot her before she gets you. You’re mine.”

There was both terror and anger in her voice.

The leader is in a full dive coming straight at this house. I only had one chance. Pulling out the pistol, I fire out a full clip through the glass. The harpy was caught in mid dive. I don’t know how many rounds hit her but it was enough to send her tumbling to the ground. She was alive but not in any shape to defend herself.

The leader recognized Blaze and ordered her to capture me and get help.

I saw a part of Blaze that my timid harpy hadn't shown.

"I am not of your flock anymore. You threw me out as useless. This is my flock leader now. He took you out." and she kicked some dirt in her face.

My turn and I know exactly what I am going to say and do.

"You threw Blaze out as garbage. She is a gem. She was the one that helped me find the pistol that shot you. You tried to take me from my wife, now you are on the ground."

The leader goes to screech for the flock. I put a round in her head before she could do that.

"We need to go now. Those shots will attract all sorts of bad. Let's go and find somewhere to hide."

I grab her hand and we start to run towards the woods. This area is rocky with an abundance of caves so it was only a short run until we found a cave that had a cavern. I fixed the entrance and we sat.

All this time, she has not said a word. I think she must be in shock that I had to kill the leader. Even though she was mistreated, she must still have had some loyalty to that leader. There is silence as we listen for any sign of pursuit. There was none.

Finally I started to talk but noticed a serious look on Blaze's face. I figure that she is going to be mad. She gets up, walks over to where I am sitting, kneels and grabs my face in her hands. Here it comes.

"What did you mean, my wife?"

It's a good thing that I was sitting.

"I meant what I said. It's only been a few days since we met but I want you with me always. We have mated. I love you already and will fight to defend you. Are you okay with being my wife?"

She kisses me long and hard. In just that instant, she had the bed roll out and was out of her clothes. Then I was out of mine. We holed up there. Mid-day but.

After a long enjoyable session Blaze is cuddled up tight to me when she reflects her new status.

"Your wife, I like that. Finally, I am first wife. I never thought that it would happen. First wife, does that mean I am Blaze Barker? I never had a last name but I heard that your species takes the husband's last name. I am going to do that."

I need to stop her or she is going to explode. I kiss her and draw her into a hug. Those feathers feel nice and are warm. Once she has lost the steam, I realize what she just said. So, I'm slow. I ask.

"What do you mean first wife?"

"We are a flock. You are the leader. There needs to be more wives, more added to our flock. The only thing is that I want to be the only harpy."

"You are."

We spent the night. In the morning we went back to the houses. I needed to retrieve to supplies. The leader's body was still there but showed signs of abuse. I ask Blaze about that.

"She was strong and hated. The flock must have found her. By plucking her and kicking her, she will go on to the next life plucked. She will remember why. That is why she got rid of the next strongest. They were the ones that would have done this when she was alive. Alive or dead, as long as she is plucked, she'll be bald."

With that, Blaze plucked one of the last feathers and threw it to the wind.

Getting those supplies, both of us left the area. She seemed that she had a burden taken off her. We walked as she was humming and occasionally would sing "first wife" over and over.

First wife?

A walk with a wife

Starting this journey at age twelve, alone. Learning how to survive in this fucked up world. In this world, if you are alone and live, you're an adult no matter what age but that does not imbue wisdom. I have seen the results, or should I say the remains of people young and old that felt they knew better.

Being alone, there is no one around you to make you stop and think before doing something stupid.

Now, not only do I have a companion, I have a wife and she already saved me. She alerted me to a potential danger. She told me that her old flock leader found me. Now we travel. Now I have someone that can scout ahead. My harpy wife, Blaze.

Airborne, she can spy out places. I have told her that she is to go no farther than a few miles. She needs to fly long enough to work her wings. Now that she is free, she can fly free. I can't help but worry about her every minute she is away. By her flying, she spots places that look unsearched.

The biggest thing is that she is able to find places for our overnight hide. She found a wonderful cave that had no tracks around it. When we went in, there was a set up in there that had even a wooden bed platform that we spread our bed roll out on. Better than sleeping on the floor.

Finding a good hide means we will not be disturbed. Both she and I try hard to keep the noise level down but we do not succeed. That hide, we stayed there for almost a week. Going out for scavenging, a little hunting, Blaze always is happy when I offer the innards to her. Now she does not even phase me to see her devour them. More often than not, her portion of the catch is the last in the pot. The other times I just pour the soup over the raw meat. I have made her a raw meat platter a lot of times. The evenings she really shows her gratitude.

We had to move on due to an increase of mutants.

On our journeys, we had discussions about them. Up to now, we have left an area because of them but there is now a need to settle or go further south. Blaze is one that really likes snow. She would like to stay somewhere for the winter.

"If we stay, we can't ignore the mutants like we have. We need to start taking them out."

Blaze is very smart. Most of the time, she can come up with some things that I would never think of. Sometimes though.

"All I need to do is grab them, take them high and drop them. Simple."

"I won't let you. While you are climbing, they will be biting and scratching. I will never allow you to get infected, even if it means that I would be bitten."

She is both in rapture and anguish.

“You would put yourself between me and a mutant. You’re my hero.” Then it sinks in.

“We need to make traps so we can kill them safely. I never want to lose you. You are my life.”

“That is why I don’t want you to put yourself in danger. I like the trap part. We could make a net tied to a fall. While they are swinging we kill them.”

“Why don’t we hunt them? You use your cross bow and I’ll drop rocks on them.”

“You have just given me an idea.” I kiss her and go for our packs. She sees what I get and shies away.

“That is the stinky stuff that you put on those leaves you eat.” She backs away.

I always carry empty bottles. You never know when they come in handy.

“Take one of these bottles up and let’s see how high you have to go to have them break on impact.”

She does and we find that she only has to go around twenty feet for it to break. Next, I fill one with water and have her repeat. It was only a little less height. Blaze looks a little confused so I explain.

“If I fill a bottle with the vinegar and drop it on a biter or a night stalker, what would happen to their sensitive noses? You don’t like that smell and your nose is far less sensitive.”

“The smell will cripple them. As long as the bottles are closed when I carry them, I can do this.”

Later in the week, we came across the den of a sleeping night walker. I motioned to Blaze that I was going to throw a bottle in there. It was noon and the sky is clear. I did have my pistol out as I broke the bottle against the wall. Then ran to a safe distance from the opening.

Within seconds, we hear growling and sounds of extreme pain. Then the night stalker came out of its den. It hit the light. That plus the pungent smell of the vinegar, the creature curled up into a tight ball. I was able to put it down with one shot.

Blaze went into her dance. “We did it.” She was singing.

I was happy but also sad. I have met quite a few felids over the years. Almost all were friendly, cautious, but friendly. Now being sad that this felid ended up like this. Before all this went down, I had a few felid friends. I even had a female felid that I had a crush on when I was eleven. So having to kill this one was right, sad but right.

Now we had working solutions for the four types of mutants. I have not mentioned the runners in a while, We haven’t run into that many recently. They are so easily tricked

into running off a cliff. I feel that they are self destructing. We may see the end of them in my lifetime.

Only the fliers will be trouble, but at least they don't seem to stray far from their nest. I have only seen a few. Even though you seldom see them, they're no less a threat. I decided to take the chance and use the pistol on them. We now have sufficient ammunition to do that.

Again, with solutions to the most immediate three worked out. We needed to make our winter area safe. We used the vinegar method to ferret out the night stalker's dens in our area. The hours must still be observed. Habits for safety are life savers.

Biters are different. Day walkers, they must be hunted. I gather the wood needed to keep warm while Blaze scouts from the air. She now carries a bottle. The pathetic yelp of the biter being incapacitated. I go to it and put it down.

Working like this, we now have enough wood to last the worse winter. The area has been picked clean, by us, and we have a sufficient quantity of dry goods and home canned that still is sealed. I have been hunting and between smoking and dehydrating we have enough but I will need to go out for the fresh meat that Blaze will need. She says that she can live well on the meat we have but seeing her face when she has raw meat, I will go out. Winter snowshoe rabbits are plentiful in this area.

I did find a few board games and books. The biggest find was a small solar array. It is able to work a small cd player. There are always CD's around but there never was a way to play then. Blaze was fascinated when she saw me rigging it up so it could get the sun.

There was a small convenience store in the area. Almost picked clean, there were some rechargeable batteries still in their packages. After all this time, there were quite a few that would take a charge.

Blaze jumped when I finally put in a CD. We needed to play it softly but she really took a shine to it. I was amazed when she started to dance to a symphony. She told me that this is the first time she has ever heard these. She had a few in her small treasure. They were shiny.

Hearing that, I got an idea and with a little string and a few small pieces of wood molding from the house, I was able to make a present for her. I kept it a secret. When she made her morning flight to scout the area, I brought it out.

When she landed and came down to the basement, there hanging was a mobile with CD's just leisurely turning. You would think that it was the most valuable thing in the world. Even when we moved on in the spring, she insisted we bring it with us. She has always kept it with her.

The winter went well. Spring came and we had to move on. I would have been happy to stay there and finally settle but resources ran out. Move or starve. We moved on. She

has a cloth wrapped mobile strapped to her pack and I have rigged that solar panel to the outside of mine. It's charging the batteries.

We head out in no particular direction Just away. I have to ask.

“Want to circle back here by fall?”

“No. We can find a different area. By that time, I get the feeling that our flock will have grown.”

I don't even want to ask.

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