

# Maximum Ride: The Second Batch

By wolfmoon

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*This is a fanfic I did of MR, one of my favorite series ever. A freind of mine ghost-wrote the last few chapters, I thought they were pretty good. Tell me what you think.*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/wolfmoon/52140/Maximum-Ride-The-Second-Batch>

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Hey, faithful readers. I really appreciate the support and comments I've been getting from here. Right now not a whole lot is going on with me and the flock. Just kinda on the move, following the voice in Max's head. What? None of your friends have a voice in their head that tells you where to go and drops occasional little nuggets of wisdom?

Rockerchick 642 from Miami writes:

Hey! You should come down and hang with me sometimes. I bet you would all love Miami.

Well, we've already been to Miami once. While we were there we were almost killed by a hurricane, a mad scientist on life support (who was trying to auction us off to dictators and whatnot), and his trusty Frankenstein freaky monster thing.

-Fang

Emo kid from Birmingham writes:

So you guys can really fly? That's beast!

Uh, thanks. I think.

-Fang

[Invalid information] :

Hello Fang. My name is Red. I am an avian-human hybrid. You helped spring me and my family from the institute in New York. We need help. If at all possible meet us on top of the Chrysler Building, we [data interrupted]

New York

"Crap," Vanga muttered. "I lost contact, it can't function well without a location." Dusk replied, "I think it's up though, check the messages." Sure enough when they checked the message board on the blog it was up. Brushing her red streaked forelock away from her pale face and glanced over across the nearly empty café. Red, their leader was over at the counter buying a large coffee. She knew he was trying not to show it, but he was completely spent after what had happened last night. He obviously needed that just to function.

"Hey, check this out!" Clay spoke up, excited, causing the other four heads of the odd group to turn and look him. Red strode over, and the rest followed. His leg had a slight limp, causing his knee-length brown trench coat to flap and sway in an unnatural rhythm.

"What'd you find?" He managed to ask.

"Just look at this," Clay said, clicking on a myspace link to a username labeled "Wren" . The page loaded, and the first thing that popped up was the profile picture, an image of a teenage girl looking directly at the camera, the image was horizontal, and showed two red-orange wings spread out like a feathery sunset behind her.

"Holy crap," Dusk muttered under his breath, thinking how incredibly hot she was, despite it's irrelevance at the moment. Fina, the youngest, only four finally burst with excitement. Bouncing up and down, her stringy orange hair flapping with her she blurted,

" Look! Look! She"- Vanga cupped a hand over the young girls mouth immediately.

" Please Fina," she hissed, resisting the urge to gag her, "We have to remember to keep low profile, you don't want a repeat of last night do you?" Her green eyes widened with fear.

"That would be bad," she said.

"Understatement of the century," Red muttered.

Business as usual. No one currently trying to kill us, at the moment we were lounging in large trees in a state park somewhere near West Virginia. Fang looked down at the Itex laptop he had stolen what seemed like years ago. He scrolled down checking his blog. An unusual comment caught his eye, he blinked, his version of gasping in surprise. I noticed and leaned over to see. I nearly fell out of the tree they were both sitting in.

We looked over at the younger kids. Angel and Nudge were napping, Total was frantically flapping his ever-growing wings, trying to get some lift, and managing to rise about six inches, and Gazzy and Iggy were cheering him on. I looked back at Fang.

“What do you think?” I Asked, “It kinda sounds like a trap to me.” He thought for a moment.

“I don’t know,” he said I think it’s worth checking out.” I gave it a moment of thought and decided we were headed back to New York.

The air rushed over our wings as we took off into the sunny sky. I swear, I'll never get tired of that feeling. For the moment it didn't matter where we were going, why we were going there, or that we were mutant freaks. As always on a perfect take off, there was a feeling of absolute contentment. We circled, banking over and over, gaining altitude and watching the lush forest below us shrink. The air chilled gradually with altitude, the warm spring day becoming brisk. We finally rounded one last time, then hit the throttle, soaring northward.

Fang's black wings glinted off a dark purple in the sun, and as I looked around I got a small thrill seeing the five- well six if you count total's little nubs that he was flapping in Iggy's arms- pairs of wings working simultaneously around me. Angel pure white wings fluttered beautifully as she flew and Gazzy was constantly gaining altitude and dive bombing, cackling manically. Suddenly we heard a sound from below us, one that I hoped never to hear again. The heavy beats of eraser wings.

I looked down and sure enough, a pack of not-so-good old fashioned erasers were coming up under us. I glanced quickly at the rest of the flock. Fang had his jaw clenched tightly, Iggy looked concerned and confused, and the younger kids were already gaining altitude, as they had always been instructed.

“C’mon,” I shouted, “up and away!” All three of us rocketed upward just as the erasers reached where we had been. They were big and clumsier, not built for this kind of speed. I knew we could stay ahead so long though, so after a quarter mile of straight up, I wheeled around and slugged one of the five erasers in the face. It let out a muffled howl of pain and dropped down about a hundred feet before it got its wits back. Another came at me with its claws slashing and its face in a disgusting snarl. I launched a roundhouse kick to the face and my heavy combat boot sent him twirling through the air like a mutant ballerina. I would have laughed if uh hello, I wasn’t fighting freaking winged wolf-men who wanted to rip our throats out. A heavy foot slammed into my back, simultaneously knocking the air out of my lungs and folding my wings in.

“Go with the flow Max,” the voice spoke up. Oh yeah, what a great time for it’s annoying guru wisdom. But then I got it. I flipped my wings out and used the momentum of the fall to pull out and rocked upward. I bet they never expected what I did next. I poured on my super speed, starting with my wings my whole body grew to a fever temperature as the world around me blurred. I shot a mile straight up like an arrow, I held out a fist hitting my eraser under the chin, I felt the jaw break (I couldn’t hear it over the roar of the wind) and he went spinning head over heels in an arc that sent him up, then crashing down to the ground, three miles below. I was headed to help take out Iggy’s but quickly swerved when I saw Iggy pull fast away from it. I looked back just in time to see his tiny explosive detonate and blow off its arm. It fell out of sight howling in pain. I looked over to Fang just in time to see him smash the remaining two erasers heads together, knocking them out and letting them fall.

“That was pleasant,” he said sarcastically.

Red knocked cautiously on the door of the run down little New York motel.

"Remember if things start looking bad, bolt." He whispered, leaning over slightly to the other kids. There was the sound of a deadbolt turning in the door and it opened a crack, a chain keeping it from opening further. A pair of questioning eyes peeked through.

"Can I help you?" Red almost smiled. The voice was steady, but the crystal blue eyes showed fear.

"We just need to talk to you a minute," he said calmly. He glanced around to see if anyone was there.

Nobody was. He held out the edge of his coat. A few rust and cream colored feathers poked around from in the back. Her eyes widened. The door shut and there was a click as the chain was undone. It opened again.

"Come in quick," she said hastily.

Okay, what in the world just happened? Yeah, I know, we got attacked by erasers. That shouldn't be possible. All the erasers, and flyboys for that matter, had been eliminated, Bye Bye! Well as far as we knew anyway. Apparently, we didn't know very far. Landing a few miles away the flock took damage inventory. Iggy had a split lip, Fang was unscathed (lucky), and I had a slight bruise on my back. Nothing too bad.

"So what exactly just happened?!" Iggy asked anxiously.

"Isn't that what were all wondering," I replied. "Obviously erasers haven't been wiped out like we thought."

"The note that got us into this mentioned the institute, right?" Fang asked calmly.

"Yeah," I said, "I guess the guy who left it was one of the mutants we freed from there. Do you think that accounts for the erasers?"

"That's exactly what I think," He said darkly.

“Well after I escaped, I started that account,” Wren continued, “I wanted to put what they’d done out there.” Red and his flock were silent. He suddenly ended the quiet with a grim realization.

“If we could find you,” he said with dread, “think of who else could.” At that moment a heavy booted foot smashed through the window, spaying glass into the single room. Behind it followed a grotesque form, changing from an eerily perfect model looking human to a wolfish horror with wiry fur and ragged claws. Two more entered behind, grinning with horrible yellowed teeth. “Behind me!” Red barked, instantly the whole group jumped from their positions on the floor and cheapo couch to a tight formation behind him. He took a running start, and in a split second leapt through the air and smashed one of the erasers in the face with the worn sole of his sneaker. He caught it by surprise, and knocked it out cold. Following directly behind, dusk caught the incoming fist of the one to the right and slugged it in the eye, pushing it back out through the shattered window. Before anyone could react the remaining creature lunged at Vanga, she dodged the brunt of the attack, but gritted her teeth in pain as its claws slashed through her black jeans into her thigh. She whirled and smashed her combat boot into its groin, causing a satisfying scream of pain. She brought her elbow down sharply on its head, shoving it to the floor. The five hybrids jumped the walkway railing and fled into the New York alleys- with one new arrival tagging along.

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So, what's up? With us? Well, from the last blog you read, we got another supposed group of bird kids that we're headed to meet at the chrystler building in New York, it sounds like a trap to me. Does anyone know who the crap these people Are?!? We were just attacked by flying erasers yesterday. Yeah, I know. What the Hell?! The erasers along with flyboys are supposed to have been deystroyed, gone, asta la vista. Apparentley not these guys. We think these things might be related.

Shooter222 from Elkins W.V. writes:

I've got a bunch of big ol' shotguns and rifles if you need any. I'm sure my pap wouldn't mind. And uh, I don't konw anything about this.

Thanks but no thanks. I would love that, but Max would not let anybody in the flock use them.

-Fang

Anonymous writes:

I've seen a group of kids running around Chinatown where I live. They've been lingering around cofee and pizza shops alot. They also carry a dingy little laptop that says ITEX on it. Oh, and one more thing. They eat a huge amount of food. I don't know what much of this means, but mabey you know.

Thanks Alot!!! That's just what we needed! I still have a lot of questions, but that really helps.

-Fang

Nighthaw004 from lake pleasant, N.Y. wites: I live in a small town up in the mountains of N.Y. If you need a place to stay I have a big treehouse in the woods. Also in the woods, there's a waterfall with a hidden cave behind thee rock it pours oner.

Sounds good, but not right now. Funny thing is, (looks around), We're in the N.Y. mountains. Some cowfeild.

-Fang