The Ruler of the Birds

by immortalpramheda

Summary

Wren Kingston wants revenge on the family who threw him away. But things don't exactly go as planned...

Notes

A Pretty Little Liars fan fic where Wren is Charles/A, Melissa is the Black Widow and CeCe is Red Coat
Bethany Young is sitting on the floor of the common room in Radley Sanitarium, her head down in her sketch book, concentrating hard. Wren Kingston is watching her. He has completed three years of his medical degree at Oxford University in London. He has come to America for work experience, and is going to complete his degree at UPenn next semester.

Wren looks down and the files on his desk. The visitors list.

2pm - Jessica DiLaurentis visiting Bethany Young

He has a plan in motion. He is the only staff member in charge of watching the patients at the moment. There are only ten of them. And the cameras are video only, the do not pick up audio, so they will just think he’s giving some support to her.

Wren puts his hands in the pockets of his jeans and pulls out the recording device. He holds his hand in a fist as he walks over to Bethany. He sits down cross legged next to her. Bethany jumps, frightened.

“Sorry, Bethany,” Wren says calmly, putting his hadn't on her back. He glimpses down at her jacket. It has pockets. That will have to do.

“S.s...sorry Dr Kingston,” Bethany mutters.

“What are you drawing?” he asks politely. He knows Bethany is very shy and doesn’t particularly like to share her work so he needs to be careful.

Bethany looks down, embarrassed. But she slightly pushes the sketch book towards Wren. Wren takes the sketchbook and he is speechless.

The drawing is of a girl running after a monster that is taking a boy away. It hits something inside him. Maybe she does remember him? He was dragged away from Radley and forced onto a plane and dumped in London at a maximum security nut house, as he likes to call it.
Wren remembers his mother arriving one day for her daily visit. It was going well. She was being kinder than normal. But she was only being kind for show. Apparently he was not progressing well at Radley, and his mother had arranged for him to be taken to a sanitarium in London. He fought it. He wanted to be close to home. He was so mad at his mother for pushing him further away from his family. He tried to attack her. He tried to attack all of the staff. He was so mad. Intermittent explosive disorder, they said he had. And the procedure to deal with an explosive episode was to constrain the patient by all means necessary, even going as far as to cause them harm if need be.

They dragged him out of Radley screaming. Bethany, the one friend he’d made during his miserable time there, ran after him yelling at them not to take him away.

They were monsters in his eyes. The people who dragged him away, and his mother. The way he would describe them would be the way Bethany had drawn the monster.

“It’s…” Wren stuttered, tears starting to form in his eyes. “It’s beautiful. What does it mean?”

Bethany shyly takes the sketchbook back. “It happened years ago,” she says quietly, glancing up at the cameras, then looking back down. “They took my only friend away.”

Wren, suddenly remembering his plan, rubs one hand on Bethany’s back and quickly puts the recording device into a pocket on her jacket, then gives her a quick little hug to hide what he’d done.

“Well, you’re quite an artist Bethany,” Wren says. He wanted to tell her the truth. He wanted to tell her everything. That she is his sister. That he was Charles. That he was her friend that was taken away.

Bethany gives a small smile, then shrugs.

“Are you looking forward to see your Aunt Jessie today?” Wren asks, acting cheerful. *The person who ruined both of our lives*, he wanted to say.

Bethany shrugs again.

Wren pats her on the back. “Good work, Bethany,” he says loudly, so all the other patients can hear.
There, they’ll think he was giving her some advice. No one will suspect a thing.

He walks back over to his desk and checks the time. She would be here in five minutes. He’s known about his mother’s visits for a while now, but this is the first time he’s been alone with Bethany on a day when she’s coming to visit. She’s seen her in the distance a few times, and it’s ignited an anger in him. He’s usually able to control his intermittent explosive disorder, but seeing the person who caused him to become like this reignites that anger.

Since Wren is only on work experience, he is not allowed to be with the patients when they have visitors.

The door opens and a doctor pops her head in. “Bethany, you have a visitor,” she says, then looks over at Wren. “Dr Kingston, I’ll take it from here.”

Wren nods and gathers up all his stuff. Bethany has her head down, with no emotion on her face as he walks out. It makes him so mad. This woman has ruined so many peoples lives. He wants her to be gone. He wants revenge.

Wren sees her as he walks to his office. He takes a quick glimpse at her, but makes sure not to catch her eye. Even though it’s been over ten years since she last saw him, she is his mother and might be able to recognise him.

Wren is anxious waiting for the visit to finish. He was praying that the recording device would not be found.
How the Prince became the Bird

Wren only recently found that Bethany is his sister. Well, half sister. It was a shock, but it explains why they became so close while they were in Radley together. He was 14 when he left Radley, and even though she was a few years younger they were inseparable. They both suffered from intermittent explosive disorder. His father did too, and so did hers, but it never occurred to him that their fathers were the same person.

His mother never told him who his father was. She acted like it was her husband, but by the way he treated him, it was obvious that he wasn’t. So he did some digging and found out for himself. He got a hold of his birth certificate and medical files. Scott Young is his fathers name.

When he came back to Radley for work experience he was shocked and saddened to find Bethany still there. The poor girl has been stuck in this horrible place for almost her whole life. She arrived at Radley when she was 6 years old. She was only 7 years old when he left. He hasn’t told Bethany who he really is yet. He doesn’t want to blow his cover quite yet. Another interesting fact he found out is that his father was formerly a Montgomery, and the uncle of Aria Montgomery, one of Alison’s friends.

Alison, his other half sister. She is really the whole reason all this happened. If she was never born, he wouldn’t have almost accidentally drowned her and broken her arm. And now that he’s seen the bitchy mean girl she’s turned into he hates her almost as much as his mother. She should be the one who was locked up, not him. What Wren did was an accident. He didn’t mean to hurt anyone. But Ali does. She enjoys messing with people.

When he arrived at Radley, he looked through all the visitors files and found out that his mother has been visiting Bethany for the last seven years. Ever since he faked is death. Since she believes Charles died. In fact, her first visit was two days after Charles ‘died’. So obviously she has only been doing this to make her guilt go away.

She makes Bethany call her ‘Aunt Jessie’, which makes him sick. She’s just doing this because she feels guilty about abandoning him. She brings her gifts and takes her horse riding and does all this really nice stuff with her. She never did any of that with him. His mother knew that Bethany was his half sister and she was only doing this because she felt guilty about what happened to Charles.

Wren starts to get angry. He balls his hands into fists and closes his eyes to calm himself down. He hates what his mother did to him. He was sent to Radley when he was five years old. He was just trying to be helpful by giving baby Alison a bath. He didn’t mean to accidentally almost drown her. He said he was sorry. He kept crying and apologising but his father, who he later found out was not his real father, would not hear any of it. And his mother took his side. Charles went off with a warning after that. They forgave him, but not really. They were just waiting for him to stuff up again.
And he did. One day, Charles, Jason and Alison were playing tag in the backyard. Charles was the oldest, and was winning the game. He climbed up to the top of the slide that was connected to the swing set. Alison was ‘it’ at that point and she followed Charles up, but she slipped while she was climbing and fell to the ground and broke her arm.

Alison’s scream was deafening. Their mother, and father, ran outside to find Alison curled up in agony on the ground. Charles was still up at the top of the slide, and his father was convinced that he pushed her. He can understand why it may have looked like that, but he tried to explain what happened. Jason was there but he was looking the other way and didn’t see what happened.

That was it. The second time ever that he messed up. It wasn't his fault, but they blamed him for it anyway. They thought he was mentally ill and shipped him off to Radley.

He hated being Charles. He hated the name. He hated that Charles was blamed for everything when it wasn’t his fault. He hated that Charles was forced to be locked up in Radley. He hated everything about Charles because he knew that wasn’t the person he was. The way everyone saw Charles was not who he really was.

He cried every night he was there. He hugged his teddy bear, his only friend, tight. His mother barely came to visit him. He was alone for years, until Bethany arrived. They became friends and he stopped crying at night. Bethany was his friend.

Then everything went to shit when he trend fourteen. His mother was not happy that he was making no progress, and thats when she shipped him off to London.

The sanitarium in London was even worse. There were so many patients and staff. Not everyone knew everyone. At least at Radley everyone personally knew everyone. Here, Charles was just a number, 214, not a person. He hated every minute of it. The only thing that kept him sane was that by observing everyone else, he taught himself how to speak with an English accent.

When he was seventeen, he’d had enough. His mother came to visit not even once a year. She kept in contact with the sanitarium through phone calls and emails. Charles pretended he was improving. He acted like he was getting better. But really he was building up all this anger inside and one day he was going to burst.

Charles planned to fake his death. Because he was getting better, one day he and some other patients were allowed to take a trip to the lake. They had to wear trackers on their ankles, but they were
actually allowed to leave the sanitarium.

The night before their trip, he stayed up all night trying to cut the tracker off. He used a bit of metal he broke off his bed. He spent all night sawing and sawing, and his ankle was in agony. He had so many cuts and there was so much blood everywhere. He used an old shirt to mop up the blood and stuffed it under his bed. But it worked. He got the tracker off. He could take it on and off as he pleased. He also wrote a suicide note and smeared blood over it.

To whoever cares,

I was never getting better. I was looking for an excuse to get out of this nut house. I only pretended to get better so I’d be able to leave. Thank you mother for shipping me off to another country. I’m sure you really fucking cared about me and didn’t just ship me away to save your perfect mother image. Before I go, I just want to let you know I hate Charles. I hate being Charles and I don’t want to be him anymore.

Good riddance

Charles

Charles and ten other boys went on a trip to a local lake. It was the first time he’d left the sanitarium in three years. He started out the window at everything he’s missed out on his whole life. The whole world should have been his to do whatever he wanted. His anger started to bubble up.

At the lake, they were all allowed to do their own thing. They could go swimming or hiking or whatever else they wanted. They had the trackers so no one was worried about them running away. Most of them paired off but Charles went off on his own.

Charles hid in a forrest of trees and took his ankle tracker off. He found a big rock and attached the tracker to it. He placed the suicide note in his pocket and left his jacket lying next to a tree, then walked over to the edge of the water. He could see everyone else around the lake, but only in the distance. They wouldn’t be able to see exactly what he was doing. He got some pebbles and started throwing them in the lake. That’s all they’d think he was doing. Then he got the big rock with the tracker attached to it and threw it into the water. It made a big splash, but he got some more rocks and started throwing more and more in so no one would suspect anything. Then he ran.
Charles kept running and running. He didn’t know where he was heading or what he was trying to find but he just needed to get as far away as possible.

His plan worked. They thought he was dead. They found his jacket with the suicide note. Everything worked out perfectly. They saw that his tracker was at the bottom of the lake and they believed he was too. His mother believed her son was dead. He was free. He didn’t have to be Charles anymore.

He changed his name to Wren Kingston. He chose the name Wren, named after a bird, because he wanted to be as free as a bird. Wren birds are small and cunning, and are heard everywhere but never actually seen. And he chose the last name Kingston, because he wanted to be king of his life. He wanted to be in control of it. It is also a royal name, as a reference to his birth name Charles. Even though he hated being Charles, it’s still good to remember who he once was.

He spent the next few years alone. He wrote extensively of everything bad thing that happened in his life, and who was to blame. He wanted revenge on his family for throwing him away. Especially his mother.

He spent a lot of time reading and decided to become a doctor. Then he would have access to drugs and medical records, which he would need in order to get revenge.

He stalked his family online. Any little mention of them, he was all over it. His mother was so proud of her only daughter Alison. Jason was well behaved, and their family was seemingly perfect. It made Wren so mad. What about him? They just threw him out like he was garbage. Just so they could have the perfect image of a perfect family.

What better way to get revenge on his mother than killing her favourite, perfect daughter?

Wren had finished three years of a medical degree at Oxford University and then went to America to Rosewood, his hometown, to do his work experience at Radley Sanitarium. That’s where he found out who his father was and that Bethany is his sister. And that his mother had been visiting her. Trying to make up for what happened to him.

Wren’s need for revenge was very much in motion. He just needed the perfect opportunity to pull it off.
The Perfect Daughter and the Lookalikes

Wren looks down at his watch. The visit should almost be over. He goes and waits near the door to the common room. He doesn’t want to be too close when she comes out.

The door opens and he hears her voice and it makes his blood boil. That sweet, sickly voice that he remembers so well. He pretends to be reading some files as she brushes past him. She barely glances at him as she walks out.

The doctor who was supervising the visit opens the door. “Dr Kingston, would you be able to escort Bethany back to her room?” she asks.

“Of course,” he says, gathering up the files he was pretending to read.

Bethany comes out, her sketchbook held tight under one arm, and holding a bag in the other.

Wren puts his arm around Bethany and walks her towards her room. He carefully reaches down and grabs the recording device out of her pocket. His heart stops beating so fast. The recording device is still there. He quickly places it in the pocket of his jacket and puts his hand back around Bethany.

“So, how did the visit go?” Wren asks politely, fighting the urge to want to let out all the anger he has towards his mother.

Bethany shrugs. ‘Fine,’ she says, almost too quiet to hear.

“Did she give you a gift?” Wren asks, nodding towards the bag she’s carrying.

Bethany nods and looks down. “Yeah, she gave me some clothes.”

“Well, that is very nice of her.” My mother, giving people gifts to make up for all the horrible things she’s done, he thinks to himself.

“Have a good night, Bethany,” Wren says when they get to her room. And he really means it. This
place is horrible but he hopes his sister manages to have a good night despite that. She deserves so much more than this.

Bethany rushes into her room and slams the door shut.

Wren sighs. He puts his hand into his jacket pocket and holds the recording device. Soon I’ll be able to tell her everything. And hopefully she’ll want to help me get revenge.

Wren’s shift is almost over. He packs up everything and gets ready to leave. He sees Mona Vanderwaal arrive for her therapy session just as he’s leaving. Another part of his plan. She has helped him so much with getting everything all ready. And she doesn’t even know who he is. She only knows him as A.

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Wren arrives back at his apartment. There are photographs and documents all over the dining table. He collapses down into the chair at his desk and turns on his computer.

There is a board behind it that he stares at as he waits for the computer to turn on. There is a picture of Alison DiLaurentis in the middle. And Spencer Hastings, Hanna Marin, Aria Montgomery and Emily Fields surrounding her, connected to her by branches. Her clique.

Then Mona Vanderwaal is separate, not connected to anyone. Loser Mona as they call her. She had been coming to Radley for therapy sessions. She’d been severely bullied by people at school, mainly Alison. When Wren found that out that his sister was the reason for this girl to need therapy, he knew she would want to be a part of his plan. Who wouldn’t want to get revenge on the person who has made your life hell? He wanted to stay anonymous. From what he’d seen of her, she seemed like the kind of person who you could never completely trust. Someone who money may not be enough for them. She wanted more. Some kind of prize. So he started passing her anonymous notes. Notes that said cryptic things, but also started to reveal what he was planning to do. He would sometimes ask her to do stuff for him, and she always did. He signed them A, for anonymous. He’d hide them in the therapy room, and she would always find them. Mona used to sporadically turn up for sessions, but ever since Wren started leaving her the notes, she always turned up. Always, no matter what. It was like she was addicted to finding them. Addicted to the game of the notes.

Bethany is on the board too. He hopes that she will be a part of her plan too.
The last person on the board is CeCe Drake. Wren discovered that Alison became friends with CeCe when she attended some college parties. They even went away to Cape May together over the Summer. When Wren went to the registration day at UPenn he could not believe his eyes when he saw her. She was the spitting image of Alison. And her last name was Drake, which is his mother's maiden name. Wren did some digging to find out if she actually was related, if his mother had had another child, but it turns out she's not. It is just a coincidence that she looks so much Ali. Wren thought maybe she could be a part of his plan too. He met up with CeCe, just to suss her out and see what kind of person she was. And he then decided to tell her everything, in the hopes that she'd want to help him.

And she did. He told her everything. How he was born Charles, locked up in Radley at young age and then transferred to a sanitarium in London. How he faked his death and changed his name, and became a doctor. And finally, his need for revenge.

Wren had acquired quite a lot of money so he promised he’d pay her if she helped him. A young, cash strapped college student like her would do anything for a bit of money. And she definitely had the personality to play along with his game. It was his idea for CeCe to go to Cape May with Alison. Alison trusted CeCe and told her a lot of things. A lot of secrets. Which has been very helpful for Wren.

This is his board of revenge. These are the people he needs in order to achieve it.

Wren plugs the recording device into his computer and opens the file. The recording of the visit of his mother with Bethany.

_Crumpled sounds._

“Hello, Bethany, how are you?” His mother’s voice.

_No answer._

“Look, I’m sorry about last time, when we went to visit your horse, Custard, at the stables. I’m sorry, you don’t have to call me ‘Aunt Jessie’ if you don’t like.”

“I never will.” Bethany, barely audible.
His mother sighs. “That’s fine Bethany. But because you threw the bucket at me at the stables you are not allowed out on day trips anymore.”

Oh yes, the bucket incident. Last week, my mother took Bethany to the stables in Harrisburg to visit the horse she bought for her. Bethany lashed out because she kept insisting she call her ‘Aunt Jessie, Wren thinks to himself. I don’t blame her. I’d throw a bucket at her if I had the chance.

No answer from Bethany. Just some more crumpling sounds.

“Bethany, about your father and I, it’s not what you think…”

Bethany cuts her off, raising her voice. “You’re having an affair with him!!”

“No, no, no, Bethany, you’ve got it all…” his mother, her voice calm.

“YES YOU ARE!!! I HATE YOU!!!” Bethany, her voice even louder than before.

He hears a staff member come over and try to calm her down. “Bethany it’s okay, calm down.” Then to his mother, “Maybe don’t bring up triggering events, okay?”

Heavy breathing. It must be Bethany. Footsteps walking away.

“Bethany, may I see your sketchbook? Would you like to tell me about your drawings?” His mother, trying to be nice.

Silence.

“Oh, that’s okay. You don’t have to show me.”
A thump. Probably Bethany sitting back down on the floor.

“Oh, I have a gift for you!” his mother says cheerfully. “You know my daughter, Alison, that I’ve told you about? Well, for Labor Day next weekend she’s having a sleepover with her friends in our neighbours barn.”

Wren sits up straight. This is getting interesting. He grabs a notebook and starts taking some notes. A sleepover, in the Hastings barn it must be. All five of them together.

“Well, Alison begged me to buy her this yellow top she could wear to it. At first I said no because I thought it was too revealing, but I decided to go back to the store and buy it as a gift for her. You look a lot like Alison. The same blonde hair…”

A whooshing sound. She probably tried to touch Bethany’s hair and Bethany pulled away.

A crumpling sound like tissue paper.

“Well, I bought you the same yellow top because I thought it would look great on you too.”

What is she trying to play, Wren thinks to himself. Treating Bethany like a daughter as a replacement for me?

A noise as his mother hands the top to Bethany.

Bethany’s breathing sounds slower now. She’d calmed down.

“So do you like it?”

Silence.

“Good, I’m glad.”
Wren skims through the rest of the recording but he’d heard all he needed to hear. Alison is attending a sleepover in the Hasting’s barn on Labor Day. Alison, Spencer, Aria, Hanna and Emily would all be together. The perfect opportunity for his revenge.

With the help of Mona, CeCe and Bethany, he could lure Alison out and kill her. Bethany having the same top would be the perfect distraction. They would think that she is Alison, so he would be free to do whatever he wanted to the real one.

Wren would need to tell Bethany everything and ask her to be a part of her plan. He’d need to figure out a way to let her out of Radley that night with no one noticing. His plan was all forming together in his head. This is was going to work.

He had another thought. *CeCe also looks similar to Alison, what if she was wearing the same top too? Two lookalikes as distractions. That would be perfect.*

Mona could help out too. He could leave her some more A notes and ask her to be there that night too. He was sure she would want to be a part of Alison’s murder.

Wren had scribbled a whole lot of notes in his notebook. His plan was coming together. It was going to work. He was going to finally get revenge on his family.

“Two lookalikes can keep a secret, if one of them is dead,” Wren sings to himself as he stares at his revenge board with a smile on his face.
The Infamous Yellow Top

The next day, Wren goes back to Radley for his work experience. Once again he is in charge of supervising ten or so patients in the common room. Bethany is one of them. He’s going to tell her everything.

Wren gets up from his desk and walks over and sits down to a patient. George is his name. He’s thirty years old and suffers from a multitude of mental issues. He doesn’t want people to think he’s favouring only Bethany. He needs them to think that he spends equal amounts of time with all the patients.

“How are you, George,” Wren asks politely.

George has his head down trying to complete a puzzle. This is how he deals with his issues. He uses something to get his brain working, like puzzles, to distract his thoughts. “Hmm good. Nearly done the puzzle,” he says quietly.

“Great job, I’ll leave you be,” Wren says, giving him a pat on the shoulder.

Wren sees that Bethany is over in a corner by herself, not close to anyone. This is the perfect time. He walks over and sits down next to her.

“Hey, Bethany, how are you doing?” he asks, semi nervously. He’s planned out what he’s going to say in his head but he’s still nervous.

Bethany’s head is down in her sketchbook, concentrating hard. Each pencil stroke is finely planned out. “Fine,” she mumbles.

“Bethany…” Wren starts to say. “I need to tell you something…”

Bethany looks up from her sketchbook, intrigued.

“This will probably be a lot to take in, I’m not sure how to start…” Wren starts to sweat a bit.
Bethany glances up at the cameras nervously.

“Don’t worry, it’s video only, they don’t record audio,” he says as he lays his hand on Bethany’s shoulder.

“Is this about lashing out at my visitor yesterday. I said I was sorry. I apologised…” Bethany says anxiously.

“No, no, you’re not in trouble. You did nothing wrong,” he says slowly. “Okay, here goes. I am Charles. You remember me?”

Bethany freezes with a shocked look on her face. “But… what… Charles? DiLaurentis?”

Wren nods.

“But… but they took you away. They said you were dead. How?” Bethany stutters. She was in shock.

“Yes, my mother sent me away to London, but I escaped and faked my own death. I changed my name and became a doctor, and moved back to Rosewood.”

“You…” Bethany says, tears starting to fall from her eyes. “You came back for me?”

“No,” he says sadly. “I didn’t know you were still here. I thought you would have got out of this place years ago. Trust me, if I’d known you were still in here I would have come to get you a long time ago.”

Bethany starts to cry a little.

Wren puts his hand on her shoulder. “Oh, Bethany please don’t cry. We don’t want to bring attention to ourselves.”
“I’m sorry,” she snifflies out, then looks up into his eyes. “Is it really you Charles?”

Wren pulls the sleeve of his jacket up and shows Bethany the scar on his arm.

Bethany looks up at him in awe. “From when we were jumping on the beds and you felt cut your arm.”

Wren nods and smiles at her.

“It really is you,” Bethany says, wiping tears away from her eyes.

“I have so much to tell you. So much,” he says sadly. “One major thing I found out is that we are half siblings. We have the same father.”

Bethany opens her mouth in a state of shock. “Really? We’re related? You’re my real family?”

“Yes, and I promise I will get you out of here. And I will protect you no matter what,” Wren says sternly, meaning every word he says.

“So your mother was having an affair with my father? But, that was before I was born. I’m sorry, I thought she was having an affair with him now.”

“Don’t worry, I hate her guts no matter what,” he says, a smile on his face. “I’m going to get revenge on her. And maybe you want to help me.”

Bethany gives a laugh. “I threw a bucket at her.”

“And I’m so proud of you for that,” Wren laughs back at her, giving her shoulder a squeeze. Suddenly he remembers the cameras, and to not look like anything suspicious is going on.

“Bethany, there is so much more I need to tell you. But it’s too dangerous to tell you now. We need to be careful not bring attention to ourselves,” Wren whispers to her. “I’ll tell you what I’ll do, I’ll write a letter explaining everything and give it to you tonight. It will explain everything, I promise.”
And we’ll figure out a plan okay?”

Bethany nods, looking up into his eyes. “Thank you, big brother,” she whispers.

“Everything will be okay.” he promises her. “Now, get back to sketching, and act like everything is normal. Can you do that for me?”

“Yes,” Bethany says quietly, looking back down at her sketchbook and starting to draw again. Except this time there was a slight smile on her face, instead of the usual frown.

Wren gives her a pat on the back, then proceeds to go chat to the rest of the patients. When he was finished spending time with all of them, he goes to his desk and starts to write a letter to Bethany. He explains everything in great detail. She deserves to know everything.

Later that night, it was time for the patients to all go back to their rooms. Wren was waiting for them to come out from the dining area. He spots Bethany being escorted by a female doctor. He subtly moves closer to her. She notices him.

“Would it be okay is Dr Kingston takes me back to my room?” she asks nicely to the female doctor.

The doctor narrows his eyes at Wren, a slight smile on her face. “She’s certainly taken a liking to you,” she says, no sign of suspicion in her tone. “Sure Bethany, if that’s what you want.”

Bethany happily walks over to Wren.

“She’s had a really great day today,” the female doctor says to Wren.

Wren smiles. “That’s great to hear.” It was all because of him. He lifted her mood and that makes him very happy.

Bethany smiles shyly, as they start to walk away. Wren puts his arm around her, then quickly places the letter in her hand. She doesn’t break her expression or look down. She just places it in the pocket of her jeans.
“That explains everything,” Wren says quietly as they walk. “I have a plan. I’m hoping you’ll be okay with being a part of it.”

“Thank you,” Bethany says very quietly, keeping her gaze up ahead.

“One more thing, when we get to your room, would you be able to show me the yellow top my mother gave you yesterday? Don’t ask how I know about it. Could you hold it up against yourself, acting like you’re showing me how excited you are to wear it? Just so no one else suspects anything. I need the tag off the top. Can you do that?”

Bethany gives a little nod. When they get to her room, she gets the bag from under her bed, untouched from yesterday. He watches her get the top out of the bag and walk towards the doorway where he’s standing. Bethany holds the yellow top up against her.

“It looks beautiful,” Wren lies. It’s the ugliest top he’s ever seen.

Bethany comes forward and takes Wren’s hand, putting the tag from the top into it.

Wren nods, thanking her.

Just then a doctor walks past, stopping when she sees Wren standing in the doorway. “Is everything okay in here?”

Bethany drops her arm with the top down, embarrassed.

“Yes,” Wren says calmly. “Bethany was just showing me the top her Aunt gave her yesterday. She’s very excited about wearing it.”

Bethany is standing there starting to blush.

“Very good. Have a good night Bethany,” she says, walking away.
“I hope you do have a good sleep Bethany,” Wren says. “I promise everything will be okay.”

Bethany looks down, a tear running down her cheek. “Can I hug you? Just quickly?"

Wren looks around. There is no one in sight. He walks forward and gives her a quick hug. She doesn’t want to let go, but he has to force her to.

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” he says as he closes the door to her room.

On his way home, Wren stops at the store where the yellow top is from. There is a display of tons of them. It must be a very popular item. He does not understand why, it’s such an ugly design. He buys another one.

His plan is being put into motion. He still has a lot to plan. But in less than a week his family will have gotten justice for what they did to him.
Crazy and the Loser

The next day, Wren goes to visit CeCe in her dorm room at UPenn. He’d called earlier and she agreed to meet with him.

“Come in,” she says, not making eye contact with her.

“You still on my side?” he asks once she’s closed the door behind him.

CeCe turns to face him, flipping her hair out of her face. “If you keep your promise and pay me, I’m down to do anything.”

“Even murder?” he asks, raising his eyebrows.

CeCe swallows hard and hesitates. “You’re going to kill Alison?”

Wren nods. “And you’re going to help me,” he says as he hands her the bag.

“What’s this?” she says as she pulls the yellow top out of the bag. “Why have you given me the ugliest top I’ve ever seen?”

“Alison is having a sleepover in the Hastings barn on Labor Day. She is going to be wearing that same top. I need you to look like her and be a distraction. My mother also gave Bethany the same top so she’ll be another distraction too.”

“You’re going to help Bethany escape Radley,” she says with a grin on her face.

“That’s the plan. And Mona will help us lure Ali out of the barn while the other girls are sleeping,” Wren says with a look of pride on his face. He believes this plan will work.

“You’re going to be the one to kill her, while Bethany and I pretend to be Ali so no one notices she’s gone?” CeCe asks, holding the yellow top up and looking at herself in the mirror. “God, how can anyone look good in this?”
“Look, I know she’s your friend…”

CeCe sharply turns to face him. “I wouldn’t say she’s my friend. She’s more…” she says, looking up as she looks for the right thing to say. “A charity case per se. She’s only fifteen and hanging out at college parties, and with older boys. I’m just helping her out. I don’t particularly care if she dies.”

“You seemed to have a great time with her in Cape May. You two seemed like the best of friends,” he says, his eyes narrowing.

She shrugs. “That’s because you told me to. I was only acting like her friend so she would trust me and I could give information back to you.”

“You almost didn’t tell me about the pregnancy scare…” he says, trying to figure out whether he can really trust her.

She sighs. “Look, you’re not a girl so you don’t understand those things. I was going to tell you eventually; it was just really fresh information and I needed to give her time to process it, that’s all.”

“I’m her sister,” he says sternly.

“Yeah, and you’re planning to kill her!” she says, her voice rising.

“Careful,” he says quietly, his tone changing.

CeCe throws the top onto her bed. “Look,” she says, looking him in the eyes. “As long as you pay me good money like you promised I’ll do anything.”

Wren puts his arm out and they shake on their deal.

“Okay,” he says, taking a deep breath. “I’ve got to organise Mona and then I’ll let you know all the details. Make sure you’re free next Monday night.”
“Of course,” she says turning back to the mirror. “And I’ll try to find a way to make this hideous top look flattering.”

*******

Wren went back to work at Radley that evening. He’d written a note for Mona and hidden it in the therapy room just before her session. She’s been coming in every week day for a therapy session. The bullying had gotten that bad.

He didn’t get a chance to talk to Bethany today, someone else was supervising the patients in the common room and he was needed elsewhere. He saw Bethany and caught her eye. She looked to be in much better spirits now that she knows he's looking out for her.

After Wren had packed up all his files and was about to head home, he went into the therapy room and found the note he’d left for Mona. He’s been writing to her, and then she’s been replying on the back of the notes. That’s how they’ve been communicating with each other. He quickly grabs the note and comes home before anyone notices what he was doing in that room.

Wren reads the note when he’s home. His message on one side:

*I have a plan and I need your help. You in? - A*

Mona’s reply on the back:

*Who are you?*

He’d asked her about Alison and her clique and she’d been more than happy to tell him about them. He’d also asked her to do little things for her, just to make sure he could trust her. She seemed trustworthy. But he didn’t want to give away his identity quite yet.
He wrote his reply to her:

*If you help me maybe you’ll find out - A*

Over the next few days they communicated back and forth through the A notes. And everything looked like it was set.

*What does this plan entail?*

*Murder - A*

*Who?*

*Alison - A*

*I’m in. What do you need me to do?*

Wren wrote a big note describing everything that was going to happen and everything she needed to do.
On the night of Monday the 7th of September (Labor Day) Alison and her clique are having a sleepover in the Hastings barn.

I need you to somehow lure her out of the barn while the other girls are sleeping and then I am going to kill her.

I am going to break a patient out of Radley who will be wearing the same yellow top as Alison. I know you know a lot about computer hacking so I'll need your help with the alarm system. Either you do it for me or you tell me what to do. I also need a pass that grants me night entry to Radley.

I have another friend who will be wearing the same yellow top as Alison, so there will be two girls wearing the same clothes as Alison, to distract people from finding out the real Alison is gone.

That is the plan.

Exactly what you need to do on the 7th of September:

Figure out a way to disarm the alarm system at Radley from 9PM until 12AM

Get me a night pass to Radley

Get Alison out of the barn when the other girls are asleep (probably around 1AM)

I'll handle the rest - A

The next day Mona had left a reply for him. She had the weekend to figure out everything she needed to do.

Done. I've downloaded the Radley login details onto a USB so I will be able to remotely disarm the alarm system at a set time. I've stolen my therapists ID card and will make a copy that will be able to grant you night access. On Monday night I will send Alison a message as A (it will creep her out just like the messages I receive from you) asking her to meet me. I’m sure she will. On
Monday, because it if Labor Day I do not have therapy so I will leave a note and the pass hidden near the front gates of Radley.

Wren smiles. His plan is all set. It’s going to work. His sister will be dead and his mother will finally get what she deserves.

He calls CeCe. “Monday night is on.”

“Good,” she replies. “Let’s bury this bitch.”
Labor Day 2009, 17 hours before Alison’s disappearance

Wren woke up on the day of Labor Day feeling nervous. Today is the day he is finally going to get revenge on his family. He gets up and stares at his revenge board. He gets a pin and stabs it right between the eyes of Alison.

Wren arrives at Radley for work. As it is a public holiday, most people are taking the day off. But he said he’d come in and they were so glad that he could. He would probably get to do more today as there won’t be as many staff working.

Before he goes inside he runs his hand along where the front gate attaches to the pillars, and he finds the note from Mona. He quickly puts it into his pocket and goes inside. He’ll read it when he has the chance.

As there were less than half the staff, he was in charge of a lot of paperwork. But he was also in charge of over twenty patients in the common room. Bethany being one of them.

While pretending to go through all the files, he gets Mona’s note out and reads it. A laminated barcode falls out too. The night pass.

_I’ve set the alarm system to switch off from 9PM to 12AM tonight. This pass will grant you access to Radley at night. I look forward to seeing you tonight._

Wren securely puts the pass into his jacket pocket so that he won’t lose it, then he goes over and sits next to Bethany. As there are so many patients he’s watching today, he doesn’t think anyone will notice if he only favours Bethany.

“Hey Bethany,” he says, handing her a note he’s written to her. It explains everything about tonight. They’ve been in contact the last few days through notes.

Her eyes light up when she sees him. “Tonight?” she whispers, holding the note tight in her hand.
He nods. “Everything is explained in the note,” he says quietly. “Basically you need to wear the yellow top tonight, underneath a jacket, and be ready to leave at 9PM. I’ll come and get you and we’ll leave Radley.”

A few tears fall down Bethany’s face. Wren fights the urge not to wipe them away.

He places his hand on her back. “Today is your last day here. Tonight you’ll be free.”

She nods and looks down at her sketchbook, a faint smile on her face.

“You can do this. I know you can Bethany,” he says, a smile on his face.

“Thank you Charles,” she whispers, looking up into his eyes.

Suddenly he remembers back to when Bethany was seven years old and it makes him so mad that she has spent most of her life locked up in this horrible place.

_Tonight we will get justice_, he thinks to himself. _Tonight everything will change_.


Labor Day 2009, 6 hours before Alison’s disappearance

It’s almost 8:30PM. Wren is getting ready to leave to go to Radley. He’s wearing black pants, black shoes and a black hoodie. And he has black gloves, in case he needs to touch anything that he doesn’t want his finger prints on. Like the murder weapon.

He calls CeCe, just to make absolutely sure that she is all set. “You all ready?”

He can hear music blasting in the background. “Umm, yeah I’ll be ready soon,” she yells over the music.

“Are you at a party?” he asks angrily.

“Yeah, but don’t worry, I’ll leave soon,” she says, as other people start talking to her. “No, no it’s just a friend.” A laugh, and then some mumbling. “No, it’s not Ian.”

“I’m about to go get Bethany,” he says.

“Cool, cool,” she yells, annoyed. “I’ll be there when I said I’ll be there.” Then she hangs up.

Great, he thinks. She’s going to be drunk and probably ruin everything.

Wren gets in his car and drives to Radley. He checks his watch. He still has 15 minutes. He goes through the whole plan in his head, making sure he remembers every detail of how tonight is going to go.

He’s staring at the cameras near the front doors of Radley. All of a sudden the lights on them go off. He check his watch. 9PM. Right on time.

He gets out of his car and goes over to the front gates. The surveillance cameras are definitely not on. He opens the front gates. They never lock them. People would always break the locks so they just stopped locking the gates. They have state of the art security around the rest of the building so they weren’t worried about it.
He quietly closes the gates and walks up to the front doors. Up close, the cameras look dead.

“Thank you Mona,” he says to himself as he gets the pass she got for him and scans it. The door opens.

There is usually no one at Radley at night. All the doors are locked and the patients cannot escape. There is usually a staff member nearby, but not actually in the building.

Wren walks past all the rooms quietly, careful not to wake up anyone who is sleeping. He gets to Bethany’s room. She gets her own room. After the bucket incident she was considered a ‘high risk patient’, and they did not think she could not be trusted with a roommate. Makes helping her escape much easier.

The patients rooms are locked from 8:30PM each night, until 6AM in the morning. Wren scans the pass Mona got for him, and her door beeps open.

Bethany is in there, sitting on the edge of her bed wearing an oversized coat. She almost cries when she sees him. She runs over and embraces him in a hug.

“Part of me thought you weren’t going to come,” she whispers in his ear.

“I promised I would,” he whispers back, releasing her from the hug. “Are you all set?”

She opens up her coat to reveal the yellow top.

Wren smiles and takes her hand. She’s put pillows on her bed to make it look like she’s under the covers. It won’t fool them for long, but it’s still a smart idea.

Wren quietly closes the door for her room and scans the pass to lock it. He walks hand in hand with Bethany out of Radley. She hesitates at the front gates.

“I…” she stutters. “I haven’t left this place, apart from the day trips, for 11 years.”
Wren takes her hand. “I know,” he says sadly. “But now you’re leaving for good.”

That makes her smile. They leave though the front gates together, leaving Radley Sanitarium behind. They get into his car and drive.
Labor Day 2009, 3 hours before Alison’s disappearance

Wren and Bethany drove and parked at an abandoned playground close by to the Hasting’s house. They’d spent the last few hours in the car talking. Catching up. Bonding.

He’d told her everything. Absolutely everything. There was noting left unsaid. And he started talking to her in his normal American accent, not the English accent of Wren. She told him about how horrible her life in Radley had been. And how when she was told he was dead, she wanted to die too.

"Oh Bethany,” Wren says taking her hand.

“I know,” Bethany says through tears. “You were the only friend I ever made at Radley and I kept holding onto the hope that you’d come back one day. And when they told me you died, I didn’t have anything left to hope for.”

Wren pulls her into a hug.

She wipes away her tears. “So, why did you choose the name Wren?”

“It’s the name of a bird,” he says. “And birds are free. When I became Wren is when I became free.”

“That’s beautiful,” she says, nodding. “But you’ll always be Charles to me.”

“After tonight, you can change your name too if you like,” he says, brushing her hair out of her eyes. “Do you have any names in mind?”

She shakes her head.

“That’s okay, you’ve got lots of time to think about it.”

They talked about Alison, and Wren’s family. And made sure they both knew exactly what they were doing tonight.
“Alison sounds like the crazy one,” Bethany says. “She should have been the one locked up in Radley, not you or me.”

They still had some time, so they decided to go get some food. Bethany was too anxious to go into the fast food restaurant, and Wren didn’t think it was a good idea for someone who had just escaped from Radley to be seen in a public place like that anyway.

They ate in the car back at the playground. They kept talking and laughing. Bethany was laughing so much that she accidentally spat water all over her coat. Luckily nothing spilt on the yellow top. They were getting to know their siblings who they missed out on getting to know their whole life.

Seeing Bethany’s face with a huge smile on her face lit up his whole world. It made him positive that what he was going to do tonight was the right thing.
Labor Day 2009, 1 and a half hours before Alison’s disappearance

CeCe eventually met up with them at 12.30AM. They met her at the abandoned playground.

“No need to panic,” CeCe announces as she arrives, throwing her hands up.

“About time,” Wren says, annoyed. “You’re not drunk are you?”

She holds two fingers on one hand up. “Maybe a little.”

He sighs. “You better not ruin everything.”

“I won’t,” she says, only then noticing Bethany shyly standing behind Wren. “So this is your other half sister. She does look like Alison.”

Bethany nervously moves out from behind Wren and gives a small smile.

CeCe gestures to hers and Bethany’s matching yellow tops. “Fashion, am I right?”

Wren rolls his eyes. “Okay, so you both know the plan. You’ll be a distraction while I got kill Alison. CeCe, if you see anyone out feel free to talk to them if you like.” he turns to Bethany and puts his hands on her shoulders. “But Bethany, I’d advise you not to. Just stay a safe distance from anyone. I want people to see you but I don’t want you to get too close to anyone.”

Bethany nervously nods.

“You’ll be okay,” he says as he stands back up. “And we’ll meet back here at the playground after it’s all done.”

They start walking towards the Hastings’s barn. CeCe and Bethany in their yellow tops, and Wren in his black hoodie. Once they reach the beginning of the street they part their own ways.
“Well, I’ll be on my way then,” CeCe says as she continues walking down the street. “Good riddance queen bitch Ali!” she yells back at them.

Bethany hugs Wren and doesn’t want to let go. He has to push her away. There are tears in her eyes. He wipes them away with his sleeve.

“Hey, Bethany,” he says calmly. “It’ll all be okay, I promise. We’ll meet back at the playground in a few hours."

Bethany wipes away some more tears from her face. “Okay.” She gives him another hug.

“I love you little sister,” he says, tears starting to form in his eyes.

“I love you too,” she says as she pulls away from the hug. “Charles, I know what I want to change my name to.”

He looks down at her expectantly.

“Ava,” she says, her voice squeaking a little. “It means bird.”

Wren feels more tears coming on. “That’s…” he struggles to get the worlds out. “That’s a beautiful name.”

Bethany shyly nods and gives a small smile.

“Hey, Bethany,” he says just before they part ways. “Soon we’ll both be birds.”

Bethany gives him a big smile as she walks off into the trees.

Wren takes a deep breath. This is it. He is about to make his mother suffer by killing her favourite daughter. He is about to change everything. After tonight, he and his sister will be free to fly away.
Wren makes his way towards the Hastings house. It’s next door to his mother’s house. He makes his way into the backyard towards the barn, staying close to walls and trees to stay hidden.

He hears people yelling. It sounds like arguing. It’s coming from the Hastings house. He sneaks his way over to a window and peers in. It’s Alison, arguing with Spencer Hastings. He ducks down and listens, but he can’t hear clearly. This wasn’t part of the plan. Alison was supposed to be alone. Spencer was supposed to be asleep.

He moves further down the wall when he hears a door open and footsteps. They’re not heading towards the barn. They’re going in the other direction. He freezes and pinches his eyes shut. This was not part of the plan.

Wren anxiously stays frozen there for about twenty minutes, and then he hears Spencer go back into the barn.

He slowly gets up and walks towards the barn, hiding behind trees on his way there. He hears someone talking behind him and he moves towards the sound. He squints, trying to get a good look. It’s CeCe, talking to Melissa Hastings. What are you doing CeCe?

He then sees Jason, his half brother, stumbling out onto the back porch of his house. Wren hasn’t seen Jason since he was a kid.

Wren stays there until Jason goes back inside and Melissa and CeCe go their separate ways. He wants to ask CeCe what she was talking to Melissa about, but decides that’s probably too dangerous.

He moves a little closer to the barn and takes a peek through the window. Alison is back. She must have slipped back in while he was busy watching CeCe, Melissa and Jason. She’s the only one awake. She’s watching the others sleep. Did she drug them?

Alison moves and Wren ducks down from the window out of view. He hears a door open and footsteps as Alison walks out. She’s heading the opposite direction to where he is so she doesn’t see him. Is Mona luring her out now?

He watches her walk down the side of her house. It looks like she’s heading home.
“Mona, please have this under control,” Wren mutters to himself. Once Ali is out of eyesight, he rushes around the side of the Hastings house. He walks along the front of their house and hides behind a bush. He catches a glimpse of yellow to his right and whips his head around.

“Bethany,” he breathes. It must have been.

He watches as Alison walks towards the front of her house. She freezes as she sees her mother watching her from the front window. She’s looking at Ali with an angry look on her face. He’s not sure if this is part of Mona’s plan, but this opportunity is too perfect not to take advantage of.

_This is it, Wren thinks to himself. Now is my chance and my mother will get to watch the whole thing._

He grabs a big rock off the ground and slowly walks towards Alison. His mother sees him. He’s not sure if she recognises him; he does have a black hoodie on and it’s dark. And it’s been years since she last saw him. And she believes he’s dead.

Wren walks up behind Alison and smashes her in the side of the head with the rock. There is a cracking sound and Alison falls limply to the ground. There is a big wound on the left side of her head covered in blood. He looks up at his mother and she has her mouth wide open in a state of shock. He drops the rock, the blood on it in the shape of a smiley face. His hand is covered in blood so he wipes it on the grass.

He hears a door open and his mother comes running out of the house.

“Alison!!?” she yells. “Alison, oh my god!” She kneels down and takes her daughters head and tries to stop the bleeding. “Oh my god!” she keeps saying over and over. “Who are you and what have you done??”

Wren smirks, switching to his American accent. “Oh mother, it’s been a while hasn’t it?”

His mother looks up at him, squinting. “Jason?”

Wren gives a big laugh. “Nope, your other son.”
His mother blinks a few times and looks into his eyes.

“Charles,” she breathes, her voice shaking. “But… but you died. They told me you drowned. I made you a grave and…”

“Oh mother,” he says kneeling down next to her. “I faked my death. They never found a body.”

His mother looks down at Alison. “B…b…but why Alison?”

“You threw me away like I was garbage. You locked me up in that nut house and forgot about me. You took away the life I should have had. So I took away your only daughter. And now you have to live with that.”

His mother is in a state of shock trying to process everything.

“And don’t even think about calling the police and blaming me. Charles is dead remember? No one is going to believe that your dead son killed your daughter. They’ll think you’re crazy. You’ll be blamed for her death. You’ll be locked up,” Wren says placing his hand on his mothers back. She flinches. She’s scared of him. *My mother is actually scared of me.*

She then proceeds to stand up and start dragging Alison’s body towards the backyard.

“What are you doing, mother?” he asks, intrigued.

“I’m going to bury Alison in the backyard. We’re getting a gazebo put in tomorrow, no one will know she’s buried there,” she says while dragging Alison’s body.

“You’re going to bury your own daughter and then act like she’s just gone missing?” Wren says with a big laugh. “Oh you really are crazy.”

Wren follows his mother dragging Alison’s body into the backyard. There’s a big hole where the gazebo is being put in tomorrow. He watches with an amused look on his face as his mother pushes
Alison’s body in the hole and begins to cover her with dirt using a shovel that was lying on the ground.

“What have you done?!” she says. “What have you done?!”

“You finally get what you deserve, mother,” he says, keeping his distance from her. “Your only daughter is dead and you have to live with that. And not only that but you’re going to live with the fact that you buried her body.” He gives a loud unsettling laugh. “And I am now free to live my life however I want, with the knowledge that you are going to live out the rest of your miserable life with this secret.”

His mother keeps shovelling more and more dirt into the hole.

“Well, farewell mother,” he says, standing up. He takes one look down the hole before he leaves, Alison’s bright yellow top poking through the dirt in places.

His mother doesn’t turn to face him as he walks away. I did it. I actually did it. And it worked out so much better than I thought it would.

Wren walks back to the playground and sits on the edge of the slide waiting for CeCe and Bethany. He goes through everything that happened that night and it puts a big smile on her face.

After a little while, he notices a glimpse of yellow emerge out of the trees across the street. He sees that it’s CeCe as she gets closer.

“So, I see it went well,” she says when she reaches him. “I saw your mother with a shovel and she was covered in dirt.”

He nods. “Better than I expected. My mother saw me kill Alison, and then she buried her body.”

She looks into his eyes. “Wow,” she says, impressed. “Did she recognise you?”

“I told her who I was, but she was hysterical,” he says with a huge grin on his face. “And of course Charles is dead and how can a dead person commit a murder?”
She nods, a smirk on her face.

“I saw you talking to Melissa Hastings, what was that about?” he asks.

“Oh, just N.A.T club stuff, none of your concern,” she says, brushing it off.

“Those videos are my concern,” he says, his teeth clenched.

“Relax, it was just a misunderstanding. It’s all good now. Just forget about it.”

Wren sighs and looks at her. “Did you see Bethany?”

She shakes her head. “Not recently.”

Wren starts to get a bad feeling in his stomach. He feels as if something bad has happened.

CeCe places her hand on his arm. “I’m sure she’ll be fine.”

They wait there for two more hours, but Bethany doesn’t show up. Wren is thinking the worst has happened.

“Maybe she got lost,” CeCe suggests, after there is still no trace of Bethany.

“Maybe,” Wren mutters. *What have I done? She only just got out of Radley and I made her be a part of my plan to murder someone. What was I thinking?*

They wait until the sun rises, but Bethany still doesn’t show. They decide to leave. They don’t want anyone to notice them.
Wren remembers what his mother kept repeating as she was burying Alison. “What have you done?!”

*She was right. What have I done?*
She's Gone

When Wren got home to his apartment after killing Alison, he got a shower to wash off all the blood and dirt from his body. After that, he has been sitting at his computer, constantly refreshing news articles.

His eyes are bloodshot and sore. The bags under his eyes are dark blue and look bruised. His eyes don’t leave his computer as he keeps hitting refresh.

Finally, just after 8AM that morning, a picture of Alison pops up attached to an article on the Rosewood Observer.

*Local Girl Missing*

*Last night, local Rosewood girl Alison DiLaurentis was having a sleepover with her friends in her neighbours barn to celebrate Labor Day. Her friends woke up just after 2AM to find her gone, one of them saying she heard a scream. This morning Rosewood Police have been searching nearby streets and bushland, but have found no trace of her. This is very unlike Alison to not make contact with anyone and her family are very worried. She is 15 years old, has long blond hair and was last seen wearing a frilly bright yellow top. If anyone has any knowledge of her disappearance please contact the Rosewood Police.*

Wren sits back and grins at the computer screen. *Her family are very worried*, he thinks with an amused look on his face. *Her mother is the one who buried her.*

He looks up at his board and takes the picture of Bethany down. It’s a picture of her when she was seven years old and in Radley. It’s the most recent photo he has of her. He starts to feel sad. He still has not heard anything from her. He doesn’t know where she is.

He feels a pang of guilt in his stomach. He searches her name online, to see if there are any news articles about her. Surely a patient escaping from Radley would make the news right?

But there are no results. Absolutely none. That gives Wren some peace of mind. *Maybe she went*
He forces himself up, gets dressed and all ready to go to work at Radley. Although he feels horrible about what he put Bethany through last night, he has some hope that she’s back at Radley.

When he arrives, there are police cars everywhere and his heart stops. He gets out of his car and walks towards the front doors. A cop stops him.

“Something happened last night and we have extra security today. Do you have your ID pass?” he asks, his arm outstretched.

Wren fumbles nervously for his pass. He finds it and hands it to the cop. “I’m a work experience student.”

The cop grunts and gives him back the pass and lets him through. “Go and ask the staff whether they want you to stay.”

Wren nods, putting his head down and he passes through the front door. It’s chaos inside. Cops everywhere, police tape across doors. He finds his way over to the front desk. The admin, Cathy, at the front desk sees him and gestures for him to follow her. They go into a room and close the door.

“Dr Kingston, something happened last night,” she starts. “Bethany Young escaped. I know you were very fond of her and this is probably going to be hard to hear.”

“Escaped?” he replies, acting shocked.

Cathy nods. “We’re still trying to figure out how she escaped. The security here is top notch so it’s a big mystery as to how she was able to do it.”

“Have the police been searching for her? Have they found anything?” he asks, his voice full of hope. He’d prefer it if she was captured rather than dead.

Cathy shakes her head. “They’ve found no trace of her. Now,” she says, her voice getting quieter. “I’m not sure if I’m meant to tell you this, but you know about the bucket incident with Jessica
He nods. “Bethany threw a bucket at her at the stables.”

“Yes, well, Mrs DiLaurentis’ daughter went missing last night, and she has reason to believe that Bethany might be responsible for her daughter’s disappearance. It’s obvious that Bethany disliked Mrs DiLaurentis, so it’s a very real possibility.”

He nods, sadness in his eyes. “Bethany was doing so well, I don’t think she would do something like that.”

“I know, from what I saw she seemed to be doing really well. I don’t believe she could have done this either. But the evidence says otherwise.”

“I understand,” he says, his heart sinking. *She’s not here. She’s missing. I let her down.*

“One more thing, we’re going to keep this out of the public eye for now. Well, Mrs DiLaurentis does not want this knowledge out in public.”

Wren looks up, surprised. “She can make that happen?”

Cathy nods. “She’s on the Radley board, and… she looks at the door, making sure no one else is coming in. “Don’t tell anyone I told you this, but a large cheque arrived this morning. I think it was from Mrs DiLaurentis.”

“She bribed them to keep it quiet,” he guesses.

“That’s what I’m thinking,” she says leaning closer to him. “Look I’ve probably told you way too much. You should go find a staff member because I’m not sure if there’s anything you need to do today.” She opens the door and nods at him before she walks out.

Wren takes a deep breath. Bethany is missing. Everyone believes that she had something to do with Alison’s disappearance. His mother is bribing Radley to stay quiet. This was not the plan. *Where are you Bethany,* he thinks as he squeezes his eyes shut. *Please be okay.*
He goes to the common room, but it’s empty. So he walks down the hallway. All of the bedrooms are locked, which is unusual for this time of day. The patients must all be in lockdown. He spots a female doctor and goes over to her.

“Hi,” he says to her.

She looks up at him pulls him into her office. “Dr Kingston, you’ve heard what’s going on?”

“Yes, Bethany Young escaped. That’s terrible,” he says looking down.

“It’s a very stressful time,” she sighs. “You’ve nearly completed your work experience correct?”

“Yes,” he says. “I finish at the end of the week.”

“Look, I think it’s best if you pack up your things and leave and don’t come back. I’ll sign your form so you get all the credits.”

“Yes, of course, I understand,” he says, relieved. Staying here not knowing where Bethany is would be too hard for him anyway.

“Okay, its settled, go pack up your stuff and bring me your form to sign,” she says letting him out of her office.

Wren walks fast down the hallway, slowing down as he reached Bethany’s room. The door is wide open and there is police tape all over the doorway. The bag that his mother gave her the yellow top in is on the floor, covered in stickers that say ‘evidence’.

Wren remembers back to when he arrived last night to her room, and Bethany ran over and hugged him. Now her room is a crime scene and Bethany is nowhere to be found.

Wren packs up all his stuff as fast as he can, gets his work experience form signed, and then leaves. He doesn’t look back. He’s always hated this place. Nothing good ever came out of Radley.
When Wren got home yesterday he lay in bed thinking about everything that happened. He had flashbacks to hitting Alison with the rock and his mother burying her. The last time he saw Bethany as she walked away. He forced her to be part of his sick plan. He couldn’t stop crying. He got his revenge but was it worth it? Was any of this worth it? This guilt.

He lay awake the whole night, running through everything over and over again. He had no appetite. His face looked as white as a ghost. He decided to call CeCe.

“I need to see you,” he says when she picks up.

“You mean, you need to pay me,” she replies, her voice sounding annoyed.

He sighs. “Yes, that too. I’m coming over now.”

There is a bang and then what sounds like water running. “Umm, yes that’s fine.”

Wren unlocks a suitcase and grabs a handful of cash out and stuffs it into his bag. He drives to UPenn to see CeCe.

She opens the door when he knocks and lets him in, closing the door behind him. “I need to ask you…” he starts to say then notices there is someone else in the room. “Umm who is this?”

CeCe gestures towards the girl, her long blond hair sopping wet. “Hey, this is Sara Harvey. I found her wandering the streets yesterday. She ran away from her home in a nearby town.”

He was speechless, he had no idea what to say to this.

“Look, she followed me and so I’m just letting her stay here for a few days.”

Sara looks nervous and embarrassed sitting there so she stands up. “I’m going to take a shower,” she announces.
“But, you just had one?” CeCe says.

Sara ignores her and walks into the bathroom and shuts the door.

“CeCe what the hell is this?” Wren says angrily when they’re alone.

“Look, when I saw her yesterday I thought it was Bethany so I went over to her. Turns out it wasn’t, but the poor girl was so scared and didn’t have anywhere else to go. I tried to get rid of her but she kept following me. I’m just letting her stay here for a few days.”

“Another blond haired girl goes missing?” he asks skeptically.

“I know, it’s weird right?” she says, smiling. “Sara seems nice, although she does take a lot of showers and is using up all the hot water.”

He sighs. “So, still no word of Bethany?”

She shakes her head.

“It’s chaos at Radley. There’s cops everywhere and the whole place is a crime scene. And my mother paid for them to keep Bethany’s escape quiet.”

“Are you really that surprised that your mother bribed Radley? She bribes everyone. Speaking of money, where’s mine?” she says, holding her hand out expectantly.

Wren rifles through his bag to find it.

“Oh, by the way,” CeCe says, waiting for him to give her the money. “I broke up with Jason yesterday.”

He looks up from his bag. “What? You broke up with him the day after his sister goes missing? Like
that’s not suspicious at all,” he says sarcastically.

“I know,” she sighs. “Look, I liked Alison well enough. I mean, she did get me kicked out of UPenn for a short period of time, but thank god I got let back in. But I did somewhat liked her, and I do feel a bit of guilt about being a part of her murder. I felt bad still being with Jason when I was a part of the reason his sister is gone.”

He hands her the money and she greedily takes it.

“Why’d you even help me then?” he asks, narrowing his eyes at her.

“Well,” she says shrugging, fanning the money out. “I like money more.”

He turns, ready to leave. “Well, have fun with Shower or whatever her name is.”

“Will do,” she says cheerfully. “You start at UPenn next week right? So I’ll see you around!”

Wren walks out the door and doesn’t look back. He thinks about what CeCe said about money being more important than a clear conscience. He’s the opposite. No amount of money will make up for how he let Bethany down. He promised her the world and he couldn’t keep that promise.
It had been a week since Alison’s disappearance. Wren hadn’t been back to Radley since then. He had moved into a new apartment closer to UPenn and stayed there since. He hadn’t been out anywhere. He felt nothing. He felt numb. Last week everything looked so hopeful, but now everything seemed hopeless.

He forces himself to get out of bed. Today is his first day at UPenn. He’s not looking forward to it but he needs to go.

His first day is a blur. CeCe tries to talk to him and eat lunch with him, but he’s out of it today. He barely says a word. He gets lost a few times and has to ask for help. A pretty miserable first day.

He gets home and sleeps and just tries to forget about everything. He has still not heard anything from Bethany. Absolutely nothing. And each day he loses more and more hope.

He wakes up the next day in slightly better spirits. He decides to go to Starbucks to grab coffee and breakfast on his way to school. That’s what the students do right? he asks himself. That’s what they do in London so maybe I can meet some new people there.

He gets up, gets dressed and makes himself look presentable and then drives to the Starbucks close to UPenn. The line is huge, but he lines up anyway.

He looks around at all the people in the cafe. So many different personalities. He anxiously stares at the woman in front of him in the line. She looks vaguely familiar. When she turns her head he remembers why he recognises her. He flashes back to that night, seeing her talking to CeCe. Melissa Hastings. Spencer’s sister.

Wren slowly moves forward a little so he’s standing next to Melissa. She turns to look at him, then looks away.

“Hi,” he says, in his charming English accent. “I’ve seen you around UPenn. Yesterday was my first day.”

Melissa looks at him but doesn’t say anything.
Wren nervously holds his hand out. “I’m Wren Kingston. I’ve completed three years of my medical degree at Oxford University in London, and I’m completing the rest of my degree at UPenn.”

Melissa looks him the eye and shakes his hand. “Melissa Hastings, studying business. Nice to meet you.”

Wren smiles at her. “Nice to meet you too.”

The line was moving very slowly so they still had time to chat.

“So, how are you liking America?” she asks.

“Well,” he says, trying to think of something smart to say, but failing. “It’s different, but I like it.”

“I’ve always wanted to go to London, it sounds magical,” she says, looking up.

“Oh, it is. Maybe I could take you there someday?” he says, trying to flirt.

She smirks at him. “We’ve only just met.”

“Well, I’m optimistic,” he says, giving her a charming smile.

“Yes, you certainly are,” she replies, the smile not leaving her face.

It’s almost time for them to order. Wren is still deciding what he wants. He feels like death and what he really needs is a vodka soda, but he knows that’s probably not acceptable at this time of day. And Starbucks probably don’t serve that. He decides on a strong black coffee. That should help him wake up. And some toast to go.

Melissa is just walking out the door when he gets his order. He rushes out the door and catches up with her outside.
“Melissa!” he calls to her.

She turns to face him and slows down.

“Hey,” he says, semi breathless from rushing after her. “I got a bit lost on campus yesterday, would you mind showing me around?”

Melissa smiles at him. “Sure.”

Wren feels a sense of hope in his heart. A feeling he hasn’t felt since before Bethany disappeared. It felt good. It felt like this might be the start of something. Maybe he could find happiness here. Maybe he could leave everything else behind and start new. Maybe he could find love.

Or possibly something else entirely. Something more. Something crazy that will turn into vengeance.
1 Year Later

It has almost been a year since Alison died. Since Bethany disappeared. Wren has been doing okay. He had kept busy to keep his mind off everything. He’d poured everything into college. He’d been dating Melissa for almost a year too, and had even proposed during the Summer. He’d fallen for her. He’d really fallen in love with her. It felt good to find love, considering everything else he’d lost.

Wren and Melissa were on their Summer break, and had just purchased a new apartment in the city. But Melissa was being uptight about the whole thing and decided they needed to renovate it before they move in. Money wasn’t a problem, the Hastings were loaded.

Wren wasn’t fussed. He’d spent most of his life in sanitariums. An apartment that wasn’t quite perfect didn’t bother him. But it did bother Melissa. And she did not like it when people argued with her. So he kept his mouth shut about it.

He did love Melissa, but he also wanted to be close to someone who was there that night that Bethany disappeared. He needed someone who was there that night to trust him. And he hoped one day he might find out what happened.

There was still no news about Bethany. Radley had covered it up very well. His mother had bribed them, and they’d kept it quiet for almost a year now. It still saddens him. Alison’s disappearance was everywhere. They still hadn’t found the body. But it made him sad that no one knew about Bethany’s disappearance. A crazy patient disappearing doesn’t make the news, but a popular girl who goes missing is everywhere. It made him mad.

He still didn’t know what had happened to his sister. He feared the worst. He’d heard nothing. CeCe was still on the lookout for any information, but she hadn’t heard anything either. Bethany just disappeared without a trace. Wren feared that the worst had happened.

Because their new apartment was being renovated, Wren and Melissa were heading back to Rosewood to live in the Hasting’s barn until it was done. The place where everything started.

Wren’s mother and Jason had moved away soon after Alison’s disappearance. He guessed his mother didn’t want to be close to the place where she buried her own daughter. So it was safe for him to go back. There would be no one who would recognise him in Rosewood. Except maybe Mona. But the chances of running into her were slim. And she didn’t even really know him. She only saw him at Radley. They never even talked.
He had been keeping an eye on the four girls.

Aria’s family had move to Iceland soon after Alison disappeared. He thought that was a bit odd, and maybe they had something to do with what happened to Bethany. Aria’s father was her uncle after all.

Hanna had turned into the new Alison. She was the new Queen Bee. She looked so much Alison. The clothes, the hair and the make up. No longer ‘Hefty Hanna’ as Ali used to call her. Mona had a complete makeover too. And she and Hanna were now best friends.

Emily had taken Alison’s disappearance the hardest. It was obvious that she had very strong feelings for her, maybe even more than friends. As he’d now fallen in love, he did feel a little guilty about taking that away from her. But Ali deserved it. She deserved everything that happened to her.

And Spencer. Melissa had kept him well updated on Spencer. Although the sisters didn’t get along very well, they were quite similar. They were both driven students determined to get the best grades possible. Melissa always put her down, and degraded her intelligence. But she seemed to be doing okay.

The four girls had all drifted apart since that night. Alison was the reason they were friends and now that she was gone, they had no reason to really be friends anymore. Wren was convinced that they knew more than they were letting on about that night. He thought maybe they knew something about what happened to Bethany. And he was determined to find out. But he needed their trust. And Melissa was the first step towards gaining it.

Wren and Melissa are driving to Rosewood. As much as he enjoyed being with Melissa, they sometimes had awkward silences. He would try to make conversation, but she would shut him down, deeming him not as intelligent as her.

“So Melissa,” Wren says. “Are you looking forward to going back home to Rosewood?”

She shrugs. “Sure.”

He stares ahead, trying to think of what to say to that. She didn’t seem sure. She didn’t seem happy to go home. And in all honestly, neither was he.
They drove the rest of the way silently. When Wren sees the Rosewood sign, suddenly everything that happened in this stupid town comes flooding back to him. He wants to cry. But he forces himself to stay calm.

They arrive at the Hastings house. His old house is next door. New people are moving in. There are boxes stacked up on the footpath outside. His mother must not have taken everything with them. Taking Alison’s stuff must have been too hard for her. He felt a longing to go search through it. Maybe some of his old stuff is in there.

They unpack all their stuff out of the car and start taking it into the barn. It looks very different to the last time Wren saw it. That night, through the window he saw the girls sleeping in the barn. Melissa told him that Spencer had been working hard renovating the barn into a loft.

“Wow, your sister did a great job with barn,” Wren says, looking around.

“Yes she did,” Melissa agrees, forcing a smile. She continues moving stuff into the barn. She doesn’t say anything else.

He knew they didn't really get along very well, so he decides to stay quiet. He is arranging things in the barn when he hears talking outside.

He looks out the window and sees Melissa talking to Spencer. She doesn’t look much different from a year ago. He decides to go out and introduce himself. As he gets closer it seems like they're arguing.

“Is everything okay?” he says innocently. He doesn’t want to intrude or make things worse. He looks at Spencer. She has the same eyes as her sister. The same eyes he fell in love with. “I’m Wren.”

He watches her as she gets angry. Melissa gets that same expression on her face when she gets angry. Before she storms off, Spencer says something that really resonated with Wren.

“You know what they say about hope. It breeds eternal misery.”

That really hit him. He’s been waiting to hear news about Bethany. To hear anything about her. He never gave up hope. But it all it brought him was misery.
Melissa assured Wren that Spencer would get over it. But he still feels bad. She wanted to move into the barn but her sister ruined those plans for her. Which wasn’t really fair. He knew what it was like for a sibling take something away from him. Alison took away the life he was supposed to have.

Wren and Melissa settle into the barn. But Wren couldn’t stop thinking about Spencer. He ended up finding himself alone with her. He went outside to smoke, a habit he’d picked up after he escaped from the sanitarium in London. He had no money and no job. He had nothing. At that point he didn’t really care if he died, so why not pick up a habit that could eventually lead to that?

Spencer was outside reading, and saw him dispose of the cigarette. He didn’t mind that she knew he smoked. She was different to Melissa. Not as judgemental or controlling. More carefree. He apologised for taking the barn from her. She really wanted to move in there, and he did genuinely feel sorry. Siblings could be a pain sometimes. But they both knew Melissa wouldn’t budge.

Spencer admitted that she has never liked any of Melissa’s boyfriends, but she liked him. Wren couldn’t stop smiling. Melissa had never made him smile like that before.

He kept finding himself alone with her several other times too. He’d just been out in the Jacuzzi, and came inside to find Spencer in a bikini. He couldn’t stop staring at her. He subconsciously flirted with her. Even though he knew it was wrong.

She let him borrow his towel and they chatted for a bit. Turns out they both enjoy sports. Spencer plays Field Hockey. He rowed for Oxford in London. It was obvious she loved playing. And he loved rowing. He really did. One of the things that helped keep his mind off of everything. It was amazing how sports could make you forget about everything else.

Spencer is tense. He could see it in her posture. And he wants to help, so he ends up giving her a massage. ‘Dr Wren’, she calls him. Which made his heart flutter.

The massage was making her feel so much better which made him happy. He didn’t want to stop. But then Melissa walks in.

Spencer quickly walks out the door before she comes in the room, and Wren acts like nothing has happened. Melissa doesn’t suspect a thing. But a part of him wouldn't have cared even if she did.

Melissa kisses him on the lips, but he imagines that he’s kissing Spencer.
Wren goes out in the middle of night, careful not to wake Melissa. He riffles through the boxes outside his old house. He finds something of his. His teddy bear. The only possession he was allowed to take to Radley. His mother was throwing away the only reminder of him that she had. That made him angry. He took the teddy and stuffed it in his bag, where no one would find it.

The next night, Wren and Melissa go out on a romantic date. They walk past a missing persons poster of Alison. It saddens Wren that Bethany does not get the same sort of attention. No one is looking for her. The poster says ‘Would now be 16’. Bethany would now be 18, he thinks sadly. Melissa catches him looking at it.

“She went missing a year ago,” Melissa says, a hint of sadness in her voice. “She was having a sleepover in the barn with Spencer and their friends. She hasn’t been seen since.”

Wren tries to control himself. He doesn’t want to let on that he knows. This is the first time that Melissa has mentioned this to him. In the city, there was no need to mention it. But in Rosewood, it’s the talk of the town. He wants to push her for more information, but decides he probably shouldn’t yet.

He does love Melissa. He really does. He fell hard for her, and she made his first year at UPenn so much more enjoyable than it would have otherwise been.

He did originally have ulterior motives for getting close to her. She was there that night Bethany went missing so he thought maybe she knew something. But she hadn’t said anything about that night, and he didn’t want to push. He had supposedly never been to Rosewood before, and he didn’t want to blow his cover to her yet. He did love her and they had fun together.

That night when they get home, they can’t keep their hands off each other. They were both a little drunk and were being a bit loud. Right before Melissa leads him into the barn, Wren glances behind him and sees Spencer watching them from her bedroom window. She looks away, acting like she didn’t see anything. But Wren knows that she did. Maybe she feels something for him too.

A part of him wishes that he’d met her first. She was everything that Melissa was; academic, intelligent and beautiful. But she was also so much more. She wasn’t uptight and controlling like Melissa. And a selfish part of him thought maybe she knew more about what happened the night Bethany disappeared than Melissa did.

He spends the night with Melissa, but he imagines that she is Spencer. He was falling in love with
his fiancee’s sister. And he didn’t know how to stop it from happening.
The Truth Starts To Come Out

Things started to become clear. Everything started to come out. Melissa and Wren’s night was disturbed when they heard sirens coming from next door. They ran outside. They had heard work going on next door. The new owners were ripping up the gazebo and putting in a studio in the backyard. Wren knew what was going on.

*They found her body.*

He knew, and his heart sunk. There were too many people out there so they go back to the barn and try to sleep.

Melissa starts crying, so he comforts her. He doesn’t push her to say anything, but he has a feeling she knows something about that night.

The next day, it’s all over the news. His mother was back in town. She had identified Alison’s body. But the thing that interested him was that she identified Alison purely by her yellow top. They were going to do DNA tests later in the day to confirm that it’s really her.

Bethany was wearing the same yellow top. He suddenly had a horrible thought.

*What if it was actually Bethany’s body? What if she somehow ended up being buried?*

Wren thought back to that night. He left as his mother was still burying Alison. He didn’t know what happened after that. He wasn’t there. What if his mother saw Bethany, and in her deranged state thought it was Alison and buried her too? It was an absurd thought, but not entirely unbelievable. His mother seemed crazy that night.

He keeps the TV on and listens to everything they were saying. He hears them mention something about dental records and he suddenly has an idea. He switches the TV off and stands up.

“Melissa, I think I’ll head over to the Rosewood Community Hospital and ask about getting a placement there,” he says. “I’ve done enough of my medical degree that I should have enough credits to get a placement.”
Melissa looks up from her laptop. Even though they’re on Summer break, she still finds time to study. She smiles at him. “That’s a great idea.”

“Great,” he says happily, giving her a peck on the cheek. “I’ll see you later then.”

Wren heads to the Rosewood Community Hospital and asks for information about getting a placement. They are very helpful. He is given a whole lot of forms to fill out. He sits in the waiting room, filling out the forms. There is only one staff member at the reception desk. Sooner or later she’ll need a break.

He is very slow at filling out the forms, and sure enough, the staff member at reception gets up and takes a break. Now is his chance. He know there are cameras everywhere. He feels for the USB in his pocket and gets it in his fist.

He shakes the pen that he was using and pretends to try to write, but acts frustrated, pretending it’s stopped working. He gets up and goes over to the reception desk. He looks over the counter, pretending he’s looking for a pen, but really he’s checking out where the USB ports in the computer are.

He reaches over and sticks the USB into the computer. It’s got software loaded on it that copies everything over to the USB. Passwords, programs, absolutely everything. It will be like he’s using a computer at the hospital.

He was so impressed by how helpful Mona was that night with disarming the alarm system that he wanted to learn how to do that kind of stuff himself. In the years after he faked his death he had so much free time, so he learnt how to hack computers. He learnt a lot in those years. And now he was almost a qualified doctor too.

It takes a minute for everything to load on. He still keeps pretending to be searching for a pen. He’s getting a bit anxious and impatient. They could be back any minute. Then finally, the light on the USB comes on, signalling that it’s done. He grabs the USB and holds it tight in his fist. He continues to search for a pen.

The staff member comes back. “Are you okay?” she asks when she notices him at the desk.

“Umm, yes,” he says, his voice shaking. He tries to keep it together. “My pen stopped working. I was just looking for another.”
The staff member smiles at him and hands him another pen. “Sure, here you go.”

“Thanks,” he says politely. She didn’t seem suspicious of him at all, which made him feel okay.

He quickly fills out the rest of the forms and hands them in. Then he goes out and sits in his car.

He gets his laptop out, opens it up and sticks the USB in. Sure enough, it works. He now has full access to the hospital’s computer system. Completely anonymous too. The IP address has been rerouted to several other places. They’ll never be able to trace it back to him.

He rifles through all the files on his laptop, searching for what he needs.

Patient Information.

He clicks on it. It’s in alphabetical order. He finds Alison DiLaurentis first. And then scrolls all the way near the bottom to find Bethany Young. He has them both open side by side. He finds each of their dental records and switches them.

He quickly closes down all the files and deletes everything from the USB. He leans back and sighs. He did it.

Now, if they identify the body as Alison’s, he’ll know it’s actually Bethany’s. And if they identify it as Bethany’s, then he’ll know it’s actually Alison’s.

A win-win situation either way. If people think Alison is actually dead, then he’ll have time to figure out on his own how Bethany ended up in the grave, by his own means. And if they believe it’s Bethany’s, then everyone will think that Alison is alive. His mother will be haunted by it. She buried her, and she’ll be scared that she’ll come back and harm her.

It probably seemed like a stupid idea, but to Wren it made sense. Well, it kind of did. He somewhat regretted what he’d just done. But he hoped that some good would come out either way.
He goes back to Hastings barn. Melissa is still working.

“How did it go?” she asks, not looking up from her laptop.

“Good,” he answers. “I think I might get the placement.”

“Great, great,” she says, annoyed that she’s been disturbed.

He didn’t want to disturb her anymore than he already had and get her in one of her moods, so he decided to go get some food from in the house. Peter, the sisters father, was out at work. And Spencer is out at Field Hockey practice. He looks through the fridge, but his eyes are drawn to the stairs. No one else is home at the moment. This is chance to look around.

He walks upstairs slowly. The room to Spencer’s room is wide open. He walks right in. Her room is full of stuff. There are books everywhere. She loves to learn. He picks up a book on design. It’s the same book he has. He has a lot more in common with her than Melissa.

His eyes are drawn to her laptop. He wondered if he should. He looks out the window, making sure there is no one else around.

He sits down at her desk and wakes up her laptop. There is no password. He gets straight in. First he looks through her emails. There is one she received yesterday that made his heart stop.

*From: A*

*To: Spencer*

*Poor Spencer. Always wants Melissa’s boyfriends. But remember, if you kiss I tell.*

-A
A. The notes he left for Mona were signed A. It must be from her. She stole his little game. It wasn’t just that, it was that the message said. Spencer had tried to steal Melissa’s boyfriends before. But she told him that she didn’t like any of her other boyfriends. Had they come on to her? He certainly didn’t want her to feel like that. He sensed that this feeling was mutual between the two of them.

Mona was secretly messing with them. She seems to be best friends with Hanna, but really she had never forgiven them for what they let Ali to do her. *That’s kind of brilliant, Mona.*

He’s been sitting there for a while. He quickly closes all the programs he’d opened and closes her laptop. He goes back downstairs and finds some food and goes back into the barn.

There rest of the day was a pretty lazy day. Not much else happened. Until that night, when he switched on the TV. The news was all about Alison. They’d gotten the DNA results. They’d tested the dental records. They announced that the body was Alison’s. And she died of suffocation.

Wren’s heart broke. That meant the body was actually Bethany’s. He wants to cry right then and there. But he kept it all inside. He kept it to himself. He can’t let anyone know the truth yet.

*How could I let this happen? It’s all my fault, I should never have made her be a part of my plan.* He felt horrible.

Melissa was watching the TV from afar and then comes over and snuggles up next to him.

“That poor girl,” she whispers.

It felt good to have Melissa snuggled up next to him. He wanted to sink down into the couch and never come up. He’d failed his sister. He promised to give Bethany a better life, but now she was dead.
A Big Mistake

Wren didn’t want to go to Alison’s funeral, but Melissa and the rest of the Hastings were going. And he didn’t want to make a scene. He knew his mother would be there and he didn’t want her to see him. He told Melissa that he didn’t know her, so it didn’t feel right for him to go to her funeral.

“Of course you can come,” Melissa says. “I knew her, and you’re my fiancé.”

He didn’t want to argue, so he went. His mother was there, but she didn’t even notice him. There were lots of people so it’s possible that she actually did not see him. Or maybe she didn’t want to acknowledge him and make a scene. No one would believe that he was her dead son anyway.

He was glad that he went. It was actually Bethany’s funeral. Her body was in the casket. He almost burst into tears a few times. It was still hard for him to accept that she was dead. And no one knew that Alison actually wasn’t dead. She must still be alive out there somewhere.

Wren tried to think what possibly could have happened. He was sure that Alison was dead when his mother buried her. But maybe she wasn’t. She was very good at holding her breath. She survived when he almost accidentally drowned her as a baby. But what had happened to Bethany? Why did someone hit her on the head and bury her? He couldn’t figure out how this could have happened.

He is in a very fragile state but he tries to hide it. He tries to keep his mind off it. But he was determined to find out what really happened to Bethany. No matter what.

He and Melissa have dinner one night at the Apple Rose Grille with Spencer and their father. Peter Hastings, who is also the father of Wren’s half brother, Jason. He was a bit nervous that he may have recognised him. He did remember seeing Peter quite a lot when he was a kid, before he went to Radley. But he doubted that he’d recognise him, as he hadn’t seen him since he was a child.

Spencer orders a vodka soda, but her sister and father laugh it off as she’s underage. Wren gets a big smile on his face. That’s his drink. So he orders one. He sees a hint of a smile on Spencer’s face.

They play this game called ‘high low’. He is completely lost and does not understand the game. While Melissa is having her turn, and bragging about what happened in her first week of classes, he places his drink in front of Spencer. Without looking down, she takes the drink out of his hand and takes a sip, then gives the drink back to him. Melissa and her father didn’t see a thing.
He and Spencer are both eyeing each other. She’s not amused by the whole game her father and sister seem to love. Next, it’s Spencer’s turn, but she’s lost as to what to say. And Melissa is giving her a smug look, like she’s better than her. Wren doesn’t want Spencer to feel embarrassed, because it seems like that was going to happen. Her achievements could never top Melissa’s.

So, Wren volunteers to go. He proudly announces that he got a parking spot right next to the Chem Lab. He was proud of that achievement. Parking is usually very difficult at UPenn. That lightens the mood a little and Spencer laughs. He loves her laugh. He gives a laugh too.

But Melissa assures her father that he’s kidding, which he wasn’t. She squints her eyes at him. That’s the look she gets when she’s not impressed with something he’s done. She always does that. She makes him feel not as smart as her. Like she’s much superior than he is. He always tries to ignore it. When he was Charles he felt worthless. But he knew that Wren wasn’t. It did hurt him when she did that, but he tried not to let it get to him.

He has a smile on his face as he turns away from Melissa and looks at Spencer. He feels like she understands him by the little smile she gives him.

Later that night, Wren has come into the house to do laundry. He walks past Spencer’s room. Her door is open and she’s lying on her bed on her laptop. She’s rolling her neck around, and he can’t just ignore it. It’s obvious she needs another massage.

He offers to give her one, but she declines. She’s probably right. Not a good idea to give his fiancee’s sister a massage. Again.

The smart thing to do would be to leave the room, but something draws him in. He doesn’t want to leave. Just like Melissa, Spencer was up late studying. He tries to help out with her latin, but he’s not great at it.

She seems a little down, and so he tries to sympathise with her. Of course he didn’t grow up in a family anything like hers. With that kind of pressure and sibling rivalry. He was shipped off to a sanitarium and grew up around crazy people.

In some ways, he’s glad he didn’t grow up in a family like the Hastings. That must take a toll on a person, as it obviously has on Spencer. But he’d honestly prefer it to what he got.

“My life has been my choice,” he says, when she mentions that his driven personality must have
come from somewhere.

Ever since Charles died and he became Wren, his life has been his choice. He chose where he wanted to go, and what he wanted to be. There was no pressure. No people telling him that he was crazy and locking him up. He made this life.

“Well, you’re lucky,” she says sadly.

Spencer is incredibly smart and driven. He can tell. But to reach her full potential she needs to break away from her family. She needs to get away from the pressure and expectations. He has a thought that they could run off together and both be free to live their lives they way they want.

Suddenly he thinks he is being intrusive. He’d just come into her room and started bragging about his life of freedom. But she assures him that he isn’t. She says he was being nice, which makes him blush a little.

He looks at her leaning against her desk, her face down in a book. He can’t stop himself. He walks over and reaches behind her to grab a book. The book on design he saw the other day. He tells her some fact about something that he just made up. He wants to impress her.

“I appreciate beauty,” he says without thinking.

He regrets it the minute he says it, but he also doesn't. She was so beautiful without even trying. She looks up at him and looks him in the eyes. He marvels at how beautiful her brown eyes are.

He anxiously moves his face towards hers, and kisses her. She kisses him back. She felt something too. Something beautiful. Something magical. Something that he never felt when he was kissing Melissa. He wants to keep going. He doesn't want to stop. He could have kept going further if he wanted, but Spencer pushes him away and he decides to stop. He doesn’t want to come on too strong, the way that Melissa’s other boyfriends might have. He needs her to trust him. And forcing himself on her is not the way.

He should have apologised. He should have said it was a mistake. But it wasn’t. Every fibre of his body wanted it. Wanted her. That kiss felt right. He knew it did. It felt electric. He didn’t want to say anything because he didn’t want to lie. He just walks out of her room, remembering the feeling of her lips on his.
He picks up the laundry and takes it back to the barn.

“What the hell, Wren?” Melissa yells.

Wren jumps. The basket flies out of his arms and the washing falls all over the floor. That gave him a shock.

“Oh, Melissa,” he says, catching his breath. “What’s wrong?”

“Why the hell were you kissing my sister?” she says furiously.

_Oh crap, she saw._ He doesn’t know how to reply. How to explain this. How to explain that he has more in common with her sister than he does with her.

“Melissa,” he says calmly.

“You know what? No!” She picks up some pieces of his clothing and throws it at him. “God Wren! What the hell??”

“Melissa, I’m sorry,” he says, only partly meaning it.

“Did she come onto you, huh?” she says, continuing to throw clothes at him.

“No,” he says. He may as well tell her the truth. “It was me. I came onto her. It wasn’t Spencer’s fault.”

“I don’t believe this!” Her brows were furrowed. She was very angry. “Why are you trying to cover for her? I know it was her! This has happened before. With Ian.”

She wouldn’t listen to what he had to say. He tries to explain. “Melissa, listen, don’t blame Spencer. It wasn’t her fault. It was all me. I’m sorry and you have every right to be angry with me.”
“We’re done,” she announces. “We’re over. Spencer ruins everything!” She collapses onto the floor and starts crying.

Wren goes over to comfort her, but she slaps him away.

“Get out!!” she roars. “Pack up all your stuff because in the morning you’re leaving.”

He is so frustrated with himself. He had a good thing going. Such a good thing with Melissa. They could have been happy together. She could have helped him figure out what happened to Bethany. But he’d fallen for her sister. And now, he’d really stuffed it all up. He stupidly kissed Spencer, and now he’d lost his chance with both of them.
Put Your Efforts Elsewhere

Wren left the next morning. He packed up all his stuff into his car and drove away. He had slept on the couch and left before Melissa was up. He didn’t say goodbye to Spencer.

He drives into the city, not sure where he’s heading. He’d left his apartment near UPenn, because he and Melissa were moving into a new apartment in the city. But now that he and Melissa had broken up, he didn’t have anywhere to go.

So, he heads to the one place where he hopes he’ll be able to stay for a little while. He stops his car outside the apartment and calls CeCe.

“Hey,” she answers tiredly. “What’s up?”

“Melissa kicked me out and I have nowhere to go. Can I crash at your place? Just for a little while?”

“Umm, yeah, sure,” she says, yawning. “But you’ll have to sleep on the sofa.”

“Great,” he says, starting to get out of his car. “I’m outside your apartment building.”

“You’re already here?” He sees her appear out on the balcony. “Sure, I’ll buzz you up.”

Wren gathers his suitcase, and leaves the rest of his possessions in his car. He is let into the building and makes his way up to CeCe’s room.

She opens the door and is standing there in a red bathrobe and her hair all messy. Her eyes look tired from sleep.

“Sorry to do this to you,” he says, squeezing through the doorway. “Thank you.”

“Sure,” she says and closes the door. “I’ve been meaning to see you anyway. Every since you started dating Melissa we’ve barely seen each other.”
Wren puts his bag down on the ground and collapses onto the couch. Since that night, they’d barely kept in contact. They really had no need to. He didn’t need CeCe anymore. All he needed her for was to get close to Ali. To give him information about her. And then to help him kill her. After he’d paid her the money that he’d promised her, there was no need to see her anymore. They’d seen each other around UPenn, but he had been occupied with Melissa.

CeCe comes and sits down across from him. “So, what happened? Was Melissa not impressed that you’re grades weren’t quite up to her level? That you’re not smart enough for her?”


She laughs. “Spencer? As is you kissed your fiancee’s sister? Wow.”

“I know, I know,” he says, embarrassed.

“You really screwed everything up didn’t you? I mean, I know you were only getting close to her to find out information about that night, but wow.”

He really had stuffed everything up. He really had and he was never going to live it down.

“Oh man, great job Charles,” she says.

That got to him. He hated being called Charles when he’d worked so hard to get rid of him. “That is not my name,” he says through clenched teeth.

“Sorry,” she apologises, slightly shocked by his harsh tone. “Wren, I am sorry.”

“I wasn’t just with her to get information, I did really love her,” he admits. “But I started to fall for her sister, and now I’ve ruined everything.”

“Melissa is a handful. Spencer is much more manageable. You’d probably get more information out of her than Melissa,” she says, looking up thoughtfully.
Suddenly, a bang came from the bathroom.

He looked towards the door, remembering the last time he visited CeCe. “Is that…?”

“Oh,” she says. “Yes, Sara is still staying with me.”

“Still?” he asks, shocked. “It’s been over a year?”

“I know, she just won’t leave me alone,” she shrugs. “It hasn’t been all bad though. She’s been very useful.”

“Look, CeCe, I don’t really care. I’ve ruined everything that I had going for me.” He sinks down into the sofa.

“So anyway,” she says changing the subject. “They found Ali’s body. We did it. She’s actually dead.”

Wren looks up at her. “Actually,” he says sadly. “It’s not her body.”

“What are you talking about?” she asks, confused.

He takes a deep breath. “I switched their dental records.”

“Whose?”

“Bethany and Alison’s,” he practically whispers.

“You mean?” she says, piecing it together. “They found Bethany’s body?”
Wren nods sadly.

“But how? You saw your mother bury Alison. I saw her filling in the hole. How the hell did Bethany end up in there instead of Alison?”

“I don’t know. I hit Alison, and I’m one hundred percent sure that it was her. Then my mother buried her.” He looks down with sad eyes. “I left after that, so I don’t know what happened.”

“Are you sure she was dead when you hit her?”

“I thought she was, but I guess she could have just been unconscious. She could have been buried alive. Maybe someone pulled her out, and then buried Bethany. They said she suffocated to death.”

“So you’re saying Alison is actually alive?”

He sits up and looked at her. “That’s what it seems like.”

CeCe gets up and starts pacing. “This is crazy. It doesn’t make sense. How did Bethany end up in the hole?”

“I don’t know.” He feels tears coming on. “But I failed her. I promised her she’d be free, but she ended up being buried.”

She sits down next to him and puts her hand on his shoulder, comforting him. “I’m sorry, Wren. I really am. I could tell how much you loved her.”

Suddenly, he feels a burst of anger. “All I wanted was revenge on my mother!!” he yells. “I was going to kill her daughter, and then Bethany and I would be free to live our lives!”

“Whoa,” she says, trying to calm him down.

He ignores her and stands up and starts pacing. “I’ve ruined everything! I didn’t protect Bethany, and Alison is still alive out there somewhere. Melissa was going to help me figure out what happened,
but I fucked that up too. My whole plan failed. I failed.”

“Wren, it’s not your fault you’re such a hopeless romantic,” she says, coming over and giving him a comforting hug. “You fall in love with everyone.”

He’d calmed down quite a bit. “I didn’t fall in love with you,” he says, smirking at her.

“Yet,” she says in a flirty voice, moving her face close to his.

He pushes her off him. “It’s not going to happen CeCe,” he says sternly.

“Why not?” she asks, annoyed. “You wouldn’t have to pay me to help you anymore.”

The thought of being with CeCe disgusted him. He had never seen her that way. Never. She was just his minion. Nothing more.

“It’s because I’m not a Hastings, isn’t it?” she says.

“That could be part of it,” he admits. It probably was the reason. He’d fallen for both the Hastings sisters. He’d never fallen so hard in love before.

“Okay,” she gives in. “That’s fine. I’ll still help you, if you pay me.”

“Sure,” he says, sinking back into the sofa. Money wasn’t an issue. He has more than enough.

“Where could Alison have gone?”

“Well.” She joins him back on the sofa. “If she is really alive, if someone pulled her out of the dirt, which seems ridiculous…”

“She did manage to survive me almost drowning her as a baby,” he points out. “She’s good at holding her breath.”

“True,” she says thoughtfully. “Let’s see, if someone had tired to kill me and I survived, where would
“Well, whose to say they won’t try again?” he says.

“Exactly, Alison knows someone tried to kill her, and why wouldn’t they try again? She’d want to disappear. Get far away from this town. Get a new identity. Kind of like what you did when you faked your death.”

Wren nods, agreeing. “Yes, exactly. We need to find her.”

“I can get right on that,” she says, getting up grabbing her laptop. “Look, you’re free to stay here for as long as you need.”

“Thanks CeCe,” he says, smiling.

“But you’ll have to put up with Sara,” she says, eyeing him. “And deal with not having much hot water.”

Wren closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. Things weren’t great. They were the farthest thing from great. But things were looking up. CeCe was going to help him track down Alison, and he was going to make things right. He was going to avenge Bethany. And no matter what, he was going to find out what really happened that night.
Wren had been squatting at CeCe’s place for almost a week. She encouraged him to just forget about the Hastings, but he couldn’t get keep his mind off of them. He didn’t want to leave things the way they were, he wanted to at least try to make things right.

He tried to call Melissa multiple times a day. He left her tons of voice messages, but she never returned them. He even tried their father, and their mother, but no one would return his calls. He didn’t have Spencer’s number, so he couldn’t talk to her.

But one day, he got a call from an unknown number. It was Spencer. She wanted to come and see him. He was ecstatic. He thought he might be able to fix things. He gave her the address of CeCe’s apartment, and she said she’d come visit him.

Wren was on his laptop on his couch. He and CeCe had begun scouring the web, trying to find any trace of Alison. They’d found nothing so far.

CeCe walks in from the balcony. “She’s here.”

He closes his laptop and goes and peeks over the balcony. There she was. Spencer. Even looking down at her from the eighth floor, she looked beautiful. “I won’t bring her up here, I’ll just chat to her outside. If she comes up, she’ll ask too many questions about you.”

“Sure,” she says, turning away from him.

Wren meets with Spencer. She’s wearing typical Hastings clothes. Smart casual. It really suits her. They just sit on the steps outside of the apartment building. He wonders if Melissa sent her. But she says Melissa has no idea that she came.

“Look, I need you to tell them what really happened,” Spencer says.

Her family thinks that it was her fault. They think that she kissed him, which was not true. He tried to tell Melissa, but she wouldn’t listen. The Hastings were very stubborn.
“I tried,” Wren replies. “They won’t return my phone calls.”

He’d calmed down quite a bit, and decided not to beat himself up too much about the whole thing. And he knew that they wouldn’t blame Spencer forever. They’d forgive her sooner or later right? He hoped they would. None of this was her fault. It was all him.

He encourages her to put her efforts elsewhere. She shouldn’t have to worry about it. It wasn’t her problem. He didn’t mean for this to happen. He’d made lots of mistakes, but the biggest by far was meeting Melissa first.

“But perhaps my real mistake was falling for the wrong sister,” he says to her. If only he’d met Spencer first, he wouldn’t be in this situation.

He sees her cheeks blush slightly as she looks away from him. She feels something for him too. He can sense it.

Spencer quickly gets up and leaves. He watches her walk away, regretting everything. I’ve just ruined things even more haven’t I?

“How’d it go?” CeCe asks when he returns.

“I think I’ve made things even worse,” he says, sighing. “I’ve made a bloody mess of things!”

Over the next few weeks, Wren barely left CeCe’s apartment. He’d gone to some of his classes, but he couldn’t be bothered to go to them all. And he’d seen Melissa a couple of times. He tried to go and talk to her, but she wouldn’t listen.

He hadn’t seen Melissa at all the last few days. She obviously didn’t want to see him, so he’d gone and unenrolled from UPenn. He was going to complete his medical degree by correspondence. He was almost finished. If he studied hard, he could have his medical degree in less than a month. Then he would be a qualified doctor.

He’d had no reason to leave the apartment at all the last few days. He’d been studying hard, and also trying to find any trace of Alison online. But he’d found nothing. He also couldn’t stop thinking about Spencer. About how he ruined everything.
Sara barely left the apartment either, but Wren barely saw her. She was always either in the shower, or locked in her bedroom. On the rare occasion that he did see her, he tried to have a conversation with her, but she was not very social. She preferred silence.

He’d taken to getting drunk frequently. CeCe would come home from classes to find him drunk, and sometimes the apartment a complete mess. When he was drunk he forgot about everything. It helped him forget what happened to Bethany, and how he’d ruined his chances with the Hastings sisters. At this point in time, he preferred being drunk. But on this particular day, CeCe had had enough of him.

“I can’t do this anymore, Wren,” she says, kicking some trash out of the way. “I can’t have you being drunk all the time.”

He took another sip of scotch from his glass. Then she ripped the glass out of his hand.

“Hey,” he says, slurring his words. “I was drinking out of that.”

“No,” she says sternly. “You need to get out. You need to find a place of your own. I know that you’ve screwed up your own life but I don’t need you messing with mine too.”

CeCe allowed him to sleep off the alcohol, but in the morning she kicked him out. He had a massive headache and was hungover.

He managed to drive to Rosewood. He drove past a motel. The Edgewood Motor Court. That would have to do for now. He gets a room, and settles in there. He sleeps off his hangover, and wakes up to it being dark outside.

Not only has he ruined everything with the Hastings, but now CeCe has kicked him out and he has nowhere to go. He regrets everything, but mostly what he did to Spencer. He decides that he needs to make things right. He needs to speak to her father. He needs to explain everything. He tries to call Spencer, but the calls won’t go through. She is blocking his number. He decides to go to her house anyway.

He grabs some bottles of scotch and has a sip. Then he realises that he can’t drive if he’s drunk. So he grabs the bottles and gets in his car and drives. He parks a few houses away from the Hastings and sits in his car and drinks.
When he starts to feel drunk, he hops out of his car, and wobbly manages to walk to the front of the Hastings house. He looks over at his mother's old house. The place where he hit Alison. The place where everything went wrong.

He walks past the front door and heads to the back of the house. He sees a beautiful flower pot and decides to pick it up. He can give it to Spencer as a gift. The back door won’t open easily, so he pushes hard on it, but it still doesn’t budge. He takes a bit of a run up, and crashes his body into the door and it opens.

He looks around but can’t find anyone, and then she appears. Spencer, looking as beautiful as ever.

“I picked this for you,” he says to her. “From the garden.”

She’s confused to see him, which confuses him in his drunk state. He tells her that he’s come to set things right.

“One does not come unfortified to the house of Hastings,” he says, hoping she’ll accept his gift.

She says she wasn’t blocking his number, which confuses him because then why wouldn’t she answer? She wants him to leave, but he hasn’t done what he needed to do yet. Through slurred speech he tells her that he’s thought of nothing but her since she came to see him. And he’s going to take full responsibility for what he did. He asks her to summon her father, but she says that her parents, and Melissa, are in New York.

He’s drunk, and not completely comprehending what she's saying. But if he’d known that Spencer was going to be alone, he didn’t need to get drunk. He could have come and talked to her alone.

Then he accidentally drops the plant and the pot smashes. He leans down to pick it up, but ends up falling under the table with Spencer. The way the light is shining on her face makes her look even more remarkable than normal. He can’t stop staring at her.

“Your face is very fair,” he says slowly, smiling at her.

He sees a hint of a smile on her face too, and so he leans forward. He can tell that she feels the same.
But then she turns away and offers to make him a black coffee. He doesn’t think that’s a good idea because he’s been drinking scotch. She helps him up onto a stool. He’s not feeling quite normal yet, but he knows he can’t stop staring at her.

Spencer brings him some coffee. He drinks it and starts to feel more like himself. She says that she wants things to go back to normal, but she seems a little reluctant about that. The Hastings family is hardcore, but it’s all she’s ever known. He wants to offer her to come with him. To live free. But he knows she doesn’t want to leave her family. She never wanted to hurt Melissa. Neither did he. But they both had.

Even thought they don’t get along most of the time, Spencer still loves Melissa immensely. It was obvious that she did.

“She’s my sister,” she says. “That still counts.”

He understood. He loved his sister, Bethany, more than anything. He never wanted to hurt her. He never wanted to put her in danger. But he had. They’d both let their sisters down.

He stands up and decides he better leave. He’s imposed enough. He doesn’t feel as drunk anymore, but he’s still a little tipsy. Spencer offers to drive him back. He happily hands her the keys and she takes his hand. He doesn’t want to let go.

Spencer drives him back to the Edgewood Motor Court and walks him to his door. He’s feeling much better. Much more like himself. But he doesn’t want Spencer to leave just yet. She drove his car, so how is she going to get home? He wants her to stay with him for the night. But she’d called her friend, Hanna, to come pick her up. It’s his last chance. After tonight, he didn’t know when he’d see her again.

“I was telling the truth,” he says. “About wishing I’d met you first.”

She stares at him, not sure what to say. So he moves closer to her, and kisses her. She doesn’t resist. She kisses him back, and it feels so good. It feels right. She has a big smile on her face when they pull apart.

He offers her to come inside. He wants nothing more at that moment than to be close to her. She makes him feel a certain way that no one else has made him feel before. Not even Melissa. She could make him forget about all his problems. They could make each other happy.
But she declines. She doesn’t want to make things worse, which is fair. He wants to convince her any way he can to make her stay, but he decides not to. He doesn’t want to leave things on bad terms.

“Goodnight Spencer,” he says, not taking his eyes off her.

“Bye Wren,” she says, with the cutest smile on her face.

He watches her walk away, not sure when he’d get to see her again and adding her name to the list of good things that he’d lost.
Time Goes By Slowly

Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone who had read this far!
I've been rewatching the show and taking notes as I write this fan fic. I'm trying to
connect Wren to events on the show and explain his involvement, with the least amount
of plot holes possible. I'm having a blast writing this and have lots of ideas for where
this is going to head. Thanks again for reading!

Time seemed to go by so slowly. Wren stayed in his room at the Edgewood Motor Court, pouring all
his energy into studying and finishing his degree. He couldn’t be bothered trying to find a new
apartment to move into. And it’s not like money was an issue. He had more than enough money to
stay long term at the motel. It was easier just to stay there. And he hoped that if he stayed in the same
room, Spencer might return. That was definitely wishful thinking and not very likely to happen, but it
was one of the reasons he decided to stay.

He had been there for weeks, barely leaving his motel room. He studied hard. He’d been studying
full time for the past three years, and quite frankly he was over it. He just wanted to be done. He
wanted to be a registered doctor and get a job. When he was engaged to Melissa, he’d put his first
preference down as Rosewood Community Hospital, but he thought maybe that wouldn’t be a good
idea after everything that happened with Hastings. So he’d applied to St Anthony’s Hospital of
Philadelphia. It’s still close to Rosewood, but not too close.

He’d been keeping up to date on any news about Alison. Spencer and her friends had organised a
memorial for her, along with the help of Jason. He was tempted to go, but decided he better not.
Really, it should have been a memorial for Bethany, but still no one knew who she was.

He was keeping updated on who was currently the number one suspect in Alison’s murder
investigation. Currently it was Toby Cavanaugh. Blood was found on the sweater that Ali was
wearing that night, which belonged to Toby. She wasn’t wearing it when he found her. It must have
gotten lost sometime that night.

He knew all about Toby and Jenna. and their relationship. He’d managed to get a copy of all the
N.A.T videos. There was a video of Jenna forcing herself on her stepbrother, Toby. He knew Toby
wasn’t guilty. He had been raped by his stepsister and he didn’t deserve everything that was
happening to him. He felt sympathetic towards him. He knew what it was like to be blamed for
something you didn’t do.
Ian Thomas had come back to town. He and Melissa had dated, back before she met Wren. Melissa had told him that he broke up with her, and was confused as to why. He and Melissa went to Hilton Head together the weekend before Labor Day, the same time Ali was there. Melissa told him that she was pregnant at the time, and she went to get an abortion, but she lost the baby before then. She was devastated. And then Ian left her. What a jerk.

Wren had begun to hate Ian even more the more he learnt about him. He was on some of the N.A.T videos, and of course he filmed a whole lot of them too. He was at the kissing rock with Alison the night she disappeared. They were secretly dating that Summer. He was a creep. And Wren had put two and two together and figured out that he must have come onto Spencer too. He was a predator. Wren didn’t want him anywhere near the Hastings sisters. But unfortunately, he had managed to wriggle his way back into their life.

Wren would occasionally leave his motel room. The Rosewood Country Club was his favourite place to go. It reminded him a bit of London, which was more his home than Rosewood ever was. He would make sure that when he went, the Hasting’s weren’t there. He stole a copy of the timetable, and figured out the times when the Hasting’s would definitely not be there. He had a close call once, when Peter Hastings showed up, but he managed to not be seen by him.

One day, he went to the Country Club for lunch. The food there was delicious. Much better than the take out he’d been getting delivered to his motel room. He picked up a copy of the Country Club Newsletter, and Melissa was on the cover. With Ian. They had gotten married. Wren couldn’t believe what he was reading.

It had only been just over a month since he and Melissa had broken up, and now she’d eloped with her former boyfriend. Her former boyfriend who broke up with her and was a creep who filmed younger girls. What was Melissa thinking?

The article in the newsletter explained their love story like it was some grand fairytale. The Hastings were one of the best customers at the Country Club, which basically means they are one of the richest. They wanted people to think highly of them. The newsletter made their love story seem like a beautiful romantic love story. Which was not at all true.

He kept the newsletter and hung it up on his pin board, and stabbed Ian’s face full of pins. Why would Melissa marry him? Surely she knows about the N.A.T videos? About the kissing rock video?

Of course she knew about the N.A.T club videos. CeCe was talking to her about them that night. Although she had never mentioned them to Wren. But he didn’t blame her. It’s not like she could have just casually brought up that her former boyfriend enjoyed filming underage girls.
And surely Ian would have told her about what happened with Spencer. Although, Ian probably convinced her that Spencer was the one who came onto him. After all she didn’t believe Wren when he told her he was the one who came onto Spencer.

He would regularly visit the Country Club and one day a few weeks later, the weekly newsletter had something that made his blood boil. Melissa was pregnant. With Ian’s baby. It made him feel sick. He wanted to do something. He wanted to go and talk some sense into her. But he still wasn’t on good terms with her family. He had tried to ring their father many times, but he never answered his calls.

There was something else he remembered about Ian too. CeCe was acquaintances with him, and they’d go to parties together. One time, over a year ago before Ali went went missing, there was this party at this house. CeCe told him that Ali was going, along with her friends. She had gotten them all fake ID’s and was taking them to their first college party. He didn’t actually go into the party, but he stayed out the front and watched as they arrived. That was the first time he ever saw Spencer, he realised.

Wren was CeCe’s designated driver, and he waited out in his car while the party went on. He had some studying to do anyway, so he decided to just sit on his laptop in his car, and he might get to see a glimpse of his sister, Alison.

But the party ended in tragedy. Someone had fallen down the stairs. Wren was waiting in his car when the cops and an ambulance turned up. Everyone stormed out of the house like a wave. He got out of his car and stood out on the other side of the street next to some trees. He just watched. It was dark and he hoped no one would see him. A girl was pulled out of the house on a stretcher and into the ambulance. Everyone was gathered outside. He saw the cops talking to Ian. He didn’t notice where CeCe was, she must have still been inside. But then he saw them. Ali’s clique standing there in shock at what had happened. It was the first college party they’d ever snuck into and they were probably terrified that they’d be arrested. Ali was nowhere to be seen.

Then out of nowhere, Ali turned up. He wondered if she had something to do with it. And then he watched as Ali sweetly approached a cop and played the dumb drunk girl card. And her and her clique hopped into the cop car and drove away.

The whole thing disgusted him. His sister disgusted him. She most likely had something to do with the girl falling, or being pushed, down the stairs. And then she goes and manipulates a cop into giving them a ride home. That was one event that made him hate his sister even more, and one of the reasons that made him to want to kill her.

When CeCe finally appeared out the house, and hopped into Wren’s car, she was mad. Really mad. She had been questioned by the police for almost an hour. The cops believed that she had something
to do with the girl falling. But none of that was true. She had nothing to do with it.

CeCe told him everything. Alison was the one who pushed the girl down the stairs. She was jealous that Ian, who she was secretly dating at that time, was flirting with this other girl. Ali caught them making out in a room and she was went a little crazy. CeCe tried to calm her down, but when Ali is that mad, there is no changing her mind. Ali dragged the poor girl out of the room and pushed her down the stairs. No one apart from Ian and CeCe saw exactly what happened. Ali managed to slip out the house, but people downstairs claimed a blond girl had pushed her. And since Ali had slipped out of the house, CeCe was the only blonde girl anyone saw walking down the stairs.

The cops questioned her, and she tried to brush it off as an accident. Ian stuck to the plan too. There was no fighting with Ali. She always got her way. Ian was let off the hook, but the cops believed that CeCe was jealous of the girl that Ian was with. They needed her to come into the station the next day, and they would have to contact UPenn too, considering it was a frat party.

That was how she got kicked out of UPenn. Ali got her kicked out by placing the blame on her for something she did. That was one of the things that made Wren really hate his sister even more. That’s when he knew he could trust CeCe. They bonded over their mutual hate of Alison.

He tried to keep his mind off of Melissa’s pregnancy. He kept studying. It was exhausting, and he’d sometimes stay up all night, but he just wanted to finish his degree. He wanted to get out of the stuffy motel room and work at a hospital.

Then one day, something happened that gave him a bit of hope. A car arrived at the Motor Court, just outside of his room. He peeked out the window, and couldn’t believe his eyes.

It was Spencer.
She Seems Happy

A part of him was so happy that she'd come back to see him. But she hadn’t. She was with Toby Cavanaugh. The charges had been dropped against him and he was in the clear. It seemed that he and Spencer had gotten quite close.

She turns towards his room, and he quickly closes the blinds. He hears her footsteps walk past his room, and presses his ear against the door. He can faintly hear music. It sounds like a flute. He hears her walk back past his room and across to her car. Toby meets her back there with his room keys, and they head to their room. Right next to his. Out of all the rooms at the motel, they're given the one next to me.

He went back to studying, trying to ignore the fact that Spencer was in the next room at that moment. He gets lost in his studying, and is then awoken from his daze when he hears a door slam. He jumps up and heads to the door. He presses his ear to the door and hears Spencer’s voice. Talking to the housekeeper is sounds like. They want to get into another room. He waits until he hears another door slam, further down. And then he slowly opens the door a crack and looks out. No one is there.

He closes his door, making sure it doesn’t make a loud noise, and walks down past Spencer and Toby’s room and stops at the next room. 214. That number is familiar to him. He peeks through the windows. the shade blinds are down, but he can see through the material. Spencer and Toby are rummaging through the room searching for something. He quickly runs back to his room and closes the door.

What could they be searching for? He didn’t have a clue. Maybe it had something to do with A? With Mona? He assumed they were probably still getting messages from her, although he didn't know for sure. He hears the door to their room slam again. He wonders if they found what they were looking for.

Later that night, he’s awoken by a car door slamming. He sits up and rubs his eyes, trying to wake himself up. He quickly puts a shirt over his head and tiptoes over to the window. Someone in a black hoodie gets out of a car and walks over towards the rooms. Towards his. He slowly opens his door a crack, hoping he won’t be seen. The person goes into room 214.

Once the door to the room is closed, he goes over and glances through the window. The person doesn’t turn any lights on, but there is a bright light outside which gives the room a bit of light. The person inside pulls the hoodie down to reveal long dark hair. They turn sightly. It’s Mona.

She’s carrying a bag of ice. She gets a bag down out of the wardrobe and empties the contents. Then
she pours the ice into the bag, along with a note. She places the bag on the middle of the bed. Then she puts a boom box next to the TV, puts a CD in and pushes some buttons. She turns towards the window, and Wren ducks down and quickly runs back to his room.

He gets there just in time. He watches out the window as Mona gets back in her car and drives off. She left a note, so he definitely knows she’s still messing with Ali’s clique. She wants them to think there’s a clue in that room. 214. That number. That was his number at the sanitarium in London. Mona was insanely smart, he knew. It scared him that maybe she’d discovered out about him. But he tries to tell himself it’s probably just a coincidence.

He goes back to sleep. He is woken in the morning by the sound of a flute. He jumps up out of bed as he hears the door next to him slam shut. Spencer and Toby are already ahead of him. He slowly opens his door a crack and peeks out.

Toby is wearing no shirt, only pants. And Spencer is only wearing a long shirt, and no pants. His heart drops. It seems that they are more than friends and that makes him a little jealous. The rooms only have one bed, so they must have slept in the same bed together. Wren had hoped that Spencer had just been dropping Toby off, but obviously she stayed the night.

He watches them go into room 214. The music is still playing. That must be what Mona put in the boom box. Wren slips out of his room and over to their room. The door is open a crack so he peers in. There are bags on the floor, and clothes that are unmistakably Spencer’s. And there is a Scrabble board game lying on the ground. Maybe all they did last night was play Scrabble? That’s what Wren chooses to believe.

He quickly slides back into his room before Spencer and Toby return to theirs. He takes a deep breath. He shouldn’t be jealous, but he can’t help it. He hops back into bed and gets a little bit more sleep. He’s well and truly awake when he hears their door squeak open.

He gets up and looks through the window. Toby is walking towards Spencer’s car, carrying her bags. Spencer follows and leans against the next car, saying goodbye to him. Then Toby leans towards her and kisses her. She doesn’t resist. Wren feels a pang of jealousy.

When Toby pulls away, Spencer has a beautiful smile on her face. And Wren finds himself smiling too. He decides that he won’t be jealous. If Toby can make her smile like that, then that’s great. Spencer deserves to be happy. She deserves all the happiness in the world. If she’s happy, then I’m happy. He would just have to let her go.

He tries to get his mind off of Spencer. But that night when he searches online for news of Alison, he
is bombarded with pictures of her. Spencer is a person of interest in Alison’s murder investigation. The articles say that she was seeing Ian that Summer, which was not at all true. He came onto her. The police believe that she was jealous of Ali’s crush on Ian and that’s why she killed her.

Wren didn't believe it at all. Obviously she didn’t kill Alison, because he did. Well, he thought he did. But could Spencer possibly have killed Bethany? He remembers back to that night. He heard Spencer and Alison arguing in the Hastings house. He tries to remember what they were talking about. At the time it didn’t seem very relevant. He pushes his hands against his head and tries to jog his memory. And then it comes to him.

Spencer and Alison were arguing, and then they walked out of the house towards the trees. He remembers that Spencer looked angry. She followed after Alison. He didn't see where they went. He didn’t follow them. He remembers staying frozen, too afraid to move because it wasn’t part of the plan for Alison and Spencer to both leave the barn. But he does recall hearing yelling. He waited there until Spencer came back into the barn. And then he waited until Alison came back. The other girls were fast asleep when Alison left, and that’s when he hit her.

After his mother buried Alison, he left the scene. He didn’t know what had happened after that. Could Spencer have left the barn again? Was it possible that she woke back up and was still angry, and hit Bethany thinking she was Alison? At some point someone must have pulled Alison out of the ground. Could Spencer have buried Bethany in what was then an empty grave?

Wren’s head was throbbing. He’d fallen for Spencer, but really didn’t know her very well at all. Out of all of Alison’s friends, Spencer was the only one willing to stand up to Ali. To not put up with her bullying. But would she go as far as to try to kill her?
Spencer wasn’t a suspect for long. Her name was cleared quite quickly. And it was party Wren’s doing.

He drove past her house a couple of times and saw the cops out the front quite often. He also didn’t see Spencer and Toby out together. He figured they probably shouldn’t be seen together considering they had both been suspects in Alison’s murder. He believed that someone was trying to frame Spencer. He’d read all the articles and evidence against her, and it just didn’t make much sense. There were holes. Someone was going to a lot of trouble trying to frame her.

Wren was still staying at the Motor Court. In Rosewood the talk of the town was the Founder’s Day Festival. So he decides he may as well go.

He wears dark clothes and tries to stay out of sight. If he sees anyone he knows, he’d make sure they didn’t see him. It was fun he supposed, but not really the type of thing enjoyed going to. Not that he would know. He was locked in Radley as a kid and never got to experience the Founder’s Day Festival. His mother probably took Alison every year. He suddenly feels angry, but he tries to not get worked up about it. He doesn’t like all the flashing lights and noise anyway.

He wanders around, and decides to get a coffee. He keeps his hood up and tries not to make eye contact with anyone. Then he sees her. Spencer. She’s wearing a long white coat, and she is alone. He sees her look down at her phone and a smile appears on her face. Then she heads towards the giants clown face and into the funhouse.

He hates scary things. He hates clowns. There was no way he was going in there. Spencer must have been brave to go in there alone. Or maybe she was meeting someone.

Wren stays back and watches the opening, sipping on his coffee. After a little while, when Spencer has still not come out, Melissa shows up along with her mother and Ian. They are frantically looking at their phones, possibly trying to find Spencer. They talk to the attendant at the funhouse, and she points towards the clowns mouth. Then they go in. He could faintly hear them yelling Spencer’s name.

Wren doesn’t want to make a scene, but he didn’t trust Ian. He didn’t want him going into the funhouse and finding Spencer. Wren takes a sharp breath in. He’s nervous about what was going on in there.
But then, thankfully, Spencer appears through the clowns mouth. She looks fine, just a little shaken up. Her mother and Melissa are following closely behind her. Ian isn’t with them. He must still have been in the funhouse. Wren feels like he can breathe again. Ian didn’t harm her.

Spencer spots Toby. She ignores her mother and sister, and runs to Toby and he embraces her. He could see tears in her eyes. Something must have happened in there. But Toby was there to comfort her. He was happy that Spencer had someone like him in her life.

They kiss out in the open. Spencer doesn’t have a care in the world. Her mother is looking on in disapproval, as is Melissa. But Spencer just doesn’t care.

He didn’t know what had happened in the funhouse, but he did not trust Ian at all. Spencer seemed very shaken up. He wanted to protect her. But she has Toby. She doesn’t need him.

He still felt that something was off about Ian. So he kept an eye on Spencer and the Hastings. Just a wary far away eye. And lucky he did. Because a few days later something terrible almost happened. If he hadn’t been there, he didn’t know what would have happened to Spencer.

He was waiting in his car a few doors down from the Hastings. He’d read a few days earlier in the Country Club newsletter that Melissa and Ian were planning to have the christening for their unborn baby at the church. She still had months until her baby was born, but planning things very far in advance was such a Hastings thing to do.

He watches as a car turns up at their house and Melissa hops in. He gets a look at them as they drive past. It looks like the Reverend from the church is driving the car. He waits a few minutes and then drives to the church.

Sure enough, the car that Melissa was in is parked out the front. He figures that she is probably planning the christening, considering what he’d read in the newsletter the other day. He didn’t know why else she would go to the church.

He waits out the front. There are no other cars parked there. *If they are planning the christening, then should the father be there too? Why isn’t Ian there?*

He waits there until it gets dark. He brought his laptop and was studying, while also keeping an eye on the church. Then Spencer’s car turns up. Melissa exits the church and gets in her car and they drive off. He stays there and watches the church. All the lights turn off, and the Reverend comes out
and drives away. It was eerie being at the church at this time. Something felt off.

Wren thinks he can hear sirens in the distance, but he’s not entirely sure. He could have just imagined it. A part of him wants to go check if something had happened, but a bigger part of him thought something was off here at the church. Where is Ian?

Wren doesn't move, and then a car turns up. Ian gets out and goes into the now empty church. His suspicions were correct.

Why is Ian there now, when the church is completely empty? His heart starts beating fast. He doesn’t know what was happening. He just knew that something didn’t feel right and he needed to stay here. He watches the church. A few lights come on.

Ian is still in there, and then Spencer’s car returns. She enters the church and Wren’s stomach drops. Spencer is in there, alone, with Ian.

He gets out of his car, and quietly closes the door. He is wearing all black. He puts the hood of his black hoodie up over his head. He leans his head up against the front door and listens. He could hear some banging. And then everything went silent.

He opens the door crack and looks in. No one is in the main area. He slips in and closes the door quietly behind him. He slowly makes his way towards the back. He hears some banging, and then some screams.

Spencer.

He runs towards her screams. At that moment he doesn’t care if anyone sees him or if he was making a lot of noise. Spencer was in danger and he needed to save her.

He runs up the steps of the bell tower as fast as he can. His legs are aching and the wooden steps are creaking under his weight.

He keeps running until Spencer comes into focus up above. She is dangling off the bell tower, desperately clinging to Ian. If she loses her grip on him and she falls, she’ll probably die. He runs up the remainder of the stairs until he reaches them.
“What are you doing here?” Ian says.

Wren looks Ian in the eyes and then without a seconds hesitation, he pushes him off the ledge. His body gets tangled up in the ropes, strangling him. The bell starts ringing from the weight of his body.

Spencer manages to pull herself up, and wraps her arms around a post. Her body is shaking. Wren wants to make sure she’s alright, but he can’t risk it. Not now. He goes and hides in a small storage room up the top of the bell tower.

He hears yelling and then footsteps running up the stairs. Though the grates he can see them. Spencer’s friends have come to rescue her. She’s okay. She is safe. It sickens him to think of what would have happened if he hadn’t been there.

He stays hidden. He can hear police sirens getting closer. The girls all head back down the stairs. The bell tower is silent, until he hears a noise. He stays very still trying to figure out what the noise was. It sounded like the girls all left, and the police sirens were still a little while away. It couldn’t have been the cops yet.

And then the ruffling stops, and it’s silent again. He emerges from his hiding place and looks down the tower. The ropes are swinging, but Ian’s body is nowhere to be seen. He was sure he was dead. The ropes were strangling him. He was dead wasn’t he? He had to have been. There was now way he could have walked away from that.

Wren wonders then if someone had moved his body. It was possible. Mona was still messing with the girls. She is small and clever. She could have snuck into the church unseen.

Then he hears the church doors slam and he runs back down the bell tower. Down the ladder, not the stairs. He hears talking, and sees blue uniforms. The police. He sneaks out the back door, and pokes his head around to the front. There are cop cars everywhere, and a big crowd of people. He manages to sneak through the crowd back to his car without anyone recognising him.

He gets in and takes a deep breath and pushes the hood off his head. He had saved Spencer. If it wasn’t for him, she would probably be dead. He sees the girls emerge form the church, looking very shaken up.

Ian had never met Wren before, but he seemed to recognise him. Melissa had most likely told him all
about him. He was her husband after all. She most likely told him everything. He seemed surprised to see him. He supposed that Ian probably didn’t expect to see his wife’s ex-boyfriend at the bell tower.

But what had happened to his body? Why would Mona have taken it? He had no idea. That night was such a big blur to him, and he just wanted to forget. Spencer was safe and that was all that mattered.

He later found out that when he had heard sirens that night after Spencer and Melissa left the church, they had gotten into an accident. He hoped that Melissa’s baby was okay. She was still in the hospital and he was very worried about her. Spencer was fine. But she had almost died twice that night.
I Care About You So I'll Help

Wren kept an eye on the news, but it was all so confusing and draining to keep up with it. Everyone believed that Spencer and her friends were lying about what happened at the bell tower. Ian was a missing person. The police were doing everything they could to find him.

He tried to keep his mind off it and finish his degree. He pulled a few all nighters, and eventually managed to finish all of his study. He just had to go back to UPenn to do a couple of exams and then he was done.

Melissa had taken a break from college and deferred her degree. He didn’t blame her. She was pregnant, and her husband was missing and most likely dead. So, there was no chance of running into her. But he did run into CeCe.

“Hey Wren!” CeCe says, waving and running over to him.

“CeCe,” he says, putting his hands in the pockets of his jeans. He hasn’t seen her since she kicked him out of her apartment.

“Long time no see,” she says, giving him a friendly punch on the shoulder.

“I have a couple of exams to do,” he says, giving her a small smile. “Once I get the results I’ll be a qualified doctor.”

“Good for you,” she says. She takes his arm and leads him under a tree for a bit more privacy. “I take it you’ve been keeping up on the news of Ian.”

He hesitates, but then decides to just tell her the truth. “I pushed him.”

“You pushed Ian off the bell tower?” she whispers, her voice surprised.

He nods. “I didn’t trust him, especially not around Spencer and Melissa. He was going to kill Spencer. If I hadn't been there, he would have killed her.”
“I see you still haven’t let the Hastings sisters go,” CeCe says, a slight smirk on her face. “But they’re saying Ian is alive.”

“I know. He definitely looked dead to me,” he whispers, looking around to make sure no one can hear them. “It might have been Mona. She’s still messing with the girls as A. She could have taken his body as some sick prank.”

“That’s morbid,” she says, an unreadable look on her face. “Well, it was good to see you. If you ever need anything, I’ll be here.”

He nods at her and they part ways. CeCe actually did seem trustworthy. Despite her kicking him out of his apartment, she still seemed like someone he could rely on. Maybe he would take her up on that offer.

A few days later Wren gets his results from his exams. He had passed. He was now a qualified doctor. He got his first placement at St Anthony’s Hospital of Philadelphia. He figured it was probably time to leave his room at the Motor Court. He’d been staying there for almost a month. He found himself an apartment in Philadelphia close to the hospital.

His job was fine. It was his first job as a doctor. He fitted right in and it felt like this is where he belonged. This is what he was supposed to be doing. He had studied for so long and now he finally had a job as a doctor.

Then one day, after he’d finished his shift at the hospital, he got a call from someone he was not expecting to hear from.

“Melissa?” he asks when he picks up the phone.

He could hear her crying. “Wren, I….” Her breathing is heavy. It worries him.

“Melissa, is the baby okay?” he says, then immediately regrets it. How is he supposed to know about her baby? They haven’t seen each other for weeks.

But she doesn’t pick up on it. “Oh,” she says, her voice breaking. “Fine. The baby is fine. It’s
“Okay, Melissa,” he says calmly. “It’s okay. You can trust me.”

She sniffs. “It’s… Ian. He’s alive, but he’s not good.”

_He’s seen him? Has she been in contact with Ian? He’s not actually dead? _He felt like a weight had been lifted off his shoulders. He had wished that Ian was dead, but if he wasn’t, that meant he wasn’t actually a killer. He had never murdered someone. He had tried to kill Ali, but she was still alive. And now Ian was still alive too. It cleared his conscience a little.

“Have you seen him?” he says, trying to keep his voice stable.

“No…. I,” she struggled to say. “Can you meet me? My parents are away and Spencer is out all day, and I…”

“It’s okay, Melissa,” he says. “I can come and see you.”

“Now, please,” she begs. “Park a few houses away and I’ll come and meet you. Thank you Wren.”

“Of course Melissa,” he says, hanging up the phone.

He straight away drives to Rosewood and parks a few doors down from the Hastings house. He texts Melissa to let her know that he’s here, and she says she’ll come and meet him.

It’s dark outside and rain is lightly falling. Melissa appears wearing yellow rain boots and a coat. He waves at her. She gives him a slight smile and then gets into the passenger seat of his car.

“Melissa, how are you?” he says when she closes the car door. “How is the baby?”

She gives him a forced smile. “Apart from the fact that I’ve lost my wedding ring and that my husband…” she says angrily, trailing off. Then her face softens. “The baby is okay.” She ruffles around in her coat pocket and hands him something.
It’s a sonogram picture of her baby. He’s seen his fair share of sonogram pictures, and her baby looks perfectly healthy. Thank god the baby is okay, he thinks to himself. After what happened the last time she was pregnant, Wren is so thankful that she hasn’t lost it.

“I need your help,” she says, looking at him.

He was still wearing his hospital clothes. He came straight away the minute Melissa called and hadn’t bothered to get changed. “Anything.”

She gets her phone out of her coat. “Ian has been texting me. He’s not in a good state.” She sniffs. “He needs some drugs.”

“Where is he?” he asks.

“I... I don’t know,” she says, tears starting to stream down her face. “He won’t tell me. Not until I have the drugs for him.”

Wren squeezes his eyes shut, thinking about what he was getting himself into. He’d only just gotten his first job as a doctor. Stealing drugs would not be a smart thing to do right now. He might lose his job and never be allowed in another hospital again. But on the other hand, he wanted to help.

He did kind of feel responsible for the whole thing. If he had never kissed Spencer, then Melissa would not have gone running back to Ian. It all started with him. And he wanted to at least try to make things right. As right as he could at this point.

He opens his eyes and looks at Melissa.

“What does he need?” he asks.

Melissa shows him the text messages, describing his injuries. He gets a notepad and makes notes of them. Tomorrow he would figure out what drugs he would need, and take them and give them to Melissa.
“Thank you,” Melissa says quietly.

Wren places his hand on hers. “It’s the least I can do after the way I messed things up with you and your sister.”

She gives him a small smile and leaves the car. He watches her splash through the mud in her yellow rain boots.

He leans his head against the steering wheel. What have I gotten myself into? But he had to do it. It was all his fault, the least he could do was try to fix it.

He makes a list of all the drugs he would need to treat Ian’s injuries. Most of them he should be able to get. He would need some very strong and powerful painkillers. But there were some that there was no way he would be able to take. He’d lose his job if they found out he’d taken them. He couldn’t risk it.

The next day when he goes to the St Anthony’s Hospital to work, he figures out how he’s going to take them.

He was still only relatively knew to the hospital, so he didn’t know where everything was located. But he managed to ask someone for a detailed map of all the floors, and he found out where all of the medication is stored. He didn’t know how he managed to do it, but somehow he found himself alone in the medication storeroom and took the drugs he needed. And as he is a qualified doctor, he has full log in details. So he simply logged onto the hospitals database and changed the stock of those medications he took so no one would know that they were missing.

It was a lot less daunting than he thought it would be. A lot easier and less risky than when he switched the dental records. Since he is actually a doctor, what he did is technically not illegal. He has every right to use medication to treat patients. Of course Ian technically isn’t a patient at that particular hospital, or at any hospital for that matter, but he is someone who needs medical treatment.

Later that night, he drives to Rosewood to drop the drugs off to Melissa. She meets him out at his car, and he gets out and joins him at the trunk. He opens it and gives her the bag of drugs. They hear a noise in the bushes, but they brush it off. It was probably nothing. Who would be out there at this time?

But it turns out that the noise in the bushes was actually someone. The next day Spencer comes to
the hospital to see him. He wasn’t expecting to see her while he was working. She tells him that she
saw him with Melissa last night. She wants to know what is going on.

She says that Ian tried to kill her. He puts on his most shocked and worried voice, acting as if he had
no idea. Which of course isn’t true. He knew exactly what happened, but he couldn't let her know
that. Then instinctively he asks her if she’s okay. She seems fine, just determined to find out what is
going on.

Wren looks around, and tries to find somewhere a little more private. He’s only just gotten this job
here. He doesn’t want to lose it. He’d managed to get the drugs with no one finding out, but he
didn’t want to risk anyone hearing what they were talking about.

He told her he gave Melissa some drugs and supplies. And that Melissa said that Ian was hiding out
somewhere outside of Rosewood, but he would only tell her where when she got the drugs. Spencer
wonders why he agreed to help Melissa. The answer is obvious to him.

“Honestly,” he says to Spencer. “Cause I feel partly responsible for Melissa charging back to Ian.
How could I not help?”

She was still wary, not completely believing him. He needs to get her to believe him, so he lies a
little. He says that he had no idea that she was a part of this. Which wasn't true. He knew. He had
stopeed Ian from killing her.

The next thing he says, he means with all his heart. “I don’t want to see you get hurt again.” Nothing
he had ever said rang as true as that.

A faint smile appears on her face for a second. He urges her to leave the whole thing alone, knowing
that it’s dangerous being involved. But Spencer being the person that she is can’t leave it alone. Of
of course she can’t.

“Everytime I get involved with you and your sister, people end up getting hurt. I won’t let that
happen again,” he says, his forehead creased.

She moves close to him and takes his hand. His body relaxes a little. She is looking him right in the
eyes, but he fights the urge to want to help her. He tells her he can’t. He had ruined things enough
already for the Hastings sisters. He didn’t want to be helping both of them behind each others backs.
He walks away from her because he doesn’t want to risk putting her in danger.
But Spencer persists. She comes back to the hospital begging for his help again. Eventually he caves, and agrees to help her. With Spencer listening in, Wren calls up Melissa and convinces her that he needs to come with her to meet Ian because he is most likely suffering from a serious infection. She seems to believe him, and the meeting is set.

Wren feels bad about helping both the sisters without the others knowledge. But he did want to see Ian too, if only to ease his guilty conscience a little. If he was really still alive, then that meant he wasn’t a murderer.

It was time to go meet him. Wren texted Spencer and let her know to follow them. He drives slow, giving Spencer time to follow closely behind. He and Melissa walk towards the old barn where Ian is supposed to be. She tells Wren to wait outside while she goes in. He reluctantly lets her go and waits. He can see Spencer and the girls with flashlights climbing through the fence.

Then he hears Melissa scream. He rushes as fast as he can into the barn and finds Melissa collapsed on the floor in hysterics. Ian’s body is sitting up against the wall of the barn. There is a bullet wound on the side of his head and a gun in his hand. There is a lot of blood.

He pulls Melissa off the floor and holds her tight. He is crying hysterically. He tries to calm her down as he looks at Ian’s body in shock. This is not what he was expecting to find here. He tries to get Melissa to calm her breathing down. Stress is not good for the baby.

Spencer and the girls arrive and gasp when they see Ian’s body. Melissa is surprised to see Spencer there, but she lets her sister give her a hug. There is so much going trough Wren’s mind. He eyes Spencer, and they give each other a look. They both care about Melissa deeply and this scene is very upsetting.

Wren feels guilty. It seems that Ian committed suicide, but it couldn’t have been possible for him to have walked out of the church alive. It can’t have been. He got a look at the suicide note, and there was something off about it. The way it was written was odd. It seemed staged. It didn’t seem like a coherent suicide note at all.

He thought that he would be glad that Ian was dead. He was a creep and was danger to the Hastings sisters. But all he felt was deep sorrowful regret. Despite what he thought of Ian, he was Melissa’s husband and the father of her baby. And it was his fault that Melissa had lost him.
I'm So, So Sorry

Ian’s death was all over the news. The police believed that he committed suicide. They also said that he had been dead for a week before his body was found. That meant that the texts that Melissa was getting from Ian weren’t actually from him. In the suicide note he confessed to killing Alison. The police believed that her murder investigation was over. That it had finally been solved.

There was quite a solid case against him, but Wren wasn't convinced that he killed Bethany. He was in the kissing rock video, but he leaves Ali there, and then he heads to Ali’s house. Wren has the N.A.T video of him in Ali’s room, with Garrett, Jenna and Melissa. Ian was mad that she wouldn’t hand over the N.A.T videos. That video took place after the kissing rock video. It could have taken place while he hit Alison and his mother buried her. He wasn’t exactly sure of the timing of things that night. In the video, Melissa comes storming up the stairs asking where Alison is. So it very well could have been recorded as Alison was being buried.

Bethany was killed sometime after that. Would Ian have stayed at Ali’s house for that long? Could he have still been angry about the videos and he hit Bethany thinking it was Ali? It was possible. But Wren didn’t believe it.

Something wasn’t right about the suicide note. He’d taken a photo of the note at the old barn, and had been staring at it. There was something odd about it. And why were all the T’s capitalised? He had divided the note up, and it made a whole lot of short messages that made sense. Almost like short text message. Like A messages, he realised.

Ian’s body had haunted him. The way his eyes were lifeless, and the hole in his head covered in dried blood. Everywhere he looked, there was news of Ian. He couldn’t escape it.

He tried calling the Hastings, but they never picked up. One time Peter did, but he didn’t want to hear what Wren had to say. He couldn’t even fathom what Melissa was going through. He was traumatised enough by what they saw, but he couldn’t imagine what Melissa was feeling, seeing her husband like that. She must be a mess.

The day after they found Ian’s body, he went to work at St Anthony’s Hospital as normal. Late in the day, just as he was about to go home, Melissa turned up in a frenzy. She was holding onto her stomach tight. Wren looked around but her parents weren’t with her. She was alone. She must have driven to Philadelphia all by herself.

“Melissa!” Wren yells when he sees her.
A few staff members had come over and were trying to calm her down.


“It’s okay, I know her,” he says to the other doctors. “I’ll get her settled in a room. Go get a gynaecologist. Now!”

Wren leads her to a room and gets her settled on a bed.

“It’s hurting,” she says, sobbing. “Something’s not right. Please, help her. Save my baby.”

“We’re going to do everything we can Melissa,” he says gently. “You need to calm down. Stress will only make it worse. You need to calm your breathing down.”

He moves her legs into a more comfortable position, and notices her dress is covered in blood, soaking into the white sheets.

“No,” he mutters to himself. He grabs a towel and tries to clean some of it up so Melissa doesn’t see.

Melissa is squeezing her eyes shut, not sure what to do. She looks to be in so much pain. She looks down and sees the blood. “No,” she whispers, trying to wipe it up but getting blood all over her hands.

“Melissa, calm down,” he says calmly, stroking her hair. “It’s okay.”

The gynaecologist comes in and sees the scene. “Oh no sweetie,” she says, grabbing some towels and trying to mop up the blood. “I think we should sedate her. Panicking makes it worse.”

Wren grabs a sedative and gently caresses Melissa’s head. “Melissa, it will be okay. You will be okay.” He carefully injects the syringe into her neck.
Her body starts to relax. “Taylor,” she says, holding her stomach. “We’ll be okay… we’ll… be… okay…” Her eyes close and her breathing starts to calm down.

Things weren’t good. Melissa had lost her baby. She had a miscarriage. Wren tried to help treat Melissa, but it was too painful to watch because she was someone he cared about. He had to leave the room and just trust that they’d take care of her.

He sunk down on the floor and cried. That image of Melissa lying in the bed covered in blood was too painful for him. It was too much. He was glad that Ian was gone because he was dangerous, but it had most likely caused her to lose the baby. He knew how much the baby meant to her. And now she’d lost it. *It’s all my fault.*

The gynaecologist comes and finds him on the floor. “She’s fine.”

Wren shoots up and tries to wipe his eyes. Crying was not a professional thing for a doctor to do. “Sorry, I…” he says, standing up. “That’s great.” He tries to keep his voice even, but it keeps breaking.

“I can tell you care about her,” she says. “She lost the baby, but she is going to be okay. Although, there is something we noticed a little irregular with her heartbeat. Nothing to worry about, but we’re going to refer her to a specialist just in case.” She hands him a bit of paper with the referral on it.

Wren nods. “Thank you. Sorry, as you know I’m new here, and seeing someone I care about like that was just too much for me at this time.”

“I understand, Dr Kingston,” she says. “It’s something you’ll get used to, I’m sure. Being a doctor means healing people who are beat up. You can’t faint at the sight of blood.”

“That’s something I’ll have to get over,” he says with a slight smile on his face. He had learnt all about blood in his study, but actually seeing it was something entirely different. He would need to build up his tolerance to it.

She smiles back at him. “You should be there when she wakes up.”

Wren goes into Melissa’s room. She had been changed into a hospital gown, and all the blood had been cleaned up and the room smelt like disinfectant. She was fast asleep and her breathing was
He dragged a chair next to her bed and waited until she woke up. He had a quick look at the referral for the specialist about her heart. It’s not serious at all. If she hadn’t had the miscarriage, she probably wouldn’t have come to the hospital and she wouldn’t know about her irregular heartbeat, and she would probably be just fine.

He is feeling tired. He takes Melissa’s hand, and looks at her. She looks so at peace when she is asleep. He feels horrible that she’d lost her baby. He was going to do everything he could to make it up to her, as best as he could.

He eventually dozes off to sleep, and was then woken up by Melissa’s voice.

“Taylor,” she says quietly.

Wren’s eyes fly open and he squeezes her hand. “Melissa,” he says tiredly.

“We were going to name her Taylor,” she says, giving him a weak smile. She lets go of Wren’s hand and puts her hands on her stomach.

“Melissa, I am so sorry,” he says sympathetically.

She tries to sit up, but her face contorts in pain.

Wren takes her waist. “Melissa, hey, be careful. Your body has been through a lot. Take it slow.”

He helps her get into a sitting position with her legs hanging off the bed.

“How are you feeling?” he asks, examining her body.

“A little sore,” she says, wincing. “My stomach feels… smaller. But that’s because…”
“I don’t want to go home. I can’t…” she says, starting to cry. “I can’t tell my parents… or Spencer… not yet…”

“You’re welcome to stay at my apartment tonight,” he offers. It’s the least he can do after everything she’s been through. “Only if you want to.”

Melissa wipes away her tears and nods. Her dress is covered in blood, and she tells him to throw it out. It was too much of a painful reminder. She has a spare change of clothes in her car, so Wren gets it for her and waits while she changes. She looks sad. Her face looks tired and sunken.

Wren drives her to his apartment. She can walk, but he can tell it’s a bit of a struggle for her. He gets her settled onto the couch and brings her some water.

“Are you sure you don’t want any food?” he asks worriedly. He didn’t know when the last time she’d eaten was.

“No,” she croaks. “I don’t have much of an appetite.”

She had been given a whole lot of drugs, so that was probably why. In the morning all the drugs should have left her system, and she should feel like eating then. So he leaves her for now. Really what she needs is rest. Her body needs to recover from the trauma it had endured.

“I drove to Philadelphia because I knew you would do everything you could to help,” Melissa says, slowly sipping on her water, staring into the distance.

Wren settles down on the couch next to her, and surprisingly she snuggles up next to him. They haven’t been this close since before he kissed Spencer the first time.

“I knew you would make sure I got the best help I could,” she continues.

He blushes a little. Melissa does still care about him. He was worried that she still hated him. “You did get the best help you could. I’m just sorry it wasn’t enough.”
Melissa puts her glass of water down and shakes her head. “Something hadn’t been feeling right for a while, since Ian went missing. I think she was lost anyway.” She weakly props herself up and looks at him. “But thank you, Wren. Thank you for helping me even though I was awful to you and wouldn’t let you explain what happened with Spencer.”

“That was one hundred percent my fault,” he says. “Don’t beat yourself up, and please don’t blame your sister for something I did.”

“I’m sorry.” She smiles weakly at him. “I think we were both in the wrong. I threw you out before waiting for an explanation. I’m sorry for that.”

Maybe it was the drugs still in her system, or the fact that she’d just had a miscarriage, but Melissa was acting unusually nice and level headed. He liked seeing this side of her. A side he always knew she had, but rarely got to see.

“I’m so, so sorry, Melissa,” he says. “About losing your baby, and Ian. I can’t even put into words how sorry I am.”

She nods as tears start streaming down her face. “The last few moths have been very hard.”

“I heard that Ian’s funeral is tomorrow. I was thinking of attending, but I don’t know if…” he starts.

She frowns a little. “Oh no, you shouldn’t feel the need to come.”

“You’re probably right… but I was there when we found his body… I feel like I need to pay my respects.” He wanted her to know how genuinely sorry he was.

“No, no. It will be full of people who never cared about him anyway,” she says sadly. “And Ian turned out to not be the person I thought he was. He turned out to be a killer.” It seemed that Melissa believed that his confession was true.

He didn’t know how to respond to that, so he just brushes some of her hair out of her eyes. It’s wet with tears.
She looks at him sadly. “I’m sorry. I never hated you. I hated myself for letting you go. I should have let you explain. I’m sorry.”

“You don’t need to apologise, I’m the one who created the mess.” That was true. *If I’d never kissed Spencer, none of this would have happened.*

“I hope we can be on good terms,” she says, snuggling into his shoulder.

“Get some rest,” he says, giving her a quick kiss on the top of her head. “Your body needs to recover.”

Melissa and Wren both fall asleep on the couch, snuggled up together. Wren was awoken by the sun streaming through the blinds. He was late for work, but that was okay. He was taking care of a patient.

“Melissa,” he says, gently nudging her.

She blinks and squints at the bright light of daytime. “Hey…”

“You feeling okay?” he say gently, brushing her hair with his fingers.

She pushes herself up and nods. “A lot better.” She was even smiling.

Wren makes her eat something. Just a little something to give her some energy. But she is looking a lot better. She was still in a bit of pain but that was expected. Her face didn’t look as tired anymore. She could walk, and he trusted her to drive. He gave her the referral for the heart specialist, and explained to her that it was just cautionary. It’s probably nothing, but best to have it checked.

He drives her to the hospital where her car is parked.

“Thank you again, Wren,” she says, a small smile on her face. She gives him a hug, then gives him a kiss on the cheek.
He can’t help but smile when he feels her lips on his cheek. “You’ll be okay, Melissa. I know you will be.”

She looks down and blushes slightly. “I don’t think we should get back together, considering everything that has happened, but I hope we can be friends.”

Wren smiles at her. “I’d like that.”

She gets in her car and Wren watches as she drives away. She’s okay. But he couldn’t save the baby, and was beating himself up about it. If he could have, he would have done anything to save it. But unfortunately it was too late. The shock of loosing her husband, seeing his body with a bullet wound in his head, plus general stress probably all contributed to her miscarriage. It was too late to do anything now. She’d already lost it.

But he was happy to help her in any way he could. And she didn’t hate him. In fact, she wanted to be friends. They were now on good terms and that made him happy. And besides, Melissa is a Hastings so he knew that she would be completely fine.
The funeral was held for Ian. He did think about going, but as Melissa said, he probably better not. There were pictures of Spencer and the girls at the funeral, wearing all black and throwing dirt into his grave. No pictures of Melissa. She must have been in a really bad state to not want pictures to be taken of her. She’d just lost her baby, so he understood.

A few days later, Wren’s application for Rosewood Community Hospital comes through. He’s been put on a rotation for six months. He decides to take it. He was now on good terms with the Hastings sisters, although not with their parents, but he hoped they’d come around considering their daughters had.

He had heard that Jason had moved back into his mothers house, next door to the Hastings. He doubted Jason even remembered him. They hadn’t seen each other since they were kids. Since he was Charles. And his mother wasn’t around, so there was no chance of running into her. He figured he would be fine if he worked in Rosewood. He decided to stay in his apartment in Philadelphia. He’d already settled in, and it wasn’t too far of a drive to Rosewood from Philadelphia.

His first day at Rosewood Community was great. They showed him around, although he kind of already knew his way around a little. And they gave him all the necessary training he needed for this particular hospital. The last time he came here was when he switched Alison and Bethany’s dental records. He liked this hospital. It wasn’t as busy and crowded as St Anthony’s.

On his second day working at Rosewood Community, he decides to stop by the Hastings house, just to see how they’re doing. He mainly wants to go to see Melissa, just to see how she’s holding up after loosing the baby. He decides to buy a plant to give Melissa, as a gesture of goodwill. He buys one this time, instead of stealing one from their garden like the last time he brought a plant to their house.

It’s early, and Spencer’s car is still in the driveway. She hasn’t left for school yet. He knocks on the door, and Spencer answers. She’s a little confused to see him. They haven’t seen each other since they found Ian’s body.

Melissa isn’t home. Spencer says that she’s in Philadelphia and hasn’t been back much since the funeral. Had she even come home since she lost the baby? Spencer didn’t seem to know anything about that, and Wren didn’t feel that it was his place to bring it up.

He tells her that he’s gotten a rotation at Rosewood Community Hospital. Her expression isn’t exactly what he was expecting it to be. Considering their past he wasn’t expecting her to be thrilled.
at this news, but she’s acting a little nervous. He can’t exactly read what she's feeling. He was hoping they could be friends and be on good terms.

Then she starts asking about autopsies, head wounds and weapons. It hadn’t even occurred to him to look through Bethany’s autopsy. But Spencer asking him about those things was making him think. He really had no idea what had happened to Bethany. He didn’t know what had killed her.

And he was thinking that maybe she was talking about the same persons autopsy, but of course Spencer thinks it’s Alison’s. He was confused as to why Spencer would be asking about it. He never believed for a second that she was capable of attempting to kill someone. She says it’s for a school project, but he thinks there is something she’s not telling him.

He’s caught up in his own head and half paying attention, half planning something in his head, and without thinking tells her that the hospital’s pathologist does that autopsies at Rosewood Community, and that they’re kept in the morgue. It was fresh in his mind considering yesterday was his first day and they told him where everything is located. He immediately regrets telling her that information, which is supposed to only be known by staff of the hospital. So he quickly changes the subject and says he needs a coffee.

But Spencer says she needs to get to school. So he offers to take her, and they can stop for coffee on the way and maybe get to know each other a little better.

She looks at him suspiciously. “You didn’t come all this way to see Melissa did you?”

He was taken aback slightly. In truth, he had come to see Melissa. Well, that’s what he had told himself. He wanted to check on her after she suffered through a miscarriage. But he then realised that he knew he would get to the Hastings house before school started, which meant there was a good possibility that Spencer would still be home. And when he saw her car in the driveway, his face lit up. It seems that Spencer knew him better than he knew himself.

He offers to discuss it over coffee, but she denies because she has a boyfriend now. He feels a little awkward. He didn’t mean it to be like a date. He knew she had a boyfriend, and he was happy for her. He just wanted to be friends. But it seems that wasn’t the vibe he was giving off to her. So, like the Englishman he is, he makes her another offer, which hopefully might make her see that his intentions were purely to be friends, nothing more.

“Fine,” he says. “How about tea?”
She refuses his offer to what she still thought was a date, but she does agree to let him drive her to school. Then he was left to grab coffee himself on his way to the hospital.

He does his work and treats patients that need to be treated, but what Spencer asked him earlier was in the back of his mind. It was perfect that now he was a qualified doctor, he should easily be able to access all of Bethany’s medical files, and most importantly, her autopsy. He just needed an excuse to go in there. He knew there were cameras all around, and he didn’t want to be caught doing something he shouldn’t be doing. So he came up with a plan.

He finds the hospital’s pathologist in their office on the second floor. Fred Sekar M.D, it says on the door. Wren has never spoken to him before.

“Excuse me,” he says, softly knocking on the door.

Dr Sekar looks up and pushes his glasses up his nose. “Yes?”

“Hi,” Wren says nervously, walking slowly into the office. “I’m Dr Kingston, I’m new here.”

He gives Wren a small smile, waiting for him to continue speaking.

“I’ve just had a patient come in with a heart condition. Her mother died of the same condition,” he says, trying to remember the story he’d rehearsed in his head. “I was wondering if I could have a look at her autopsy and see if there is anything I need to consider when treating this patient.” He hopes that makes sense.

“What is the patient’s mother’s name?” he asks, swivelling around in his chair over to his filing cabinet.

“Umm, I don’t remember,” Wren says slowly. “I think the surname started with a D… I have it written down in my office. I can go get it if you like…”

Dr Sekar turns back to him and shakes his head. “That’s okay. The autopsies are stored in the morgue. And the D’s…” he stops and looks up thinking. “In the first cabinet, third drawer down.”
Wren mentally takes note of that. “Third draw down, got it. Thank you.”

Dr Sekar gets back to doing his work as he leaves. Although Wren probably was permitted to go into the morgue anyway, considering he’s a qualified doctor, but now if anyone questions him as to why he went in there, he’d be able to answer.

He makes his way along the second floor. He finds the door to the morgue, and pushes it open. It’s freezing in there, and it smells horrible. It’s basically like the inside of a fridge filled with raw meat. Although in this case, he was in a freezer full of dead human flesh.

Wren fights the urge to throw up. He makes his way over to the filing cabinets. First cabinet, third drawer down. He opens it and rifles through until he finds the D’s.

**DiLaurentis, Alison.**

He pulls the file out, and takes a deep breath. But immediately regrets it, because he inhales the stench of the dead bodies.

He gives a quiet cough and tries to hold his breath so he doesn’t inhale any more fumes. He notices a packet of cookies on the bench, which disgusts him. *Who would eat food in a place like this?*

There are no cameras inside the morgue. It would be pretty morbid to have them in here. He flicks through the autopsy report. An x-ray jumps out at him. It’s an x-ray of Bethany’s skull. The back of her head had a big dent in it. The report says that she was hit from behind with a curved blunt edge. Now he knows the body was definitely not Alison’s. He hit Ali in the side of the head with a sharp rock. He hit her hard, yes, but not hard enough to leave a dent in her skull.

Wren suddenly feels nauseous. And it didn’t help being in a freezer surrounded by dead bodies. Bethany was hit so hard that it dented her skull, but that is not what killed her. She was then buried alive. The autopsy says there was dirt found in her lungs.

His vision starts to blur and he decides he needs to get out of here. He double checks that there are definitely no cameras in the morgue, and then takes a photo of each page of the autopsy. He puts it back together neatly, and puts the file back in the filing cabinet. Then he gets the hell out of the morgue.
He feels so relieved to get out of there. To breathe fresh air. Well, as fresh as the air inside a sanitised hospital can be.

When he gets home to his apartment from work that day, he enlarges the photos he took of the autopsy on his computer. He reads through the whole thing. Bethany was hit from behind. She didn’t see it coming. Similar to how he hit Alison from behind. She had no idea he was behind her.

It seems strange that Bethany was hit in a similar way to how Alison was hit. What are the odds of that happening?

He continues reading. The x-ray makes him nauseous. He runs his fingers over the x-ray of Bethany’s head. *I'm so sorry you had to die like this Bethany. I will find out what happened, and I will avenge you.*

It wasn’t just a small dent, it was quite large. A dent that large would have knocked her unconscious, so at least she wouldn’t have been in so much pain. But that wound didn’t kill her. She was buried alive. She would have woken up sometime when she was in the ground. Then she would have breathed in dirt as she tried to yell out for help. And then when the dirt reached her lungs, that is probably when she actually died. He feels sick.

He feels a tear run down his cheek but he fights the urge to cry. What happened to Bethany was horrible. This autopsy report showed him that it was worse than he could have imagined. He was going to find out the truth, no matter what it took.

He flicks through the pages of the report again, and then stops. He counts the pages. The final page says it’s page 6, but he only has 5 photos. He was absolutely sure he took a picture of every single one. But there is one missing. *Where is page 5?*

The police could have taken it, because maybe it had some strong evidence on it. They could have, but wouldn’t they take a copy and leave the original at the hospital? Someone must have stolen it, but who?

It could have been Mona. It scared him how insanely smart she was. She could well and truly be onto figuring out his identity and he would have no idea. But what would be her motive for doing that? He wasn’t sure. A lot had happened that night that Bethany died. Probably lots of stuff he didn’t know about. But why would someone take a page of the autopsy? What was on that page that someone was trying to hide?
A few days later, Emily Fields is admitted to Rosewood Hospital. After his lunch break, he notices her name on the admittance chart. She was rushed into the ER. She is stabilised now. He knows that Spencer, along with Aria and Hanna, would probably come at some point to see their friend.

There had been a lot of patients admitted to the hospital. There must have been something in the air in Rosewood that day. He was tasked with going around and checking on all the new patients. He hadn’t seen Emily yet, and he hoped he wouldn’t until a bit later, until he possibly had the chance to see Spencer.

Soon enough, Spencer arrives at the hospital. He sees her looking at the hospital’s directory. He walks up behind her.

“It’s the third floor,” he says, startling her. “You’re looking for your friend Emily, right?”

She’s a little taken aback to see him. He figures she is probably still thinking about what they talked about a few days ago. About autopsies and the morgue, considering that’s where her eyes were focused on the directory. But she really shouldn’t go up there. She could get in a lot of trouble if she’s caught.

He accompanies her in the elevator, making sure she gets to the right place. He needs to go up anyway. Everyone else gets off on the second floor, and Spencer slowly begins to walk out too, but he has to persuade her not to.

He pushes the button to make the elevator doors close, and they head up to the third floor. His suspicions were correct and she asks him what was on that floor. She looks around nervously when he says morgue. She’s thinking about going in there. He can tell. But that is not a good idea at all. He wants to tell her that. He wants to send her the pictures he took of the autopsy. Then she wouldn’t have to risk going into the morgue. She and her friends want to find out what happened to Alison as much as he wants to find out what happened to Bethany. He wants to tell her the truth. But he can’t blow his cover yet.

Wren is alone with Spencer in the elevator, which is a bit awkward. He wonders what is going through her head, and if it’s anything similar to what is going through his. They arrive on the third floor and he makes sure she gets off on that floor. Then he heads up a couple more floors to where he needs to check on some patients.
After he’s done his rounds, he makes his way to the third floor to check on Emily. He picks up the clipboard of her medical files from the front desk and flicks through them on the way to her room. She has what was assumed to be a stress induced ulcer. The report says that her father said she was under a lot of stress at school, and with her swimming, which is most likely what caused it. The good news is that the medication seems to be helping it, and her stomach is recovering well. But it turns out that it’s not a stress induced ulcer at all. There is Human Growth Hormone in her bloodstream. Wren is shocked to read that. From the few times he’s met Emily, she seems like a sweet determined girl. He could not imagine her taking steroids.

He heads back to the front desk and asks them if her blood tests are correct, if there’s any chance of them being wrong. They assure him that they are correct. Emily swims competently and he knows she probably won’t take this news well. He asks the doctor who has been treating Emily if he can go speak to her about the HGH. As he knows her, he says she might take the news a bit better than if a stranger tells her. Emily’s doctor agrees, and Wren heads to Emily’s room.

Emily is alone in her room. He thought Spencer would be up there, but Emily says she went down to get some food. He has a horrible thought that maybe she’s gone into the morgue. When he saw her, maybe an hour ago, she was supposedly heading up here. He pushes that thought out of his mind and focuses on Emily.

Wren tells her the news of her blood tests, and as expected she doesn’t take it well. She denies taking the performance enhancing steroids and begs him not to tell her parents. She is a friend of Spencer’s, so he agrees to do what he can. But she is a minor, so legally her parents need to know. Withholding that information from a patient’s parents could get him in trouble. But she denies taking the drugs, and he believes her. So he agrees to try to help.

Wren leaves her room and talks to Emily’s attendant about what they can do, but ultimately there is nothing he can do. He could destroy the blood tests, but he doesn’t want to risk losing his job. And others already know about her test results, so people would notice if the test results just disappeared. He has to leave it alone. The worst that will happen to Emily is she’ll get kicked off the swim team. Nothing too serious should happen.

Wren volunteers to work a late shift that day. Just to keep an eye on Emily, and also on Spencer in case she decides to do anything stupid, like go into the morgue. But unfortunately that night, he was tasked with treating other patients, and didn’t get a chance to go back up and see Emily.

He had a lot of different patients to treat late into the night. It’s almost midnight and time for him to head home after a long exhausting day at work. Before he leaves, he makes his way up to Emily’s room, just to check on her quickly. She's fast asleep. Her friends aren’t there.

He makes his way back to the elevator. He notices the trash can next to there is almost overflowing.
He takes the lid off and tries to stuff the trash down, but something catches his eye. There is a coffee cup lid, with red writing on it. He leans down and picks it up.

HEY EM. SOME CREAM WITH YOUR COFFEE? - A

Wren stuffs the coffee lid into the pocket of his jacket, hoping no one sees him. He quickly pushes the trash down and puts the lid back on. Emily’s files did say she had been using a cream to treat shoulder pain. But it seems that A had possibly injected the HGH into her cream.

None of this was her fault. He feels bad for her. He didn’t hate Alison’s friends. In fact, he’d fallen in love with one of them. But he wasn’t opposed to what Mona was doing to them. Torturing them the way Ali bullied her. It’s understandable. She was angry about everything that Alison put her through. And now that she was gone, she needed to take all that anger out on someone. He completely understood her motive for being A.

But injecting steroids into an athletes cream, that may have taken things a bit too far. Mona was probably enjoying the whole thing. What she did is going to get Emily kicked off the swim team, which is probably exactly what she wants.

He wishes there was something he could do to help. He’d gotten to know Ali’s friends. So far he’d spent time with Emily and Spencer, and they weren’t bad people at all. Not bullies like Ali was. Did they really deserve to be tortured for the things that Ali did?

When Wren gets home to his apartment, he gets out a shoebox hidden under his bed. He has kept all the A notes that he would send back and forth with Mona back in Radley. He gets one out, a reply he got from Mona, and the handwriting matches the writing on the coffee lid. He already knew it was Mona, considering he saw her in the black hoodie at the Motor Court, but this just confirms that she is definitely still messing with them.

He surprisingly gets a grin on his face, thinking about what Mona has done. Injecting pain relief cream with steroids in order to crush someones dreams. It’s a terrible thing to do, but also kind of brilliant. He feels a strange sort of envy towards her. Like he wants to do something similar. He’d failed at getting revenge on his mother by killing Alison. He still needed to get his revenge on his mother. And what Mona was doing was giving him some incentive to.

He feels a little guilty and tries to ignore the gnawing in his mind for revenge of some sorts. He isn’t a killer. He isn’t a bad person, is he? He worries that something is staring to eat it’s way out of him. Something that he has been suppressing for a long time, ever since Bethany disappeared. Something inside of him that needed to get out.
We've All Got Baggage

The next day at work, he gets in early, and takes a quick trip into the surveillance room. No one is in there, so he quickly finds the footage from from yesterday of the second floor. He finds the camera that is positioned outside of the morgue, and fast forwards through it from yesterday. He sees people walk past the door, and then later, close to the end of the recording for the day, there are two people wearing candy stripe outfits. He pauses and zooms in. It’s Spencer and Aria.

He keeps playing and watches them go into the morgue. They come out twenty minutes later. He zooms in, and Spencer is holding a file. It must be Alison’s file. Wren sighs. He didn’t want her to go in because she could get in trouble. He fast forwards the rest of it, until the current time, and they don’t return. They didn’t put the file back. They must still have it.

He selects the chunk of footage with Spencer and Aria in it, and deletes it. Now no one will know that they’ve been in there.

He checks the admittance sheet that day, and sees that Emily was discharged early that morning.

For the next few days he gets lost in his work and doesn’t even think about the file, or the morgue, or anything other than his work. But he does check the admittance sheet quite regularly in the hopes that Emily might come back, because then there was a chance that Spencer might come back too. But Emily was given the all clear and probably had no need to come back.

He forgets about everything and anyone, and about that nagging feeling he felt the other day when he found the A message on the coffee cup. Nothing had happened in the news about Ali’s murder investigation. It was kind of, sort of, peaceful.

Until one day, when he finishes a morning shift at the hospital and runs a few errands in Rosewood before he heads home to Philadelphia. He’d just gotten a coffee and was about to get in his car and drive home, when in the distance he sees Spencer leaning against a tree crying. What are the odds of seeing Spencer, crying, needing someone to comfort her? It was as though it was fate.

“Spencer?” he says, walking towards her. “Are you okay?”

She looks up and wipes her eyes. “Wren…” she says, not expecting to see him. “I…”
“Do you need a ride home?” he asks calmly. “I’ve just finished a shift and was on my way back to Philadelphia, but I can give you a ride home if you like?”

She nods as tears continue falling down her cheeks.

Wren leads her over to his car and they drive to the Hastings house. Spencer won’t stop crying, and looks sadly out the window.

“You don’t have to tell me anything, but I just want you to know I’ll listen if you do,” he says, glancing at her, a warm smile on his face.

She wipes her eyes and looks over at him. “It’s just, my boyfriend and I broke up…”

Wren frowns and looks at her. But inside he’s kind of elated. He had decided to leave Spencer alone and stop trying chase her because she had a boyfriend. But now that she doesn’t anymore…

“It’s just, I thought it was best…” she continues, sniffling. “For… both of us.”

He ruffles through his jacket pocket and hands her his hanky. She looks at it, not sure what it is, but she wipes her nose with it.

They arrive at the Hastings. Wren expects her to leave the car and forget that she even began to tell him anything. But when the car stops, she doesn’t take her seatbelt off. She sits there and starts spilling her guts out.

She was crying so much, and his hanky was soaked full of tears. Wren just sits there and listens to her. He knows that what she needs right now is someone to listen to her. To be there for her. So that’s what he did. He listened, and he didn’t judge. He could tell how pained she was. She really loved Toby, and for some reason, which she didn’t want to say, she felt the need to break up with him. That must have been hard.

Once she stops crying, they head inside. Spencer has to get ready for a wedding she was going to. Hanna’s step dad and his new fiancé. Spencer is still crying and she’s fumbling around with the keys, so Wren takes them from her and unlocks the door.
“Thank you,” she says sadly as they walk inside.

He hands her back the keys. “I probably didn’t need to unlock the door in all honesty. I could have broken in through the back door like I did another time.”

That gets a smile out of her. “Well, I better go get ready. I don’t want to be late to the wedding.” She sniffs, and wipes her nose with his hanky. “You should go.”

“After witnessing you crying like that in the car, I don’t think you should be alone right now;” he says. “I’ll wait.”

“Okay,” she mumbles, and heads upstairs.

Wren stays downstairs while she gets ready. Her parents aren’t home, and he doesn’t think Melissa has come home still. Not since the funeral. He stares out the window, remembering that first evening he was at the Hastings, and Spencer caught him smoking a joint. He smiles at the memory. Things had changed since then and his feelings for Spencer had only grown stronger.

Spencer comes downstairs wearing a white dress. His eyes light up when he sees her. It’s a simple design but she looks absolutely stunning. She looks at herself in the mirror, trying to centre herself, and make her eyes look less red from all the crying.

He tells her she looks stunning. She thanks him for listening to her and driving her home.

“I really don’t ever let myself cry in front of anybody, but you made it really easy,” she says, giving a small smile.

He feels honoured, and is glad to help and comfort her in anyway. He doesn’t want to seem too smug, so he makes a joke out of it. And then she hands him his dirty hanky, and honestly he’s not even mad that it’s wet and full of boogers. It’s a piece of cloth but it helped comfort her and get all her sadness out. In some ways he is honoured that he gets a hanky full of Spencer Hastings.

He tries to comfort her a bit and make things better by telling her that it isn’t over with the carpenter. He doesn’t want to seem too invested in her love life, so he calls him the carpenter. He can tell there is lots going on in her life. But there is with everyone.
“We all come with baggage,” he says.

He certainly does. He was put in Radley as a kid, shipped off to London, faked his death and changed his name. He hit his half sister in the head and then his mother buried her alive. And his other half sister, Bethany, was murdered that night. His father has a lot of mental issues, and Wren doesn’t even know where he is. The only time he ever saw him was when he was ten years old. His mother took him out of Radley for a day and took him to a sanitarium in New York. That visit didn’t go very well. He’s been trying to track him down. He assumed that since he had a multitude of issues they probably sent him to a high security institute, maybe one similar to the one he went to in London. But he searched and couldn’t find any trace of him. There is no trace of his death either.

Wren certainly has a lot of baggage. Probably more than Spencer, although he knows she has a lot too. And in her words, someone would need a forklift to get through her ton of emotional debris. He tries to lighten the mood a little and says he’s certified to operate a forklift. Which of course isn’t true. He’s a doctor and he can’t even operate the beds at the hospital properly. He always gets the up and down controls mixed up. He shouldn't be trusted to use any kind of heavy machinery. Spencer doesn’t buy it, but he gets her to smile. Which in turn makes him smile.

It’s time for her to go. She doesn’t want to be late to the wedding. But he has a sudden overwhelming urge to want to kiss her. Although he knows it’s probably inappropriate. But his relationship with Melissa is over; she said she just wants to be friends. And Spencer broke up with her boyfriend, so really what is the harm?

He asks Spencer first, and although she says it’s not a good idea, she doesn’t pull away when he kisses her.

“I’m sorry, but I’ve been dying to do that,” he says, smiling at her.

She tells him he has terrible timing, which is true. But she gives him another small smile.

Spencer heads to the church for the wedding, and Wren heads home to Philadelphia. What started as a short morning shift at work where nothing much happened, had actually turned into quite a good day. He feels a sense of hope. That maybe, one day, things will all work out.
After almost a month of no new information, the next morning Alison’s murder investigation was all over the news. Detective Darren Wilden, who was originally leading Ali’s murder investigation but was fired for some reason, had been reinstated onto the case. He had found evidence. The murder weapon had been found.

There were pictures in of Spencer and the other girls covered in dirt. Spencer was wearing the same dress she wore to the wedding. It seems that they had been set up. They were digging up a grave where they thought someone was buried, but the police said it was just a mannequin. It turns out that the shovel they used to dig was the murder weapon.

There were no pictures of it in the newspapers, because it was confidential, but Wren can imagine what a shovel looks like. Curved blunt edge, the autopsy said. The shovel must have been what Bethany was hit with.

It must have been a set up. Mona must have set them up. She knows more than she’s letting on about that night and she’s now trying to frame Alison’s friends.

The girls all got community service. Wren would see them sometimes when he drove through Rosewood, wearing orange jumpsuits and picking up trash.

More information about Bethany’s murder was coming out, which was good. Hopefully soon all the pieces would come together. But still no one knew it was Bethany. Still. His mother must have paid them a lot of money to keep it quiet for this long.

Wren has a box full of anything related to Bethany’s murder. So far he has the autopsy, minus page 5, with the x-ray of her dented skull. And he’d printed out a picture of a shovel he assumed was similar to the one that was used to hit Bethany that night.

He kept an eye on the news, and on Spencer and the other girls. Eventually, he stopped seeing them wearing the orange jumpsuits. They must have finished their community service.

Soon after that scandal, the Liars, as he’d started to call Alison’s friends, had made it onto the news again. The Hastings have a lake house just out of town. A party was held there, and a boy went missing. Lucas Gottesman, who was one of Alison’s favourite targets. CeCe told him that Ali used to call him ‘hermie’. He was thinking that currently they were maybe suspecting that he was A. He had
as much of a reason to get revenge on Ali as Mona did. He wouldn’t be surprised if he was helping Mona out to be honest.

Lucas went missing in the lake at the cabin. He was nowhere to be found. They even drained the lake and there was no trace of him. He was a missing person. There were posters up all over Rosewood. It seemed that everyone was looking for him.

Eventually, all the posters of Lucas were taken down so he assumed that he had been found. Although it didn’t make the news. It infuriated Wren a little. Four teenage girls had been set up multiple times and made the front page news, but when a boy who went missing is found, it doesn’t even make the back page news. Society had a warped view of what was considered news. Just like how no one knows that Bethany even went missing from Radley, as though she is not worth caring about.

He sees Spencer and Aria one day in Philadelphia. Maybe they were going to meet Melissa, who he thought had moved back to her apartment in Philadelphia, but he wasn’t sure. Not that he’d know. He’d been driving into Rosewood everyday for work at the hospital and didn’t drive past her apartment often.

He watches as Aria leaves, and then Spencer notices someone with a guide dog. He stays out of sight and watches as Spencer heads to the School for the Blind. That was the place where Jenna went after her accident. Well, after Alison caused her to become blind. Spencer was most likely following a lead, trying to figure out what was going on. How Jenna was involved in Ali’s disappearance. First he saw her take the autopsy from the morgue, and now she’s going to Jenna’s old school.

Wren was a little curious about Jenna too. She was in Alison’s room that night. Could she have possibly had something to do with Bethany’s death? She’s blind, so he doubted that she hit her with the shovel. But in the N.A.T video she seems pretty tight with Garrett. Maybe he hit who he thought was Alison on behalf of Jenna. It was possible.

He decides to leave, not feeling like talking to Spencer at that moment and having to explain himself. As he’s walking home from getting a couple of things from the grocery store, he sees Mona in a clothing shop. He stops and looks through the window. She’s buying what looks like some cashmere sweaters. He can’t even imagine her wearing them. He wonders if it’s not a coincidence that she is in Philadelphia the same time that Spencer is.

He ends up seeing Spencer a few days later because Toby was admitted to the hospital. He sees his name on the admittance chart and, in all honesty, feels very nervous. He’d never actually met Toby, he’d only seen him in the distance. And he’d kissed his ex-girlfriend minutes after they broke up, which he wasn’t very proud of. It was terrible timing, but he just had a moment of weakness.
He wants to try to avoid treating Toby, but he is tasked with being his attending physician. He looks through Toby’s files. He fell off some scaffolding and had broken his left arm. As he arrives at Toby’s room, he decides to not let his past with Spencer get in the way of his job. He fakes confidence and walks right in to the room. Toby is lying in the hospital bed and Spencer is standing by his side.

“You must be the carpenter. I’m Dr Kingston,” he says cheerfully, interrupting their conversation. He can’t help himself and says hello to her. “Hello Spencer,” he says with a smile.

She smiles nervously at him, probably thinking this is just as awkward as he thinks it is. It’s probably obvious that they know each other and have history together. Spencer says that he used to date Melissa, and without thinking Wren corrects her.

“Was engaged to her, actually,” he says, turning to look at Spencer. “Before something got in the way.” He immediately regrets saying that. So much for being subtle around Spencer’s ex-boyfriend. He just couldn’t help it when she looked at him like that.

Wren gets down to business and tells Toby that the x-rays confirmed that his arm is broken, but it’s a clean break. Once a cast is put on it should heal well. And he needs to stay the night. It’s routine for patients who have had a concussion to stay the night.

Just then, his pager beeps. He has another emergency patient to get to, but he’ll be back later. He tells Toby to be more careful next time, and says goodbye directly to Spencer, ignoring Toby on his way out.

As he’s walking to his next patient, he feels a little regretful about the first impression he gave to Toby. He made a fool of himself. It was probably obvious that he was in love with Spencer. What did I just do? Why does she make me act like that?

Later on during the night, he goes back to check on Toby. He takes the clipboard and takes notes of how Toby is recovering so far. He seems fine and doesn’t seem to be in pain. He asks Toby if there is anything he needs, and he says what he wants is answers.

“You and Spencer?” Toby asks.

Wren looks up from the clipboard and doesn’t like the look on Toby’s face. Wren decides to just be
honest. Vague, but honest.

“Well, I kissed her. I’m not gonna deny that,” Wren says, letting his guard down a little.

He can tell that Toby is angry. And he suddenly feels very defensive. He tells him that he was under the impression that he and Spencer were broken up. Which was true. They were. Well, they’d only just broken up, but still, they weren’t together. He doesn’t seem like the fact that Spencer had told him that they were broken up.

Toby seems to feel threatened by him. Wren feels defensive but he tries to stay professional. He tries to not let personal dramas get in the way of his job. But Toby was making that very hard to do. And then Toby says something that really infuriates him and opens up a fire within him.

“I’m just saying I may have broken my left arm but my right arm’s fine,” Toby says, staring him right in the eyes.

Wren has no reply for that. He had tried to keep it civil. He’s not the one who started this. Yes, he kissed Spencer, who is his ex-girlfriend. But they weren’t together at that time so what is the problem? He suddenly feels really mad and wants to punch Toby right then and there. But he calms his body down and leaves the room.

He doesn’t return to Toby’s room again, afraid that he might actually make true on his promise. In fact, he does everything he can to avoid him, knowing full well that if Toby did punch him, he would no doubt fight back. And then he’d definitely lose his job.

He had thought Toby was a good guy. He thought he was good for Spencer. But he really got bad vibes from his first official meeting with him. When he saw him at the Motor Court, he seemed sweet and made Spencer smile. From a distance he seemed like a really nice guy.

Maybe it was just his jealousy talking, but there was something he didn't like about Toby. Maybe he wasn’t everything Spencer thought he was. It seemed that maybe he had anger issues. He found himself feeling glad that Spencer had broken up with him. He didn’t really want her hanging around him.

His suspicions actually turned out to possibly be correct. A few weeks after Toby had broken his arm, Wren saw him late one night walking through town in a black hoodie. He was looking around nervously, like he was doing something he shouldn’t have been doing.
Wren had a thought that maybe he was helping Mona. Maybe he was helping A. Which meant that he was helping Mona hurt Spencer. He definitely didn’t want him hanging around Spencer in that case.
Wren tries to keep his mind off of Toby and the way in which he threatened him. He still feels mad when he thinks about that. He wanted to go to his house and punch him. He’d never felt this mad about anyone in a long time. He was always told he had anger issues, one of the many things they diagnosed him with at Radley. But he hadn’t felt *this* angry in a long time and it was scaring him a little.

He went to work at Rosewood Community Hospital as normal. He treated patients. He stayed professional. He wasn’t going to let his experience with treating Toby get in the way of his job.

“Dr Kingston,” the attendant at the front desk says to him one day as he walks by. “There is a patient who has asked specifically for an appointment with you. She’s here now if you have time.” She hands him a folder full of documents.

He takes it and nods. He was just running some errands, but if a patient wanted to see him specifically, he should go meet them.

He walks into the waiting area. He glances down at the folder, but before he has a chance to read the patient’s name, he sees her.

Melissa. Sitting down next to Garrett, who has a gun protruding out the top of his jeans. That makes Wren a little uncomfortable. Melissa stands up and places her hands on what looks like a pregnant belly.

Wren looks down at the folder he was handed and it says ‘Melissa Hastings’ on it. He walks over and is about to say something to her, ask her how she is pregnant when she lost the baby weeks ago. But Melissa interrupts him.

“Wren,” she says sweetly. “I asked for an appointment with you. I know you’re a great doctor, especially with pregnant women. I hope that’s okay.”

He opens his mouth to speak but no words come out. Melissa narrows her eyes at him, leaving him unable to say anything in fear of saying the wrong thing.

“Do you have time now?” she asks before he has the chance to speak. “I just need a few things
checked. It won’t take long.” She rubs her belly.

“Umm, yes, sure,” Wren stutters, nervously finding with the file.

Melissa smiles and gives Garrett a quick kiss on the lips. “Great, I won’t be long.”

“I'll be waiting,” Garrett says, sitting back down in a chair and picking up a magazine.

Wren leads Melissa into a patients room and closes the door.

“I know what you’re thinking,” Melissa says straight away. “But please, don’t tell anyone.”

Wren places the files on the desk and turns to face her. “You’re faking your pregnancy?” He puts his hands on her stomach. It feels squishy and fake.

Melissa sighs. “I couldn’t tell anyone I lost the baby. I’d already lost Ian… losing both would be too much to tell…”

“Have you even been home? I stopped by your house a few weeks ago and saw Spencer, but she said you hadn’t been home.” He pokes his finger into her fake belly, wondering what it’s made of.

“Wait…” she says, squinting at him. “You saw Spencer?”

“I came by to see you, to see how you were doing after…” he trails off.

She sighs and collapses down onto the bed. “I rang my parents in tears, and they thought I was just upset about finding Ian’s body… I wanted to tell them… I almost did. But then they offered to book me into a five star resort… and so I went there, just to process everything.” She sighs. “My parents came and met me, and we went to see the heart specialist, that you referred me to…”

“Is everything okay?” he asks, concerned.
She nods sadly. “Yes, I have a bit of an irregular heartbeat, but nothing to worry about. My mother waited in the waiting room while I went in. I couldn’t tell them.”

“But why?” Wren asks, sitting next to her on the bed. “Your parents would understand. Your sister would understand.”

Melissa sniffles and wipes her nose on her sleeve. “I was going to tell Spencer, the night of Ian’s funeral. But she had Ian’s phone in her bag… she was the one who had been texting me.”

“You don’t know that,” he says. He couldn’t imagine Spencer doing something that cruel to her sister.

“She had his phone, Wren. How else can you explain that?” she says, her voice raising slightly.

“Someone must have planted it in her bag,” he says, taking her hand. “I just know your sister wouldn’t do that to you.”

Melissa stands up. “I’ve tried to come up with any other explanation but each one seems worse than the last. I don’t know if I can ever forgive her for this. That’s why I haven’t been home.”

“Melissa,” he says calmly, standing up next to her. “I know you and your sister have some issues, but I know Spencer would never do anything this cruel to you.”

Melissa turns away from him. “I need you to fake me an ultrasound.”

“Melissa…” he starts.

She turns back to him. “Please, I need to keep this up just for a little longer, until I’m ready to tell the truth.”

Wren hesitates, but she takes his hands and he softens. “Just this once, okay? I don’t want to lose my job.”

“Stay here, I’ll go handle it,” he says leaving the room.

Wren goes to the hospital’s printing room and pulls up the list of recent ultrasounds. Melissa would be around three months along now, so he finds the closest patient description to that he can find, and prints a copy of it.

He goes back to the room that Melissa is in, ignoring Garrett as he walks past the waiting room. She jumps up from the bed as he hands her the ultrasound.

“Thank you,” she says with a tear in her eye. “This is what she’d look like if I hadn’t…” She composes herself.

“What are you doing here with Garrett?” he asks.

Melissa looks down. “He was friends with Ian. He’s helping me with some things…” she trails off.

“With what kinds of things?” he says concerned. “I don’t trust him, Melissa.”

Her expression changes. “You don’t trust him? And why should I listen to you?”

“I just meant,” he says, thinking of how to word what he wants to say. “Be careful, okay?”

“Look, Wren,” she says, her voice condescending. “There are things you don’t know.”

I know more than you think. I know about the N.A.T club, he wants to say. But he holds his tongue.

“You kissed my sister, remember? That’s why we broke up. I don’t have to tell you anything.” Her teeth are clenched as she talks.
“Melissa…” he says, looking at her sadly.

“No,” she says, her voice rising. “It’s none of your damn business!”

Wren narrows his eyes at her, letting her know to keep her voice down. “I’m sorry, you’re right, it’s none of my business,” he says, giving up trying to get her to listen. “Just be careful. And go home. I’m sure Spencer misses you.”

She takes a few deep breaths. “Okay… thanks, for the ultrasound.” She leaves the room.

Wren walks out after her and watches as she meets up with Garrett in the waiting area. She hands him the ultrasound and his mouth turns into a big smile. He gives Melissa a kiss which leaves a sour taste in his mouth.

Why is she with Garrett? He was as much a part of the N.A.T club as Ian was. He was with Jenna in Alison’s bedroom that night. Does Garrett know something about that night? Did he see who killed Bethany? Is Melissa trying to get information out of him?

He didn’t know the answers to those questions. But there was definitely something Melissa wasn’t telling him. He was a bit worried. He cared about her. He didn’t want her to get hurt. But he was afraid that maybe that was the direction she was heading in.

Melissa has a forced smile on her face as they exit the hospital. Garrett makes eye contact with Wren and gives him a small wave and slight smile. He gives Garrett a little wave and forced smile back.

He didn’t like the vibe Garrett gave off. Or maybe, like with Toby, he was little jealous that he was with Melissa. That him being with her prevented him from being with her. He didn’t need more people to be angry at. His anger was already escalating and he was starting to struggle with how to handle all these feeling bubbling up inside of him.
Melissa comes to the hospital for an appointment with him a few more times. Even though he told her that first time that he would only do it for her that once. But, she was very persuasive. She comes with Garrett every single time. He is always wearing his police badge and has a gun.

At her final appointment, she tells him more than he ever thought she would.

“I just wanted to tell you that I don’t need your help anymore,” Melissa says. “I’ve told Garrett the truth. I’ve told him… maybe more than I should have. But I trust him.”

Wren starts to open his mouth but she interrupts him.

“I know for some reason you don’t trust him, but I know what I’ve gotten myself into,” she says calmly. “I’m fine, I don’t need you to worry about me. And I’m going to go home today, okay? I’m going to talk to Spencer.”

“You’re going to tell her the truth?” he says, raising his eyebrows.

“That’s the plan,” she says, nodding. “Look,” she lowers her voice a bit. “Garrett doesn’t think Ian killed Alison. He thinks he may be able to find some proof. I agree with him, I don’t believe that I could have married a murderer.”

Wren holds his tongue, thinking that when he was engaged to Melissa, he thought that he had killed Alison. He thought he was a murderer when he was engaged to Melissa. Somewhat ironic in a way.

“Well, good luck,” he says. “I know your family will still love you when you tell them the truth.”

Melissa gives him a smile. He watches her leave the hospital with Garrett, her hands on her stomach, still faking her pregnancy.

At least Melissa didn’t snap at him, or yell like she did other times. She seemed okay. She seemed normal. She seemed in a good headspace and she was going to tell her family the truth, which was the best thing she could do at this point.
A couple of days later after a long day of work, as he goes out to his car to head home, he notices what looks like Spencer’s car in the car park of the pub next door. He does sometimes go to the pub if he’s had an exhausting day. But he doesn’t really like going there. Girls always try to buy him drinks and flirt with him, but he doesn’t want to date anyone at the moment.

He decides to go into the pub and get a drink or two. If he’s right and Spencer is there, he won’t be alone, which means hopefully no one will flirt with him. And maybe he can find out if Melissa did in fact go home. Although, Spencer may be meeting someone in there. But Wren decides to go in anyway.

He orders a scotch and then he sees Spencer, sitting at the bar, alone. She’s downing a shot of something that looks strong. He walks over to her and she smiles at him. He says it’s fate bumping into each other here. But she disagrees; he does work next door and she lives close by.

She asks him if he’s drinking alone, and without really thinking, which he seems to do a lot around the Hastings sisters, he says he hopefully isn’t anymore. She says she would invite him to sit down, but Melissa should arrive at any minute.

“ Probably out of the question for the three of us to have a meal, huh?” he says.

That means that Melissa did go home, as she said she would. Well, it seems that Spencer has seen her, or at least is about to see her. But he’s not sure if Melissa has told her about the baby. It would probably be very awkward for the three of them to be together. Very awkward indeed, and Spencer agrees even though she doesn’t know the whole story. He’s a little disappointed, but Spencer and Melissa seem to be on good terms now, which is a good thing.

At least, they were on good terms. Just then, Melissa shows up at the pub. Wren frowns when he sees her. She still has the fake pregnant belly, meaning she must not have told Spencer yet. Spencer walks over to greet Melissa, but a car shows up behind her. Garrett. She gets in the car with him and they drive away.

“ What the hell just happened?” Spencer says, looking out the window in confusion.

Melissa hasn’t told her about losing the baby or about Garrett. So much for promising to tell the truth, he thinks while taking a big sip of his drink. “Not very sisterly of her,” he says, grinding his teeth.
He feels a little angry. Melissa has been lying to everyone. Everything would be simpler and much better if she just told her family the truth. And poor Spencer. She has no idea what is going on with her sister. He wants to tell her, but it’s not his place.

As he suspected, Spencer has no idea about Melissa’s relationship with Garrett. He tells her that he saw him come with her to the hospital for a doctors appointment. He figures that’s not out of the realm for him to say. Melissa and Garrett go out in public together, it’s not like it’s a secret. Then he throws out some hospital technical terms to make him seem like a professional doctor, which he is, but mostly he just wants to impress her.

Spencer gets a text from Melissa. Wren looks over and sees what is says. She says that class ran late and asks if they can meet tomorrow. She flat out lied to her sister. What is she doing with Garrett?

*She’s been spending so much time with him, doesn’t she have time to get a meal with her sister?* he thinks to himself as he takes another sip of his drink.

Melissa is starting to frustrate him. She always did, to an extent. She has a very condescending personality, which he grew used to. But he is not okay with the way she is treating her sister.

They sit down at the bar. With the way Spencer is acting, Wren decides to stop drinking halfway through his first glass knowing that Spencer would probably need a ride home.

Spencer tries to call Melissa a few times but she doesn’t answer. She seems upset that Melissa felt it was more important to talk to Garrett than her own sister. She seems really down. She was obviously looking forward to getting a meal with her sister.

He offers to give her a lift home, but home is the last place she wants to go. Wren looks away for a second at his phone to see what the time is. It’s getting late, and he’s thinking of what he can do to make it up to Spencer somehow. He looks back and smiles at her, and she gives him a sad smile back. He notices another shot glass is empty. She drank another. There is no way she is going to be fit to drive.

He offers to take her home to his apartment and she agrees. She doesn’t want to go home and has nowhere else to go. Spencer downed a few more shots before they left the pub, so by the time they’re driving she is quite drunk. She doesn’t say much on the drive, she just stares aimlessly out the window.
When they arrive in Philadelphia, Wren leads her up to his apartment. He gets her settled on the couch. He heads upstairs to his bedroom just to check things. He left the box full of Bethany’s murder investigation items open on his bed. He puts everything back in and slips the box under his bed.

His teddy bear, the one he found in a box outside his old house, is sitting on the middle of his bed. He sleeps with it every night. It reminds him of a time when he was happy. He looks around his room, checking that there is nothing else related to Alison or Bethany. It’s all clear.

He comes back down the stairs, walking past the UK flag he’d hung up, a reminder of London, the place where he became Wren. He picks up his phone, making sure it’s locked. He wouldn’t want Spencer going through it.

“You really dodged a bullet not marrying my sister,” Spencer says, almost slurring her words. She’s sitting on the back of the couch, looking at him.

She then goes onto say how screwed up her family is as she slides past him. He gets a whiff of her perfume and closes his eyes, savouring the smell.

“Hey, my family has issues too,” he says, tempted to go on. He thinks about telling her everything. He has wanted tell her for a long time, and now that she’s brought up screwed up families, it would come naturally in conversation. Plus, she’s drunk and there is chance she might not even remember what he tells her.

Spencer pours them both a drink and makes some English joke, and his urge to tell her everything disappears. She walks over and hands him a drink. He changes the subject from his family to hers.

“And for the record,” he says, looking into her eyes. “I’m looking, and I can’t find anything wrong.” He can see why her family is messed up, but not her. She is practically perfect to him.

He asks her to tell him how she is messed up. She flirtatiously prances around him.

“I have an obsessive need to be the best at everything,” she says as her hair brushes past his face. “I even have to win at yoga.”
He raises his eyebrows at her. “Alright, that’s a quirk, not a fault, and I have plenty of those too,” he says.

“Like?” she asks, raising her eyebrows.

“Like… umm,” he says, watching her dancing around him. “I’m a touch what they call OCD. Every book, on my bookshelf, has to be in alphabetical order or I can’t sleep,” he says. He was diagnosed with multiple things when he was in Radley, but they never diagnosed him with OCD, although that is the one thing he admits he has. But as he told Spencer, he sees it as a quirk, not a fault.

She tells him that a book starting with A is on the bottom shelf. He turns to look, frowning. He checks that bookshelf everyday and it’s always as it should be. How could he have messed up his system so badly?

But Spencer laughs. She was only teasing him. A cruel joke for someone with OCD, but he’s not mad.

Spencer takes his chin and turns his head back to face her. They are so close and he gives a small laugh, enjoying the flirting that is going on.

He looks her right in the eyes and can’t look away. She’s touching his face with her free hand, and her voice is getting lower and her face is getting closer. And then Spencer presses her lips to his. She kisses him hard, and he is so into it. Every other time they’ve kissed, Wren has been the one who initiated it. But this time, Spencer did.

They continue making out, moving onto the couch. Spencer is more drunk than she was before, but he doesn’t want to stop.

“The first time I saw you,” Spencer whispers into his ear. ”I thought damn, just damn.” She starts to unbutton his shirt.

He just wants to melt into her. She’s running her fingers through his hair and unbuttoning more buttons on his shirt. It’s everything he’s always wanted. His whole body feels like it’s full of electricity. But he has to stop her.

He tells her she’s drunk, but she is so out of it and starts laughing. She sits back onto the back of the
couch and tries to pull him closer.

“I thought you were really into me,” Spencer says, her face falling.

That look defeats him and he wants to make her smile again. He could go all the way with her. He could, and it’s what he wants, but it just wouldn’t be right. He looks down at her and almost caves. Almost goes through with what she wants. But he composes himself. It wouldn’t be right to take advantage of her when she’s drunk. If Spencer wasn’t drunk, he doubted she would be acting like this. As much as he hopes that she would when she was sober, it was probably not very likely. It wouldn’t feel right now. Not when she is smashed.

“Very much so,” he says sadly. “And that’s why I can’t. Not like this.”

She looks absolutely crushed. That face, that beautiful face, looks so sad. He partly regrets declining her, but he knows in the morning she’ll feel grateful that they didn’t go through with it.

She takes his face in her hands, and then collapses down onto the couch, defeated. He can’t help but laugh at her. She is just so damn adorable.

Wren leaves her downstairs as he goes up to the bathroom, buttoning up his shirt on the way up. When he comes back down, Spencer has found comfortable position and is fast asleep on the couch. He smiles down at her. She’s so peaceful and beautiful when she’s asleep. He pulls a blanket over her, tucking it all around her, careful not wake her up. He turns the light off and hopes she gets a good night sleep.

Hopefully in the morning she’ll have a clear head and won’t regret what went down that night.
In the morning Wren has an early shift. Spencer is still fast asleep on the couch so he’s careful not to wake her. He hears her quiet snoring as he goes out the door.

He asked to only have a short morning shift that day, and he hopes that Spencer might still be at his apartment when he returns. But most likely if she wakes up while he’s out, she’ll regret what happened last night and leave.

But to his delight, Spencer is still there when he returns home. He closes the door behind him and notices her stir a little. She's only just waking up.

She sits up and turns towards him. “Are you going to work?”

“Nope,” he says as he collapses onto the couch next to her. “Just finished my rounds.”

She looks at him with a concerned look on her face. “What? Wait what time is it?”

“10:30,” he tells her.

“I’m late for school,” she says jumping up. “Umm, I’m really sorry about last night. I never meant to impose on you.”

“You weren’t imposing,” he says as he watches her.

“I’m sure I said or did something stupid,” she says as she zips up her bag.

“Other than a bit of drool on my favourite pillow, you were fine,” he says “You’re welcome to stay on my couch anytime.”

“Judging from the way things are going at home, I might actually take you up on that,” she says with a small smile on her face.
“I hope you do,” he says, leaning in close and kissing her.

She doesn’t seem as into it as last night, but she doesn’t pull away. Not yet. She pushes him back onto the couch and puts her hand on his face. But then she suddenly pulls away.

“I’ll call you,” she says quiet.

He doesn’t want to let go of her, but he has to. It would be selfish of him to ask her to stay any longer.

He hears the front door slam shut and leans back into the couch, thinking of everything that went down last night. He can’t wipe the smile off his face.

He tries to call Melissa a couple of times, to ask her what is going and why she bailed on her sister. But she never answers.

Around town posters have been put up of Maya St. Germain, Emily’s girlfriend. She’s missing. She’s presumed to have run away but no one has heard anything from her. He wonders if Mona had anything to do with her disappearance.

One day when he turns up to work, he checks the admittance chart and sees that Jenna Marshall is getting an operation on her eyes that day. He does his rounds and at the end of his work day, he checks the notes from that day and it seems that her surgery went well. But she has to keep the bandage on for a few days and they won’t know for sure if it worked until she takes it off.

A couple of days later Wren sees Toby and Jenna in the waiting room. Toby notices him. Considering he was a former patient of his, he decides he better go over and ask how he's doing.

Toby says he saw another doctor while he was out of town who took his cast off. He figured as much, considering he hadn’t seen him back here. Wren checks that he was given exercises to do to help his arm completely recover. As much as he doesn’t like Toby, he wants to make sure he got the proper treatment from another doctor.

“I’m Jenna, Toby’s sister,” Jenna says suddenly. She has a bandage on her right eye and is wearing
sunglasses over the top.

Wren shakes her hand, trying not to show how nervous he is. He knows all about Jenna, but they have never actually met. He introduces himself and tells her that he helped her brother after he had his accident.

He asks Toby if Spencer knows he's back. He says she does, and then looks down at the newspaper, ignoring him. Considering what went down with him and Spencer the other day, he doesn't really want to spend anymore time around Toby because it was making him feel too awkward.

He says farewell to Jenna, but ignores Toby as he goes off to do his rounds.

Later that night, he sees Jenna again as she’s rushed into the ER. He hears scattered reports of what happened. Apparently there was a fire and explosion in Jason’s house. His mother’s old house. Jenna was inside at the time, alone. Hanna pulled her out. Spencer was there too when it happened.

He feels a sense of loss at that news. He wonders how much damage the house took. That was his home for a short while when he was a kid, before he was taken to Radley. It should have been the house he grew up in. It should have been his home.

He wonders about what really happened. As far as he knows, Jenna and Jason aren’t friends. It had to have been Mona right? She wants to get rid of Jenna for some reason. That’s the only explanation he could think of.

The senior doctors take care of Jenna, as she could be serious damage considering she only got the eye surgery a few days ago. That surgery would have been expensive, all for it to now be ruined.

He offers to treat Spencer. She has a piece of glass stuck in her hand, and he wants to catch up with her anyway. He hasn’t heard from her since he left his apartment after their night together.

“You got this in the fire?” he asks as he carefully pulls the piece of glass out of her hand.

“Yeah,” she says looking down. “There was something I needed on the porch… and there was glass…” 
He observes the cut. “Well you’re not going to need stitches, so I’ll just clean this up, put a dressing on it and send you home with some antibiotics.”

“Thank you,” she whispers, looking at him sadly.

As he’s cleaning up her wound, he tries to make small talk. “How’s Melissa?” he asks.

“Umm, she’s in Philadelphia,” she says.

That means she probably still hasn’t told Spencer the truth yet. He can tell that she doesn’t want to talk about her so he changes the subject.

“I see that the carpenter is back,” he says.

“And his sister,” she says narrowing her eyes.

“She wasn’t what I was expecting,” he says. In all honesty, she wasn’t what he was expecting at all. After seeing the N.A.T videos and hearing about her from CeCe, she’s very different in person. He can’t quite pinpoint why.

He asks her what Jenna was doing in the house by herself, hoping that maybe she knows. But she shrugs and says she doesn’t know. He can tell she’s lying. It’s obvious she knows something. She just doesn’t want to say. He drops it and tries to cheer her up a little.

“Spencer. I hate to do this to you,” he says in his best concerned voice. “But you have a very complicated life.”

She laughs at that and smiles at him. “Is that your medical opinion?”

“Yes, yes it is actually,” he says with a smile, continuing to clean her wound.

“Well, the condition is hereditary so there’s not really much I can do about it I’m afraid,” she says sarcastically.
“Well don’t be so certain of that,” he says trying to come up with a good comeback to that. “Because modern medicine has made great advances in this field.”

She is still smiling at him.

“You have to agree,” he says. “Fate keeps shoving us into the same path.”

“Don’t confuse fate with… really bad luck,” she replies.

He looks at her, and although what she said saddens him a little, he can see so much sadness in her eyes.

“As much as I hate to too this,” he says, looking down. “I have to ask you a direct question.”

She looks at him, a little worried.

“Do you want to agree that certain things between us never happened?” He hates having to ask it, but he can see how sad Spencer is and how much she misses Toby. As much as he doesn’t like him, he wants what is best for her. If agreeing that what happened between them never happened is what’s best, then he would agree to that.

“No,” she says, her face softening. She shakes her head. “I wouldn’t take back anything.”

Wren can’t stop looking at her. Inside his heart his melting. There is something between them, some sort of understanding, or in his case, love for her. She may not feel the same way as him but there is certainly something there. A part of him was preparing for her to want to forget, but he is completely elated that she doesn’t want to.

She is still looking at him, in a way that he knew if she continued may cause him to do something stupid. Her eyes are looking right at him, right into him.

He can't handle her stare anymore, so he looks back down at her hand and focuses on putting the
dressing over the wound, trying to make his thoughts go elsewhere.

There is silence between them, but that silence says so much. Her hands are soft and delicate and he can feel her eyes burning into him.

Wren feels butterflies fluttering in his stomach. His body feels like he’s floating. And most of all, he feels hope and belonging. He feels a connection to Spencer. She makes him feel like he belongs. He hasn’t felt that he truly belongs anywhere, well, ever. He thought he would feel that way with his sister Bethany, but that didn’t end up working out.

He feels that maybe he’s finally found somewhere to call home.
Old Friend, New Ally

That night after he fixed up Spencer’s hand, he sees Emily, Hanna and Aria in the waiting room, along with Jason. He ignores them, not wanting to talk to his half brother who hasn’t seen since they were kids.

After a long exhausting day at work he comes home and turns on his computer. He’s bombarded with new evidence in Ali’s murder investigation. Page 5 of the autopsy had been found, and apparently has evidence that proves who killed her. Trace evidence was found on the body. That is all they revealed, which was very vague. Garret Reynolds was arrested.

Although there had been no new suspects since they believed Ian confessed in his suicide note, now Garrett was the current suspect. They say he joined the police force to hide evidence.

Wren wants to know what the evidence is. What made the police change their mind about Ian? He needs to find a way to get his hands on that page.

Garrett was in Ali’s bedroom that night. At one point in time he thought that either Garrett did in fact have something to do with her murder, or he saw something that night. He was beginning to doubt that he actually killed Bethany. It just seemed too convenient that Ian and Garrett, who were both members of the N.A.T club, had both been accused of murdering Alison. Jason may be the next suspect.

There are so many thoughts going through his mind. He did doubt that Ian was the killer, but he didn’t know what to think now. He needed to talk to someone. He needed to discuss everything with someone.

So he calls CeCe, and on the weekend he heads over to her apartment. It’s been a while since they last spoke. They had a lot to catch up on.

Wren looks around the apartment when he enters. “Is Sara still living with you?”

“Yeah,” CeCe says. “She’s out at the moment, but she’s still living here.”

“Why?” he asks, sitting down on the sofa. “She’s been living here for almost a year. Do her parents know where she is?”
CeCe shakes her head. “She ran away from her home in Courtland, she doesn’t want to be found.”

“But what is she doing here?” It still confuses him. She ran away and has just been squatting at CeCe’s for this long.

“She’s sort of like my replacement for Alison. I’m like…” CeCe says, looking up. “Her mentor, like I was with Ali. I take her to parties, show her how to dress, teach her how manipulate people.”

“She’s like Ali?” he asks. The few times he’s seen Sara, she didn’t seem the Queen Bee type like Ali.

“Yeah, she really is in the right environment.” She frowns. “As much as I hate to admit it, I miss Ali somewhat. It’s actually been great having Sara around.”

That was interesting. She had blonde hair and blue eyes just like Ali. And like Bethany. That was just very interesting. Ali’s doppelganger, the possibilities that could be done with that.

“So, what did you want to talk about?” CeCe asks, changing the subject.

“Garrett is the current suspect in Bethany’s murder investigation,” he says.

“I heard. But I thought Ian confessed to killing her in his suicide note?” she asks.

“It was a fake. I was there when his body was found.”

Wren tells her everything that’s happened. How he was with Melissa when they found Ian’s body with the bullet wound. Melissa loosing her baby and faking her pregnancy. The shovel that was used to hit Bethany which dented her skull. How she was buried alive and there was dirt found in her lungs. He tells her about how he’s sure Mona is messing with the Liars.

“I heard Wilden is back on Ali’s case,” CeCe says.
“What do you know about him?” he asks. All he knows is he was fired from Ali’s case for some reason. What he’s seen of him, he seems sketchy.

“He was a couple of years ahead of me at Rosewood High,” she says. “He was a… ladies man to say the least. He slept with almost all the girls in the school.”

Wren raises his eyebrows at her.

“What, I was not immune to his charm when I was a teenager raging with hormones,” she says with a slight smirk. “After he graduated, he went to police academy. I didn’t see him again until that Summer at Cape May with Ali.”

“Wait, he was in Cape May?” he asks, shaking his head. He didn’t know this. CeCe told him most things, but she obviously left this out.

“Yeah, he…” she hesitates. “I didn’t tell you at the time, and I guess I never bothered to tell you after that night…”

“Tell me what?” he says through clenched teeth.

“He was Beach Hottie,” she admits.

Wren feels like he’s been punched in the stomach. She had told him that she didn’t know who the older boy that Alison referred to as ‘Beach Hottie’ was.

“He got my fifteen year old sister pregnant?” he says, his voice rising.

CeCe nods. “Look, when I told you about the pregnancy scare and you got me the drugs for Ali…”

“Was he there then?” he says interrupting her.

“I didn’t see him that day, but there’s something else…” she starts. “I don’t think the drugs worked.”
That Summer that Alison and CeCe went to Cape May together, Wren was volunteering at Radley. That’s when he started sending the A notes to Mona. And that’s when she presumably started sending them to Ali. CeCe had told him that Ali was getting anonymous notes and texts that Summer.

It was Wren’s idea for CeCe to go with Ali to Cape May, hoping that they would bond and she would pass him information about his half sister. And she did, for the most part. But he could tell she was keeping something from him, so he forced it out of her. She told him that Ali thought she was pregnant.

“I figured out who Beach Hottie was,” CeCe says. “But I didn’t know who Board Shorts was. I assumed she was seeing more than one guy that Summer, because she was also seeing Ian at that time. But I narrowed it down and I’m sure that Wilden was definitely the guy she thought was the father.”

Wren didn’t want another mini bitch like Ali to be brought into the world, and Ali didn’t want a baby either, so he stole some drugs from Radley and took them to Cape May to give to CeCe. He remembers meeting CeCe on the beach and handing her the bag of drugs. He glanced over at the boat and he had caught Ali’s eye. She flirtatiously winked and waved at him. He quickly left and that was that.

“Ali saw me that day,” he recalls. “She waved at me from the boat.”

CeCe nods. “Yeah, she wanted to know all about the hot doctor.”

“You told her about me?” he asks suspiciously.

“Don’t worry, I didn’t tell her much.” She playfully hits his arm. “I left it to her to live out her wildest fantasies about you in her head.”

He shakes his head. “You said the drugs didn’t work?”

She sighs. “Look, I don’t know for sure. But I know she was trying to get money. A lot of money, by blackmailing someone.”
That didn’t surprise him. One of Ali’s favourite sports was blackmail. “Who?”

“Your uncle. She had something on Aria’s dad and was going to blackmail him with it,” she says. “I don’t know if she actually went through with it. After we left Cape May, she went to Hilton Head and we kind of lost touch.”

“Do you think she got an abortion?”

“Now I’m just speculating, I really don’t know. You know how Ali was, always lying,” she says.

He runs through everything in his head, trying to piece it all together. “What else haven’t you told me?”

CeCe sighs. “How much time do you have?”

Wren narrows his eyes at her.

She pushes herself up on the couch. “Relax, I’m just kidding. I told you what you needed to know. Now that Ali is gone, if there’s anything else you want to know, I guess there is no harm in telling you.”

Wren considers that, and can’t think of anything else to ask at that moment. He figures if anything comes up in conversation, hopefully she will tell him.

“So,” CeCe says slowly. “Melissa is still lying about the pregnancy?”

Wren nods. “And Spencer has been hit hard by how distant she’s being,” he says. “She got drunk the other week and ended up staying at my apartment.”

She sits up, intrigued. “Oh, did you…?”

“No,” he says firmly. “No, I wouldn’t take advantage of her when she’s like that.”
“Wren Kingston, ever the gentleman,” she says sweetly. “You’ve really fallen hard for her huh?”

Wren gives a laugh and shakes his head, not answering the question. “I don’t like her now ex-boyfriend Toby.”

“Toby Cavanaugh?” she asks. “He was always a creep. Ali talked about him a lot.”

“And I don’t like Garrett either,” he says.

“I think you’re just jealous of them,” she says, moving closer to him. “They’ve stolen the Hastings sisters from you.”

“I don’t think Garret killed Bethany though,” he says. “It’s just strange that first Ian was a suspect, and now Garrett. It’s like the N.A.T club are being picked off one by one.”

“And you think Jason is next?”

“It has to be Mona who’s doing this,” he says firmly. “She must be framing them. How do you think she does it? How does she know everyones secrets? How does she do all these things?”

“Ali knew everyones secrets,” she points out. “She knew how to use them against people.”

“But Mona must have somewhere where she plans everything,” he says. “Maybe she even has a team of people working for her.”

“And you want to find out how?” she says, trying to read his face. “You want to do something similar?”

Wren looks over at her. “I want to find out what happened to Bethany. Maybe Mona’s method will work.”
He pulls something out of his pocket. He saw tons of them hung up around Rosewood. A poster for the Masquerade Ball, being held this Friday. He hands it to CeCe.

“A Masquerade Ball,” she says, nodding as she reads the poster. “Ali would love that.”

“Exactly,” he says. “I have a feeling Mona is planning something to go down there. Masks and secrecy, it’s the perfect place for A to hide in plain sight.”

“You want to go?” she asks, handing him the poster back.

“I don’t want to dress up or be seen by anyone, but I think I want to go watch. See who attends and to see if anything goes down,” he says.

Just then, the door to CeCe’s apartment flies open. In walks Sara Harvey, wearing a skin tight dark blue dress that only just touches the top of her thighs. She’s got long blonde hair with soft curls, expensive looking sunglasses pushed up on her head and a handbag covered in jewels.

She’s holding her phone in one hand, looking down as she enters the apartment. “Those bitches won’t leave me alone. I ran away for a reason and they’re still trying to track me down. Have they ever thought that, I don’t know, maybe I don’t want to be found?” She stops talking when she notices Wren. “Oh, hey.”

“Sara, you remember Wren,” CeCe says.

She places her phone in her bag nervously. “Oh, right yes,” she stumbles her words a little, and holds out her freshly manicured hand. “Nice to see you again.”

Wren shakes her hand, noticing how soft her hands are.

“I’m sorry, about…” she starts. “I didn’t know anyone else was here. You don’t want to hear about my problems… I mean you have enough of your own…” She gives a nervous laugh.

Wren narrows his eyes at her, wondering how much CeCe has told her.
She stands back up straight and flips her hair over her left shoulder. Wren’s opens his mouth in shock. “She is a lot like Ali,” he breathes.

CeCe raises her eyebrows at him. She did tell him so.

Sara was almost the spitting image of Ali. Her clothes, her mannerisms, the way she spoke. It was like Alison was back.

Wren picks up the Masquerade Ball poster and hands it to Sara, an idea forming in his head. “Sara, how would feel about going to a Masquerade Ball?”

She looks at the poster, a smile forming on her face. She cocks her head and twirls a strand of hair around her fingers, just like Ali used to do.

“I’ll need to find something fabulous to wear,” she says.
The night of the Masquerade Ball, everything was coming into place. Sara had spent what seemed like hours shopping for an outfit to wear to the ball.

They were in CeCe's apartment. Sara had been in the shower for what felt like an hour, and was now most likely putting her make up on and making sure her outfit looks perfect.

CeCe and Wren are wearing all black. Black pants, black hoodies and black gloves. ‘A’ attire. They were not going to actually attend the ball, Sara was their eyes inside, they were just going stand watch out front and see if anything suspicious happens.

Sara emerges from the bathroom wearing her costume. A full length red dress, with gold gloves and a gold mask she is holding up to her face, her straight blonde hair hanging down. She looked like Alison. He wondered if it was too much, and if the Liars would notice her. He wanted Sara to be under the radar at the ball. But there was no changing things now. It would have to do.

“So you know the plan, Sara?” Wren says. “You keep a low profile and you text us if you see anything suspicious.”

Sara pulls the mask down from her face and grins at him. “Got it.”

“Ohright, lets go,” CeCe says, grabbing her bag. “I'm feeling very vigilante in this outfit.”

They head to the Old Road Warehouse and park the car at the back of the car park. There are a few cars there already, but not many people have arrived yet.

Sara opens the door of the car. “Well, I'll let you know if I see anything.”

They watch her enter the ball, her red dress standing out in the moonlight.

“I don’t think red was the right colour for her to wear,” Wren says. “We want her to stay under the radar, not be the centre of attention.”
CeCe smirks at him. “Just like Ali, there was no changing her mind.”

That was true. It was insane how much like Ali she was. Or maybe it was the influence that CeCe had on her.

They watch as everyone arrives. A silver car pulls up and the Liars get out. They look like Disney princesses, all of them. The colours are all different and they all compliment one another. Wren is in awe. All they need is Alison as their Queen Bee and that would be a sight to see.

Hanna is wearing a full length white dress with gold detailing. She has a flower crown and a gold shimmering mask. Inspired by Juliet no doubt. Probably going to meet her Romeo.

Emily’s is a full length blue tasseled dress. It looked like waves; like the ocean. And a metallic blue mask with peacock feathers on the sides.

Aria’s, to be honest, was the least flattering. She had on a red and black striped puffy dress, with elbow length black leather gloves, and a black feather mask. The dress looked heavy, but still she looked good.

And finally Spencer. He couldn't look away from her. She had on a full length yellow dress that swayed when she moved. A bird like mask covered her eyes and a silver chunky necklace adorned her neck. She looked stunning. And that colour really suited her. She shone like the sun. He couldn’t take her eyes off her. She was one of the brightest things in his life at the moment, and this dress was a visual representation of that.

“Wow,” he breathes, not taking his eyes off her.

“Those bitches sure know how to attend a ball,” CeCe says, then softens her eyes at him. “Aww, you’re like a little lovesick puppy!”

Wren feels his cheeks blush. He composes himself and looks away.

“Oh, I didn’t mean to…” she says, giving a little laugh. “It’s okay, I know you’re head over heals for her.”
They watch them enter the dance. Soon after they enter, Sara texts them, telling them that she sees them.

They watch as Mona arrives. He takes notice of her black car, mentally noting where it’s parked. She’s wearing a purple dress, with sparkles all over her mask and clutch.

They watch as more people arrive. They see Jenna and Lucas arrive separately. And then they see someone else arrive. Someone wearing an all black costume. Wren sits up. He knows that figure.

“Melissa?” he whispers.

She is definitely not pregnant. Her dress is full length with feathers all over, a mask with feathers hanging down, and topped off with a silver crown on her head. The Black Swan.

“Are you sure that’s her?” CeCe asks, squinting, trying to get a better look.

“Positive,” he says. “Trust me, I know Melissa.”

“Well, she’s obviously not faking her pregnancy anymore,” she says, trying to get a closer look. “She looks incredible. That figure, wow!”

“But why is she here?” he asks. He gets his phone and texts Sara to keep an eye on her too.

They wait in car and chat a little. Once no one else arrives for a while, they figure everyone must be here. So Wren sneaks over to Mona’s car and sticks a GPS tracker on the bottom.

He comes back and waits with CeCe in his car. Sara occasionally texts them some details, but not much. Then she’s silent. She’s probably just enjoying the ball, as he is sure Ali would if she were here.

Eventually they hear from again. He looks down in confusion at the message.
“Mona and Spencer are leaving together,” he says, concerned. “Why would they be leaving together?”

They see Spencer and Mona emerge out the front door of the warehouse and both get into Mona’s car.

“Should we follow them?” CeCe asks, as the headlights of Mona’s car turn on.

Wren grips the steering wheel tightly. “I don’t know. I don’t want them to know we’re following them. We’ll wait and see where they’re headed.”

The car leaves the car park and they watch the GPS tracker. The car is heading out of town, towards the next town over.

“Where would they be heading?” he asks worriedly. “You don’t think Mona would hurt Spencer, do you?”

CeCe shrugs. “I’d say it’s not out of the possibility.”

“Maybe we should go then,” he says, getting the car into gear.

“Wait,” she says, grabbing his phone that is tracking her car. “I know where they’re going. The Lost Woods Resort.”

“The Lost Wood Resort?”

“Yeah,” she says, nodding. “Ali stayed there a couple of times, as Vivian. She said she was watching someone. She always stayed in room number one. Maybe watching someone in the next room over?”

CeCe had told her a little about Ali’s alter ego, Vivian Darkbloom. She would be Vivian whenever she didn’t feel like being Alison.
Suddenly Wren has a thought. “A? Would she have been watching A? Do you think…?”

“That’s where Mona’s lair is?” CeCe finishes his sentence. “Possibly. Hidden out at a creepy motel in the middle of nowhere, seems like A’s style.”

They continue watching the tracker, and sure enough it stops at the Lost Wood Resort. Wren starts to get a bit worried. *Mona wouldn’t hurt her right?*

Suddenly, someone comes running around the side of the building. Melissa. She’s look frantically around until she reaches her car. She takes off her mask and once again looks around as she fumbles for her keys. It’s unmistakably Melissa.

“Why would she be leaving in a hurry?” Wren asks. “Why is she even here?”

“Do you want to follow her then?” CeCe asks, as Melissa starts to drive away.

“No.” He grabs his phone. “I told Sara to watch her. Why hasn’t she contacted us?” he says angrily.

“Probably doesn’t want to do what she’s told, just like Ali,” she replies.

Wren turns the keys in the ignition and the car roars to life. “Let’s go to the Lost Woods Resort.”

“What about Sara?” she asks.

“Text her if you like, but we’re leaving now,” he says, clipping his seatbelt in and driving off.

They drive out of town along the dark road. Eventually, in the distance they see a faint red glow. As they get closer they see the flickering sign that says ‘Lost Woods Resort’.

“Well, this place looks creepy,” Wren says. “Why would anyone come out here?”
“Probably why Mona thought it was the perfect place for her lair, no one would think of even coming out here.”

Just as they’re about to turn into the motel, they see a black car drive out and head in the opposite direction. The tyres squeak as it goes around a corner. CeCe picks up Wren’s phone.

“They’re leaving,” she says. “They’re driving fast.”

Wren’s heart starts beating fast. He stops the car on the side of the road just before the entrance to the motel. He anxiously grabs the phone. The car is speeding and almost driving off the road.

“What do you want to do?” CeCe asks, taking the phone back.

“If they see us wearing these black hoodies we’re going to have a lot of questions to answer and we’ll have blown our cover.” He tightens his grip on the steering wheel. “But I don’t want her to hurt Spencer,” he mumbles, smacking his hands on steering wheel, making CeCe jump.

“Well, lets go then!” she says sternly.

He gets the car into gear and starts to drive, angry at himself. They lost a few minutes while he was debating what to do. He drives fast, glancing over at his phone in CeCe’s hand tracking Mona’s car.

“They’re heading to Lookout Point,” she says, turning the phone towards him. “Can you go faster?!”

He puts his foot down harder on the executer, jolting him back against the seat. The car is still far ahead of them. He starts getting really nervous about what is happening to Spencer.

“They’ve stopped. Near the cliff at Lookout Point,” CeCe informs him.

He drives as fast as he can, realising that since they’ve stopped the car, Mona could very well have pushed Spencer off the cliff by now.

Just then, a silver car cuts in front of them from a side road. It forces Wren to slow down and
lurching him and CeCe into their seat belts.

“Oh god Wren!” she exclaims, looking up from the phone. “What are you… oh…”

He squints, and through the light of the headlights he sees a shimmering through the window. “I think it’s Hanna’s car.”

“They must have taken a short cut,” she says looking at the map on the phone. “Mona sure took the long way.”

He relaxes and slows the car down a bit, creating a bigger distance between them and Hanna’s car.

They’re going to get there in time. Spencer will be okay, he tells himself.

He turns the headlights on his car off, keeping an eye on Hanna’s car ahead of him. Mona’s black car comes into focus, parked near the edge of the cliff. He watches as Hanna almost crashes into it.

He stops the car on the side of the road and he and CeCe sit there and watch. Mona is stuck like a deer in the headlights, a black hoodie over her head. Then she screams and runs after Spencer.

Spencer and Mona fight, illuminated by the headlights of Hanna’s car. He has his hand on the door, tempted to run out and go help at any second. But the other girls run out in their Masquerade Ball dresses. It’s four against one. Spencer will be okay.

He can see Spencer’s yellow dress. She’s leaning over the cliff. He’s lost sight of Mona. There is a loud scream as the other girls come and embrace Spencer, all of them looking down over the cliff. Mona must have fallen.

Wren feels like he can breathe again. There they all are, illuminated in their white, yellow, red and blue dresses holding each other.

“Well that was quite a sight,” CeCe says, grinning. She gets her phone out and snaps a photo of the four girls looking over the edge of the cliff.

“Thank god Spencer is okay,” he sighs, leaning his head down on the steering wheel and taking a
deep breath.

“We should probably get out of here,” she says, giving him a comforting pat on the back. “Wren, they’ll be fine. Although I can’t say the same about Mona.”

He shakes his head. “She fell off the cliff,” he says in shock. He starts the car and drives back the way they came.

He notices his teeth are chattering. He was so scared for a minute back there. The protective side of him wants to make sure they’re okay. He wants to give Spencer a hug, but he can’t risk being asked questions and blowing his cover now. He has to trust that they’ll be okay.

A million thoughts are running through his head as they drive. The girls figured out who A is. They think it's all over. They’ve caught the person who has been torturing them with their secrets. Who has been framing them for murder. Who has made them look guilty of crimes they didn’t commit. The person who made them feel scared.

She has been caught. If Mona isn’t dead, she’ll either be sent to jail, or more likely considering her mental health issues, Radley.

They think that A’s reign is over. That they’re in the clear and there is no one to fear anymore. An idea forms in his head and a smirk appears on his face. A thought comes to him, and although it slightly terrifies him that this thought appeared in his head, it feels exhilarating.

_Those bitches have no idea._
As they drive along the dark road, they hear sirens getting louder as multiple police cars and ambulances drive past in the opposite direction towards Lookout Point.

Wren sighs in relief. He knows everything will be fine. They’re safe. Mona won’t hurt them anymore.

They see the red flickering lights of the Lost Woods Resort sign and they turn into the car park. It is completely deserted. There are no other cars there. Wren stops the car.

“Should we go have a look?” CeCe asks, unbuckling her seat belt.

Wren sits there for a minute, running through everything in his head. “Yeah,” he says finally. “Yeah lets go see what we can find.”

They both get out in their black hoodies and make their way over to the rooms.

CeCe goes over to Room #1. “This is where Ali must have stayed.”

Wren moves over to the next room. Room #2. He peers through the window. Through the slats of the blinds he can vaguely see inside. “CeCe, bring the flashlight over here.”

She hands him the flashlight and he can see a little in the thin stream of light. Something catches his eye and he knows it’s the right place.

“This is it,” he says. He tries to turn the door handle but it’s locked. “We need the key.”

They head over to the office. A window is loose so they climb through. All the lights are off and it’s very dark. There must not be anyone here. There are lights from the outside neon sign shining through. It feels very eerie.

CeCe shines the flashlight into the room as they look around. Wren makes his way over to the front
desk and carefully walks out through the back. There is a board of keys. He finds the key for Room #2 and takes it.

“Got it,” he says.

He finds CeCe over at the front desk, riffling through the drawers. He notices the guest book open on the counter and flicks through it. There are not very many entries. He figures not many people come here. He doesn’t know why anyone would stay here in all honesty.

The most recent name is ‘Mary Smith’. He recognises the handwriting as Spencer’s. He flicks back to the entries from a year ago. ‘Vivian Darkbloom’ checked in on the 6th of September 2009.

“Ali checked in here the morning before her disappearance, as Vivian.” He pushes the guest book towards CeCe.

She looks over at the book. “Interesting, but have a look at this.” She pulls out a pile of letters and plops them on the desk. “Love letters to Mona, from Harold Crane, the owner of this creepy place.”

Wren picks one up. “Mona, ever since you checked in here I have fallen in love with you. I know you probably don’t even notice me but I want to get to know you. Harold,” he says, reading the letter out loud.

“Have a listen to this one,” she says, picking up another. “I’m not very good at talking, my words get jumbled up in my mouth. I want my feelings about you to be known by you.”

Wren riffles through the pile of letters. “There must be hundreds of them. Do you think he gave any to Mona, or does he just write them and keep them for himself?”

CeCe shrugs. “Who knows, all I know is this guy is seriously creepy. Gross.” She drops a letter on the desk, obviously weirded out by what she’s just read.

“The writing looks like it was written by a child. All the T’s are capitalised,” he says, examining another letter.
“He must have just been watching her from a distance. Stalking her,” she says, turning towards the window. “Knowing Mona, she probably knows but is keeping it quiet to tear him down later.”

Wren sighs, realising how long they’ve spent in the office. “We came here for the key. Put all the letters back. Who knows what he’ll do if he finds them missing.”

They climb back out the window, leaving the office as they found it as best as they could. They make their way back over to Room #2. Wren puts the key into the door and turns it. It clicks unlocked. He glance over at CeCe and then pushes the door open.

It squeaks as it swings open. He flicks the light switch and the light flickers on. The room comes into view and a shiver goes through his body. He slowly walks through the doorway, taking it all in.

“Wow,” CeCe breathes, looking around in awe. “This is so creepy, but wow.”

There are photos plastered all over the walls. Mona has been spying on the girls. There are photos of them that they have no idea had been taken. Newspaper clippings of Alison are hung up on strings. Missing posters everywhere. A dollhouse with dolls representing the four Liars, plus Ali. Creepy masks. Filing cabinets. Papers all over the place. It’s creepy, as CeCe said, but it also makes complete sense as how to how Mona did everything she did. One look at all the information she has and it’s easy to see how. The room is packed with stuff.

This is how Mona did everything she did. Now Wren has access to it. With all of this, he could take over her game.

He walks over to the wall where there is a collage of Ali’s face, with the eyes cut out. He moves over to the dollhouse, where there is an Ali doll sitting on the top floor with a crown on her head, and the four Liars dolls on the level below. Showing that she was their leader.

“Hey, Melissa was dressed as the Black Swan right?” CeCe says. She’s holding some sketches in her hands. “I guess we now know why.”

Wren comes over and takes them. They’re sketches of the Black Swan dress, the exact dress that Melissa was wearing at the Masquerade Ball. "Mona must have blackmailed her.”

He continues looking around and finds a diary on the table. He opens the diary to a page
bookmarked with a gum wrapper. He reads a passage and it is unmistakably Ail’s diary. He skims though some of the pages. She wrote everything in here. All of her friends secrets. This is how Mona seemed to know all their secrets. Ali kept a record of everything.

There is a bag of cashmere sweaters on the table too. He remembers seeing Mona in Philadelphia buying cashmere sweaters. It’s as though she put them in full view, like she wanted to be found out. As though she wanted Spencer to figure out that she is A.

CeCe is wandering around taking everything in. “This is pretty creepy. What should we do with it all?”

He puts the diary back on the desk. “We should pack it all up and take it.” He turns around and realises how much stuff there is. “But that will take forever.”

“Yeah, it looks like a lot work went into setting this all up, only for us to tear it down.” She takes a mask of a rack and holds it up to her face.

Suddenly, he gets an idea. “We could ask Harold to do it.”

“Creepy Harold, who is obsessed with Mona?” she says, putting the mask back and raising her eyebrows at him.

“Exactly,” he says. “He’s in love with Mona, he’ll do anything for her right?”

She nods her head. “But, you really want him to see all this?”

“He probably already has. He does own this place,” he says, putting his hoodie back over his head.

They switch the lights off and lock the door, then climb back into the office through the window.

Wren finds a blank piece of note paper in a drawer and grabs a pen. He writes a note to Harold, from Mona, trying to imitate her handwriting from memory as best as he could.
Harold,

Thank you for being such a wonderful host while I have been staying here. Unfortunately, I have to move out. Would you be able to pack up my room? It would be a great help. Hopefully we will see each other around.

Mona

He folds the letter, and writes ‘Harold’ on the front. He places it in the middle of the desk, where he hopefully won’t miss it.

“You should draw a love heart next to his name,” CeCe says, grabbing red pen.

He smirks. “We don’t want to lead him on.”

“Oh come on,” she says, leaning over and drawing a rough love heart next to his name. “What’s the harm in that?”

He sighs and lets it go. They climb back out of the window and drive back to Rosewood. CeCe checks her phone to find tons of texts from Sara.

“Sara wants to know where we are. She texted almost an hour ago,” she says, typing. “I’ll tell her we’re on our way.”

They make it back to the warehouse. The car park is almost empty. Sara is sitting on the front steps in her red dress. She walks over angrily when she sees the car turn up.

She opens the back door and climbs into the car. “Thanks for leaving me.”

“Hey,” Wren snaps. “You weren’t sending us any messages while we were waiting. We tried to
contact you but you wouldn’t reply so we left without you.”

“Well, I was the last person left at the dance,” she complains. “It is not good to be the last to leave, do you understand? I wanted to be one of the first to arrive and one of the first to leave.”

“Oh hush up Sara,” CeCe says, rolling her eyes. “God you’re so much like Ali sometimes.”

They drive back to Philadelphia in silence, Sara occasionally loudly sighing in the back, wanting them to know how angry she is at them. Wren drops CeCe and Sara off.

“I’ll come pick you up tomorrow morning and we’ll go back to the Lost Woods Resort, okay?” he says to CeCe.

“Sounds good,” she says, following Sara who is stomping her way up the steps.

Wren arrives home to his apartment and collapses into bed, replaying everything in his mind that happened that night. Mona had been caught and now they have access to her lair. It was perfect. He now had the opportunity to take over from her and, with all of her knowledge, hopefully figure out what happened to Bethany.

The next morning he picks up CeCe early. He’s wearing his black hoodie, and she’s wearing a red coat, like the one Ali used to wear as Vivian.

“Did you see the news this morning?” she asks him as they drive.

He had. Mona had been admitted to Radley with multiple mental issues. The word ‘insane’ was used to describe her. There were pictures of the girls looking distressed in their Masquerade Ball costumes. They embellished the stories as four girls who were damsels in distresses, taking down the bully who had tormented them.

The other news was that Maya St. Germain, Emily’s girlfriend who had gone missing, had been found. They found her body and believe she was murdered.

“Mona’s insane and Maya is dead,” he says.
“They think Garrett killed her,” she says. “What do you think?”

“I don’t think so,” he says, frowning. “I don’t know why he would kill her.”

“Mona?”

“Timelines don’t add up,” he says, focusing on the road. He didn’t feel like thinking about that at the moment. All he wanted to think about was Mona’s lair and taking over the game.

They arrive at the Lost Woods Resort. It’s like a completely different place in the daylight. It’s not as creepy and you can’t see the sign flickering. It still doesn’t look like a resort, but it doesn’t seem scary when it’s daytime.

He parks the car and they see Harold walking out of the office. There are boxes stacked outside of Room #2.

Wren and CeCe exit the car and head towards the boxes.

CeCe smirks at him. “Well, your idea worked.”

Harold walks over and greets them. “Hi.”

Wren fumbles for what to say. “Hi, we’re friends of Mona. She asked us to come and collect all of her things.” He forces a smile.

Harold cocks his head at them, taking them in. It must have been a sight. A man in a black hoodie and a woman in a red coat.

“I got her message and packed everything up like she asked,” Harold says, his voice shaking a little.

“Thank you,” Wren says. “She really appreciates it.” He gestures to CeCe to start carrying some
boxes to the car.

She starts to carry one and puts it down next to the car. Wren picks up one and takes it over. Harold follows them as they move the boxes.

“Where is Mona?” he asks, a hint of suspicion in his voice. His eyes are burning into them and makes them a little uncomfortable.

“I don’t think you’ll be seeing her again,” CeCe says sweetly, picking up another box. “We’ll let her know you wish her well.”

Harold opens his mouth to say something, but then presses his lips closed and just watches them.

Wren and CeCe ignore him standing there as they move the boxes over to the car. Wren goes to pick up another one and notices the top is open a crack. He was positive it was sealed a minute ago. Harold is standing there watching them, his hands behind his back. He ignores the uncomfortable feeling in his gut and continues moving the boxes.

“Well,” Harold says suddenly. “I better get back to the office.”

Wren give him a subtle nod as he walks back to the office, a weird stance in his walking.

“I swear this box was sealed a minute ago,” he whispers to CeCe.

She looks around nervously towards the office. “What are you saying?”

“I think he took something while we were facing the other way,” he whispers, opening the trunk.

“Knowing Harold, it was probably some memorabilia to remember Mona by,” she says with a laugh.

He agrees somewhat, and decides to let it go. They start to pile the boxes into the trunk. It’s stacked full to the roof. Some boxes are stacked on the back seat and CeCe has to hold one on her lap in the front passenger seat. Wren quickly pops into Room #2 to check, and it’s completely bare, as if
nothing was ever there.

“We all good?” CeCe asks as they’re all buckled up.

“Yep,” Wren says, smiling over at her.

They drive off down the road, with A’s lair packed in boxes filling the car to the brim. The possibilities of what they could do with all of these things. The trouble they could cause. The fun they could have.

That drive is the beginning of a journey that will hopefully lead to the answers that Wren so desperately wants.
Mona was locked up in Radley and diagnosed with a personality disorder. Wren visited one day soon after she was admitted and asked to volunteer as doctor. He informed them that he had a placement a couple of years ago, and they brought up his files which had nothing but good things to say about him. They were eager to hire him.

He doesn't recognise any of the staff from a few years ago. He doubts any of these people knew Bethany. He starts off volunteering only a few days a month as he still has his work at Rosewood Community Hospital, but he's almost finished there.

He sees Mona one day fighting again the nurses, refusing to take her medication. He watches through the slats of the window into her room and feels sick. He remembers one time when Bethany refused to take her medication and they had to hold her down and stuff it down her throat. He suddenly feels angry.

On his first full day volunteering, he is tasked with being one of her doctors on the days that he works. He didn’t even ask to have her as a patient, but he is so thankful that they gave him that job.

He goes into her room and closes the door behind him.

“Mona,” he says.

She is sitting on her unmade bed, her eyes glossed over and looking into nowhere. Her hair is dishevelled and she is wearing a white medical gown.

“Mona, I’m Dr Kingston,” he says, looking down at the clipboard with her file. It says that she has a high level of intelligence, and is living in a state of hyper reality and omnipresence, along with a personality disorder.

There is no response from her, but then she slowly turns her head towards him and her eyes burn into his. He can’t read her expression. Does she recognise him from when he was here years ago? When he started sending her the notes?

He takes notes of her behaviour and mannerisms. But there isn't much to report. He stays with her for a few more minutes but there are no changes. His visits are not going to help. Not when she
knows he is her doctor. She needs to see someone else. Someone who she might possibly feel comfortable talking to.

He goes out to the front desk. “Do you know when Mona will be allowed to have visitors?” he asks the woman at the reception.

She clicks on the computer. “She’s been diagnosed as criminally insane. I’d say not for a while.”

Wren frowns. That’s not going to be any help. He turns away and heads to his office. He sits at his desk and looks at the notes he wrote about Mona.

**Drugged up**

**Distanced**

**Unreadable expressions**

**Didn’t speak**

That’s all he wrote. There was nothing to report. After seeing all the crazy things she’d done, seeing her like that was very foreign.

This room was his office on the days when he worked. Other people worked in here on his days off. He opens a draw and something catches his eye. He picks up an old visitors pass that someone must have left in there. He gets an idea. Maybe he can forge a visitors pass for CeCe so that she can visit Mona. She might be able to get more out of her than him.

He puts the pass into his jacket pocket and walks out of his office. He has his head down and is slightly frightened when he realises there is someone walking towards him.

“Dr Kingston,” says a man wearing a white nurses uniform, reading his badge. “Welcome, you’re new here right? I heard you’ve been assigned as one of Mona Vanderwaal’s doctors.” He holds out his hand.
Wren shakes his hand. “Yes,” he croaks, trying to clear his throat to hide his nervousness.

“I’m Eddie Lamb, I work as a nurse here,” he says, squinting at him. “Have we met?”

Wren tries to hide his fear. He remembers seeing Eddie in Radley when he was on his work experience. He remembers that he was the most popular nurse around the patients. He pulls up a memory of him talking to Bethany.

“Possibly,” he says firmly, ignoring all the thoughts in his mind. “I worked here a couple of years ago while I was studying my medical degree. Now that I’ve finished my degree, I’ve decided to volunteer as a doctor here.”

Eddie smiles at him, his eyes relaxing. He doesn’t seem suspicious anymore. “Great choice. These patients deserve every chance to get better.”

Wren gives a small smile and they go their separate ways. He tries to remember Eddie and how long he’d been working at Radley. He can’t remember if he was there the whole time he was on work experience. He doesn’t recall ever having a conversation with him. And he tries to remember if he was working here when he was a patient. If he’d been working there for that long, then there may be a problem. Bethany would know, he thinks sadly. If only I could ask her.

He walks down the hallway. He slows down when he gets to Bethany’s old room. He feels a pang of sadness. He wonders what happened to all of her stuff. What happened to her sketchbook? Probably taken as evidence he assumes.

He goes into the common room. There are only a handful of patients in there. A young boy stiffly sitting at the piano, staring at the keys. There is a girl wearing a dressing gown shuffling a deck of cards on the couch. Two boys play a board game sitting cross legged on the floor. There is a rug next to the piano. That is where Bethany used to sit and draw in her sketchbook.

He starts to feel lightheaded. He thought he could handle being back here. He thought it would all be okay. But he feels sick about everything that has happened since the last time he was here. He sits down, trying to make himself look normal and decides he needs to do something.

He heads over to the front desk. “Hi,” he says, smiling. “How would I go about creating a visitors pass?”
The woman smiles and invites him around to the computer.

“A family member of a patient called and said they would be arriving soon,” he lies. “I want the pass to be ready when they arrive.”

The woman doesn’t think anything suspicious of it. “Sure. You need to write the guest's name in here, the patients number here, and your ID number here. Then the pass will print out with a unique barcode, and only that guest can visit that patient. You got all that?”

Wren nods. “Thanks.”

“No problem,” she smiles. “I’ll leave you to it.” She walks off, leaving him alone.

That worked out exactly as he hoped it would. He gets into filling out the form. He puts ‘CeCe Drake’ as the visitors name. He finds Mona’s patient number on the database and fills that in. And then he puts his ID number in. He doesn’t want to have to put his name on the pass, but if he wants to make a visitors pass then it needs a doctors permission. He pushes complete and an error comes up.

Patient 28-00034 not permitted visitors at this time

Damn it, Wren sighs to himself. He presses cancel and tries again. But still, the same error comes up. He cancels the program, and goes to the programs folders on the computer. He notices there are two of what seems like the same program, but one says it’s a backup. He clicks on that one and opens it up. It looks the same. He types all the same information in. Still the same error, but this time on the pop up box there is a button that says ‘override’. He clicks on it and the printer comes to life.

The pass prints out and it’s worked perfectly. He deletes the records of what he just did and closes down all the programs he opened. He takes a lanyard and attaches it to the pass.

VISITOR GUEST PASS
And the unique barcode down the bottom. It’s exactly what he needs. The staff member comes back.

“All good?” she asks, settling back down at the desk.

“Yes, all good, thank you,” he says, trying to hide his nervousness.

He spends the rest of the day working and finding his way around Radley again, after not setting foot here for years. Although he doubts he will ever forget this place considering how much time he’s spent here.

That day he goes straight to CeCe’s apartment in Philadelphia after work.

“How’d it go?” she asks when he comes in.

He gets the visitors pass out and hands it to her. “Great. I’ve been assigned as her doctor, but I couldn’t get anything out of her.”

“Do you think she recognises you?” she asks, putting the lanyard around her neck.

“They have her on so many drugs that I have no idea,” he says. “But she did stare at me and I thought for a second maybe she did, but I don’t know.”
She nods. “I’ll visit her tomorrow, I may be able to get more out of her.”

“That’s what I’m hoping,” he says, walking over to the coat rack and picking up her red coat. “Wear this. You look like Ali when you wear it. Maybe it will trigger something.”

They had stored all the boxes of Mona’s lair at Wren’s apartment. They had only looked through a couple of them so far. There was so much to look through. So much to process. They needed to dedicate a good week or more to looking though it all.

Wren was still working at Rosewood Community Hospital, but he was constantly distracted and couldn’t wait for his last couple of weeks to be over. He couldn’t stop thinking about Mona. About the possibilities. About what he and CeCe could do with all the possessions and information they had.

After CeCe’s first visit with Mona, she calls him.

“Did the visitors pass work?” Wren asks immediately. He really hoped it did. If anyone finds out what he did he would be in a lot of trouble.

“Yes, it worked perfectly without a hitch,” she says. “And you were right, she thought I was Ali!”

“Did you get anything out of her?”

“Oh yes,” she says. “I got so much information out of her. The first thing she said to me when I entered her room was, ‘I did everything you asked me to.’”
Preparation Commences

Months went by. The Liars all went their separate ways for the Summer. It gave Wren time to prepare for his takeover of the game.

His six months at Rosewood Community Hospital ended. He wasn’t working full time anymore and he increased the amount of days he volunteered at Radley, and spent the rest of his time sorting through the boxes of Mona’s stuff.

Mona didn't seem to be improving much. She was still on a ton of drugs, and CeCe had still been visiting her. She still thought that she was Alison. After that first visit, each time she went to visit Mona, she took a recording device so then Wren could listen to exactly what they talked about.

She told them a lot. She revealed the extent of her hatred of the Liars. How she did everything she did. The people she had helping her. Toby was the only person willingly helping her, because he was angry that Spencer was continually lying to him. He wanted to find out the truth for himself. She blackmailed Lucas to help her, and she blackmailed Melissa to be the Black Swan. She knew the truth about her pregnancy and threatened to reveal it. Wren had taken notes of all the conversations CeCe had with her.

CeCe finished her business degree at UPenn and was planning on opening a boutique with a friend. Sara had gone away with some college friends for the Summer.

He’d forged some ID’s which CeCe gave to Mona, giving her access in and out of Radley whenever she pleased. He gave her the name ‘Ali Dee’, and the pass said that she was a staff nurse. There was also a window in Mona’s room that CeCe helped to loosen so she could escape whenever she wanted.

They’d spent the Summer in his apartment going through all the boxes of Mona’s lair. Harold packed it all up very neatly. There was so much to look through. There were masks of Alison’s face, newspaper clippings, photos of the Liars. Notebooks full of attacks and messages. Mona took note of almost every single thing she did.

They’d opened up all of the boxes, and there was something Wren noticed was missing.

“Are you sure we’ve looked through everything?” he asks, riffling through all the stuff on the floor.
“Yep,” CeCe replies, focused on something. “We’ve looked thorough every box.”

“Ali’s diary, the one with the gum wrapper in it,” he says. “I can’t find it.”

“Are you sure you’ve looked everywhere? It could be hidden under something,” she says, looking under stuff on the floor. “Do you think creepy Harold took it?”

He remembers that he noticed that one of the boxes wasn’t sealed, so maybe Harold did take it. “Damn it. She wrote everything in there. I should have taken it when I had the chance.” He kicks the ground in frustration.

Wren didn’t have full time work anymore so he had a lot of free time. The dollhouse was something that really caught his attention. There were dolls dressed like the Liars and Ali in the small dollhouse. There were photos of all of their rooms, from every angle. Almost like a real estate advertisement. He found himself staring at them. He began to study them. He became addicted to all of the stuff. The possibilities of what could be done with all of it was exhilarating.

He began to draw again. Something he hadn’t done for a while but something he always used to enjoy. One of the many things he had in common with Bethany. When he first became Wren, he briefly considered studying architecture or interior design. He was artistic and it seems like a cool thing to do. But ultimately he decided to become a doctor, as that would be more useful.

He’d begun to sketch out the Liars bedrooms, every little detail of them. Spencer’s was the only one he’d actually been in before. He sketched them out with precise pencil strokes. Just like Bethany, he liked to use pops of red to make certain parts stand out.

He had drawn an architectural plan of a building with all of their bedrooms, all in a row, and Alison’s room up the end. He kept his original plan and would add to it whenever he had another burst of inspiration of how to expand it. It could be like a life size dollhouse.

He’d been looking at real estate websites, seeing if it was possible to bring his sketches to life. There was one place that caught his eye. A block of land in Tyler State Park in Bucks County. It was bare except for a large shed. It doesn’t cost too much and he considers buying it. He has the money.

He tells CeCe of his idea. “I’m thinking, imagine building a house with replicas of all the girls rooms, and we could lock them in.” He gives her the drawings to look at. “That would take Mona’s game to a whole other level.”
She takes a look. “You want to build a life size dollhouse, with real dolls?” she says, a hint of hesitation in her voice. “That’s insane.”

He takes the plans back. “I know how it sounds, but there’s a block of land in Tyler State Park that would be perfect for it.”

CeCe raises her eyes at him. “You’re starting sound crazy like Mona.”

Wren ignores her and goes ahead and buys the land anyway. He never knows, one day he may very well decide to go through with his insane plan.

The pass that he forged for CeCe worked great, until one day when he was caught. He was called into the boss’s office, and walked in to find his boss, along with Eddie Lamb.

Eddie narrows his eyes at Wren disapprovingly.

“We need to discuss some things Dr Kingston,” Dr Bunder says, gesturing for him to sit down.

He nervously sits down and his boss places CeCe’s visitors pass on the table. His heart starts beating fast. Eddie must have found the pass and turned him in.

His eyes meets Eddie’s. “I can explain,” he stutters.

“Patient 28-0034, Mona Vanderwaal, is not allowed visitors at this time,” Dr Bunder says. “Yet you authorised for this ‘CeCe Drake’ to visit her.”

“I thought that it would be helpful for her to have visitors,” he says, trying to lie his way out of it. “I thought it would help her.”

“I understand that you may have had good intentions Dr Kingston, but whether a patient is allowed visitors or not is not up to you.”
Wren nods and looks down. “I understand.”

He sighs. “Since you’re fairly new to working here, I’m willing to let you off with a warning this time.”

Wren sighs with relief.

“A warning?” Eddie says. “He let a visitor in with a criminally insane person. There could have been serious consequences.”

“I understand your concerns Mr Lamb, but my say is final,” Dr Bunder says. “We will upgrade the visitors passes system.” He narrows his eyes at Wren. “Considering you didn’t seem to have any trouble getting this pass.”

Wren is relieved. He was worried that he would be fired, or even arrested. But all he got off with was a warning. No thanks to Eddie for turning him in. That guy was really starting to get on his nerves.

Wren leaves the room and hears footsteps behind him. He turns around and Eddie is there, holding the visitor’s pass.

“You’re lucky you only got off with a warning,” Eddie says sternly.

“Thanks for turning me in,” he says sarcastically. He turns to walk away but Eddie grabs his arm and turns him back.

“I remember you,” he says. “I do remember you working here a couple of years ago. I remember that you were very fond of Bethany Young.”

His heart starts beating fast. He looks around making sure no one else can hear them. He hasn’t heard anyone at Radley mention Bethany since she disappeared. But Eddie remembers her.

“I wonder, did you have something to do with her disappearance?” he says, lowering his voice. “You wanted her to get better so that she could leave this place.”
Wren keeps his face unreadable and composes himself. “Be careful what you’re accusing me of.”

He pulls back a little. “Oh, is that a threat?”

He suddenly feels very angry. He knows there are cameras watching so he doesn’t want to make a big scene. “Trust me, you don’t want to cross me Eddie,” he says through clenched teeth.

Eddie gives a small laugh and walks away, leaving Wren a little shaken. He would need to keep a close eye on him, considering what he knows.

He tells CeCe about what happened with Eddie and that she can no longer visit Mona.

“It’s probably good timing anyway,” Wren says. “They’re starting to wean her off her meds. Sooner or later she would have realised that you aren’t Ali.”

“So this Eddie guy, you think he’s onto you?” she asks.

“He thinks I had something to do with Bethany’s disappearance. He was working there at that time,” he says. “I’ll need to keep an eye on him.”

He felt really mad at Eddie and needed something on him. So he hacked into Eddie’s Radley account and printed a parking pass and ID with Eddie’s details, but with Toby’s photo. He left it at Toby’s apartment with a note from A, telling him to use that to see Mona. If the staff found it, they would trace it back to Eddie’s ID. Granted, it wasn’t a great plan, but he was angry and wanted to do something to Eddie. Something he could possibly use against him.

Wren spent every waking moment that he wasn’t working looking through Mona’s stuff. They had just unpacked it all in his apartment. They needed to find a more permanent place to have the lair. It became an addiction. Mona had computers which had access to private information. It could access the police database, hospital database, and even the Radley database, remotely. There was also full access to all of the Liars computers and phones. And there were keys to all of their houses and cars. Mona had everything. It blew his mind how brilliant she was.

He’d been keeping up on Ali’s murder investigation through logging onto the police database. There
hadn’t been much in the public eye, except that Garrett was the current suspect in both Alison and Maya’s murders. He was looking through the all the current evidence in her murder, and he found something regarding Bethany’s body that he could not let happen.

“Her body is going to be exhumed,” he says.

CeCe looks up from where she sitting down on the floor reading through some of Mona’s things. “Exhumed? Why?”

Wren skims through the report from the coroner asking for it to be exhumed. “Some sort of trace evidence, something to do with Page 5 of the autopsy…” he says, looking deeper into the report. “Which I still cannot find anywhere on this database.”

“So there’s something on the body that will prove Garrett is guilty?” she says.

“That’s what it seems like,” he says. “But I can’t let them do that.”

She stands up. “What are you saying?”

“I can’t…” he starts, trying to fight off tears. “Do you know what exhumed means? They’ll take her body out of the ground and do some tests on it. But they’re getting it right out of her grave, and they’ve already done DNA tests and won’t bother to do anymore because they’re still sure it’s Alison’s.” He sighs. “They will never identify it as Bethany, unless…”

She listens, a confused look on her face.

“If we take the body,” he continues, getting an idea into his head. “And then give it back to them, they’ll have to do a DNA test right? To make sure it’s actually the right body? And then, if they’re not incompetent like last time and only identify her by one means of testing, they’ll correctly identify it as Bethany. Right?”

CeCe nods slowly, squinting her eyes. “You want to take Bethany’s body out of the ground…”

Wren nods, getting a piece of paper and writing some notes. The plan wasn’t foolproof, so much
could go wrong, but he needed to do something.

“That’s… morbid and gross…” she says.

He looks up at her, his eyes a little wet with the beginnings of tears. “I can’t let Bethany be forgotten… I can’t…”

“I hear you,” she says. “I understand… but…”

“It has to work. It has to,” he says, clicking open some pages on Mona’s computer. “And, Emily is coming home on Friday… which means all four of them will be back together. I’ve traced their texts and they’re planning to have a sleepover at Spencer’s on Friday night.”

He’d been keeping an eye on the Liars, and what they’d been up to over the Summer. Spencer had been taking a course at Hollis. Even on her Summer break, she never stops studying. Aria had been taking photography classes. Hanna had been doing activities with Caleb. And Emily had been over in Haiti helping to build houses. She had taken Maya’s death really hard. It’s understandable that she needed to get out of the country.

CeCe comes and sits next to him, looking at the screen, getting a smile on her face. “You mean…?”

“That we coincide this with our first attack as A?” he finishes. “That’s exactly what I’m saying.”
That Night

Wren wanted to do something to show them that this new A is much scarier and more dangerous than Mona. Digging up who they believed was their friends body, and framing them for it, was going to be the perfect first attack.

From all the information in Mona’s lair, he’d found out that Emily was the most likely to own a flask. Mona had photos of her, on multiple occasions, drinking out of one. CeCe’s job was to be waiting at Emily’s house when she returns home from the airport. She’ll presumably have a shower and get cleaned up before she heads over to Spencer’s. In that time, CeCe will sneak into her house and put the crushed up drugs into her flask.

He hands her the zip lock bag of crushed blue pills. “Melizopam. It’s a strong sedative, but it’s not dangerous. When mixed with alcohol it can knock you out and cause memory loss, which is what we want.”

“Okay, Dr Kingston,” she says mockingly, taking the bag and examining it. “I put this in Emily’s flask and we hope she shares it around at the party?”

He nods. “Exactly.”

He’d been in contact with Toby through anonymous texts, and tasked him with going to Radley and telling Mona the plan. Mona would escape from Radley and go to the graveyard and help dig up the body. CeCe would be there in a red coat, wearing the Ali mask, supervising. Wren couldn’t stomach digging up his half sisters grave, so they figured they’d get Mona to do their dirty work for them.

Meanwhile, Wren would go to Spencer’s, where the girls would be out cold, and he’d take them to the grave. They’d wake up, disoriented, and see the open grave with the body missing. Wren would be out of sight and take photos of the Liars at the empty grave, covered in dirt with the shovel.

He feels a little guilty about drugging the girls, especially Spencer. But he’d handled this drug quite a lot as a doctor, and there were no serious consequences when taking it. A little memory loss is the worst that could happen. And it would be better if they don’t remember how they got to the open grave anyway.

He was confident in the plan. But, the more he thought about it, the more morbid it started to sound. But he needed to this. He couldn’t let them exhume Bethany’s body.
At the property at Tyler State Park that he’d purchased, there was a large shed. He’d bought an old freezer and some bags of ice. That is where they were going to store the body, just for a little while until they gave it back to police.

The night of Friday, everything was set. CeCe was waiting outside Emily’s house in the evening, waiting for her to get home. Her parents were out so it should be easy for her to sneak in.

Wren is back at his apartment on Mona’s computer, making sure everything is set, when CeCe comes back.

“Done,” she says, slightly breathless. “Emily got dropped home in a cab. I waited until I heard the water turn on, then snuck into her house and found her flask in her bag. God, whatever is in there is strong.” She pauses. “I poured the drugs in and left.”

They discussed the plan once again, making sure they knew exactly what they were doing.

“You go to the graveyard and wait for Mona to show up,” he says, handing her the shovel and crowbar. “Tell her to dig up the grave. Watch and make sure that she does.”

She takes the shovel and crowbar. “Got it.”

“Take her body out of the casket and take it to the shed at Tyler State Park and put it in the freezer,” he finishes. “All good?”

“Yes, all good,” she says.

Later that night, at around 10PM, CeCe leaves to go to the graveyard. She wears the Ali mask and red coat.

Wren drives to the Hastings street and parks a few doors down from Spencer’s house. A storm is brewing. There are flashes of lightning.
He waits, and eventually CeCe calls him. “I’m here. Mona has dug up the grave and is opening up the casket as we speak,” she says. “Hopefully she finishes soon because it looks like a storm is coming.”

He looks up out the front window of car. “We picked a great for night for this didn’t we?”

She chuckles. “Do you think the girls are knocked out yet?”

He opens the door of his car and starts to get out. “I’m about to go check. It’s almost midnight, they should be out.”

“Well, good luck,” she says, a rumble of thunder silencing her.

Wren makes his way over to the Hasting’s side door. He stays low and out of sight of the windows. He notices the side door is open ajar. He peeks in, and can see Aria and Hanna asleep on the couch. He slowly walks through the door and quietly closes the door behind him, hoping the storm doesn’t wake them up.

He creeps over to the girls sleeping. There are only two of them, Spencer and Emily aren’t there. He leans down and listens to their breathing. It sounds even, like they’re in a deep sleep. Not like they’ve been drugged.

He picks up a cup and sniffs. It just smells like beer, nothing mixed with it. They must not have drunk from Emily’s flask. He can’t risk taking them in his car if they haven’t been drugged. He looks towards the stairs. Maybe the others are up there.

He slowly makes his way up the stairs, careful not to make the steps creak. He shuffles along to Spencer’s room. Her door is wide open and she’s fast asleep on her bed. He quickly zips into the other rooms, but Emily is nowhere to be seen. He comes back into Spencer’s room and leans down next to her.

He remembers back to the time she slept on his couch. He smiles at the memory. She looks so at peace, and he fights the urge to pull her blanket up, like he did when she was sleeping on his couch. He listens to her breathing, and just like Aria and Hanna, she’s in a deep sleep. They must not have drunk anything out of Emily’s flask. But where is Emily? *Don’t tell me she drank the whole thing?*
This wasn’t the plan and Wren is starting to freak out a little. He picks up Spencer’s phone. He goes to her phone book and hesitates, but then calls Emily. He walks out of her room and listens, but he can’t hear a phone ringing. Emily isn’t in the house. She must have left. That’s why the side door was open.

He locks Spencer’s phone and leaves it where he found it. He creeps back down the stairs. He takes one last look at the girls asleep on the couch, and then leaves the house, leaving the door open a crack the way he found it.

The thunder and lightning are increasing, but the rain hasn’t started yet. He gets his phone and calls CeCe as he gets into his car.

“How’d it go?” CeCe says when she picks up.

“Not as planned,” he says, starting the ignition. “Emily isn’t there. The other girls are asleep, but not drugged. I can’t risk taking them because they’ll wake up.”

“They didn’t drink from the flask,” she says over the thunder crackling. “Damn it Emily, did she drink the whole thing?”

“If she did she’d be completely out of it,” he says. “She’s nowhere in the house and door was open. She could be anywhere.”

CeCe is quiet and doesn’t say anything.

“CeCe?” he asks desperately. They had the whole plan worked out but now he had no idea what to do.

“Wait, I think I see Emily,” she says. “There’s a girl stumbling like she’s flat out drunk.”

She must have made her way to the cemetery by herself.

“It’s her, I’ve gotta go,” she says, hanging up.
Emily is at the graveyard? How on Earth did she get there by herself? He bangs his hands on the steering wheel. Already the night isn’t going to plan. He sits there and just waits for CeCe to call him back with what’s happening.

Then he sees Spencer come around the front of her house, looking around. He ducks down. When she goes back of sight, he decides to drive to the graveyard. He parks a fair distance away and calls CeCe.

She picks up. “Hey, we’ve got the body. Emily is totally out of it and was screaming. I was worried someone would hear.” She takes a breath. “We’ve got the body, and I’m on my way to drop Mona at Radley and then taking the body to where it will be stored.”

Wren hangs up, knowing that Mona was with CeCe and not wanting her to hear his voice. He waits for a few minutes, and then grabs his camera and exits the car. He goes into the trees above the graveyard and looks down.

He can see Emily kneeling on the ground looking over Alison’s grave. There is dirt all piled up around the grave and he can see the open casket. He snaps a few photos of Emily, and then waits.

CeCe calls him again. “Hey, I’ve dropped Mona off and am on my way to Tyler State Park with the body.”

“At least your side of the plan worked,” he says, keeping his voice low. “I’m at the graveyard. I’ve snapped a few pictures of Emily.”

“The other girls will come and find her eventually right?” she asks.

“That’s what I’m hoping,” he says. “I’ll wait here until they do.” He jumps as a flash of lighting frightens him. “Did Mona suspect who you were?”

“Not sure. I was wearing the Ali mask the whole time so hopefully she still thinks I’m Ali.”

They hang up and Wren waits. Eventually, the other girls arrive to rescue their friend. He perks up and watches them. He snaps some photos as they look at what has happened there, their faces full of
shock. Their reactions are perfect. They look guilty as hell.

He quietly leaves them there and drives to Tyler State Park. He meets CeCe in the shed.

“The other girls arrived and I got pictures of them, so the night wasn’t a complete fail,” he says, pushing his hoodie off his head with a sigh.

“We got what we wanted. We’ve got photos to frame them,” she agrees. “The body is in the freezer. Do you want to look in the bag?”

Wren freezes. His half sisters body is in there. He swallows. “I don’t know…”

CeCe opens the lid of the casket and puff of cool air comes out. There is a black body bag, with ‘Charon and Sons Funeral Directors’ written on it. He looks at the black bag and his heart catches in his throat. He wants to see Bethany again, even if only her lifeless body.

He starts to slowly unzip the bag, and he sees a strand of faded blond hair. Tears start to well up in his eyes and he suddenly feels sick. He zips it back up and runs outside.

He retches a few times and then vomits into the grass, the realisation of what he’s done all of a sudden hitting him.
The First Message

The theft of Alison’s body was all over the news. There were no suspects yet. The Liars claimed that they were out of town at Spencer’s lake house.

Since last night, Wren hadn’t been back to the shed to check the body. He couldn’t sleep, feeling so guilty at the morbid thing he’d done. It scared him that it was his idea. That stealing a body is something he wanted to do.

He doesn’t want to let it all consume him, so he decides to go to Radley to work. Best to keep distracted and get his mind off everything. Mona is being a lot more subdued today, possibly due to exhaustion of digging up a grave last night. He is about to go in and check on her, but is told that she’s with a visitor, so he waits. Mona had improved a quite a bit and a couple of months ago she was allowed to see visitors.

He notices Mona’s door open and is surprised to see Hanna emerge from the room. He walks towards her.

“Hanna?” he asks.

She looks nervously over his shoulder at the front desk and denies that she is who he claims her to be. He notices her name badge which says ‘Rivers’. He saw that name on the the visitors books, but it hadn’t occurred to him that it was Caleb’s last name.

He asks her what she's doing here, and she asks what he’s doing here. He tells her he volunteers a few times a month. She asks him not to tell anyone he saw her here.

“Look, she owes me some answers,” she says. “I need it to make sense.”

He understands why she’s come, but he doubts it will end up making sense. “Sense is something rarely mined from mental illness. Trust me, I’ve spent a lifetime trying.”

After being diagnosed with multiple mental illnesses at a young age, he had tried to make sense of it. He thought his mind was fine. The way he saw things felt right, yet people were telling him that it was wrong. They told him there was something wrong with his brain that needed to be fixed. It was confusing to him as a child. And then seeing his father made it even more confusing. From the
outside his father looked fine, but when Wren tried to talk to him and get close to him, his father snapped and he couldn’t understand why. Maybe that’s part of the reason why he wanted to become a doctor. To figure out the mystery of mental illness.

Hanna leaves and Wren promises not to tell anyone. After she’s gone, he flips through the guest book and finds that Hanna has visited Mona quite a few times over the Summer. They just happened to not be on the days when he was working.

He has a look through Mona’s notes from the date Hanna started visiting, and she seems to have improved slightly over the weeks since then. Although Hanna said that Mona looks right through her, like she’s not even there, it seems that maybe her visits are helping.

He finds Hanna’s, or rather Miss Rivers, visitors paperwork. She has the emergency contact listed as ‘Harver Marin’, which he assumed is probably Hanna’s number. He does have her number, but probably best that she doesn’t get a call from him on a blocked number.

He calls the number on the Radley phone and Hanna picks up. She’s little confused that he’s calling her, and he tries to make joke out of it about mental illness, but that doesn’t go down well. He gets down to telling her what he called her for.

“Mona’s making progress, and her doctor thinks your visits my be helping,” he says.

The doctor who thinks that is actually himself, but he may seem a little smug if he says that. He just wants to encourage her to keep visiting in the hopes that Mona really will improve, because then she may be able to be let out.

He tells her to come by tomorrow. Hanna then starts calling him Spencer and talking about chips and salsa or something along those lines. Obviously there is someone else in the room with her and she feels the need to lie about who she’s talking to.

He meets up with CeCe at his apartment the next morning and tells him about Hanna.

“She’s been visiting Mona over the Summer,” he says. “I had no idea because it was on the days I wasn’t working and she used a fake name.”

“So…” she asks, wondering what the point of this is.
“So, maybe she can help her get better so that she can be released,” he says matter-of-factly. “I know she has the fake ID but she’ll be a lot more useful to us if she’s out of Radley.”

“Oh, I see,” she says.

“I’ll volunteer more days at Radley, and maybe I can help push her recovery along too,” he says cheerfully.

“Hey,” she says suddenly. “By the way, Spencer visited the Lost Woods Resort again yesterday. Room number two again.”

Spencer had been visiting the Lost Woods Resort over the Summer quite a lot. All she takes with her is her laptop. It seems that she’s been studying alone in there, which could be true because she was doing a full load at Hollis, but he’s not exactly sure. Maybe she just wanted to get away from home. He still hasn’t seen Melissa. He doesn’t know where she is, or what has happened with her fake pregnancy. Surely it’s too far along now to still be faking it.

“I almost forgot,” he says, handing her a small box. “I stopped by the UPenn med school yesterday and picked up some stuff.”

She takes it and has a look inside. “Oooooh, this is cool,” she says, holding up a tooth. “Hey, since you’re not working today, we should have a look through the chest of keepsakes that was in the casket.”

He’s been leaving CeCe alone in his apartment while he’s at work. She hasn’t had a lot to do over the Summer, so she was happy to sort through stuff and come up with ideas. She’d come up with some great ideas already. Ways to torment the Liars and messages to send them, inspired by the records that Mona has kept. They hadn’t sent their first message as A yet; they were waiting for the perfect opportunity to do so.

There was a box full of keepsakes in Bethany’s casket. Items that the Liars had put in there. Things that reminded them of Alison that they wanted to bury with her. CeCe gets the chest and opens it. They get everything out and spread it out on the floor.

There are a whole bunch of postcards, all with messages to and from Emily and Alison. This is obviously Emily’s keepsake. The other three mementos are a bit harder to decipher.
Two earrings. They are round with a red ruby in the middle. Wren’s bet is on them being Aria’s, but why would she put them in the casket? The other items are an ouija board and a knife.

“The postcards are definitely Emily’s,” CeCe says. “But I can't figure out whose the others are.”

“The earring look like something Aria would wear, but then again, why would she put her earrings in Ali’s casket?” he asks, scratching his head.

“Hmm,” she says. “Mona likes playing with ouija boards, so since she was close to Hanna, maybe that is Hanna’s?”

That made sense for the most part. Wren picks up the knife and holds the sharp end against the palm of his hand leaving a dent, but not piercing the skin. “Then why would Spencer put a knife in here?”

CeCe shrugs. “I have no idea. Maybe you should ask Mona. I’ve looked through mostly all of her belongings here but there is no mention of these keepsakes. But I bet she’d know.”

They decide to leave the keepsakes. They’d have time later to figure out whose they were and ways to use them against the girls. They spend the day sorting through some more things and trying to organise all of Mona’s stuff.

Wren grabs the photos he’d left printing all day, and they head over to the Lost Woods Resort. They’ve been staking it out, waiting for when Spencer arrives. She goes almost everyday and they still don’t exactly know what she’s doing in there. It seems that she’s studying, but maybe it’s something else. She obviously saw the lair when she unmasked Mona, so maybe she’s trying to figure out what happened to it.

The arrive at the Lost Woods Resort and park out of sight behind some trees. They stake out there and discuss what to do.

“When Spencer arrives, we wait until she’s inside,” Wren says. “She usually stays for at least an hour right?”

“Yes,” CeCe says, holding up a set of keys. “And then we unlock her car and put all the photos of
them at the graveyard into the car.”

“And then we set the car alarm off and watch her come out and check on her car,” he continues. “And that’s when we send our first text as A.”

CeCe nods. She gets something out of her pocket and holds it up. “I made a necklace with the teeth you got from UPenn.”

He takes it, feeling a little disgusted that it’s made of real human teeth. It says ‘DEAD GIRLS CAN’T SMILE’ in beads, in between the teeth. It’s pretty gross, but it’ll freak them out. They’ll think that it’s actually Alison’s teeth from the body they stole.

“Cool, huh,” she says, taking it back. “I’ll put it somewhere in her car.”

He feels little guilty about doing this to Spencer, but he tries to push that thought out of his mind. These attacks are not personal. He doesn’t set out to harm them. He just wants to take over form Mona. He needs them to be afraid of him.

They wait, and eventually see Spencer’s car arrive. But she’s not alone. The other girls are with her too. All four of them are together. Wren and CeCe grin at each other. This is more perfect than they could have hoped.

They watch as the girls go into Room #2. They wait a couple of minutes and then get out of the car, with the keys and photos. They sneak over to Spencer’s car and unlock it. Wren looks around. There are no other cars or signs of life. Although, creepy Harold could be in the office but he decides to ignore that thought.

They open all the doors and trunk wide, and spread the photos all over the dashboard, seats and floor. They cover the whole inside of the car with the photos of the four girls at Ali’s open grave.

Once they’ve finished, they go up behind the trees and look down at their crime scene.

Wren gets a text ready on his phone to send to them when the time is right. He nods at CeCe, and she presses the car alarm button on Spencer’s car keys. The car alarm starts to go off. The Liars emerge from Room #2 and cautiously make their way over to the car. They take it all in, shocked looks on their faces as they see all the photos. They all converge at the trunk of the car and look
down in horror at the photos.

“So, what is the first message from the new A going to be?” CeCe asks. He turns the phone to her and she grins at him. “Perfect.”

Wren presses send and all the girls phones start beeping. They look down and get their phones out. They’re scared and uncomfortable. The first message from him really made an impact on them, which is exactly what he wanted.

_Mona played with dolls, I play with body parts. Game on bitches. - A_
“I put the necklace in Emily’s bag by the way,” CeCe says after they’ve returned to Wren’s apartment after their first full A attack on the girls.

Wren is on such a high from what they just did. He never knew how exhilarating it was to scare someone like that. To make them uncomfortable and be afraid. It was an indescribable feeling and he wanted to feel more of it.

“I know Spencer’s your favourite, and hurting her must be a little hard,” she continues.

He frowns. “I don’t hate any of them. I know Spencer the best, and yes I know it’s obvious I have feelings for her.” He sighs. “But I can’t let my feelings get in the way. I need to find out what happened to Bethany and this is the only way to do that.”

She cocks her head. “Eh, it’s not the only way, but sure, I get it. Anyway, Emily will get the shock of finding the necklace, not Spencer, so you can rest easy tonight Wren.” She pats him on the shoulder, leaving him feeling a little confused.

The next day he heads back to Radley. He had an idea, but wasn’t sure if it would work. He’d brought one of the earrings that was in the casket in a small envelope. While Mona was out of her room, he slipped in and put the envelope peeking out from under her pillow, where he knows she’ll find it. She'll know exactly what it is and where it came from when she sees it.

He does his rounds checking on patients, and when he walks past Mona’s room, he glances through the window and sees her holding the envelope. He smiles to himself as he walks away.

Lucas visits that day, and he has his hands in the pockets of his hoodie when he leaves. Wren hopes that Mona has told him to do something with the earring.

Later in the evening, Hanna comes to visit Mona. She’s late, visiting hours are almost over. But he lets her in to see Mona. He leaves them with the door closed and waits close by.

He was just looking through some files when he hears a crash come from Mona’s room. He jumps up and opens the door. “What’s going on?” he asks.
He sees Hanna standing up looking distressed. A chair has been thrown on the ground. Mona is sitting still with a smug look on her face. As much as he understands Hanna’s frustrations at Mona, he can’t risk her physically harming a patient, or the other way around for that matter.

“This visit’s over, now;” he says sternly to Hanna.

She stares at Mona, her face hurt. Hanna angrily grabs her bag and walks out of the room. Wren follows closely behind, keeping an eye on Mona and making sure she doesn’t follow. He gives Mona a look on his way out, but she just stares aimlessly ahead.

Visiting hours are over. Realistically he shouldn’t have even let Hanna in considering it’s so late. It’s almost time for Mona to take her meds, so she was probably angsty when Hanna arrived.

Hanna is sitting there. She really shouldn’t be here, but considering what happened with Mona, he should probably try to talk to her. He completely understands, and honestly, Mona deserves far worse than being locked in Radley considering what she’s done. But he’s also kind of envious that she managed to get away with most of the things she did without much of a punishment.

He gives Hanna a cup of coffee. She says she didn’t come here to punish Mona, she just lost it. Which is understandable. He’s lost it before. He’s done much worse before. It brings up the memory of when he visited his father. He sits down next to her and decides to tell her that story. Well, most of it.

“I once threw a bowl of soup across the room when visiting my dad,” he says. “In a place much like this, worse.”

The maximum security facility in New York was much worse than Radley. It was similar to the one Wren went to in London. Radley is much better because it’s easier to escape and sneak into, and things aren’t as strict.

“Wait, your dad was in a nut house?” Hanna asks.

“For years. He checked out of my life when I was ten,” he says. “Traded our family name for the chaos inside his head.”
That wasn’t a complete lie. His mother took him to see his father once, when he was ten years old. The only time he ever saw him. She promised that one day when they both got out of mental institutes, they would be able to be a family together. That gave Wren, who was Charles at the time, a sliver of hope that he might one day have a real family. But visiting his dad was much more confronting than he thought.

His father really was mentally ill. He had personality disorders, anger issues, and intermittent explosive disorder, same as what Charles was diagnosed with. Charles tried to talk to him like he always wanted to talk to his father, but he wouldn’t listen. He wasn’t acting like his father. They were eating soup in the cafeteria of the sanitarium, and Charles was trying to bond with the man who he was told was his father. But this man wasn’t paying attention to him. He wasn’t happy to meet his son. His eyes were glossed over and he barely even acknowledged Charles. He didn’t want to be his father, and it seemed that he didn’t want to leave this place. He would talk gibberish. Charles tried to be patient with him but his father didn’t want to know him.

Charles forced himself to be calm, but it was too much. All this anger bubbled up inside him and he threw his bowl of soup across the room, grazing his father’s face. His father finally looked his son in the eyes, a slight grin on his face. It was as though he was thinking, my son is just as crazy as I am. Charles went crazy and as the nurses tried to calm him down, he snapped and started screaming at his father. His mother tried to calm him down too, but Charles wouldn’t stop screaming. He was dragged out of that place and taken straight back to Radley and locked in his room. That was the day he gave up all hope of ever having a family to go home to.

He remembered his doctors trying talk to him about that situation. One thing they said was ‘ambiguous loss’. The father he never knew he had, it felt like he’d lost him. He remembered how excited he was when his mother told him that she was taking him to meet his father. She showed him photos and he was looking forward to meeting him. But when he finally did, the father he wanted, the one he’d created in his imagination, wasn’t there. His father was physically still in that sanitarium in New York, but not the person he wanted to see. He never knew his father but even though he was still alive, he was gone. That reminded him a little of what was going on with Mona and Hanna.

“She wouldn’t even apologise,” Hanna says sadly.

“Then you have to accept that Hanna,” he says, as she looks down like she’s about to cry. “You’ve lost someone who you trusted, Hanna. And you might be grieving for the Mona you didn’t know, as much as for the one you did.”

“I’m getting really tired of losing people,” she says.

“And this is particularly hard because Mona is right in front of you.” She seems a bit lost by what he’s saying, but he tries to keep it simple. “In clinical terms we call it ambiguous loss. There’s been a
death but it doesn’t involve a body. Like when, a soldier goes missing. Or, a relative slips into dementia. They’re gone, but yet still here.”

Mona was still very much here, but not the Mona that Hanna was best friends with. She was gone, and yet Mona was still very much alive. It’s very hard to accept.

Hanna tries to process all that. Ambiguous loss is one of the hardest things to accept, but you need learn to accept it, just like he did with his father. He had given up any hope of ever having a father.

He smiles at her, and tries to make things a little better, but he understand how hard it all is to process. Hanna leaves, and then he locks up Radley for the night and goes home.

Hanna visits once again the next day. She called earlier and asked if it was okay for her to bring a bag of make up. She said she wants to give Mona a makeover. She thinks maybe that might help her become who Hanna wants her to be. He knows it won’t. The old Mona is gone. But he doesn’t to want to ruin Hanna’s plans. She seems very hopeful about this.

She arrives early, and her name is already on the visitors sheet when Wren arrives for work. He sees Caleb waiting outside Mona’s room. They’ve never actually met before. He decides to go over and introduce himself.

Caleb is looking down at his phone as he approaches. He doesn’t want to seem like he already knows who he is, so he plays it down a little.

“Pardon me, are you with Hanna?” he asks.

Caleb glances up and glares at him, making him little uncomfortable.

“I’m Dr Kingston. Hanna knows me as Wren,” he says. “And you are?”

Caleb puts his phone down and leans forward. “Caleb. Her boyfriend.”

He goes on to tell Caleb that coming here has been great for Hanna. She needs closure, and they’ve talked about coming to terms with who Mona is now.
“We’ve talked about patience and compassion. It seems like the other day was a bit of a turning point for her,” he says, and decides to just keep talking, not caring what Caleb thinks of him. “She’s just starting to come to terms with all the anger that’s tied to ambiguous loss.”

Caleb seems a little wary of him. Wren is a doctor so it shouldn’t be unusual for her to share these things with a doctor. But he gets a weird expression on his face, like he’s jealous. The silence is a little awkward.

“Well then, best press on,” Wren says, breaking the silence. “Please give Hanna my best. Nice meeting you.”

“Yeah,” he says, glaring at him. “Same here.”

After Hanna’s visit, he sees her and Caleb leave but doesn’t say goodbye. It may be a little awkward considering the look Caleb gave him before.

Visiting hours are over and Wren goes to check on Mona and see how she’s doing after her visit with Hanna. She seems to be in good spirits, although a little quiet. She’s only just taken her drugs so they’ve now probably started to kick in.

“Mona, how are you feeling?” he asks, sitting down across from her.

No response from her. She’s just sitting in her chair staring at nothing. But then he notices a red patch on her cardigan. He moves towards her to get a better look at it. There is a big patch of blood, and it’s getting bigger.

“Mona, get up now!” he says sternly.

She doesn’t move so he has to pull her up. He takes her left arm and sees blood oozing out of her finger. He looks down at her chair but there is nothing sharp. Nothing she could have cut herself on. He feels inside her pockets of her cardigan, and feels something metal. He pulls it out. Tweezers. Probably from the make up bag that Hanna brought.

He quickly puts it in his pocket and goes out and grabs some bandages. He comes back into her
room and closes the door.

“Mona, I need to bandage that up okay?” he says calmly.

He takes her hand and wipes an antiseptic wipe over the wound. It seems that she’s stabbed herself with the tweezers, exposing a lot of blood. He wraps the bandage around. She stands still the whole time and doesn’t say a word, an amused look on her face.

“Mona, I won’t tell anyone about this, just this once okay?” he says, checking the bandage is tight and not leaking. “If they know you took some tweezers from a visitor you won’t be allowed *any* visitors. You won’t be allowed to see Hanna. You don’t want that do you?”

She looks at Wren, her eyes burning into him. Her smug grin turns into a slight frown. She doesn’t say anything, but from that subtle change of expression it seems that she does like having visitors. Maybe not specifically Hanna, but it seems that visitor rights is one thing she likes to have.

Once the bandage is secure, he takes her cardigan off. The stain is huge. He’ll probably need to dispose of the cardigan. She sits back down on the chair and looks out into the distance at nothing in particular.

“Is there anything you’d like to talk about?” he asks, sitting back across from her. “I see that Hanna gave you a makeover. That’s very sweet of her.”

Still no response from Mona. He can see why Hanna was so frustrated. Mona has been very subdued and not talkative mostly everytime he’s come to see her. It usually doesn’t bother him, but it is quite frustrating. Talking to her and getting noting in return. It seems that today is going to be another one of those days where she won’t say anything.

“Okay Mona, I’ll come and see you tomorrow,” he says as he gets up to leave.

She doesn’t move an inch as he walks out the door. He looks through the window slat, wondering what is going through her mind. Why did she harm herself? He knows Mona enough to know that she wouldn’t self harm purposely. She must have drawn blood for a reason.
She’s Not Better But She Knows What She’s Doing

The staff were curious as to how Mona managed to cut herself. Wren lied to them. He disposed of the tweezers and cardigan somewhere where they wouldn’t find them. The beds are supposed to not have any sharp parts, but he tells them she must have cut herself on either the bed or the window. They didn’t seem suspicious of him, but they did go and do a thorough check of her room and cover up any sharp parts on the bed and window to prevent it from happening again.

Over the next few days Mona’s drugs are changed. She seems a lot more talkative and upbeat. Maybe it really was the drugs the were causing her to be very subdued. Or maybe the reason why she cut herself worked, whatever that may be.

Mona usually spends all of her time in her room, but today she is out in the common room. She notices Wren looking at her across the room and gives him what looks like a genuine smile. He smiles back at her and takes some notes about her behaviour.

Later in the day Hanna visits while Mona is in the common room reading to some other patients. Hanna is probably shocked to see such a drastic change in her mood since a couple of days ago.

Wren leaves them be, hoping that today Mona might be in a much better mood. When he talked to her earlier in the day she seemed fine, although she complained that the new drugs she was put on made her mouth very dry.

Her parents have visited a few times, but they always leave looking more confused than when they arrived. They look at her like they don’t even know who she is. He is one of Mona’s doctors, so he tried to talk to them through what was going on with her. He told them the drugs are helping, but she may seem different. He can’t even imagine what they’re going through, seeing their daughter like this. A side of her that they never knew existed.

After he’s done his rounds of visiting some of the other patients, he sees Lucas arrive to visit Mona. Another nurse escorts him to the common room. Lucas has been visiting quite regularly. One of Mona’s most frequent visitors. Just then, he sees Hanna leaves. Wren waves to her but she ignores him and heads straight out the door. She probably saw Lucas and is wondering why he is visiting Mona.

Lucas doesn’t stay for long. Wren is at the front desk organising some files when he leaves, looking straight past him and not looking back. He looks nervous. He has a backpack on and Wren wonders if Mona gave him something. It’s very likely that she did. She’s blackmailed him in the past to do her dirty work for her.
He heads home to his apartment after work. He sees that he has a few missed calls from CeCe, asking if she can come over. He agrees and soon after he walks in the door, she arrives.

“I come bearing gifts,” she announces. She is wearing her red coat and carrying five bulging bags. She places them on the ground.

Wren goes over and looks through the bags. They are all full of black hoodies and one pair of black gloves.

“I noticed a lot of the black hoodies were starting to get worn out so I decided to buy us a whole new wardrobe!” she says proudly. “I’m thinking we may need to expand our team.” She picks up the gloves. “Sorry, I wanted to get more but the store was sold out.”

He grins at her. What an odd sight, bags full of just black hoodies. “Where did you get them all from?”

“A weapons store in Philly,” she says, emptying the rest of the bags.

A weapons store isn’t exactly the first place he’d think of to buy hoodies. He holds a hoodie up to himself, checking the size. “Was anyone suspicious of you buying so many black hoodies?”

She takes her red coat off and pulls a hoodie over her head. “The owner asked if I was buying them for a team and I said yes. He didn’t question me anymore than that. He probably thought it was for a shooting team or something.” She pulls her hair out of the hoodie and smooths it out. “Oh, by the way, Sara is back from her Summer vacation.”

In all honesty, Wren had forgotten about Sara. She went to the Masquerade Ball but then she went away for six months over the Summer and he forgot all about her. “Does she want to help us?” he asks. “I can pay her.”

CeCe shrugs. “She’s still living with me but maybe for not much longer.”

Wren raises his eyebrows at her.
She smiles. “Okay, so Nina, my friend from UPenn, and I are thinking of opening up a boutique. I suggested we open one in Rosewood. A small wealthy town would be perfect for our boutique!” She gives a big smile. “And then both you and I would work close to the Liars. I’ve found a place to lease which may work, and I’ve been looking at apartments in Rosewood.”

Wren sits down on the couch and considers that. Both of them close to the Liars would be great. Philly isn’t too far but it is a bit of a drive.

CeCe comes and joins him on the couch. “Does that sound okay?”


She claps her hands together and jumps up. “Great! Tomorrow we’re going to LA to meet with some designers to see if they’d want to stock their clothes and accessories in a small town like Rosewood.”

“You’re leaving tomorrow?” he asks.

“Yeah, that’s okay right?” she says, pulling the hoodie back over her head. “You don’t need me for anything?”

“No, no, that’s fine,” he says, picking up a hoodie. “Thanks for the hoodies.”

She smiles at him. “No problem.” Just then her phone beeps and she grunts. “Ugh, why won’t she just leave me alone?”

“Is everything okay?” he asks.

She throws her arms up. “Just my former roommate, Julia. We were roommates up until Ali got me kicked out of UPenn. I moved out and told her I’d continue paying rent for a couple more weeks until she found a new roommate.”

“Did you pay it?”
“Well, no,” she says grabbing her red coat. “But it’s been over a year, I thought she’d just forget about it.”

He turns to face her. “Look, if you need to pay her I can give you some money.”

She shakes her head. “Nah, I don’t want to pay her.”

Wren decides to drop that issue and he suddenly has a thought. “Hey, we should probably go check on Bethany’s body. Do you want to come with me now, before you leave?”

She cocks her head. “Sorry no, I can’t. I’ve gotta pack for an early flight tomorrow,” she says apologetically. “I went there the other day and everything seemed fine.”

He frowns and looks down. He feels a little anxious about going there alone. He hasn’t been back since the night they took the body. When he realised what he’d done he felt sick. He hasn’t been able to bring himself to go back there.

She notices his expression and softens. “You’ll be fine going there alone. Or I can see if Sara would want to go if you don’t want to be alone…”

“No,” he interrupts her. He’d rather go see his sisters body alone than go with someone he barely knows.

“Okay,” she says, grabbing her bag and heading towards the door. ”Well, I’ll see you when I get back from L.A.”

Wren looks back and nods at her as she goes out the door. He sinks into the couch. He doesn’t feel like going to check on her body tonight.

The next morning he goes into work at Radley. Mona is once again in good spirits. When he goes to see her in her room for a session, she has a deck of cards spread out over her bed, playing solitaire. She seems cheerful and actually does a bit of talking. He asks her about Hanna and she happily talks about their visit yesterday.
He does his rounds with the other patients and when he drops some files at the front desk he notices the name ‘Rivers’ on the visitors list. He assumes Hanna is visiting Mona again. He walks past her room and the door is wide open. She must be in the common room again.

Soon after, he hears screaming coming from the common room. He’s in his office sorting out his notes and he sees nurses and doctors run past towards the common room. He gets up and follows. He sees Caleb looking a little shaken walking towards the exit. The ‘Rivers’ he saw on the visitors list must have been him, not Hanna. Does Hanna know he came alone to see Mona?

Wren runs into the common room. The other patients are a little distressed. There are five nurses holding Mona down and one of them injects her with a sedative to calm her down.

He asks the other nurses what happened and they say Mona just all of a sudden went crazy while she was talking to a visitor. What did Caleb do or say to make her snap?

Wren helps escorts the other patients back to their rooms, giving space for the nurses to deal with Mona. He speaks to the nurses who were in the room when Mona went crazy, trying to figure out what actually happened. They didn’t see anything that caused it. She just snapped, they say.

Mona loses her visitation rights. He knows that she drew blood for a reason and most likely needed to be allowed visitors to go forward with her plan, whatever it may have been. He doesn’t know, but she was definitely planning something and he wants to know what it was. But now that she’s going to be on lockdown and 24 hour supervision, she won’t be able to sneak out. Caleb has ruined things.

As he leaves that night, he hears Mona singing in her room. Her voice is haunting and mesmerising. He pulls himself away, wondering what is going on with her.

He quickly stops by his apartment to change out of his clothes and into a black hoodie. He takes some gloves, because of what he is planning to do. He drives to Tyler State Park. He has decided to not let his fears get in the way. It’s just a body. His beloved sisters body. Nothing bad is going to happen in the presence of Bethany, he convinces himself. Nothing to be afraid of.

He unlocks the shed and turns on the light. The faint light shows the freezer in the middle of the room. There is an old glass coffee table next to it. He closes the door behind him and walks over. There are tweezers and a bowl full of teeth, and the table is covered in beads. It seems that CeCe decided to make some more teeth necklaces and left it a mess.
He slowly walks over to the freezer. He takes a deep breath and then opens the lid. A puff of cool air comes out and clouds his vision, and then it comes into view. The body bag covered with ice. And there is a bottle of vodka in there. He takes it out. *God CeCe, why would you put that in there with her?*

He puts the vodka on the table and then notices a bar fridge over next to the wall. That’s new since the last time he was here. There are a few glasses on top. He looks in the fridge and there are some cut up pieces of lime, and some trays of ice. How many times had CeCe been here?

He sighs and takes a glass. He puts some ice cubes and lime in his glass and walks back over to the table. He fills the glass with vodka. Straight vodka will have to do, and it’s probably what he needs anyway.

He opens the lid and puts the vodka on the ice, on top of where Bethany’s heart would be. When he saw that CeCe had left the vodka in there he felt sick, but maybe it will give him courage.

He slowly starts to unzip the body bag, but he has to stop. He grabs his glass and takes a big sip of it. Almost too fast. But a burst of energy pulses through his body and he doubles over. His brain feels a little weird but he forces himself to stand up straight.

He continues unzipping the body bag. He sees her faded blonde hair and forces himself to not react like last time. He holds his breath and continues unzipping. Her whole face comes into view. Her sunken eyes and partially decomposed face. It doesn’t look like her when she was alive, but he knows it’s her. He can see how they could mistake her for Ali though. It’s hard to get a clear picture of how the body looked when she was alive.

He unzips further and sees the dirty yellow top. The one he made her wear. He stops and stands back. From a distance it’s her, it’s his sister. The alcohol starts kick in and his vision blurs a little and he thinks he sees her move. He leans his hands on the edge of the freezer to stop himself from from falling and lets out a cry.

“I’m so sorry Bethany,” he croaks. He brushes his hand along her cold face, and then collapses onto the floor and leans against the freezer, letting the tears fall.

He stays there until he regains himself a little. He gets up and zips up the body bag, careful not to let her hair get caught. “I’m sorry Bethany,” he whispers.
He takes the vodka and puts it in the bar fridge. He downs the rest of his drink and collapses onto the floor, processing everything. He stares out into nothingness and tries not to cry. He’s all alone in an old shed with the body of his dead sister.

He decides to call CeCe but she doesn’t answer. He wanders around the large shed and notices something on the ground which he hadn’t noticed before. There is a trap door on the floor. He wipes away the dust and tries to pull it open. It’s a bit stuck but it opens. It’s pitch black down there and he can’t see anything.

He grabs a flashlight from the table and shines it down. There is a thin ladder that goes down to the ground. He carefully climbs down, making sure not to fall in his semi drunk state. He lands on the ground and dust blows up around him. He shines the flashlight around. It’s a big room full of shelving. He moves closer. It’s shelving for wine. A wine cellar.

There is a door way to another room with the same sort of shelving. And another two rooms too. It’s huge.

“It’s perfect,” he whispers, shining the flashlight around the wine cellar.

He was thinking of building above ground, but since there is already this underground cellar it wouldn’t be too difficult to expand it. An underground house. He could divide the rooms into five bedrooms, and then maybe a living room and some other rooms too. Seeing this is giving him so many ideas of how he could expand his architectural plan.

It’s cold down in the cellar but he doesn’t mind. He’s so in awe of what he’s just discovered. He runs his hand along the wall, imagining what it could one day become.
So Many Questions

Wren is awoken by his phone ringing. He blinks a few times and notices that he has a raging headache. An empty glass is next to him. His brain is foggy. He’s mildly hungover. *How much did I drink last night?*

It's CeCe. He answers eagerly, trying to ignore his headache.

“CeCe, you’ll never believe what I found,” he says straight away.

“Sorry I didn't call you back last night, after meeting with the designers we went out last night…” she says.

“That’s fine, but hey listen,” he cuts her off. “I came to the shed last night to check on Bethany’s body, and I discovered a wine cellar underneath here.”

“A wine cellar?” she asks questionably, wondering why he is telling her this.

“You don’t understand CeCe, it’s huge.” He pushes himself up and winces at the pain of his head. “It’s bigger than the shed. Can you imagine, an underground dollhouse?”

“An underground dollhouse huh?” she says yawning. “That would certainly be something.”

“It would be.” He stands up and almost collapses. “Also, in other news, Caleb visited Mona yesterday and made her go crazy and now she’s lost her visitors rights.”

She sighs. “Damn it Caleb.”

Wren stumbles over to the table and leans on it for support. “Yeah, Lucas visited yesterday and I’m sure she gave him something. Now she’s on twenty four hour watch and won’t be able to sneak out.”

CeCe is silent for a moment and then she speaks. “Hey, Caleb’s mom lives in California right?”
“Montecito, yeah…” he says slowly.

“I have time to kill until our flight tonight, and Montecito isn’t too far…” she says. “I can do something to make sure Caleb knows not to mess with us.”

“CeCe, you don’t…” he starts. He doesn’t want her to do anything stupid. It’s frustrating what Caleb did, but it’s not a huge deal. “I can still visit Mona… it’s not great that she can’t visitors but I can still talk to her. CeCe, don’t do anything stupid.”

“But we needed Mona to be able sneak in and out and have visitors. He’s ruined that for us.”

He presses his hands to his head, trying to make his headache go away. “I know, but…”

“I’ll take care of it,” she says and hangs up.

He grunts and tries to call her back but she doesn’t answer. The last thing he needs is CeCe causing trouble. Yes, Caleb had ruined things, but they can get around it.

Wren grabs a glass from on top of the bar fridge and goes over to the tap and fills it up with water. He downs the glass and his head starts to clear up a bit. He is in no fit state to drive. And there is no food in the shed. He stays in there, sipping on water for a few hours until he feels the alcohol has left his system.

He drives back to Philadelphia. He tries to call CeCe a few more times and she still doesn’t answer. He just hopes she doesn’t do anything to ruin things. He gets cleaned up, gets some food in his system and takes some paracetamol to ease his headache. He makes himself look presentable and then he heads to Radley. It’s already past midday when he arrives.

He heads to the front desk and glances at the visitors book. The name ‘Rivers’ is crossed out. Hanna must have tried to visit earlier. He goes to his office and calls her.

“What happened with Mona?” she asks.
“She snapped at a visitor yesterday. She had to be held down and sedated,” he says, sighing. He doesn’t feel like it’s his place to tell her that it was Caleb, he should tell her himself “She’s lost her visitation privileges. I’m sorry, I don’t know how long for.”

“There’s nothing else you can do about it?"

“I’m sorry Hanna, it’s not my place.” He wishes he could do something, but he doesn’t want a repeat of when he forged the visitor pass for CeCe. “I could get in a lot of trouble if I let you in to see her.”

She sighs. “Yeah, I understand.”

“I know your visits were helping her, I’m sorry there’s nothing I can do.”

“I guess just let me know if anything changes,” she says sadly.

“Will do Hanna,” he says. And he means it. Hanna wants her out of this place just as much as he needs her out.

Wren goes in for a session with Mona but she’s really out of it today. She’s sitting on the chair, biting her nail. She’s pulled quite a bit of skin off.

“Mona,” he says. “I need you to talk about what happened yesterday.”

She turns her head to look at him. “I’m not crazy,” she says mechanically. “I just snapped.”

“It happens to the best of us Mona,” he says sympathetically. It’s off to a good start. She’s talking. “Do you know why you snapped?”

She presses her lips together and looks away.

“Mona, you need to talk about these things,” he urges. He takes some notes, but he’s not getting anything much out of her.
He notices that she has her hand in a fist, as though she is holding something tightly. He grabs her hand and she tries to pull away. But he keeps a tight grip and pries her fingers apart. There is a scrunched up piece of paper. He takes it and sits back in his chair, keeping an eye on her. He unfurls the paper. It’s a poster. A picture of Alison is on it.

REWARD

$50,000

For information leading to the recovery Alison DiLaurentis’ remains

Alison’s body was stolen from Shady Pines Cemetery in August. Any information as to who may be responsible or as to the whereabouts of her remains will be greatly appreciated. Information leading directly to the recovery of her remains will receive reward.

No questions asked!

Jason’s contact details are on the bottom.

“Where did you get this?” he asks.

Mona just blankly stares at him, then looks away, a smirk on her face.

He thinks of the visitors she had yesterday. “Did you get it from Hanna? Or Caleb?” He pauses. “Lucas?”

He notices her smirk get a little wider at the mention of his name. It must have been Lucas. Maybe he gave the poster to Mona in exchange for something. Maybe she blackmailed him into calling Jason and giving him information about the remains, promising to give him some of the reward money.
The door to the room suddenly opens and the nurse from the front desk pops her head in. “There is a policeman here, says he needs to see Mona.”

Wren scrunches up the poster and stuffs it in his pocket. “She isn’t allowed visitors.”

The nurse nods. “I know, but he seemed adamant that he’s going to see her.”

He follows the nurse out of the room just as Detective Wilden is being let through. He blocks his way. “Hey, I understand you’re a cop but you still can’t go in there.”

Wilden gets a piece of paper out of his pocket and hands it to him. “This court order says I can.”

Wren reads the court order and it’s legit. It says the police have reason to believe that Mona knows something about Alison’s remains. He feels a little anxious. What does Wilden know?

He knows that Wilden probably wrote the letter himself but he doesent want to get on the wrong side of him, knowing what he’s capable of. He hands him back the court order. “How long will you be?”

“As long as it takes,” he says, grabbing the bit of paper and walking towards Mona’s room, as though he knows exactly where it is.

He watches Wilden be let into Mona’s room, and then he sees Hanna emerge from behind a corner. He looks at her with a confused look on his face, wondering what she’s doing here after he told her that Mona couldn’t have visitors.

But he knows why she came. She just wants to see Mona. She tells him that Caleb told her that he was the one who caused Mona to go crazy. They had a bit of an argument and Caleb stormed out. Hanna came to Radley to speak to Mona. She wanted to know what really happened.

Wren takes her upstairs to the staff lounge room. It’s empty at the moment. Occasionally people will come in and out, so he figures she’ll be fine up there. He gets her a coffee and leaves her while he goes to check on some other patients. He goes by Mona’s room and Wilden is still in there. It looks as though they’re in a deep conversation.
He comes back upstairs. Hanna is still on the couch, sitting in the exact same place as when he left her.

“He’s still downstairs talking to her,” he says.

Hanna turns towards him. “About what? They’ve been in there for over an hour.”

He leans his arms down on the back of the couch. “Something to do with Alison’s missing remains.” He tries to keep his voice even to not give away what he knows about it.

“No, Mona doesn’t know anything about that. She’s been in here the last five months,” she says adamantly.

“Yeah, well the judge doesn’t issue an order like that unless there’s a pretty good reason.” They must have been tipped off about Mona somehow. He doesn’t know how. They were careful that night. Mona got out and back to Radley without a hitch.

“Can’t you just sneak me in there?” she begs. “I just have to see her. I just have one question, I’ll be really quick.” He believes her. Her concern for Mona is genuine and he wants nothing more than to help her, because in turn that will help his cause. But he can’t risk it.

He sighs. “Hanna, I’d love to help, but my hands are tied.” He sits down on the couch next to her. “I already got reprimanded by her primary last week for extending her visiting hours.”

Her expression softens. “I didn’t know you did that.”

He looks her right into the eyes and feels something open up inside him. “I didn’t think you needed to.”

“So why did you do it?”

He looks down. “When I saw you both together…” he says trying to not lie, but just embellish the
truth a little. “I thought you were connecting.”

“Thank you,” she says, smiling at him.

She is sitting with her legs under her on the couch, her right arm on the back of the couch and her coffee in her other hand. She’s wearing a frilly white top, and for some reason he can’t stop staring at her. He’d never realised how blue her eyes were before.

When Wilden finally leaves, Hanna leaves too. He promises that he’ll keep an eye on Mona and give her regular updates on her. He intends to keep that promise as best as he can. She smiles at him as she leaves and he feels an indescribable feeling going through his veins.
When he gets home, he flattens out the reward poster and is about to call CeCe, but she contacts him first.

His phone pings. He opens up the text from CeCe. It’s a link to a news article. He opens the link and his heart drops. *What has she done?*

There is a photo of a car that has been in a crash, with a guy in a jacket that says ‘Montecito EMT’.

*Car Crash on Highway*

*Mother of three, Claudia Dawson, was involved in a car accident on Highway 101 at midday today. Dawson was alone in her car at the time when she drove off the road and crashed into a barrier. She was taken to hospital with minor injuries and a concussion. She claims that a car was following her and caused her to drive off the road. Police are investigating.*

Wren angrily throws his phone on the couch. He told CeCe not to do anything, and now she’s gone and done this. This isn’t just some silly prank or game, she caused someone to be in a car accident.

He picks up his phone and calls CeCe. He tries a few times and she doesn’t answer. This game they’re playing is supposed to be controlled. They’re only supposed to scare and mess with the girls, not actually harm them. But CeCe has taken it completely out of control.

He still can’t get onto her, so he grabs his laptop and goes online. He finds a flight to Montecito that leaves from Philadelphia in an hour and buys a ticket. He packs a small bag and heads out the door. It’s probably a bit impulsive to just hop on a flight to California, but he needs to give CeCe a stern talking to.

When he’s lining up to get on his flight, CeCe finally calls him back.
“Hey…” she starts to say.

“I’m getting on a flight to Montecito, I’ll be there soon,” he says before she has a chance to say much.

“What? Why? I’ll be back in Philly in a few hours…” she says, her voice confused.

“I’ll see you soon,” he says sternly, a hint of darkness in his voice that he hopes she can hear through the phone.

When he arrives in Montecito, he checks the flight screens and heads to the gate where the next flight to Philadelphia is leaving from. CeCe notices him before he notices her. He sees a vaguely familiar girl watching CeCe walk over to him. She must be Nina.

“What the hell are you doing here?” she asks, keeping her voice low.

“What the hell did you do?” he snaps. “You caused Caleb’s mom to be in a car accident.”

“Is that what this is about?” she asks, lowering her voice further. “I thought you’d be thanking me.”

“Thanking you? I told you not to do anything stupid,” he says.

“I was punishing Caleb for what he did,” she mumbles.

Wren gives a low laugh. “Caleb’s mother is not responsible for something he did.”

She exhales and shakes her head. “Just like Alison is not responsible for your mothers crimes.”

That feels like a punch in the stomach. The context of those two things are completely different. But a part of him knows that she’s right, there wasn’t much of a difference.
CeCe knew what he was thinking and decided to twist the knife even more. “You held a grudge against Alison because of something she did when she was a baby. She could barely even walk,” she says, her voice starting to rise a little. “You wanted to kill her to get revenge on your mother. That’s exactly the same thing I did.”

Wren looks around. They’re standing in the middle of the walkway between the gates and people are starting to stare and give them looks. CeCe notices the attention they’ve brought to themselves and leads him around a corner where it’s a little more private.

“I didn’t ask you to do that,” Wren says through clenched teeth.

She sighs. “Okay, I’m sorry. But it’s done now.” She looks around. “Look, I can see that you’re mad, just… my flight doesn’t leave for another hour, let me go give Nina an excuse and I’ll come and talk okay?”

He tries to calm his breathing down as he watches her talk to Nina, who glances at him. She comes back over to him and grabs his arm.

“C’mon, let’s go to the bar,” she says, leading him. “Nina recognises you from around UPenn. I told her it was just random to run into you here, so I told her we’re just going to catch up.”

Wren doesn’t say a word to her until they get to the bar. The sit in a back corner, away from anyone else, on a couch with a coffee table. The waiter comes and takes their orders. Wren orders a vodka soda. It’s what he needs.

They’re silent for a moment and then CeCe speaks. “Look, I’m sorry.”

“You went against my orders,” he says turning to face her.

“I wanted to do something to help… to show them that this A is serious,” she says.

He looks down. “You caused a car accident. That has taken things too far.”

She sighs. “I didn’t mean to cause an accident. I went to her address, and then followed her when
she left. I tailed her, all I wanted was to scare her.”

He shakes his head. “But you did cause an accident CeCe.”

“And again I’m sorry…”

“I’m the one in charge,” he says sternly.

She gives a small smirk. “You wouldn’t have been able to do half the stuff you’ve done without me.”

“You’re right, we make a good team,” he acknowledges. “But anything you want to do, you run it by me first, understood?”

“Yes, I understand,” she says. He wants to believe her. He hopes that he can trust her. But still, considering what she just did, he isn’t sure.

The waiter brings their drinks out and Wren takes a sip.

“You didn’t need to fly here,” she says.

He sighs. “It was impulsive, I know. But you weren’t answering your phone and I was mad and felt this huge guilt at what you’d done… and I needed to talk to you and I knew in person you wouldn’t be able to avoid me.”

“Okay, I’m sorry,” she says taking a sip of her drink. “So what else is news? The underground cellar?”

He tries to put the car accident out of his mind and focus on other things. “You have to see it.”

“I look forward to it,” she says. “How is Mona?”
“Wilden visited her yesterday.”

She cocks her head slightly. “Even thought she’s not allowed visitors?”

He nods. “He had a court order, questioning her about Alison’s remains. He was in her room for over an hour.”

“That long?” she says exhaling. “Do you think he knows?”

“I don’t know, it’s possible that he may know something.” He gets the scrunched up poster out of his pocket and unfolds it. “Mona had this.”

CeCe takes it and reads it. “Where did she get this?”

“I’m guessing Lucas gave it to her. Maybe she’s blackmailing him to give Jason information about the remains so she can get the fifty thousand dollars. We know she’s blackmailed him before.”

“And she’d pay him for doing her dirty work and then keep the rest of the money for herself,” she says nodding. “God, she’s brilliant.”

He had to agree, Mona was brilliant, even when she was locked in a mental institute.

“She wouldn’t tell him much, would she?” CeCe asks.

“She doesn’t know much. She helped dig up the grave but she doesn’t know where we put the body.” He takes the poster back from her. “The reward is for any information leading to her remains. Even if she tells him something vague, that might be enough to get the money.” He takes a big sip of his drink. “Hanna’s visits were real helping Mona, it’s frustrating that Caleb ruined everything.”

“You’ve been seeing a lot of Hanna?” she says, giving him a look.

He blushes a little. “Why are you looking at me like that?”
She takes a cheeky sip of her drink and looks at him. “You’re falling for her.”

“I am not,” he snaps, but he knows his voice doesn’t sound convincing.

“You totally are,” she laughs. “You get that same look in your eyes whenever you talk about Spencer.”

He blushes even more, not wanting to believe what CeCe is saying, but a part of him knows that she’s right.

“God you’re such a hopeless romantic,” she says. “I blame it on you not having had the high school dating experience.”

He feels little embarrassed. He never went to high school, so he never did have that experience. He dated a bit in London when he first became Wren, but for the most part dating was still a foreign concept to him. Melissa was his first real girlfriend.

“Well, hopefully I’ve got Caleb out of the way so Hanna will be all yours,” she jokes, but then notices his expression. “Hey, I didn’t mean it like that.”

“Just shut up CeCe,” he says harshly.

She holds up her drink and raises her eyebrows at him, then glances down at his bag and frowns. “Can’t you just change Mona’s visitor rights?”

“No,” he says. “Not after I got you the visitors pass. Eddie Lamb is already on my case, I can’t risk fuelling that fire anymore.”

“No, I mean on Mona’s laptop,” she says, nodding towards his bag. “Doesn’t it have remote access to the Radley database? If you changed it on there, no one would know it was you who did it.”

Wren puts his drink down. He feels like an idiot. “Yes, yes I can. Why didn’t I think of that?”
She smiles at him. “Sometimes you need a female perspective.”

He gets Mona’s laptop out of his bag and places it on the coffee table.

CeCe stands up and grabs her bag. “Well, I better go catch my flight. Get the next flight you can back to Philly and I’ll come see you tomorrow.”

He nods at her as she leaves. His guilt over the accident has eased a bit, but he’s still mad at her. He understands why she did it, and why she felt the need to, but he still thinks it was too far.

He opens up the laptop and logs onto the Radley database. He navigates to Mona’s files and opens them up. He clicks on ‘Visitors’, and a window pops up. He changes it from ‘not permitted’ to ‘permitted’. Now Hanna, and Lucas, will be able to visit her. It was that simple. He fees stupid that he didn’t think of it earlier.
The Go Ahead

Wren manages to get a late flight back to Philadelphia. After spending the night in the shed the night before, and then a long day of work at Radley, and finally a quick impromptu trip to California and back, he’s exhausted. He falls asleep straight away.

He’s awoken when CeCe arrives at around midday. He hears her banging around downstairs as he wipes the sleep from his eyes. He puts a shirt on and walks down the stairs.

CeCe notices him. “Oh sorry did I wake you?”

“Yeah, but it’s fine,” he says tiredly. “Yesterday was a long day and I slept in the shed the night before.”

“Wait, you slept there?”

“Yeah.” He yawns. “I didn’t mean to, but I was too drunk to drive home.”

She gives him a small smile. “You hungry?” she asks cheerfully. “I brought food.”

“Yes, actually,” he says, collapsing onto a stool and grabbing a bagel.

CeCe gets herself a bagel too. “By the way, the meeting with the designers went well. I think we’re going to go ahead and rent the shopfront in Rosewood.”

He smiles. Her being in Rosewood will be really great.

“Are you going to Radley today?” she asks.

“I don’t think I will,” he says between bites. “I’m exhausted and Eddie is working today and I just can’t be bothered dealing with him.”
“Fair enough.” She takes a bite of her bagel. “So, I have some interesting news to report from this morning.”

He’s still mad at CeCe, but he’s so exhausted and doesn’t want to chastise her at that moment. He stays quiet about his anger. For now.

“I saw Jenna,” she says. “I saw her get into a car and drive away.”

“She can see?” he asks. That means the operation actually worked. Despite her being in a fire, she can now actually see.

“Well, obviously she can since I saw her driving a car,” she says. “After I saw her, I then ran into Eric Kahn.”

“Your ex-boyfriend?” he says. He and CeCe went to school together, and his brother, Noel, goes to Rosewood High.

“We were never really together.” She grins between mouthfuls of food. “We just hooked up a couple of times. Anyway, he told me something interesting. Maya St Germain would sometimes go to his parties, and she was staying at the cabin for a couple of weeks.”

He doesn’t know how she managed to get this crucial information out of him so easily. “He just flat out told you that?”

She nods. “We’re old friends. And plus, he was never good at lying.”

“What does this mean then? Is that where she was hiding when she was missing, before she was killed?”

She raises her eyebrows. “Possibly. I’m going to go to the cabin and check things out. See if there’s any trace of her.”

Wren focuses on eating, not sure what else he can say. The silence is a little awkward.
CeCe grabs her bag and gets up to leave. “Look, I should probably go, I don’t want to intrude.” She hesitates. “And again, I’m really sorry about yesterday.”

He doesn’t want to stay mad at her because he knows he needs her. He wouldn’t be able to do any of this without her.

“From now on, I’ll run everything by you first,” she says. “Oh, and if you’re not busy tonight maybe we could go out to Tyler State Park and you could show me the cellar?”

He smiles at her. “Sure, let’s do that.”

“Also,” she says. “Is it okay if Sara comes along too?”

“Sure.” He’s not sure why Sara wants to come, but he doesn’t see the harm in her coming along.

“Great,” she chirps. “I’ll see you tonight.” She runs out the door, leaving Wren alone eating his breakfast.

He gets Mona’s laptop out and checks into the police database to see if there is any more news about Alison’s murder investigation. The only interesting thing is that Garrett is being let out for a few hours to go visit his sick mother in the hospital.

Trying to get his mind off of everything that had happened the last few days, and also needing to regain his energy after an exhausting few days, he does a few sketches of his idea for the dollhouse. After seeing the underground cellar, he was positive that this was really something he wanted to do. He wanted to get a better idea of a house plan before going there tonight with CeCe.

So far he’s sketched out the Liar’s bedrooms. He stares at the dollhouse from Mona’s lair and flips through a book of photos that Mona had taken of all of the girls houses, including Alison’s. Considering that Alison is alive out there somewhere, he sketches out her bedroom too. All the bedrooms would be down the one hallway.

He has an idea of how he wants it to look, but he really wanted the plan to be accurate. So he decides to go back to the shed at Tyler State Park.
He spends the day there, measuring the underground cellar, getting all the dimensions and implementing them into his plan. He cleans off the table with the teeth and beads on it and spreads out all his sketches. Then he gets to making a polished architectural plan for the dollhouse.

He spends hours working on it. His head starts to hurt and his eyes start to blur so he takes regular breaks and goes exploring down in the cellar again, to see if he’d have any more bursts of inspiration. His stomach starts to rumble and he realises there is no food in the shed, only a bottle of vodka and some limes. But he was so stuck into what he was doing that he didn’t want to leave.

Later, CeCe calls him and tells him that she and Sara are on their way to Tyler State Park. He asks her to bring some food and then gets right back into his drawing. He’d just about finished his first initial draft plan for the dollhouse. It was looking good. It still probably needed a little tweaking, but it was a good start.

CeCe and Sara arrive and the smell of the Chinese take out almost makes him faint. His stomach starts rumbling. He gathers up all his sketches and puts them in a pile on the ground.

“Thanks, I’m starving,” Wren says as he takes the paper bags from CeCe. He takes out the containers and takes a bite of the first dish, burning the top of his mouth.

“You’re welcome,” she smiles, joining him at the table. “How long have you been here?”

He takes another bite. “I left my apartment just after you left this morning. I’ve been working on something.” He looks behind her towards the door. “Did Sara come with you?”

She cocks her head and turns towards the door. “Yeah, she was right behind me.”

Sara emerges through the doorway and closes the creaky door behind her. “Sorry, I was just looking around.”

“You want some food?” CeCe says with her mouthful.

Sara nervously walks over to them and shakes her head. “No thanks, I’m not hungry.” She idly stands there.
“So, what is it that you’ve been working on?” CeCe asks.

Wren had guzzled up his food and feels so much better. His mind felt clear. “Plans for the dollhouse.”

She nods. He can tell she’s still not sold on the whole idea of it though.

Wren notices Sara over at the freezer, starting to open the lid. He jumps up. “Hey hey, don’t touch that!”

Sara jumps back, a little startled. “I just want to look.”

He relaxes, but he doesn’t want this girl who is still practically a stranger to him to see his sisters dead body. “Fine, but do not unzip the body bag, okay?”

Sara smiles and opens the lid of the freezer. She shivers at the cold air. “I’ve never seen a dead body before,” she breathes. “Can you imagine, staying young forever? She was only seventeen wasn’t she?”

“You don’t stay young forever.” He frowns, remembering when he looked at her body. “Your body decomposes.”

Sara turns to him, fascinated. “Can I just have a peek? Please?” she begs. “I’m not squeamish, I won’t throw up or anything.”

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, trying to ignore his anger. “No,” he says firmly, and closes the lid of the freezer, almost catching Sara’s fingers in it.

She jumps back and shakes her hands. Her face looks a little pale from almost getting her fingers chopped off. “Sorry,” she mumbles.

CeCe is watching them, her mouth open, looking a little frightened.
Wren narrows his eyes at her. “She’s my sister. No one opens the body bag unless I say, understood?”

She nods and goes back to eating. Sara wanders off to investigate the rest of the shed.

He comes back and sits at the table. “Did you go to the Kahn’s cabin?”

She nods and pulls out a bag. “I found Maya’s handbag. She was definitely staying there. Her wallet, phone and everything are in there.”

Wren takes the bag, a satchel with rainbow colours on the front flap, and opens it up, riffling through it’s contents. He pulls out a brochure for the Fontana bus line. It seems that she was planning to go somewhere. A little red whistle. A small metal box with some rolled up joints, which smells of weed. Maya’s wallet. There a few things in there, but no cash or credit cards. It’s mostly bare. He pulls something out of one of the slots. A folded up photo of Emily. Maya’s phone. A bottle of pills. He recognises the pills. They’re general antidepressants which are pretty commonly prescribed to teenage girls. The bottle is half full. He digs deeper, but that’s all that is in her bag.

“Is that all you found?” he asks, spreading the contents out on the table.

“Well, no,” she says. “But I figured her handbag would probably be the most useful thing to have.”

“What else did you find?”

“I spent a while trying to find the room she was staying in. There was a bookcase blocking this hidden room,” she says, then notices his stare telling her to hurry up and go on. “There was this overnight bag. I had a little look through, but it was mainly just clothes.”

“Just clothes?” he asks raising his eyebrows.

“Fine, I didn’t look very hard okay?” she admits. “I thought I heard a noise and grabbed the handbag and left.”
He sighs. “What else do you remember about the hidden room?”

“Well,” she says looking up. “It was full of junk. There was a little bed set up on the ground. Someone had definitely been staying there. And there…” she trails off.

“And what?” he presses.

“I… I only saw it as I was leaving so I’m not entirely sure, but there was this bag that I swear is Ali’s.”

He widens his eyes. “You think Ali may have been staying there too?”

She shrugs. “The Kahn’s cabin would be the perfect place for two runaways to hide out.”

Wren paces, considering all that. “Do you think that Maya knew Ali was alive, and she was killed for it?”

She turns to face him. “I hadn’t even considered that, but it’s a possibility.”

“Can you go back to the cabin?” he asks.

“Yeah, there’s a party there next week, I’ll see if I can snoop around some more then.”

He sighs. “Can’t you go sooner?”

She stands up. “I’m busy, I have lots to do, with packing up my stuff and moving to my new apartment in Rosewood, and opening up the boutique. You’re free to go to the cabin yourself.”

“I’m busy too,” he says. He picks up the first draft of the dollhouse.

“At the party it is then,” she says, gathering all the trash up. “Do you want to show us the cellar?”
He nods. “Sure.” He looks around for Sara, and notices her over at the fridge, pouring herself a glass of straight vodka. He stops her. “Hey, I think that’s a little too strong.”

“I can handle it,” she says. Her dark tone throws him off guard a little.

He ignores her and makes his way over to where the trap door in the floor is. He moves the rug out of the way and pulls it open. He shines his flashlight down. Sara follows him and looks down. “You want to go down first?” he asks her.

Sara nods semi nervously. Wren shines the flashlight down onto the ladder as she carefully climbs down. She jumps down to the ground and the dust makes her cough.

CeCe joins him and peers down. She climbs down next. Wren drops the flashlight down to them and climbs down last.

“Wow,” CeCe says, shining the flashlight around. “It is huge.”

Wren takes the flashlight from her. “That’s not all. There are a few rooms this size, maybe even bigger.”

They wonder throughout the whole thing. They are in awe almost as much as him.

He unfolds the draft of the plan for the dollhouse and holds it out to them. “Can you imagine, there’d be four bedrooms, two on each side.” He imagines in his mind how it would look. “And another bedroom down that end.” He is thinking of having Ali’s room down the end. Their queen bee. He turns the other way through another room. “And down here there could be some living rooms, and a ball room. And a vault.”

CeCe grabs the plan out of Wren hands and has a look. “Wow, very thoroughly thought out.” She looks up and nods. “I can see what you’re imagining.”

“I think I’m going to go through with it,” he says. “I have the money to make it happen. And this cellar, it’s perfect.”
She nods, looking closer at the draft. “You want a morgue?” she questions. “I guess, you are a doctor.”

He wanted the morgue to store his medical supplies, and if they needed to store any bodies. It would be better than having a body in a freezer in a shed, like Bethany’s was at the moment.

“Living room,” CeCe says, reading his plan. “Ball room, games room, vault…. what’s this one? It looks like a pit?”

He takes a look. “I’m not sure yet. There would be room to have another room there but maybe it could just be for storage.”

She hands him back the plan. “Well, it’s very well thought out, and if you think you want to go through with it, then I say go for it.”

“Thanks CeCe.” He smiles at her. Then he looks around. “Where is Sara?”

“Sara!” CeCe yells.

“I’m here,” they hear faintly. She emerges from one of the doorways. “I was just looking around.”

“Lets get out of here,” CeCe says. “I’m staring to feel claustrophobic down here.”

They climb out of the wine cellar and back into the shed. Wren puts the trap door down and pulls the corner of the rug over to cover it up. He picks up the pile of sketches and brings them over the table. CeCe and Sara take a look.

“I’ve got an idea of how I want it all to look,” he says. “Once I’ve done the final architectural plan, I’ll look for some building contractors to hire.”

Sara picks a sketch up. “You’re very good at drawing.”
Wren smiles. That’s the most genuinely nice thing that Sara has ever said to him. “Thanks. I dabbled in art and design before I decided to become a doctor.”

“Well,” CeCe says, putting one of the sketches back on the table. “We better go, I’ve gotta start packing up all my stuff.” She smiles. “Thanks for showing us the cellar Wren.”

“I was thinking,” Sara says, twirling a piece of hair around her fingers. “I… don’t really want to move to Rosewood… and I can’t go home…”

“Why can’t you go home?” Wren says, a little more harshly than he intended.

His tone throws her off guard a little. “I ran away… my friends… they were starting to turn against me. Especially Claire…”

“Because you were their queen bee right?” he asks. “You teased them and messed with them, and belittled them. And you’re surprised that they turned against you?” He gives a small laugh. “God forbid someone stand up to your bullying! You’re just like Ali!” He doesn’t know where this burst of anger came from, it just seemed to force it’s way out of him.

Sara blushed and looks like she’s about to cry. “I…”

CeCe gives him a stern look, and he partly regrets the way he just acted.

“I was thinking…” Sara continues, trying to ignore what he’d just said to her. “Maybe I could live here?”

“Here?” Wren asks. “In this old shed?”

“Yeah,” she says. “I’ll live anywhere that’s not home. I could keep an eye on the building of the dollhouse for you. Please, just don’t make me go home.”

Wren looks at CeCe and considers it. While the building is happening it would be good to have someone keeping an eye on things for him. And if Sara willingly volunteers to stay here, then so be it.
CeCe shrugs. “If you’re cool with sleeping in a cold shed, then I don’t see a problem.”

“Oh, Sara,” he says. “If you really want to?”

Sara jumps up and gives Wren a hug, which he was not expecting at all. “Thank you, thank you!”

When she pulls away it leaves him feeling confused. “Sure,” he mumbles.

Wren gathers up all his sketches and plans. His dream of a life-size dollhouse is actually going to happen. His crazy idea is actually going to be brought to life.
CeCe had been packing up all her stuff. She had found a place to rent in Rosewood. Wren was getting tired of driving to Rosewood from Philadelphia almost every day, so he decided to find a place in Rosewood too. He and CeCe had agreed to each take half of the stuff from Mona’s lair. Just temporarily. When they’d both moved to Rosewood they’d find somewhere to host the lair.

He’d done a few short shifts at Radley. Mona was much of the same. Still not very talkative and on lots of concoctions of drugs. He didn’t have much to report about her. He checked the visitors book and no one had come to visit her since he changed her visitors rights. No one must know that she is now allowed visitors.

He finished refining the architectural plan for the dollhouse and now had a final plan. It was looking good, and he’d started looking into contractors to hire.

He keeps an eye on Alison’s murder investigation on the police database. Veronica Hastings was recently appointed as Garrett’s attorney. From tracking Spencer’s texts and emails, he knows that she is not happy about that. She wanted Garrett to be guilty. She wanted someone to blame for everything that’s happened. And she didn’t like that her mother was seemingly on his side.

A new piece of evidence was anonymously turned in. An anklet belonging to Alison. It has her blood on it, and someone else’s. But it’s not Garrett’s. The report says that they’ve been searching for the anklet for two years, since Alison’s disappearance. The charges against Garrett have been dropped due to lack of evidence against him.

He digs deeper into the report. The anklet is described as having charms, some of which include a love heart charm and an Eiffel Tower charm. The report says that the other blood that is not Alison’s is ‘O Negative’, and Hanna’s name is in brackets with a question mark next to it. It says that her blood type is ‘O Negative’ and the police think that it might match the blood found on the anklet.

All the talk of blood makes him think of when he found Mona with the tweezers. He logs into the Radley database and navigates to Mona’s patient file. Sure enough, her blood type is ‘O Negative’. He knew she wouldn’t have harmed herself on purpose. She must have somehow come into possession of the anklet and smothered her blood on it, and then given it to someone, most likely Lucas.

It seems that Mona wants Garrett to be free. She must know that he’s innocent. But why does she want him free? The only reason he can think of is to kill him herself. She shot Ian, and now she wants to kill Garrett. Maybe she’s picking off the N.A.T club one by one?
He hasn’t sent any A messages to the Liars since their first one at the Lost Wood’s Resort. CeCe has sent a few, and from tracking their texts, they’ve received others too, most likely from either Lucas or Toby, or possibly Mona if she’s come into possession of a phone.

Knowing how upset Garrett’s charges being dropped are making Spencer, he decides to send her a text. He doesn’t want it to be too harsh or mean, just something so she knows that A knows exactly what is going on.

*Hey Spence, I have one more surprise for you. Garrett isn’t their killer. - A*

Later that night, CeCe comes to pick up some of the boxes of Mona’s lair. He’s almost packed up his whole apartment. They’re both moving to Rosewood tomorrow.

“Have you heard about Garrett?” he asks and he helps carry some boxes out to her car.

“The charges have been dropped against him,” she says, heaving a box into the trunk.

“Alison’s anklet was found, with blood on it. It didn’t match Garrett’s so he’s free.”

“What kind of anklet?” she asks.

“The report said something about charms, one in particular an Eiffel Tower charm.”

CeCe stops in her tracks. “I gave her that anklet.”

He looks at her in surprise. “You did?”

“Yeah, we both love Paris and wanted to live there someday so I gave her that anklet as a gift.” She smiles. “She wouldn’t take it off.”
He looks up and thinks. “Do you know what this means? Alison was wearing that anklet, not Bethany. The anklet wasn’t on the body, Bethany’s body, which means that Mona has seen Alison. She knows that she’s alive.”

“Are you sure?” she asks.

“I’m positive that Mona had the anklet,” he says. “She wanted Garrett free, most likely to kill him, so she smothered her blood on the anklet and got it handed into the police.”

“Her blood?”

“I found her with some tweezers that Hanna brought and she’d had made a huge gash in her finger. She would never purposely self harm, she must have done it for a reason. The blood on the anklet is ‘O Negative’. The police report says they want to test Hanna’s blood and see if it’s a match. But guess who else has ‘O Negative’ blood? Mona.”

“Smart plan,” CeCe says as they’ve carried the last of the boxes out. “Mona’s locked in a looney bin and still seems to get so much done.” She leans back against her car. “I suppose I’ll see you in Rosewood tomorrow.”

“I’ll see you in Rosewood,” he says, smiling.

Wren finishes packing up his apartment. Everything is stacked in boxes. He stacks his car full, ready to move early in the morning. He doesn’t own too much stuff, the boxes of Mona’s lair is what takes up most of the room. He compiles a pile of papers with building contractors that he’d found online.

He takes a look at the Rosewood Observer from that day. There is a picture of Garrett on the front, and an article saying that he’s been set free. He navigates to the back to the classifieds. There are a few building contractor ads, but nothing that would probably work for building the dollhouse. He needs someone who will keep quiet about what they’re working on. He’d pay them extra. He didn’t care, he just wanted it to get built.

He had the completed architectural plan. Although, he didn’t have a building permit, which legally he needed to have in order to start construction. But he knew that it would be declined. An underground house? They’d probably call the police on him. He made the plan look as professional as he could and hoped that no one would question it.
One ad catches his eye. A carpenter looking for work. The contact details: Toby Cavanaugh. Wren smiles to himself. What if he hired Toby to work on the dollhouse? That would be perfect to get him to work on building his dollhouse. He rips the ad out and adds it to the pile. Since Sara is going to be living in Tyler State Park, he’s putting her in charge of hiring the building contractors.

He sleeps well in his last night in his apartment. The last night before everything will hopefully start to all come together.
Wren moves into his new apartment in Rosewood. He gets all settled in and leaves the boxes from the lair sealed up. CeCe moves into her new apartment too. They have both officially moved to Rosewood.

As he was moving everything into his new apartment, one of the boxes of the lair that was open slightly catches his eye. The chest of keepsakes that was in the grave. They’d only done something with one of the earrings. He could see the ouija board sticking out and decides he wants to do something with it.

He goes to Radley for a short shift after he’s settled into his new place. Mona has still had no visitors. He takes her files and heads to her room for a session. He notices the door is slightly open. He pushes it open, expecting Mona to be in there like she always is, but she’s not there. He looks around the whole room and she is nowhere to be found. He even checks the window but it’s sealed shut.

He goes out and checks the common room but she’s not there either. He asks a few nurses if they’ve seen her, but no one has. She’s obviously not on 24 hour supervision anymore. But she must be somewhere in the building. He anxiously walks around and checks in every room, but there is still no trace of her. Then he faintly hears something. He walks towards the sound and leans his ear on the door and listens. He can hear singing. He pushes the door open. It’s a cold corridor. Suddenly he freezes.

It feels familiar. He remembers this area of the sanitarium. It used to be the Children’s Ward. It’s where he lived when he was put in Radley as a child. He holds his breath and closes the door behind him, trying not to let his emotions get the best of him.

“In the eye abides the heart,” he faintly hears Mona sing. Then he hears her humming. It creeps him out a little.

“Mona,” he says. He wants to get out of there as fast as he can.

He quietly walks down the corridor and her humming gets louder. There is an open door into a room with pushed over chairs and tables. There are cobwebs covering everything and it’s so cold a shiver goes through his body. He swallows and continues walking.

He gets to the end room. There are cots that are basically like mini prisons. Old dolls and toys litter
the ground. It’s very eerie and creepy. He remembers this place so well and it makes him feel sick. He wanted to put all of this behind him. He hates this place. He finds Mona sitting on a bed, holding a porcelain doll and brushing it’s hair.

“Mona,” he says softly.

She continues brushing the dolls hair, not looking up at him. He watches her careful brush strokes and then she suddenly looks up.

“Mona, you need to come back to your room,” he says, grabbing her arm firmly.

She’s stubborn and won’t budge. She continues trying to brush the dolls hair. But then she looks up at him and relaxes a little. She lets him pull her up, but she tries to grab the doll again.

Knowing that it could be used a weapon, he can’t let her take it. “No, Mona I’m sorry you can’t take it.”

She turns to him. “I missed my dolls.”

“I know Mona, but you’re not allowed them in your room,” he says.

She lets him lead her back through the Children’s Ward. He shivers walking through, remembering all the time he spent here as a child. They make it back out of there and Wren feels so much better, like a weight has been lifted off his shoulders. He escorts her back to her room and she sits in her chair. He closes the door and sits opposite her.

“You’re not on twenty four hour surveillance anymore Mona,” he says, flicking through her files. “But you need to do what you’re told or you might go back to having supervision all the time.”

She looks down and picks at her fingernail.

“How are you feeling Mona?” he asks.
She looks up at him, continuing to pick the skin off her finger. “I missed my dolls.”

He sighs. “I know Mona, and if you’re good and keep taking your medication and do as you’re told, you might be allowed to have them in your room. But you have to be good, okay?”

She faintly nods and looks back down.

Wren rifles through the files and finds the photograph of an ouija board. He found one online. He didn’t want to take a photo of the one that was in the grave because she might recognise it.

“Mona,” he says, turning the photo to face her. “Does this mean anything to you?”

She slowly looks up and he sees a little grin appear on her face. “A is for alive, Hanna.”

He is taken aback. He didn’t expect it to be this easy. Maybe it’s the drugs or loneliness, but she just straight out said that. He decides to push her a little and see what more he can get out of her. “Who is alive Mona?”

She looks him right in the eyes. “You know who.”

He widens his eyes and leans back, a little uncomfortable and anxious. Does she know about him? Who he is and what he’s done? Does she know? He pulls the photo down and hides it under some files.

“Is there anything you want to talk about?” he says, changing the subject.

She shakes her head and continues picking her finger, the scab where she stabbed herself with the tweezers.

He stays with her for a couple more minutes, but then leaves. He got what he wanted. He meets up with CeCe at her new apartment after work and they both head to Tyler State Park. CeCe dropped Sara off there this morning with all her stuff and supplies.
They walk into the shed and it’s like a whole different place. The freezer has been moved over to the wall. Sara has put up screens dividing a corner of the room, complete with a sofa bed, bean bag, rug and decorations. There is a bigger fridge, plus the mini fridge, along with a microwave next to the old laundry sink. A heater, because the shed can get quite cold. And outside a portable toilet and shower had been delivered. Sara has everything she’d need.

“Welcome to my crib!” Sara announces, twirling around.

The screen is pretty solid, and a padlock could be added to it. Once the work begins on the dollhouse she should still be able to have some privacy.

“Looks great Sara,” he says, and he actually means it. She’s done a great job at making it feel very homely.

She smiles at him. “Thanks again for letting me stay here.”

He gets a pile of papers out of his bag. “You’re not getting off with doing nothing if you’re going to live here.” He hands her the papers. “I need you call up all these contractors and find someone to start building the dollhouse. I’ve got all the instructions here. Offer them as much money as you need for them to keep quiet about it.”

Sara takes them and looks a little daunted by it.

“Look, if you’re going to live here and not pay any rent, I need you to do this for me.”

Sara sighs loudly. “Fine.”

He turns to CeCe, taking one of the clippings. “Look what was in the newspaper.”

She looks at the ad and grins. “Toby Cavanaugh is looking for work. You want to him to work on building the place you’re going to lock his girlfriend up in?”

When it’s phrased like that it sounds messed up, but in his head it’s not. He hands the ad back to Sara. “Wouldn’t that be something, for him to actually help build this place.” Wren gets the ouija
board out of his bag. "I talked to Mona today, and Hanna definitely put this in the grave. And I’m positive that Mona knows Ali is alive." He puts the ouija board on the table.

CeCe looks at it and grins up at him. "Have you ever used one?"

He shakes his head. "No, and I don’t want to. I don’t believe in any of that stuff."

She starts to get the board out. "Oh, come on, it'll be fun! Surely there’s a question you want answered?"

Wren presses his lips together. She knows the question he wants answered. The whole reason he’s doing all this.

She looks at him. "Of course, I know what you want answered. Well, maybe this board has the answer and we can leave the girls alone?"

It’s a tempting concept, but he doesn’t buy all that ghost and spirit stuff. CeCe has set up the board on the table and offers him to sit down opposite her. He does, even though he really doesn’t want to. He finds himself shaking a little.

"Okay, put two fingers from each hand on the planchette, but only press down lightly," CeCe says.

"On the what?" he asks.

"This pointer thing," she says, putting her fingers on it.

He puts his fingers on the other side to hers. "Now what?"

"We ask a question," she says confidently, obviously enjoying herself. "I’ve used one of these several times before. Come on, we’re just having a bit of fun."

He swallows. "Do I ask?" he asks nervously.
“I can ask if you’re too scared?” she offers, noting how uncomfortable he looks.

He nods. “Ask who killed Bethany,” he practically whispers.

“Spirits,” she announces. “Are you there?”

Wren feels his hands begin to move. He’s confident that CeCe is pushing it. It lands on ‘YES’. She smirks up at him.

“You did that,” he says.

“No I didn’t,” she says, but she has a slight smirk on her face. She moves the planchette back to the bottom of the board. “Spirits, who killed Bethany?”

He swallows and tries to hide his fear. He doesn’t believe in any of this stuff, but he’s anxious to see what it says. He feels his hands be pulled towards the middle of the board. It stops on ‘S’ for a second, and then moves up and stops on ‘I’, back to ‘S’, across to ‘T’, up to to ‘E’, back down to ‘R’, and then back to ‘S’. It stops there.

“Sisters,” CeCe says.

Wren takes his hand off the creepy board. “Sisters? How is that even an answer? You asked who killed Bethany and it says ‘sisters’.” He suddenly gets angry and stands up.

“Wren, calm down,” she says calmly. “Sometimes the answers are vague and you have to look deeper into them.”

“Deeper?” He gives an annoyed laugh. “Sisters? Yes, Bethany was my sister. So is it saying that my other sister, Ali, killed her?”

She considers that. “That’s actually a good thought. It’s possible that is what it means.”
He is sure that Ali is alive, so could she have killed Bethany and put her in the grave so that she could run away with everyone thinking she was dead? He starts to get frustrated. “I told you I didn’t want to do this,” he says angrily.

“Hey I’m sorry, okay?” she apologises. “I just thought it would be a bit of fun.”

Wren starts to gather the board up and a stinging pain goes through his finger. “Shit!” he groans. He sees blood pool up on his finger. The planchette cut him.

CeCe notices the blood and runs and grabs some paper towel from over at the sink. She brings some over and helps him to stop the bleeding.

He holds it tightly on his finger. “That stupid board cut me!”

She turns the planchette upside down and has a look. “It is sharp. These things are dangerous.” Then her expression changes. “This is perfect.”

“Perfect?” he exclaims, his voice rising. “That thing almost sliced my finger off!”

She ignores his cries of pain. “You said the police wanted to test Hanna’s blood right? To see if it matches what’s on the anklet?” She picks up the board and planchette and puts it back in the bag. “Well, hopefully when I return this to her she cuts herself just like you did. Now, what should the A message be?” She looks up thoughtfully. “How about, see how easy it is for me to get your blood?”

Wren sighs. He’d let CeCe have her fun. He doesn’t care. He just never wants to see that ouija board ever again.

“Well, I better go,” she says, grabbing her bag. “The opening of the boutique is tomorrow, the Diva Dish. Hey, you should come by sometime.”

He narrows his eyes at her. “I don’t know if that would be a good idea, considering the way Nina saw me at Moneticito airport the other day.”

“Right,” she says, and then pipes up a little. “Well, tomorrow I’ll hopefully be formally introduced to
Wren watches her leave. He worries about her blowing her cover. She seems a bit too enthusiastic. It will be great if she befriends the girls, but not if she says too much to them.
Decoded Messages

The next day Wren goes into work at Radley as normal. While other doctors are with Mona in her room, supervising her taking her drugs, he sneaks back into the Children’s Ward. He shivers when he enters the dark corridor. He makes his way to the end room where he found Mona yesterday.

He picks up a porcelain doll that is sitting in one of the cots. The cots where they used to put babies. It makes him feel sick that babies that had only just been born would be put into Radley. He twists the dolls head off. He gets a recording device out of his jacket pocket and clicks record. He puts it into into the doll and screws the head back on. When he leaves the Children’s Ward, he purposely leaves the door open a crack, hoping that it will seem inviting for Mona to go back in there.

Later in the day he glances at the visitors list and sees the name ‘Montgomery’. He peeks through the door to the common room and sees Mona sitting with Aria at a table, building a house of cards. It’s quite late, and visiting hours are over. Mona is taken back to her room for the night. He stays out of sight when Aria leaves.

He packs up and starts to head home, but as he’s about to walk out the front door, he sees Aria and Hanna outside the front gates. He quickly comes back inside, goes to his office and hides behind the door. A minute later he hears the front door open and quietly shut, and then footsteps walking past him. He peeks out when the footsteps sound faint. He can faintly hear humming. They’re walking towards it. They’re going into the Children’s Ward. Mona must have snuck back in there.

When they’re out of sight, he walks to the door to the Children’s Ward and presses his ear against it. Mona is humming. He smiles to himself. The recorder will record everything that happens in there. He leaves Radley and gets in his car. He sits there and waits, watching the front gates.

Soon after, he sees Aria and Hanna emerge from Radley and get in a car and drive away. He gets out and goes back inside. He can hear some noise coming from Mona’s room. He heads back into the Children’s Ward. He finds the porcelain doll, takes the head off, and gets the recorder out. He presses play just to check, and it’s clearly recorded everything.

He gets out of the Children’s Ward, not soon enough though, because his head starts to feel fuzzy. The smell down there reminds him of not a good time in his life. He walks towards the front doors, but just then Mona’s door opens and a nurse comes out.

“Dr Kingston,” she says, surprised to see him. Her name is Lisa, she was supervising Mona’s visit with Aria earlier. “I thought you’d gone home.”
He gives small smile and gets his phone out of his pocket. “I forgot my phone,” he lies.

“It happens to the best of us,” she says sweetly. “You working tomorrow?”

“Yes, I’ll be here tomorrow,” he says.

“Great, there are members of the board visiting tomorrow.”

The board occasionally visit just to check on the place. “Any particular reason?” he asks.

“Just to check up, and discuss some things about certain patients,” she says.

He wonders if Mona is one of the patients. He wonders what they need to discuss. He is worried that it’s something bad, considering Mona’s outburst last week.

When he gets home to his new apartment, he listens all the way through the recording. Hanna begs Mona to tell her if she’s knows anything about what’s happening, but she keeps repeating these phrases. It’s almost like they’re riddles. He writes them all down.

_Miss Aria you’re a killer, not Ezra’s wife_

_Where were we? Maya’s away sleeping sweet, until Garrett’s all rosy count on me_

_No one to save Ali from evil_

She repeated those a couple of times, and there was one more thing she said once, but it was something she repeated to him when he’d found her in the Children’s Ward.
I missed my dolls

She didn’t say any normal sentences, they all sounded rehearsed. It was as though she was trying to say something but she didn’t want to flat out say it. He tries to look deeper into them. What could they possibly mean?

The first one, about Aria being a killer. Could she actually have killed Bethany? Wren’s father is her uncle, could his mental issues have been passed down to her? And ‘not Ezra’s wife’, does Mona want Ezra out of the picture?

Maya won’t be laid to rest until Garrett is free? Is that what it’s saying? ‘Count on me’, because Mona wants him to be free. That one seems pretty straight forward, but why would she tell that to Aria and Hanna?

‘No one to save Ali from evil’? Ali is alive, but is there someone after her? Someone who wants to hurt her? What does Mona know?

And finally, ‘I missed my dolls’. It could just mean that she wanted to have those porcelain dolls in her room. Or, it could be referring to the Liars. She had dolls of each of them. She misses being in charge of the A game. That’s what it has to mean. She wants to get out of Radley so she can take back the game.

He thinks he’s mostly deciphered what they all mean, but none seem to be big clues or anything. He’ll ask CeCe, she might have a better insight into them.

He had a bit of a look through Maya’s purse this morning. Her phone was dead so he’d left it charging all day. He clicks the phone open. It asks for a password. He gets his computer and connects it. He opens a phone hacking software and lets it do it’s magic. Her phone unlocks.

He has a look through everything. He flicks through the photos. Lots of selfies and photos of random things. And there is this guy who keeps appearing in lots of them. He appears back as far as a few months ago. He has his arm around her, and there are some of Maya that have obviously been taken by him. They look like they’re an item.
He goes through her texts. The final texts are to and from Emily. They were the final texts before she
died. The second last are to and from a guy named ‘Lyndon James’. That seems to be the only guy
who she’d been texting recently, so he assumes that he’s the guy in the photos. They get pretty scary
towards the end. It seems like he’s threatening her.

**Lyndon: I swear if you don’t come back to me I will come to Rosewood and kill her**

**Maya: We broke up, I’ve moved on. Leave me alone**

**Lyndon: I warned you. If you won’t be mine I won’t let you be anyones**

That’s the last of the texts. He scrolls through, and it seems that Maya met this guy at True North,
where she went for her drug issues, and they started a relationship. She broke it off, but he wouldn’t
let her go. She mentions the word ‘stalker’ many times in her texts talking about him.

Wren thinks that he killed Maya. That her murder had nothing to do with Mona, or A, or any of it.
It’s completely unrelated. Well, that’s one mystery that he can lay to rest now.

CeCe comes over later with food, and they chat about their day.

“I met the Liars, sans Hanna, at the Brew this morning,” she says. “They were freaked out! You
should have seen their faces! They thought I was Ali!”

“Well, you are a lot like her,” he says.

“Can you believe Ali never mentioned me to them?”

“Ali lived two lives almost, I don’t find that hard to believe at all,” he says, giving her a smile.

“Well, I certainly freaked them out, but don’t worry, I didn’t give too much away. I just told them I
was friends with Ali, and I lied a little.” She gives a small smirk. “I told them our families both rented houses in Cape May, and we had an intense Summer together, which is mostly true.” She pauses. “And that I dated Jason.”

“Is that all?”

“Oh, and I made a shoplifting joke,” she says with a laugh. “They were totally freaked out meeting me!”

This is exactly what he was worried about. She’s already said to much. “Hanna didn’t start shoplifting until after Ali went missing. So how could Ali have told you that?”

She frowns. “Oh well, they didn’t seem to pick up on it.” She takes a bite of food. “And first day of business at the boutique went well! Emily even came in, with this hot guy, and he bought something.”

“Great,” he says, but he’s a little distracted. “So, I’ve got a recording of Mona saying these weird phrases, almost like they’re riddles. I think I’ve understood what most of them mean, but maybe you want to take a look.” He shows her the phrases he’d written down.

“Miss Aria you’re a killer, not Ezra’s wife?” she looks up at him. “Is she saying she killed someone?”

He shrugs. “I don’t know, but this one… about Maya and Garrett, it’s like she’s saying she wants him to be free.”

“The anklet was turned in with her blood type on it which caused the charges to be dropped,” she says, agreeing. “I missed my dolls, like as in the Liars? She misses being in control of the game?”

“That’s how I interpreted it.”

She has a closer look at the phrases and then her expression changes. “Wait, I think I know what this is.” She grabs a bit of paper and pen. “In one of Mona’s notebooks from the lair, she had this code she used where you take the first letter from each word.” She writes all the phrases down the page. “Look, this one is a website!”
Wren takes a look. They spell out messages. The phrases themselves maybe don’t mean anything, but these messages do.

*Maya knew*

*www.massugar.com*

*Not safe*

*IMMD*

“Maya knew what?” she asks.

“That Ali was alive,” he breathes. It has to mean that. “You saw Ali’s bag at the Kahn’s cabin, she had to have known that Ali was alive, and Mona knew it.”

“Mass sugar?” she asks. “What the *hell* does that mean?”

Wren grabs his laptop and opens it up. “I’ll see what it is.” He takes a look at the other phrases while he waits for it to load. “Not safe?”

“For Ali to come back?” CeCe suggests. “And finally, I M M D,” she says, saying each letter.

He takes a closer at it, and realises what it says and his heart almost catches in his chest. He puts an apostrophe between the I and M, and a full stop between the M and D. “I’m M.D.”

“M.D?”

“Medical doctor,” he says, noticing his voice is shaking a little.
CeCe has a look. “Oh shit. Does she know who you are?”

Wren suddenly feels very anxious. He thought he’d been careful and discreet, but maybe Mona had figured him out. Maybe he shouldn’t have asked her about the ouija board.

She circles the last two messages. “Maybe these two are connected? She’s figured out who you are and knows that it’s not safe for her to talk freely in Radley. That’s why she used this code instead of saying what she wanted to say?”

That made sense and was a real possibility. He’s nervous about going back to Radley now, with the possibility of Mona knowing who he is. The website loads. There is a big picture of Maya and it says ‘what’s the magic word’ underneath.

CeCe comes over and looks. “Maya’s website?”

“How would Mona know about this website?” she asks.

“She was A, she knows everything,” he points out.

The software does its job and they get into the website. It is an online diary, full of videos and photos, journal entries and just everything. There is tons of stuff. Maybe there is something on here that leads to her killer. Maybe that’s why Mona wanted Hanna and Aria to know about it.

“How would Mona know about this website?” she asks, pulling the laptop towards her and looking through.

“Yeah, it seems like it,” he says. “We can look through it later. I hacked into Maya’s phone and I think I know who her killer is.”

“Who?” she asks, party distracted looking at the website.
Wren grabs Maya’s phone. “This guy named Lyndon James. They got together at True North but she broke it off, and he didn’t take it well. He was stalking her.” He turns the phone to her. “Look at her last text messages.”

“Shit, he was her stalker,” she says, scrolling through the messages. "Nothing to do with Mona then?"

He takes the phone back. “Doesn’t appear to be.” He pulls up a photo of Lyndon and gives the phone back to CeCe.

She takes it and looks closer. “Wait, I know him.”

“You know him?”

“Yeah, he came into the boutique today, with Emily,” she says. “They seemed like they were friends, said his name was Nate. Oh, and he’s going on a date with Jenna. He bought her this expensive scarf.”

“The person who killed Maya has befriended Emily?” he says, not believing what he’s hearing. “Is that what he does? Buys girls expensive gifts and then murders them?”

“Maybe,” she says turning to face him, a smirk appearing on her face. “You’ll be pleased with what I did then. I ran into Em after I’d closed up the boutique. I got Jenna’s number off her phone, rang her and told her to stay away from Nate.”

He gets up and paces. “I don’t care what happens to Jenna, but no one deserves to be killed for no reason. What did Maya ever do wrong, apart from smoking weed?”

“From what we know about her, nothing,” she says, turning back to the laptop. “From this website she seemed like a sweet girl.”

He stops pacing and bites his fingernail. “Should we do something about him?”
“Like kill him?”

He frowns. “I’m not a killer.”

She raises her eyebrows at him.

He sighs. He’s attempted murder a couple of times, but never actually murdered someone. “Technically, I’m not. And I don’t want to be. We could hand Maya’s phone into the police and he’d probably be arrested for her murder.”

“We could,” she says, not really listening to him.

He closes the laptop shut angrily. “What, you want this guy hanging around the girls knowing what he’s capable of?”

She turns to him, her face a little angry. “Knowing what you’re capable of, should you be hanging out with them?”

That hit him hard. He’s not a bad person, he’s convinced himself of that. He’s doing all of this for a reason, a reason that is justified. But what CeCe said really got to him.

She gets up angrily. “I should go.” She stomps towards the door.

He stands there, anger bubbling up inside of him. He thought that she was on his side, that their wants were the same. But obviously not. He finds that his hand is in a fist, his fingernails digging into his palm. He bangs his hand on the table and takes a deep breath, trying to calm down.

CeCe got on his nerves sometimes. She wouldn’t listen, and she knew how to get under his skin. She knew his weaknesses. It made for some pretty intense moments between them. But he needed her to help him. And it was great to have someone to share everything with. Otherwise being A would be very, very lonely.
At Radley the next day, a whole lot of members of the board visit. They meet with Mona and her doctors, one of which includes Wren. They meet with him and ask him about Mona. He tells them that except for the minor setback where she snapped at a visitor, she seems to be doing very well.

But they’re not convinced. They don’t think Radley is helping Mona. They know she’s snuck out a few times. And they’ve figured out that she hasn’t been taking her meds and has been sneaking them out with a visitor. He hadn’t noticed her not taking her meds, but the visitor is most likely Lucas. They think that a more intensive treatment program and a higher security sanitarium would be better.

They’re in the talks of sending her to a sanitarium near Saratoga, New York. That’s the sanitarium Wren’s father was in. He tries to keep his face neutral when they tell him that. He hates that place. He hates what it did to his dad. He hates that his dad was in there. The place reminded him of the sanitarium he was in in London. He does not want Mona to be sent there. He needs her to stay in Rosewood. In Radley. He needs her close to help him with his game.

He sees Mona’s parents. Her mother has obviously been crying, but they agree to Mona being moved. They just want their daughter to get better. There is not much they can do. As a volunteer doctor, he doesn’t have much power in the situation. He decides to tell Hanna, even though he probably shouldn’t tell her anything. But maybe she can help. And it’s a been a while since he last to spoke to her and a part of him misses her. He texts her and tells her they need to talk.

He meets with Hanna at The Brew after his shift. They order some coffees and he tells her what happened.

“Frankly, I shouldn’t be telling you anything,” he says. “You’re not immediate family. But, I know how invested you are in Mona.”

“Did something happen to her?” she asks.

“Not yet, but they’re going to move her to a different facility.”

“Where?”

“Near Saratoga, in New York.” He wants to spit the name of the facility and show how much he
hates that place, but that would not be very professional of him.

“No they can’t!” she says. She doesn’t want her to move just as much as he doesn’t.

“Her attending physicians think she needs a more intensive treatment program. But frankly I think they’re worried more about liability than Mona’s health. They want her in a higher security.”

“Why?” she asks, her face looking a little worried.

“Well, for one Mona’s outburst in the day room. And they realised she hasn’t been taking all her meds. They think she’s been smuggling them out with a visitor.”

“What visitor?” she asks, looking worried.

“They can’t send her away,” she says. “What about her parents?”

“They’re in denial. They’ll go along with whatever the board recommends.”

“Well, talk the board out of it!” she says.

“What?” he says, a little intimidated by her tone.

“Talk them out of moving her. Tell them, in your expert opinion that you think she’s going to be much better right here in Rosewood.”

“My expert opinion might not mean much,” he says. “These are the men that wrote the textbooks.” He tried to talk to them today, but they didn’t care much for what he said.

“I don’t care about the books!”
He looks at her, and gives a little nod. He was reluctant to do anything too harsh or seem too connected to Mona. He didn’t want anyone to suspect him of anything. But Hanna’s faith in him, that he can do something to help, makes him think that maybe he can. “I can’t promise anything, but I’ll talk to them.”

“You can do it,” she says, a determined look on her face.

He smiles. “Your confidence in me is bracing. Potentially misplaced, but bracing.” Her face softens as he looks at her.

She really believes in him. His whole life no one really has. There’s something about her. Something about the deep love she has for Mona, despite all that she’s done to her and her friends. It’s admirable. She is admirable.

Something behind him catches Hanna’s eye and she gets up. He looks behind and Caleb has just walked into The Brew. Hanna is about to talk to him, but then Caleb notices him. He doesn’t like Caleb, but he doesn’t want to make things worse. He turns back and takes a sip of his coffee. He hears the door slam.

Hanna comes back and sits across from him. He doesn’t want to bring up Caleb because she already looks a little upset. But a selfish part of him is glad that Caleb walked out.

The next day he goes and talks to the board. He wrote a list of the reasons why Mona should stay. He embellished the truth a little, but they’d already made up their mind. He’s frustrated at himself for not being able to change their minds. He sees Mona. She seems a bit more talkative than she has been. He’s a been a bit more wary and careful after the messages that he and CeCe decoded, but it doesn’t seem that she does suspect him. Or maybe she’s just hiding it.

Hanna arrived early this morning and was at Radley while he talked to the board. She’s pacing up and down the corridor when he comes out. He has to tell her the bad news.

“I’m afraid you were much more impressed with my opinion than the board,” he says sadly. “I couldn’t say anything to change their minds.”

Hanna sighs. “When do they send her away?”
“It’s just a matter of paperwork now.”

She goes and sits down on a chair. She looks so sad. She wanted her friend to stay in the hopes that she would get better. But now that hope had been crushed.

Looking at her, he gets an idea. What if the board hears from a friend of Mona’s who shows them how much Mona being close to her friends means. How beneficial it is for her. Maybe that will change their minds. They’re sending her away tomorrow and have a meeting tonight to discuss the details and sign the paperwork. They have to do it tonight or there’s no chance of stopping her from leaving.

He goes and sits down next to her. “Look Hanna, we may have been going about this the wrong way.” He looks at her. “I’m not the person to speak them on Mona’s behalf. You are.”

“Me?” she asks.

“Yeah,” he says. “You’ve been visiting her for months. You’re her friend.”

“Wait, you want me to talk to a bunch of doctors?” She says it in a really condescending way, as though it’s an absurd idea.

“Well not the whole board, just her primary physicians. There’s an advocacy hearing tonight. Explain it to them the way you explained it to me.” It has to work. It’s the only choice they’ve got before she’s sent away.

She’s not convinced though. “No, I can’t talk to them the way I talk to you.”

That takes him aback a little. The way she talks to him, as though it’s something special. Something between friends, or something more. “Well then you better be prepared to say goodbye to Mona,” he says sadly, hoping his tone will make her change her mind.

It looks like she’s on the verge of tears and he wants to give her hug. She wipes her eyes and then agrees to do it. He reassures her that she’ll be fine. He knows she’ll be great.
Wren organises for Hanna to speak at the hearing. They were reluctant and said they’d already made up their minds, but he managed to convince them to at least hear Hanna out. They agreed, only because they trusted his judgement.

Hanna arrives for the meeting with a pile of pink notecards in her hands. She’s fiddling with her hands and pacing pacific forth. Wren reassures her that it will all be fine.

Hanna’s speech to the board gets off to a rocky start. She starts off reading in a monotone voice exactly what she’d written on the cards. A rehearsed speech full of big words that he could never imagine her saying. The board looks unimpressed. He worries that maybe this isn’t going to go so well.

After she’s read her first card, she glances at him. He darts his eyes to the board and then back to Hanna. His face has a worried look which is probably not helping her at all. But she puts her cards down. It seems that she noticed it wasn’t going well. He told her earlier to just speak to them the way she speaks to him, and it looks like she’s taking that advice. She starts to speak from her heart.

“Look, Mona did some terrible things,” Hanna starts. Her voice already sounds much more natural and like herself. “She did some of them to me, and I’m her best friend.”

It’s off to a good start. She goes on to say how close they were. Mona looked out for her and made sure they didn’t stay losers or disappear. The next part really affected him. His eyes started to water.

“I see her in that robe and those slippers, and I realise that could be me in there,” she says.

It reminds him of Bethany in Radley, in her robe and slippers, wanting her to be able to leave this place. He cared about Bethany as much as Hanna cares about Mona. He would have done anything to save her. Anything.

“And if it was me, Mona would be sitting here, asking all of you to not send me away,” she says, her eyes fluttering. “So please don’t.”

Hanna is such a great friend. He admires her. If there had been someone who cared about him as much as she cares about Mona when he was being sent away to London, things might have gone differently. He longs for a friendship like the one they have. Someone who would do anything for him.
“Don’t send her to Saratoga,” she pleads. “She doesn’t know anyone in Saratoga. There will no one there to hold her hand.”

She’s doing great. Wren is so proud of her. But he has to fight the urge to cry. His dad was in the sanitarium in Saratoga. There was no one there to hold his hand. And for Wren, there was no one to hold his hand in the sanitarium in London. He was in a foreign country and didn’t know anyone. He didn’t particularly care for Mona, but he wouldn’t wish that feeling of loneliness on anyone.

“And no one will care a brown rats ass for her in Saratoga,” she finishes.

She was doing so well, and giving such a good case, but she ended it on a potentially off putting way. Such a typical Hanna way. He feels himself give little smile. It should be okay, hopefully. He presses his lips together and nods at her. Hopefully she knows how well she did.

Hanna thanks the board and goes out of the room. The board discuss Hanna’s plea. The can see how much her friendship with Mona means and how beneficial it is for patients to have friends like that.

“Dr Kingston, I can see why you wanted us to hear that,” one of the board members says. “That was well worth our time. Mona will not be sent away tomorrow. We will delay discussing her transfer, for now.”

He thanks the board, and goes out to tell Hanna the good news.

She walks over to him and sighs. “I screwed up didn’t I?”

He keeps his face neutral, not wanting to give away the good news yet, wanting to surprise her and savour the look on her face at the news.

“They’re probably going to send her to Mars now,” she jokes.

He gives a silent laugh. Hanna, always keeping the conversation lighthearted. He breaks into a small smile. “You did the opposite of screwing up. Based on your testimony, the board has delayed any decisions to transfer Mona.”
Her face lights up into a big smile. “She gets to stay?”

“She gets to stay,” he confirms. Her smile is contagious and he can’t help but break into a big smile too.

She can’t stop smiling and he loves seeing her like that. “Oh my god!” she says cheerfully, and then she kisses him.

He’s taken aback and isn’t sure what to think of it. It was quick and she pulled away, but she kissed him. He’d felt something towards her but he wasn’t sure if the feeling was mutual. Her face has dropped. She is no longer smiling and he can’t tell what she’s thinking.

“I thought you’d be pleased,” he says, breathless.


“You’re welcome,” he says, almost too quick. He’s a little thrown. He’s not sure what just happened and what to do about it.

She gets a text and he watches her. He wants to touch her, to kiss her again. He wants to bring up the kiss, ask if she meant to do it. Ask what it means for them. If it means what he wants it to mean. But she says she has to leave and rushes off.

He watches her walk away, their kiss lingering on his lips.
“They’re not sending her to New York?” CeCe says.

It’s the next day, and she’s come over to Wren’s apartment after work. He told her all about what had happened with Mona. He had a short shift at Radley, but he didn’t want to stay for long. The board were still there, talking to Mona and telling her the good news that she was allowed to stay. He didn’t get a chance to see her. And honestly, he wasn’t in the right headspace to see her anyway. He was still thinking about what happened in the hallway last night. He could still feel Hanna’s lips and see her smile.

“That’s great right?” she continues. “She can still do our dirty work for us.”

He’s looking down, not paying attention. He hasn’t been able to stop think about Hanna. He’s tried to call her but she won’t answer.

“Hello? Wren? What is your deal?” she asks. “Aren’t you happy that Mona isn’t being sent to the place where your dad was locked up?”

He looks up and tries to shake his thoughts away. “What? Yeah, it’s great. Hanna did a great job at convincing the board.”

She narrows her eyes at him. “What is up with you?”

He sighs and decides he may as well tell her. “Hanna kissed me.”

She leans back. “Whoa, she kissed you? Not the other way around?”

He pushes himself up straighter. “Trust me, I’m just as shocked as you are.”

“She just kissed you?” she asks.

“I can’t stop thinking about it,” he says, sighing. “What does it mean? Do you think she likes me?”
“Whoa, dial it back a bit. What was the context of this kiss?”

“It was just after I told her that the board had agreed to let Mona stay.” He still remembers her reaction. He doesn’t think he’ll ever forget how happy she was when he told her the good news.

She cocks her head to one side and holds her hand out. “And there’s your answer.” She can tell that he’s confused. “She was so happy that Mona gets to stay, and in a moment of intense happiness, she kissed you. It probably meant nothing.”

She’s probably right, but he’s not jumping to conclusions just yet. “But it may have meant something,” he says, trying to convince himself that there is a possibility.

CeCe squints at him. “I can see it in your eyes that you like her.”

He blushes a little and looks down. “There was something between us, I could feel it.”

“You could feel it?” she says, raising her eyebrows. “So, what about Spencer?”

He gets up from the couch. “Spencer… has a boyfriend. Hanna doesn’t…”

She gets up too. “Because of me. You’re thanking me for the car accident now?”

He leans down and realises she’s right. Hanna would still have a boyfriend if it weren’t for the car accident. His morality is being tested. “I… I don’t know.”

She leans back against the dining table and looks at him. “Two out of four of the Liars, pretty impressive.” She smirks. “Are you going to go after the others too?”

He gets himself a glass of scotch and take a sip. “I’m not Emily’s type. And Aria is my cousin.”

She shrugs. “Well, I can see that this kiss is conflicting for you. But just… don’t go falling in love with Hanna. She’ll only break your heart, that’s for sure.”
He frowns. He could understand what CeCe was saying, but he didn’t want to believe it. Hanna obviously felt something, that’s why she kissed him. He wanted to pursue her further. He wanted to kiss her again.

“So, I’ll let you deal with that,” she says. “I’m going to the party at the Kahn’s cabin tonight. And guess who’s coming with me?”

He squints at her and takes another sip.

“Spencer and Aria,” she says proudly.

“How’d you get them to go along?”

“Well, I ran into them at The Brew this morning. Spencer was all upset about something,” she says. “Get this, she has been so distracted that she forgot to turn in her early admission for UPenn and missed the deadline.”

Wren frowns. That is so unlike Spencer. “But UPenn is her dream college. How could she have forgotten to get her application in?” He takes another sip. “What has she been distracted with?”

CeCe smirks. “What do you think?”

He realises what has been distracting her and he feels sick. “Because of A. Because of me,” he whispers.

“But hey,” she says, putting a comforting hand on his. “There’s this guy who’s going to be at the party, Steven. We went to high school together and he’s now on the admissions board at UPenn. I promised that if they came with me to the party, I’d give Spencer’s admission to him.”

“Will you really?” he asks skeptically.

“Yeah,” she says. “I’m pretty sure Steven is going to be at the party. I’ll give it to him, don’t worry.”
“Okay,” he says, not quite believing her. Not quite trusting her. “I was a good student, I could go give the admission to them.”

She smirks at him. “I think it’s better this way. We don’t want Spencer knowing that we’re friends, right?”

She’s right. He’d just have to trust her. He gets up suddenly. He was so distracted thinking about Hanna that he’d almost forgotten what he needed to do. “Well, have fun at the party. There’s a unit I’ve found on the other side of town that may work as a lair. I’m going to go check that out. And Sara has found a contractor who is interested in working on the dollhouse. I’m going to meet him at Tyler State Park and show him the plans.”

“You’re actually going to meet the contractor?” she asks.

“He promised not to ask questions if I give them the amount of money he asked for,” he says. “Don’t worry, I wont give my identity away. I’ll give a fake name. And Sara managed to get Toby to agree to work on it too.”

She smiles. “Great, well I better go get ready for the party.”

“Remember to find Ali’s bag at the cabin,” he reminds her.

She gets up. “Sure, if I’ve got time I’ll go have another look around.”

Wren first heads to Mayflower Hill, where the small apartment building is. He goes inside and is immediately taken aback by the smell of cat hair. There are cats everywhere. He’d called earlier and asked if he could come and take a look. The person at the front desk looks up when he comes in.

“Hi,” he says nervously, fighting the urge to sneeze due to all of the cat hair. “I called earlier about my interest in Unit A.”

“Just a moment dear,” she says. The desk sign says ‘Pillsbury’ adorned with cat silhouettes. “Should be right here.” She opens up the cabinet and searches for the key. “I think you’ll be very happy with the unit.”
Wren looks around. There are framed photos of cats everywhere. There is a cat on a blanket on the desk. Cat figurines everywhere. It’s actually quite creepy. If he does rent the apartment, hopefully he won’t have to come to the reception very often.

“Ah, here we are,” Ms Pillsbury says. She holds out a key. “Unit A right? Shall we?” she stands up.

She shows him to the apartment. It’s quite small, a bit smaller than the room at the Lost Woods Resort. But all the stuff should fit. It’s quite perfect for what they need. He decides to go ahead and rent it.

As the sun starts to set, he contacts the contractor that Sara found and tells him to meet him at Tyler State Park. Sara seems right at home in her corner of the shed. He puts a padlock on the freezer so that no one will try to open it and see the body in there.

They barricade off Sara’s side so that when the builders start working on it, they won’t disrupt her.

The contractor arrives at the shed and Wren shows him around the wine cellar and gives him the plans. He seems interested and doesn’t ask too many questions. But once Wren has finished showing him around, that’s when he starts asking questions.

“Thank you…” the contractor, Bill, says. He’s from Brookhaven, and hires builders from around the area. “What’s your name again?”

Wren hasn’t told him his name yet. He’d been trying to avoid it. “Charles,” he says. That won’t give away too much. He’s also been using his American accent to hide his identity further.

“Charles…?” he asks, expecting more than just a first name.

“Just Charles. That’s all you need to know,” Wren says firmly.

“So…” he says, flicking through the plans. “What exactly is this going to be?”
Wren sighs anxiously. “If I give you the amount of money you’ve asked for, the agreement is that you *don’t* ask questions.”

He stops flicking through the plans and nods. “Okay,” he says, putting his cap on his head. “When do you want us to start?”

“As soon as possible.”

“We can start tomorrow if…” he pauses. “You pay me twenty per cent now.”

The money doesn’t worry Wren at all, he’s got plenty. So he agrees and gives him a big wad of cash. He tells Bill about Toby coming to help too, and he says that’s fine. The more people working, the faster it will get done.

It’s all settled. The dollhouse is actually going to start getting built. Once Bill has left, he has a little chat to Sara.

“Okay, Sara,” he says.

She’s lying on her bed on her phone and only half listening to him. “Uh huh.”

“They’re going to start building tomorrow. I want to you to keep an eye on things, but don’t get too close to anyone. Don’t talk to anyone, understood?”

“Sure.” She looks up from her phone. “But… what if there’s a cute guy or something. Can’t I go flirt with them?”

“No,” he says sternly. “Absolutely not.” He doesn’t want her getting involved with any of them.

She sighs and looks back to her phone. “*Fine,*” she huffs.

He needs to be sure that she won’t break that promise. “If I pay you double, will you promise not to talk to anyone?”
Her eyes light up and she smiles. “Yeah, of course. I won’t speak to anyone, I promise.” She holds out her hand expectantly. “Can I have some money now please? I’m running low.”

He sighs and gives her a pile of cash. “I’ll be back from time to time to check on the building progress.”

She ignores him as he leaves, getting back to whatever important thing she was doing on her phone. But he feels good. He feels like things are starting to come together.
Wren runs his hand along the table in Mona’s room, waiting for her to return. It’s the next day, all the board have left and Mona is free for him to see her today. He notices some words engraved on the desk. ‘will the circle be unbroken’. It’s the name of a song. He knows that. But what does it mean in this context? Is is a clue to something? Why would she engrave this on the desk? He doesn’t know.

“Dr Kingston,” he hears behind him.

He turns around and Mona is standing in the doorway looking at him. He’s worried now that she knows he was snooping around. He hopes he’s wrong about her knowing who he is. He needs to be careful around her.

“You wanted to talk to me?” she says sweetly, sitting in her chair. Her face looks bright and the bags under her eyes aren’t as apparent as they usually are.

He clears his throat. “Yes,” he says sitting across from her. “I’m sorry I didn’t get a chance to speak to you yesterday.”

“That’s okay,” she says, smiling. “I’m not being sent away. I get to stay here.” Her smile widens.

He smiles back at her. “It’s all thanks to Hanna. She’s like your guardian angel, always looking out for you despite what you’ve put her through.”

Her face drops and she starts picking at her finger. “I don’t deserve a friend like that.”

“You’re lucky to have a friend like her,” he says. “Don't ever take her for granted. She fought so hard for you to stay so you need to try to get better Mona.”

“I know,” she says, looking back up at him. “I will try to get better.” She forces a smile.

“The sanitarium in Saratoga is very high security. Radley is a resort compared to it.”
That perks her attention. “You’ve been there?”

He regrets saying that, worried he’s said too much. But he decides to tell her the truth. Well, most of the truth. “My dad was in there. I only went there once to visit him when I was ten years old. But it’s a horrible place, Mona. It’s like a prison.”

“Your dad was crazy?” she asks.

He gives a small smile. “He didn’t get better. I couldn’t help him.” His thoughts stars trailing and he can’t stop talking. “I think that’s why I wanted to become a doctor and why I decided to work here. To help people like my dad get better.” He pauses and looks at Mona. It looks like she might cry. “You do want to get better, don’t you Mona?”

She wipes her eyes with her hand. “Yes,” she whispers, “I regret what I did to Hanna. I don’t know how I ran over her with a car… I… I was just so addicted to the game and I took it too far I know…”

“Addiction can make you do things you never thought you were capable of,” he says. He knows. He’d become addicted to the game since he took over from Mona.

She composes herself. “I want to get out of here. I want to go back to school and I want my friendship with Hanna to go back to the way it was.”

“Well, if you keep this up Mona, you will get your wish,” he says. He looks down at her files. “You’ve been taking your medication the last few days haven’t you? How is it making you feel? I know previously you’ve complained of a dry mouth and excessive thirst.”

“It’s not dry anymore, but…” she trails off. “It makes me feel weird, like… I’m not myself. Like I’m a different person.”

“That’s what it does Mona,” he says, looking at the list of drugs she’s on. “The medication is trying to balance out the chemicals in your brain and make you feel more normal. It may take some getting used to, but if you keep taking them you’ll start to get better and the sooner you’ll get out of here.”

She nods and continues picking at her finger.
He watches her. Her careful OCD style movements. She reminds him of himself a little bit. It takes him back to when he was a patient here. “Is that all Mona? Is there anything else you want to talk about?”

“No,” she says, shaking her head. She looks up at him. “Thank you Wren. For telling me about your father and for what Hanna did.”

She seems genuine and truthful in what she said. Maybe he’s wrong about her knowing who he is. She seems really open, like he could ask her anything and she’d answer. It was probably the drugs, but maybe she really was going back to being the person she was before she became A.

He still wanted her to be crazy Mona. That’s who he needed to help him. But another part of him hoped that she would get better. He wasn’t able to help his father, but maybe he could help this girl to have a normal life.

After work he packs up his car with the boxes of Mona’s lair and drives to the new apartment on Mayflower Hill. He tells CeCe to meet him there.

“Unit A is perfect,” she says when she enters the room. “Great find.”

They unpack the boxes and lay everything out, similar to how they remembered it from the lair at the Lost Wood Resort.

“So, how did the party go last night?” Wren asks as they unpack the boxes.

“Eric is still a douchebag but it was fun!” she says cheerfully. “It was a bit weird going to a party in Rosewood. I haven’t been to one there since I graduated from high school.” She sticks some photos up on the walls. “Noel and Jenna were there too which was interesting. I forgot that Aria and Noel used to date.”

“Briefly,” he says. Really, they only dated on and off for a couple of weeks.

“Yeah, there was a bit of tension there,” she says. “But get this? We all had a go at paying truth or dare. Eric is a jerk and brought up the time I dared him to steal a car and then called the cops on him.” She gives a laugh. “Noel was really getting into Aria about dating her teacher. That was pretty intense.”
“This isn’t relevant to us,” he says, getting bored with her story.

“Right, I’m getting to it.” She raises his eyebrows at him. “Jenna and Spencer played a round of truth or dare. Turns out, Jenna and Noel found Emily at a diner drunk off her ass the night we dug up Ali’s grave.”

He sits up. He didn’t know that. “They drove her to the grave?”

She shrugs. “Didn’t get any further than that. Jenna had already told the girls that she picked up Emily but they didn’t know that Noel was there too until last night.”

“How did we miss this?” he asks.

“We’ve only only been following the girls, Jenna has never really been our concern.” She frowns. “Jenna said she lied to protect someone. I was thinking she meant Noel but then she gave me a look. I don’t know if she suspects me of something but I think we need to be wary of her, especially now that she can see.”

“You think she saw something that night?”

“Well, she seemed to imply that she knew the girls were lying about being at Spencer’s lake house.” She sits down cross legged on the floor. “And Spencer thinks she knows something about where Ali’s body is.”

They really do need to be wary of Jenna. Who knows what else she knows. But the Liars think that Jenna had something do with digging up the grave, turning their suspicions away from him and CeCe which is a good thing.

“And she was asking where a video is,” she continues.

“N.A.T video?” he asks. “The one of her and Toby?”
“I assume that’s what she meant.” She nods. “It could be used as blackmail against her.”

“What is her deal then?” he asks. “Where did they take Emily? How did she end up at the grave? We still don’t know.”

She sighs. “I’d say she probably woke up in Jenna’s car and was confused and fled. We know how much she loved Alison so maybe she decided to go to her grave?”

That was the most plausible scenario. But still, it doesn’t explain everything. He’d need to add Jenna and Noel to his list of people to keep an eye on. “Did you give Spencer’s application to… that guy you said would be there?”

She smirks and nods. “Yeah,” she says. “Steven only showed up for a few minutes, but we had a little catch up, and I gave him the application. I had to flirt my way for him to agree to hand it in, but it’s done.”

He’s relieved, but also doesn’t completely trust her. “You didn’t mess with the application did you? Spencer deserves to get in, I swear if she doesn’t…” Anger starts bubbling up inside him.

“Hey, relax,” she says. “I didn’t mess with it. I handed it to him in exactly the same condition that Spencer gave it to me.”

He sighs and breathes out. “What about Ali’s bag? Did you get it?”

“Oooh,” she says, squinting her eyes. “I forgot. There were lots of people, I didn’t get a chance to go into the room.”

He sighs. He asked her to do this one thing for him and she didn’t.

“Relax, I can go tomorrow after work.”

They work on unpacking the lair and setting it up in the new unit. The plan is for the lair to be for Mona and Toby and anyone else on their team, to access. Wren bought a new computer and transferred everything from Mona’s laptop onto it. That way he has all the same information that she
has, but she can still have access to it herself.

Wren tries to concentrate on the A game, but his mind is still plagued by Hanna’s kiss.
The next day Wren stops by The Brew on his way to Radley to get some breakfast. They spent hours last night setting up the lair and he’s little tried and needs some caffeine. He's waiting in line when he notices Hanna sitting at a table on her laptop. His eyes light up. He hasn’t seen her since the other night. She hasn’t answered his calls or messages, and she hasn’t visited Mona. It’s like she’s been avoiding him.

She notices him as he walks over.

“Hey,” he says nervously. He doesn’t normally get nervous, especially talking to people he knows, but Hanna makes him a little weak.

“Hi,” she says.

“You haven’t been in to see Mona lately,” he says casually.

“I’ve had a super busy week.” She fiddles with her necklace. He can tell that she’s nervous too.

“Well next time you go let me know, we could ah…” he says, wanting to test the waters but not overstep his ground. “Grab a coffee.” He looks at her hopefully.

“Look Wren,” she says, looking down. “What happened the other day…”

She brought up the memory and he has the urge to just say how he’s feeling. “Yeah I’ve been thinking about it too,” he interrupts her. “Actually umm.” he bites his lip, an indescribable feeling going through his veins. “Not much else since then.”

She presses her lips together. It’s obvious she doesn’t feel the same way, but he still has hope. “It can’t happen again.”

It feels like a little punch in the stomach. He nods, accepting that, even though it crushes him. “Alright,” he says nonchalantly.
“Look, Spencer’s my best friend,” she says, trying to explain her reasons.

“I thought she was with Toby,” he blurts out, probably a little to quick.

“No, she is,” she says. "But, I mean a best friend doesn't really date an ex, and…” She pauses.
“Caleb and I…”

“Broke up,” he finishes. “Right?” He realises he shouldn’t have said that. Hanna never actually told him that they broke up, he only knows because he’s been tracking the Liars texts and movements. He hopes she doesn’t realise.

She shakes her head a little. “Look it’s just too soon for me to see anybody else right now.”

He nods. It’s not a rejection. There is still hope for them. She didn’t say she wasn’t interested, so he wouldn’t give up. He understands she just needs some space now. He remembers when he kissed Spencer right after she broke up with Toby. That was way to soon. Terrible timing. Hanna just needs some time to get over Caleb. He can respect that.

“I’m really sorry,” she says. Her eyes look so sad and she sounds genuine.

“Don’t be, I understand,” he says. He looks at her, and he should have just left it at that but he felt the need to keep talking. “But if you change your mind, you know where to find me.”

He leaves her be, hoping he hasn’t ruined things for good. Her response was mostly positive. She likes him. It’s just bad timing at the moment, that’s what she said. He grabs his coffee and food and heads to Radley.

Mona is cheerful and happy again. And she is actually very honest with Wren. She tells him things that he never thought she would, about herself and how she’s feeling. She used to either lie about the way she was feeling or bottle them up and not say anything. But she’s been very honest lately.

He thinks he was wrong about her knowing. Or maybe she thought he was someone to fear, but she now thinks she was wrong. He doesn’t know, but she doesn’t seem to suspect him. She seems to trust him for the most part. Or, on the other hand she’s just being Mona the master manipulator, so
who knows what she’s thinking.

There has still been tension between him and Eddie so he tries to avoid him as much as he can. Luckily he only works a couple of days a week so he’s not around very often.

After work he heads back to the new unit and unpacks some more boxes. His OCD has kicked in a bit and he’s spread everything out in a very organised fashion.

CeCe was heading to the Kahn’s cabin after work. Sara had contacted him and told him the builders started working on the dollhouse and she said she saw Toby working. Things seem to be going well.

He spends hours organising things. He takes a break and goes on his laptop, skimming through the Liars emails to see if there is anything important. CeCe should be here soon. It shouldn’t take her too long to look through the cabin and get Ali’s bag.

There’s an email to Spencer that catches his eye. It’s from a blocked contact. He opens it up.

From: BLOCKED

Subject: Is this what you were looking for?

Stay out of my locker!

Plus a smiley face emoji and a video attachment. He opens up the video. It’s security footage from the Kahn’s cabin. It’s dated April 12, 9:30PM. The night Maya was killed. He fast forwards through the video. Just after 10PM, Maya arrives in the scene on her bike. Garrett’s case file said that he was in a car with Maya at 9PM. The police assume that he took her somewhere and killed her sometime after that. But she wasn’t with him at 10PM. She came back to the cabin, meaning Garrett probably left.

He fast forwards further through the video. Nothing happens for a few hours, but just after 1AM, Noel and Jenna turn up and go inside the cabin. Then Maya comes around from the side and is grabbed by someone out of the shot.
It must have been her stalker ex. He exhales. Garrett was arrested at midnight. Maya was still alive at 1AM meaning that Garrett definitely did not kill her. Spencer has this footage and will hopefully piece it all together. He knows she’s smart enough to.

His phone starts buzzing. He looks over and it’s Hanna. He sits up straighter. Maybe she’s changed her mind.

“Hanna?” he says.

“Hey it’s Emily.”

“Emily?” he asks. He’s worried that something is wrong. “Is Hanna okay?”

“Not really,” she says. “She cut her leg and it won’t stop bleeding. I’ve tied a scarf around it but I don’t know if it’s helping. She’s refusing to go to the hospital but I think she might need stitches…”

He gets up and gathers all his things. “Where are you?”

“Hanna’s house,” she answers. He can hear some noise in the background. It sounds like someone in pain.

“I’m on my way,” he says, slamming the door of the unit on his way out. “Keep pressure on the wound until I get there okay?”

He hangs up and fumbles for the keys to his car. He needs to get there fast. He stops by his apartment and grabs some tools, then he drives to Hanna’s house.

His phone rings while he’s driving. CeCe. He answers on his bluetooth.

“Don’t be mad,” she says straight away. “I know I’m supposed to run everything by you first but the opportunity was too perfect, I had to do something.”
He sighs. What has she done now? “You can tell me later, I’m on my way to Hanna’s, she’s cut her leg.”

“Oh shit,” she says. “I swear I didn’t do that.”

“Wait,” he says. “You know something about this?”

“Well, I went to the Kahn’s cabin and Emily and Hanna beat me there,” she says.

“What did you do?” he says through clenched teeth.

“I just locked them in the room and turned off the power,” she says. “Just to scare them.”

“How the hell did Hanna cut herself?” he asks angrily. He tries to focus on the road and not let his anger take over.

“I left them there and when I went back there was a smashed window and they were gone.” She pauses. “I got Ali’s bag by the way, but they’d taken Maya’s other bag.”

He bites his lip hard and tastes blood. “She cut herself on a window? It could be infected CeCe! What the hell were you thinking? I told you to run everything by me first!” He notices his voice is rising and he tries to calm himself down.

“Sorry, but as I said the timing was too perfect. I couldn’t not do anything.”

He grunts. He is in charge. He needs to get in control of CeCe or she’s going to take things way too far.

“Hanna will be fine right?” she asks. “You’ll fix her.”

“I don’t know CeCe,” he says sighing. “I need to see the wound and assess it.”
She suddenly gives a laugh. “I am such a genius!” she says. “Outside the cabin I left them an A message: I’m saving you for later - A. You are literally saving Hanna later.” She gives a mumbled laugh over the phone.

He shakes his head at how ridiculous CeCe is being, but he sees her point. The A message she left is kind of ironic.

“You know,” she says, a casual tone in her voice. “If you do save Hanna, you’ll be like her knight in shining armour who has come to her rescue. Maybe then she’ll give you another kiss…”

“Don’t…” he starts, but then realises she may be right. He is coming to her rescue. Maybe then she might have second thoughts about him.

“We can talk later,” she says. “Go rescue your princess!”

He finds that he’s blushing when she hangs up. He pushes it out of his mind and just focuses on driving, hoping that Hanna will be okay.

He arrives at Hanna’s house. She’s sitting on the floor with a blood soaked scarf tied around her leg. She looks to be in quite a lot of pain. He and Emily help pick her up and lie her down on the kitchen bench.

He unties the scarf and the bleeding has stopped. He thanks Emily for taking care of her, but tells her that he can take it from here. It’s a bit selfish of him to ask Hanna’s friend to leave, but he wants to be alone with her. And besides, he works better when there aren’t people watching him.

He puts some disposable gloves on, then cuts Hanna’s pink jeans and takes a look at the wound. It’s a decent stab wound. He wipes a disinfectant over it to get rid of any bacteria and then carefully stitches up the wound. That should hold it.

She says that she was cutting a carrot and the knife slipped. He knows she’s lying. There is no way a knife would leave a gash that big. He tries to push her a little to see how much she’s willing to tell him.

“Why didn’t you just go to the hospital?” he asks as he puts a dressing over the wound.
“This is gonna sound crazy, and I wanna talk about it… but I can’t,” she says. “It’s just, not the right time.”

“Are you in some kind of trouble?” He tries to keep busy by putting the dressing over her wound to hide how much he wishes she would feel safe enough to answer that.

“No,” she says confidently.

“Alright, no more questions.” He gives her a small smile. He’s probably asked too many anyway. She’s okay and that’s all that matters.

“Thank you,” she says.

He’s wrapped a bandage around the wound. It will be fine. “Alright, this is going to help with the swelling.” He says as he helps her sit upright. “But you’re gonna need to sleep with your leg elevated, so sleep with a pillow or something under it. Okay?”

She nods. She doesn’t seem to be in much pain anymore.

He disposes of the gloves. He doesn’t want to leave yet. She’s home alone and someone should keep an eye on her for at least a little while to make sure she’s okay. “Have you eaten dinner?”

“Uh,” she says looking up. “The last meal I had was, a rice cake and a yoo-hoo.”

That’s not much food at all. Her body needs fuel to recover. “So with that big carrot you hit all your basic food groups?” he jokes.

That gets a smile out of her.

“Alright I’m going to give you some antibiotics but you shouldn’t take them on an empty stomach, alright?” He smiles at her. “So…” He walks over and opens the fridge. “Three eggs, two meatballs and pint of milk.” He takes the eggs and milk and holds them up. “A challenge… but I’m up for it.”
She’s smiling at him and a warm feeling goes through his body. Her smile is infectious and irresistible.

He cooks her some scrambled eggs and refries the meat balls. That was the best meal she was going to get with what she had left in the fridge.

He makes sure she eats all of it. She gobbles it up quite fast. She hadn’t eaten much so she must have been starving. After she’s eaten he gives her the antibiotics and makes sure she takes them.

They sit there and chat for a little while, but not about anything important. She’s funny. He enjoys talking to her. Suddenly her expression changes and she stands up.

“Where are you going?” he asks.

“To put my leg up,” she says. She hobbles her way over to a stool. That’s probably a good idea actually. He’d been so caught up in chatting to her that it hadn’t even occurred to him.

“Here.” He gets up and takes her hand, giving her some support. “Hold onto me.” He helps her onto the stool and to get her leg up. He doesn’t let go of her hand. He looks at her. She is so beautiful. Even after everything she endured that night, she still looks so put together. She doesn’t try to get out of his grip so he thinks that maybe she does feel the same.

She glances her eyes up and looks at him. But then she presses her lips together and wriggles her hand out of his grip. He has one arm on either side of her, cornering her almost. He’s leaning down looking at her. He leans closer to her, slowly, not wanting to make her uncomfortable. “Hanna,” he says quietly.

She’s looking into his eyes like she’s thinking about it too, but then her expression changes. “Look, it’s getting really late. You should probably go.”

He drops his head and frowns. It feels as though he’s been punched in the stomach. He thought there was something there but it seems that he was reading everything wrong. A selfish part of him thought that because he saved her, she’d give him a kiss as a reward. But obviously that was not her thinking. He stands up and looks at her sadly.
“You really saved me tonight,” she says, and it seems as though she genuinely means it.

He can’t bring himself to smile. Her thanks means a whole lot but he wanted more. He walks backwards, not taking his eyes off her. “Anytime.” He can’t bring himself to say more than that.

He savours the image of her there, sitting on the stool in her blue top and pink pants, her bandaged leg elevated. It may be the last time he gets to see her alone like this. He turns around and walks slowly towards the door, hoping that maybe she’ll change her mind and tell him to come back. But she doesn’t.

He goes outside and stands on her front porch for a minute, processing everything. He eventually walks to his car and sits there. CeCe was right. He became too attached to her, to the idea of them being together, when deep down he knew that it would never work out. He feels rejected, one of the worst feelings in the world.

He was kind and patient and didn’t push anything too forcefully, yet she still rejected him. He feels his eyes start to water. Don’t cry over something this stupid, he tells himself.

He knows how to stop what he’s feeling. He goes back to Unit A. He switches on the TV to drown out his thoughts. But the news is all about Garrett’s upcoming trial and that reminds him of Hanna, which makes things worse. And then the news reporter mentions Veronica Hastings, which makes him think of Spencer and makes things even worse. He changes the channel to some mindless movie. The background noise helps dissolve all his thoughts.

He lets his OCD kick in, the one thing that always helps him regain himself and calm down. He obsessively moves the back hoodies hanging on a rack an equal distance apart. He gets more out of a box and hangs them up, always the same distance apart. He feels his body relax and the feeling of rejection begin to fade.
The rejection Wren feels is still very much there, but he tries to ignore it. Letting his OCD tendencies kick in definitely helps. It's one coping mechanism that has never let him down. When he was in Radley, each night before he went to sleep he'd scrape his arms down the side of the bed six times. He had to do it every night or he couldn't sleep. He found little things that helped. It's how he's always coped with things.

He’s tried to call Hanna, to see how her leg is and to apologise for overstepping his ground. He worries that he’s really ruined things with her and that she might not even want to come back to Radley. But she either doesn’t answer or declines his calls.

He gets increasingly agitated and doesn’t feel like going to Radley. He spends the day organising the lair, trying to drown out his thoughts. CeCe drops by to pick up something she left there. She’s a little stressed. There is a trunk show at the Diva Dish that night.

“After the little favour I did for Spencer with her UPenn application, she agreed to help me unpack boxes,” she says, searching for what she left. “But she forgot, of course.” She throws her arms up in frustration. “So I went to the high school handing out flyers and putting up posters, desperately looking for people to help. Spencer apologised and is now going to help and try to get her friends to help too.” She stops and looks at him. “Are you sure you can’t spare a couple of hours to help unload boxes? You’ve done a great job unpacking the boxes here.”

He sighs and folds up a box. “I don’t think I should be around the Liars.”

She stops and smirks. “Right.” She looks under some papers and holds up a bracelet. “Found it.”

“Have fun,” he says unenthusiastically sinking down into the couch.

She turns to him. “Well someone’s not in a good mood. Are you going to tell me what happened last night?”

He didn’t want to talk about it. He didn’t want to think or do anything. “Nothing happened. There’s nothing to tell.”

She presses her lips together. “She didn’t return the feelings huh?”
He looks down and turns away from her.

“I did tell you not to get too attached,” she says, walking towards him.

He sighs. “I don’t need to be condescended CeCe, I know.”

“You know she’s still hung up on Caleb.”

He stands up. “It’s fine. Spencer is the one I always wanted anyway.”

“She has a boyfriend, remember?”

He nervously kicks the ground. “Not for long. When she finds out that Toby is helping A…”

“Then she’ll be yours?” she says raising her eyebrows. “How about when she finds out that you are the reason that Toby betrayed her?”

“She won’t find out!” he says, turning sharply. “Just stop, CeCe. I’m heartbroken. I…” he chokes on tears.

“Heartbroken?” she says in disbelief. “You don’t know the first thing about heartbreak Wren. Girls do not have to be into you just because you’re into them. You can’t just expect anyone who gives you the slightest bit of attention to be into you that way.”

“Keep your voice down,” he says, his voice low.

“You’re acting like a child,” she says, grabbing her bag. “But then again, you never had a normal childhood so I guess you’re making up for that now.”

That hits him hard. His breathing is heavy and he has his hands balled up in fists. He presses his hands to his head and wants to scream out in frustration. What she said hurts because it’s true.
CeCe softens. “Sorry, I didn’t mean it like that…” she starts, then changes the subject. “So… I told Spencer about pigskin.”

He feels tears coming on but is thankful for the change of subject. “Paige?”

“Yeah, I told her about Paige and Ali’s feud,” she says.

That gets him thinking. Gets his mind off of everything else. “She would have a reason to be A.”

She smirks at him. “Great minds think alike. I was thinking we could frame her as A to get the focus off of us.”

He wipes his eyes and gets an idea. He finds the chest that was in the grave and opens it up. He gets the other red earring out and hands it to CeCe. “You said Spencer was going to try to get her friends to come. If you see Paige, plant this somewhere on her. You’ve already pushed them in her direction so they might feel the need to search through her stuff. And if they find the earring that will further solidify that she could A.”

She takes the earring and puts it in her pocket. “Great thinking. Hey, so since the Liars, well at least Spencer, will be at the boutique helping out, would it be okay if I maybe did something…”

“Like what?” he asks.

“Like, putting something in her dressing room while she’s getting changed…” she says, looking up in thought. “Something..." 

He sighs and realises he’s been a little harsh on CeCe. Aside from the car accident, she really hadn’t taken things too far. He’d let her have a little freedom. “You know what, as long as you don’t physically harm them, do whatever you want.”

“Really?” she asks cheerfully.
He nods and goes back to cleaning up the lair.

She opens the door and looks back at him. “It’s amazing what a little rejection can do to a person.”

He turns back and narrows his eyes at her.

“Relax, I’m just joking.” She starts to walk out then pops her head back in. “Oh, I almost forgot! I got Ali’s bag. I’ll bring it round later tonight, or, you just let me know, okay?”

He nods at her as she leaves. He feels okay. Getting back into the swing of the A game has helped distract him a little.

Hours later he stands back and admires the lair. It’s set almost exactly the way that Mona’s was, although the room is a little smaller. The walls are covered in photos, the wallpaper can’t even be seen. The dollhouse, dolls, masks, everything. It’s creepy but breathtaking.

He has two sets of keys and leaves one outside of Toby’s apartment, with a note telling him that the lair is for him and Mona to use.

Later, CeCe drops by the lair with Ali’s bag.

“Wow, nice,” she says, admiring the lair. “This is definitely Ali’s bag. I saw a photo of her with it somewhere here.” She starts ruffling through the photos on the wall of Ali.

Wren takes the bag. It’s a brown overnight bag with a pattern on it. It’s empty except for an old gum wrapper. He feels around the bag and finds a zipper. A secret pocket. He feels something in there. He pulls it out. It’s a photo of a baby girl.

“Hey, does this look like Ali?” he asks, showing the photo to CeCe.

She takes it and has a closer look. “Yeah it does. She kept a baby photo of herself in that bag?”

He takes back the photo. “Apparently so.” He turns the photo over. There is faded writing but he
can’t figure out what it says. The photo has very frayed edges, like it’s been handled and folded quite a lot.

“Ah,” CeCe says triumphantly. She’s pointing to a photo on the wall. She pulls it off. “It’s the same bag.”

The photo is of Ali from a few months before she disappeared. A photo that was taken without her knowledge. She’s walking towards a cab that is waiting for her. It is unmistakably the same bag.

“So, we know that she was definitely saying at the Kahn’s cabin,” he says. “The question is, where is she now?”

CeCe shakes her head. “She probably fled when Maya was killed.”

He looks at the photo. She was so young then. Bright blue eyes and strawberry blonde curls upon her head. He shakes the photo, suddenly remembering what Ali did. The chain of events she caused. “Look at her, back when she was all innocent.” He clenches his teeth. “Oh wait, she was never innocent. She has always been a lying _bitch_. She got me sent to Radley. _She_ started this. _She_ did all of this. This _stupid_ little girl.”

“You’re _still_ not in a good mood,” CeCe says. “Still upset about Hanna? Seriously Wren, let it go.”

He clenches his fist and stares at the photo. “I _hate_ her. She is the reason all of this started.”

“Ali is gone, just relax.”

“She’s not gone, she’s still out there somewhere,” he points out. “But when she comes back, I _swear_ I’ll kill her.”

CeCe comes over a little hesitantly. He’s in one of moods and she knows it. She tries to take the photo out of his hands. “Okay, you need to stop thinking about Ali, it’s only going to get you worked up.”

He snatches the photo back. He looks at it once more and then puts it in his wallet for safekeeping.
He backs up a bit and sighs. “Forget about Hanna, forget about Ali. Focus your attention on something else. Like…” She tilts her head up in thought. “What to do with Bethany’s body. It’s been sitting in that freezer for weeks. That’s no way for her to be right? We need to give her body back.”

He knows that she’s right. It’s not very respectful to Bethany to keep her body in a freezer in that old shed. She should be buried in the ground. She should be laid to rest. Properly this time. And when he gives the body back, they’ll hopefully identify it as Bethany and everyone will know her name. No one will forget her.

“Okay good, you think of how and when to give her body back. Focus your attention on that,” she says calmly. “Okay Wren?”

He shakes his head, trying to get rid of the anger inside of him, and nods. “Yes, I’ll… come up with a plan for her body.”

“Great,” she says. “Oh, the girls, minus Aria, did turn up to help at the trunk show. And Em brought Paige and I planted the earring in her bag. And I noticed them looking through her bag, so I think it worked!”

He nods. “Anything else to tell me about the trunk show?”

“Well…” she says, dragging it out. “Please don’t get mad.”

He sighs. “I decided to trust you,” he says, his voice rising. “What did you do?”

“No one died,” she says, shrugging. “No one got hurt… physically hurt.”

He braces himself for the worst.

“I locked Spencer in a dressing room with a snake,” she says fast, looking a little guilty.

“A snake!” he exclaims.
“Relax, it wasn’t poisonous, it was completely harmless. I didn’t leave her locked in for too long. And then I got to smash the snake with a mannequin leg which was quite a scene. I wish you could have seen it.”

He shakes his head in disbelief at what he’s hearing. “Where the hell did you get a snake from?”

“I have a friend who works at the reptile pavilion.”

She seems to have friends that work everywhere. He sighs. “I decided to give you some freedom but you’ve blown all your chances now.”

She stats to object but he silences her.

“From now on everything, and I mean everything, related to A has to be run through me first. Or I swear to god CeCe…” he trials off, deciding not to say what he was going to. “Do you understand?”

She swallows, knowing not to object when he’s in this kind of a mood. “Yes, I understand. But… no one died so really what is the problem…?”

“What is the problem?” he practically yells. “Spencer may not have been physically hurt but surely being locked in a dressing room with a bloody snake will have left some emotional scars.” He squeezes his eyes shut. “No one died, no. But that’s not the point CeCe. We’re here to mess with them and try to get information out of them. The whole reason we’re doing this is to find out what happened to Bethany. I know those bitches know something.”

She puts her hands up in surrender. “Okay, I get it. I understand. I respect your wishes.” She gets up to leave. “Think of what to do with Bethany’s body. You don’t want it rotting away in that freezer forever do you?”

He closes his eyes and listens to her leave. No, I don’t want her to rot away in that stupid freezer, he thinks.

He looks around and thinks through everything. Hopefully now CeCe will be under control and not do anything stupid or take things too far. He’s given her multiple chances already and she always
blows them.

She planted the earring in Paige’s bag. He thinks of what else he could do to really put the suspicion onto her. He glances at Maya’s bag and gets an idea. He gets Maya’s phone out. He gets a bit of notebook paper and writes a note.

*Plant Maya’s phone on Paige so they think that she is the killer - A*

He sticks the note on top of the phone and leaves it next to Mona’s laptop in clear view so it’s guaranteed that Mona and Toby will find it and do what he’s asked.
Hanna hadn’t crossed Wren’s mind. She hadn’t visited Radley and he’d stopped trying to call her, realising that there was no point. Obviously nothing was ever going to happened between them.

He’d gone back to the lair and Maya’s phone was gone, meaning that either Mona or Toby was planting it on Paige.

CeCe had contacted him and told him that she went past the high school and noticed that Spencer, Hanna and Aria were keeping their distance from Paige and Emily. CeCe ran her plan by Wren which he was grateful for.

She was going to message the girls and tell them to come to the cemetery with Maya’s bag, without Emily. That would make Paige seem even more suspicious. They’d think that Paige wants Maya’s bag back because she was the one who did in fact steal it and kill Maya. And telling them to keep Emily out of it would make it look like Paige is trying to keep Emily in the clear. They’ll think that she wants them to disappear so that she can have Emily all to herself.

It was a pretty genius plan actually. He looked at the texts that CeCe sent to the Liars phones.

**Stand down, bitches. Play it my way and Emily stays safe. - A**

That was the only text she sent to them. Then she sent them an email with a few photos.

**From: -A**

**To: Spencer**

**Let’s settle this. Alison’s grave. 10pm. Bring Maya’s bag.**
He opens up the photo attachments. The first two are pictures of the girls that night at Ali’s grave. And the final picture is of a body bag. He feels sick. It’s on the floor of the shed, he can tell. CeCe must have taken it when she took Bethany’s body to the shed and before she put it in the freezer. It makes him feel ill.

_Tell Emily and I'll leave you holding the bag._

10PM is when Toby or Mona were planing to meet Paige at the grave. So the girls would see Paige arrive and immediately think that she is A. CeCe had been in contact with Toby and Mona, and they’d discussed that they would follow Paige and plant the phone in her bag.

It’s a good plan, he’s not going to deny that. He left them all to do their jobs. At least he knew what both Mona and Toby and CeCe were doing. He would just keep an eye on them from a distance. But it seemed to be under control.

He stays at the lair that night, trying to figure out what he wants to do. When he walked out of the Brew that morning he saw a poster for a Halloween Ghost Train. He took a poster and was staring at it. It would be the perfect place to give Bethany’s body back.

The poster says to meet at the Rear Window Brew and then a shuttle will take everyone to the main station. There is a mystery live musical guest. He leaves the poster pinned up on a board full of pictures of Alison and leaves a note telling Mona and Toby to attend.

He later finds out that night that things didn’t exactly go to plan. Emily was with Nate at the Lighthouse Inn in Belmar. He should have been paying more attention to her, to where she was, but he’d been too focused on framing Paige.

CeCe got to the graveyard early and was watching Toby and Mona, who were there to plant Maya’s phone on Paige. CeCe watched Paige walking towards Ali’s grave, when Nate grabbed her. He’d been following her, stalking her. They weren’t expecting that. They weren’t expecting him.

Toby and Mona followed after them, and CeCe stayed at the graveyard when the other girls arrived. Caleb was with them too. It seems that they had their own little plan. Caleb was out of sight watching out for them in case anything happened.
The girls knew something was wrong when no one showed up to meet them at the graveyard. So they headed to the Lighthouse Inn. Although, there are two Lighthouse Inn’s nearby and they weren’t sure which one Emily was at with Nate. The Liars headed to Bayhead and Caleb headed to Belmar. Emily was at Belmar.

Nate had kidnapped Paige and revealed to Emily that he was not Maya’s cousin, he was her stalker ex and he admitted to killing Maya. Toby and Mona were watching. They didn’t know about Nate until that moment. He feels a little guilty for not telling them. He could have stopped all of this.

Mona and Toby figured it out and warned Emily. Emily told the police that she got a phone call in the Inn telling her to get out. After that is when Nate revealed his true identity, Lyndon James, and brought out his prisoner, Paige. Emily managed to escape the Inn and ran up the lighthouse. Nate followed her.

They fought and Emily ended up stabbing him. Caleb turned up and he had a gun. Before he died, Nate somehow managed to get the gun and shoot Caleb. Nate died and Caleb was rushed to hospital. He is in a critical condition but he should be fine. He will recover.

He never thought he’d be thankful for Caleb. If he hadn’t been there, things might have not been okay. He’s thankful that Emily is okay, but he feels a little guilty that he didn’t do anything. He knew about Nate, or rather Lyndon James. He knew and he should have told someone. He could have given the Liars some little hints to point them in the right direction. But he didn’t.

Mona and Toby were there when the police came. Throughout all the drama, they managed to put Maya’s phone in Paige’s bag. But now he doesn’t think that was such a great idea. Since Nate confessed to killing Maya, they know that Paige is not the killer, and that she is probably not A either. The plan of framing her has failed.

But, now Garrett has been completely cleared of all the charges. There wasn’t enough evidence against him and the trial was about to begin, but now there was nothing for him to be tried about anyway. So he’s been set free.

Things didn’t exactly go to plan. Paige didn’t meet the Liars at the grave, meaning they didn’t further suspect her to be A. Emily, and Caleb, were almost killed. Nate revealed his true self without a push from anyone. Maya’s phone planted on Paige won’t be any use now.

But Garrett is free, which is exactly what Mona wanted. That’s why she put her blood on Ali’s
anklet. Now he is well and truly free and he knows that she will probably try to kill him. But if he has anything to do with it, that is not going to happen.
Wren wasn’t a murderer. And he didn’t want to be a murderer. There were better ways to handle things other than killing. If they just scared Garrett and made him leave town, wouldn’t that be enough?

Later when he goes back to the lair, the Ghost Train poster is sitting on the desk, along with two tickets. He knows that Toby is going with Spencer, so the two tickets must be for Mona and someone else. There is also a note with costume order. The hand writing is definitely Mona’s.

**Phantom costume x 1**

**Queen of Hearts costume x 2**

She wants three costumes in total. Why would she need three? She’s bought the other ticket for someone else, but that doesn’t explain three costumes.

He discusses the plan with CeCe, about planting Bethany’s body on the Ghost Train. She thinks it’s a brilliant idea.

“Halloween is the perfect time to give a dead body back!” she says eagerly. “And trapped on a moving train, genius!”

He smiles at that and hands her the note. “Mona wants three costumes.”

“Three?” she asks, reading it. “Two Queen of Hearts and a Phantom costume.” She looks up. “One for her and Toby, and someone else?”

He shakes his head. “Spencer and Toby are going together. I don’t know who the other two are for.”

“Hmm,” she says tapping the note on her hand. “You want me to go the costume shop and buy them?”
“Yeah,” he says. “And I want you to buy a costume too, because you’re going on the Ghost Train to keep an eye on things.”

She smirks. “I love a good Halloween party. You sure you don’t want to come too?”

“I can’t risk it,” he says. He can’t. If Spencer or Hanna, or any of the girls, see him there he’d have a lot of questions to answer.

Mona seems in good spirits in Radley. It’s the day before Halloween, which is one of her favourite times of year. There is definitely something going through her head. He can tell she’s a little distracted. But whatever it is that she’s planning to do to Garrett, he’s going to stop her. No more people need to die. Enough people are already dead. He doesn’t want to be a part of a murder and he doesn’t want to have knowledge of one going down.

He meets up with CeCe later in the afternoon at his apartment. She has two costumes in her hands.

“Well, sorry that took longer than expected. Who knew going to the Rosewood Halloween Spectacular Store would be so interesting!”

Wren unzips the first costume and has a look. “What happened at the store?”

“Well, first off they only had one Queen of Hearts costume left, but I’ve ordered two more which I’ll need to pick up tomorrow morning.” She pauses and holds up the other costume. “I’m going to be the Queen of Hearts too.”

He nods, although it’s probably not the smartest idea to wear the same costume as two other people, but hopefully it will be fine.

“Then I ran into Jason,” she continues. “I heard him on the phone, talking to someone about some sort of proof. I’m guessing he was talking about Ali’s body.”

“Probably talking to Lucas. He’s been doing dirty work for Mona,” he agrees.

“Yes, I’m positive it was Lucas because he was there later, but I’ll get to that. We had a bit of an
intense conversation…” she says, trailing off. “I know I can’t tell him the truth but I feel bad that I broke up with him the day after Ali went missing…”

He sighs. He has never hated Jason. Aside from being a part of the N.A.T club, he was not a bad person. “You can’t tell him anything.”

“I know,” she says. “Sometimes I want to, but then he reminded me that he blames me for the person that Alison became. Like I turned into that queen bitch.” She rolls her eyes. “News flash, she was always a bitch, maybe I just helped bring it out in her.”

Her voice has risen and he raises his eyebrows at her.

“It’s not like he was a great role model for her. What, with spying on her and her friends.” She takes a deep breath. “I got a bit mad but I’m over it. Let him think his sister is dead, what do I care?”

He looks at the Phantom costume and it’s very creepy.

“Anyway,” she continues. “I managed to get two costumes. The person who works at the counter looked familiar and then I realised why. Her name is Shana, she was friends with Alison. She lived next door to Ali’s grandmother in Georgia.”

He freezes and looks at her. “You think she’s been in contact with Ali?”

“I don’t think it’s a coincidence that she’s moved to Rosewood,” she says. “That’s not all, after I talked to Jason I swear I saw this flash of red, so I waited until the store closed and then I snuck back in.” She pulls out a USB from her pocket.

“What’s this?” he asks, taking the USB and opening up his laptop.

“Security camera footage. I wiped the computer after I copied the footage. A lot of interesting stuff on there,” she says. “As Shana left, I heard her on the phone to someone. She said that she is sure they will all be in the store before Halloween. I think she was referring to the Liars and I think she was talking to Ali.”

Wren opens up the video files on the USB. First off he fast forwards through Jason and CeCe’s conversation. There is no sound, just video. He pauses it when CeCe takes the mask off in the
CeCe moves closer and grins at the screen. “I look good there, don’t I?”

He rolls his eyes and skims thought he rest. Nothing else happens on this camera. He changes to a different part of the store. There is a girl in a yellow top talking to Noel Kahn.

“That’s Shana,” CeCe says. “I’m not sure what she’s talking to Noel about.”

“Interesting top she’s wearing,” he notes.

“Oh, I never noticed,” she says scratching her head. “Very interesting indeed.”

He fast forwards through the footage. Shana leaves and then Garrett comes into the frame. “Garrett?”

She nods. “Yep, and I looked through the receipts and he bought a costume. He’s definitely going to be on the Halloween Train.”

“What is he talking to Noel about?” he wonders.

“The one thing they have in common; Jenna.”

That’s right, how could he forget. Jenna is the thing that connects them. He skims through and someone comes out of the dressing room in a pink and white dress. The costume looks like some sort of unicorn devil hybrid. “Jenna?”

She nods. “I’d assume so, it seems that she’s there with Noel.”

There is nothing more on that camera so he switches to another.

CeCe comes and takes over the controls. “This one is interesting.” She fast forwards through.
Lucas comes into the shot, talking to someone on the phone. There was what he thought was a mannequin behind him, but it was actually someone in a costume. A baby faced zombie costume. The costumed person whispers in Lucas’ ear and he follows them into the dressing room.

“Who is that?” Wren asks.

“Could be Mona or Noel,” she suggests. “I don’t know, but they made some kind of deal in there.” She rewinds the footage back slowly. “But that’s not the interesting thing.”

She zooms in and plays the video and pauses it. There is someone walking past in a red coat. His heart catches in his throat.

“Ali?” he says.

“I think it might be,” CeCe says. “Well it’s obviously not me and it’s not Sara. I think there’s a real possibility that it’s Ali.”

He looks up thoughtfully. “She sent Shana here to keep an eye on things so she could come and sneak around safely?”

She shrugs. “It’s possible.”

The rest of the footage isn’t relevant. But those small things definitely are. He opens up a webpage. “What’s Shana’s last name?”

“Fring,” she says.

He searches for ‘Shana Fring’. “I’ll see what I can find out about her.”

“As for the costumes, I’ll take this Queen of Hearts one and drop this one…” she says, taking the costume that Wren had unzipped. “And the other two at the lair when I’ve picked them up in the morning.”
He nods. “Do you know if they’ve started setting up the train?”

“The party is tomorrow night so I’d say so,” she says. “I can go down to the station and check.”

“That’d be great,” he says, closing down the webpage. He couldn’t find many results for Shana. “We need to figure out where to put Bethany’s body.”

CeCe leaves. He goes to the Ghost Train website and prints out the route map. He also goes to the Providence Railways website and prints of some blueprints of the design of the trains and carriages. He takes them into his little study room. He switches the low hanging lightbulb on. He has Dollhouse plans pinned up all over the walls. He spreads the maps out on the table.

The train leaves from Philly. It goes through the Dark Woods, past the Hills of Horror and over the Bottomless Lake. Then through the Tunnel of Torment, around Deadman’s Bend and finally ends at Harrisburg. He has to admit, whoever came up with the idea and all the names for the places the train goes past is brilliant. It’s going to be an impressive party.

He traces his finger along the map and stops at Deadman’s Bend. There is a picture of a dead body next to it. Is that what Mona is planning? To push Garrett off at that point? No doubt she’s been studying the route of the train, planning something.

He gets a pen and circles Deadman’s Bend. He writes some notes next to it. He studies the cargo hold and knows there must be storage crates on there. He spends a couple of hours studying the map and blueprints of the train and eventually finalises the plan.

He knows that Mona wants to kill Garrett, but he only wants to scare him. So the plan is for Mona and Toby, and whoever else they have helping them, to drug Garrett and lock him in a crate. The drugs will only have a short term effect and he will eventually wake up locked in the crate. When they get to Deadman’s Bend, they will open the door and pretend to push him out. Deadman’s Bend is only just around the corner from the end of the route, Harrisburg. He’ll feel the air rushing past, and then the train will slow down and come to a stop. They’ll unlock the crate and disappear. Garrett will get himself out of the crate and be terrified.

He will be scared into silence. Wren has been tracking his phone calls and emails and knows that he and his mother are planning to leave town. He’s already planning to leave, but they need to scare him so he’ll keep quiet. That’s the plan. He’s written notes and directions for Mona and Toby.
He is exhausted and leans back. He didn’t want to be a killer. Scaring them, torturing them, that was his game. Not murder. Killing someone was not going to bring Bethany back. Nothing was. The only thing he had going for him now was finding out the truth.
A Dark Ride

After CeCe had gone to check out the train, she called Wren in the middle of the night and told him if they wanted to plant Bethany’s body on the train, they need to do it now before the trains start going again in the morning. She says there is a big long coffin shaped drinks cooler, just the right size for a body.

They go to the shed at Tyler State Park to get Bethany’s body. Wren hasn’t been back since they started building the Dollhouse. Sara has kept him updated and sent him photos, but actually seeing it in person is something else.

“Wow,” he breathes, walking through what used to be a wine cellar.

There are frames up and he can imagine where each room is going to be. It’s all coming together.

Sara is still right at home in her corner of the shed. He doesn’t know why she would want to live here, but he guesses it’s away from everything and everyone. It’s like her own private house in the middle of nowhere.

Wren unlocks the freezer. He shivers when the cool air hits him. Her body should still be fine. It shouldn’t have decomposed anymore yet, considering she’s been covered in ice. They place some ice in a long esky in the trunk of the car and he and CeCe carry her body out to the car.

“Sara,” Wren yells back into the shed. “You’re coming with us.”

“Do I have to?” she whines.

He walks back to the shed as CeCe closes the trunk with a bang. He finds her lying on her bed on her phone. “If you want to keep living here, you’re coming to help us.”

She sighs. “Fine,” she says, rolling out of her bed. “If you pay me.”

He agrees and she happily comes alone with them. Wren throws her a black hoodie when they get into the car.
“Put this on,” he says.

She holds up the hoodie by the hood with a disgusted look on her face. “Do I have to?”

She’s wearing a pink sparkly top and denim shorts. That is going to bring attention to them. “Yes, you do.”

“Fine, as long as I’m getting paid I’ll put this horrid hoodie on,” she mumbles as she pulls the hoodie over her head.

They drive to the Philadelphia Train Station. When CeCe came earlier, she stole a key to the train and she uses it to unlock the door. It’s almost 2AM and the station is completely deserted.

They first go to check things out, blending into the background in their black hoodies. CeCe leads them through the carriages. They shine their flashlights along, not wanting to turn the lights in the train on in case that alerts someone.

They walk through the food and drink carriage. There are tables and bar stools set up, and right in the middle is the coffin drinks cooler.

“Here it is,” CeCe says proudly, taking the lid off.

It’s full of ice and drinks and her body will fit perfectly in there.

“Okay,” Wren says, shining the flashlight along the coffin. “Sara, you pull all the drinks out while we go get the body.”

Sara scrunches her face up and reluctantly starts to pull a drink out.

“Ah,” he says suddenly, pulling her arm back. “Put gloves on. We don’t want our fingerprints over everything.”
She sighs and takes the gloves out of the pockets of her hoodie and starts taking the drinks out one by one and placing them in lines on the ground.

They prop the door on the carriage open and go and get Bethany’s body. Wren and CeCe manage to carry her onto the train. They lay her on the ground and decide what to do. They find a bucket outside and scoop some of the ice into there. Then they place the body into the coffin and cover it with the remaining ice, making sure it’s completely covered.

Then they put the drinks back in and the lid back on. Wren leans down and has a look underneath the coffin. It’s screwed onto a thin platform in the middle of the coffin which is covered by a table cloth. Really, it’s not being held up by much. He pushes the tablecloth out of the way and gets a pocket knife out of his pocket. He loosens a few of the screws and then tests pushing on the coffin. It moves slightly. It wouldn’t take much for the coffin to fall.

He stands back up. “Someone needs to knock into the coffin at some point during the night and then the body will be revealed.”

CeCe smirks. “Great plan. Not sure if it should be me, maybe Toby or Mona?”

He puts the tool away in his pocket. “I’ll leave a note in the lair.”

Their work there is done. Wren pays Sara and they drop her back at the shed. Wren swings past his apartment and then goes back to the lair. He adds to the pile of notes he’s left for Mona and Toby, telling them the plan with the body, along with a bottle of pills to be used to knock Garrett out.

The night of Halloween, Wren is anxiously waiting in the lair. CeCe dropped the other two Queen of Hearts costumes by this morning and now all the costumes, drugs and notes are gone. Along with one of the Ali masks. Mona and Toby are hopefully all set.

CeCe gives him regular updates. She texted him when all the Liars, and their significant others, arrived at the party.

She’s sent him photos and he obsessively keeps staring at them. Spencer looks stunning as always. Her and Toby are dressed as characters from an old movie. She’s wearing a tight ocean blue dress, with long gloves and a net hat. He keeps flicking back to the pictures of her. Toby doesn’t look too bad in his suit and top hat, he just hoped that he knew what he needed to do.
Hanna was Marilyn Monroe. Her costume almost reignited his feelings for her that he’d mostly repressed. Aria is Daisy from The Great Gatsby. And Emily is in a Barbarella costume. He’s not gonna lie, she looks hot. Too bad he’s not her type.

Paige showed up with Emily, but Caleb and Ezra didn’t show up with the others. But CeCe texted him later to say that Caleb was there, wearing a Phantom costume, the same costume that they bought for Mona.

Hanna and Caleb have been sneaking around together. He suspects that they think A is trying to keep them apart. Considering that ‘A’ caused his mom to be in a car accident, he can see why they think that. And maybe, but unintentionally, it’s true that he wanted them to be apart because he was pursuing Hanna. They think they’ve kept under A’s radar, but he knows. He knows their secret meeting place is a closet at a dentist’s office.

CeCe texts him when she sees Garrett. He’s wearing a baby face zombie costume. Wren anxiously paces the room, partly regretting that he’s not on the train. It’s torture waiting here. And with the train going through black spots, there is no way for CeCe to contact him at all times.

He pulls out the map of the train route and traces it with his fingers. By now it should be going over the Bottomless Lake. Almost at Deadman’s Bend, which is where it’s all going to go down. He bites his finger anxiously. Then his phone pings, a message from CeCe.

*Just heard Garrett have an interesting conversation with Spencer, will tell you later*

That means he’s not in the crate yet. He wonders what he told Spencer. He hopes that things are in motion. He hopes that it will work out. He keeps checking the time, it’s now almost midnight and the train should almost be at the Harrisburg station. He gets a bad feeling in his stomach and then his phone starts ringing. It’s CeCe.

“Hey sorry, there was no service, I had to walk all the way to find some service,” she says, her voice breathless.

“Where are you?” he asks anxiously. “What happened?”
“Well,” she says. “Things didn’t exactly go as planned. We had to stop a few miles from the Harrisburg station. We’re kinda in the middle of nowhere.”

“Garrett?” he asks, but he thinks he already knows the answer.

“He’s dead,” she confirms.

He sighs. This isn’t what he wanted. “What happened?” he says through clenched teeth.

CeCe pauses and then talks. “Whoever the other two Queen of Hearts were, they did it. I don’t know who they were, but I saw one attack Spencer and one also drugged Aria.”

“Drugged Aria?” he asks, bitting on his fingernail.

“She was put in the crate with Garrett and almost thrown off the train. But don’t worry, she’s fine.”

He collapses onto the couch. This is not what he planned. The was not the plan at all. “Bethany’s body?”

“Yep, that all went to plan. Toby got into a fight with Noel and knocked into the drinks cooler and the body was revealed.” She gives a laugh. “You should have seen everyone’s reactions! It was gold!”

At least one part of the plan worked. But no one was supposed to die. And one of the Liars was not supposed to be locked in a crate with a dead body.

“Oh shit!” she says suddenly. He hears footsteps and wind rushing by. “The train is starting to move. Better go. I’ll get a cab back to Rosewood and come and see you and tell you everything.”

He sighs and gets his laptop out and has a look through the girls text messages. About an hour ago there was a message sent to all the Liars.
It must be from Mona. It seems that she had her own agenda. Wren knew that she wanted to kill Garrett. He knew that, and yet he still decided to trust her. It was a stupid idea. And obviously part of her plan included drugging one of the Liars, which is a typical Mona move.

He opens up a web browser and searches for ‘Garrett Reynolds’. Tons of articles show up. He opens one.

**Garrett Reynolds murdered on Halloween Train**

*Garrett Reynolds, who was released from police custody only a few days ago, has allegedly been murdered on a train at a Halloween Party. It is not clear yet what the cause of his death was but foul play seems to be involved. On that same train, the body of Alison DiLaurentis was found. Reynolds was accused of murdering her so it seems that they may be connected. Police are going to do a full investigation of these incidents. More news to come.*

He searches for ‘Alison DiLaurentis’ and tons of articles about her body being found show up. There are photos of the body bag covered in ice. He feels a little bad, leaving Bethany there in the drinks cooler. But the police now have her body back. And hopefully they soon they will identify her as Bethany.

CeCe eventually returns, still wearing her Queen of Hearts halloween costume.

“Hey, sorry,” she says, taking the mask off. “That was quite a night.” She goes over to the fridge and opens it up. “Mind if I have a drink? I didn’t want any on the train because I knew there was a dead body under all of the drinks.” She gets a drink and takes a big gulp and comes and joins him on the couch.

He frowns at her. “Garrett is dead. That wasn’t the plan.”
“I know,” she says, almost choking on her drink. “It seems that Mona had her own plan.”

“But who was helping her? Who were the other two people in the Queen of Hearts costumes?” He pauses. “Lucas?”

She shakes her head. “I saw him, he was a photographer. And Jason was on the train too.”

“Jason?” He was not expecting him to be there.

“I saw him talking to Lucas. I’m guessing Mona told him about the body being on the train and Jason told him to come to get Ali’s body back.”

“So tell me exactly what happened,” he says. He needs to know everything. “You said you saw Spencer talking to Garrett.”

She spills some of her drink and it makes him a little anxious that the couch will get a stain. “Yeah so that night when Ian, Garrett, Melissa and Jenna were in Ali’s bedroom, Garret and Jenna left Ian and Melissa to talk alone, and they went out to the backyard where they ran into Ali.” She stops to take another sip. “Ali, being Ali, aggravated them. She pushed and teased Jenna, and Jenna begged Garrett to do something to stop her. So he hit the tree behind Ali with a hockey stick. And Jenna, of course, was blind at the time and she believed that Garrett killed her. But he didn’t.”

He breathes a sigh of relief. He knew the history between Ali and Jenna, and he’d thought that Garrett could have done something to protect Jenna. But there wasn’t enough evidence against him. If he didn’t have the nerve to kill Ali, he doubts that he could have killed Bethany. “Ali was still alive then. That was when that night? The timeline is confusing.”

“Tell me about it.” She smirks. “I believe that was before I talked to Melissa. Because I saw her come out of Ali’s house and she confronted me about getting the N.A.T videos back from Ali.”

“And I was hiding behind the barn the whole time, so I didn’t see what was going on in her backyard.” He says, trying to remember that night, but it’s mostly a blur. And honestly, he’d prefer to forget that night altogether. But he needs to piece it all together and find out what happened to Bethany.

“That’s not all Garrett said,” she says. “After he took Jenna home, he came back and saw Ali talking
to Byron Montgomery.”

That’s not completely news, CeCe knew that Ali was planning to meet him that night. But now it’s confirmed that the meeting actually happened. “Blackmailing him for money, for the abortion.”

“I’d assume so,” she says.

“Well, that’s another piece of the puzzle of that night,” he says. “Tell me what happened on the train. The drugs we left for Mona, they were used on Aria not Garrett?”

“After I saw Garrett talk to Spencer, she left to get Aria so that Garrett could tell her about her father to her face. I left too, and then I don’t know what or when it happened, but Garrett was killed and put in the crate, along with a drugged Aria.”

He stands up and starts pacing. “How was Garret killed?”

“I heard a gunshot.”

He presses his hands to his head. Mona, or one of her helpers, had a gun. “No, no, no.” His OCD is escalating. He had an intricate plan all worked out but none of it panned out the way it was supposed to. He starts to get increasingly agitated.

“Hey, Wren, calm down,” CeCe says slowly. “It’s done now, there’s nothing we can do.”

“Mona is out of control,” he says angrily. “I am the one in charge. She needs to take orders from me.”

She stands up and comes over to him but keeps her distance, a little afraid of what he might do. “I know, Wren. I get it. Maybe if you revealed yourself to her, if she knew who she was dealing with, maybe she’d be more willing to take orders.”

“No,” he says sternly, throwing his hands up and almost hitting her in the face. “We need to get her under control.”
She backs up a bit, giving up on trying to make him listen. “Yeah, yeah, I get it. You’re our ruler, we’re your birds.”

He stops pacing at looks at CeCe. He likes that analogy. He chose the name Wren because he wanted to be free, like the wren bird. And now he was free and he had a little group of birds helping him. They were going to help him get to the bottom of what happened to Bethany.

That’s if he can control them. Birds sure are hard creatures to tame.
There was ongoing police investigation into Garrett’s murder. The police had come to the conclusion that he was shot, as there was a bullet wound on the side of his head. And they thought his death was somehow connected to the body, they just couldn’t figure out what the connection was.

They were still saying the body was Alison’s. They still believed that it was hers. He’d logged onto the police database and there was no mention about doing any DNA tests to make absolutely sure. They still believed that it was Alison’s. Maybe Wren’s plan didn’t work and they dug up the grave for nothing.

The week after the Ghost Train fiasco, Mona seems completely numb to what she did. She seems fine and normal, and dare he say it, better. The doctors were impressed, as was he. Although he knew she was probably faking it. They were considering letting her out. They’d consulted him and he agreed that it was a good idea. She did seem better. And the sooner she gets out, the better.

Wren is in his office sorting through some paperwork when there’s a knock on the door. Mona is standing there, looking cheerful, with a bag strung over her shoulder.

“Wren,” she says cheerfully. “I mean, Dr Kingston. I guess you’ve heard the news, I’m all better now.”

She was smiling and she looked great. He is still mad about her going against his orders and killing Garrett, but this person standing in front of him does not seem like that same person. This Mona doesn’t seem capable of doing something like that.

She moves closer to him. “Thank you, I wouldn’t have been able to do it without you.”

He smiles. “You did this yourself Mona. You’ve always had it in you.”

“Thank you,” she says, giving him a warm smile. “All my doctors here at Radley have been great, but you were my favourite. You always believed in me… that I could get better even when I didn’t think I could.”

He doesn’t know how to respond. Did he really give that much support and encouragement to Mona? Sure, he wanted her to get out and he tried to push her to, but did he genuinely mean to be
that supportive of her?

She gives a nervous smile. “And I’ll be sure to treat Hanna well.” She pauses and looks up. “My guardian angel.”

He feels a pang of jealousy at the mention of Hanna and everything that happened with her. Maybe Hanna really can change Mona. Maybe she can get her in line.

Mona’s mom pops her head around into the office. “Are you ready to go Mona?”

She turns to face her. “Just a second.” She turns back to Wren. “I don’t know how I can ever thank you for all that you’ve done for me.”

Wren stands up and walks around to the front of his desk. He feels genuinely touched by what Mona has said to him. “It was my pleasure Mona. It’s always so rewarding when a patient is able to go home. You’re welcome to come and visit me or call me anytime.”

It looks like the beginnings of tears are starting to form in her eyes. She rushes forward and wraps her arms around him a hug. “Thank you,” she whispers in his ear.

The hug confuses him. It seems like a warm and genuine embrace. She doesn’t seem like the person he knows Mona is. Could she really have changed?

She pulls away from him and wipes her eyes. She composes herself and then walks out of the room.

That exchange they just had was not the Mona he’d come to expect. How could someone that sweet and genuinely thankful be capable of conspiring to murder someone on a moving train? Had she really changed?

Over the coming weeks he found out that no, she hadn’t changed. She was still the Mona he knew she was. The doctors at Radley did not advise her to go back to school, and neither did her parents, but Mona insisted. She’d only just been released. It wasn’t a good idea for her to go back just yet.

Mona still had her own agenda. She got Toby to tail Lucas as he was skateboarding and caused him
to get injured. It seems that Lucas has stopped giving into her blackmail, and she needed him to know that there are consequences to that.

During school one day, Wren goes to the lair when he knows no one else will be there. Mona is at school and Toby is working. Everything is neat and tidy. After the Halloween train, he made it a deal that each day Mona and Toby would report back with what happened that day. They either text, leave a voice message, or leave a note at the lair. If there is nothing to report, then they have to report that.

He sits down at the desk and takes the note from yesterday. It only says one thing:

**Going back to school tomorrow**

He flaps the paper and then puts it back down on the desk. He notices a USB lying next to the computer. He takes it. It’s not one he’s seen before. If there is anything on it, he probably hasn’t seen it.

He opens up Mona’s computer and puts the USB in. There are a few video files. The first one is called ‘QOH’. He opens up the video and presses play.

There is someone silhouetted in black. He can hear wind rushing past. It was filmed on a moving train. The Ghost Train.

“It’s not gonna happen!” the figure says. He recognises that voice. The black figure turns and it’s Wilden, holding a Queen of Hearts mask. “Listen to me,” he continues. “Just leave her, plans have changed.” He walks towards the other Queen of Hearts. “Garrett’s gonna tell them everything. We can’t let that happen.”

The other Queen Of Hearts takes their mask off. “Melissa?” he whispers in disbelief. Her face is pale and she looks worried.

“I won’t be a part of pushing an innocent girl off the train,” she says, trying to walk away from him. “I need to find my sister, I don’t want her in the middle of this.”
Wilden grabs her arm. “Garrett has already started talking to her, do you really want him to tell her everything?” he says in a menacing way.

She tries to get free of his grip. “Let go of me!”

“Aria is already in the crate, it’s too late to take her out.” He gives a big exhale. “I have business I need to get to.”

“And if I refuse?” she asks, tears starting to glisten in her eyes.

“I know things that you don’t want getting out in the open,” he says sternly, harshly dropping the grip on her arm and walking off.

Melissa stands there. He can see tears starting roll down her cheeks. She wipes her eyes and puts the mask back on, then the video cuts out.

Wilden and Melissa were the other two Queen of Hearts. They were involved in killing Garrett and almost pushing the crate off the train. Mona is the one who wanted the costumes so she must have blackmailed them to be on the train. Mona has blackmailed Melissa before, at the Masquerade Ball. And Wilden visited Mona, at least once, in Radley. Why did she choose these two to do her dirty work?

There seems to be something that connects them. Garrett knew something about both of them. Melissa did tell Wren that she was worried she told Garrett too much. But what could she have possibly done that would warrant being so scared that she would help push the crate off the train? What could Garrett have known about Melissa that she didn’t want people to know? That she didn’t want her own sister to know?

He racks his brain trying to come up with an explanation that made sense, but he comes up with nothing. He closes the video and opens the next one which is titled ‘THE CRATE’. He opens it up.

It shows Aria in the crate, completely knocked out. One of the Queen of Hearts, with big muscly arms so probably Wilden, puts the lid on the crate. The video cuts out.
Aria was in the crate before Garrett. What was Mona’s plan? What did she tell Wilden? Or did Wilden go onto the train with his own agenda and go against Mona’s orders? The whole thing is perplexing. It makes no sense.

He takes a copy of the videos and tries to push it out of his mind. He discusses it with CeCe later.

“That literally makes no sense,” CeCe says after he’s shown her the videos. “So we had our own plan, one that we’d discussed with Mona and Toby. But Mona had her own plan which she told Wilden? And then Wilden had his own plan too? All this double crossing… ugh. But how does Melissa fit into it? Did Mona or Wilden blackmail her onto going on the train?”

Wren presses his hands to his head. “I have no idea. This is making my head hurt.” He pauses. “Mona is out of control.”

“Well, have you told her?” she asks.

“No, I…” he says, swallowing. “How am I supposed to do that?” He hadn’t left any notes saying how mad he is that she went against his plan. Honestly, he didn’t know how to tell her. The Mona who was so happy to be leaving Radley was so sweet and kind. How could he be mad at her?

“Leave her an angry note?” she suggests.

He could, but he doesn’t think that would be very effective.

“Look, she needs to know that you’re the one in charge. And you,” she turns and points her finger at him. “Need to act like you’re in charge.”

“I am in charge,” he snaps.

She closes the laptop and stands up. “I know that, because I know you. To Mona you’re just…” she pauses, trying to think of the right thing to say. “A faceless identity. For all she knows you’re a fat old guy who sits behind a computer all day. She doesn’t know you, so why should she be afraid of you?”
He puts his hand on his chin and thinks. That’s true. If Mona knew who he was, maybe she’d be more willing to take orders. But does he really want to reveal his identity after they were on such good terms in Radley? She trusted him, her doctor. Telling her the truth would change everything.
Wren gets on with his life. He leaves Mona, Toby and CeCe in charge of tormenting the Liars with their secrets. Turns out that Ezra has a kid. Aria knows but she hasn’t told him yet, so that was something they could use against Aria.

Over the next few days quite a lot happens. Harold Crane, the creepy owner of the Lost Woods Resort, took a job as a janitor at the high school. He remembers the last time he went to the Last Woods Resort. There was a ‘For Sale’ sign on the front. He pulls up the real estate listing for it. It was sold to an anonymous buyer. He wonders who it is.

It seems that Harold has still been stalking Mona. He must have known that she was released from Radley and going back to school, because he conveniently started working there the day that Mona returned to school. There is no way that’s a coincidence.

And as he suspected, Harold did take some of Mona’s stuff. When he comes back to the lair he finds Ali’s diary that was missing from the boxes. He did take it, but Mona managed to get it back and now he has it.

He flips through the diary and a gum wrapper falls out. He finds that there is a page missing, it’s been ripped out. He flips to the back page. Harold has been writing in there. He thinks this is Mona’s diary.

He skims through it. It says that he misses Mona and he took the job at the school to be close to her. A few passages jump out at him.

_I don't know about you but I have really missed getting to know you all the time. That's why I took this job at your school. It's not easy when someone you feel close to just suddenly disappears from your life. Although I have to say, it seems to happen to me a lot. Since I was little really._

He had a difficult childhood, just like Wren. He somewhat feels sympathetic towards him. He’s a creepy old guy preying on a high school student, how could he feel sympathetic towards him? But then again, how different was that to what he was doing to the Liars?
I know you think I'm just some guy who gets you things and cleans up after you…

That’s a reference to when he and CeCe asked him to pack up the lair on behalf of Mona.

Where were all of your friends while you were staying at the hotel? Who was there for you? Not them. It was me, Harold. It was always me. Whenever you were feeling down and just needed someone to bring you a cup of tea it was me who took care of you.

When Mona was A she must have been lonely, doing it all on her own. Did she find comfort in Harold? Did she lead him on? Is that what brought on his obsession with her?

I think there was something between us. We were friends, right? Who knows, maybe in time it will turn into something more. I saved some of your things and want to give them back to you. I want to talk to you, too. I want us to go somewhere where we can have a real talk about who you are and who you want to be, and how I can be a part of that. If you are in trouble, I can help.

His obsession really is real. He wants to be with her. Now that she’s out of Radley, he thinks it could be a real possibility.

I don't care. Whatever it is I'm sure you had a good reason. You're so perfect that you would only do something bad if you had to, or if someone really deserved it. What I'm trying to get at is that you don't have to pretend to be something you're not around me. Whatever you are is okay. I want things to be the way they were. I really do.

The messages go on to say how he wants to marry her and have babies with her, because he thinks
he will be a good ‘daddy’. The whole thing makes him squirm. He’s a creep. Pining after a teenage girl. He’s got to be around forty years old and is talking about having children with a seventeen year old it. It makes him feel sick.

He goes back to the start of the diary and decides to read the whole thing starting from the beginning. The first entry pulls him in.

Dear Diary,

Secrets make the world go round. EVERYONE has something to hide. From parents to creepy janitors to high school students.

If secrets had a pentagon, Rosewood High would be it. I would be the acting director because I know it all.

It’s kind of ironic that she wrote ‘creepy janitors’ when Harold is now a creepy janitor at the school. Maybe this diary is where he got the idea to work as a janitor. Maybe this is what inspired it.

Ali’s writing is so addictive. It’s so wrong, the secrets she holds and the way she treats people, but boy does it make for some juicy reading.

Ali wrote in this diary as a way to keep track of everyone’s dirty little secrets, so that she could use them against people. A few days before Halloween 2008, she writes that she is looking forward to going to Noel’s Halloween party. He remembers that time. A couple of weeks before then is when he started his work experience at Radley and saw Mona attending therapy sessions. That’s when he started leaving notes for her. And that is around the time that she started sending notes to Ali as A.

Ali writes about going shopping for clothes and how she wants to rub it in everyone’s faces. It makes him mad. This is one of the reason he hated her. She was a horrible bitch.

There’s a new girl in town. I ran into her at the costume shop. Jenna. She was looking for a wig, attempting to be Gaga. Not on my watch. She interests me. Good or Bad? She already knew who I was, which isn't surprising. Somehow she scored an invite to Noel Kahn's party. I'll have to keep an eye on her. My plans to get hefty Hanna to shave her head failed miserably. Spencer stepped in to defend Hanna. Not smart, Spencer.
That was the first time Ali met Jenna. She hated her the moment she met her. Their first meeting is probably what pushed her to throw the firework and blind Jenna. There is no way it was an accident. And Spencer was the only one of them to ever stand up to Ali, and Ali knew it.

Someone left a voodoo doll on the front porch. Let's say some coward, not someone. Creepy as hell, I'll admit it. Wonder if it's the same person who texted me they were watching me the other day. Who would do that? What is their deal?

She was being terrorised by A and that makes him smile. She deserved it. She deserved everything that Mona did to her. She deserved to die. But somehow she didn’t.

Reading her diary has gotten him worked up. He leaves the diary on the desk and picks up the note from that day from Mona. It says that the girls ripped one of the pages of the diary out, one about Aria’s dad, before she got it back. They girls are now suspecting Aria’s dad to be A. After their failed attempt at framing Paige, any suspicion onto someone else is a good thing.

Mona had taken things very into her hands. She wanted to be back on the Academic Decathlon team, so she caused the team captain to be an accident. Now she has a chance at running for team captain. But she’s up against Spencer, who as he knows is incredibly competitive. And her past with Mona is not great. But that’s what Mona wants, to butt heads with her.

There was an explosion at the finish line of the 10k run at the school. Mona leaves a note at the lair explaining things. Lucas set it, she thinks as revenge for what she did to him.

Lucas caused the explosion as a way to hurt me. Luckily I was not near there when it happened, but Aria’s dads mistress was.

Meredith was injured in the fire. Completely unintentionally, but it seems that Mona is happy about that.
I can no longer trust Lucas, he has stopped obeying me and I will punish him for that. It seems
that the money was not enough for him. Don’t worry, he is out and will not be a part of our game
anymore.

Creepy Harold followed me and bribed the janitor to get a job at the school. He had some of my
stuff from the lair but I got it all back. I hope you’ll appreciate having Ali’s diary. I told my
parents that I think he set the fire to hurt me, and they got him fired and he fled and the police are
searching for him. I hope that creep goes to jail.

I hope one day I find out who you are because I like the way you play this game.

- M

He feels a sort of envy at the things Mona has written about him. To her he is a faceless, nameless
person only known as A, but she somewhat admires him. He likes being complimented, even if it is
by Mona. He admires her somewhat too. How can he get mad at her when she gives him praise like
this?

Jason had gotten a job at the school too working as a Substance Abuse Councillor. When CeCe went
by the school, she noticed him and Mona together. He wonders what they were talking about. Mona
does not, and has not to his knowledge, ever had any issues with alcohol or drugs, apart from her
prescribed drugs. So they must have been talking about something else.

Mona and Spencer are up against each other for captain of the Academic Decathlon team tonight. He
knows that Mona is going to win. He just knows in his heart that Mona is going to defeat her. He
doesn’t want Toby to be there to see it so he tasks him with something else.

Paige and Emily are going to a party, out in the middle of the woods. Paige has been pretty shaken
since the lighthouse incident. He sends Toby to follow them and slash their tyres, just to scare them a
little.

From what he hears, Mona and Spencer’s quiz off was pretty intense. He knows how driven and
competitive Spencer is and he knows her past with Mona. It must be hard for her. After everything
Mona did, to now just come back and take everything Spencer has worked so hard for. Mona wins the quiz off, as he knew she would. Spencer will be devastated.

But there is nothing he can do about that, although he wishes there was. But as he knows, Mona does what she wants to get what she wants.

He gives some more tasks to them. He tells Mona to follow Byron and see what he’s up to and make sure they’re still suspecting him. And he tells Toby to bury the Queen of Hearts mask and the Phantom mask that Mona was wearing. But in an obvious place where the girls might find them.

Having Mona free has given him and CeCe a break. Which was actually great. The Halloween Train had left him feeling exhausted. Even thought he didn’t actually do anything that night, it had left him feeling drained.
When Wren first heard about Mona’s plan, he wanted to shut it down. Toby revealing himself as a part of the A team on their anniversary? That was too much. It would be too heartbreaking. But it kept gnawing at his mind. A part of him wanted to do it. It would cause Spencer immense heartbreak and she would be crushed. But selfishly, that would mean she’d be single. She would be free to be with him.

Toby has been getting increasingly frustrated that Spencer has been lying to him about A being back and the A messages starting again. Mona wanted to push Spencer to find out about him. Toby wasn’t into it, but Mona had somehow convinced him that it was the right thing to do. Since he wanted Spencer to start telling him the truth, he agreed to the plan.

But, it was planned to happen on their anniversary, which he was not thrilled about. Of all the days of the year, their anniversary would have the biggest effect. Which is something that A would do.

“Tell me the plan again,” CeCe says. She’s at his apartment and they’re going over the plan one final time before it’s time to put it into action.

“We’ve gotten Hanna a job interview, fake interview, at a boutique,” Wren says. The boutique had moved over a month ago. It was completely bare except for some mannequins that were left there. “Toby will be there and attack her. In all the chaos, he’ll drop the key to the lair. Hanna will find it and show the others.”

“And I’ll be watching the boutique making sure that Hanna goes in,” CeCe says. “Then I’ll alert Toby when she’s inside.”

“Exactly,” he says. “Then Spencer will know about the key and Toby will try to find it and purposely get caught by her.”

“Okay,” she says doubtfully. “And Toby is fine with this plan?”

He sighs. “Somewhat, I guess. I know he’s not happy about doing it on their anniversary. But it has to be that day because that’s something that A would do to have the biggest impact. Plus, he wants Spencer to stop lying to him so he’s agreed to it.”
“Right,” she says. “And you do realise that this will crush Spencer? It will probably ruin their relationship right?”

He nods. “I know.”

“But that’s what you want,” she says, reading his face. “She’ll need someone to lean on and you hope that someone will be you.”

His face reddens a little. That was the main reason he’d agreed to Mona’s plan. Spencer will need someone to comfort her, and he’s been that comfort for her before. “It’s already happening. Mona and Toby are all set, Mona’s already disabled the security system at the boutique.” He stands up. “It’s happening.”

CeCe gets up. “Okay, we’ll see how this changes everything tomorrow.”

Had it really been a year since he was staying a the Edgewood Motor Court and saw Spencer and Toby there, when he witnessed their first kiss? So much had happened since then, so much had changed. But his feelings for Spencer had only grown stronger since then. In all honesty, he couldn’t wait for Spencer and Toby’s relationship to be over.

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The plan worked. Spencer found out and it crushed her. Mona is revelling in it. She’s a little too happy about Spencer’s heartbreak. Then again, she did run over Hanna with a car. She enjoys messing with them this way. Which, to some extent he does too.

But this broke Spencer’s heart. Maybe he shouldn’t have agreed to it. Mona is still helping messing with the girls, but Toby is staying at a motel near Tyler State Park and is going to be staying there for a while, giving him a break from A duties. He’ll still be working on the dollhouse though.

He partly regrets what they did. Spencer is crushed. She’s single, yes, but heartbroken. And when she finds out that Wren was the mastermind, the ruler of the A team, she’ll never speak to him again. She’ll hate him and despise him and never be able to forgive him.

He wonders whether he’s made a huge mistake. How can I ever expect her to love me after what I’ve done?
She’s Broken

She wouldn’t ever have to find out. Wren could live with that. He could block it from his mind and pretend it never happened. He could, and that’s what he’d have to do.

He hadn’t been going to Radley very much. Now that Mona was out there wasn’t really any need to. But he did occasionally, just to keep up appearances. But A duties took up most of his time. He’s been back to to check on the dollhouse and it’s going well. It’s starting to look the way he imagined it would. It’s really coming along nicely.

He’s left Mona and CeCe to mess with the Liars. He lets them do whatever, as long as they run it by him first. They’ve been messing with Aria about Ezra’s kid still, pushing her to tell him. And CeCe was also keeping an eye on Caleb, who had recently found his father.

CeCe comes by his apartment unannounced one afternoon and wakes him up. He’s been sleeping a lot, probably more than he should be. His mind has been working overtime, worrying about things that he really should not be worrying about.

“Hey,” he says, wiping the sleep from eyes as he walks down the stairs.

She narrows her eyes at him. “Did I wake you? What’s going on with you?”

“Nothing,” he says, trying to sound convincing.

“Don’t beat yourself up about Spencer, she’ll come around and eventually fall into your arms.” She smirks. “Anyway, we may have a problem. The girls are onto something.”

He suddenly feels wide awake and alert. “What do you mean?”

“They found Ali’s biology book, the one we used to write message back and forth to each other in. There was photo of Ali and I in Cape May in there, and Emily was questioning me about it.” She pauses and notices him looking at her. “Don’t worry, I didn’t spill too much. But Ali wrote a lot in there. She wrote about the ‘Beach Hottie’ but I said I didn’t know who he was.”
“You didn’t tell them about…” he asks, drawing it out.

“Eh,” she says suddenly. “I wasn’t going to, but I told her about the pregnancy scare.”

“How much did you tell them?”

“I didn’t tell them Wilden was the Beach Hottie, and of course I didn’t tell her about you getting her the drugs. Just that she was late and thought she was pregnant.” She pauses. “And that Ali was worried the the Beach Hottie would kill her if he found out. So now they’ll probably try to find out who he is and start suspecting him. Any focus off of us is great right?”

“Right,” he agrees. He pauses and has a thought. He’s been thinking a lot about Spencer lately. “The key to the lair. Toby never got it back right?”

CeCe shakes her head. “No, I don’t think so.”

He stands up and yawns. “Then they could trace where the key is from. We need to move the lair.”

“Whoa, hang on, we only just moved everything into there. Are you sure you want to pack it all up and move it again?”

He gets his laptop out and opens up Spencer’s emails and phone numbers. He had a look earlier but it never occurred to him what it could mean. “Spencer has hired a private investigator, Miles Corwin, to look for Toby it seems. But with that key, it could be traced back to the unit. We need to pack up the lair.”

They head to Unit A and start to pack everything up. CeCe is distracted looking through everything. The little dollhouse is still set up there. He notices CeCe with a blowtorch. She aims it at the Ali doll, and then moves it down and dowses the Hanna bobble head in flames. It starts to melt down.

He rushes over and pulls her back. “What the hell are you doing?”

She grins. “Just having a little fun. Hanna is the one who burnt you out, get it?” She laughs and holds up the blowtorch and ignites it.
He rolls his eyes and picks up the Hanna bobblehead. The face has started to melt and it’s a little lopsided. He doesn’t know why CeCe just did that other than to spite him. “Get back to packing everything up.”

She keeps quiet while she packs up. The keepsake box catches his eye. He opens it up and hands the postcards to CeCe.

“Give these back to Emily somehow,” he says.

She takes them and flicks through them. Most of them are Paris themed. Some have writing on them, some of them are blank. “What about Spencer’s keepsake?”

He picks up the knife and looks at it. He still doesn’t know the significance of it. He puts it back in the box. “She’s been through enough for now.”

They manage to pack it all up so that the unit is empty, except for a few pieces of furniture. They store half of it at Wren’s and half at CeCe’s, as they did previously.

There has still been no news of Bethany’s body. He logs onto the police database. They still believe that it’s Ali’s remains and they’re being given back to her family. His mother has signed off on them.

They still have not bothered to do any more DNA tests. They still think it’s Alison. Her remains are being put in the mausoleum. The police are so incompetent and still think it’s someone else’s body.

*Bethany will be forgotten,* he thinks sadly. But he is not going to let that happen.

Later, he discovers that Spencer did find the lair. The private investigator she hired tracked it down. Luckily they’d cleared it all out by then. He watches the security footage of her going into the unit. She runs out of there crying and he feels a horrible sense of guilt.

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One day after the private ceremony for Alison at the mausoleum, he heads there to say his farewells and apologies. He runs his hand along the crypts until he gets to the one that says ‘Alison DiLaurentis’. He reads what it says underneath her name.

Unable are the loved to die. For love is immortality.

That is such an Alison quote. Always remembered as though she’s immortal. He presses his hand to the crypt, trying to feel Bethany’s presence. He looks around and makes sure he’s alone.

“I’m sorry Bethany,” he whispers. “I let you down again. Still, no one knows it’s you. I’m so sorry.” He places the flowers he brought onto the crypt. Red tulips, her favourite colour.

He stays here and just remembers her. This may be her final resting place. The police have still incorrectly identified her. Still. It makes him sad that her body may stay here forever, unless he does something about it.

He wanders around the mausoleum and looks at all the other names and wonders what their stories are. If their deaths were anything like Bethany’s. He doubts it. She was dented in the head and buried alive. How many people have died like that? He stops when one of the names catches his eye.

Marion Cavanaugh

Loving Mother

Toby’s mother. She was in Radley for quite a few years. In fact, it was Bethany who killed her. But it was covered up as a suicide, mainly due to his mother who was on the Radley board, with the help of Wilden. That happened about a year before he started working at Radley. That was Bethany’s first big incident. She had an intermittent explosive episode while she was on the roof with Marion. It was a complete accident, she didn’t do it on purpose. But when she got agitated she’d lash out. It was a mistake to even let her anywhere near the roof. It was all Radley’s fault.

And it never would have happened if she had never been put in Radley in the first place. The fragile
patient, they called her. He does not blame Bethany at all for what she did. If he were in the same situation, in a bad mood on the roof with another patient, something similar may have happened.

It was after that when his mother started being even nicer to Bethany. She would take her out on excursions and even bought her a horse. Still to this day the truth is not out in the open.

But it wasn’t just her name that caught his eye. Above her name another name has been scratched onto the stone.

\textit{Toby}

It must have been Spencer. Signifying that Toby is dead to her. Wren’s head starts to pound. It’s all his fault. Everything is his fault.

His half sister killed Toby’s mother, then he recruited Toby for the A team and pushed Spencer to find out which has crushed her. Everything has happened because of him. All of it. He touches the hydrangeas on the crypt and a thought comes to him that causes him severe heartache.

\textit{Have I broken her beyond repair?}
But I Can Heal Her Broken Heart

Spencer is strong. That is one of the reasons why he agreed to the plan to expose Toby to her. He knew she could handle it. She is a Hastings. She would be fine. But what if she wasn’t? What if this has a long term effect on her? What if she never fully heals?

He goes to Radley and tries to focus on his work. He finds that since Mona is no longer a patient, he doesn’t have that much enthusiasm about working there anymore. Some of the other patients are interesting, and he does want to help them, but honestly there is no benefit to him helping them. Of course there is great satisfaction in helping patients, but nothing like there was with Mona.

He’s out in the common room, supervising some patients, when a nurse comes in.

“Dr Kingston, there is a call for you,” she says.

He wonders who it could be. A part of him is hoping it’s Spencer, but he doubts it because she would just call his cellphone. He goes to the front desk and answers the phone. “Hello?”

“Dr Kingston,” Mona says.

“Mona,” he says, surprised to hear from her. “How are you?”

“Great.” She pauses. “I’ve been taking my medication and I’m doing great.”

“That’s excellent to hear, Mona.” From her voice she does sound great. She really does.

He finds it hard to believe that after what she did the other day to Spencer, she feels no sense of guilt. That just shows how mentally ill she is. Tormenting people had numbed her senses. One of the differences between them. Wren feels every little emotion, unlike Mona who feels nothing it seems.

“But, I’m not calling about me,” she says. “I’m calling about Spencer.”

He feels the blood leave his face. “Spencer?”
“I’m worried about her. I know you’re close with her and her sister.” She gives a long exhale. “So I thought maybe since you know her, and you’re a doctor, you could help her.”

“What’s going on with her?” he asks, wanting to push her and see how much she’ll tell.

“Well, I beat her in the Decathlon quiz off and she was kicked off the team. I won fair and square, but you know how competitive she is. She didn’t take it well… and she broke up with Toby…”

“The carpenter?” he cuts in.

She nods. “The carpenter, yes, I…” she gives a little high pitched cry. “I don’t know what happened between them, but she doesn’t seem like herself. It’s all hit her really hard. I’m worried about her state of mind, something isn’t right.”

He didn’t realise things were this bad with her. That Mona, of all people, has come asking for help. He’s skeptical though, what is Mona’s motive for doing this? Considering she is the one who pushed Spencer to find out about Toby. She is really the one who did this. So why is she asking him for help? Is it out of genuine concern? He doubts it. There’s something more to it.

But it’s Spencer, and if she needs help then he would be there for her no matter what, No matter the consequences. “Thanks for calling Mona,” he says, his voice breaking slightly. “I’ll pay her a visit and see how she is.”

“I hope you can help her the way you helped me. It’s the worst thing in the world being in a bad state of mind.” There is something in her tone but he can’t figure out what it is.

Spencer must be a lot worse off than he originally thought. In the video of her at the empty lair she looked very upset, which is understandable. And she did carve Toby’s name onto his mother’s crypt. But it’s only been a few days, he thought it was just the second stage of grief; anger. But maybe it’s a lot worse than he thought.

After work he heads straight to the Hasting’s house. CeCe calls him on the way.

“Those bitches know about Wilden,” she says, giving a big exhale. “They know that he is Beach
Hottie and Ali’s baby daddy.”

“What did you tell them?” he asks.

“Nothing. I brushed the questions off, said I didn’t know anything.” She sighs. “They’re on his trail now.”

“Which is a good thing,” he says. “Let them suspect him.”

“Yeah,” she says unenthusiastically. “Hey, Aria and Wes are helping me out with some photography for the website. They should be here any minute.”

“Wes?” he asks.

“Ezra’s brother. I’m going to try and set them up.” She gives a laugh. “We’ll see how it goes. He’s much more age appropriate for her. What are you up to?”

“I’m heading to Spencer’s.” He pauses. “Mona called me today and said that she’s worried about Spencer.”

“Mona? Worried about Spencer?”

“I don’t know, but CeCe, I fear it was a mistake exposing Toby to Spencer yet. What if she never recovers from this?” He realises his voice is shaking as he talks.

“Well, you go there and fix her with your charming accent. There’s nothing a nice cup of tea and biscuits can’t fix,” she says, failing horribly at trying to imitate his accent.

He gives a quiet laugh at her cringeworthy accent.

“Seriously Wren,” she says firmly. “She’ll be fine. You’ll make sure of that.” He hears a noise on her end of the phone. “Well I better go, the future lovebirds are here.”
He drives the rest of the way to Spencer’s house, rehearsing what he’s going to say to her. How to phrase it. How to help her. But he doesn’t know and decides to just wing it when he gets there.

Her parents are both in London on business. When he gets to her house, he notices two cars in the driveway. Melissa must be home. He swallows. It’s been ages since he last saw her. He hasn’t talked to her since before the night he spent with Spencer.

He walks around the back of the house to the side door. He knocks and looks through and can see Spencer sitting at the kitchen bench and Melissa in the kitchen. She doesn’t look happy to see him.

Melissa walks towards the door. He paces, not sure what to say to her.

“Ah,” he says when the door opens. “Melissa.”

“Hello,” she says, keeping herself poised and confident.

“Hi, I… I didn't think you’d…”

“I’m sure you didn’t,” she cuts him off.

“I… I heard you were back in school finishing your degree,” he says. He knows that because CeCe saw her come into the boutique a couple of days ago and they had a brief chat.

“I am,” she says, nodding. She doesn’t seem anxious like he does. “It’s taking longer than I expected.”

“Well, you’ve been distracted, life and all that,” he says, wanting to cut their awkward conversation short. He takes a step inside. “Hello Spencer.” He notices his tone changes when he talks to her.

“Hi,” she says. She looks a little dishevelled. “What are you doing here?”
Melissa closes the door and rushes past him, taking her dinner and walking towards the back door. “I think I’ll dine out back.”

“We should catch up..” he says, his voice going out in spurts. “Sometime.”

“Yeah,” she says, giving him a look as if to say ‘not very likely’.

Why does she make me like that? Why do I get weird around her?, he wonders. Melissa made him crazy, in a strange way. They were together for a while and his feelings for her had not completely disappeared.

“Really, what are you doing here?” Spencer asks.

“I got a call from someone who was concerned about your state of mind.”

“So you’re making house calls now?” she asks skeptically.

“I’m not here as a professional.”

Spencer rolls her eyes. “Damn it.” She sits back down a the kitchen bench. “I was really hoping for some shock therapy, but maybe you could just wire me to a toaster and press ‘top brown only’.”

He can’t help but smile at her. Spencer, always with the most witty lines. He joins her at the kitchen bench. “Spencer, save it. I’ve seen this sort of unravelling before, and…”

“And I’m what?” she cuts in, looking him the eyes. “What is the crisis really? That I took my bra off at four in the afternoon? Please tell Emily that I don’t need supervision.”

That is not what he was expecting to hear form her. “I never spoke to Emily. And I didn’t hear anything about a bra.” He can’t help it as his face breaks into a little smile.

“So, what? She told Hanna?” she says giving him a knowing look.
Does she know about him and Hanna? Surely she must know. He cocks his head slightly but doesn’t respond.

“Aria?”

He shakes his head, not sure how to tell her that Mona of all people is the one who came to him. “I didn’t speak to any of them.”

“Who did you speak with?” she asks, looking highly confused.

He presses his lips together and looks down.

“Mona?” she says quietly. “Mona sent you here, didn’t she?”

That’s the reaction he was expecting, disbelief and anger, like she’s going to snap at any moment. He knows her relationship with Mona and he doesn’t want to anger her. He’s careful with his words. “Spencer, she recognises self destructive, aggressive behaviour. If someone had intervened on her behalf, she might not have ended up in Radley.”

She looks away and he braces himself for the anger that she will probably aim at him. But instead she doesn’t. “Yeah,” she starts, but doesn’t sound too confident. “Yeah, you’re right.” She sounds a little more confident and focuses on his face. “It was actually really thoughtful of her to send you.”

Although it’s not the reaction he was expecting, he’s hopeful that she is being sincere. “Yeah, it was indeed. And if you want I can refer you to someone…”

“What I really want is just to get out of the house,” she cuts him off and smiles. “Do you think that maybe we could just... go to, like, dinner and a movie?”

He opens his mouth. The last thing he expected was Spencer Hastings to ask him out on a date. “A date wasn’t exactly…”
“No, it’s not a date!” she exclaims. “It’s a mental health outing.” She laughs. Her smile is so affectionate, he can't look away. “But, I am not going to go with my doctor.” She takes his Radley ID badge off his shirt.

He’s thrilled that she wants to go out somewhere with him, but is this really the right thing for her? She’s in a fragile self destructive state. It is probably not the right thing to do.

“Oh, let’s go up to that film festival up in Bucknell,” she suggests.

He’s not familiar with that place, and he’s kind of skeptical to take Spencer somewhere he doesn’t know. “Ah, where is that?”

“It’s up near Lewisburg, it’s really not that far.” Her face breaks into another smile. “Just give me a second to change.” She turns around and runs up the stairs. She seems very upbeat and happy.

This is not what he expected when he came over here to help Spencer. It may not be the smartest thing to do, considering it’s obvious that she isn’t entirely herself at the moment. But getting her out of the house is a good thing. And besides, he’ll be with her the whole time and will make sure she doesn’t do anything self destructive.
What If She Can’t Be Healed?

Chapter Notes

Lost interest in writing this for a while but am determined to finish, eventually :)

While he’s waiting for Spencer to get changed, he gets a text from CeCe.

Can I come over?

He texts her back.

No sorry, I’m heading to Bucknell with Spencer

He switches his phone off, wanting to enjoy his night with Spencer without any distractions. Without having to think about A.

He drives and lets Spencer give him directions. It seems as though they had been driving for ages. He was lost, he’d never been out this far in this direction before. But if going out of town is going to help Spencer recover from her heartbreak, then so be it.

She seemed like Spencer, mostly, but just a little off. A little broken and reckless. And she wasn’t in a very talkative mood like she usually is. The road was dark and there were signs but not towards where Spencer said they were going. They drive with the radio on quietly.

“Are you sure we haven’t gone too far?” he asks, breaking the silence.
She gives a small laugh. “We’re fine,” she assures him. “I saw a sign back there.”

“Yeah, to New Hampshire,” he says, keeping his eyes on the road.

She gives another laugh. He would never get tired of hearing her laugh. “Trust me, it’ll be worth it.” She turns up the radio. “Oh, I love this song.”

He glances over at her and is about to say something, but thinks the better of it and just smiles. She is adorable. But there is something off about her. The song is a rock song, which is not her usual taste in music at all. The Hastings are more into classical music, not this. But she’s smiling and seems happy so he lets her have it. If she’s smiling, that’s a good thing.

They arrive in Bucknell at this small roadside inn. It’s in the middle of nowhere. There is barely anyone around. He’s skeptical if this is the right place. There are no signs for a film festival.

“Oh,” Spencer says, hitting her palm on her head. “I think the film festival was last week. Sorry, I got the dates wrong.” She looks out the window of the car. “Well, since we drove all this way, do you want to grab something to eat?”

He opens his mouth and is about to speak but she keeps talking.

“Do you want to book a room?” she says. She’s talking faster than she usually does. “Not a date. We’ll call it a… mental health outing sleepover.”

“Ah yeah,” he says without hesitation. They’ve driven a long way and maybe spending the night with her will help heal her. He doesn’t even mind that she lied about there being a film festival, he just wants to spend time with her.

They head across to the reception and book a room. Then they go to get something to eat. It’s a cute little place. A nice place for a date. *Not a date,* he reminds himself. He wishes that it was, but he can just pretend that it is.

Spencer glances at her watch and looks a little nervous.
“Did Melissa give you a curfew?” he asks. She’s probably not going to be happy about them spending the night together.

“She probably wishes that she could,” she says. “Ah, no I just have to email my parents, it’s too late to call them. But will you go in and get us a table? I’ll be right in.”

“Yeah,” he says. The way that she’s looking at him, he’d do anything for her. Anything.

He goes and lines up. There are a few people in front of him and he glances around the room. He gets his phone out to check the time and remembers that he switched it off. He turns it back on and finds that he has tons of messages from CeCe.

_Bucknell? Isn’t that where the decathlon competition is?_

_Spencer is not on the team remember?_

_Wren answer me why are you taking her there???

_She doesn’t want to go on a date with you!!!_

_MONA WILL BE THERE!!!_

_You know the tension between them_

_Your date with Spencer is not going to end well_

_ANSWER ME DAMN IT!!!_
His stomach drops. He regrets turning his phone off but it’s too late now. There is no film festival here, there never was. Spencer wanted to come here because tomorrow the Academic Decathlon is on. He should have known. He should have been paying closer attention to them the way that CeCe obviously has been. He was just so caught up in spending time with Spencer that none of that crossed his mind. He hears some noise coming from the next room over and knows it’s probably too late.

He rushes out of the line and towards where the noise is coming from. There are people yelling and screaming. He runs through the open door yelling Spencer’s name. She’s got Mona pinned on the ground underneath her, trying to strangle her.

He and someone else pull Spencer off Mona and he drags her out of the room. She tries to fight him, her arms and legs flailing all over the place. She’s still trying to fight her way back, but he manages to pick her up by the waist and carry her out of the room. He blocks the doorway with his body.

“Spencer?” he says. “Spencer, calm down.”

She looks into his eyes and her breathing starts to slow down.

He leads her over to a chair and makes her sit down. He puts his hands on her shoulders, preventing her from getting up. “Okay Spencer, I think I should take you home.”

She looks down with no emotion on her face. Maybe she really is broken. What was her plan with Mona? Was she trying to harm her so that she wouldn’t be fit for the Decathlon tomorrow and then she could take her place?

He shouldn’t have brought her here. He should have known there was something else on her mind. That going on a date with him was not her top priority. He thought he could help her, but he took her to this place and now things were much worse.

“Spencer?”

He turns his head and Mona is standing there watching them. “Mona I don’t think you should come too close.”
She takes a wary step forward. “I only came to you out of genuine concern for Spencer.” She looks down and her lips turn into a frown. “Now you can see why, she’s been lashing out like this on a regular basis.”

He’s not sure how to respond to that. He turns back to Spencer and her eyes are narrowed looking in Mona’s direction.

“You did this to me,” she says in a low voice.

“Spencer,” Mona says, taking another step forward. “You’re not well, let Wren help you the way he helped me.”

He feels Spencer’s body start to tremble.

“Okay,” he says calmly. “Spencer I’m going to take you home.”

She stands up and he keeps a tight hold of her in case she tries to attack Mona again.

“Good luck tomorrow Mona,” he says looking back at her.

She has a smug grin on her face. Spencer’s downward spiral is exactly what she wants.

Wren leads her out to the car. He gets her settled in the passenger seat and clips her seatbelt on, not trusting her to do it herself. Not trusting her to do anything after what just happened.

He tries to talk to her on the drive home but she’s not in the mood to talk. She’s leaning with her head in her hand, aimlessly staring out of the window. It’s getting late and he just needs to get her home. Maybe she’ll feel better after a good nights sleep in her own bed.

Her phone starts to ring but she doesn’t move to answer it. It’s Melissa. She’s probably worried about her sister.

He glances over at her. “You should probably get that.”
She doesn’t move to answer it so he does.

“Hello Melissa it’s Wren, you’re on speaker,” he says.

“Why are you answering Spencer’s phone? Is she with you?” Melissa asks.

“She is indeed. We went to a restaurant a little off the grid,” he says, coming up with a lie to tell her. “She has a bit of a gyppy tummy.” He notices Spencer glance in his direction, confused as to why he is lying for her.

“Gyppy what?”

“Food poisoning.” That’ll work. Hopefully Melissa won’t question things.

“What did she eat?”

“Something we probably ran over on the way up there,” he jokes. He glances over at Spencer and she gives him a small smile. “We’ll be home soon Melissa, bye.”

“Bye,” she says, and then hangs up.

He looks over at Spencer and she looks a lot better, but still a little down. They drive the rest of the way in silence. She doesn’t ask him why he lied for her, but he hopes the silence means she’s thankful that he did.

When they get to her house he escorts her to the side door. Melissa meets them there. Spencer acts like she’s sick and collapses onto a stool at the kitchen bench. Although she’s not physically sick, she still looks pretty down and not like herself.

"Thank you for getting her home safely,” Melissa says.
He gives a small nod. “I’m sorry, I probably shouldn’t have taken her out that far but she really wanted to go to this restaurant…”

“No,” she cuts in. “She’s barely left the house the last few days, you managed to get her out.”

He gives an awkward nod. “Well, I’m sure she’ll be fine tomorrow. I… guess I’ll see you around.”

She gives a subtle nod and closes the door. He gives a big sigh and heads back to his car, hoping that Spencer is okay. Physically, and mentally. He hopes that she doesn’t fall further down that spiral.
It was Mona’s fault for recruiting Toby in the first place. Or was it Toby’s fault for actually agreeing to help Mona? No matter who caused it, Spencer was hurting, and all he wanted to do was help her.

He rolls over in his bed and stares at the streams of sunlight coming through the blinds. It’s almost midday but he has no desire to get up. He reaches for his phone and texts Spencer. He texted her last night but she didn’t reply. He just wants to know how she is. And they really should discuss what happened last night.

He has a few other messages. A colleague from Radley has asked him to cover their shift tonight. He agrees to do it. He’d rather work tonight than during the day, considering he’s only just woken up. And he also has all the messages from CeCe last night that he never replied to.

He hears banging downstairs and jolts up.

“Wren?” he hears some yell. CeCe.

He puts a shirt on and heads downstairs. “CeCe, sorry I didn’t reply to your messages last night…” he stops when he notices her expression. He steps down the last step. “What’s wrong?”

“Wilden is all up in my ass about Ali,” she says, grunting. “Do you know what he did this morning? He forced me into his car, took me down to the station and questioned me for over an hour.” She gives a sarcastic laugh. “I only just got out. He thinks I’m the one who’s been spreading the rumours about him and Ali, he knows how close the two of us were that Summer.”

“What did you tell him?” he asks.

“As little as possible. He’s onto Jason too, caused his accident last night.”

“Wait, what accident?” he asks, concerned. This is the first he’s hearing of an accident.

“You didn’t hear? Jason was in an elevator accident at Mr D’s new office,” she says.
He feels a pang of guilt. Jason is still his brother and doesn’t deserve to be targeted. “Is he okay?”

She nods. “He was in the hospital last night but he’s alive. I haven’t heard anything else. Wilden basically confirmed that he caused the accident. Jason was starting to ask questions and was looking through Ali’s stuff to find proof of their relationship.”

“Wilden thinks Jason is involved in things too?”

She nods. “We were dating that Summer, he thinks that Ali told us.” She sighs and collapses onto the couch. “God he scares me. I can’t believe Ali slept with him.”

He shakes his head. “I can’t believe you slept with him.”

She playfully hits him. “I was a young and stupid, which I guess Ali was too.” She grins. “He had a picture of Ali, Wilden and I on his boat in Cape May. I’m guessing that’s what Jason found and that’s why he caused the accident, to keep him quiet about it. Emily was there too but she didn’t get injured.” She looks up at him. “You knew none of this?”

He shakes his head. He was so caught up in Spencer last night that nothing else mattered. “I’ve been distracted.”

“You were too busy with Spencer huh?” she says, raising her eyebrows. “You need to pay more attention to things, even I knew the place you were going was where the Decathlon was being held.”

He sighs. “Well, I got your messages when it was already too late.”

“What happened?”

“Spencer attacked Mona. It was a catfight,” he mumbles.

She smirks at him. “That would have been something to see.”
He gives a small laugh and then his face falls. It’s not something to laugh about. It shouldn’t be funny. Spencer is seriously unwell. “Have I completely ruined her?”

“It was Mona and Toby who did this, not you,” she assures him.

“But I’m the one in charge, they’re following my orders.”

She moves her head from side to side. “Debatable. She’ll be fine, Wren, just give her some time.”

He nods, not quite convinced.

She suddenly stands up. “So, I don’t know what I’m going to do,” she says, changing the subject. “Wilden is all up on my case, he even knows where I live. I can’t stay there. Is there anything we can do about him?” She starts pacing around the room. “Maybe I should go stay with Sara.”

He gets his laptop out. If CeCe really does not feel safe at her apartment then she shouldn’t have to stay there. “Hey, there’s this cabin just out of town that I’ve had my eye on for a couple of weeks. I’m considering buying it. A place out in the middle of nowhere, off the grid.” He shrugs.

She comes over and looks. "It's cute.”

“Do you want to go and check it out? If you like it, go ahead and buy it.” He grabs his wallet and hands her one of his credit cards.

She takes it and gives him a quick hug. “Thank you! Wren, you’re a lifesaver!”

He forces a smile, not believing that he is.

He tries to text and call Spencer, but she never replies. He considers contacting Melissa. Their exchange last night seemed civil, so he thinks she might be okay with him calling her. But ultimately he decides against it.

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Later in the day, as he’s napping on the couch, he gets a message from CeCe telling him that she saw Spencer at The Brew. He immediately gets changed into his work gear and heads out the door, hoping to see Spencer before his shift at Radley.

He walks into The Brew and sees her straight away. She sitting on a couch with her head in a book.

“Do you mind if I join you?” he says.

Her head bounces up, surprised to see him. “No,” she says, gesturing the the chair next to her.

He sits down. “I was hoping we could discuss our little road trip.”

“Look, I was wrong. You wanted to help me and I used you to get at Mona.” She fiddles with her book. “I’m sorry.”

He shakes his head. “You shouldn’t be. I deserve to be used.” After everything he’s put the Hastings sisters through, he does. “Look, I’d be lying if I said I came to you purely in the name of mental health.” He pauses, and decides to tell her most of the truth. “Mona told me about your breakup. And I think…” he looks down, trying to get the words right. “I think a part of me hoped that with Toby out of the picture, that I finally stood a chance.”

She’s looking at him and he can’t look away.

“But it was wrong of me to try and swoop in so quickly. I let feelings cloud my judgement.” That’s his biggest regret, not waiting. Letting his feelings get the best of him. “And I’m sorry.”

“Thanks,” she says quietly.

He decides to see how much she’s willing to tell him. “Your anger towards Mona, is she the one who came between you and Toby?”
“Yeah, you could say that.” She doesn’t say anything more than that.

“Forgive me, it’s none of my business.” He figures he’s said enough. She seems in a much better place than last night. “I’ll leave you.” He gets up to leave.


He turns back and lowers his eyes at her, wondering what she’s going to say.

“It may have been about Mona, but something good came out of it.” She’s fiddling nervously with her book again. “It was nice, being with you.”

That makes his entire day. He puts his head down self consciously. “I’m glad I’m not the only one of us who thought so.”

She smiles, but he can tell that her head is elsewhere. But still, she had a nice time with him and that counts for something.

Since she said that, he decides to just ask her. “Do you fancy taking another stab at dinner? Anywhere but Lewisburg.”

Her face breaks into a big smile. Her smiles lights up his world. She’s been down the past few days but seeing her smile like that gives him hope that she is not completely broken. She will be okay. He will be able to help her heal.

They go out to dinner at an Italian restaurant in Rosewood. Not off the grid like last night. It was really nice. They ate some delicious food. She let him have some of her meal, and he let her have some of his. They talked, they laughed. They had a good time. It felt like a real date. Not like a mental health outing or like he was out to dinner with a patient. A real genuine date. It was nice.

After they’ve eaten, it’s getting close to when his shift starts at Radley. But he doesn’t want the night to end. Spencer is in such a good mood. She’d been telling him all these stories. He’s learnt more about her in these few hours they’d spent together than he had in the entire time he’d known her.
“There was this beautiful crystal paperweight, with lavender petals suspended inside,” Spencer says as they’re walking along the street. She was telling him the story of when she stole something.

“I never would have pegged you as a thief,” he says. She’d been telling him loads of little stories. Little things that you only tell close friends.

“Well, I was a terrible one,” she says, smiling at him. It seemed that the smile hadn’t left her face since their date began. “I felt so guilty when I got home from my nana’s house that I actually…” She pauses, trying to stop from breaking into a laugh. “I buried it, in the backyard.”

He laughs at her story. She’d been telling him stories like that all night and he loved every second of them. He loved learning more about her. He loved spending time with her.

“It’s probably still there,” she laughs.

He stops walking and takes her hand. He looks at her. He hasn’t been able to stop looking at her the entire night. “I hate to have to cut the night short, but I promised a colleague I’d cover his shift for him.”

“Oh go,” she says nonchalantly. “Save some lives.”

“I had a lovely night,” he says. He feels her hand in his. Her delicate, beautiful hand.

“Yeah, I did too.” She pulls her hand out of his grip but she keeps looking at him and doesn’t move.

He doesn’t want to move either. He can’t look away from her. He’s not sure what she wants, but he knows exactly what he wants. He leans forward to kiss her, but she pulls away. Obviously he read it wrong. Remember the last time to you kissed her after her breakup and almost ruined everything?, he thinks to himself.

He steps back and lowers his head. “I’m sorry.”

He looks back up at her and her expression changes. She moves towards him and presses her lips to his. He closes his eyes and leans into the kiss. Not just a quick kiss, a long kiss. He takes her face in
his hands and he feels her hands running down his chest. He doesn’t want this moment to end. How could a night get more perfect than this?

Eventually she pulls away and he’s breathless and doesn’t know what to say. He considers calling up Radley and telling them he won’t be able to make it to the shift. He wants to take Spencer back to his apartment, if she would like to. He wants to spend the night with her. He doesn’t want to leave her.

All that is going through his head and then he realises that Spencer has already started to walk away. He watches after her, wanting to savour the way she looks. He wants to remember every part of her right at this moment and never forget.

He knows that maybe he’s just a rebound for her after her break up with Toby. But he doesn’t even care. That kiss was too prefect. This night was too perfect. And even it was just to make Toby jealous, or try to get over him, it doesn’t matter. He’ll remember this night for the rest of his life.
Wren’s shift at Radley flies by in a blur. Spencer is all that is on his mind. He can still feel her hands, her lips, her face. And he can’t wipe the smile off his face.

When he heads home to his apartment just after midnight, he finds CeCe there. He side eyes her as he closes the door behind him.

She stands up. "Don't be mad…"

He glares at her, bracing himself for what CeCe has done that is going to ruin the perfect night he's had.

“I saw you,” she starts. “With Spencer.”

“You followed us?” He feels like his privacy has been invaded.

“No I… well I just happened to be there the same time as you and…” she says, dragging out the ‘and’. “I was wearing this red coat and she saw me. Don’t worry, she lost me, and so I went home and starting packing up all my stuff because Wilden freaked me out this morning and I…”

“Did you go see the cabin?” he cuts in.

“Yes, yes I’ll get to that just…” She takes a deep breath. "Just let me get this over with because I know you’re going to be mad.”

He presses his lips together and lets her continue.

“Well,” she settles down onto the couch, looking like she doesn’t want to say what she's about to say. “As I was packing, Emily showed up.” She gives a laugh. “Thank god I’d stuffed all the boxes from the lair into my car already because I don’t know how I could have explained any of that.” She starts biting her fingernail. “All those she-devils are the ones who put Wilden onto my case… Emily was asking about the picture of Wilden, Ali and I in Cape May. Ugh… I don’t want to have to explain that to them…”
“What did you tell her?” he asks, hoping she didn’t reveal too much.

“I said that I thought Wilden got Ali pregnant and killed her to keep her quiet.” She grunts. “Let them think he’s the killer. Get their asses off of me!” She takes some deep breaths and calms down. “Oh, and then it turns out that Jason told her that he saw me the night Ali went missing so I had to lie my way out of that too.” She throws her hands up. “This whole thing is so messed up.”

“What did you say about that night?” he presses her.

“Something to do with Ali wanting the N.A.T videos back, which isn’t a complete lie but doesn’t give away too much,” she says. “And I said that Melissa took that picture in Cape May, which she did. Let them suspect her too,” she says angrily.

He’s not too happy about her putting the suspicion onto Melissa. He has a soft spot for her and he just spent the night with her sister. “It’s okay CeCe, I’m not mad. You didn’t reveal too much…”

“That’s not all,” she admits. “Well, when I got in my car I was going to come straight here to wait for you… but then… I remembered seeing you strolling around town with Spencer, having a grand old time. Meanwhile I’m here being targeted by Wilden… and I just got insanely jealous and wanted to punish you somehow. It wasn’t fair that you were off the hook and I was on that creep’s radar…”

His heart starts to sink. “What the hell did you do CeCe?”

She fiddles with her phone and brings a photo up and hands it to him. She turns away as he takes a look. It’s a picture of a mirror with something written on it.

**STEAMY WITH WREN STEAMY WITH ME -A**

He looks up at her. “What…?” he starts.
“I went to her house. Melissa was out in the barn and Spencer was inside and I…” She pauses, unable to look at him. “I locked her in the steam room and messed with the controls.”

“You locked her in a steam room?!!” he shouts. “That is incredibly dangerous!” He throws the phone at her.

She dodges the phone. “Melissa was out in the barn, I’m sure she would have heard her screams…”

“Her screams?” he yells, raising his voice even further. He presses his hands to his head and squeezes his eyes shut. After the perfect date they had, CeCe just had to go and ruin everything. “And that message you left, you’re making it kind of obvious that I’m A.”

“No she’ll think it’s Toby, jealous of her being with you,” she says, shrugging. “I’m sorry…”

“No,” he says sternly. “I’ve given you so many chances and you always go and make things worse.” He gets his phone out ready to call Spencer.

“Wren please,” she begs. “Give me one more chance, I swear I won’t do this again. I just got mad because of Wilden and it wasn’t fair to take it out on you or…”

Just then there’s a knock at the front door. Wren freezes with his phone in his hand. He glances at CeCe and she shrugs. Who could it be? He’s not expecting anyone. And aside from CeCe, no one else ever comes over to his apartment.

He slowly walks towards the door and opens it. The person standing there is the last person he expected to see on his doorstep.

“Melissa?” he says.

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