Summary

A new school year has begun. And with it comes new threats to Beacon Hills.

First, a powerful pack of Alphas invades Beacon Hills, intent on bringing Derek and Scott into their fold. But a second threat makes itself known, threatening Trish Roberts' very life while her sister Anna makes her own discoveries and forcing Trish to make a decision that will ultimately change her and seal her place in the supernatural world as a shift in power is felt among everyone.

Then, a new, more powerful threat is felt in Beacon Hills, threatening to destroy the pack and a budding romantic relationship. Trish's new status and powers will be put to the test as Beacon Hills spirals into chaos and darkness as an evil spirit takes hold and a new supernatural is revealed. But will the pack survive the chaos?
School had finished for the year about a month after the incident with the Kanima and Gerard. We weren’t sure if Gerard was dead or alive and, frankly, I really didn’t care as long as he left us alone. But Alan and Marian searched for him, following a trail of the black, tarry stuff the psycho left behind, but never were able to find any clue of him after the trail disappeared. I am not ashamed to admit it. I really hoped the bastard was dead.

The Whittemores, upset over their son disappearing from the Beacon Hills Memorial morgue and showing up, alive and naked, miles away, decided to leave Beacon Hills. In fact, they were so upset they left the United States all together. Derek and Scott worked together to teach Jackson how to control his shifts before he moved to London. I have no idea how many times he apologized to everyone for actions as a Kanima. I ended up threatening to hit him with a Mountain Ash stick if he apologized to me one more time, much to Derek, Isaac and Peter’s amusement.

Lydia joined the supernatural knowledge club after Anna and I explained everything that had happened to her from the time she was bit on the lacrosse field at the formal to managing to drag Derek to the Hale house to resurrect Peter. I think her knocking Derek out with powdered wolfsbane and getting him to the Hale house confused her the most. It had confused the hell out of me, and Derek, at the time, as well. She hadn’t remembered a thing about the incident. She didn’t even remember her party or the fact that she’d poisoned everyone with wolfsbane. She’d been horrified when we told her that, her first question being if she almost killed Scott. Anna had explained to Lydia whatever species she’d used only caused hallucinations. Anna told me she’d had one of me being angry and resentful of the fact that I was her legal guardian.

Scott spent his summer earning enough money to buy himself a dirt bike and in summer school, having promised Coach, and his mom, to get his grades back up. And the fact that if he hadn’t gotten them up, he would have repeated his sophomore year and been kicked off the lacrosse team. Anna, Stiles and Lydia helped him out a lot.

Chris decided to retire from Hunting, recent events having decimated his family. Allison was all he had left now and Chris was a father before he was a Hunter. Seeing his daughter used as a pawn by his father and the fact that his father made me chose between my own family and his, Chris couldn’t do it anymore. The two had been in France for the past four months, although Anna and Allison had stayed in contact the entire time.

As for me, Derek, Isaac and Peter? When I wasn’t at work, I was helping the pack track down Erica and Boyd, who were still missing four months later. And when Peter wasn’t with my sister, he was regaining his abilities and tracking leads. I have to admit he was good on the knowledge front.
School is about to start once again and now Isaac is missing. And I’m hoping that he hasn’t met the same fate as his pack siblings.
Never a Dull Moment

Chapter Summary

Trish tries to figure out an excuse for Isaac. A strange occurrence happens at the school. Scott finds out about the Alpha Pack.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Trish!”

I turned when Melissa called my name. And saw Isaac being wheeled in on a gurney. “Oh, my God! Isaac!” I was relieved that he was alive. Not so relieved that he was covered in blood and had four deep claw marks on his side. “What happened?”

“The girl, she’s worse, okay?” Isaac said in a low voice.

“Are you not healing?” Melissa asked.

“He will. It just needs time,” I replied.

“Would you just help her please?” Isaac basically begged.

“Alright, alright,” Melissa said before leaving to go to the other gurney.

I stayed with Isaac and attended to him. “Who did this?”

“I don’t know which one,” I didn’t have to ask him what he meant. He’d had a run in with the Alphas. I worked on his side, knowing that the wound would heal slower because of the Alphas. “I don’t remember anything.”

“It’s fine, Isaac. You’re fine. I’m just glad you’re alive. You disappeared on us.”

“I’m sorry. Will you call Derek and let him know I’m okay?”

“You know I will.” I stepped into the hall and Melissa pulled me aside.

“The girl that came in with Isaac. She said she was looking for the Alpha.”

“Derek? Why was she looking for Derek?”

“That’s the thing. She said it wasn’t Derek she was looking for.”

“Then who? That’s the only Alpha…,” I trailed off. If she was with Isaac, that probably meant she wasn’t looking for the Alpha pack. And if she wasn’t looking for Derek…

I hadn’t told anyone what I’d seen that night in the warehouse. Isaac didn’t know that I’d notice him basically following Scott and I was also pretty sure that Scott didn’t know that his eyes weren’t bright yellow. In fact, I’m pretty sure I was the only one that had noticed.
“What?”

I shook my head. “Nothing.” I wasn’t about to tell Melissa that I suspected that her son could quite possibly be a rare werewolf. But his actions and the way he balked at everything made sense the moment I realized what Scott truly was. And it wasn’t an Omega.

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For some reason, Derek wasn’t answering his phone, which worried me. He always answered his phone when I called. “Damn it, Derek. Answer your damn phone. Isaac’s at the hospital and I’m not sure I’m going to be able to come up with convincing enough bullshit to explain why the deep claw marks on his side magically disappeared or keep Deucalion’s guard dogs from getting to him. So get your ass up here right now. Like ten minutes ago.” I hung up. It was the fourth message I’d left Derek, each one increasingly irritated. If I got his voicemail one more time, he was probably going to have a message full of curses in English, Spanish and Gaelic. The girl that had come in with Isaac was under sedation and the sheriff had been in asking questions about a ton of damage downtown.

“You can’t get a hold of him either?” Melissa asked.

“Nope.” Together we went into Isaac’s room and Melissa checked his wounds. The marks were much shallower and smaller.

“Yeah. Yeah, that’s healing, visibly,” Melissa commented. The marks literally grew slightly smaller as we looked. “Wow, they can’t see this. Nobody can see this.”

“And I have no idea how to explain this,” I commented.

“Alright. Cover it up.” Isaac was looking to make sure nobody could hear us.

“I don’t think that’s gonna matter,” Melissa said as she did what he asked. “I mean you’re scheduled for surgery, which is obviously gonna be very confusing for a lot of people.”

“Then I’ve gotta figure out what excuse to use to keep him out of surgery,” I sighed.

“Like what?”

“I’m working on it.”

“Can either one of you do something?” Isaac asked.

“Besides try to keep you out of surgery?” I asked.

Melissa just looked at him. “Me do something?” she asked. “I’m relatively new to all this,” She waved her hands around. “Trish is the one that has the experience.”

“Not when it comes to werewolves and hospitals,” The past year was the first time I’d done anything supernatural related since becoming a nurse. “Not to mention I’m a bit rusty on Werewolf Excuse 101. I was on a six year hiatus.”

“And there’s a sheriff’s deputy stationed right outside the door,” Melissa added.
“Thanks for the reminder.”

“Have you tried calling Derek?” Isaac asked.

“Like five times.”

“And if I keep getting his voicemail, I’m going to kick his ass,” I threatened. This caused Isaac to chuckle. He’d actually thought the two of us were actual siblings for months.

“Do you have any other emergency werewolf contacts?” Melissa asked. I barked a laugh.

“Yeah,” Isaac answered.

“Besides Trish?”

“Call Scott.” Why was I not surprised? At all? Melissa nodded.

“I’m going to try Derek again,” I said. "And I’m going to see if I can come up with a logical and believable excuse for why you can’t go into surgery.”

“Believe me, sir, I understand,” I heard Stilinski in the hall. “But you have to understand me,” Melissa and I walked out into the hallway. The sheriff was talking to one of the hospital’s lawyers. He saw us walk out of the room. “Excuse me. Hey, hey, Melissa, Trish.”

We both turned to him.

“Hey,” Melissa greeted.

“Yes?” I said.

“Can you two help me out here?”

“Yeah,” Melissa answered.

“Since the amnesiac in 215 can’t tell us anything, I need the girl with the modified military stun gun in 216 to answer a few questions.”

I glanced into the room at said girl.

“It’s kind of unlikely since she’s heavily sedated,” Melissa said.

“Well, when she un-sedates, will you give me a call?”

While the girl looked like she was sedated, I could see that her IV line was not attached and she was moving her hand. She opened her eyes slightly and saw that I’d caught her. “It may be several hours before it wears off,” I lied.

“Well, she has about $10,000 worth of property damage to answer for. And I don’t want her just walking out of here.”

“Of course, Sheriff,” I said with a smile, fully planning on not being the one to call him.

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While Melissa called Scott, I tried Derek again. Before noticing the girl sneaking around. I glanced around to make sure no one else saw before following her. An old man in the waiting room gave her an odd look as she leaned against a wall. I saw Melissa and Scott conversing. The girl glanced around before slowly making her way down the hall. I took her arms.

“If you’re planning on just walking out of here, that’s not the way to go,” She turned and looked at me wide-eyed. I saw the fight or flight reflexes in her brown eyes. “Come on,” I led her to the nurses’ locker room. “Sit,” I went to my own locker and pulled out the change of clothes I kept in it. Actually, I usually kept a couple changes of clothes in my locker and my car. “You look like you’re about my size,” I pulled out a pair of grey exercise pants and a black shirt and held them out to her. “Here. See if these fit,”

She took them, hesitantly. “Why are you helping me?”

“Because you helped one of my pack. And my Alpha will appreciate that as much as I do,” I helped her change. “I know you’re looking for the Alpha.”

“I’m not looking for your Alpha.”

“I know. I know you’re looking for Scott. And I know why. But you can’t do that if you’re in jail. Use the nurses’ entrance.”

“You’re not just helping me because of Isaac?”

I looked at her. “You helped the pack. I’m returning the favor,” The girl chuckled and turned to leave. “What’s your name?”

“Braeden.”

“Be careful, Braeden.” She nodded and walked out of the employee’s entrance.

I wondered what she knew as I turned and went back into the hospital as my phone rang. “Anna?”

*A flock of birds just crashed into the school. They’re everywhere.*

“What are you talking about?”

*They’re canceling school. People are hurt. Animal control’s here.*

“I’m on my way.”

It was always something.

I found my supervisor and told her what happened at the school and she allowed me to go as my shift was almost over anyway. “I hope your sister is alright.”

“I hope so too.”

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I pushed past the deputy and into the classroom. “Anna?”

“Trish!” She hugged me and I pulled a feather out of her hair.

“Are you okay?”

Anna nodded and I looked around. The room was a complete mess with dead birds, feathers, books and papers all over the place. The teacher looked like she was in shock and Stiles plucked a feather out of her hair. The two of us made eye contact after I pulled away from Anna.

“The school nurse has already been in here. The sheriff’s department didn’t have to bring in another nurse,” the teacher said to me.

“Oh, they didn’t,” I replied. “I’m Anna’s sister.”

“Your parents couldn’t come?”

“One’s dead and the other might as well be.”

“Oh, I’m sorry.”

I smiled. “It’s alright.”

She went and checked on another student and I saw Chris examining Allison’s wrist. “Next time you’re feeling you wanna stay home, you stay home,” Chris said.

“Gee, I wish you’d been my dad,” I said with a smirk and Allison chuckled.

“I’m okay. But, Dad, the deer and now this?”

“I know. I know.”

“Wait, this isn’t the only incident?” I asked.

“A deer ran into Lydia’s car last night,” Allison said. My brows knit together. “It can’t be a coincidence.”

“Not in this town,” I agreed.

“Mr. Argent,” Stilinski asked. “You wouldn’t have any insight into this, would you?”

“Me?” Chris asked.

“Yeah. All this bizarre animal behavior, it’s…,” Chris, Allison and I exchanged looks as he spoke. “You must have seen something like this before, right?”

“I’m not sure why I would or why you would think I would.”

“I’m sorry. I could have sworn I overheard my son talking about how you were an experienced hunter.”

I shot Stiles a look. Stiles in turn was giving his father an “are you serious?” look.

“Ah, right,” Chris realized that Stilinski though he was a run of the mill Bambi kind of hunter. "Well, not anymore.”
Stilinski nodded and then looked at Allison and Anna. “You two alright?” The girls nodded and Stilinski turned away.

I sighed as Stiles walked past me. “Come on. Did you drive?”

“Yeah,” Anna answered.

We walked out of the classroom and into the hall. “Uh, well, no, pretty sure this qualifies for immediate discussion,” Stiles was saying on the phone. “Derek’s house? What? What the hell are you doing at — Fine,” Stiles grunted and then turned around. And ran right into me. “I swear you and Derek are siblings.”

“Funny, Isaac said the same thing. I’ve been trying to get a hold of Derek all morning. Why is Scott at Derek’s house? Spill.”

“I don’t know. Scott got called out of class and then this,” he motioned towards the classroom. “Happened and now Scott’s at Derek’s.”

“At the Hale house?”

“Yeah. Where else does Derek live?”

“In a loft in the industrial district.” Over the summer, Derek had bought an entire building for the loft at the top. And traded the Camaro for a Toyota Cruiser. I called it his Alpha makeover. Derek was not amused.

“I don’t even want to know why.”

“Don’t bother asking.” I looked at Anna.

“I’ll be at Allison’s,” she said and went to find her friends.

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“So you finally decided to listen to your messages?” I said when I saw Isaac lying on a table.

Derek, as usual, ignored me. “Sit,” he said to Scott. Scott’s jacket and a shirt was over the arm of the chair, leaving a sleeveless grey one. Derek took his arm and glowed his eyes. “Yeah, I see it. Two bands, right?” Scott nodded and I realized that Scott had gotten a tattoo and his wolfy superhealing had made it disappear. “What does it mean?”

“I don’t know,” Scott said after a minute. “It’s just something I traced with my fingers.” He drew a small circle within a larger circle in the dust and dirt of a table.

“Why is this so important to you?”

“Do you know what the word ‘tattoo’ means?”

“To mark something,” Stiles offered. Derek looked up at him. I managed to hide the smile at Stiles looking proud of himself.
“Well, that’s in Tahitian,” Scott said. “In Samoan, it means ‘open wound’,” This got Derek’s attention and made me wonder where this was going. “I knew I wanted to get a tattoo when I turned 18. I always wanted one. I just decided to get it now to make it a kind of reward.”

“For what?” Derek asked.

“For not calling or texting Allison all summer. Even when I really wanted to, even when it was so hard not to sometimes. I was trying to give her the space she wants,” Derek had an understanding look on his face. Scott sighed. “Going four months later, it still hurts. It still feels like a…”

“Like an open wound,” Stiles finished and Scott nodded.

“Yeah.”

Derek and I looked at one another. We both knew how that felt. Seven years later, every time I was in this house or thought about Josh Hale, it still hurt. Derek then picked up a blowtorch and a tool to spark the gas. “The pain’s gonna be worse than anything you’ve ever felt.”

“Oh, that’s great,” Stiles remarked.

“Do it,” Scott said.

Derek sparked the blowtorch and Scott jumped when it ignited.

“Oh, wow,” Stiles said. “That’s a lot for me,” So this was the secret to tattooing a wolf. Get the tattoo, let it heal and then burn the place where the tattoo was. I wonder who did it for Derek. I was glad that my own self-healing ability didn’t force such drastic measures when I got my own tattoo after Josh’s death. “So I’m going to take that as my cue,” Derek looked annoyed as Stiles started to walk around him. “And I’m just gonna wait outside,” Derek slammed his hand into Stiles’ chest. “Ow.”

“Nope. You can help Trish hold him down.” He pushed the teenager back and Stiles went back around Derek to Scott’s other side. I had moved to Scott’s left side and was holding down his left shoulder while Stiles held down his right. “You ready for this, Scott?”

He nodded and Derek took a hold of Scott’s forearm.

“Oh, my God,” Stiles said.

“Is there anything you don’t freak out over?” I asked.

“Not really.”

“Didn’t think so.”

Derek put the flame against Scott’s arm and he almost immediately started to wince. I pressed down on his shoulder, putting most of my weight on it. “Hold him!” I knew he was talking to the 150 pound weakling next to me. After several minutes of screaming and a near wolf out, Scott passed out and Derek finished drawing out the tattoo. Stiles ran outside to puke, much to my amusement.

Derek then looked over to his Beta. “What happened?”

“Hell if I know. I wasn’t there. He came into the ER covered in blood with a deep slash to his side. Obviously, the Alphas got to him,” I said the last extremely low so Stiles wouldn’t hear me. We
had agreed to keep Scott out of this, although I’m pretty sure my reasons were different from Derek’s. Stiles returned and we kept watch over Scott. The two bands were staying permanent now.

Several minutes went by before Scott came to with a gasp and then looked down at his arm. “It worked,” Scott retrieved his shirt and put it back on. “Thanks, Derek.”

“We’re even. Now go home.”

Scott and Stiles started to leave. “It looks pretty damn permanent now,” Stiles said as they left. Derek nodded towards Isaac and I took that as my cue that he needed help.

“Yeah.” We both went back to what used to be the den and I started handling the wolfsbane Derek had gathered before I arrived. “I kinda needed something permanent,” They walked out of earshot. I heard the door open but it didn’t close and I looked up. “You painted the door,” Scott called.

“Shit,” I muttered. I was really hoping he wouldn’t have noticed that. Derek and I exchanged looks before looking towards the door.

“Why’d you paint the door?”

“Curb appeal. The peeling paint look was so last year,” I said.

“Go home, Scott,” Derek called.

“And why only one side?” Scott flicked out his claws.

“You better not do what I think you’re going to,” I said. I heard scrapping.

“Scott,” Derek started to walk towards them and Scott started clawing at the door. “Scott!”

I darted towards the door as well but we were too late. Scott uncovered the Alpha pack’s triskilion. I sighed. So much for keeping Scott out of this.

“The birds at school and the deer last night, just like the night I got trampled by the deer when I got bit by the Alpha,” Scott looked at the two of us. “How many are there?”

We both sighed. “A pack of them,” Derek said. Stiles looked at Scott. “An Alpha pack.”

“All of them?” Stiles asked. “How does that even work?”

“I hear there’s some kind of a leader.”

“His name’s Deucalion,” I didn’t even bother hiding the disgust. What Derek knew about Deucalion, he’d learned from me. My aunt had been his Emissary, before he turned on her.

“We know they have Boyd and Erica. Peter, Isaac, Trish and I have been looking for them for the past four months.”

“You knew?” Stiles asked me. “All this time?”

“Yep,” I couldn't deny it now.

“Did Anna?”

“Nope.”
“Let’s say you find them,” Scott said. “How do you deal with an Alpha pack?”

“Very carefully,” I said.

“With all the help I can get,” Derek said at the same time.

“Where is she?” We all turned to Isaac. “Where’s the girl?”

Derek looked at Scott and Stiles and then back to Isaac. “What girl?”

“The one who saved me.”

“Braeden,” I said. “I helped her escape from the hospital.”

“Where is she?” Derek asked.

“I don’t know now,” I looked at Scott. “But she was looking for you.”

Chapter End Notes

AUTHOR’S NOTE:

As I’m in the process of moving, I’m probably not going to have steady, weekly updates until at least October. I will try to update every Thursday if I can.
Anna was hanging out with Allison and Lydia tonight. The Argents had moved into an apartment upon their return from France and Lydia and Anna were helping their best friend chose the color for her room. Derek had taken Isaac to his loft and we spent the day trying to find out what he knew. Or rather what he remembered. Derek and I didn’t agree on a tactic. Derek was aggressive, big surprise, while I was gentler about my tactics. I even tried my memory ability, but found Derek’s aggressiveness kept breaking my concentration. Which caused me to snap at the Alpha and Isaac ended up suggesting we try again tomorrow.

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I fixed myself dinner and waited for Anna to get home. “You didn’t have to wait on me,” she said. “But I’m glad you’re still up.” She plopped down on the couch next to me.

“Why? What’s up?”

“After you left with Stiles, I went with Allison and Lydia to Allison’s locker and this girl comes up asking for Scott. She knew who Allison was and then she grabbed Allison and Lydia’s arms and bruised them. We later noticed that the bruises looked like mirror images of each other,” She took a pen and paper from her bag and drew the pattern of the bruises and handed it to me. My eyebrows knit together. “What is it?”

“It looks like the Celtic elemental symbol, but I’ve seen this somewhere. I just can’t place where.”

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Derek had decided to try old fashioned Memory Transference and we both only knew one werewolf in town that could do it. The problem was none of us truly trusted him, with the exception of my sister, and he was still a bit lacking on the abilities department, thus I had my doubts about this working. Isaac wasn’t too keen on the idea of having claws in the back of his neck again. He was pacing back and forth in front of the large window that spanned the entire wall, arching at the top. Derek was sitting in a chair next to a table, a book in his hand while I sat on the spiral staircase that lead to the roof. I want a staircase like this. It’s pretty awesome.

“Will you stop pacing,” I finally said after Isaac’s five hundredth turn. “You’re making me nervous.”
“You know, I’m starting to not like this idea,” he said, continuing to pace. “Sounds kinda dangerous.”

“So was accepting the Bite.”

Derek gave me a look and I just grinned at him.

“You know what? I definitely don’t like this idea. And I definitely don’t like him.”

“You’ll be fine,” Derek sighed.

“Does it have to be him? Why can’t we do that memory thing Trish tried again?”

“We could but Derek would probably have to leave the building.” I earned another Derek look.

“He knows how to do it,” Derek said. “I don’t.”

“Make this a learning experience,” I quipped. Derek ignored me. I was getting far too used to that.

“Be more dangerous if I tried doing it myself.”

I managed to keep the quip about him taking on Alphas by himself to myself. He ended up in my basement for several days healing.

Isaac finally stopped pacing and began playing with the back of another chair. “You know Scott doesn’t trust him, right?” Why was Isaac always bringing Scott into every conversation? “You know, personally, I’d… Well, I’d trust Scott.”

Derek looked up from his book at Isaac. “Do you trust me?”

“Yeah,” I noticed the hesitation before he answered. “I still don’t like him.”

I had to chuckle on that.

“Nobody likes him.”

“Her sister does,” Isaac pointed out.

“Now you just wait a minute,” I started.

The door slid open right then and the topic of this whole conversation walked into the room. “Boys,” Peter then noticed me on the stairs. “Trish,” he added. “FYI, yes, coming back from the dead has left my abilities somewhat impaired, but the hearing still works,” I stood and joined the boys as Peter spoke and walked closer. “So I hope you’re comfortable saying whatever it is you’re feeling straight to my face.” He looked at Derek as he finished.

“We don’t like you,” Derek slammed the book shut, tossed it on the table and stood. “Now shut up and help us.” Derek really had to work on saying please.

Peter looked at me and Isaac. “Fair enough,” he said and flicked out his claws.

I rolled my eyes as Derek took the chair he’d been sitting in and set it in the middle of the floor while Peter took off his jacket. “Take a seat, Isaac,” I said. Isaac did so and I sat next to Derek on the coffee table. Derek didn’t seem too pleased about this but he was desperate enough to try it.

“Relax,” Peter said. “I’ll get more out of you if you’re calm.”
“How do you know how to do this, again?” Isaac asked.

“It’s an ancient ritual used mostly by Alphas,” Isaac looked at us for reassurance as Peter spoke. “Since it’s a skill that requires quite a bit of practice. One slip and you could paralyze someone,” I sighed and dropped my head. “Or kill them.”

Isaac looked worried and Derek looked like he was ready to kill him again.

“You’re not helping, Peter,” I said.

“But you’ve had a lot of practice, though, right?”

“Well, I’ve never paralyzed anyone.” Peter positioned his claws and Derek’s eyebrows raised.

“Wait does that mean you’ve —”

Peter shoved in the claws and Isaac grunted in pain. Both wolves’ eyes immediately started to glow, Isaac bright yellow, Peter bright blue. I stood as they both started grunting. Peter looked like he was about to have a seizure. Isaac struggled against Peter and Derek stood. But we both knew we couldn’t separate them without killing them. “Wait, I see them.” Peter’s eyes were unfocused. He suddenly pulled away from Isaac and staggered into the table as Isaac doubled over, his hand going to the back of his neck. I immediately checked on him. Peter held the hand he used close to him before staggering over towards one of the support beams.

“What’d you see?” Derek asked. I checked the claw marks and saw they were healing quickly.

“It was confusing,” Peter panted. “Um, images. Vague shapes.” He rubbed his hand.

“But you saw something.”

I looked up at Peter. “Isaac found them.”

“Erica and Boyd?”

I didn’t even feel like making a sarcastic comment.

“I barely saw them. I mean, glimpses.”

“But you did see them?”

“And worse.”

“Worse?” I asked. “How worse?”

“Deucalion.”

“That would be worse.” If I were a wolf, I would have growled.

Peter glanced over at Isaac and Derek’s usual scowl appeared on his face as he sat back down on the table. “He was talking to them. Something about time running out.”

I glanced back at Derek and saw him put his forehead against his fists.

“What does it mean?” Isaac whispered, looking at Derek.

Derek returned his look before looking at Peter. “He’s gonna kill them.”
“No, no, no, no, he didn’t say that,” Peter said. “He did make them a promise that by the full moon they’d both be dead.”

“I don’t know about you,” I said. "But that sounds an awful lot like he’s gonna kill them.”

Isaac nodded in agreement.

“The next full moon?” Derek sounded worried.

“Tomorrow night.”

After Peter left, I plopped down on the couch. Peter hadn’t gleaned a location from what he saw. I rubbed my temples. I looked back at Isaac, who was still sitting in the chair. “Sit up, Isaac,” I said as I stood. “I’m going to try again,” Isaac did as he was told and I placed my thumb, index and middle fingers against the side of his head, my index touching his temples. “Relax for me, okay?” I cleared my mind and focused on Isaac, closing my eyes.

I was seeing everything from Isaac’s viewpoint. He was creeping down a hallway. He was in the upper level of a building and I saw the symbol that Anna had drawn. Isaac was looking down at Deucalion.

“I promise you, by the next full moon, they’ll be dead.” I couldn’t tell who he was talking to. Pain went through my side as if I was feeling what Isaac was feeling and Isaac was on his back, looking up at the female Alpha, Kali. She roared.

I broke contact, grabbing my side and bracing against the table.

“Trish?” Derek looked concerned.

I lifted my shirt as if I expected to see the same deep claw marks that Isaac had. “I’m fine,” I breathed. “Kali caught him. It was either her or Deucalion that took the memory.”

“Scott wants me to meet him at the school. Something about Allison and Lydia might have a clue. Come with me?”

I nodded.

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Derek examined the bruises on the girls’ arms and I did the same. “I don’t see anything,” Derek said.

“Look again,” Scott said. Anna and Stiles sat nearby, watching.

“How is a bruise going to tell me where Boyd and Erica are?”
“It’s the same on both sides,” I looked closer. “Exactly the same.”

“It’s nothing.”

“It’s on the floor of where ever they’re being held,” I said. Everyone looked at me. “When I managed to look at Isaac’s memory, I saw this symbol on the floor. It’s a Celtic elemental symbol,” I looked at the others. “This must have been what Braeden was going to tell Scott. She knew where they were. She saved Isaac and was going to tell you where Boyd and Erica were.”

“Pareidolia,” Lydia said. “Seeing patterns that aren’t there,” Obviously, Lydia didn’t think there was anything there either. Scott looked at me, then Derek. “It’s a subset of apophenia.”

“Okay, let’s just rub it in how smart you are,” Anna said, drawing a smirk out of Stiles. Derek was giving Scott a look.

“They’re trying to help,” Scott said.

“These two?” He pointed at Lydia. “This one, who used me to resurrect my psychotic uncle,” Anna gave him a dirty look. “Thank you,” He then looked at Allison. “And this one, who shot about thirty arrows into me and my pack.”

“Okay, alright now, come on,” Stiles said. “No one died, alright? Look there may have been a little maiming, okay, a little mangling, but no death. That’s what I call an important distinction.”

Derek gave him a dirty look.

“I could shoot a few arrows in you if it’ll make you feel better,” Anna said.

“Anna!” My sister had taken up the bow again during the summer and she was good enough to be on the Olympic archery team.

“What?”

“My mother died,” Allison said.

“Your family’s little honor code killed your mother. Not me.”

I looked between Allison and Derek, before looking at Scott.

“That girl was looking for Scott. I’m here to help him, not you.”

“You wanna help? Find something real,” Derek turned and stalked off.

I grabbed his arm, Scott right behind me. “Give her a chance,” Scott said. “Okay, they’re on our side now.”

“For how long?” I asked.

“Then maybe you should tell her what her mother was actually trying to do that night,” Derek stormed out and I turned to Scott.

“She doesn’t know?” I asked.

Scott sighed. “I can’t tell her.”

“So you’re going to keep letting her believe Gerard’s lie?”
“I can’t tell her, Trish. I can’t let that ruin her memory of her mother,” I sighed. “You okay?”

“What do you mean?”

“There’s a scent on you. I can’t quite make out what it is.”

“I’m fine,” The bell rang. “Go to class.”

~~~

I rubbed the bridge of my nose. “If there was a sign that we were desperate, it just knocked on the door and said ‘hello’.”

Alan chuckled. Scott had sent a message via Anna to meet at the animal clinic after hours. Turned out, a childhood friend of Stiles had disappeared from her own birthday party and he suspected that the Alphas had taken her to turn her. It didn’t make sense for an Alpha pack to have a Beta. Or three. It already didn’t make sense for them to have Erica and Boyd. Why take a human? Scott had the idea that Alan may have known another way to jump start Isaac’s memory since I only got so far with my memory spell, for lack of a better word. Okay, I’ll admit, Mom was still teaching it to me when she got sick and she tried to teach it to me as she was dying. We just ran out of time before I could master it. Alan’s idea involved pouring ice into a tub of water. Which was why Derek, Scott and Stiles were pouring bags of ice into said tub of water. Isaac was looking at the tub like we all had lost our minds. I was starting to agree with him.

“So what exactly are we doing?” Isaac asked.

“Since Trish only got so far with her ability to access memories, we’re going to try something else. Obviously, it’s not going to be particularly comfortable.”

“Really, Captain Obvious?” I quipped.

Alan only smiled. “But if we can slow your heart rate down enough, you’ll slip into a trance like state.”

“Like being hypnotized?”

“Exactly. You’ll be half transformed. It’ll let us access your subconscious mind and allow Trish to access your memories better.”

The tub was filled with ice now. Isaac crouched down next to it, still looking worried.

“How slow does his heart rate need to be?” Scott asked.

“Very slow,” Alan answered.

“That’s very specific there,” I said drily, kicking a piece of ice that had escaped towards the drain under a table.

“Okay, well, how slow is very slow?” Derek asked. He didn’t seem to be very keen on this idea either.

“Nearly dead.”
My eyebrows shot up. “Say what?”

Isaac stuck his hand in the water and then brought it back up very quickly. “It’s safe though, right?” he asked looking up at Alan.

“You want me to answer honestly?” That would be a negative, ghost rider.

“No. No, not really.”

“That might be a wise decision,” I said. “Are you sure you want to do this, Isaac?”

A rubber glove snapped and we all looked towards Stiles, who was playing with an exam glove that reached his elbow. He realized we were all looking at him. “What?” His ADD was really showing now.

I sighed and shook my head. Scott rolled his eyes and Derek gave him the “seriously?” look I’d been seeing all summer. Stiles pulled the glove off and threw it on the table next to the box. Isaac stood and exhaled.

“Look, if it feels too risky, you don’t have to do this,” Derek said, sounding like the concerned Alpha. With two of his Betas missing, he really didn’t want to risk the third in our quest to find them. Scott and I nodded in agreement. Isaac looked at us, then back at the water before taking his shirt off and slipping out of his shoes. He exhaled again and stepped into the water. Scott and Derek positioned themselves at his shoulders and Stiles positioned himself at his feet. Scott tossed his jacket onto the table and he and Derek placed their hands on his shoulders. They looked at one another before looking at Alan. He nodded at them. Then they pushed Isaac under the water. Isaac’s instincts kicked in and he fought them, coming back up and roaring.

“Get him back under,” Alan said. I jumped in to help, pushing on his chest. Isaac kept fighting. “Hold him.”

“We’re trying!” Derek snapped. Isaac eventually stopped struggling and the two wolves let him go. He floated to the top and took a deep breath.

Alan held a finger up. “Now, remember, only I talk to him. Too many voices will confuse him and draw him out,” He nodded at me and I went around Derek to Isaac’s head, doing the same thing I had at the loft. “Isaac? Can you hear me?”

Isaac was shivering from the cold. “Yes,” I closed my eyes and started to concentrate. “I can hear you.”

The voices faded as I delved into his memories. I started with the most recent ones and went backwards.

Once again I was seeing everything from Isaac’s viewpoint. I saw a street, not downtown but close to downtown. Then we were inside the building. Marble seemed to be everywhere. The building looked abandoned. There was dust and dirt and the floor was covered in papers. I saw the symbol again, the one Braeden had bruised into Allison and Lydia’s arms.

My concentration broke as Isaac began to struggle. I opened my eyes to see he was grasping Scott’s arm as if it would anchor him. “You won’t be hurt by memories,” Alan said. "Just relax. Relax.”
Isaac did so and I tried again.

We crept up a set of stairs, stumbling as we did so. We were looking around, almost wildly, but saw no one. We could smell the others, the scent of werewolf was everywhere.

We heard Boyd’s voice. “But I can’t control it. Neither of us will.”

“I know,” a girl’s voice answered. She didn’t sound like Erica. “I don’t know what will happen either.”

“I don’t want to hurt you. I’m afraid I’ll hurt you.”

“I don’t want to hurt you either.”

We crept over towards the balcony and looked down. Deucalion was standing in the middle of the room. Deucalion suddenly looked over his shoulder and we ducked behind a wall. The symbol was on a round door and I realized that this was a bank. I knew where they were. They were being held at the abandoned Beacon Hills First National Bank. We were grabbed and thrown down, a foot pressed on our chest. Kali was looking down at us and she roared. A male Alpha joined her and they dragged us into a room. A body was lying towards the side. We struggled and Kali sliced her claws into our side before someone else plunged their claws into the back of our neck.

I gave a scream, falling back and clutching my side again. It was more than I’d seen at the loft. I held my hand up to stop Derek from coming towards me. It didn’t stop Stiles though.

“I saw it! I saw the name!” Isaac screamed.

“Trish?” Stiles asked.

“I’m fine,” I breathed. “I’m fine.”

Scott and Derek helped Isaac out of the tub and Alan wrapped a blanket around the wolf’s shoulders. “It’s, uh, Beacon Hills First National Bank. It’s an abandoned bank,” Stiles helped me to my feet and Derek gave me a concerned look. I only looked at him. I hadn’t liked what I’d seen through Isaac. “And they’re keeping them locked inside the vault,” Everyone looked at each other, worry and concern on their faces. “What?”

“You don’t remember what you said right before you came out of it, do you?” Stiles asked.

Isaac shook his head. “No.”

“You said when they captured you that they dragged you into a room and that there was a body in it.”

“What body?”

“Erica’s,” I whispered. “It was Erica.”

~~~
“She’s not dead!” Derek kept insisting.

“Derek, he said ‘There’s a dead body. It’s Erica’” Stiles said. “Doesn’t exactly leave us much room for interpretation.”

“And I saw her through his eyes,” I rubbed the back of my neck. I could still feel where the Alpha recessed the memory.

“Then who was in the vault with Boyd?” Scott asked.

“He couldn’t see her. He couldn’t see either one of them. He could only hear them.”

“Someone else, obviously,” Stiles said.

“Maybe it was the girl on the motorcycle,” Scott said. He looked at Isaac. “The one who saved you?”

“No, she wasn’t like us,” Isaac said.

“She was human,” I agreed. “I’m sure.”

“Whoever was in the vault with Boyd was one of us.”

“What if that’s how Erica died?” Stiles asked. "They pit them against each other during the full moons and see which one survives. It’s like werewolf thunderdome.”

Neither Derek nor I were amused. “Then we get them out tonight,” Derek said. He looked at me. “And no you’re not coming.”

“I gotta work anyway.”

“Be smart about this, Derek,” Alan warned. “You can’t just go storming in.”

“If Isaac got in, so can we.”

“And Isaac also got caught,” I reminded him.

“He didn’t get through a vault door, did he?” Alan countered.

“We need a plan,” Scott said.

I nodded. “A good one at that.”

“How are we going to come up with a plan to break into a bank vault in less than 24 hours?” Derek asked.

“Uh, I think someone already did,” Stiles suddenly said, his phone in his hand. “‘Beacon Hills First National closes its doors three months after vault robbery.’ Doesn’t say here how it was robbed, but it probably won’t take long to find out.”

“How long?” Derek asked.

“It’s the internet, Derek,” Stiles scoffed. Derek gave him the usual look.

“Stiles…” I wasn’t in the mood for his ADD shenanigans at that moment.
“Okay? Minutes.”

“Then you better get started.”

**ANNA**

Separately, everyone had figured out that the bruises Scott’s secret admirer had left on Lydia and Allison wasn’t just a Celtic symbol, but the logo for an abandoned bank. Which happened to be where a bunch of Alphas were holding Boyd and Erica. I didn’t believe Isaac or my sister when they said that Erica was dead. Even Derek didn’t believe she was dead. We were all at Derek’s loft, well everyone but Trish as she had the night shift tonight. I have to admit this was better than living in a burned out house or an abandoned train depot.

Stiles had floor plans spread over the table. “Okay. You see this?” He pointed at a place on the blueprint. “This is how they got in. It’s a roof top air conditioning vent. Leads down inside into the wall of the vault, which is here,” He circled a spot with a red Sharpie. “Okay? One of the robbers was lowered into this shaft. Now, that space is so small, it took him about 12 hours to drill into that wall, which is stone, by the way. Then throughout the rest of the night, they siphoned the cash up to the guys back on the roof through that one little shaft in the wall. Boom.” Stiles put the cap back on the Sharpie.

“Can we fit in there?” Scott asked.

“Yes we can, but very, very barely,” Stiles looked at me. “Well, Anna could with no problem.”

“Anna’s not going to break into a werewolf filled bank with you,” Peter said. He was sitting on the spiral staircase listening to the plan.

“And they also patched the wall, obviously, so we’re gonna need a drill of some kind. I’m thinking maybe a diamond bit…”

“Look, forget the drill,” Derek said, leaning over the table and studying the blueprint.

Stiles paused, freezing the hand movements he was just doing. “Sorry?”

“If I go in first, how much space do I have?”

Stiles looked at Scott, then me, and then back at Derek. “What do you think you’re gonna do, Derek? You gonna punch through the wall?”

Derek straightened and looked at Stiles. He crossed his arms. “Yes, Stiles. I’m gonna punch through the wall.”

I looked at Peter, who just threw his hands up in a “don’t even ask” gesture.

“Okay, big guy. Let’s see it,” Derek looked annoyed and almost like he was going to punch Stiles in the face. “Let’s see that fist. Big, old fist. Make it, come on. Get it out there,” Derek held up his fist. “Don’t be scared,” Peter only rolled his eyes. Yeah, I had a feeling that this would end badly. “Big, bad wolf. Yeah, look at that,” Stiles grabbed his wrist and held his left hand a few inches away from Derek’s fist. “Okay, see this? That’s maybe three inches of room to gather enough force to punch through solid—,” Derek punched Stiles’ hand and Stiles fell onto the table. “Ahh!”
started laughing as Stiles grabbed his hand and stepped away. “Ahh!” Peter was laughing as well as Scott gave Derek a “what the hell?” look. “He could do it,” Stiles admitted.

“I’ll get through the wall,” Stiles kept whimpering. “Who’s following me down?” He looked at Peter.

“Don’t look at me. I’m not up to fighting speed yet and honestly, with Isaac out of commission, you’re not looking at very good odds for yourself.”

“So I’m just supposed to let them die?”

“One of them is already dead.”

“We don’t know that.”

“Isaac and Trish seem very sure about that. And personally, I haven’t known Trish to be wrong very often. And do I need to remind you what we’re up against here?” Stiles returned to the table. “A pack of Alphas. All of them killers. And if that’s not enough to scare your testicles back into your stomach, try to remember that two of them combine bodies to form one giant Alpha.”

“Holy shit,” I said.

Peter nodded. “I’m sure Erica and Boyd were sweet kids. They’re gonna be missed.”

I gave Peter a look.

“Can someone kill him again, please?” Stiles said and I glared at him. Scott smacked his arm and did the “really?” gesture.

Peter gave him a dirty look. “Derek,” he turned his attention back to his nephew. “Seriously, not worth the risk.” Peter leaned back and crossed his arms.

“What about you?” Derek asked Scott.

“Yeah, if you want me to come,” Stiles answered.

“Not you.”

“Scott.” Stiles motioned at Scott then Derek and I couldn’t hide the smile.

“I don’t know about Erica. But if Boyd’s still alive, we have to do something,” Scott looked back at Peter and he sighed. “We have to try.”

“But?” There was always a ‘but’ when it involved Scott.

“Who’s the other girl? The one locked in there with Boyd.”

~~~

Scott left with Derek, leaving me, Stiles and Peter at the loft. Not even ten minutes after they left, Stiles went to the window and started pacing. Peter went to the couch and I followed him.
“Do you have the same control like you did before?” I asked, seeing the full moon beginning to rise.

“Yes, dying didn’t stop that.”

I curled up next to him on the couch as he leaned back, propping his feet on the coffee table, and put my head on his shoulder. I was really glad to be able to hold a conversation with him now. I never really saw the scars only those beautiful blue eyes that I loved so much. We talked a bit as Stiles continued to pace back and forth in front of the window.

“I can’t take waiting around like this, you know?” Stiles said. "It’s nerve-wracking. My nerves are wracked. They’re severely wracked. Wracked."

“You’re getting on mine, so shut up,” I commented.

“I could beat you unconscious and wake you when it’s over,” Peter said.

“Please do.” I looked up at him and saw the smirk, even though his eyes were closed.

“You think Erica’s really dead?” Stiles asked.

“Trish does,” Peter answered. "That’s enough for me."

“I just… I don’t understand the bank, though, okay? Like why wouldn’t they chain them up in some underground lair or something?"

“Seriously? An underground lair?"

“They’re an Alpha pack, right? So shouldn’t they have a lair?"

“They’re werewolves, not Bond villains.”

I giggled.

“Wait a sec. Wait a sec,” Stiles went to the opening into the other room. “Maybe they’re living there. You know?” I sighed. “Like maybe the bank vault reminds them of their little wolf dens.”

Peter raised his head. “Is he serious?” he asked me.

“It’s Stiles. He probably is.”

“Wolf dens?"

“Yeah, wolf dens. Where do you live?"

“In an underground network of caves hidden deep in the woods.”

“Whoa! Really?"

“No, you idiot,” I started laughing. “I have an apartment downtown.” He shook his head at Stiles’ idiocy and leaned his head back and closed his eyes again.

“Okay, fine, but still, that just proves that there’s something up with the bank.”

“Why are you so obsessed with the bank all of a sudden?” I asked.

“Why wait for the full moon, huh? Why not kill them whenever they wanted.”
“Maybe they think it’s poetic,” Peter said.

“They’ve already had three full moons to be poetic.”

I sat up, seeing Stiles actually had a point.

“And here you’ve had only one full hour to be so annoying…,” Peter suddenly trailed off, opening his eyes. He lifted his head, a look like he just thought of something.

“No, go ahead, finish what you were saying. I’m annoying… What were you gonna say there?”

Peter sat up, taking his feet off the table. “What are the walls made of?”

“What?” Stiles looked up as Peter walked back to the table and I followed. “Uh, I don’t know, like wood and brick or…”

“The vault, dingbat,” I said.

“What are the walls made out of?” There was a sense of urgency in his voice as he looked through the blueprints and Stiles joined us. “Where would it say that?” He flipped through the pages. “It doesn’t say anything. Where would it say the materials, the type of stone?”

“Oh, hang on,” Stiles went through his bag and brought out a thick stack of papers. “It’s gotta be in here.”

We flipped through the pages, scanning them looking for any reference to the building materials. I could feel Peter’s urgency.

“There that’s it!” Stiles cried once he found it. “Hecatolite.”

I saw the look on Peter’s face. “I take it that’s bad for werewolves,” I said.

“Get them on the phone,” Peter said, that urgency increasing. “Call them. Now!”

Stiles pulled out his phone and dialed Scott. “Okay, why?”

“’Cause Boyd and that girl aren’t going to kill each other. They’re going to kill Derek and Scott.”

*Stiles, now is not the best time.* Scott answered. I heard growling in the background.

“Scott! Scott! No, listen to me, okay? Look, you gotta get outta there!”

“Like right freaking now!” I added.

“The walls of the vault are made with a material called hecatolite. It scatters the moonlight.”

*What does that mean?*

*We’re here to get you out, okay?* I heard Derek in the background.

“It keeps the moonlight out,” I said. “They haven’t felt the full moon in months.”

“Think of it like the gladiators in the Roman Coliseum,” Peter said quickly. “They used to starve the lions for three days, making them more vicious, more out of control. Deucalion had kept them from shifting for three full moons, diminishing their tolerance to it.”

“Scott, they’re gonna be stronger,” Stiles started.
“More savage,” I added

“More bloodthirsty,” Peter finished. “Scott, they’re the lions. They’re the starved lions and you and Derek just stepped into the Coliseum.”

The growling continued in the background.

*Derek, we have a problem, a really big problem.*

Then Derek said something that made all the emotion drain from Peter’s face. *Cora?*

*Who?*

“What did he just say?” Peter asked, shock in his voice. Derek repeated the name.

*Derek, get out.* I looked at Peter, the shocked surprise showing on his face. *Get out now!*

“Oh, no,” Peter shook his head. “No, no, no, no,”

“Scott?” There was no answer. “Hey, Scott!”

*No! No, wait!*

“Scott!” Peter was in complete shock now. Roaring and growling came from the phone. “Scott!”

The line went dead. “Scott!”

“Peter?” I asked.

“It was Cora,” he whispered. “She’s alive.”

“Who’s Cora?” Stiles asked. “And why is she in that vault?”

Peter didn’t answer.

I remembered Cora. We had been friends before the fire. Before she died. “Deucalion is using Derek’s own sister against him,” I breathed.
Sacrifice

Chapter Summary

Trish and Stiles make a startling discovery. Trish finds out that another Hale survived the fire.

Chapter Notes

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

I am so so so sorry about not updating this! Didn't realize that I haven't updated since I moved like I promised. Bad Ice Queen! I will be updating once a week once more. Again, I am so sorry for the delay!

“Derek’s sister is the girl in the vault?” Stiles asked for the third time.

“Yes, Stiles!” I screamed, my patience running out. “His sister! His younger sister! The sister we thought died in the fire with the rest of the family!”

Peter put his hand on my arm. “Anna,” he whispered.

“Sorry.”

Peter looked distressed. “Derek won’t kill her,” he said. “Not his own sister. But with Cora unable to control herself…,” he trailed off. He was worried that Cora and Derek would end up ripping each other apart. So was I. I jumped when Stiles phone went off.

“Scott?” He breathed a sigh of relief, then looked horrified. “What do you mean, they got out?” He held the phone away from his ear.

_Exactly that, Stiles! They got away from us!_

“You don’t have to yell. I was just getting clarification. Well, I’m not planning on going into the Preserve any time soon. Just keep me updated. Hey, be careful, man, okay?”

“So Boyd and Cora are wandering around the Preserve?” I asked.

“Scott said that Allison broke a Mountain Ash seal in the vault and Boyd and Cora took off.”

“Why was Allison at the bank?” I wondered.

“I don’t know. Scott and Derek are trying to track them.” His phone rang again. “Lydia.” I could have sworn the color drained from his face. “What? Where? I’m coming.” He turned to us. “Lydia found a body at the public pool.”
“Go with Stiles, Anna,” Peter said, standing. “I’m going to see if I can help Derek and Scott track Boyd and Cora.”

I nodded and Stiles and I went to his Jeep. I’d rode with Stiles anyway.

When we got to the pools, we jumped out of the Jeep and ran towards Lydia, Stiles calling her name. She was freaked out. Oh, I should explain. I’d been feeling what others were feeling since the beginning of the Kanima incident. Over the summer, it had gotten stronger and Trish told me I had developed an empathy ability, meaning I could sense what others were feeling.

“Lydia, are you okay?”

“I’m… I’m okay. That, over there…” She pointed at the lifeguard stand. “Not okay.” I shrieked when I saw the bloody body.

“Jeez!” Stiles said, rubbing his ear. “Have you been taking lessons from Lydia?”

“Sorry.”

Stiles looked up at the lifeguard. “Yeah, alright. I’m gonna call my dad.”

“I already called 911,” Lydia said.

“You called the police before you called me?”

“Um, isn’t that what you’re supposed to do when you find a dead body?” I asked.

“I’m supposed to call you first when I find a dead body?” Lydia asked.

“Yes!”

“Just when I thought you couldn’t get weirder,” I commented.

Stiles pulled out his phone. “Dude, we have a problem. I think they killed someone. Yep. Throat ripped out, blood everywhere. It’s like the freaking Shining over here. If two little twin girls come out of the woods and start asking me to play with them forever and ever, I’m not gonna be surprised.” I giggled. Trish hated that movie. She said it freaked her completely out. It was one of the few movies that could freak her out. “Make sure it was them? Scott, who else is going around ripping throats out?” Stiles sighed and lowered the phone and looked back up at the body. He looked back at us before stepping closer. “Yep, pretty sure.” He hung up as the first sirens could be heard.

~~~

We followed Lydia home. Although following her inside and then into her room might have been a bit much.

“The two of you didn’t have to follow me home,” she said.

“I just wanted to make sure you got in okay,” Stiles said.
“I had a police escort.” Lydia plopped down on the bed.

“I know the inner workings of that force, alright? They’re not nearly as reliable as people think.”

“Well, you also didn’t have to follow me into my room.”

“She has a point there,” I agreed.

“Well, I…,” Stiles stopped and thought a moment.

“I so want to hear this excuse.”

“Uh, yeah, I don’t have an answer for that.”

Lydia and I giggled.

“You mean the King of Bullshit can’t think of an excuse?”

“Shut up.” I grinned. “You know what? We should leave. Come on, Anna.”

“Are you really going to go without asking me the question you both are dying to ask me?”

“Well, I’m not… I haven’t been dying to ask anything.” I rolled my eyes. “No questions here for Stiles. Nothing.”

Lydia rolled her eyes. “I can see it on your face.”

“Maybe my face just has a naturally interrogatory expression.”

“Maybe your face just needs a punch,” I said.

“God! You are just like your sister!”

“Your interrogatory expression is getting on my nerves,” Lydia said.

“He’s good at getting on people’s nerves. He’s been doing it all night.”

Stiles gave me a look.

“I have no clue how I ended up finding that body. I didn’t even know where I was until I got out of
the car.”

“Yeah, but the last time something like this happened…,” He looked at me.

“I know,” Lydia looked at the two of us. “Derek’s uncle.”

“Peter.”

“You don’t think he’s controlling her, do you?” I asked, crossing my arms.

“I really don’t know.”
I sent the blood I just drew off to pathology. I turned back to Caitlyn and smiled. ‘Just hang out here and get some rest. If you need anything, just let one of us know.’

Caitlyn nodded.

And I almost ran into Melissa. ‘Just who I was looking for,’ she said, pulling me aside. ‘I want you to see something when Stiles gets here.’

‘Does this something have anything to do with the new set of bodies we have?’

‘Possibly…’

I chuckled and shook my head and we both walked towards the nurses’ station. Several minutes later, Stiles walked in with Anna in tow. ‘Why am I not surprised?’

‘Hey,’ Stiles greeted.

‘Hey,’ Melissa smiled. ‘Over here. And if either one of you tell anyone that I showed you this, I swear to God I will kill you both painfully and slowly.’ I snickered as we walked down the hall.

‘Why do you want to show us a body we’ve already seen?’

‘Because you haven’t seen everything.’ We walked into the morgue and Melissa put on exam gloves before folding the sheet from the boy’s face. ‘See this around his neck?’ She pointed to a bruise around his neck an inch above the single slash across his throat. ‘That’s a ligature mark. That means he was strangled with something, like cord, rope…’

Stiles looked confused. ‘Ah, okay. Wait a second. What kind of werewolf strangles someone? You know that’s not very… werewolf-y.’

‘No, it’s not,’ I said. ‘They use claws and teeth.’

Anna pointed to the slash. ‘That doesn’t look like a claw did that.’

I shook my head. ‘No, there would have been four, not one.’

‘That’s what I thought,’ Melissa moved to his head. ‘Then there’s this.’ She moved his head to show the teens the blow to his head. And I saw how much stronger a stomach Anna had than Stiles.

‘God, man, what is that? Is that brain matter?’ Anna was giving him an amused look. ‘Yeah, it’s brain matter, of course.’

I chuckled.

‘See the indentation?’ Melissa asked and I took a closer look, then looked at the other causes of death. ‘He was hit in the back of the head, hard enough to kill him. In fact, any one of these things could have killed him. I mean, someone seriously wanted this poor kid dead.’

‘Oh my God,’ I whispered, realizing what I was really looking at.

‘Then this couldn’t have been Boyd or Cora.’

I looked up at Stiles. ‘Cora? Did you say Cora?’

‘Yeah.’
“Cora’s alive?” I know the surprised shock was in my voice. “Stiles, if you’re screwing with me, I swear to God I will kill you.”

“The Alpha pack had her,” Anna said. “She was in the vault with Boyd.”

“Then why did you think that this was them?”

“Because Scott, Derek, Isaac and Chris are trying to corral them. We thought they killed an innocent kid.”

“No, this definitely wasn’t a werewolf.” I looked back at the kid, trying to push down the shock of finding out that Cora was still alive down.

“So maybe it was just a murder. A random coincidence?”

I shook my head. “I don’t think so.” I wasn’t sure if this was what I thought it was and I didn’t want to voice it yet.

“How come?”

Melissa nodded towards the other body. “Because that girl over there, she has the same exact injuries.” She went over and uncovered the other body. “The ME said this one wasn’t just strangled. Whoever did it used a garrote,” Stiles had a shocked look on his face and took a step back. “Which is a stick that you put through the rope and you just kind of keep…”

“Melissa.”

She looked up at me and I indicated Stiles. “Oh, my God, did you know her?” Stiles nodded. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t even think.” Melissa quickly covered the girl back up.

“I was… I was at her party.” There was tears in his eyes and Anna rubbed his back. “It was her birthday. Her name was Heather.” I looked back down at the sheet. This was the girl we thought the Alphas had taken. Stiles wiped away the tears with his sleeve.

“Okay, we need to call your father, ‘cause you’re a witness.”

I knew now that Heather wasn’t taken by the Alphas. Stiles looked back at the kid from the pool and back to Heather.

“Stiles?” Melissa asked.

“Has anyone else been through here tonight? Any other bodies or even anybody missing?” Stiles made a connection between the victims.

“No bodies, but…”

“What?”

“Two girls. They brought the first one, Caitlyn, in for a tox screen.”

“Her girlfriend, Emily, is missing,” I added.

“Nobody’s found her yet?”

“Not that we’re aware of.”
“Okay, first one.”

“Caitlyn,” Melissa said.

“Is she here? Is she here right now?”

“Yes,” I answered.

“Where?”

“Whoa, hold on there.”

“I gotta talk to her.”

“Why?” Melissa asked.

“Because Stiles has come to the same conclusion I have,” I said. He looked at me. “You’ve made a connection.”

“Yeah, but I have to talk to Caitlyn to be sure.”

Anna waited in the lobby while Stiles, Melissa and I went into Caitlyn’s room. Melissa nodded at Stiles and I. “Hey, Caitlyn. We just need to ask you some questions about Emily,” Stiles said.

“Okay.”

“What were you doing out there?” I asked.

“We weren’t doing anything bad. I mean, I’ve camped out there plenty of times.”

“Right, but why tonight?” Stiles asked.

“We wanted to be alone for one night. Emily lives with her mom and I have three roommates. Not exactly romantic settings, you know?”

“How long have you two been together?”

“Three months.”

“And you wanted to make it romantic.”

Caitlyn smiled slightly. “Yeah, you know, because… um…”

“It was her first time,” I finished, realizing now the connection Stiles had made between the two in the morgue.

“They’re gonna find her, right?” Caitlyn looked at us, with both a sad and hopeful look. That look broke my heart. “Aren’t they?” It broke my heart because I knew Caitlyn was about to go through the exact same thing I had seven years earlier.

We stepped out into the hall and I pulled Stiles aside. “All three of them are virgins, aren’t they?”

Stiles nodded. I closed my eyes. Not only did we have the Alpha pack to deal with, we possibly had
one of my own to deal with. “You figured it out before I did, didn’t you?”

“Once I realized I was looking at a threefold death. How did you figure out that they were virgins?”

“Heather told me she was a virgin and we were going to… you know.”

“I was a teenager once. I know. How did you know about the kid from the pool?”

“He was wearing a purity ring.”


“As soon as I can.” I hung up. “I gotta go. I have a feeling I need to patch up some wolves.”

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“Oh, my God!” I exclaimed when I saw the condition Derek was in.

“I’m fine.”

“Where’s Cora? Stiles said she was alive.”

“She is.” He nodded towards his bed as he peeled off his tattered and bloody shirt and dropped it to the floor. Boyd and Cora were lying across his bed. I sat next to Cora. I hadn’t seen her since she was eleven and I blinked back tears. “The vault was made of hecatolite. They hadn’t felt the full moon in months.”

“Erica?”

Derek face fell. “You were right. I found her body in a maintenance closet.”

My face fell. I hated it when I was right about those things. “I’m sorry.”

“Will they be okay?”

I turned my attention to the unconscious wolves and examined them. “They’ll be fine.” I brushed Cora’s hair to the side. Derek went through a chest of drawers looking for a shirt. “Derek?”

“What?”

“If Cora survived, could any of the others?”

“I guess that’s possible. But why wait so long?” Derek found a shirt and pulled it over his head. “Why did she?”

“Fear?” I looked at Derek as he sat next to his sister.

“Josh wouldn’t have waited seven years to come back to you. He’d fight a pack of Alphas and a Kanima to get to you.”
I smiled. But that little spark of hope was there.

A spark of hope that was enough to shatter my fragile acceptance.
An Unwelcome Discovery

Chapter Summary

Stiles tries to make sense of the sacrifices. Derek has an unexpected visitor. Alan, Trish, Stiles, and Lydia make an unnerving discovery.

I stayed at the loft, wanting to be there when Cora woke up. I sat at the table while Derek sat on the bed holding his sister’s hand. Derek kept looking giving me odd looks. “Why do you keep looking at me like that?”

“I’ve been catching a scent I don’t know on you since we used the ice bath to get Isaac to remember where he found Boyd and Cora.”

“Scott said the same thing at the school when he showed us the bruises on Allison and Lydia. Maybe I’m starting to get a cold or something.”

“I’ve smelled your colds before, this isn’t a cold.”

“And you remember what they smell like after all this time.” Derek didn’t answer. “Yeah, I didn’t think so.”

Isaac chuckled. I hadn’t seen him when I came this morning. Turned out that he slept in a sleeping bag in the other room. “Well, I’ve smelled it too, so maybe it is a cold coming on. Although, I’ll admit I have no idea what a cold smells like.”

I smiled and shook my head while Derek just gave him one of his looks.

The two werewolves started to stir. Boyd was the first to wake up. He sat up, holding his head. “Why do I feel like I have a hangover?” I couldn’t help it. I laughed. He looked around. “And where the hell am I?”

“Derek’s loft,” I answered. “He lives here now. What do you remember from last night?”

“Not much. I remember Derek coming through a wall but it’s blank afterward.” He looked at Derek. “I didn’t…”

“You almost did,” he only said, his attention on his sister. She opened her eyes. Unlike Derek and Laura, Cora had brown eyes, although she had the dark hair that the rest of the family had. “Cora?”

She pushed herself into a sitting position before looking at her brother. “Derek!” She threw her arms around him and squeezed him tight. I smiled as Derek wrapped his arms around her, returning the hug. Derek usually kept his emotions in check, but the relief was plain on his face, along with another emotion that was completely foreign on Derek’s face. I think it was happiness, but like I said, it’s a foreign emotion to Derek. When they pulled away from each other, Cora looked at the others. Her eyes landed on me. “Trish?”

“The one and only.”

Cora smiled and then hugged me as well. But unlike Derek, tears of happiness fell. You have no
idea the joy of learning that a member of your family is alive after thinking they had been murdered for seven years. When we pulled away she looked at Isaac. “Who are you?”

“I’m Isaac,” he said and I saw Derek shoot him a warning glare. Yep, already being the protective older brother.

“He’s one of Derek’s Betas.”

“Hi.”

Derek looked over at me and I read his eyes.

“Isaac, why don’t you come with me to take Boyd home.” I’ve known Derek long enough to know that he wanted to be alone with his little sister. I stood and grabbed my keys, stumbling a bit as the movement made me lightheaded suddenly, but played it off like I caught my foot on the chair. Isaac seemed to be the only one who saw anyway. The young Beta and I left with Boyd. “I’m also going to need your help coming up with a story for his parents that doesn’t involve banks and Alpha werewolves.”

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It had been a few days since Derek and Scott had rescued Boyd and Cora. Cora had changed as much as Derek had. She was angry, but not like Derek. While he was pissed at the world in general, she was pissed at the Alpha pack and thought Derek should take them all on. This was perhaps the one time he was actually taking my advice and not charging head first into a fight. He knew they were stronger and faster because they were all Alphas. He wanted to find out their weaknesses first and I warned him not to underestimate Deucalion. He may be blind, yes there is such a thing as blind werewolves, but he wasn’t stupid. I didn’t always hate Deucalion, he was once a Hale family friend. It was after Aunt Catharine’s death that I began to hate him. That illness that the wolves seemed to be sensing in me I was starting to feel almost immediately, starting with that lightheadedness in the loft. And as I worked in a hospital, my supervisors frowned upon sick nurses being around patients. I still thought it might be a cold, but I didn’t feel like my normal self. I figured I’d give it a few days. But first, I wanted to go to Alan with what we’d discovered.

My good friend walked out of the back when he heard me come in. “Hello, Trish, what brings you here? Did you not have to work today?”

“Feeling a bit under the weather. They don’t like it when you go to work in a hospital sick.”

“Nothing serious, I hope.”

“I hope not as well. As to why I’m here…,” I sighed. “You’ve heard about the three recent murders?”

“Four, actually,” Alan corrected me. “They found a teen on the running trails in the Preserve.”

I sighed again and rubbed my forehead above my eye. “These aren’t just random murders, Alan.” Alan had a look in his eye as he walked into the back and I followed. “The last victim. Was he strangled and had his throat cut?”

“Along with a blow to the head.”
“The threefold death.”

“Trish, I know where you’re going with this.”

“The first three were virgins. A threefold sacrifice. Now a fourth has been killed. Someone is performing human sacrifices.”

“That boy they found was here last night with his dog.” Alan picked up a sample container. “We found this in the dog’s fecal sample.”

I slipped on gloves and opened the container, pulling out a white berry with forceps. “Mistletoe.” I looked at Alan. “It’s a Druid.”

“Or a copycat.” Alan took the mistletoe and put it back in the container. “The others didn’t have mistletoe anywhere near them.”

“Then they’re taunting you.” Alan gave me a look. Neither one of us had been very Druidy in the seven years since the fire. Not until Scott was bitten.

“There’s something else I want to talk to you about.” I pulled the gloves off and disposed of them. “About Scott.”

“I know.”

“You know?”

“I know what it is you want to talk about.” He’d noticed it too. The door opened again and Alan went towards the front to see who it was. “You’re out of school early.”

“Yeah, free period, actually,” Stiles answered. I walked out of the back. What the hell was Stiles doing here? “I’m actually not surprised to see you here.”

“I’m not allowed to visit a friend?”

“I was just headed home to see my dad. You know, I guess you’ve heard people are kinda getting murdered again.”

“Yes, I’ve heard.” He looked at me as he said it and I smirked.

“Yeah, well, it’s his job to figure it out.”

“Really? Is that what a sheriff does?” I asked.

Stiles gave me a look. “Yeah, well, um, you know, it gets kind of hard for him to do his job when he doesn’t have all the information. And we all know he’s pretty much missing half the story here, right?”

“Is there a point to this ramble?”

“So I started thinking and I remembered someone who does have a lot of information. Someone who always seems to know more than anyone around here. Actually two someones. You and Trish.” Alan and I looked at one another. He knew I was a Druid, thanks to Peter the night we discovered that he was the Alpha. Alan turned around and walked into the back and I nodded for Stiles to follow. “All these symbols and things, the triskeles, the bank logo, the Mountain Ash, all if it is from the Celtic Druids.” He looked at me. “Peter called you a Druid at Beacons Crossing.”
“That he did,” I agreed. “I’m actually surprised it took you this long to mention it.”

Stiles actually went back to his point. “Anyone who’s ever looked up human sacrifices know the Druids had a pretty big hard on when it came to giving one up for the gods. You ever hear of the Lindow Man?” Alan was just looking at him. We both knew exactly what he was talking about. “2,000 year old body found in England?” I nodded. “He was found strangled, head bashed in, throat cut. Threefold death. Trish recognized it right away when we looked at the body found at the pool.” Alan looked at me. I held my hand up and shook my head. I didn’t want to get into a discussion with Alan about me mentioning that to Stiles. “They also found pollen grains in his stomach.” Alan picked up one of his jars and unscrewed the top as Stiles continued. “Guess what favorite Druid plant that was?”

Alan pulled out mistletoe and held it up. “Mistletoe.”

Stiles looked between us. “I’m just telling you everything you already know, aren’t I?”

“Pretty much,” I admitted. While Stiles knew I was a Druid, he did not know Alan was. Alan set the plant down.

“Trish has been trying to help us. She figured out that these were sacrifices before I did. Probably the moment we looked at the bodies. If you knew all this time, why aren’t you telling us, too?”

“Maybe because when you spend every moment of the last seven years trying to push something away… Denying it.” He looked at me. “Lying about it.” I looked down. I knew exactly why he looked at me when he said that. I had only recently started to accept my place in the supernatural world as an Eamonn, it was why my powers seemed to be getting stronger. Although I still hadn’t revealed that about myself to anyone. “It becomes a powerful habit.”

Stiles looked at me. “That’s why you were so reluctant to help us with the Alpha. It wasn’t because Derek didn’t want you involved.”

I shook my head. “When you have power like mine, you want to keep it hidden, you want to deny it, lie about it.”

Stiles seemed to understand. “Alright, so this guy, is he a Druid?”

“No.” I looked at Alan. “It’s someone copying a centuries-old practice of a people who should have known better. Do you know what the word ‘druid’ means in Gaelic?”

Stiles shook his head. “No.”

“Wise oak,” I said.

Alan nodded. “The Celtic Druids were close to nature. They believed they kept it in balance. They were philosophers and scholars. They weren’t serial killers.”

“What if this one is?’ I asked.

“Trish.” A pain shot through my lower chest and I hissed. “Trish?”

“Muscle spasm,” I said. I didn’t know what caused the sudden pain, but it was gone as quickly as it appeared.

Stiles pulled his phone out of his pocket. “Hey, I can’t talk right now,” Stiles said to whoever was on the other line. “Wait, what? Okay, are you sure he’s missing?” This got both of our attentions.
Stiles hung up. “Lydia thinks whoever this is took the music teacher.”

I looked at Alan before looking at Stiles. “Then let’s go.” I headed towards the door.

“Trish,” I stopped and turned. “What does your gut say?”

“That this is a Druid sacrificing the innocent for some reason. And it’s not just my gut. It’s my whole being.” Translation: The protective part of the Eamonn was smacking me upside the head.

“I’ll lock up and meet you at the school,” Alan said. I blinked, surprised. “I trust your instincts, Trish. I want to see if this is really one of us.”

DEREK

Cora was up and walking around when I got home from seeing if the teacher I’d saved, Jennifer, was alright, even though I had told my sister to stay put. She was wearing workout clothes, tennis shoes and had her hair in a ponytail. She jumped up and grabbed the bar I used to do chin ups when I worked out and started doing her own reps. I watched her for a little bit, crossing my arms until she dropped down.

“Stop. You’re not done healing,” I said.

“Yeah?” Cora brushed her hands off and looked at me. “Well, I’m done lying around.”

“Then sit.”

She dropped and started doing push-ups. “Are you gonna help me go after them?”

I sighed. We were back at this again. We’d been going around in circles over this. Trish had advised that I feel out the Alphas first instead of my usual charge first, ask questions later tactic. And I had actually agreed with her. They were stronger and faster, being an Alpha pack and most of them had been Alphas for years, not for a few months like I had. I could take them one at a time, but not as a whole. I walked over to Cora and kicked her hand out from under her. She fell and landed on her back with a grunt, giving me one hell of a go to hell look. She was then on her feet and she charged at me. It reminded me of all the times we sparred as kids, but this time she really was trying to fight me. I easily blocked her blows. She was pissed. I got that. But I was an Alpha now, I had the pack to think about, not just myself and Cora. In the past, after saving Cora, I would have went right back to that bank and tore the hell out of it looking for the Alphas for what they did to her. I grabbed both her biceps as she went for my face.

“Come on! Fight back!” I pushed her back. She was looking for a fight, but I was not going to be the one to give it to her. My inexperience at being an Alpha, my being a “cocky asshole”, as Trish put it, had caused the death of one of my Betas. I might as well have killed her myself. Cora just looked at me. “I came back for this?” She scoffed. “I can’t believe I got my ass thrown into a vault for three months for you.” I sighed and let her vent. “All those rumors I heard. A powerful new Alpha, one of the Hales, building a pack.” Seems Trish had been right about news of my rise to Alpha spreading. “Do you know how long I’ve waited to hear something like that? Do you have any idea how it felt to find out you were alive?”

I did know how that felt. I thought Peter, Laura and I had been the only Hales still alive. But Cora seemed to have all these expectations of me based on rumors she’d heard in South America, where
she’d run to. She’d been living with our mother’s aunt all this time. “I’m sorry to disappoint you,” I simply said. Right when my intruder alarm went off. My attention went to it, instantly forgetting about Cora’s rant and going into fight mode.

“What’s that?” Cora asked.

I knew it wasn’t Trish, she knew how to get in without setting off the alarm. “Trouble.” The loft door slid open and one of the Alphas, Ennis, stood in the doorway, eyes glowing bright red. He grinned a fangy grin before growling at Cora. My sister gave a return growl and charged. She was just like me. “No, wait!” Cora ignored me. “Wait!”

Ennis attacked and grabbed her by the throat and slammed her to the ground. He looked at me. “Ready for a rematch?” he asked.

I snarled, my fangs extending. He was going to be a dead Alpha. I started towards him when I smelled another. Kali walked in. She was the only one that always went barefoot, giving herself extra claws to play with. And she used them frequently. She growled as she walked into my loft. I went after her and she spun around, kicking a foot at me. I dodged and then backed up. I needed to get her on my level. Kali kept kicking at me and I kept dodging. She brought her foot up again and I grabbed her leg, throwing her across the room by it. She spun around midair and landed on her feet in a crouch. Was she a cat or a wolf? She looked up, tossing her brown hair back and roared at me. I returned the roar, flashing my own bright red eyes. If this was their way of recruiting, I wasn’t impressed. She glanced up and saw the bar Cora had been doing chin ups on moments earlier. She jumped up and ripped it off. She twirled it and swung faster than I could dodge. It hit me on the jaw and spun me around. She then hit me in the back with it and I went down. The pain of having metal hit me between the shoulders at the speed of a high speed train floored me. I started to get back up but only got as far as my hands and knees. Pain exploded through my entire torso as Kali plunged the bar through by back and out my lower chest. I howled in pain and I heard Cora gasp. You cannot even imagine the pain. I barely registered the tapping.

“Everybody done?” a British accented voice asked and I realized Deucalion himself had sent the two ahead of him to corral us. “Cause just listening to that was exhausting.” He stopped in front of me. All I could see was his shoes and his cane. “So…” The cane disappeared and I heard him folding it. I heard a chair slide towards us and he sat and I looked up at him. “Let’s chat. Sorry about this, Derek. I asked Kali to be gentle, but…”

“This is me being gentle.” If shoving a bar through someone and wiggling it around every so often was gentle, I was pretty sure I didn’t want to see her rough side. As if to prove the point, Kali twisted the bar slightly, sending a new wave of pain through me. It was taking everything for me not to scream. I didn’t want to give her the satisfaction of one. It was bad enough that Cora had to see this. All she got was grunts and the pained intake of breath. I closed my eyes, focusing on ignoring the pain.

“Let… let her go.” I looked up at Deucalion as he motioned for Ennis to do so. Cora rolled away from Ennis as soon as she was free and jumped to her feet. She made a beeline for me. I shook my head. “No.” I didn’t want her anywhere near Kali. I was glad that she actually listened. She really took after me on the hardheadedness.

“See?” Deucalion said. “We’re not unreasonable.”

“What do you want?” I asked through clinched teeth. “You want to kill me?” Why not? I seem to be on everyone else’s hit list. I had no idea how I was even able to talk.

“You really think I’m that boring? Don’t throw me in with sociopaths like your uncle.” Good thing
Anna wasn’t here. She’d kill him with a glare. “I’m a man with far more vision then simple murder. In fact.” He reached up and removed his sunglasses. “I’m here to show you how much vision a blind man can have.” I groaned and managed to look up just as his eyes glowed bright red. Unlike mine and the other Alphas, Deucalion’s entire iris and pupil, if he had a pupil, were red. Kali pushed the bar and I could taste blood. I spit it out. I didn’t want Cora to watch them kill me, but it looked like that was going to be a possibility.

“You’re killing him!” Cora screamed.

“Not yet, little sister,” Kali said. “But I could.” I coughed up more blood as she spoke and it was getting harder to focus. “Who knows if it’s five minutes or five hours before it’s too late to take this thing out?” She wiggled the bar as she spoke.

“Ugh.” I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to focus on anything but the pain.

“But just to be on the safe side, Duke, you might want to get to the point.”

“Now you see the one problem with being in an Alpha pack,” Deucalion sighed. “Everybody wants to make the decisions. Me? I’m more about discovering new talents. Like you.”

“Not interested,” I breathed.

“But you haven’t even heard my pitch.”

“You want… me to kill my own pack.” I knew how the others joined the Alpha pack. They killed their packs, including their Emissary. I wasn’t killing my pack. And I wasn’t killing Trish. It would be like killing Laura or Cora.

“No. I want you to kill one of them. But I guess that would be hard considering the Eamonn you have in your pack.” What in the hell was an Eamonn? “But if you do that, I won’t have to ask you to kill the others. You’ll do it on your own. I did it. Ennis did. Kali did. Tell him what it’s like, Kali, to kill one of your own.”

“Mmm.” She moved the bar again and the blast of pain made me feel slightly lightheaded. “Liberating.”

“Listen to her, Derek. Do you really want to stay beholden to a couple of maladjusted teenagers bound to become a liability? To an Eamonn? And believe me, all of them will become a liability. In fact, I have a feeling one of those maladjusted teenagers is getting himself into trouble right now.” Deucalion stood. “See, the reason I’m always invested in new talent is simple.” I coughed more blood. “We all know a pack is strongest due to its individual parts. The stronger the individual parts, the greater the whole.” He flicked out his cane. “When I lost my sight, one of my Betas assumed I wasn’t fit for my role anymore. He tried to take it from me.” Deucalion started to fold the cane again. “Killing him taught me something about Alphas I didn’t know they could do. His power was added to mine. I became stronger, faster, more powerful than I’d ever been. I tested this new ability to subsume the power of your own by killing another one. In fact, I killed them all. Your Eamonn’s aunt even tried to stop me.” Trish was the Eamonn he kept talking about? I knew her aunt had been Deucalion’s Emissary. “But she didn’t stand a chance against my new speed and strength. My power. She told me that this was murder, that this wasn’t me. I slashed her throat and listened to her heartbeat slow as she bled out.” I now knew why Trish hated him so much. “I took the individual parts of the pack and became a greater individual whole.” He flicked out his cane again. If he was going to kill me, I really wanted him to get it over with instead of talking me to death. He crouched down next to me and felt around the back of my head before grabbing a handful of hair and pulling my head back. I grunted from the pain that shot through me from the
sudden movement. He felt around my face before releasing my hair. “Hmm. You’re right, Kali. He looks like his mother.” I would have growled had I had the energy to. He stood and walked away from me towards the table. “You’ll get to know me, Derek, like she did.”

“I know you,” I said, defiantly, looking up at him. My mother knew him before he became a monster. In a way, I was glad she wasn’t alive to see her friend turn into this. “I know… what you are.” Blood dripped down my lips as I spoke. “You’re a fanatic.”

He set his cane on the table. “Know me?” He asked as he turned around. “You’ve never seen anything like me. I am the Alpha of Alphas.” Thunder suddenly rumbled. “I am the apex of apex predators! I am death, destroyer of worlds!” He was starting to scream his words. Thunder crashed again. “I am the demon wolf!” Kali finally pulled the bar out of me and I gave a gasp of pain. Deucalion said something as I collapsed.

The Alphas walked away and I barely registered that Cora was at my side. “Derek!” Her voice sounded far off.

“Cora,” I whispered. “Call…” I wasn’t able to finish my sentence before I blacked out.

TRISH

Stiles led the way to the music room. Lydia was in the middle of it looking completely freaked out. “Lydia?”

She turned to us and held out a phone. “He was recording himself playing the piano when he was taken.”

Alan took the phone and pressed play. Beautiful piano music started playing, then the sound of several of the keys being banged at once. The recording was silent for a couple minutes before a soft chanting started. As it grew louder, my head began to throb. I sat, holding my head. As the chanting continued, the pain worsened, spreading to the rest of my body and making me feeling sick.

“Trish?” Stiles asked, putting his hand on my shoulder. Alan shut the recording off, then looked at me with concern. With the chanting gone, the pain and the sick feeling dissipated.

“I’m fine,” I said. “What was that?”

“I don’t know.” Alan looked at Lydia. “Can we get a copy of this?”

Lydia took the phone and started playing with it. I stood slowly, not wanting to cause myself to get lightheaded, and me and Stiles went over to the teacher’s desk.

Stiles opened a drawer as I went through the papers on his desk. “Hey, Doc, any help would be, you know, helpful,” I smiled.

“Each grouping of three would have its own purpose, its own type of power.”

“Virgins have been the first,” I said, going through a music book. “The other groupings are healers, philosophers, warriors —”
“Wait, wait, wait, wait,” Stiles cut me off. “Warrior. Could that also be like a soldier?”

“Yes.”

“Absolutely,” Alan agreed.

Stiles held up the teacher’s wedding picture. He was wearing a military officer’s uniform. He slammed the photo on the desk. “Kyle was in ROTC with Boyd.”

“That’s gotta be it,” Alan said. Seems like that was proof enough for my friend. “That’s the pattern.”

“Where’s Boyd?” I asked. We couldn’t handle losing another member of the pack.

“He’s gotta be home by now.”

I pulled out my phone. “I’ll see if I can get a hold of him.”

Lydia suddenly had an odd look on her face. “Lydia?” Alan asked as I looked for Boyd’s number. “Something wrong?”

“No, it was… I mean… I just thought of someone else with a military connection.”

“Who?” Stiles and I asked at the same time.

“Mr. Harris.”

I darted out of the room. I ran into the chemistry room. It was empty. “He’s not here,” I said. Alan, Lydia and Stiles followed me into the room. “Mr. Harris?”

Stiles started going through his desk while Lydia and I searched the adjacent closets and the biology room as Alan picked up a cadet plaque off his desk. “This is just one of many possibilities,” the veterinarian said. “He could have simply left for the day.”

“Harris knows about the supernatural. He’s the one who told Kate how to make the fire look like an accident. And he came face to face with Peter in his Alpha form,” I argued.

Stiles picked up Harris’ bag. “Yeah, well, not without this.” Stiles set it down and started going through tests on his desk. He picked one up and looked puzzled.

“What?” Alan asked.

“This test is graded R.” He flipped it around to show us.

Lydia held up another one. “This one’s an H.”

Alan’s brows knit together and took the two test papers before going through the tests on the desk.

I pointed at another test. “Does anyone actually make an A on his tests?” I never knew anyone that had when I was in his class.

Alan arranged the tests starting with a D. He placed one of the A’s next, followed by the R, the other A, a C and the H. I was pretty sure the color just drained from my face. Alan and I looked at one another.

“Oh, no,” I whispered.
“You two look like you know what this means,” Stiles said, looking between us.

“Stiles, remember when we told you ‘druid’ is the Gaelic for ‘wise oak’” Alan asked, his voice betraying his surprise.

“Yeah?”

“If a Druid went down the wrong path, the wise oak was something said to become a dark oak. There’s a Gaelic word for that as well.” Alan backed up.

“Darach,” I said. I looked at Alan. “I know why the chanting affected me.” I should have been the Darach’s first target. In fact, I was pretty sure I already had been. Stiles and Lydia gave me a funny look. “The dark oak cannot have a protector in the way. The wolves weren’t sensing a cold, they were sensing poison.”

“Poison?” Lydia asked. “Why would the Darach poison you?”

My phone went off and I answered. “Derek, we need —”

Get to the loft now! Cora sounded panicked. I... I think Derek’s dying.

“What?”

I’ll explain when you get here. Just get here now!

“I’m on my way.”

“What is it?” Stiles asked.

“Pack emergency.” I looked at Alan. I was going to be forced to come clean about what I was. “I’ll explain later, but I have to go now.”

“I’ll research what can affect you,” Alan said.

“Thank you.” I ran from the room. The Darach must have known that I was an Eamonn. And they seemed their tactic was to take out the defense. Which meant the poison had to have been in my system before the full moon and the start of this school year.

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I ran into the loft. The door had been wide open and the intruder alarm was blaring. I slammed my hand on it to turn it off as I ran past it. Cora was cradling Derek’s upper torso, a large pool of blood next to them. Derek was unconscious, his shirt had a hole in it and was covered with blood. I ripped open his shirt and saw he’d been impaled by something through his lower chest. At the exact spot where I’d had the pain shoot through me earlier. I pulled my bag off of my shoulder and went through the contents. “What happened?”

“The Alphas came in here and Kali impaled him with that bar.” She pointed and I saw the blood covered bar lying nearby.

“Why? Were they trying to kill him?” I found what I was looking for and quickly combined the ingredients, making the same liquid I had the night Derek had been attacked by Peter.
“Deucalion is trying to make him join him. He wants him to kill one of his pack.”

“That’s a lie. Deucalion wants Derek to kill his entire pack. You, Boyd, Isaac, me. The others did it and he did it.” Instead of having Derek drink it, I poured the concoction directly to his wound to speed up the healing process.

“What’s an Eamonn?”

I froze. “Where did you hear that?”

“Deucalion was talking about you, wasn’t he?”

I sighed. “Yes,” I whispered. “I’m not ready for everyone to know yet. Just you and Derek, since Deucalion has a big mouth.” The wound was healing quickly. I picked up the water bottle I’d used in my quick heal concoction. And if any of you call it a potion, I will smack you. I’m not Harry Potter. Derek’s eyes shot open, glowing Alpha red, and he gasped. The wound finished healing as I helped him into a sitting position. “Hey.” I put my hand on his shoulder and held out the water bottle to him. “Drink this.” He was looking at me differently as he took the water and drank. “I know what Deucalion said. And there was a reason I didn’t tell you.”

“And what reason would that be? You could tell Laura but not me?”

“Laura didn’t know either. And I have no idea how Deucalion found out.” Cora and I helped him to his feet and I staggered a moment before I steadied myself against a chair. Derek gave me a concerned look. “I didn’t tell you because I thought I was protecting you. Eamonns aren’t exactly common among Druids.”

“What is an Eamonn?” Derek removed the remnants of his shirt and changed into another one. Cora started to spray the floor to remove the blood.

“You have a hose in here?”

“It’s an industrial building. Answer the question.”

“Eamonn is the Gaelic word for ‘protector’. Why do you think I tried so hard to convince you that Lydia wasn’t the Kanima?”

“Why you didn’t run when Jackson had us trapped in the pool.”

“And why I stepped between you and Peter at Beacons Crossing.”

“And your eyes?”

“It’s apparently an Eamonn characteristic. Mom said the more powerful ones have the brighter color. I kept it a secret from everyone. The only ones who knew were Mom and Alan.”

“You haven’t told Anna?” Cora asked.

I shook my head. “She knows I’m a magic welding Druid. She doesn’t know the reason I can use magic. And I don’t understand why I’m an Eamonn. There has only ever been one other in my family, generations ago.” I looked at the two Hales. “I’m not ready for Anna to know. Or the others.”

Derek and Cora nodded.

“Eamonn or not, you’re not going to be able to help me protect the pack.” I looked at Derek,
confused. “Deucalion wants me to kill one of my Betas. If he wants one of them dead, he’s going to force it. And he’ll know you’ll try to stop it. Which may get you killed.”

I’m already dying. I thought. Derek already had enough on his mind without knowing about the Darach and the fact that I may or may not have been poisoned by said Darach to keep me from being an Eamonn.

“Can you stay a while?”

“Sure.”

~~~

I was sitting at the table, just looking at Derek. That was his big plan to protect Isaac? Derek was standing at the window watching the rain fall.

“I don’t get it,” Isaac said, just as shocked as I was. “Well, did something happen?” I had been sworn to secrecy not to tell anyone what had happened earlier that day. He didn’t want the rest of the pack to know that the Alphas had been here and nearly killed him. Or Deucalion’s offer. Derek had assured me he would not join them. He had a glass in his hand, the water inside untouched. The lightening lit up the loft and Derek looked down.

“It’s just not gonna work with both of you here.” That had to be the worst excuse on the face of the planet. “I’ve got Cora now. It’s too much. I need you out tonight.” Where the hell did he expect Isaac to go. Derek was all he had.

“Where am I supposed to go?”

“Somewhere else.”

I just looked at Derek.

“Did I do something wrong, Derek?”

I looked at Isaac, seeing the flashback in his eyes.

“You’re doing something wrong right now by not leaving.”

“Come on.”

“Get out.”

I stood. “Derek,” I said softly. I wish he had told me this plan

“Derek, please,” Isaac was practically begging.

“Get out.”

“Come on.”

“Go!” Derek threw the glass in his hand and I gasped, my eyes wide. I couldn’t believe that he’d just done that, knowing that Isaac’s father had done the same thing the night he died.
“Derek!”

Isaac ducked, the glass hitting the beam behind him and completely shattering. Isaac slowly straightened, balling his fists. He slowly lowered them and turned back to Derek. I could see the tears in his eyes. He turned and picked up his duffle bag and walked towards the door. I looked at Derek, who had a look like he instantly regretted doing that before leaning over the table.

I leaned over the table myself, leaning close to Derek. “If that’s your way of protecting him,” I said in a low voice. “It sucks.” I turned and walked out. Isaac was already out the building by the time I got to my Renegade. I was instantly soaked. Isaac was walking across the parking lot. “Isaac!” I called and he turned.

“What?” I could tell he was crying.

“He shouldn’t have done that. You can stay with me.”

Isaac shook his head. “Can you take me to Scott’s?”

“Sure. I’ll take you to Scott’s.” Isaac trusted Scott completely. And I knew Scott wouldn’t throw stuff at him to make him leave. Scott wasn’t that kind of Alpha. Werewolf. I meant werewolf. Scott would do anything for his friends, even take them in when they’re homeless. We went back to my car and I drove him to Scott’s house. “Do you want me to come in with you?”

Isaac shook his head. “No, thank you though.” He got out and then turned and looked back at me. “Hey, Trish?”

“Yeah?”

“Thanks for offering, too.”

“No problem.” I waited until he went inside before I pulled away.
Coup de Main Disaster

Chapter Summary

After a pre-emptive strike ends disastrously, Allison, Lydia, and Anna decide to keep an eye on Scott, Isaac, and Boyd when they leave Beacon Hills for a track meet.

ANNA

I sat in the backseat of Allison’s car. Allison was driving and Lydia was in the passenger seat. We were all quiet. Trish had told me about what happened the night before. As usual, she was in the middle of one of Derek’s aggressive plans. Thinking about Derek caused a pang of pain in my chest. I was sitting in this car because Peter wanted to be alone. I’d rather have been with Peter and Cora. Or with my sister. Trish really didn’t need to be alone right now. She was taking all of this really hard, worse than when Josh died. Add on the fact that she was coming down with the flu, it made for a very emotionally unstable Trish. I assumed it was the flu, Trish was the strongest person I knew. I rarely saw her cry, but what happened last night devastated her. Just like Peter’s death had devastated me.

Lydia looked back at me as I put my head against the window and watched the scenery go by. “Are you okay, Anna?”

“I don’t know,” I admitted. “I really don’t know if Trish will be either.” I looked at Lydia. “I can’t believe he’s dead. I mean, he’s survived everything else thrown at him.” I looked back out the window. “I just can’t believe Derek is dead.”

We rode in silence for a good few miles. “Am I getting too close?” Allison suddenly asked. I looked up. We were following the bus holding the track team, which happened to include Scott, Stiles, Isaac, and Boyd. Along with one of the Alpha Twins, Ethan. “I’m getting way too close, aren’t I?” Allison was right on top of the bus and I gave her an amused look.

“That depends,” Lydia answered, twirling a strand of strawberry blond hair. “Are you just following the bus or are you planning on mounting it at some point?”

I let out a laugh, the first one since Trish had told me about Derek’s death, right before breaking down in the middle of the living room.

“Yeah, I should back off.”

“Good decision,” I quipped.

“Well, that also depends. Do you mean the bus or the ex-boyfriend you’re currently stalking?”

“After what happened, I’m not letting him out of my sight.” We both looked at Allison. “By the way, this all started when he came knocking at my door.”

“For what?”
“And you need me here why?” I asked.

“For advice,” Derek said. “Why else?”

“Are you going to listen to that advice?”

“Possibly.”

I rolled my eyes. Blueprints were spread all over the table. Derek, Peter, Boyd, Cora and I were leaned over them. “What are we looking at?”

“The building that the Argents live in. Cora and Boyd followed the Twins and found out where they’re living.” Derek pointed to the blueprints. “There’s a penthouse on the floor above the Argents.”

“Do you really think that they didn’t know they were being followed? I told you not to underestimate Deucalion.”

“Because he killed your aunt?” Boyd asked.

“No, because he’s more of a conniving bastard than Peter is.”

“Hey!” Peter feigned offense.

The loft door slid open and Scott rushed in. “I know where they are!” We all looked at him as he took in all of us standing around the table. I’m sure I was the only one that looked agitated.

“Same building as the Argents. We know,” Derek said.

“Cora and I followed the Twins,” Boyd explained.

“Then they want you to know.”

“Finally! Someone else that knows not to underestimate them!”

“Trish…,” Derek sounded exasperated. I would remind him until hell froze over.

“Or, more likely, they don’t care,” Peter said.

Scott approached the table. “What is this?” he asked, looking over the contents of the table.

“Isn’t it obvious? The schemers are scheming, coming up with a coup de main, better known as a pre-emptive strike.”

“More like a ‘get everyone killed’ strike,” I muttered.

“You’re going after them?”

“Tomorrow,” Derek answered. “And you two,” he indicated both of us. “Are gonna help us.”
“Oh, you want to include me in the massacre? How thoughtful of you.”

“You’re the only one here that can use magic. They don’t have any magic-welding Druids helping them.”

I sighed and then glared at him. “Seriously, Derek!?"

“They’re one floor above them in the penthouse.” Derek seemed to be ignoring my protests. “Right above Allison.”

Was he seriously using the Allison card with Scott?

“So kill them first? That’s the plan?”

“When is it not with him?”

Derek shot me a look.

“They won’t even see it coming,” Boyd said.

“Are you sure about that?” I asked. “He’s blind, not stupid.”

“Why is the default plan always murder? Just once, can someone try to come up with something that doesn’t involve killing everyone?”

“Thank you!” Finally, someone understood that you didn’t have to kill every one of your enemies.

“You never get tired of being so blandly moral, do you?” Peter asked. He turned to Derek. “Not that I disagree with him.”

“This from the man who decided that a killing spree was the only answer to avenge the Hales.”

Peter gave me a look.

“Well, I do!” Cora said. She looked Scott up and down. “Why do we need this kid?”

“This ‘kid’ helped save your life,” Derek reminded her. Cora looked at me and I nodded. Derek turned back to Scott. “And you know we can’t just sit back and wait for them to make the first move.”

“You can’t beat a pack of Alphas,” Scott said.

“That’s why we’re going after Deucalion,” Cora said. “Just him.”

“This plan just gets better and better,” I quipped. “Do you have a death wish? Have you not listened to a word I’ve said about Deucalion?”

“Cut off the head of the snake and the body dies,” Boyd said.

“We’re not dealing with a snake here,” I countered.

“It’s a Hydra,” Peter agreed. “And like Scott says, they’re all Alphas.” Seemed like Peter decided to take mine and Scott’s stance on this.

“Deucalion’s still the leader,” Derek countered.

“Let’s hope so. Because you know what happened when Hercules cut off one of the heads of the
“Hydra?”

“Two more grew back in its place,” Scott answered.

“Somebody’s been doing their summer reading.”

ANNA

Lydia was studying and I was playing a game on my phone, wondering if I really should have gone with Lydia and Allison like Trish told me to. Trish needed me. I thought back at how Trish had been after the fire. She had been like a ghost, withdrawn in her pain of losing Josh. Laura and Derek had left soon after, leaving her with no reminder of the Hales except pictures. Derek was like a brother to her and I really hoped she wouldn’t do the same thing.

“So is that whole ‘not letting them out of your sight’ thing literal or more like a general rule?” Lydia suddenly asked.

“Why?”

“You’re running on fumes.” Allison leaned forward and made a frustrated sound. “Yeah. I’m pretty sure that bus holds a lot more gas than this Toyota.”

“What if we stop?”

“Is it really that big of a deal?”

“Yes,” I said.

Lydia looked at me. “So we lose them. We know where they’re headed.”

“You didn’t see what happened.”

“I know who started it.”

“Aiden tell you that?” I asked. “And technically, Deucalion started it four months ago.”

Lydia looked between the two of us. “Aiden? Whoa! Hold on a second. Is that why you invited me on this whole little road trip thing?” Busted. Allison didn’t answer. “Oh, my gosh. You’re both keeping an eye on them and me.”

“Actually, I’m just keeping an eye on them since Trish asked me to,” I said.

“So there’s nothing going on between you two?” Allison asked.

“I’m appalled by the insinuation.”

“Nothing?”

“Nothing.” Lydia fell quiet and I sensed lust in her.

“Uh huh,” I said. Allison and I were both looking at her with amused looks.

“What?”
“Empath, remember?” I said and Lydia gave me a dirty look, which made me laugh. Allison suddenly slammed on the breaks as we hit traffic. “What the hell?”

Lydia pulled her phone out and looked to see what was going on. “There’s a jack-knifed tractor trailer a few miles ahead,” she reported.

**TRISH**

**THE DAY BEFORE**

“He won’t listen to me,” I said. “Ever since Ennis and Kali attacked him and Cora at the loft, Derek only wants to return the favor. I thought I was getting somewhere when I got him to consider finding out their weaknesses.” I shook my head. “He’s throwing that out the window. And Boyd and Cora are following right behind him.” I looked at Alan. “He’s going to get them killed. Scott seems to be the only one that sees that.”

“And you know why,” Alan said.

“I have a theory as to why. The signs are there, Alan. It’s only a matter of time before I get real proof.”

The bell rang and Scott came into the back. “Good. You’re both here,” he said. He dropped his bag against the wall. “Is he still not listening to you?”

I shook my head. “His mind is made up. He won’t even listen to his own Emissary, that’s how hard headed he’s being about this. What he’s planning, it’s suicide.”

Scott nodded. “I don’t know what else to do. Do I keep trying to get them to listen to me? Do I tell Derek that he’s gonna get them all killed? How do you save someone that doesn’t want to be saved? How do I stop them?”

Alan glanced at me before looking back at Scott. “Don’t stop them,” he said. “Lead them.” He looked at me. “And you should help him. You’ve sided with Scott against Derek before when you were protecting Lydia. When you were maintaining the balance. Do it again.”

Scott and I looked at one another. This was probably the only way I could protect them as well.

**ANNA**

“I seriously think my ass just fell asleep,” I said. Allison barked a laughed and Lydia gave me an odd look. “What?” My phone chimed and I saw it was Trish.

*Everything fine?*

*Peachy. Just stuck in traffic. I think my butt is asleep*
LOL only you

How are you?

Idk yet. Just talked to Cora. She’ll be living with us now. I promised Derek I’d watch over her if something happened to him

I love you sissy. See you soon.

Lydia’s phone started ringing. “Hey, Stiles,” she answered. “Yeah, we’re just about to walk into a movie, you know the popcorn and… Okay,” She put the phone on speaker.

Okay, look, Scott’s still hurt.

I leaned forward.

“What do you mean still hurt?” Allison asked. “He’s not healing?”

No, it’s not healing. I think he’s actually getting worse. The blood’s turning, like, a black color.

“Yeah, I’d say he’s getting worse,” I said.

“What’s wrong with him?” Lydia asked.

What’s wrong with him? I don’t… Do I have a PhD in Lycanthropy? How am I supposed to know that?

“I can call Trish. I’m pretty sure she has one.”

She’s still in Beacon Hills. And she’s taking Derek’s death hard enough. If she knows Scott’s not healing and bleeding black blood, that’ll send her over the edge.

“Yeah… You have a point.”

“We need to get him off the bus,” Allison said.

“And take him where? A hospital?” Lydia asked.

“If he’s dying, yeah. Stiles, there’s a rest area about a mile up. Tell the coach to pull over.”

Yeah. I’ve been trying.

“Well, reason with him!”

“It’s Coach,” I said. “Do you really think that’s possible?”

Reason? Have you met this guy? And I’m with Anna on that.

“Just try something,” Allison sighed and leaned forward, leaning against the steering wheel.

Stiles must have succeeded in convincing Coach to pull the bus into the rest stop, as it did just that. Allison parked as the students literally ran from the bus.

“What the hell did he do? Gas them?” I asked.
Stiles was helping Scott off the bus. With everyone clambering to get away from the smell, which actually turned out that Stiles caused a car sick student to vomit, no one noticed the five of us go into the same bathroom. Or the bloodstain on Scott’s side.

We set him down and Allison lifted his shirt. There was three deep claw marks with black blood running from it. Trish would have known what to do, but I didn’t want her to know that Scott was dying. It was bad enough that Derek had. I didn’t want to be the one to tell Trish that Scott was dead as well. How the hell would we explain this to Melissa?

“Oh, my God,” Allison whispered. “Why didn’t you tell us?”

“Sorry.”

“Sorry? Really?” I said.

“Okay. Just give us a second, okay?” Allison stood and came over to us. “This shouldn’t be happening. I’ve seen him heal from worse than this.”

“Okay, what do we do?” Stiles asked. “Do we call an ambulance?”

“And tell them what?” I asked. “How do you explain that to a doctor?”

“What if… What if it’s too late?” Allison asked. “What if they can’t help?”

“We gotta do something,” Stiles looked at me. “You don’t happen to have any of your sister’s Druid stuff with you?”

“No…”

“You know, it could be psychological,” Lydia suggested.

“What do you mean?” Stiles asked. “Like psychosomatic?”

“Somatoformic.” We just gave her a blank look. “A physical illness from a psychogenic cause.”

“It’s in his head?” I asked. “Because of the guilt?”

“Because of Derek,” Stiles said. “He’s not letting himself heal ‘cause Derek died.”

“So what do we do?” Allison asked.

Lydia pulled a button repair kit from her purse. “Stitch him up.” Allison, Stiles, and I looked at one another. “I’m serious. Maybe all he needs to do is believe it’s healing.”

Allison held her hand out. “I’ll do it.” She produced a lighter and heated the needle to sterilize it while Stiles and I removed Scott’s shirt. “He’s gonna need another shirt. Where’s his bag?”

“Um, I’m gonna get it,” Stiles said. “I hate needles anyway, so…” He started to leave. “Uh, do you know what you’re doing?”

“She’s a Hunter,” I said. “Of course, she does.”

“My father taught me.”
“See?”

“I mean how fast are you gonna... I mean the bus, like, the bus could leave.”

“Okay, just make sure it doesn’t leave.”

“I can help,” Lydia said, grabbing Stiles’ hand. “Come on.”

Allison got on her knees.

“Do you need me to help?” I asked.

Allison shook her head. “Help Lydia and Stiles keep the bus from leaving.”

I nodded and ran out of the bathroom.

TRISH

THE NIGHT BEFORE

I pulled up to the abandoned mall. Scott wanted me to meet him here. He’d arranged to talk to Deucalion one on one and wanted me there. I slipped in through a broken window and headed to the place where Scott wanted to meet. I really hoped Scott showed up first. I didn’t want to have alone time with someone who called himself “The Demon Wolf”. I knew Derek had wanted me on the pre-emptive strike because of my magic. I hadn’t told him about me being poisoned or the Darach yet. The poison was still working and neither Alan nor I had found what an Eamonn was susceptible to. I really hoped it wouldn’t cause my powers to go haywire. I heard a dirt bike engine and turned to see Scott’s bike coming towards me. With two riders. I sighed and approached them as Scott removed his helmet and the second rider, who I was assuming was Isaac, got off. I held my hands out.

“He insisted on coming.”

Isaac pulled the helmet off and Scott got off the bike. “Is Derek here too?” Isaac asked.

“As far as I know, he doesn’t even know we’re here,” I answered.

“Why are we here?”

“We’re just going to talk to him,” Scott said. “Try to reason with him.” He looked at Isaac. “That’s it.” Isaac was looking at Scott with an odd look on his face. “What?”

“Nothing. It’s just that... I’m actually kinda hungry now.”

I chuckled as did Scott and he patted Isaac on the shoulder. “So am I.”

Scott led the way to the pre-appointed meeting place. Deucalion was waiting on the escalators. It was the first time I’d actually seen him in several years. I’d met him briefly, once. At the Hale house. He and three other Alphas had been visiting with Talia to ask her advice. I’d walked into the den looking for Laura and interrupted him and Satomi. We’d conversed briefly before he directed me to where I could find Laura. This was before he lost his sight and became a murderous bastard. He didn’t look like he’d aged at all. He stood perfectly still, his hands resting on his white
“You didn’t come alone.”

“Yeah. This is Isaac and Trish.”

“I’m not talking about your friend and your Eamonn.”

I looked up at Deucalion, he enjoyed blabbing about me, didn’t he?, before I looked at Scott. Both Scott and Isaac were both giving me questioning looks. Behind them, I saw Derek, fully transformed, walking towards us. Boyd and Cora in the shadows behind him. Peter was noticeably absent. He was the smart one. “No, not here.”

Scott and Isaac followed my gaze. Isaac looked like he’d just gotten caught doing something bad.

“You knew I would do this?” Scott asked.

“Derek, don’t,” I said. Derek kept walking, his eyes on Deucalion.

“You can’t do this and no one gets hurt. If someone else dies —”

“Him,” Derek said, pointing a clawed finger at Deucalion. “Just him.”

“Just me?” Deucalion sounded amused. “Now, how’s a blind man find his way into a place like this all on his own?”

I heard scratching and saw Kali sliding down a pillar, the claws on her hands and feet leaving deep grooves. I looked at Scott, realizing we’d been lured into a trap. The entire pack had been lured into the trap. Once Kali reached the bottom, she glared at us. Isaac pushed me back as he and Scott backed up. She growled. Ennis walked up the stairs that were behind us. He walked past us and growled at Derek. Boyd was at Derek’s side a moment later, along with Cora. The Twins appeared on the floor above us. Naturally, Derek was the first to charge, with a roar.

“Derek!”

He made a beeline for Deucalion. Kali intercepted. I let loose a string of curses as my eyes changed to purple. The Twins flipped off their perch, merging together in midair and landing several feet away, looking like Mr. Hyde. Boyd went after Ennis. Scott, Isaac and my attentions went to the Twins. Isaac transformed and looked at Scott before charging at Aiden and Ethan. Scott sighed before transforming himself and going to Isaac’s aid. I spun around as Ennis slashed Cora across the back and she screamed. He threw her aside and I ran towards him. He turned and roared at me and I hit him in the chest with my magic. He went back several feet before he roared at me again. I went to hit him again and he lept over me, kicking me in the back. I fell and rolled, regaining me feet just in time to see Ennis slash Cora across the back and she screamed. He threw her aside and I ran towards him. He turned and roared at me again. I dodged, expecting his claws to come at me. Instead he grabbed me by the throat and spun me around to where I was facing Derek, twisting my right arm behind me and I grunted in pain. Kali had her foot on Cora’s upper chest. I heard grunting behind us and I knew the Twins had subdued Scott and Isaac. Derek was the only one still standing.

“Kill him,” Deucalion indicated Boyd. Derek looked at him like he was insane before looking at Boyd. Boyd looked up at his Alpha. “The others can go,” Derek looked around, his eyes fell on me and I shook my head. “You’re beaten.” Deucalion descended a few steps. “Do it, Derek. Take the first step.”

“Are we serious with this kid?” Kali asked. “Look at him. He’s an Alpha? To what? A couple of
useless teenagers and a so-called Eamonn.” She looked me up and down. “Who’s pretty useless herself.”

“Some have more promise than others,” Deucalion said, looking towards Scott and Isaac. I knew then that he was talking about Scott. His true target all along.

“Let him rise to the occasion then. What will it be, Derek? Pack or family?” She pressed on Cora’s chest, who whimpered, trying to get Kali’s foot off her. Derek looked defeated.

I looked around at the pieces of plaster on the floor. I glanced at Kali and saw her attention was on Derek. I slightly raised my left hand, focusing on a few of the plaster pieces. I just needed to hit Kali in the head with one or a dozen. I needed to get her off of Cora. I heard the familiar whistle of an arrow leaving the bow. Derek ducked and an arrow sailed past. I heard a grunt behind me. Derek buried his eyes into the crook of his elbow as a second arrow hit the ground, equipped with flash bomb arrowhead. Kali screamed and staggered off Cora, who rolled away. Ennis let go of me and I darted over to Boyd.

Deucalion crouched down. “Your eyes,” he said. “Cover your eyes.” Arrow after arrow flew by, each with a flash bomb attached. I looked up at where the arrows were coming from and saw Allison, bow in hand. She gave a smirk and I pulled Boyd to his feet as Cora helped me. Derek helped me put his arm around her shoulder.

“Get him outta here,” Derek said. “You too.”

“No. I’m staying.”

Ennis and Scott charged one another. They crashed into one another, throwing each other back. Scott slid backwards in a crouch while Ennis completely fell, regaining his feet quickly. When Scott looked up, my jaw dropped. My theory about Scott was correct. He was looking at Ennis with bright red eyes. Alpha eyes. He closed his eyes and shook his head. When he opened them again they were bright gold again. Derek darted past me, slamming into Ennis. Kali started to go after them and I let loose my force field. She went flying across the room and into the pillar she’d slid down earlier, knocking her out cold. I spun around as Scott hamstringed Ennis. He fell off the edge of the level we were on, pulling Derek with him.

“Derek!” I screamed, sprinting towards them. I reached the edge too late. Like Scott, I could only watch in horror as Derek and Ennis fell two stories. Derek landed on the steps of the escalator, while Ennis landed on the divider between the two sides. The landing had thrown them both back into their human forms. “No!” Neither one moved. Isaac pulled us both away from the edge. The numb pain I had felt when Josh died was intensified. “No!” was all I could scream as tears streamed down my face.

Isaac pulled me close. “Scott, we have to get out of here.”

ANNA

Coach was yelling at people to get on the bus. Which was when Isaac decided to jump on Ethan.

“Isaac!” I think I may have inherited my sister’s insanity because I jumped right onto Isaac, grabbing his arm and trying to pull him back. Stiles and Danny tried the same. Isaac kept pushing us back while Boyd just watched. “Isaac, stop!” Isaac pushed me away again and this time I landed
Danny helped me to my feet before darting towards Isaac and trying to pull him off Ethan. He pushed him off and continued to punch Ethan in the face.

“Isaac! Isaac! Isaac!” Coach’s calls fell on deaf ears. Danny and I tried to tag team Isaac. Stiles seemed to have given up trying. He shoved us both off easily. “Back off!”

“Stop!” I saw Scott push his way through the kids and past Boyd. “Isaac!”

I looked at Scott. There was just something about his voice that was different. Isaac actually stopped and straightened. Allison was giving him an odd look and Lydia and Stiles exchanged looks. Coach looked dumbfounded. Danny dove in to check on Ethan. No one in the pack could quite believe that Scott had stopped Isaac with just his voice. Almost like he was an Alpha.

We all got on the bus, Allison telling Coach that we were going to the track meet as well to watch but our car ran out of gas. Coach only told us to get on the bus. Scott and Allison sat in the very back. Stiles and Lydia sat in front of them and I sat in front of Team Stydia.

“All right,” Stiles said. “Let’s go over this one more time. It’s the sacrifices, right? Everything has to do with them and someone who thinks he’s like a dark Druid of some kind.” He looked at me. “By the way, your sister never explained what she meant by ‘the dark oak cannot have the protector in the way’.”

I shrugged.

“Or is a dark Druid,” Lydia said. “A Darach.”

“You know some ancient cultures sacrificed people in preparation for battle.”

“So we’ve got Alpha werewolves against a dark Druid?”

“Yeah.”

“And we’re caught in the middle,” I said.

Stiles and Lydia nodded.
Hey, Anna.

I opened my eyes and grunted. “Huh?”

Stiles was leaned over me. “Wake up, sleepyhead.”

I looked out the window to see that we were outside a motel. “Why are we at a motel?”

Stiles shrugged and I grabbed my purse as we got off the bus. The sign announced that this was Motel Glen Capri. More like Motel de Roach. I swear if I saw any bug or rodent that could pass for a house pet, I was sleeping on the bus. None of the pack liked the looks of it.

“I’ve seen worse,” Scott said.

“Where have you seen worse?” Stiles asked.

“Yes, could you enlighten us,” I said, drawing a chuckle out of Isaac.

Coach blew his whistle. “Okay, listen up,” he said. “The meet’s been pushed till tomorrow. This is the closest motel with the most vacancies and least amount of good judgment when it comes to accepting a bunch of degenerates like yourselves.” I rolled my eyes. “You’ll be pairing up. Choose wisely. Except you three.” He indicated Allison, Lydia and I. “You stowaways will all three share a room.”

“Fine with me,” I said.

Coach passed out the room keys. “And I’ll have no sexual perversions perpetrated by you little deviants.”

I looked over at Danny and Ethan. The Alpha had a grin on his face. “Yeah, good luck with that,” I muttered.

“Got that? Keep your dirty little hands to your dirty little selves!”

While everyone went to find their rooms, Lydia and I didn’t move as the bus pulled away to park. There was something not right about this motel. I felt weird. Maybe a dozen emotions were radiating from the motel. Lust, happiness, sadness, anger, fear, despair, the strongest being the latter two.

Allison started to walk away. “Anna? Lydia?” she asked once she realized we weren’t following.
“I don’t like this place,” Lydia said and I agreed.

“I don’t think the people who own this place like this place,” Allison said with a laugh.

“It’s not the building,” I said. “I don’t like the feelings coming from it.”

“It’s just for a night.”

“A lot can happen in one night,” Lydia said.

Allison held her hand out. “Come on.”

Lydia took her hand and followed. I slowly followed as well. I couldn’t shake the feeling that something bad was about to happen.

Allison was in the shower and Lydia had gone to get some more towels that didn’t smell like an ashtray.

“Hey, Allison!” I called. “I’ll be right back. I’m heading down to the vending machine. Want anything?”

“No, thanks though.”

I left and headed down to the vending machines I’d seen when we came in.

Stiles approached from the other way. We reached the stair at the same time. “Hey, Anna,” he greeted. “What’s up?”

“Just heading to the vending machine for something to eat.”

“Cool. Me too. Ladies first.” I smiled and went down the stairs. “Have you talked to your sister since we left Beacon Hills?”

“We texted. Cora’s gonna stay with us. Trish made a promise to Derek after they found out she was still alive.”

Stiles nodded. We saw that Boyd had the same idea. But there was something off about Boyd. “Yo,” Stiles greeted. Boyd didn’t say anything, just punched 201 on the keypad. “Hey. That was the same thing I was gonna get.” The crackers got stuck in the machine. “Oh, hang on. You know what? I got a patented method for this. Don’t worry.” Stiles reached up to start shaking the machine when Boyd punched through the glass, making me jump. Stiles stopped and then slowly let go of the machine. Boyd reached in and took out some sunflower seeds before walking away. Two levels away from the crackers. Stiles and I watched as he walked away. We looked at one another and Stiles reached in and took out several snacks, handing me some peanuts and a Hershey’s bar. I looked back at Boyd as he disappeared into the room he was sharing with Isaac.

“That was really weird.”

“That was really weird.”

“Yeah.” Stiles started to walk away.

“Stiles.”
“Hmm?”

“Let me know if Scott starts acting weird.”

“You mean weirder than normal?”

I pointed towards Boyd and Isaac’s room. “I mean like that.” I decided that I wanted, needed, to call Trish.

*Hello?* Trish sounded horrible.

“Are you okay?”

*In theory. Everything okay?*

“Yeah, we ran out of gas and had to go the rest of the way to the meet on the bus. It got pushed to tomorrow so we’re staying at this motel.”

*What motel? Do I need to go pick you up?*

“No, I don’t want you driving all the way out here with you being sick. Besides the school’s paying for the room.”

*Is everyone doing okay? I know one of the Twins is there.*

“Well, Isaac went apeshit on Ethan after Stiles told him that Scott wasn’t healing after that fight.”

*What!? What do you mean Scott’s not healing!?*

“Ah, crap. I wasn’t supposed to tell you about that. Not with losing Derek. Uh, we figured out that he wasn’t letting himself heal because he felt guilty about Derek dying. Lydia came up with the idea to stitch him up.”

I heard her sigh. *I take it he’s fine now.*

“Peachy. I think.”

*You think?*

“Well, Boyd’s acting kinda weird. I haven’t seen Isaac, Scott, or Ethan since we got here.”

*If you need me to, I will come down there.*

“I know. It’s probably just nothing. Don’t worry about it, Trish. I’ll see you soon.”

*Be careful, Anna.*

“I will.”

*Oh, Anna? Listen to your gut.* She hung up and I just looked at the phone. It was like she had known what I was wanting to say to her but didn’t want her to worry. I stood up from the stairs and went back into our room.
“198?” Allison was asking when I came in.

“Yes,” Lydia answered. “And we’re talking 40 years. On average that’s...” She calculated in her head. I’m actually jealous that Lydia can do complicated math in her head. “4.95 a year, which... is actually expected.”

“What are we talking about?”

Allison came out of the bathroom and went to her purse. “This hotel has had 198 suicides since it opened.”

“Holy shit. No wonder there were so many vacancies.”

“Who commemorates that with a framed number?” Lydia asked. "Who does that? Who?”

“Apparently, the owners of this dump,” I said.

Allison pulled out some lip gloss and turned towards Lydia. She might be a Hunter, but the girl likes to look pretty when she’s killing random supernatural baddies. “All suicides?” she asked.

“Yes. Hanging, throat-cutting, pill-popping, both-barrels-of-a-shotgun-in-the-mouth suicides.”

“That explains why I was hit with the feeling of fear and despair when I got off the bus.”

“I don’t know about you, but me, I...” Lydia stopped midsentence and looked confused. “Did you hear that?”

“Hear what?” Allison asked. Lydia slowly looked over her shoulder at the vent. She stood, giving it an odd look before climbing on the bed and walking towards the vent.

“Lydia?” I asked, feeling confusion coming from her. Then fear. “Lydia, what’s wrong?”

Allison and I looked at one another. “What are you feeling?”

“Fear,” I replied.

“Oh, my God,” Lydia whispered. “Oh, my God.” Lydia gasped and covered her mouth, stepping backward.

Allison rushed forward to keep her from falling off the bed. “What is it, Lydia?” she asked. “What happened?”

“Didn’t you hear that? Didn’t either one of you hear that?”

“Hear what?” Allison asked.

“We didn’t hear anything,” I said.

Lydia was completely freaked out. “The two people in the other room, they shot each other.” Lydia ran out of the room and Allison and I followed. She ran to the room next to us and opened the door. “Hello?” she called. She reached in and flipped the light switch on and off. Nothing happened.

“There’s so much despair in this room,” I whispered.

Lydia walked into the room.
“Lydia, what are you doing?” Allison asked.

“Hello?”

I slowly followed Lydia into the room. Lydia found a lamp and turned it on. “What the hell?”

The room was being renovated. There was no one in this room.

“It had to be right here,” she insisted. “It was a guy and a girl and they sounded younger, but… They were here.” Lydia was about to shoot through the roof with a freakout.

“I believe you,” Allison said.

“We both do,” I added.

“After everything we’ve been through, we believe you.” Allison and I looked around and Lydia turned away, sighing. Then she walked towards the far wall and started to examine the paneling, before running out of the room. Allison and I looked at one another and then ran out after her, me slamming the door as we ran.

I felt better being out of the room. Movement caught the corner of my eye and I saw a dark skinned blur. Boyd? It was gone before I could tell if it was indeed the werewolf.

Lydia was throwing stuff into her purse. “You know, there is something seriously wrong with this place.”

“I’ll agree there,” I said.

“Allison, Anna, we need to leave.”

“But they were suicides, not murders,” Allison said. “And it’s not like this place is haunted, right?”

“Werewolves exist,” I said. “I’ll believe anything right now.”

“Maybe it is,” Lydia said. “You know, I bet that couple made their suicide pact in that very room. Maybe that’s why they’re renovating. Maybe they’ve been scrapping brain matter off the wood paneling.”

“Maybe we should find out,” Allison said. “Come on.” We left the room and went down to the office. No one was there and a sign was hanging on the window that said: “Back at 6 am.”

“Well, there goes that,” Lydia said.

I noticed the framed number that Lydia had been talking about. “Uh, guys…” The number said 201. The very same number Boyd had pushed on the vending machine.

Allison saw the number too. “Didn’t you say the sign said 198?” she asked.

Lydia looked. “It was 198. I swear to God it was 198.”

“Okay, what does that mean? That there’s been three more suicides?”
“Or three more about to happen.”

“Oh, God!” I suddenly said. “The vending machine.”

“What do you mean?”

“When I went down to the vending machine, Boyd pressed 201. When it got stuck, he punched the glass and got something totally different out. Stiles saw it too.”

“Do you think Boyd is going to kill himself?”

“When I called Trish earlier tonight, she told me to trust my gut. My gut is saying three of the pack is going to die tonight.”

Lydia answered the door to reveal Stiles. “Get in here,” she said, pulling Stiles inside.

“Whoa!”

“We may have a serious problem involving our wolves,” I said.

“Scott came in here acting really weird while I was in the shower. The last time I saw him act like that was during the full moon.”

“Yeah, I know. He was definitely a little off with me too. But actually, it was Boyd who was really off.” He motioned to me. “We watched him put his fist through the vending machine.”

“See?” Lydia said. “It is the motel. Either we need to get out of here right now or,” She turned and pulled the Bible out of the nightstand, holding it up. “Someone needs to learn how to do an exorcism ASAP before the werewolves go crazy and kill us.”

“Okay, just hold on, alright,” Stiles said. “What if it’s not just the motel? The number in the office went up by three, right?”

“You mean like three sacrifices?”

“What if this time it’s three werewolves?”

“Scott, Isaac, and Boyd.”

“Where would werewolves fit in the groupings?” I asked.

Stiles shook his head. “I don’t know. Maybe we should call Trish and ask.”

I turned to go to my purse, where I had stashed my phone earlier. “Maybe we were meant to come here.”

“Exactly!” Lydia cried. “So can we get the hell out of here now? Please?”

I dug through my purse. I really need to clean this thing out.

“Wait, hang on. Let me see this.”

I looked up and saw the Stiles had taken the Bible out of Lydia’s hand. “Planning on doing that
exorcism?” I asked.

He opened it and unfolded something.

“What is that?” Allison asked.

“Hey, Anna, hold on.” I found my phone and went back to the bed. Stiles was holding a newspaper clipping. “‘28-year-old man hangs himself at the infamous Glen Capri’” he read. He then shook the Bible over the bed. Dozens of newspaper clipping fell onto it. We started going through them.

“Look at these two. They both mention room 217. These are probably all the suicides that happened in this room.”

“So if every room has a Bible…,” Allison started.

“They’re probably full of articles of the suicides,” I said.

“That’s a beautiful thing,” Stiles said. “Most places leave a mint under the pillow. This one leaves a record of all the horrible deaths that occurred.”

“What if the room next door has the one about the couple?” Lydia asked.

Stiles was the first one out the door. We ran after him, reaching him as he rattled the door handle.

“No, that was not locked before,” Lydia said.

“Forget it. We need to get Scott, Isaac, and Boyd outta here!” Allison said. We started to run towards Scott and Stiles’ room when we heard a buzzing sound. I spun around.

“I’m not the only one who heard that, am I?” Lydia said.

“Nope.”

“It sounds like someone turned a handsaw on.”

“Handsaw?” Stiles asked. He then slammed himself against the door, breaking it open. My jaw dropped when I saw Ethan with his shirt open and holding the handsaw. He moved it towards his stomach. “Hey, no! Ethan! Don’t!” Stiles darted forward and tried to grab the handsaw. The two struggled with it before Ethan threw down Stiles, with the handsaw, and Lydia unplugged it. Stiles almost landed face first on top of it. Allison ran towards him to get him away from it.

I ran forward as Ethan flicked out his claws. “No!” I grabbed his arm and he scratched my arm, trying to get to his stomach. Stiles and Allison jumped in to help and Ethan fell on top of a heater.

He gave a cry and hit the floor, panting. Then he looked around at us, confused. He jumped up, and I could sense his fight or flight reflexes were at the forefront. “What just happened?” When no one answered, he darted from the room.

“Ethan!” Stiles and I ran after him. “Ethan, wait!”

“Didn’t you hear what I just said?” We followed him down the stairs. “I don’t know how I got in there or what I was doing.”

“Okay, you could be a little more helpful, you know?” Stiles said. “We did just save your life.”

“And you probably shouldn’t have.” He kept walking and I darted after him.
“Ethan!”

He spun around. “Just leave me alone! Aren’t you afraid that’ll I’ll kill you too?”

“No. Because you aren’t like the others.”

This surprised him. He then gently took my arm. “Did I do this?” He looked at the scratches on my arm.

“Not on purpose.”

“Yet, you still say I’m…” He stopped midsentence and looked at my arm curiously.

I looked down and watched the wound heal itself. I gaped at my now untouched arm. “What the hell?”

“You didn’t know you could do that?”

“No, my sister can heal quickly but it takes her a couple days. She can’t heal instantly.”

“Look, Anna, right?”

“Yeah.”

“I’m a killer. You guys maybe should have let me die.”

“And have your brother come after us thinking it was our fault? You’re full of shit.”

Ethan chuckled. “Yeah, he would do that. Just stay away from us, okay?” He turned and walked into the room he was sharing with Danny.

I rejoined Stiles and Lydia. Allison must have gone to look for Scott.

“Your birthday party,” Stiles was saying. “The night you poisoned everyone with wolfsbane.”

“What if that’s it?” I said. “What if somehow the wolves have been poisoned with wolfsbane and it’s causing hallucinations that’ll drive them to suicide?” Lydia darted off and I could sense anger. “Lydia!”

“Lydia, I’m sorry, okay?” Stiles said, following her. “Look, I didn’t mean that you’re trying to kill people, okay? I just… I just meant that maybe, maybe you’re somehow involved in getting people to kill themselves, you know.”

“Are you freaking serious, Stiles!” I asked.

“Which now that I say that out loud, it just sounds really terrible. So I’m just going to stop talking.”

“I didn’t think you knew how.”

Stiles gave me a look and Lydia suddenly stopped.

“Stiles. Anna.” She looked like she was listening. “Do you hear that?”

“I hear nothing,” I said. “Just like earlier.”
“What?” Stiles looked around. Lydia looked down at the storm drain and then knelt next to it, looking down in it. “Lydia, what do you hear?”

“A baby crying.” She leaned closer to the drain. “I hear... I hear water running. Oh, my God. She’s drowning the baby!” Lydia stood. “Someone’s drowning!”

“Boyd and Isaac!” I ran towards their room and Stiles broke in like he had the other room. We paused. There was no one in the room. I glanced over towards the bathroom and saw Boyd’s feet hanging out of the bathtub. “Boyd!”

We darted into the bathroom. He had weighted himself down under the water with a safe. Stiles reached into the water, trying to unplug it. “He blocked it! He blocked the drain with something. I can’t get to it.”

“We have to get this off him!” I cried. The three of us tried to pull the safe off him, but it was much too heavy.

“Is he dead?” Lydia asked. “How long can a werewolf stay underwater?”

“You think I know that? It’s too heavy.” Stiles stood and backed away while Lydia and I kept trying. “Ow!” I looked up at him and saw him holding his arm and giving the heater in the wall a dirty look. Then the look he gets when he gets an idea came across his face. “Wait a sec. The heater. Heater. Ethan came out of it when he touched the heater.”

“What?” I asked.

“It’s heat, fire. Heat does it, alright? We need something...”

“He’s underwater!” Lydia practically screamed.

“Yes, I’m aware of that!”

“Wait, wait. The bus. On the bus, they’ll be emergency road flares. They have their own oxidizers. They can burn underwater.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes! Go!”

Stiles ran out of the room and Lydia and I went back to trying to get the safe off of Boyd. It was no use.

“What do they have in here? Solid gold?” I heard sniffling and looked at Lydia. She wasn’t crying. “Lydia? Do you hear that?”

She listened and then we both looked towards one of the beds. Lydia looked under it and then gave a yell of surprise. “Isaac’s under the bed.” Why was he hiding under the bed?

Stiles returned with the flares. “Got ‘em! How do I do this?”

“The cap, it’s like a match. The cap is a match.” Stiles quickly took off the cap and started striking the top of the flare. He did this several times with no result. “Stiles!”

“I’m trying!” It finally lit and Stiles darted into the bathroom, shoving the flare into the tub. The safe went flying across the room and Boyd rose out of the water with a roar, fangs out and eyes glowing. He looked around, confused.
“You okay, Boyd?”

He nodded. “I am now.”

“Use the other one on Isaac!” I cried. “He’s under the bed!”

Stiles grabbed the other one and lit it before looking under the bed. “Hey, Isaac. Got something here for you.” He shoved the flare under the bed.

Isaac roared. “Dude! What the hell!?” Isaac’s voice came out from under the bed before he emerged from it. “Why was I under the bed?”

I shrugged. “Scary dreams?”

“I’m claustrophobic.”

We couldn’t find Scott anywhere and Allison was close to panic mode. We went to get the third flare from the bus and found our missing werewolf. And I dropped the f-bomb. Scott was holding the lit flare. And covered with gasoline.

“Scott,” Allison slowly walked towards him. He didn’t answer and a massive waves of grief and despair hit me, nearly flooring me. “Scott.” And I was terrified that we wouldn’t be able to stop Scott.

“There’s no hope,” he finally said.

“What do you mean, Scott?” Allison asked. “There’s always hope.”

“Not for me. Not for Derek.”

“Derek wasn’t your fault.” I couldn’t speak as my eyes filled with tears. “You know Derek wasn’t your fault.”

“Every time I try to fight back, it just gets worse. People keep getting hurt. People keep getting killed.”

“Scott, listen to me, okay?” Stiles said, slowly stepping forward. “This isn’t you, alright? This is someone inside your head telling you to do this. Okay?”

“What if it isn’t?” My vision blurred. We lost Derek. We couldn’t lose Scott too. I couldn’t lose Scott. I couldn’t lose one of my closest friends. “What if it is just me?”


“What if doing this is actually the best thing that I could do for everyone else?” I shook my head. Allison put her hand over her mouth, tears falling down her own cheeks. “It all started that night. The night I got bitten.” Scott started crying as he spoke. “You remember the way it was before that? You and me?” Stiles nodded. “We were… we were nothing. We weren’t popular. We weren’t good at lacrosse. We weren’t important. We were no one. Maybe I should just be no one again.” Tears were streaming down my face and he looked Stiles in the eye. “No one at all.” He moved the flare.
“Please, Scott, don’t,” I begged.

“Scott, just listen to me, okay?” I heard the tears in Stiles' voice. “You’re not no one. Okay, you’re someone, you’re…” He steadily stepped forward as he spoke. “Scott, you’re my best friend. Okay? And I need you. Scott, you’re my brother. Alright, so…” Stiles stepped into the puddle of gasoline. “So, if you’re gonna do this.” Stiles slowly reached for the flare, wrapping his fingers around it right above Scott’s. “Then I think you’re just gonna have to take me with you.” Stiles pulled the flare out of Scott’s hand and threw it behind him.

I let out the breath I’d been holding. A breeze suddenly rolled the flare towards the gasoline. Allison grabbed my hand and darted forward.

“No!” Lydia screeched, slamming into Scott and Stiles, pushing them away from the gasoline. A second later, the fuel lit up.

I landed on my rear. Then I saw a face in the fire. It had a hood on and was hideously scarred, four slashes across its face. I heard it screech before it disappeared. “Oh, my God!”

Lydia looked at me, our faces of mirrored horror. She’d seen it too.

TRISH

Cora was sitting on my couch, looking numb. “We couldn’t find his body,” she said. “We went to the animal clinic hoping that maybe he’d had just enough energy to get up and walk away and go to Deaton for help, but the Alphas were there.” She looked at me and I brushed a strand of hair away from her face. “I couldn’t go back to the loft. I just…”

“It’s okay,” I said. “I understand. I’ll go and pick up your things.”

Cora nodded. She curled up on the couch as I stood. “Is it my fault, Trish?”

“Why would it be your fault?”

“I pushed him to go after the Alphas.”

“It’s Derek. He probably would have gone after them anyway.” Cora gave a half smile and I kissed her forehead. “I’ll be back in a little while, okay?” She nodded and closed her eyes.

I parked next to the building and took a deep breath. I understood why Cora didn’t want to come back. It was going to be hard to walk in and see all of Derek’s things. Things that would remain untouched. I slid open the loft door. And found Derek in bed with a dark haired woman. “Oh, my God!” I slammed the door shut. I really hoped I was hallucinating. The poison was making me see things.

“Damn it, Trish! Don’t you ever knock?” Was it really Derek or was the hallucination talking to me?

“Not when I think you’re dead!” I responded. “Just let me know when you’re decent!” Derek was
alive? I heard a laugh. Okay, maybe I wasn’t hallucinating seeing Derek rolling around in the sheets with someone.

The loft door opened. “I’m decent,” he said and walked back inside.

“I’m going to kill you!” I screamed. The brown haired woman, Anna’s English teacher, was putting her shoes on. “And you are?”

“I’m Jennifer. You must be his sister.”

“So to speak.”

Derek rolled his eyes. “This is Trish.”

She held her hand out. And I shook it. “Sorry to meet you this way. I should go and let you two talk.”

I gave her a tight-lipped smile. After she left, I spun around and sluggd him in the arm. He grunted. I knew he’d seen it coming but didn’t bother to block it. “What the hell, Derek! I just spent two days thinking you were dead! It didn’t occur to you pick up the phone and call someone? And what was she doing here?”

“She’s the teacher I saved from Boyd and Cora. She brought me here.”

“You went to her for help?”

“The school was closer.”

“So she brings you here and then thanks you for …” The room started spinning and I began to feel really lightheaded.

“Trish?”

I barely registered Derek’s concerned face before everything went black.

I woke up on Derek’s bed, looking up at the Alpha’s concerned face.

“Good morning, sleeping beauty.”

“Why the hell am I in your bed?”

“You passed out.” I sat up and he put his hand on my shoulder to steady me. “What’s really going on with you? You’ve been this way since we found Cora and Boyd. Don’t think I haven’t noticed that your equilibrium has been off. Or the dark circles under your eyes. Truthfully, you look like crap.”

“Gee, thanks.” The sarcasm was halfhearted. I sighed and looked down. I was going to have to explain everything to him. “What’s been going on with me is I have had to deal with more than just the Alphas. These new string of murders are sacrifices.”

“Sacrifices?”
“For a werewolf, you can’t seem to hear very well.” Derek gave a glare. “Threelfold deaths and threelfold sacrifices. There’s a Darach in town.”

“And that has to do with you how?”

“Because I’ve been poisoned by them.”

“What!?”

“I’m an Eamonn, Derek. The Darach would be threatened by my very presence. I’m a protector. My first instinct is to protect those around me.”

“How long?”

“I’ve known I was poisoned since after the fourth sacrifice. There’s been six so far.”

“Are you dying, Trish?”

I bit my lip. “Unless Alan and I can figure out what Eamonn’s are susceptible to.” I looked him in the eye. “I will.”

“Is there nothing in your bestiary?”

“No.” My phone rang and I saw it was Anna. “Yes?”

Some crazy shit happened last night. she said in a low voice. I’ll tell you about it when we get back, but Ethan just gave us a tip.

“Why would one of the Alphas give you a tip?” This got Derek’s attention.

Because we saved his life.

“This is a story I have to hear. What so-called tip did he give you?”

He said Derek might still be alive.

I looked at Derek. “I know.”

There was a moment of silence. What do you mean you know?

“Because I’m sitting here looking at him.”

You knew all this time!? And you couldn’t have told us!?

“Well, one, I just found out myself and two, not with one of the Alpha pack within earshot. We’ll talk when you get back. And there’s something I need to talk to you about.”

Okay. I love you, sissy.

“I love you, too.” The moment I hung up I started coughing. Deep hack-up-a-lung coughs. I pulled my hand away and saw the tell-tale sign of a dying supernatural: black blood. Derek and I looked at one another. I was running out of time. Then I felt something under my tongue. I pulled it out and found a small white berry I’d coughed up.

“What is that?”

“I know what I was poisoned with.” I called Alan next and didn’t even wait for him to speak once
the phone stopped ringing. “Alan, it’s mistletoe. Eamonns are susceptible to mistletoe.”

*How fast can you get to the clinic?*

“Fast,” Derek answered, grabbing my keys.

“I’ll be there in a few minutes.”

Derek actually picked me up and darted down the stairs and to my Renegade. I didn’t even fight it.

Chapter End Notes

If you or someone you know is struggling with suicidal thoughts, please talk to someone. If you don't feel you can talk to friends or family, please call the National Suicide Prevention Lifeline or go to their website to chat with someone if you're not comfortable on the phone. They're available 24/7 and all calls/chats are confidential. Just remember you are not alone and there is someone who can help you through these thoughts.

1-800-273-8255

https://suicidepreventionlifeline.org
With the Alphas planning on paying Derek a visit, Trish, Isaac, and Boyd try to figure out how to protect their Alpha. Scott races to prevent the next sacrifice.

The teens arrived back in Beacon Hills around the same time that Alan was finishing the antidote for my poisoning. Cora and Peter arrived at the clinic just before the teens did.

“Oh, my God!” Anna cried upon seeing me. Alan had just administered the antidote, a liquid concoction that tasted much better than the quick heal one I could make. I was sitting on one of the tables closest to the wall, leaning against it.

“I’ll be fine, Anna. I hope.”

“You hope!? You look like death warmed over! What happened while we were gone?” Then she spun around on Derek. “And you let us believe you were dead!”

“I’ve already gotten the third degree from Trish. I don’t need it from you, too.”

“Did it take you this long to heal?” Scott asked.

“You fall two stories onto an escalator after being injured by an Alpha and you tell me how long it’ll take you to heal.”

“Can we take this down a notch?” I asked. “Derek’s alive. Can we just be grateful that he survived?”

“I am,” Peter and Cora said at the same time. I gave a small smile.

“Why do you look like you’re dying?” Isaac asked.

“Because I was.”

“What!?” Anna screeched.

I leaned my head back. “I was poisoned by the Darach. Hopefully, the antidote Alan just gave me will work and it’s not too late.”

“Why target you?” Scott asked.

I looked over at Derek, who only raised his brows and motioned to the rest of the group. “Scott, do you remember what Deucalion and Kali called me at the mall?”

“Eamonn.”

“There’s a Gaelic word for almost everything. Druid,” I motioned to Alan. “Darach. Eamonn. Eamonn is the Gaelic word for protector.”

“‘The dark oak cannot have a protector in the way’,” Stiles quoted me. “The Darach poisoned you
because he knew you would protect.”

I nodded.

“Eamonn are fairly rare,” Alan took up the explanation. “And most are short-lived because of that strong, inborn protective instinct that makes them what they are.” He motioned to me. “She’s the oldest one I’ve come across. Most don’t live to see their 20th birthday.”

“And you’re 25,” Peter said.

“Well, there was that six year span where I didn’t have to be an Eamonn.”

Derek scoffed a laugh and shook his head.

“You know, that actually explains a lot,” Scott said. “I thought you might have been slightly crazy.”

“The jury’s still out on that,” I said.

“When will we know that the antidote is working?” Anna asked.

“We should know within a few days,” Alan said. “We also now know that mistletoe works the same on Trish as wolfsbane does to the wolves here. It’s what was killing her. Whoever this Darach is, they knew what Trish is and how to eliminate her. And only two people knew before her poisoning, myself and her mother.”

Stiles was looking at Alan suspiciously.

Allison noticed the look. “I’m pretty certain you are not the Darach,” she said. “Why would you give her the antidote if you were?”

“Thank you, Allison,” Alan said. “Derek, you should take Trish home. And the rest of you should go home as well.”

Anna followed us out the door.

“So, Anna, what crazy shit happened at the motel?”

THREE NIGHTS LATER

My phone started ringing and I reached for it on the nightstand, rolling over as I did so. I gave a yelp as I fell off the bed, not realizing how close to the edge I was. I grabbed my phone. “This had better be important,” I said, still belly down on the floor. Oh, God. I sounded just like Derek right then.

Very. Scott responded. Can you get to the hospital?

“What happened?” I popped up. At least sudden movements didn’t make me dizzy anymore, although, according to Anna, I still looked like death warmed over.

I think the Darach has taken a Healer.
“I’m on my way.” I quickly changed out of the short shorts and into jeans but left the white spaghetti strap tank on, slipping into my flats.

I arrived at the hospital to see the sheriff’s department crawling all over the parking lot. Scott, Stiles, and Melissa were talking to Sheriff Stilinski.

“Boys, just give us a minute, okay.”

The two teens moved away and towards me.

“What’s going on?” I asked. I saw the look Stiles gave my tattoo. It was the first time he’d see the triskelion on the front of my left shoulder.

“Two doctors are missing,” he answered, deciding not to mention the tattoo, and we both shared a look.

“These are definitely sacrifices, right?” Scott asked.


“What about Danny? He threw up mistletoe.”

“What?” I asked surprised. As far as I knew, Scott’s friend was pure human.

“That can’t be a coincidence. First you, now Danny. If he hadn’t been with Ethan, he would have died. Danny’s not a healer.”

“As far as I know, he’s not an Eamonn either,” I said.

Stiles shook his head. “I…” He looked past Scott as his dad answered his phone. “Can you hear that?”

Scott turned and cocked his head slightly to the side, listening. He then turned back to us. “They found a body.”

That body turned out to be the ER attending that never showed up. Between the Darach and the Alphas, I’m pretty sure I was either going to go completely insane or become an actual sacrifice myself. Dr. Hilyard was still missing, along with Mr. Harris. The Alphas were going to go after Derek again tonight. Scott was worried that his mother was going to be the next sacrifice. And I got a call from Jennifer Blake to come pick up Isaac. Isaac had added me to his emergency contacts. Even though I wasn’t a legal guardian, the school would usually call me.

I arrived at the office and met with Jennifer.

“Hi, um, Trish, wasn’t it?”

I nodded. “Yes.”

“You don’t look too good. Are you feeling alright?”
“I’ve been better. Getting over the flu.”

“If I had known you were under the weather, I wouldn’t have called.”

“I’m actually one of the very few people you can call. He doesn’t have anyone else.” Jennifer nodded and started to turn. “I also want to apologize for the way I acted the other night. And walking in on you and Derek. I didn’t know he was there.”

Jennifer chuckled. “It’s fine. You can imagine my surprise when he showed up at my car all bloody and half dead.”

“Yeah, that sounds like Derek. Showing up someplace bloody and half dead.”

“Are you…” I looked at her. “I mean, you’re his sister. I’m assuming you’re like him.”

I realized she knew. “I’m not. We’re not actually siblings, but we might as well have been. Our families were very close. But I will ask what your intentions are with him.”

Her cheeks reddened. “The other night just happened. It wasn’t planned.”

“I get that. I just don’t want to see him get hurt again. He’s been hurt badly in the past. If you manage to break through his walls, see the real him.” I meant this literally. “Don’t make him regret it. If you break his heart, you won’t like what I break.”

“I understand.” She then smiled at me. “And no matter what you say, you are his sister. Let me go get Isaac.”

Isaac had a migraine and couldn’t remain in class. Boyd was also sick and asked if I could give him a ride home.

I smelled shenanigans.

Once we were in the car, I turned to the two of them. “What are you two doing?”

“The Alphas are going to go after Derek tonight,” Isaac answered. “And we’re going to protect him.”

“They’re Alphas, Isaac.”

“We have a plan,” Boyd said with a smile. “Something I learned from Gerard.” He laid out his plan and I had to admit it had potential.

“The trick will be convincing Derek.”

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We arrived at the loft. Derek was sitting on the spiral staircase when we walked in. “Go back to school,” he said as we descended the entrance steps down into the loft. “And Trish, go back home.
You’re still not healed.”

“I would but you should know us Eamonns by now. Can’t do that.”

“We can’t either,” Isaac said. “Boyd and I are incredibly and unbelievably sick.”

“With what? Brain damage?”

“That is probably not a bad guess,” I said with a grin.

Isaac looked at me and smirked while Boyd only rolled his eyes. “Well, I have a migraine and Boyd here has explosive diarrhea.”

Boyd gave Isaac a look.

“That was the best you two could come up with?”

Isaac hopped up on the table and idly started flipping through a book.

“We’re here to protect you,” Boyd said. “All three of us.”

“You’re here to protect me?” Derek descended the stairs, looking over the three of us. “Well, I’m in trouble then.”

“Sour wolf has jokes today,” I said. Anna had told me Stiles’ private nickname for Derek. Derek in turn gave me a look.

Isaac motioned at Boyd. “Actually, Boyd here came up with a plan.”

“And it’s much better than the attack first plan you had.” Derek gave me another look. “It’s a pretty decent one, Derek. Hear him out.”

Boyd dropped his duffle bag. “Yeah, I thought about the time that Gerard had me and Erica locked up.” He crouched down and started to unzip the bag. “Tied up with electrical wires pushing currents through us. I was wondering how we could do something like that.” Boyd pulled out electrical wire from his bag. “But on a bigger scale.”

Derek looked impressed before looking at me. “You’re right. This is a better plan.” We all went into the next room, where Boyd and Isaac unraveled the hose and Boyd turned on the water.

“In a pool of electrified water,” Boyd explained. “It can take up to 50 milliamps to kill a normal human, less than the power it takes to turn on a light bulb.”

“Someone’s been paying attention in science class,” I said.

“That’s comforting,” Derek said.

“If we disable the circuit interrupter in the building’s electrical room, the current will keep coming and anyone who steps foot in here.” Boyd smiled. “They’ll get a pretty shocking surprise.”

“Especially someone who’s barefoot,” Isaac added.

“How often to werewolves become electrical engineers?” I asked. Boyd’s smile turned to me. Derek nodded approvingly.
Derek and I went down to the electrical room and turned off the circuit interrupter. “Is the antidote working,” he asked as we headed back towards the loft.

“Slowly. At least I have my balance back. I still look like I’m dying.”

Derek chuckled. “I wasn’t going to say that.”

“You were thinking it. I’m sorry about the other night. I shouldn’t have yelled at you about Jennifer.”

“Have you threatened her yet?”

I looked at him. “What do you mean?”

“We’ve been seeing each other since the night you walked in on us. I hope you didn’t try to run her off.”

“Now why would I do that?” Derek just looked at me. “Derek, you were bleeding black blood one minute and completely healed the next. If that didn’t run her off, anything I say won’t.”

“You know that goes two ways, right?”

“What are you going to do? Flash your eyes at him and threaten to rip out his throat if he hurts me?”

“With my teeth.”

I laughed. I missed this banter.

After we filled the loft with water, which I’m actually surprised Derek agreed to, we took positions on brick and pallets that just happened to be in the other room and Boyd threw out the electrical wire.

“Is this gonna kill them?” Isaac asked.

“God, I hope so,” I said. My phone buzzed and I pulled it out of my pocket and saw it was my sister. “She always has such perfect timing.” I answered her call.

*Finally! We’ve been trying to get ahold of you.*

“I’ve been a little busy. What do you need?”

*The Darach took Deaton.*

“What!?” All three wolves looked at me, no doubt hearing the escalation of my heart rate.

*We’re trying to figure out where they could have taken him. By the way, what are the groupings?*


*So we know who we can try to protect. Trish, we need your help.*

“Unfortunately, I’m stuck right now.” I rubbed my forehead. “Why would they take…?” I trailed
What?

“They’re screwing with us. They’re targeting *us* now. First me, then Danny. Now Alan. You have to find him before they sacrifice him.”

*What are you doing that you can’t help us?*

“Being an Eamonn and an Emissary. I know Cora’s at the school. Find her and talk to her.” I hung up.

“What is it?” Derek asked.

“The Darach took Alan. As the third Healer.”

“He couldn’t kill you, now he’s making you choose?” Isaac asked.

“I don’t know…”

We waited, Anna keeping me updated on the search for Alan.

“Isn’t the light on that supposed to be on?” Isaac suddenly asked, pointing towards the alarm system control box.

Derek’s scowl returned. “Yeah.”

“What does it mean if it’s not?”

“Someone cut the auxiliary power.”

“What about the main—,” Boyd cut off when the power went out.

“Well, it was a good plan,” I said.

Boyd and Isaac hopped to their feet. Derek moved to the edge of our little island and looked at the water before he looked at me. He stepped into the water and walked towards the middle of the room.

“Shit,” I breathed.

“Derek,” Isaac called as the Alpha stopped and turned towards the door, still looking at the water. “What do we do now?”

I stepped into the water next, glad I was wearing my tennis shoes instead of my flats.

Derek slowly looked up, his eyes glowing bright red as I approached him. “We fight.”

“I was afraid of that,” I said. I took a position next to him as he transformed. My eyes changed, fully planning on backing him up. I’d grown stronger power wise, so I started thinking how I could still use the water against the Alphas. Isaac and Boyd moved on either side of us.

The door opened to reveal Kali. “Gonna be honest, Derek,” Kali said, walking into the room, claws
out. “When Ennis died, I thought to myself I’d just go for it. Find you and kill you wherever you
stood.” She slowly descended the steps as she spoke. “Then I remembered how you surround
yourself with these teenagers, hiding behind them and I thought ‘What’s a girl gotta do to get you
alone?’” She turned back towards the door as the Twins appeared, dragging Jennifer between them.
One of the Twins, I think it might have been Aiden, had his claws against her throat. If she didn’t
know her boyfriend was a werewolf before, she sure did now.

I glanced at Derek as the scowl melted from his face and turned into the look he gets when
someone discovers his secret. I looked back at Jennifer, who was looking at him with a shocked
look on her face.

Kali turned back to us with a smirk. “You and me, Derek, or they tear her apart.” Jennifer
whispered and I went into a defensive stance. “What do you say? You think you can beat me one-
on-one?” I glanced back at him as Derek nodded at us, pure rage on his face. Boyd and Isaac
moved away. I didn’t budge. “That means you too, Eamonn.”

“Go.” I glanced between the two wolves and Jennifer before moving aside with a snort. He took a
step forward. “I’m gonna rip your throat out. With my teeth.” That was my Derek. The two roared
at one another and Derek leapt, flatfooted, into the air, launching at Kali with his arm back,
slashing at her as he came back down.

ANNA

It turned out that Trish was literally stuck at Derek’s loft. She, Derek, Isaac, and Boyd had filled
the loft with water and had run electrical wires through the water. There was no way she was
helping us. We’d tried figuring out a way to get Lydia’s powers to activate like at the motel with
no luck. After Lydia ended up drawing a tree, she finally decided to enlighten us to the fact that
Danny might know something. After which Scott walked in and said that Danny had been a target
like my sister, but not a sacrifice.

Stiles and I went to the hospital, where I distracted the nurses while Stiles went to find out what
Danny knew. He emerged from the room with Danny’s homework.

“Did you just seriously steal his homework?”

“Yep.” We stepped outside and Stiles called Scott, who had gone to the Argents to see what
Allison had found. The bit about the telluric currents caught Scott’s attention and we were now at
the animal clinic with Scott, Lydia, and Cora.

“Okay, so, what does this kid’s homework have to do with finding Deaton?” Cora asked.

“Because it’s not just homework, okay?” Stiles said. “It’s a project on geomagnetic fields. They
flow through the earth. They can even be affected by lunar phases, alright?” Scott was arranging
printouts of a map of Beacon Hills while Stiles opened up the first page of Danny’s project. “Now,
look at this. This is a note from Harris on Danny’s proposal.”

“I strongly advise you to choose another subject’,” Lydia read aloud. “The ideas here, while
innovative and thoughtful, border on pseudo-science. Not suitable for class’.”

“Harris wasn’t just a sacrifice,” Scott said. “He knew something.”
“Check this out,” I said, unfolding a map. “Argent wasn’t the only one with a map.” I spread it on the table. “Danny had one too. Look at the marks.”

Stiles motioned over the map. “Danny marked all the telluric currents. Now, the weird thing about Beacon Hills is that it actually is a beacon.”

“You mean the fact that it’s full of werewolves isn’t the weird part?” I quipped, drawing a smile out of Cora.

“Actually, that’s why it’s full of werewolves. You wouldn’t believe how much energy flowing through this earth is around this town.”

“Oh, so this is basically Supernatural Grand Central Station. Lovely.”

“Stiles, look.” Scott moved the printouts of Argent’s map to the middle of Danny’s. “They match.”

“Holy shit on an altar,” I breathed.

“Alright, there’s three places, right?” Scott asked. “Where they’re kidnapped,” Scott circled the animal clinic. “And the place where their body is found.” He circled the place where one of the doctors had been found.

“Look,” Lydia said. “That’s right on the telluric current.”

“So maybe where he was sacrificed is somewhere in between.”

“Let me see that,” Stiles took the pen from Scott. “You said there’s six more bodies to be found. Deaton’s one of them.” He put an X over the animal clinic, which was over where two of the currents intersected. “Got to be somewhere in between, right?”

Cora suddenly grabbed Stiles’ hand. “Stop.” She then moved his hand in a straight line over the map, stopping over the bank. “He’s in the vault. He’s in the same vault.” Two of the currents intersected there as well.

“Come on! Let’s go!” We gathered the papers and maps as Cora’s phone buzzed. She read her message and then looked worried. I could feel her distress. “Cora? What’s wrong?”

“It’s Boyd,” she said. “The plan didn’t work. They cut the power.” Which meant my still recovering sister was in a fight with an Alpha or three. Along with Cora’s brother.

“It’s just like he said,” Scott breathed. “Go. I can save Deaton myself.”


“Cora and Anna can’t get there fast enough without you. Go. We can save them both.” Scott ran from the building.

I was right behind him. “Come on!”

The others ran after me and we piled into Stiles’ car. Lydia rode shotgun and Cora and I rode in the back. She clutched my hand the entire time and I squeezed hers. We were both afraid that our siblings would get hurt or that Derek would die for real. Stiles sped up. I really had no idea that this crappy Jeep could go this fast.
We got to the building and we found the electrical room.

“Okay, what do we do?” Stiles asked.

“Pull them!” I cried, starting to switch breakers. “Pull all of them!” Cora and Lydia joined me as Stiles sent a warning text.

TRISH

Derek and Kali slashed at one another, roaring and splashing through the water. I wanted to help so bad, do something with the water, through the Alpha bitch off balance. Then I glanced at Jennifer. They’d kill her if I interfered. Then I had an idea. I couldn’t interfere with Derek and Kali, but she didn’t say anything about not attacking the Twins. I heard a grunt of pain and Jennifer screamed. Derek was holding his side before letting it go and jumping back. Kali jumped into a pillar and Derek charged. She kicked him across the face and he growled. Isaac, Boyd, and I were in the room but off to the side. And I think I am officially insane now. I decided to take on the Twins so I could get Jennifer away from them. Kali jumped onto the table and Derek charged her again. He slashed at her and she ended up spinning him around and kicking him in the back. Derek landed in the water, completely soaking himself. Derek raised to his knees, looking at Jennifer, before growling and spinning around. Kali jumped off the table, landed right in front of him and kicked. Derek spun through the air, landing in a crouch.

“Derek!” Jennifer screamed.

I darted forward and towards Aiden. I would bet money that he’d never seen anything like me.

“No!”

He let go of Jennifer’s throat to slash at me and I shoved him with a force blast, sending him into the railing outside the loft. Kali roared and Derek charged her. I felt Ethan leave a slash across my back and I gave a scream.

“Trish!” Isaac cried.

I was focused on defending myself from the Twins. Ethan was still holding onto Jennifer and Aiden roared at me. He charged at me and I dodged him.

Isaac suddenly rushed towards us as I sent Aiden into the door frame. Isaac tackled Jennifer, pulling her out of Ethan’s grasp as the power came back on. The three werewolves still in the water went down. Isaac hugged Jennifer from behind, trying to protect her.

“Derek!”

Kali actually stood back up. “Take him!”

The Twins rushed forward and I launched onto Ethan’s back. He slammed me down into the water by my throat, squeezing. I gasped for air. “Stay down!” he growled and released me. I coughed and rolled to my side, pain from the slam radiating through my back, along with the slashes to my back. I looked up as the Twins took hold of Derek’s arms and Kali turned towards Boyd. I slammed her
with water. She roared at me before kicking me in the chest. I slammed into a pillar, the pain flooring me. Kali picked up Boyd and then shoved him against Derek’s claws.

“No!” I screamed. Derek had a look of horror on his face. Boyd gasped in pain. Aiden was grinning. Ethan looked like he’d rather have been elsewhere.

Kali let go of Boyd and Derek caught him, returning to his human form. She turned away from the two. “I’m giving you until the next full moon, Derek,” Kali said. The Twins followed. “Make the smart choice. Join the pack. Or next time I’m killing all of you.” Ethan glanced over at me, looking ashamed before following his brother and Kali out.

I rushed over to Boyd. Derek had his hand pressed against Boyd’s wounds. I applied proper pressure to the right side. Derek was panting and I could see tears.

“It’s okay,” Boyd whispered.

“No,” Derek breathed. “No. No, it’s not. It’s not.”

“It’s all okay, Derek.”

“No, it’s not,” I said, applying more pressure to the wound with tears in my eyes. In the moonlight, I could see that his blood was black.

Derek shook his head, looking at his Beta. “I’m… I’m sorry.”

“The full moon. That feeling. It was worth it.”

“Boyd, don’t. Please, don’t,” I whispered, concentrating and praying that I had a little spark of a healing talent.

“Did you know it was the lunar eclipse? I always wondered what… what that would feel like for one of us. For a werewolf.” Boyd then went limp and fell backward out of our hands.

“Boyd!” I felt for his pulse. “No, Boyd. No, please.”

But Boyd was gone.

I fell back on my rear from the crouch. The tears started streaming down my face, my sobs caught in my throat. I looked down at my bloody and shaking hands. I barely registered that two people just ran into the room. Cora fell to her knees next to Boyd and began to sob. Anna hugged me from the side, burying her face into my neck. Derek hadn’t moved, the same look of numb shock on his face that I’d seen the night of the fire. Stiles placed his hand on Derek’s shoulder. Derek looked down at his own hands, which were shaking as much as mine were.

If you’ve been thinking that a pack is like a family, you’re wrong. We’re more than family. We’re more than blood. When you join a pack, when you’re born into it, you share an unexplainable bond with the other members. When you lose a member, it’s not the same as when you lose a family member. Yes, the pain and grief may be the same, but it goes much, much deeper. It’s like a piece of you dies with your fallen brother or sister. And I don’t know how many pieces I have left to die.
Behind Blue Eyes

Chapter Summary

Scott, Allison, and Anna get information on Deucalion. Trish thinks back on her and Derek's loss of innocence.

I visited Alan in the hospital a couple days later.

“You’re looking better,” he said when he saw me.

“So are you. Scott told me about the Mountain Ash.”

“I think the Darach expected Scott to come for me.” He glanced towards the door. “You were right.”

I looked confused. “About what?”

“Scott.”

“What do you mean?”

“Remember that discussion we had about him acting like an Alpha? Your suspicion about him?”

“That he’s a True Alpha and he was Deucalion’s true target?”

“You were right. When he found me, he tried to break through the Ash. His eyes turned bright yellow like they usually do. Then they turned bright red.”

“I saw the same thing in the mall. He slammed into Ennis but didn’t lose his footing. He looked up with the eyes of an Alpha before they returned to gold. If he’s intermittently going between Beta and Alpha…”

“It’s only a matter of time before he’s permanently an Alpha.”

“And a greater threat to Deucalion.”

“I don’t think Deucalion sees Scott as a threat,” Alan said. “He sees him as a rare piece of to add to his collection.”

“Holy shit.”

Melissa walked into the room then. “Hey, Trish,” she said with a smile. “You look a hundred times better.”

“I feel a hundred times better. In fact, I’ll be at work on Monday.”

“That’s great!”

I turned to leave. At the door, I turned and looked back at Alan. “Feicfidh mé a bheith ag faire ar ár Alfa óg, Alan. Chun an chuid is fearr de mo chumas.”
He nodded and I left.

I went home alone. Derek had taken off after Boyd’s death to both grieve and heal. It was his way to deal with loss. He’d done the exact same thing when he was fifteen. We called it a hide and heal. My mind drifted back to when I was seventeen and to events that completely changed Derek’s personality.

EIGHT YEARS EARLIER

“We can’t find them anywhere,” Josh said as I walked into the Hale house. I stopped knocking years ago. It was like my second home. He and Laura were talking to Talia. “I haven’t been able to catch their scents.”

“Neither one of us have,” Laura added.

“What’s going on?” I asked.

All three werewolves looked at me.

“I swear you’re part werewolf,” Josh commented.

Laura looked at her mother, who nodded. “Derek and Peter are missing. The Hunters killed a werewolf two nights ago. No one has seen them since that night. We’re afraid that they may have been taken by the Hunters.”

Talia’s face turned from worry to agitation. Along with the look she has when someone is in trouble. I looked over my shoulder to see Derek and Peter.

“Where the hell have you been!?” Laura cried. Josh gave a sigh of relief. I was just as relieved.

“The Hunters were herding Derek,” Peter explained. “They killed one of Ennis’ and almost killed Derek. We found a place to lay low for a couple of days.”

“I’m going to kill both of you!” Laura said, but pulled her brother into a hug instead.

ANNA

PRESENT DAY

“Are we seriously doing this?” I asked as Allison, Scott, and I went down a hall in the assisted
living facility. “The guy used your mom’s death to brainwash you into almost killing Derek.”

Allison sighed. “I know, but he knows Deucalion. At least he claims to. If he actually doesn’t lie out his ass, maybe we can figure out why he’s doing this.”

“Trying to convince strong Alphas to kill their own packs and join his all-star team?”

“Pretty much,” Scott said.

“I still think this is a bad idea. I mean, how in holy hell is he still alive?”

Allison shook her head. “I don’t know.” She put her hand on the door to room A121 and looked at Scott. He nodded and she opened the door and walked in first.

“Did you bring him?” an old man sitting in a wheelchair with his back to the door asked. Scott and I walked in after her and Gerard turned his wheelchair around. “Oh.” His lips were black from the tar-like substance that his body seemed to be permanently expelling. The same black substance came from his nose and he was holding a handkerchief covered with it. He looked a hundred years older than he had the last time I saw him. Which was in a warehouse after he forced Derek to bite him and his transformation backfired because of Scott. And may I add no one but Deaton knew about that plan of his? “Come in, Scott.” He rolled his sleeve up. “And give an old man a little something for his pain.”

I snorted and rolled my eyes. Scott hesitated.

“You don’t have to do this,” Allison said.

“If you want me to talk, this is how it’s gonna happen.”

Scott slowly walked towards Gerard, pushing his own sleeve up. “If I do this, you have to tell us everything you know,” Scott said. “Everything.”

Gerard actually growled. Not like a werewolf growl, but like a human growls when they are frustrated. Scott grasped his hand and a minute later both of them started grunting. Scott gave a small cry of pain and I took a step forward. Scott’s eyes were glowing and I reached down and separated them. Gerard glared at me.

“Look at me like that all you want, I’m not letting you weaken him.” He grunted. “Now start talking.”

**TRISH**

**EIGHT YEARS EARLIER**

“Hey, you,” Josh kissed my cheek from behind me before sitting down next to me and snagging a fry.

“Hey, get your own lunch!” Laura laughed and Josh grinned. I was a junior and he was a freshman. And he was probably the only freshman that was tolerated by our friends. It was probably because Josh was Laura’s cousin as well as my boyfriend. “Where’s Derek?”
“Probably annoying Paige again. She’s in the music room and last I saw him, he and his basketball buddies were in the hallway next to it.”

“Good thing he heals quickly,” Laura said. “I wouldn’t be surprised if she hit him with one of the instruments.”

I laughed. Paige played the cello and had a competition coming up. The two had met at the end of last school year, doing exactly what he was probably doing now: Annoying the crap out of her. The two had been as insparable as Josh and I over the summer. She’d even gone with us to a Fourth of July event that my mom had chaperoned.

“Well, if we see him walking funny, we’ll know what happened,” Josh said with a grin.

“Josh!” Laura and I said at the same time. Paige and Derek joined us not long afterwards.

“Oh, look, she didn’t maim you,” Josh said.

“He came close,” Paige said.

“So, what are we doing tonight?” I asked.

ANNA

PRESENT DAY

“So they found a third body?” Gerard asked, after getting over the fact I’d separated him from Scott.

“Another doctor,” Allison said. “Right after Scott found Deaton.” Scott was massaging and flexing his hand, no doubt from the residual pain from Gerard.

“Right after? Almost like it was expected he’d survive.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“How do you know your Dark Druid isn’t your wise veterinarian himself? Or even your protective and sarcastic nurse?”

“Don’t you dare accuse Trish of being a Darach!”

Scott put his hand on my shoulder. “We know for a fact that it’s not Trish. She was poisoned by the Darach. No one would poison themselves and then wait until they are almost dead to give themselves the antidote.”

Gerard didn’t argue with that but went back to accusing Deaton. “Maybe Deaton knew you’d find him. Maybe he planned it that way.”

“Sure, he tied himself up to where he was hanging from the ceiling by his wrists so he could suffocate on his own weight,” I said drily. “Flawless plan.”

“He would never let anyone innocent die,” Scott said. “Neither one of them would.”
“Don’t be so sure. You’d be surprised how far some people would go to get rid of someone like Deucalion.” He looked at me as he said that, almost like he knew that Deucalion was the one that had killed Aunt Catherine.

“Or someone like you?” Allison asked, matter of factly.

Gerard laughed. “I don’t go easily, though, do I?” He spit into his handkerchief. “You know, Scott, you’ve made me something of a celebrity here. I’m a medical mystery. The cancer is now virtually undetectable, but the doctors have no clue why my body keeps producing and ejecting this.” He spit again. “Bizarre black fluid.”

“I did what you wanted me to do,” Scott said. “Tell us how to beat him.”

Gerard scoffed. “You can’t. I’ve tried.”

“Are you kidding me?” I asked, more to myself.

“Then this is a complete waste of time,” Allison said. “He doesn’t know anything.” Allison and I started to walk towards the door. “Sorry you did this. Let’s go.”

Scott looked like he was about to protest.

“Wait,” Gerard suddenly said.

“Oh, did you change your mind?” I asked when I turned around.

“I can tell you one thing. Deucalion may have lost his eyes, but he’s not always blind.” We looked at one another. Did Trish know this? Was this why she was constantly warning the pack not to underestimate him? Gerard motioned to the chairs. “Take a seat. I will tell you the story about how Deucalion lost his eyesight.” He waited until we were all seated. “It all started when we were following the Code. A young Beta killed two of ours, thus we did what we were taught.”

“So you killed them?” I asked. “You murder the entire pack because of the sin of one?”

Scott gave me a look.

“You are exactly like your dear sister,” Gerard said with a chuckle. “And no, we only killed the Beta.”

“Who did he belong to?” Allison asked.

“Ennis. He rallied the packs. They were all there. Ennis, Kali, Deucalion. Each with their own packs before they killed them all and decided to form their little all-star team.”

Allison and Scott looked at me. What were the odds that we both described the Alpha pack the same way?

“But they didn’t all live here, did they?” Allison asked.

“No, but there was an exceptionally powerful Alpha who did live here. She had a capacity to shape-shift that was rare among her kind. That made her something of a leader, the kind of person they would go to for advice and guidance. Talia Hale.”

TRISH
EIGHT YEARS EARLIER

I went around the house looking for Laura. There seemed to be a ton of wolves in the house now. I knew it wasn’t time for Wolf Moon, which was like a werewolf family reunion. From what I understood, three or four packs were in town to meet with Talia. Derek was off somewhere with his girlfriend, I hadn’t seen Peter all day and Josh was running an errand for his mother. I walked into the den and interrupted two of the Alphas conversing.

“Whoops,” I said, backing out. “Sorry. Didn’t mean to interrupt.”

Satomi, a Japanese werewolf, chuckled. She would give my mother and Talia this awful smelling tea every time she was in town. Which was fairly often as she lived nearby.

The other Alpha, a sandy haired man with blue eyes, smiled. “It is quite alright,” Deucalion had a husky British accent. “Come here a moment.” I went back into the room. “Is this the girl you spoke of?”

“Yes,” Satomi answered and I looked between the two. “A human in a house full of werewolves and several Alphas, yet she has not one ounce of fear.”

“Am I supposed to?”

Deucalion chuckled. “I suppose not. Druids have not been known to be afraid of werewolves.”

“How did you know I was a Druid?”

“I told him, dear,” Satomi answered.

“Oh.”

“I believe you can find your friend upstairs.”

I smiled. “Thanks.”

Later that night, Laura left with her mother and the rest of the pack. Josh and I were left behind with the younger wolves and the human members of the family. Josh suddenly took my hand.

“Come on.”

“Where are we going?”

“We’re following them.”

“What? Why?”

“I want to know what’s going on. This many packs have never been to see Aunt Talia before. Deucalion, Ennis and Kali are all here to see her.”

“So is Satomi.”

“Hers was a cordial visit. She’s not here with her pack.” Josh had to go slower because of me.

“Wait.” I stopped.
What?"

"Won’t they smell us?" The look on his face told me he hadn’t thought of that. “Let me see if this will work.” I closed my eyes and concentrated. I had a way to stealth us, but I wasn’t really sure if it would block our scents.

"Have I ever told you how cool it is that you can use magic?"

"Frequently."

Josh was following Laura’s scent when we heard a wolf’s howl. He pulled me down behind some bushes.

"Ow! What the —"

Josh clamped his hand over my mouth. “Shhh.” He nodded behind me and let go.

I turned and saw the most beautiful black wolf I had ever seen. Then it dawned on me that this wasn’t a natural wolf. After the wolf passed, we emerged from hiding. She was heading towards the old distillery that many of the local teens went to party, make out and do almost everything else. “Who was that?” I asked. “I know that wasn’t a real wolf.”

“No, I think it was Aunt Talia.”

“Wait, werewolves can actually turn into a wolf?”

“Not all of us can. Aunt Talia and Laura are the only ones I know of that can. It’s really rare.” He took my hand and we headed towards the distillery.

When we arrived we saw Peter had the same idea as Josh and I. Josh touched his shoulder and Peter jumped. Once he saw it was us, he put a finger to his lips. There were several small holes in the walls so all three of us watched what was going on. Talia was wearing a wrap dress and was barefoot, Laura stood nearby. Oh, Laura is Talia’s second in command. She’ll become Alpha if anything ever happens to her mother.

“It’s his right,” Talia was saying. “We’re not the only people to adhere to rituals thousands of years old.”

“Which is no excuse for not evolving,” Deucalion said.

“They ripped his claws right out of his fingers!” Ennis said. “How is that evolving? Useless debate! I’m done with it!” Ennis walked past Talia and put his hand on the flimsy metal wall.

“Ennis, don’t,” Deucalion said. “Don’t make us part of a historical cliché.” Ennis was breathing hard from anger. All eyes were on Deucalion now as he spoke. “With two such powers, it never ends at an eye for an eye. A skirmish becomes a war. Murder becomes a massacre. And we end up no better than our enemies.”

Ennis looked back up at the wall before slamming his claws into it and raking them across the metal, making a spiral in the wall.

That wasn’t good. I knew the spiral meant revenge. It was the symbol for vengeance among the werewolves. I reached for Josh’s hand and he squeezed it. He, Peter and I looked at one another, as did Talia and Deucalion. Ennis stormed out of the building.
A few days later, I was sitting at the practice field watching Josh practice with a fellow lacrosse player, shouting tips at him. Laura joined me.

“Hey,” I greeted.

“I need to talk to you. Without being overheard.”

I nodded and gathered my books. Laura led me to the school sign. Not many kids were around but I inconspicuously put a bubble around us so we wouldn’t be overheard. “What’s up?”

“The other night, Ennis declared war on the Argents. How confident are you in your abilities?”

“Why?”

“Because we might need your help. We might need your magic.”

“I’m fairly confident. I’m still a novice, Laura.”

“I know. And the last thing I want to do is drag you into a werewolf war.”

“I know. But if you need me, I’ll do what I can.”

Laura smiled. “I’ll let Mom know.” Laura started to turn away. “Oh, and Mom knows you, Josh, and Peter were at the distillery that night.” My jaw dropped. “You might want to work on that stealth spell of yours.” Laura laughed. “See you in history!”

“What was that about?” Josh asked.

“We were seen the other night.”

“Oh.”

“What’s Peter doing here?” Peter was sitting at a picnic table across from Derek. With the way Peter kept looking at Paige, I had no doubt that they were talking about her.

“He’s been hanging around ever since the Hunters killed Ennis’ Beta and tried to herd Derek. He’s keeping an eye out on all of us.”

Peter took a bite out of a Reese’s and Derek rolled his eyes before standing and picking up his bag. Peter said something else and Derek stopped, looking over at Paige and I saw the worry in his eyes and Josh sighed.

“You’re listening, aren’t you?”

“Peter just told Derek if he didn’t want Paige finding out, that he needed to turn her.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me.”

“Well, if I hadn’t lost my control in front of you, you’d still be clueless about werewolves.”

“Dude, I’m a Druid. I would have found out eventually.”

“Hmm... Good point.”
“Ennis was angry, as expected,” Gerard continued his story. “We’d killed one of his Betas after all. We tracked the other two we’d seen to a root cellar, but by the time we found it, they were long gone. They had probably been gone for weeks. When we descended down into the cellar, I noticed something on the roots of the tree.” He looked at Allison. “Your father identified it as a Celtic five-fold knot.” He then looked at me. “Something your sister will know well, being a Druid symbol.” I only glared at him. “As we inspected the roots closer, we noticed blood. Sacrificial blood. Chris was the first to realize that these roots belonged to a Nemeton. As I’m sure your sister has kept that to herself, as she has many other things, a Nemeton is a sacred meeting place among the Druids. The ancient Druids would choose the oldest and largest tree in a grove to represent the center of the world. They believed that cutting or otherwise harming the tree would cause serious problems to the surrounding area.”

“How does he know all about Celtic symbols and Druids?” Allison asked.

“Know they enemy, Allison.”

“Oh, so someone who has never killed anyone is your enemy just because they’re a Druid?” I asked. “Good to know.”

Scott’s look told me to shut up.

“The older wolves had a relationship with the Druids. They call them Emissaries.”

Scott leaned forward. “Like my boss, Deaton.”

“And Trish.” Both Allison and Scott had questioning looks on their faces. “You didn’t know that she is Derek’s Emissary? Like I said, she seems to like to keep you teens in the dark.” Gerard pushed himself out of his wheelchair and shuffled over to a table. “Do you know the myth of Lycaon?”

We followed him as he flipped through a book. “I know it’s where we get the word lycanthropy,” Scott answered.

“According to myth, some Greek citizens believed they owed their lives more to Prometheus than to the gods of Olympus. And some followers even took names to honor the Titans instead of the gods.”

“Like Deucalion,” I said.

“Very good, Anna. The son of Prometheus. Lycaon didn’t just refuse to honor the gods. He challenged them.” He turned his book to show us a replication of an illustration of the myth he was telling us. “He invited Zeus to a banquet and then tried to serve him the flesh of a human being.” The illustration showed Zeus at said banquet surrounded by men and, I assumed, Lycaon was looking on. Zeus looked pissed. In front of him was a platter of human parts. Gerard turned the page to show another one. “Angered, Zeus blew the place apart with lightning bolts and then punished Lycaon and his sons by turning them into wolves.” The second illustration showed Zeus with lightning bolts around him and very human looking wolves running, many of them burning. It only made me think of the Hale fire. “The part that’s lesser known is how Lycaon sought out the
Druids.” He turned the page to show an illustration of several people standing around a large tree. I assumed these were Druids around a Nemeton. “To help turn him back to human.”

“Why Druids?” Scott asked.

“The belief was that ancient Druids knew how to shape-shift. They couldn’t make Lycaon and his sons human again.” He turned the page again to show Druids performing a ritual. “But they did teach them how to shift back and forth.” We looked at one another. Would have been hard to keep a secret like that if you were permanently in wolf form. “And so the Druids became important advisors to the packs.”

“That’s why Derek halfway listens to Trish,” Allison said. “Because she’s the pack advisor.”

“Precisely. Just as Deaton was Talia’s.”

Scott’s eyebrows shot up. I wondered if Trish had known that.

“So what does this have to do with Deucalion losing his sight?” I asked, trying to get the story back on topic.

He crossed the room and sat back down in his wheelchair. “I wasn’t really surprised when Deaton came to arrange a meeting with Deucalion. As William Blake said, ‘Any sinister person who means to be your enemy always starts by trying to become your friend’.”

“How do you know he wasn’t going there to make peace?” Scott asked.

“Because I’m not an idiot.”

“Jury’s still out on that,” I quipped.

Gerard glared at me and Allison and Scott tried to hide their smiles. “Do you know the Sanskrit fable of the scorpion and the turtle?”

“The scorpion asks the turtle for a ride across the river,” Scott started.

“And when the scorpion stings the turtle, dooming them both, what does he say to explain his behavior?”

“It’s my nature,” I replied. I knew the story, only in the version I knew it was a frog, not a turtle.

“I know a werewolf’s nature. I knew exactly what was coming. A trap. We met in an abandoned distillery. But the moment I walked in with a couple of Hunters at my back, Deucalion and two of his pack attacked us.”

“They attacked you?” Allison asked.

I crossed my arms. I had a sudden wonder if this was one of Gerard’s lies.

“It was an ambush. I was forced to defend myself. One of the Hunters with me had some arrows with flashbulbs on them. I managed to grab two of them and when Deucalion came at me again, I shoved them into his eyes.”

“So you’re the one who blinded him?”

“I meant to kill him, but Deucalion is hard to kill. From what I understand, one of his Betas tried to kill him and become Alpha. But this Beta sorely underestimated exactly how blind Deucalion was.
You see, he’s completely blind in his human form, but in his wolf form…,” Gerard trailed off.

“He sees as a wolf?” Scott asked, surprised.

“He’s not always blind.”

“Maybe we can use it against him.”

“I might have an idea how,” I said as we stood.

“Scott.” Gerard held his arm out again. A look passed over Scott’s face that I had never seen and he took a step towards Gerard. Scott pulled his hand away before the pain caused him to glow.

“Oh, God, I think about you sometimes, Scott. I do. I wonder, what if I’d done things differently. Getting the Bite to cure my cancer. And I wonder when it became my nature to believe most things couldn’t be asked for but had to be taken.”

“I don’t believe you,” Scott said. I looked at him. Good. I wasn’t the only one that thought Gerard’s story was a crock of bullshit. Gerard looked up at Scott, surprised. “The whole time that you were telling your story, I was listening to your heartbeat. It never went up. It never went down. It was steady the whole time.”

“Because I was telling the truth.”

“Or because you’re a really good liar.” Oh! Burn! Scott leaned back down and grabbed Gerard’s hand again. From Gerard’s reaction, Scott was squeezing. “If you lied and it gets people hurt.” He was level with Gerard and looked him dead in the eye. “I’ll be back to take away more than your pain.” Scott released him and walked out of the room, Allison followed him.

“You know what they say,” I said. “Karma’s a bitch. And you should know, if anyone gets hurt because of your lies, I’ll be right here with him.” I turned and walked out the room, slamming the door shut behind me.

TRISH

EIGHT YEARS EARLIER

I flipped on the light in my room and almost screamed. Peter clamped his hand over my mouth, the second time in two weeks I’d had a wolf shut me up that way. I punched him in the gut and he grunted. “What the hell are you doing in my room?” I whispered when he released my mouth.

“We need your herb skills. And fast.”

I turned and grabbed my herb bag and followed Peter out the window. I hopped onto the back of his motorcycle and he sped towards the Preserve. The first thing Mom taught me once I learned I was a Druid was herb skill and I was pretty good at it. I learned I was a Druid at the same time I learned I could use magic. Unfortunately, I didn’t have the ability to heal others, although my body would heal quicker than a normal human, but not as quickly as a wolf. I held onto Peter as he entered the Preserve, stopping in front of the stump of what used to be a huge tree.

“Come on!” He ran around the stump to a door that led underground. I followed him in and he stopped halfway down and looked up at me before looking back into the interior.
I joined him and my breath caught in shock. Derek was sitting in the roots of the stump, cradling Paige. She was whimpering in pain. She had a large blood stain on her side. A large black blood stain. Her chin was covered in it along with her hands. Derek’s hands were bloody as well from holding her. He grasped one of her hands, the other stroking her hair.

He looked up at us, tears in his eyes. “What’s happening to her?”

“Oh, my God,” I whispered. I pushed past Peter and knelt next to them.

“Help her, Trish,” Derek begged. “Please.”

Even I knew that her body was rejecting the Bite. “Derek,” I whispered. “There is no herb that can help her.”

“Can you do something?”

I brushed Paige’s hair away from her face. She was deathly pale and sweat covered her forehead. My heart was breaking at seeing her this way. At seeing Derek’s desperation. But I couldn’t save her, even if I were a healer.

“It hurts so bad,” she whimpered. I saw Derek take her pain, breathing heavily as he did so.

“I’ll be right back, okay?” I went back over to Peter. “Who was this?” I whispered.

“Ennis.”

“Why the hell did Ennis bite her?”

“Because… I… I asked him to.”

“Why would you do that?”

“He just lost a Beta. He thought that if he did a favor for Derek he’d be in good with Talia.”

“Doesn’t look like that’s happening.” Paige whimpered again and Derek gave a grunt of pain. I went to my bag to see if I could find anything that would either make her pass out or numb the pain.

“I’m sorry,” Derek whispered.

“I knew.”

I looked up.

“What do you mean?”

“Right after we met, after I told you my name, I think I knew. I’ve seen things in this town before. Things no one could really explain.” Derek leaned close and kissed her forehead as she spoke. “Then there’s the way that you talk. How you say things, like how you’d catch a scent.” Derek realized he hadn’t been as careful as he thought he had. “And I know you can hear things. Things that no one else can hear.” Derek looked down at her. “I knew.”

“And you still liked me?”

“I loved you.” I closed my eyes, my heart completely breaking and a tear rolled down my cheek. “Ahh!” The pain came back and she squeezed her eyes shut and I found a pain killing herb. Derek
squeezed his eyes shut, the pain he was taking from Paige visibly traveling up the veins in his arm.

I knelt in front of them. “This will numb the pain.”

“I’m gonna die, aren’t I?” She looked up at Derek and he slowly nodded. “Then save what you have for someone who needs it.” I just looked at her. She started crying from the pain. “I can’t. I can’t take it anymore. Derek, I can’t.” Derek pulled her close, tears rolling down his cheeks. “Derek.” He pulled away and she looked up at him. “Please. Please.”

Derek looked up at me, then back at her before shifting her into a different position. I stood and backed away. He hugged her close, whispering into her hair as she sobbed. I backed all the way to where Peter was standing. He looked at us, his eyes glowing gold before squeezing them shut and giving a cry. Paige went limp a moment later and I turned, burying my face into Peter’s chest, sobbing. Derek started screaming in grief. Peter gently pushed away from me and I turned back toward Derek.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry.”

Peter knelt next to him. “Derek,” he whispered. Derek’s cheeks were wet from his tears. Peter gently took her body from him and went up the stairs with her. Derek stayed in his same spot, grieving and I knelt next to him. He threw his arms around me and buried his face into my shoulder, sobbing.

I have no idea how long we were in that position before I heard someone come down the stairs. I looked up to see Talia. She did not seem surprised to see me there. She nodded her head at me and I slowly released Derek.

“Derek,” she said softly.

Derek slowly released the grip he’d had on me and I moved away. He only stared at the ground. “I did something. Something terrible.”

She crouched down in front of us. “I know.” Suddenly I felt like the accessory to murder. Talia placed her hand on my shoulder. “And I know you tried to help, Trish.” She looked back at her only son and lifted his chin. He had his eyes closed.

“My eyes. They’re different.”

“Different, but still beautiful. Just like the rest of you.”

He opened his eyes to reveal they were glowing bright blue instead of the golden yellow I was used to. Taking Paige’s life stole something from him. Something that completely changed his personality. He was never the same afterwards. Who could blame him?

PRESENT DAY

I was looking at that photo from the Fourth of July. It was after Paige’s death that Talia explained what Derek’s new eye color meant. What they all meant. I had nightmares for about a week afterwards. My own mother explained to me that not everyone is cut out to be a werewolf, that Paige wasn’t meant to be a wolf. To this day I didn’t think she deserved to die like that.
I heard the door open and Anna walked in. “Trish, I need to ask you something.”

I sat on the couch and patted the cushion next to me. “What’s up?”

“What do you know how Deucalion really lost his sight?”

“Talia told me the story. Why?”

“Because I think Gerard lied about it.”

“Gerard’s alive?”

Anna nodded. “And still lying.”

I didn’t care about Gerard still being alive. “Then you need to know that Deucalion wasn’t always a murderous Alpha. He was once a visionary. It all started eight years ago.”

_Gaelic Translation: I'll keep an eye on our young Alpha, Alan. To the best of my abilities._
Coming Clean

Chapter Summary

The pack struggles to stop the sacrifices. Stilinski is let in on a secret. Trish, Melissa, and Stilinski uncover a clue to the Darach’s identity

I had relayed Deucalion’s story to Anna, telling her how he’d been a gentle visionary who wanted peace. How he was attacked by Gerard and blinded. How that event made something snap in him and how that led to our aunt’s death. Alan was back at work and I was trying to keep an eye on Scott. The poison was completely out of my system now. My cover story was a bad bout with the flu. Melissa was glad to have me back. I did tell Melissa the real reason I was gone and she was glad that I was doing much better.

Anna and her friends found the body of one of the deputies, Tara, at the school. A seventh sacrifice, judging by the way Anna described the way her body was found. The only groupings left was Guardians and Philosophers. With Tara being a deputy, Anna and I were pretty sure the next two would be officers as well. Or even me. We were sure the Darach was working on Guardians now. And what bigger guardian was there than an Eamonn?

ANNA

I could barely concentrate on Ms. Blake’s lesson. Tara Graime, a deputy that had been close to both Stiles and the Sheriff, had been sacrificed, leading us to believe that the Darach was sacrificing from the Guardians grouping. I was terrified that Trish would be one of those sacrifices, literally being a guardian supernatural. He’d already tried to kill her once. Would he try again? Mrs. Blake circled the room, talking about literature. I should also point out that Ms. Blake is dating Derek and that my sister took on the Twins to protect her the night Boyd died. The Alphas had used her as leverage against Derek. Trish was a bit wary of her for some reason, but she said that she seemed to make Derek happy. Yes “Derek” and “happy” don’t usually go in the same sentence, I know, but you take what you get when it comes to the angry and bitter Alpha.

“Lydia, I wasn’t aware that you had so many hidden talents,” Ms. Blake said.

“You and every guy I’ve ever dated.” I bit my lip to keep from laughing at Lydia’s response.

Ms. Blake looked uncomfortable. “Ah, well, that was an idiom, by the way.” She moved on, giving Lydia another look. “Idioms are somewhat of a secret to the people who know the language or the culture.” She gave me and Stiles, who was sitting across from Scott, odd looks as well, as if she wasn’t sure where we fit into the whole supernatural world. She’d found out that her boyfriend was an Alpha werewolf last week. A boyfriend no one had seen or heard from in that week. “They’re phrases that only make sense if you know key words. Saying ‘jump the gun’ is meaningful only if you know about the starting gun in a race or a phrase like ‘seeing the whole board’.”

“Like chess,” Stiles said.
“That’s right, Stiles. Do you play?”

“No. My father does.”

Ms. Blake continued the lesson and Scott, who was sitting right behind me, tapped my arm. I was already turned in my seat. Ms. Blake went to the board and started writing.

“I think I can get to Ethan,” he whispered. “I’m pretty sure I can make him talk.”

“What do you want to do that for?” Stiles asked.

“Because he regrets Boyd,” I answered. I could feel the regret every time we passed in the hall. He wouldn’t even look me in the eye. I’d told him that he wasn’t like the others after we saved his life at the motel. He probably thought that he’d proven me wrong. I still didn’t think he was like the others.

“Yeah, I’m sure he’s eaten up with it.”

Scott got us back on topic. “The Druids were Emissaries, right? So what if the Darach was an Emissary to the Alphas? I mean, we didn’t know Trish was Derek’s until last week.”

“My aunt was Deucalion’s and he killed her.”

“Okay, first of all, I cannot believe that we’ve gotten to the point where a sentence like ‘What if the Darach was an Emissary to the Alphas?’ actually makes sense to me,” Stiles quipped. He had a point. “Second of all, we’re gonna have a huge problem getting to Ethan.”

“We are?” I asked.

“Going through Aiden.” I snorted. “Ever since he’s been back at school, they’re always together.” I looked between the two and smiled. “What are you smiling about?”

“They’re not always together.” I looked past them at Lydia. Scott and Stiles looked at one another before turning around to face Lydia. “That was subtle.”

Lydia looked between the three of us. “What now?”

We cornered Ethan in the stairwell. He looked between the three of us.

“Relax,” I said, feeling his fight-or-flight reflexes engaging. “We just want to talk.” Ethan looked at Scott. “Just talking, I promise.”

“Why are you even talking to me?” Ethan asked. “I helped kill your friend. How do you know I’m not going to kill another one?” He glanced at Stiles as he said that.

“Is he looking at me?” Stiles asked. “Are you threatening me? You know what I’m gonna do? I’m gonna break off an extra-large branch of Mountain Ash, wrap it in wolfsbane, roll it in mistletoe and shove it up your freaking —”


“Well, for one,” Scott said. “Anna is pretty animate about you being different from the others.” Ethan glanced at me. “We’re talking to you because I know you didn’t want to kill Boyd. And I think that if something like that happened now, you wouldn’t do it again.”
“You don’t know what we owe them, especially Deucalion. We weren’t like Kali and Ennis when we met him. We weren’t Alphas.”

“What were you?”

“Omegas. In actual wolf packs, Omegas are the scapegoat, the last to eat, the one who has to take the abuse from the rest of the pack.”

“So you and your brother were, like, the bitches of the pack?” Stiles asked. I wanted to slap him in the back of the head.

“Something like that.”

“What happened?” I asked.

“They were killers. I mean, people talk about us as monsters. Well, they were the ones who gave us that reputation. And our Alpha was the worst of them.”

“Why didn’t you guys just fight back?” Stiles asked. “Form Voltron Wolf, you know? Kick everyone’s asses?”

“Voltron Wolf?” I asked giving him a look.

“We couldn’t. We didn’t know how to control it back then.”

“Deucalion taught you,” Scott stated.

“And then we fought back. We took down the whole pack, one-by-one. By the time we got to our Alpha, he was begging for his life. And we tore him apart. Literally.”

I raised my brows. “Sounded like they deserved it.” Scott and Stiles looked at me. “What?”

“What about your Emissary?” Scott asked, looking back at Ethan. Ethan shook his head. “They’re all dead? Kali and Ennis’, too?”

“All of them except Deucalion’s.”

“That’s bullshit!” I said. “Deucalion killed his Emissary, too. He ripped her throat out!”

Ethan shook his head. “No, Morrell is his Emissary.”

“That’s his new Emissary. The Emissary he had before he killed his pack was Catherine Wagner. He ripped her throat out when she protested against his massacre.”

Scott and Stiles just looked at me, as did Ethan. “How did you know about Catherine?” Stiles asked.

“Because she was my aunt.” Ethan suddenly winced and grabbed his chest with a gasp. “What is it?”

“What’s wrong?” Scott asked, instantly concerned. “Are you hurt?”

“Not me. My brother.” He took off down the hall and we ran after him.
I helped Cora clean the blood from her forehead. Ethan’s connection to Aiden helped us stop the Alpha from killing her. I was the only one she was letting near her.

“You okay?” Scott asked.

“She doesn’t look okay,” Lydia stated.

“I’ll heal.”

“You are just like your brother,” I commented and she gave me a look. “That look right there proves it.”

She took a step back and stumbled. Stiles and I steadied her and she pushed Stiles off her. “I said I’m fine.”

“Do you realize how suicidally crazy that was?” Stiles asked. “I expect something like that out of Trish.”

“Hey!” Stiles ignored my fake protest. He was right. Trish’s middle name seemed to be Suicidally Crazy.

“What were you thinking going after them?”

“I did it for Boyd.” I could feel how much pain she was in because of Boyd’s death. She’d really liked him. “None of you were doing anything.”

“We’re trying,” Scott said.

“And you’re failing. You’re just a bunch of stupid teenagers, running around thinking you can stop people from getting killed. But all you do is show up late. All you really do is find the bodies.” Cora turned and walked away. We looked at one another, knowing she was right.

“She’s definitely a Hale,” Stiles commented. “I’ll make sure she gets home.”

“I’m coming with you,” I said.

Stiles didn’t protest, knowing if I was there, there was a lesser chance of his head being bit off.

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Stiles had finally decided to let his dad in one the secret of Beacon Hills. Which was why we were all in Stiles’ room looking at a chess board with color-coded Post-it notes on the pieces and a very confused looking Sheriff.

“So Scott and Derek are werewolves?” Stilinski asked.

“Yes,” Stiles answered.
“And Kate Argent was a werewolf?”

“Hunter. That’s… Purple’s Hunter.”

“Along with Allison and her father,” Cora added.

“Yeah…. And my friend Deaton, the veterinarian, is a Kanima?”

“Well, no, no, no, no, no. He’s a Druid, okay? Like Anna’s sister.”

“I thought Trish was an Eckman.”

“Eamonn,” I corrected. “And she is. An Eamonn is a type of Druid.”

“We think,” Cora said.

“So who’s the Kanima?”

“Jackson,” I said.

“No, Jackson’s a werewolf.”

“Jackson was a Kanima first and then Peter and Derek killed him and he came back to life as a werewolf,” Stiles said. “Now he’s in London.”

“Who’s the Darack?”

“It’s Darach.”

“We don’t know yet,” Cora admitted.

Stiles pointed at Cora. “We don’t know yet.”

“But he was killed by werewolves?”

“Slashed up and left for dead.”

“We think,” Cora and I said.

“Yeah.”

Stilinski sighed and leaned back. “Why was Jackson the Kanima?”

“Sometimes the shape you take reflects the person that you are,” I said.

“And what shape would an increasingly confused and angrier-by-the-second father take?”

“The shape of the Sheriff of Beacon County?” I asked.

Stilinski was glaring at Stiles.

“That would be more of an expression, actually. Like the one you’re currently wearing.”

He looked at me. “You let him talk you into this?”

“Look, Sheriff, we’re telling the truth. There’s a whole secret world to Beacon Hills.”
Stilinski stood, giving us both exasperated looks.

“Dad, I can prove it!” He pointed at Cora. “She’s one of them.”

“Stiles!”

“A werewolf.”

“Stiles!” This isn’t going according to plan at all. “That’s enough.”

“Dad, can you please just hold on?” Stilinski turned back to us, the fact his patience with us was long gone evident on his face. Stiles looked at Cora. “You ready?” Cora nodded and stood. Stiles turned back to his dad. “Alright, Dad, just watch this, okay?”

Cora then collapsed.

“Cora!” I cried, rushing to her side, Stilinski there a split second later.

“Stiles, call an ambulance.”

“She’s not healing,” I said, seeing the wound Aiden had given her hadn’t healed at all. “Why isn’t she healing?”

TRISH

I rushed to the gurney as it was wheeled in. “What do we have?”

“Teenage girl. Trauma to the head.” The EMT moved and I saw that it was Cora. “She has no ID.”

“I can ID her. She’s Cora Hale. She’s a close family friend. I’ll contact her family.” Stiles, Anna, and Sheriff Stilinski rushed in after her. I stopped the two teens. “What the hell happened?”

“She attacked Aiden,” Anna explained. “Aiden hit her in the head. She’s not healing at all.” Stilinski was in earshot.

“Anna!”

“She was going to shift to show the sheriff what we said was true but she fainted.”

“You told the sheriff!” I all but hissed it, keeping my voice low.

“A teacher was taken from school.”

My brows knit together. “A deputy and a teacher? That doesn’t match the pattern. Unless she’s taking Guardians and Philosophers at the same time. Go tell the EMTs that we’re the emergency contact.” I pulled my phone out and went into the back behind the nurses’ station. The phone rang several times before I reached Derek’s voicemail. I hung up and tried again.

Derek answered the second time. What do you want, Trish?

Usually, I’d make a quip about Derek’s tone of voice. “You need to get to the hospital now.”

What’s going on?
“Cora was just rushed into the ER. She’s not healing.”

What!?  

“Get your ass here now!” I hung up.

It wasn’t long before Derek burst through the ER doors. I ran to him and grabbed his wrist. By the time he’d gotten there, they had Cora bandaged up and in a room on the second floor. She was still out.

Derek rushed to his sister’s side. “Cora?” he whispered. She didn’t respond. Derek pulled the chair close to her bed and propped his elbows onto the side of the bed.

I put my hand on his shoulder. “I need to go back to work. If you need anything, just let me know.”

“Can you call Peter?”

“Sure.”

I was at the nurses’ station with Melissa when Stilinski walked up. “Just the two I’m wanting to see,” he said. “I need some medical records.” He glanced around as if he didn’t want to be overheard. “They would be over ten years old. I just need to look over a couple of files.”

“Eight, actually,” I said. Melissa and Stilinski looked at me. “I know what you’re looking for, Sheriff.”

“If these are about the murders, you know you need a court order for that,” Melissa informed him. Stilinski sighed.

“Or a pair of nurses willing to bend the rules,” I said with a smile.

Melissa set a pad and a pen on the counter. “Give us the details and we’ll see what we can find.”

“Thank you.” He looked at me. “Both of you.”

I smiled.

Melissa and I looked through the old files. “Found it!” I said. The file of a Jane Doe that had been attacked by an animal caught my eye. As I read it, I knew that this was it. Melissa read it over before going to get Stilinski.

“There was a patient just like you described,” Melissa said, showing him the file. “Slash marks all over the body. Doctors thought it had to be an animal.” She handed him a part of the file. “There’s something else. Something happened at the same time that was even stranger.”

Stilinski read the file. “Birds?”

“Hundreds of them. While the patient was in the OR struggling to hold on, hundreds of birds were flying into the walls, windows, like they were committing some mass suicide.”
“Not suicide,” I said. “Sacrificing themselves.”

“For what?”

“Some Druids are more powerful than others. A powerful one,” I looked at Stilinski. Anna told me that Stiles had tried to tell his dad the truth. “Like me,” Stilinski just looked at me. “Could probably control animal life around them. Somehow,” I tapped the photo with the chart. “She was able to do so even as she was dying. These birds sacrificed their lives for her. She drew their lifeforce into her. It’s an extremely rare ability. I sure can’t do that.”

“What does that mean?” Melissa asked.

“It means I’m not the most powerful Druid in Beacon Hills anymore.”

Melissa and I stepped into the elevator. Stilinski had gotten a call of an accident at the school. We were the only ones in the elevator.

“Do you know how powerful she is?” Melissa suddenly asked.

“Powerful enough to poison me.” I sighed. “Melissa, she came after me because I’m not just a magic-welding Druid. I’m a supernatural Druid guardian called an Eamonn.”

“You didn’t mention that when you and Scott explained this world to me.”

“Because no one knew.” I looked at my friend. “The only one still alive that did was Scott’s boss before Deucalion started broadcasting it. How he…,” I trailed off, suddenly remembering what he’d asked Satomi when he first met me. Is this the girl you spoke of? “Holy shit,” I breathed.

“What?”

“Deucalion knew I was an Eamonn even before I did. He and another Alpha.” I shook my head. “He probably assumed everyone else knew.”

“Why keep that to yourself?”

“To protect everyone.” I was looking down as I spoke. I suddenly whipped my head up, hearing a loud and long shriek.

“What is it?” Melissa asked.

I looked at her. “Did you not hear that?”

She shook her head. “I heard nothing. What did it sound like?”

“It sounded like a Banshee.”
The Darach is revealed. The Alphas invade the hospital, forcing Trish and Scott to protect the Darach.

With the sudden violent storm rolling in, Melissa and I were busy. They were evacuating the hospital, Beacon Hills Memorial’s electrical and generators much too old to sustain all the patients here. High risks and criticals were being taken to the surrounding hospitals. The rest were being discharged and sent home.

I ran right into Derek’s chest after loading a patient in one of the ambulances. I was soaked after that brief trip outside, it was pouring so hard. “Damn it, Derek!”

“I just got an emergency call from Scott. He thinks he knows who the Darach is. Peter’s here with Cora. Let me know if she’s being moved to another hospital.”

“You know I will. Tom, get them away from the windows!”

“Trish! I need you over here.” Derek was on the other side of the doors when I looked back towards him. A tree limb went through a window and a doctor and the patent he was trying to get away from said window gave surprised cries.

Melissa was giving instructions to the other nurses. “Okay, all medications should be sealed inside the plastic bags,” she shouted to be heard over the scream of the wind. “And the patients carry it in their hands. When you’ve completely evacuated the room, you mark the door with a red X, okay?” She handed the red tape in her hand to one of the nurses.

A doctor ran towards us. “What the hell is going on?” he asked. “The weather called for mild thunderstorms this morning.”

“And now they’re saying power is already out in several towns. Hill Valley’s under a flood watch.”

“I live in Hill Valley.”

“Are your patients clear?”

“All except for Cora Hale.”

“I’ll take care of Cora,” I said. “Get out of here while you still can.” I darted towards the elevator, Melissa right behind me.

“Why is Cora here?” Melissa asked.

“Head trauma.” I wasn’t going to tell her the real reason with two more nurses in the elevator with us.
We headed to Cora’s room and I heard Peter shout.

“Hey, anyone gonna tell me when they’re getting my niece outta here?”

Melissa went around the corner, looking at the chart, obviously assuming some other Hale relative was in the room. We hadn’t told her that Peter was back. “Sorry, but she wasn’t,” She looked up and saw Peter. “Uh.” Peter stepped back to where his face was in shadow. I went into the room to check on Cora. “You’re supposed to be dead.”

“I get that a lot actually,” Peter quipped. He looked at me. “I take it you forgot to tell her.”

“Yep. Sorry.” I checked her over. “She’s getting worse.” My eyebrows knit together. “Just like I was.”

“Do you think she was poisoned?”

“It’s possible.” Cora suddenly gasped and leaned over the bed, vomiting black blood and white berries. “Actually, more than possible. She has been poisoned.”

“How do you know?” Melissa asked.

“Aside from the black blood, the mistletoe. The Darach poisoned her just like she poisoned me.” Peter growled. I looked at Melissa. “We need to get her out of here.”

Melissa grabbed Cora’s clothes as Peter’s phone rang. We helped Cora dress as he answered.

“Hello? It’s not good. She’s in and out of consciousness. She’s vomiting up black blood along with another alarming substance.” Peter paused and then turned and looked at me, a surprised look on his face. “How did you know that? Derek?” He looked down at his phone. “He hung up.”

“What?” I asked. “And why are you looking at me like that?”

“Derek knew about the mistletoe.”

“How could he possibly know?”

“Stay with them,” Melissa said. “I’m going to go and see if any more ambulances are on their way.”

I nodded not taking my eyes off Peter.

“I don’t know,” Peter answered as Melissa left. “Unless he figured out that she was poisoned the same way you were.”

“She had to have added wolfsbane. The mistletoe was enough to kill me.”

“She?”

I started to tell Peter about what Melissa, Stilinski, and I found when Cora suddenly spoke. “Trish,” she whispered.

“I’m right here.”

She weakly squeezed my hand. “Don’t let Derek get himself killed.”

“I’ve been doing that for the past year, Cora.”
Promise me.”

“I promise.” Cora slipped back into unconsciousness. I looked at Peter, who looked concerned and worried at the same time. “Derek can’t lose her. He just got her back. He can’t lose her, too.”

“I know,” Peter agreed.

“I’m going to go check and see what Melissa found out.” I headed down the hall to the elevators, pushing the call button. When the doors opened, I was surprised to see a very pissed off Derek with Jennifer, Stiles, and Scott. I took a step back. “Why are all of you here?” Then I noticed the grip Derek had on Jennifer’s arm and the bat in Stiles’ hand as they exited the elevator. “It’s her, isn’t it?” The anger was rising. “Your girlfriend is the Darach?”

“Wow, she figured that out quick,” Jennifer quipped.

I made a move towards Jennifer and Scott blocked me and pushed me back. “You didn’t kill one sister, so you decide to try the other one?”

Scott and Stiles looked at one another. It was the first time they’d heard me refer to myself as Derek’s sister.

“Trish, she promised to help,” Derek said.

“Yeah, I’m sure she did.”

“We need to focus on getting Cora,” Scott said.

I snorted and turned, heading back towards Cora’s room. I was going to kill the bitch, knowing now that she used Derek as a cover. The power flickered and I stopped in front of the room. “Where the hell are they?” The room was empty. The puddle of mistletoe and blood was still there, so I knew we were in the right room.

“Derek.” Scott was looking at the ground, a droplet trail of Cora’s poisoned blood leading to a set of double doors.

I took a step towards them as we heard grunting and a second later they swung open and Peter slid towards us on his back. I hopped out of the way and Peter stopped at Derek’s feet with a grunt. He looked up at his nephew. “We got a problem.” He raised his head and looked back the way he came. “Big problem.”

I looked and saw the Twins in their merged form, Cora on the floor behind them. “You’ve gotta be freaking kidding me,” I said. I heard a growl and I saw that Derek had transformed and then charged at the Twins with a roar. “Of course.”

Derek tackled them and they elbowed him in the back. Derek started punching and was quickly on the losing end of the fight when the Twins blocked his blows, grabbed his head and started elbowing him in the face. Scott transformed and charged in to help with a roar. The Twins slammed Derek against the wall and he went down. Scott jumped on the wall and launched off of it towards the Twins.

Stiles bent down to Peter, who was still in the floor. “Help me.”

Peter got to his feet and followed Stiles, who darted past the fighting wolves. Jennifer started to back up.
“Oh, no you don’t.” I reached for her arm and she slammed her palm into my chest. I flew back and slammed into the door frame.

“All we want is her,” The Twins said as I hit the floor, coughing and spitting blood. What the hell did she just hit me with? I looked up as the elevator doors closed. The Twins ran past me and I felt myself being picked up. Derek threw my arm over his shoulder and we took off down the hall.

“Wait,” I coughed.

“We don’t have time!”

I pushed off Derek, reaching into my scrub pants pocket and pulling out the vial of the quick heal concoction I started carrying around. I knew it was going to come in handy. I quickly downed it. “Run.” My chest was still hurting but I was able to run without Derek having to drag me. We ran through a double door and Peter, who was carrying Cora over his shoulder slowed.

“Don’t stop!” Derek cried. “Don’t stop!” Stiles turned back. “Stiles!”

The Twins stopped just inside the door and Stiles slammed his bat into the back of the Twins’ head. The bat shattered and the Twins turned and looked at Stiles before roaring at him. Stiles scampered towards us and I grabbed his arm, backing away. Scott looked at the light then looked at Derek. The teen wolf jumped towards it, Derek giving him a boost. Scott slammed the light into the Twins’ face. They went down and we took off. Just as the power completely went out. A few minutes later the backup generator started humming as Scott, Derek, and I darted into a room after Peter and Stiles.

“Where’s the big guy?” Peter asked. I went over to Cora to check on her.

“Close,” Derek answered.


“Gone as in slamming me in the chest hard enough to send me flying down the hall and into a wall,” I said. Peter went to the doors to check to make sure the Twins were nowhere near.

“Are you kidding me?!”

“Shh. Quiet,” Derek whispered.

“Me be quiet?” At least Stiles lowered his voice. “Me, huh? Are you telling me what to do now? When your psychotic, mass murdering girlfriend, the second one you’ve dated, by the way.” I looked up and Derek glared at Stiles. I suddenly regretted using the “Kate used Derek to kill his family” argument in front of Stiles when I convinced Chris to help me stop his sister from killing Derek and Scott the night she died. “Has got my dad somewhere, tied up, waiting to be ritually sacrificed.”

I got between the two and pushed Stiles back. “Stop.”

“Stiles, they’re still out there.”

“And… and they want her, right? Which means now we don’t have her either, so my dad and Cora are both dead!”

“Stop!”
“Not yet,” Scott said. Peter had returned to Cora’s side as I tried to keep Stiles off of Derek. Scott stepped next to him. “Is she really dying?”

“She’s definitely not getting any better.” Peter looked at me. “Trish thinks Cora was poisoned just like she was.”

“Only it’s working more quickly with Cora than it did me.”

“There has to be something we can do,” Scott said. “We have to help her.”

The door to the opposite end of the room opened and Jennifer stepped through. “You can’t. Not like Trish.” My eyes changed. “Only I can. I can save her and I can tell you where Sheriff Stilinski is. But there is a pack of Alphas in this hospital who want me dead.”

“They’re not the only ones.” I made a move forward and Stiles held me back.

“I’ll help you, but only when I’m out of here and safe. Only then.” Derek slammed a portable surgical table out of the way and darted towards Jennifer, only to be stopped by Scott.

“Derek, wait!”

“She was trying to get out!” He snapped.

“I was trying to keep from getting killed. You can’t blame me for that. I’m not an Eamonn.”

“Oh, you sure as hell ain’t!” I agreed.

“If you want to show you’re one of the good guys,” Stiles said. “Then heal her.”

“Not until I’m safe.”

“I’d like to volunteer a different method of persuasion,” Peter said. “Let’s torture her.”

“Best idea of the night,” I said.

“Works for me.” Derek made a move towards Jennifer again and Scott shoved him back again just as the PA squeaked.

Um, can I have your attention? Melissa’s voice came over the PA system and Scott immediately looked worried. Mr. Deucalion… Excuse me, just Deucalion, requests you bring the woman calling herself Jennifer Blake to the ER reception. Do this and everyone else can leave. You have ten minutes. The PA cut off and Scott and I looked at one another.

“He’s not gonna hurt her,” Jennifer was the first to speak.

“Shut up,” Derek said.

“He won’t! Scott, you know why. And so do you, Trish.” The others were looking between the two of us. “Tell them it’s true.”

“What does she mean?” Derek asked. When Scott didn’t answer he looked at me.

I sighed. “You’re not the one Deucalion’s after.”

“Oh, he wants you, Derek, but you’re not the only one he wants in his pack. Deucalion doesn’t just want an Alpha pack. He wants perfection. That means adding the rarest of Alphas to his ranks.”
“A True Alpha,” Peter said.

“What’s that?” Stiles asked.

“The kind that doesn’t have to steal his power from another. One that can rise by the force of his own will.” Everyone was looking at Scott now. “Our little Scott.” Peter looked at me. “And you knew. How long have you known?”

“I suspected for a while, but it was confirmed for me recently.” Derek was looking at me now, his look conveying his wondering why I didn’t share.

“It doesn’t matter,” Scott said. He looked back at Jennifer. “We still need to get her out of here.”

“You’re actually going to trust her to keep her word?” I asked.

“Scott, your mom…,” Stiles protested.

“My mom said there’s one more ambulance coming in twenty minutes. And I don’t think we’ve been here that long, so if we can get down to the garage, get to the last ambulance, we can get out of here.”

“The Twins aren’t going to just let us walk out,” Peter pointed out.

“I’ll distract them,” Scott said.

“You mean fight them,” Derek countered.

“Whatever I have to do.”

“I’ll help you.”

“So will I,” I added.

“Um, sorry, but I’m not going anywhere without you and Trish, Derek,” Jennifer said.

“Excuse me?”

“I’ll do it,” Peter volunteered. We all looked at Peter. “But I prefer to be out there with an advantage.”

“An advantage like what?” Stiles asked. “You mean like a weapon?”

“Something better than a baseball bat.”

I couldn’t help but smirk. We started going through the drawers, looking for anything that could be used as a weapon.

“Hey, wait.” Stiles picked up the defibrillator paddles. “What about these?”

“Do you know how to use those?” Derek asked.

“Well, no.”

“Put them down,” I said. It was also too heavy to lug around at a run. Stiles snorted and put the paddles down.

Scott held up a 60 cc syringe of a clear liquid. “Epinephrine?” he asked.
“That’s only gonna make him stronger,” Derek said. Scott started to put it back as Peter froze and turned towards Scott.

“How strong?” he asked.

I took the syringe from Scott. “Strong enough.” Derek picked up his sister as I stabbed the needle into Peter’s chest and injected.

“Holy hell, that works fast.” He pushed through the doors, Scott behind him. He pulled the syringe from his chest and tossed it aside. “Alright, boys,” Peter growled. “Let’s rumble.” He roared and charged.

I poked my head out as the two went at it with the Twins. “Now.” I kept watch as the others slipped out of the room. Stiles pulled on my scrub top to let me know they were out and the two of us darted around a corner.

We ran into the garage and I breathed a sigh of relief.

As did Stiles. “It’s still here,” he said. Derek carried Cora towards it and Stiles and I pulled open the door. Stiles hopped in and helped get Cora inside.

“Derek, over here,” Jennifer called.

I leaned to the side to look past the side and saw the body of one of the EMTs lying in a pool of blood.

“Julia,” Kali said in a sing-song voice.

I leaned back and closed one of the doors. “Stay in here and stay quiet,” I whispered, closing the other door.

“It is you.”

“You can’t beat her on your own,” Jennifer said.

“That’s why we’re gonna run.” Derek was learning. Kali roared and Jennifer and Derek darted past. “Run!”

We ran back into the hospital. I darted down a hall.

“Wait, wait! The elevator!” Jennifer cried.

I stopped and turned as Derek jumped into the elevator. I was too far to follow so I just turned and ran into the stairwell, taking the stairs two at a time. I had no idea where I was going, I just knew I needed distance between me and Kali. The backup generator failed as I slammed through a door. I wasn’t watching where I was going and slammed into something. We both screamed and I realized it was Melissa.

“You just scared the crap outta me,” I said.

“So did you.”
“Where’s Deucalion?”

“On the roof. He just let me go after he forced me to turn off the backup generator. We have to find Scott.”

“Last time I saw him he was on the second floor,”

We ran through a room and Melissa suddenly stopped. “Wait, wait, wait, wait.”

“What?”

She picked up the defibrillator. “Electricity hurts werewolves, right?”

“Yeah.”

“I got an idea.” She charged the paddles and grabbed the machine. “Come on.”

I heard crashing as we emerged. “This way.”

“Where is she?” I heard the Twins ask. We came out of a surgery room and saw the Twins holding Scott several feet up a wall. “We’re trying not to hurt you!”

“Try harder,” Scott said, defiantly.

“Hey!” Melissa screamed. The Twins dropped Scott and turned towards us. I went into an offensive stance, my eyes going purple. Melissa held up the defibrillator paddles. “I’d like to try something.” She slammed the paddles into the Twins’ chest. They howled and fell back, separating into two bodies again. I was impressed. Scott was just surprised. “Sweetheart, get up.” Melissa dropped the paddles and held her hand out to her son. “Come on.”

Scott took his mom’s hand and we sprinted down the hall. “How did you get away?” he asked when we finally slowed.

“He just let me go. Said it was a gesture of goodwill. No other reason.”

“He has to have something up his sleeve,” I said. “Deucalion doesn’t do anything without a reason.”

“Well, if that means I should continue to be profoundly terrified, then don’t worry about it. I got that part covered.”

I couldn’t help but chuckle. Scott suddenly stopped us, listening. Scott took a few steps forward, motioning for his mother to wait. I crept behind him, my favorite force spell charging. We slowly turned the corner and came face-to-face with Chris Argent’s .45. He, in turn, almost ended up down the hall. Once he realized it was me, Scott and Melissa, he lowered his weapon and I lowered my hands. Allison and Isaac were behind him.

“I don’t think I’ve ever been so glad to see a couple of Hunters in my life,” I said.

DEREK

Because of Jennifer’s bright idea of running into the elevator to escape from Kali, I was now stuck
in said elevator with her. With the Darach. The only reason I wasn’t ripping her throat out was she said she could save Cora. And trust me, I wanted to tear her to pieces. This was the woman behind all the recent deaths in Beacon Hills. The woman that had poisoned Trish. I never even knew that Laura’s best friend, who I had always seen as a third sister, was dying until she passed out while giving me the third degree about me not telling her I was still alive after my idiot move. I never thought that I’d fall for another psychopath. Someone else who used me for their gain. And now my little sister was dying and I was forced to protect the Darach from the Alphas, who wanted her dead as much as Trish, Peter, and I did. I had never seen Trish lunge at anyone like she had at Jennifer. She’d always been the tough one. The strong one. The protective one. I know knew the latter was because of what she was. And I also knew that Trish had threatened Jennifer with bodily harm if she did anything to hurt me. I checked my phone again, hoping that Scott would text me that he had a plan or was about to turn on the backup generator. I had texted both him and Trish, who hadn’t run into the elevator with us, that we were trapped.

“Anything?” Jennifer asked. I didn’t answer, reminding myself that I couldn’t kill her. That I needed her to save Cora. “Derek, I know what you’re thinking. That I’m using you, that everything that has happened between us is a lie or that I’m evil. A bitch.” It was finding out Kate used me to kill my family all over again. Only this time, my girlfriend was using me to sacrifice people. For revenge. “But I hope you’re not thinking the most superficial thought. ‘Is that her real face?’” She looked at me through the reflection of the elevator doors. I didn’t even want to look at her. “‘The slashed, mutilated face revealed by the mistletoe. Is that what she really looks like?’” I just wanted her to stop talking. “Julia Baccari. That was my name.”

“I don’t care.” I really didn’t.

“I guess I should have changed it to something with different first letters. I think I read somewhere that people always pick aliases that are subconsciously derivative of their original name. It’s a way of not completely letting go of your identity, since your name is so tied to your sense of self. Do you know what else is?” I only glanced at her from my peripheral. “Your face. The one that’s supposed to be staring back at you in the mirror. Not some hacked up atrocity you can’t even recognize.”

“I still don’t care.”

“But I bet you’re curious. I bet you wonder exactly what happened.”

I finally turned to her. “You were an Emissary.” Jennifer looked down. “They tried killing you along with the rest of the pack. Mystery solved.”

“I was Kali’s Emissary.” She raised her eyes to look at me before the rest of her head followed. “And I was the one she couldn’t kill. She attacked me in the Preserve and left me for dead, close to the Nemeton. For years, the Nemeton’s power was virtually gone, like the dying ember of a burned out fire.” I turned and leaned against the back of the elevator, crossing my arms. “But a few months earlier, something happened that caused that ember to glow a little brighter.” Jennifer turned towards me. “Something that gave it a spark of power again. The sacrifice of a virgin.” I looked at her. “You didn’t know what you were doing back then, but killing Paige in the root cellar.” The very mention of Paige caused a pang of guilt to go through me. Trish and Peter had been there the night she died. The night I lost my innocence. “Sacrificing her there, gave power to the Nemeton.” I realized my actions eight years ago, when I was 15, in a way had caused these sacrifices now. I was responsible for awakening the Nemeton when I killed Paige. “You gave it power again.” The guilt was replaced by anger and I had to remind myself again that I needed Jennifer to save Cora. “You gave me power. Just enough to hold on to life just a little longer. Long enough to be found.” She finally shut up. Although it was only for a few minutes. “You know mistletoe is important to
Druids but do you know the myth of why people kiss under the mistletoe? Or why it is so poisonous to Eamonnns?"

“No,” I sighed.

“It’s a Norse myth. Balder, the son of Odin, was the most beloved by the other gods, so much that they wanted to protect him from all the dangers of the world. His mother, Frigg, took an oath from fire and water, metal, stone and every living thing that they would never hurt Balder. At a gathering, they tested him. Stones, arrows and flame were all hurled at him. Nothing worked. But there was one god who wasn’t so enamored by Balder. The god of mischief, Loki. Loki discovered that Frigg had forgotten to ask mistletoe, a tiny, seemingly harmless plant and completely overlooked. Loki fashioned a dart out of mistletoe and it killed Balder. Frigg was heartbroken. She decreed the mistletoe would never again be used as a weapon and that she would place a kiss on anyone who passed under it. She also chose a strong human, a Druid, to be a protector of the innocent, imbuing him with powers in order to do so. But because of her beloved Balder’s death by mistletoe, she gave the Eamonn that weakness. Because of Frigg, we now hang mistletoe above our doors so that it will never be overlooked again.” Jennifer looked at me. “We were the overlooked, the Emissaries. It was a mistake Deucalion and the Alphas should never have made because I made an oath of my own. From virgins and warriors, from healers, philosophers and guardians, to loan me their power so I could teach these monsters that their monstrous actions would never be overlooked.”

“You killed innocent people.”

“So have you. I know the real color of your eyes, Derek. And I know what it means.” She knew I couldn’t argue. “I’m not asking you to save just my life. I’m asking you to save everyone they’ll ever hurt again.”

“You can’t beat them.” I couldn’t beat them, even with Trish and the entire pack at my back. They were too strong.

“Are you sure about that? Boyd asked you right before he died what happens to a werewolf on the lunar eclipse. You didn’t get the chance to tell him, but you know, don’t you?” I didn’t answer. “What happens, Derek?” I realized her plan then. “During the total lunar eclipse?”

“We lose all our power.”

Jennifer smiled.

TRISH

“So then they’re essentially trapped?” Chris asked as we went back into the ER surgery room. We’d given Chris, Allison, and Isaac the rundown of how Derek and Jennifer had run into the elevator and shortly afterward Melissa was forced to shut down the backup generator, trapping Derek with the Darach.

“Yeah,” Scott answered.

“There’s no way of getting them out without turning the power back on,” Isaac said.

“But, wait, wait,” Melissa interjected. “If the powers back on, they’re gonna hear the elevator
moving, right?"

“And Kali will be on Derek and Jennifer the second it stops,” I said.

“We can’t get in a fight with them,” Scott said.

“You’ve got us now,” Chris said, looking at Allison.

“Don’t underestimate them, Chris,” I said. “They’re clever. Not to mention they’re stronger and faster. Even I can barely defend against them.”

“It’s too much to risk,” Scott said, agreeing with me. “They want her dead and if she dies, there’s nothing we can do for Stiles’ dad or Cora.”

“I don’t even think I know which teacher this is,” Chris said.

“She’s… she’s the one with the brown hair. She’s kinda hot.” We all just looked at Isaac. “No, it’s…. just an observation.”

I sighed and shook my head. Leave it up to Isaac.

“I’ve got an idea,” Allison said. I looked up to see her looking at her reflection. “We just need a distraction.” She laid out her plan.

“That could work,” I agreed.

Scott pulled his phone out and texted Derek, laying out the plan.

Melissa and I burst through the door leading to the roof. Thankfully, it had stopped raining and we raced to the switch for the backup generator.

Melissa threw the switch on and it hummed to life. “Yes!” Melissa grinned. “It worked.”

“I really hope so. Come on, let’s get back to Scott.” I turned and saw the Darach in her true form. I immediately went into a protective and defensive mode, I just knew she was here for me. Guardians was the final grouping she needed. “You don’t need to do this, Jennifer.”

“You have no idea what it’s like to be overlooked. To be left for dead. To be attacked by someone you loved and trusted. You’re an Emissary.”

“But I am not a monster. I do not kill the innocent.”

“But you were involved in the death of one.”

“I was seventeen and she refused to let me help her.”

“Do you wonder why I targeted you? Why I decided to poison you?”

“Because I’m an Eamonn. Because you knew I would do everything in my power to protect your victims. So now you’ve decided I’d make a better sacrifice.”

“You are not the sacrifice.”
I sent out my force field and she dodged it. I then charged forward. “Melissa, run!” I clocked Jennifer right in the jaw and she then slammed me to the ground. I sent her flying through the air and into the fencing around the generator. I took off after Melissa. I was lifted into the air and slammed into the building. And my world went black as I hit my head.
Chapter Summary

The pack races to find the Guardians before it's too late. Derek makes a desperate attempt to save Cora.

When I regained consciousness, I opened my eyes to see Stiles, who was shaking me. He had a look of panic on his face.

“I would really like to stop waking up to seeing your face after being knocked out,” I said.

“Are you okay?”

“I will be.” I looked around. And saw we were alone. “Oh, no,” I breathed. “She took Melissa.”

Stiles helped me to my feet. “Scott left with Deucalion and I think she did something to Derek.”

“What?! Why would Scott leave with Deucalion? What do you mean she did something to Derek?”

“I watched him leave with him myself. I think Deucalion promised to help get his mom and my dad back. Come on, Derek is out cold in the elevator right now.” He led me back down the stairs and to the elevator, where Derek was indeed out cold. “We have to wake him up before the cops get here.”

“Derek!” I shook him and Stiles started slapping him as hard as he could.

“Derek? Come on!”

"Derek, wake up!” I was reminded of when he’d passed out from the Nordic Blue poisoning. “Come on!” I was really wishing I had a dog whistle at this moment. I saw Stiles’ fist come down and Derek’s eyes shot open and his own hand shot up, grabbing Stiles’ forearm. “Oh, thank God!”

Derek looked disoriented as he looked around. “Where is she?” he whispered.

“Jennifer?” Stiles asked.

“She kicked my ass and took Melissa,” I said.

“She took her?”

“That’s what I said, isn’t it?”

“If that’s not enough of a kick to the balls,” Stiles added. “Scott left with Deucalion, okay? So we gotta get you outta here. The police are coming right now and we gotta get you the hell outta here.” I helped Derek into a sitting position.

“Whoa,” Derek protested. “What about Cora?”

“She’s in the Argents’ car with Peter and Isaac,” I said. “Stiles and I are going to stay behind and deal with the police. I’ll meet you back at the loft. Just get out of here.”
Derek nodded and took off down the hall.

“Got any ideas?”

“We were stuck in the elevator the entire time.”

“Sounds good. Nice and simple.”

Stiles and I sat in the ER waiting room, cops running around the place. A man then walked in and looked right at us as he spoke to a deputy. He was tall with dark hair. And personally, he kinda reminded me of Scott.

Stiles suddenly sighed. “Just perfect.”

The man walked over to us, a lanyard with his FBI ID around his neck. “A Stilinski at the center of this whole mess,” he said. “What a shocker.”

“Oh, a rude FBI agent. Never seen one of those before,” I said drily. I saw the name on the badge. Rafael McCall.

Agent McCall ignore me, instead pushing his suit jacket back and placing his hands on his hips and looking at Stiles. “Think you can answer some questions without the usual level of sarcasm?”

“If you can ask the questions without the usual level of stupid.”

McCall only gave him a look and I smirked. “Where’s your dad and why hasn’t anyone been able to contact him?”

“Probably because he’s busy. There has been a series of murders lately and he is the sheriff,” I said. He turned his look to me. “Just in case you didn’t know.”

“You must be Thomas Roberts’ daughter. You have his smartassness.” Why was I not surprised that an FBI agent knew my sperm donor?

“Only thing I got from him apparently.”

McCall turned back to Stiles. “Is your dad drinking again?”

“What do you mean again? He never had to stop.”

“But he did have to slow down. Is he drinking like he used to?”

“Alright, how ‘bout this? Next time I see him, I’ll give him a field sobriety test, okay? We’ll do the alphabet. Start with F, end with U.”

I snorted a laugh. McCall’s patience was wearing thin. “How about you both just tell me what the hell happened here?”

“There was a storm, in case you missed that earlier,” I said. “Stiles was here visiting a friend. He wouldn’t leave until he knew she was safe. I was one of the last nurses still in the building. We were stuck in the elevator when the power went out.”
“So you two know each other well?”

“I go to school with her sister.”

“So you’re not the ones who put the name on the elevator doors, then?”

“Only if I wanted to get fired.”

“What name?”

“Argent.”

Stiles and I looked at each other. We both knew that the Darach was going to take Chris next.

McCall released us once he saw we weren’t going to budge from our “stuck in the elevator” story.

“I’ll take you over to your car,” Stiles offered and I accepted.

“Is that who I think it is?” I asked.

“Yeah. Scott’s dad.”

“He’s an asshole.”

“Yep.” He stopped in front of my car. “She’s going to take Allison’s dad, isn’t she?”

“Possibly. I never connected guardians to being parents. I thought she would take me, not Melissa.”

“Because you’re an Eamonn.” I nodded. “Trish, I can’t lose my dad. I lost my mom. I can’t lose the only parent I have left. I just can’t.” Stiles broke down and I pulled him close.

“I will do everything in my power to find your dad and Melissa. I promise.”

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Cora was getting worse and Derek seemed to be paralyzed by the fact he was losing his sister. Peter informed me that he hadn’t moved from his spot at the side of the bed since bringing Cora home. I sat next to her on the other side, trying to keep her comfortable. The quick heal wasn’t working, neither was the antidote that Deaton had used on me. I had left long enough to go to Deaton and make it. I was still in the pale green scrubs I’d worn to work.

“She’s dying isn’t she?” Isaac asked.

“I don’t know.” I looked at Derek. He knew, but didn’t want to admit it out loud.

“So what are you gonna do?”

“I don’t know.” I could tell it was killing Derek to watch Cora slowly die and not being able to do
anything about it. It was killing me too. The power of an Eamonn and I couldn’t save her either.

“Wanna figure something out?”

“Isaac,” I warned.

“Because while Scott and Stiles were out there trying to help people from getting killed, you were
in here, rolling around the sheets with the actual killer!”

“Isaac!”

Derek didn’t respond.

“No! He needs to know what he’s done! Do you get how many people she’s killed?”

“That’s enough!”

“Erica and Boyd are dead, Cora is dying and you are doing nothing!” He looked at me. “Either one
of you! You’re supposed to be the protector! Protect them!”

“I can’t protect them if I don’t even know where the hell they are! Or Jennifer for that matter!”

Isaac looked back at Derek. “Why’d you do this to us, Derek? Was it all about the power?” Derek
remained silent. “Were you bored?” Isaac leaned down so he could be level with his Alpha. “Were
you lonely?”

I looked at Derek. Our eyes met and then he slowly turned to Isaac. “Maybe.”

I understood now the reason he’d killed Peter and took his power. It wasn’t just the power of the
Alpha that he’d wanted. He’d wanted a pack again. That sense of belonging that came with having
a pack around you. He’d lost his with the fire. I lowered my eyes as Isaac straightened and walked
towards the door.

“I told Cora I wouldn’t leave,” Derek explained. ’I’ll help the others when I figure out how to help
her.”

“There’s no time!” Isaac screamed. He went to the door. “The full moon’s coming. The sheriff and
Melissa are going to be dead so I’m gonna try and help them.” He opened the door and stepped out.
“You can sit here and perfect the art of doing nothing.” He slammed the door shut. I rubbed the
bridge of my nose. I wanted to help the others. I needed to help the others. But I also needed to help
Cora. It was a decision that was leaving me torn.

“I wouldn’t take it personally,” Peter said. He’d been sitting on the stairs the entire time. “Anger is
just a tool.” He stood and descended the stairs. “He’s using it to excuse shifting allegiance from
one Alpha to another. From you to Scott.”

“Scott’s not an Alpha yet,” Derek argued.

“But he’s on his way, isn’t he?”

“And either of you realize that Isaac has been following Scott on and off since the lacrosse
championship game?” I looked between the two. Peter and Derek exchanged glances. “I didn’t
think so.”
As time edged on, I could tell that whatever Jennifer poisoned Cora with was different from what I’d been poisoned with. This was working much faster and causing much more pain. Derek had moved from the bench he’d pulled next to the bed to the bed itself. He grasped her arm as she gasped in pain and I moved my hands away. Derek drew her pain, the evidence traveling up his arm. He inhaled sharply as Cora’s body arched from the bed.

“Careful,” Peter warned and Derek let go, panting. He pulled his arm close to him and flexed his fingers, his hand shaking as he did so.

“Don’t worry.” Derek looked over his shoulder at Peter. “I know going too far can kill me.” I’d never seen it happen, but I had heard about wolves taking too much pain to the point that it killed them. Something to do with their self-healing ability.

“That’s not exactly what I meant.”

I looked up at Peter. “Then what do you mean?” I asked. Derek stood and turned towards Peter.

“I’ve heard that it’s something only an Alpha can do. And with good reason.”

“Which is?” Derek asked.

Peter leaned over the table. “You know normal wolves never abandon an injured member of the pack.” And here we go with the long Peter explanation. I swear it’s always story time with him. Or he just likes the sound of his own voice. He’d always been like that. “They care for it. They bring it food from a kill and they regurgitate it into the mouth of the injured wolf.”

“Thank you for that vivid mental,” I muttered.

“They even give it physical and emotional comfort by intensely grooming it. In a way, they can do more than just ease the pain.” Derek moved towards Peter, standing across the table from him. “They can be instrumental in healing their own.”

“If you’re trying to tell me I can save her,” Derek leaned over the table. “Just tell me.”

“I’m telling you,” he paused and straightened. “I’ve heard it’s possible.”

“How?” I could hear the desperation in Derek’s voice.

“It’s that spark of power that makes you an Alpha. When you take her pain, she draws on the power that provides you with those special gifts. The power that heightens your senses, your strength. The power that transforms your body.” Derek looked at his sister as I dabbed her forehead. “As an Alpha, you have that bit of extra, that spark that intensifies the color of your eyes from a bright yellow into a searing red.”

“If I can save her —”

Peter cut him off. “If.” Peter pointed at Derek as if he were trying to get a point across. “If.” He turned away and looked out the window. “I didn’t say it works every time. It could just as easily kill you.”

Derek looked back at Cora, then looked at me as if he wanted my guidance. If there was any chance that Derek could save Cora, I knew he’d do it. So I nodded. I’d do the exact same thing if I were in his position. If Anna was dying and I had the power to save her.

“How do I do it?” Peter looked up before he slowly turned around. “By taking her pain?”
“And then some. Because there’s a cost.”

“There’s always a cost, Peter,” I said.

“But this cost will leave Derek at a severe disadvantage against Kali.”

“What do you mean?” I stood, moving towards them. Peter looked between the two of us, as if he didn’t want to say.

“At what cost?” Derek asked.

“Your Alpha spark.”

Derek immediately made his decision and walked towards Cora.

Peter gently stopped him with a hand to his chest. “I can understand not seeing a downside to this, as you haven’t exactly been Alpha of the Year, but think about what else you’ll be losing.” Peter seemed to be begging Derek not to do this.

“I don’t care about power.” Peter looked at Derek. “Not anymore.”

“What about the power to fight back? Correct me if I’m wrong, but Kali’s ultimatum still stands. The full moon’s tomorrow night. And if you couldn’t beat her as an Alpha, how do you think you’re gonna fare as a Beta?”

Derek looked at Peter. “I don’t care.”

“Trish, he listens to you. Tell him he’s an idiot. Help me convince him that this is a bad idea.”

Derek looked at me. “Would you give up your powers to save Anna?” he asked.

“In a heartbeat,” I answered without an ounce of hesitation.

Peter gave a frustrated growl. “What if this is exactly what Jennifer was hoping for?” Peter wasn’t giving up. “She would know the only way to save Cora would be giving up your power. Maybe that’s what she was gonna have you do at the hospital.”

“Why?”

“So you wouldn’t be able to face the Alphas without her. She wants you to come to her. It’s all part of her little seduction and she is still seducing you. She needs you on her side.”

“Then she should have thought about that before she poisoned Cora,” I said.

“And you,” Derek added. I looked at Derek. Just as a knock sounded at the door.

Peter sighed and went to answer it. “Derek! We have a couple of visitors.”

I looked up to see Anna and Lydia follow Peter in. Well, Lydia followed Peter in. Anna was right next to Peter as they walked in. I was pretty sure she hug attacked him as soon as the door opened.

“Oh, good, you’re here too,” Lydia said when she saw me.

“What is that supposed to mean?”
“We know where she’s keeping the sheriff, Melissa, and Chris,” Anna said.

“Wait, Chris?” I asked. “She has Chris?”

“She took him a few hours ago.”


“At the Nemeton.” I hadn’t been aware that there was a giant tree in Beacon Hills. “It was cut down but the roots are what the root cellar was built around.”

Peter and I looked at one another. I’m pretty sure the color had drained from my face. Derek had killed Paige at the roots of a Nemeton. A virgin sacrifice to the Nemeton. We had done this.

“We…,” Peter started. “We don’t know where it is.”

“You don’t know where it is?” Lydia asked. “But Stiles said that all three of you’d been there.”

“We have,” Peter said. “But after a few memorable experiences there, Talia, Derek’s mother and my older sister, decided that she didn’t ever want any of us going back. She knew how dangerous it was and took the memory of its location from us.”

Lydia looked at me. “Even you?”

“Even me.”

“Why?” Anna asked. “Why would she take the memory of a Nemeton from a Druid?”

“Because of what happened there, Anna.” I glanced over at Derek. “Because I was there when it happened.”

“But then how are we supposed to find it?” Lydia asked. Peter shook his head.

I had a sudden idea. “Alan,” I said. “Alan was Talia’s Emissary. If he doesn’t know the location then he’ll have a way to help you find it. Go to him and ask for his help.” Anna looked towards Cora. “Go with her, Anna. Tell Alan I sent you.”

Anna looked at Peter, who nodded. “Go.” He kissed her forehead. “Do whatever you can to find the guardians.”

Anna crossed over to me and hugged me. “Be careful, okay?”

“I will. You be careful too.”

Derek was at Cora’s side as she continued to struggle to survive. I was standing behind him, leaned against the wall next to the window. I was now in a tank and jeans, having changed here from the change of clothes I always keep in my car.

“It’s gotta be now,” Derek said. “I don’t have a choice.”

“You always have a choice,” Peter countered. “It’s whether or not you can live with the consequences, facing Kali as a Beta.”
“Yeah, but it’s not just a full moon coming. It’s a lunar eclipse. We’ll all be powerless.”

“That doesn’t mean—”

“Peter,” I cut him off and he turned towards me. “Would you rather she died?”

“Of course not! But I don’t want Kali to tear Derek apart either. You’re the Emissary. You’re the advisor. Are you advising that Derek give up his spark?”

I looked Peter square in the eye. “You would do the exact same thing for Talia.”

The look on Peter’s face changed. “I would,” he admitted and his argument faded away. He looked back at Derek. “I just really hope you know what you’re doing, Derek.”

Derek didn’t answer, only brushed Cora’s hair away from her face. I moved next to the bed and placed my hand on his shoulder. He looked up at me and nodded, knowing that I would no longer be an Emissary and he would no longer be my Alpha. It was a sacrifice he was willing to make without question. I took a step to the side as he took her hand into his and slid his other hand under her forearm.

Please, let this work. I prayed.

The pain flowed up Derek’s arms. By the time it reached his biceps, Derek was grunting in pain. Cora’s eyes flew open and she gasped just as Derek’s eyes began to glow and he started to howl from the pain. He threw his head back and roared and I watched as the red began to fade, slowing changing to blue. Several minutes went by and the familiar bright blue returned with no sign of the Alpha red they’d been previously. He finally released Cora, panting. Before toppling backward.

“Derek!” I caught his limp body before it hit the floor and put my hand on his scruffy cheek. “Oh, my God! Derek!”
Lunar Eclipse

Chapter Summary

With a lunar eclipse coming, Trish, Derek, and Scott are pitted against both Deucalion and the Darach. Trish makes a decision that changes everything.

Derek was still alive, but he was mostly unconscious for the rest of the night. Peter had jumped forward when I’d caught him and moved him to a sitting position against the window. Close to morning he was semi-conscious but completely incoherent and remained that way for the rest of the day.

“What did he do?” Cora asked once she was coherent and I thanked every god known to man that it worked.

“He healed you,” I said. “He drew the poison out of you.” She looked at Derek, worry in her eyes.

“He’s not poisoned,” Peter said. “But he’s not an Alpha anymore. He gave up his spark to save you.”

“What?” Cora looked at me.

“He willingly sacrificed his Alpha spark to save you.”

Cora threw her arms around him. “He’ll be okay, right?” she asked.

“I hope so.” Cora took the water bottle from my hand and put it to his lips. The water seemed to bring him to coherency. Derek opened his eyes, Cora being the first thing he saw.

“You’re okay,” he whispered.

Cora’s face split into a joyful grin and I breathed a sigh of relief. “I’m doing much better than you are right now,” she said. “All because of you.”

“Hopefully not all for nothing,” Peter said, being a Debbie Downer. “The moon’s rising, Derek. You drained your battery all the way to the red and you have a fully charged Alpha on her way to rip you limb from limb.” Cora stroked Derek’s hair.

“I’ll be fine in a few hours.”

“I sincerely hope so, because a few hours is all that you have.”

“I think I may be able to speed that up.” I stood and went to my bag. I’d started carrying my herb bag in the car after I was poisoned and I was glad I did so now. I quickly mixed the ingredients for the quick heal and gave it to Derek. “This will cut that time in half.”
I opened the door, surprised to see one of the Twins with Lydia and Anna. I immediately went into protection mode.

“Wait,” Anna said, stepping between us. “Ethan came with us to warn Derek.” I backed down, trusting my sister’s judgment, and stepped aside. Derek wasn’t too happy about seeing Ethan.

“What do you want?” he asked, crossing his arms.

“We know about the lunar eclipse,” Ethan said. “So don’t think Kali’s gonna sit around waiting for it to level the playing field. She’s coming. My brother’s coming with her.”

“Good enough for me,” Peter said. “Derek?”

“You want me to run?”

“Not a bad idea,” I said.

“No,” Peter quipped. “I want you to stay and get slaughtered by an Alpha with a psychotic foot fetish. Of course, I want you to run! Sprint, gallop, leap your way the hell out of this town.”

“If you want to fight and die for something,” Cora said. Derek looked over his shoulder at her as she spoke. “That’s fine with me. But do it for something meaningful.” He then looked at me.

“Run, Derek. I know you’ve never backed down from a fight, but this time, run. I don’t want you to die for your pride.”

“How do you know I’m gonna lose?” And there’s that pride.

“We don’t,” Peter said. “But I’ll bet she has an idea.” I glanced at Peter to see him looking at Lydia. “Don’t you, Lydia?” Trish is now lost. Why would Lydia have an idea?

“I don’t know anything,” she said.

“But you feel something, don’t you?”

“What do you feel?” Derek asked.

“I feel like,” Lydia started before looking at all of us. “I’m standing in a graveyard.”

“That’s enough for me,” I said.

“What do you feel, Trish?” Derek looked at me. “What is your gut telling you?”

“That I won’t be able to protect you when Kali comes.” This seemed to be the final thing Derek needed to be convinced to run.

“We’ll distract her,” Ethan said. “Long enough for you and Cora to get out of town.”

“I’ll help, too!” Anna volunteered.

“Absolutely not!” Peter said.

“I’m helping,” Anna said with conviction. “I’m always getting left out of everything. I want to do my part to help.”

“Trish.”
“Anna, are you sure you want to do this?” I asked. “It’s dangerous and we could get hurt.”

“I want to help.” She had that look she gets when she’s not going to back down. I was told I had the same look. I nodded.

“Trish!”


They packed a couple of duffle bags and Peter went down to see them off. And I also knew Peter wasn’t going to stick around either. It wasn’t long before the intruder alarm went off. We’d left the door open and Kali walked in, kicking the alarm panel right off the post. She looked the four of us over.

“Where is he?” she asked. Aiden was glaring at his brother.

“I think he said he was heading out to do some shopping, run a few errands,” Lydia said. Kali only looked at her. “The usual werewolf afternoon.”

Kali looked at me. “Why don’t you tell me where your Alpha is, Eamonn, before I make sure you die protecting him?”

“Ooo threats,” I said. “How original.” Kali narrowed her eyes at me. “You know, I was under the impression that you were an Alpha. I sure as hell don’t see one.”

She growled. “Who do you think you’re talking to?”

“Someone in desperate need of a pedicure,” Anna said.

“I’d be happy to give you a referral,” Lydia said. To my surprise, Aiden growled at Kali as she approached Lydia.

Kali turned around. “Oh, really?” He growled at her again and we looked at one another. Kali approached Aiden. “Did someone take their little assignment too seriously?” She circled around Aiden and he glanced at Lydia.

“She’s not the problem.”

“Maybe the problem is where your loyalties lie.”

“Oh, God!” Lydia whispered. “Is this about to get really violent?”

“Probably,” Ethan answered. Something crashed through the skylight just then. Lydia screamed and I immediately covered Anna and took her out of harm’s way while Ethan did the same with Lydia. I looked back to see Jennifer crouched in the middle of the room.

She tossed her head back, throwing her hair back. She stood and looked at Kali and Aiden. “So, who wants to go first?” Kali attacked, kicking her foot claws at Jennifer and she easily dodged. She did her own force attack on the Alpha and she went flying across the room, landing on her stomach. Aiden crossed behind her, growling. He attacked her as well with the same result, which triggered Ethan. He roared, tearing off his shirt. Aiden did the same. The two started to merge and Jennifer walked right up to them and broke them apart, throwing them on opposite sides of the
room. I knew right then that Jennifer was far more powerful than me. Jennifer made me look like a hedge witch next to Gandalf. Kali was back to her feet. She did a flip, missing Jennifer again before she paused. I pushed Anna back towards the window.

“That’s right, Kali,” Jennifer said. “Look at me. Look at my face. Do you know what it takes to be able to look like this? To be able to look normal?”

“I don’t care.”

“It takes power. Power like this.” Jennifer held her hands out to her sides as a storm surged above us. The glass from the skylight began to rise as the wind whipped around us.

“I…,” Kali started. We had grossly underestimated Jennifer. “I should’ve…,” Jennifer turned her hands to where the shards of glass turned, the edges facing Kali. “I should’ve ripped your head off!” Jennifer screamed and pushed her arms forward, sending the glass into Kali. Anna screamed and I gasped. I was in shock at what I’d just witnessed as Kali fell, unmoving. Jennifer had killed an Alpha. She turned towards Lydia and I made a move to intercept before seeing the Twins rise in their merged form. Lydia gasped. She’d never seen them merged before. Jennifer turned and looked at them, a demented smile on her face. As she walked towards them, I moved between her and Lydia.

“Stay there,” I said to Anna as the twins attacked, Jennifer ducked. The force of their swing caused them to spin around and Jennifer reached up and grabbed their head, breaking their neck over her shoulder. Lydia gave a cry. Blood came out of the Twins’ mouth and they, too, fell without moving.

Jennifer turned back towards Lydia, to find me in the way. “What’s the line Coach likes to say?” she asked. “The bigger they are….” Jennifer took a step forward and I shoved my palm out. My force attack was blocked by her own and I hit the beam behind Lydia and I. I hit the floor hard.

“Trish!” Anna cried.

Lydia backed up to the very same beam as I pulled myself into a sitting position. “What do you want from me?”

“I want you to do what you do best, Lydia,” Jennifer said. “I want you to scream.” Whatever spell Jennifer was using fell away, revealing her true face. She was scarred from Kali, slashes going all the way across her face.

And Lydia screamed.

I turned away, covering my ears, the shriek hurting them. It was the exact same scream I’d heard the night Jennifer took Stilinski and Melissa. I realized then that Lydia was the Banshee I’d heard that night. That was why Peter asked her what she felt.

Derek came running through the door, sliding to a stop seeing the destruction to his loft and the Alpha bodies. Cora ran in right behind him. He then saw me. “Trish.”

I shook my head. “I’ll be fine.” Cora ran over to Lydia, who was on the floor. Anna helped me to my feet.
“Hello, Derek,” Jennifer said, coming out of the other room. “I got you a present.” She motioned towards Kali and the Twins.

“You did this for me?” Derek asked.

“For us,” Jennifer answered. “For anyone who’s ever been their victim.”

“Stop talking to me like a politician!” Derek raised his voice. “Stop trying to convince me of your cause!”

“Fine. I’ll convince you of someone else’s. Scott.”

“Look, bitch,” I said. “Don’t use Scott for your game.”

Jennifer ignored me. “You can save his mother, Stiles’ father.”

“How?” And I had a feeling Derek had just walked right where she wanted him.

She walked forward. “I need a Guardian. That’s a role that can be filled by the three parents I was forced to take or by you and an actual guardian.”

“Whoa! Back that train up!” I said. “You want me and Derek to protect you? You tried to kill me! Now you want me to protect you!? How much stupidly crazy did you eat for breakfast?”

“I can’t help you,” Derek said. “I’m not even an Alpha anymore.”

“All I need is for the two of you to help me get Deucalion in the right place at the right time.”

“You just killed three of ‘em on your own. What do you need us for?”

“Not to mention that I’m suddenly useful to her after she tried to get me out of the way. Twice.”

“You haven’t seen him at his strongest,” Jennifer said. “I have. And if he’s got Scott with him, I don’t stand a chance. Unless I have the two of you.”

“Derek, don’t trust her,” Cora said.

“She’ll turn on you,” Anna said. “Both of you.”

“I have the eclipse in my favor. But the moon’s only going to be in the Earth’s umbral shadow for fifteen minutes. That’s the extent of my window. There’s no decision to struggle with. Help me kill him and the others live. Just help me.” I could see on his face that he’d decided. If he was going with Jennifer, then I was going with him.

“I’ll help you,” he said. “But know I’m not doing this for you. I’m doing this for Scott. For the parents that you took. Not for you.”

“Fair enough.” Jennifer looked at me. And I crossed my arms.

“I’m going for the same reason.”

“Trish!”

“Stay with Cora and Lydia.” Cora gave me a look like she didn’t want me to go. “I’m going to protect him,” I said in a low whisper. I turned to leave.
“Trish!” I turned back to Anna. “My bow’s in my car. I’ll feel better if you took it with you.”

I smiled and kissed her forehead. It had been a long time since I’d picked up a bow. “I’ll take it with me.”

“Be careful.”

“I will.” I followed Derek and Jennifer out.

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Jennifer received a message right after getting out of Derek’s Cruiser. I slung the quiver over my back as Jennifer opened the message.

You see this symbol? Scott’s voice said. The message was a video. I watched over Derek’s shoulder. Scott filmed the spiral Ennis had carved eight years earlier into the door of the abandoned distillery. It’s a symbol of revenge. He turned the camera on himself, Deucalion in the background. You talk about balance, about saving people. We know what you really want. And now you know where to find us. The video ended and Jennifer slipped the phone back into her pocket.

“Fitting place,” she said. “I’m sure you two know the distillery well.”

“Well enough,” Derek said.

“Then let’s go.”

“Why did you bring the bow?” Derek asked as we headed towards the distillery.

“In case I have to kill her to protect you.”

“Is that why you came?”

“I’m here to protect you, not her.” We approached the distillery and went inside.

Scott looked surprised to see the two of us with Jennifer. I stood on the other side of Derek. “What are you doing?” Scott asked.

“This might be hard to believe,” Derek said. “But actually, trying to help you.” Scott looked at me and I nodded.

“Ooh,” Deucalion said. “Like brother against brother. How very American this is,” Deucalion folded his white cane. “Are you ready, Jennifer? Did you gather your herbs?” He took his jacket off and tossed it aside. “Pray to your ancient gods and your oak trees? Slit a baby’s throat, perhaps?” I rolled my eyes. “Should we show them why you needed to sacrifice nine innocent people just to face me?” Deucalion stepped forward, the shadows of the distillery hiding his transformation, but his eyes glowed the brightest red I had ever seen. “Or is it twelve now?” His voice deepened and his skin turned grey. His cheek bones were much more pronounced than I’d seen on other wolves.

I took a step back and drew an arrow, nocking it. There was no way in hell my magic was going to work against Deucalion, but I changed my eyes anyway. Derek transformed and attacked with a
roar. Deucalion caught his arm. Derek tried the other arm but the Alpha caught that one too. He pushed Derek’s arms down as if Derek wasn’t even trying to fight. Jennifer walked up to Deucalion and used her force attack on him. With no result. Jennifer looked shocked. Then quick as lightning, Deucalion grabbed both Derek and Jennifer by the throat. I jumped forward, unnocking the arrow and shoving it into his side. He gave a roar and shoved Jennifer away and dropped Derek before backhanding me. I hit a boiler and landed hard on some crates. Derek went flying across the room next, landing and bouncing off some old tires and then landing among some crates. I looked up as Deucalion picked Jennifer up by her hair and brought her towards Scott. Scott hadn’t moved the entire fight. Deucalion forced her to her knees.

“Kill her.”

“Scott, don’t,” I said between breaths.

“Do it.”

“You’re not a killer.”

When Scott didn’t move, Deucalion roared, forcing Scott to his knees and into a transformation. “Now kill her. Your parents are dying. That storm you hear? She’s burying them alive. It’s her connection to the telluric currents. Kill her and it ends.”

“It won’t end,” Jennifer said. “Not with me. He’ll have you kill everyone you love. It’s what he does.”

“They’re dying, Scott. Your mother and the parents of your best friends. Kill her now and it’s over. Become the Alpha you’re meant to be. Become a killer.” Derek seemed to come out of nowhere, helping me to my feet.

“They’re not dead yet,” Scott said.

“And who’s going to save them? Your friends?”

Scott stood. “My pack.” I released an arrow and it hit Deucalion in the shoulder.

He roared and pulled it out. With a speed I couldn’t follow, he was next to Scott, holding the back of his neck and a wrist. “Maybe you just need a little guidance.” I drew another arrow and nocked it, aiming for the middle of Deucalion’s back.

“I forgot to tell you something,” Scott suddenly said. “Something that Gerard told me.” I stopped, sensing Scott had a plan. He turned his head towards the Alpha. “‘Deucalion isn’t always blind.’” He reached into his pocket and threw something down. I spun around with Derek to shield his eyes as a bright light exploded. Scott had somehow gotten ahold of a couple of the Argent flash bomb arrowheads.

Then suddenly no one was a werewolf.

Deucalion had his hands out, trying to feel around. “The eclipse,” he said. “It’s started.”

“Oh, no,” Scott said. Jennifer in her true form walked back into the distillery.

I stepped forward, tossing Anna’s bow aside and made a decision at that moment that changed my whole being. “And this is why I came.”

I felt my power surge through me, the strongest I’d ever felt it. I used my grasp on the elements to
raise the dirt just outside the door and brought it inside, making it swirl around Jennifer. She broke
the dirt away and I charged my force attack. She ran forward and I attacked. This time it floored
her, as I was finally fully embracing my Eamonn powers and what it meant to be an Eamonn. I
knew I had to stop denying what I was if I wanted to have a chance against the Darach. I took a
swing at her and she ducked, doing the same for me. I dodged, hitting her with another force attack.
Again she flew across the room, landing just outside and rolling. She used my own spell against me
by throwing dirt towards me, but I blocked with a protection shield and pushing it back towards
her. Jennifer charged at me through the mini dust storm, tackling me and we both went down. She
finally succeeded in breaking through my defenses and I went flying across the room and into
Derek. Scott followed suit a moment later, hitting the boilers. She attacked Deucalion next,
throwing him across the room. Then she began to slam his head, repeatedly into the floor.

“Jennifer!” Jennifer froze at Derek’s voice. “He doesn’t know.”

“Know what?”

“What you really look like.” Derek slowly approached the Darach. I pulled Scott to a sitting
But he’s never seen the price you paid.” What the hell was Derek doing?

“No. No, he hasn’t.” Jennifer crouched down and placed her hand over his eyes. Deucalion started
screaming. And I took a few steps forward. Derek held his hand up for me to stop. He stopped and
Jennifer took her hand away. Deucalion blinked several times, looking around and seeing for the
first time in eight years. “Turn to me,” Jennifer ordered. “Turn to me!” Deucalion slowly turned his
head towards her. Jennifer used the glamor spell on herself again and went for the kill, but froze
and staggered backwards. Derek rushed forward to catch her. ”What is this?” she breathed.

“Healing him made you weak,” Derek explained. “Just like healing Cora did to me. You won’t
have your strength for at least a few minutes.” Then I realized what Derek had done. He’d tricked
Jennifer into healing Deucalion’s blindness in order to weaken her and buy us time.

“Then you do it. Kill him.”

Derek shook his head. “No.”

She looked at him, shocked. “What?”

“Like my mother used to say, I’m a predator,” He placed a hand on her cheek. “But I don’t have to
be a killer.” I knew the phrase well. Talia instilled it on all her children, along with her nieces and
niephews. He then grabbed her by the throat. “Let them go.”

Jennifer seemed to regain her strength then and she slammed Derek into a large wooden crate. She
then slapped him several times. Derek didn’t even move to block. She grabbed his shirt and
hesitated. “Derek,” she whispered. She backed away and turned. To find I’d moved between her
and Deucalion. “Again, Trish? You know I’m more powerful than you are.”

I smirked. “Not by much now. And I don’t care. You’re killing spree stops here and now.” Behind
her, Derek stood. Jennifer turned and faced him again. He looked past her at me and shook his
head. He went towards her and she grabbed him by his shirt, pushing him back and towards the
boiler. I took a step forward as she slammed him into the boiler. Derek’s hand wrapped around her
throat again and Jennifer slammed him into the boiler again. Derek gritted his teeth from the pain.
He looked down at her as she slid him farther up the boiler and slammed him again. Jennifer
grabbed him by the throat and continued to slam him into the boiler. Derek opened his eyes and
they began to glow bright blue. I had finally begun getting used to the red.
“Your fifteen minutes are up,” he said. He shoved her across the room. I crouched down to make sure Deucalion was healing as Scott and Derek darted towards her. Jennifer threw a black powder into the air and it landed in a perfect circle around her. The wolves slid to a stop.

“Like I told you, Derek, either you and Trish or the parents. Well, I guess I’ll just have to take them now. In a few minutes, they’ll be dead and I won’t need a lunar eclipse to even kill a Demon Wolf.”

I rose. “There’s one little flaw to your plan there, Jennifer,” I said, approaching them. “I can still cross Mountain Ash.” Scott held his hand up to stop me before he put his hands up and stepped right up to the barrier.

“You’ve tried this before, Scott. I don’t remember you having much success.”

Scott began to push on the barrier. I took a step back and to the side, both Derek and I giving him an odd look. Jennifer smirked. Scott pushed farther into the barrier and Jennifer’s smirk disappeared. Derek’s face probably matched mine. Neither one of us could believe what we were seeing. Scott’s arms were over the Mountain Ash, the blue light that came with a supernatural touching powdered Mountain Ash surrounded his body. Scott took a step into the circle and my jaw hit the floor. Then he stepped completely through the barrier, a force and light exploding outward. I instinctively turned away and covered my head. When I turned back, Jennifer was on the ground and Scott was standing over her.

“How did you do that?” Jennifer gasped. Derek looked at Scott differently.

“I’m an Alpha now,” Scott said. He’d taken that final step and took his rightful place as the True Alpha. I couldn’t believe that I’d had the privilege to watch his rise. I glanced over my shoulder as I felt Deucalion move. The Alpha rose to his feet. “Whatever you’re doing to cause the storm, make it stop or I’ll kill you myself. I don’t care what it does to the color of my eyes.”

“It won’t change the color of mine, so allow me.” Deucalion rushed forward, pushing past me with claws extended, and slashed Jennifer’s throat before anyone could stop him. Jennifer went back to her true form, clutching her throat before collapsing. The storm died as she did. Derek, Scott and I looked at one another.

“Holy shit,” I breathed, rubbing my shoulders. “I’m gonna feel this in the morning.” Deucalion chuckled as Scott pulled out his phone and Derek plopped down on a nearby crate.

“Hey. You okay?” Scott listened to whoever was talking before looking at me and then Derek. Derek shrugged. “Sort of. Yeah, of course.” Scott smiled. “Will rope work?” He hung up as I retrieved Anna’s bow and checked to make sure I hadn’t broken it. She’d kill me if I broke her bow. The three of us then turned to Deucalion.

“My mother told me you were a man of vision once,” Derek said. He looked at Scott and then at me. “We’re letting you go because we hope you can be that man again.”

“But if you’re not,” Scott added. “Then having your eyesight back won’t matter. Because you’ll never see us coming.”

Deucalion nodded. We turned to go find the Nemeton. “Trish?” I turned back to Deucalion. “Thank you,” I gave him a questioning look.

“For what?”

“For standing between her and I when you had every reason not to.”
“I’m an Eamonn, Deucalion. It’s what I do.”

“Then let me repay a small favor. A tip about your father.” I just looked at him. “He didn’t abandon his family willingly. Last I heard of him, he was on the East Coast.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

“Because I feel that he will return one day.” He stepped forward and took my chin in his hand. “You have his eyes.” Deucalion then walked away, disappearing in the night.

“Trish?”

I looked at Derek and saw the concern in his eyes. “I’m fine. Let’s go.”

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“Are you planning on coming back?” I asked.

Derek dropped the duffle bag on the bed. I was leaning against the table. “I don’t know.”

“Can you at least tell me where you’re going?”

“South America,” Cora said. “I spent most of my time there after the fire with a great aunt. I only came back because I heard Derek was the Alpha.”

“And you’re going back because Derek’s no longer the Alpha.”

“I miss my friends,” she said with a smile and I chuckled.

I looked over at Derek. “Who’s going to get me into trouble now?”

“You do that perfectly well on your own.”

“True enough. I’m really going to miss you two.” Derek had been a constant in my life since he’d returned to Beacon Hills looking for his missing older sister. There had never been a dull moment. Even with Derek gone, my life would be far from normal. I’d never be able to return to being the normal nurse with a secret knowledge. That Trish died the night of the eclipse. I’d stopped fighting what I was and fully embraced my Eamonn abilities that night, permanently sealing my place in the supernatural population. Beacon Hills was home of a True Alpha. It was also home to a fully charged Nemeton and there would probably be no lack of things to protect my family and pack from. I pushed off the table and wrapped Derek in a hug. “Be careful,” I said. I turned and hugged Cora as well.

“We will.”

I left the loft, wondering if Derek really was going to come back or if he would stay in South America with Cora.
Scott’s dad has decided to stick around and Scott isn’t too pleased about that. There’s a lot of anger there, as much anger as I have with my own father. I haven’t told Anna about Deucalion’s cryptic words about him and I’m hoping that I won’t have to. She has enough to deal with.

Anna and I are much closer. She’s told me about a new talent she discovered several weeks earlier, self-healing. I’m starting to think my sister is a supernatural like me and Mom, but I have no idea what she could be. I’ve been researching in my bestiary but none have really jumped out at me at what my little sister could be.

Stiles and his dad seem to be closer now that the sheriff knows what we do and what most of us are. I see them at BeaconBurger a lot and they seem to have that relationship they had before Stiles was sucked into the supernatural world.

Allison and her father have decided to become Eamonns themselves, in a way. They no longer hunt those that hunt us, they now protect those that cannot protect themselves. A good Code, I think. A much better one.

It turned out that Jennifer hadn’t killed the Twins after all. Ethan and Aiden used their Alpha sparks to split from each other. Anna, Cora, and Lydia had rushed them to Alan, who raced to save them. I haven’t seen them but I’ve been told that Derek wasn’t the only Alpha to become a Beta.

Speaking of Jennifer, after pulling the Guardians, Stiles, Allison, and Isaac out of the partially collapsed root cellar, Scott, Derek and I went back to the distillery. Only to find Jennifer’s body gone. The wolves didn’t even bother to try to track her down and I really didn’t care if she managed to survive again and escape. I just know if she shows back up in Beacon Hills again, I will kill her myself. Not just because of her sacrifices, but because of what she did to Derek. I like to keep my promises.

With Scott the new Alpha, Isaac immediately joined his pack, which did not surprise me in the slightest. He’d been acting like an Alpha since the Kanima first appeared and with Isaac following his lead so much as it was, I was not surprised the Beta made it official. Scott has also welcomed me in it as well, saying he’s always considered me a part of his pack, and has a place for Derek if
he returns.

I was glad that Scott didn’t ask me to be his Emissary, a role that had been filled by Alan from the time Scott was bitten. Or at least a full moon afterwards. I really wasn’t as good at it as I thought I’d be, but I did have a hard-headed Alpha. I’m happy just being the pack Eamonn.

I cannot get Deucalion’s words about my father out of my head and they have me curious. I haven’t seen or heard of him for sixteen years. Anna probably doesn’t even remember him. If he didn’t abandon the family willingly, then why did he?
Bardo

Chapter Summary

Scott, Stiles, and Allison have strange experiences. Trish helps Stilinski with his work. Scott makes an alarming discovery.

ANNA

It had been three weeks since the night of the lunar eclipse. About a week ago, Peter had left Beacon Hills, telling me he’d be back before long. His aunt, the relative in South America that Cora had been living with, wanted to see him, having heard he was out of the coma the fire had put him in. I miss him. I got out of my car and retrieved my bag from the backseat. I was barely through the door when Lydia skipped up to me.

“Hi, Anna,” she said chippily, seeming for a moment like the Lydia I’d first met what seemed like years ago. “Your hair looks so gorgeous today!” I had a milkmaid braid, the rest of my hair hung loose and curly. “I wish I could get my hair to curl like yours.”

I laughed. “Trust me, it’s a pain in the ass sometimes.” Lydia smiled.

Suddenly Allison ran through the doors like something was chasing her just as the bell rang. She looked completely freaked out. And like she didn’t know where she was. Lydia and I looked at one another and went over to her.

“Allison?” Lydia asked. “Are you okay?”

Allison nodded.

“No you’re not,” I said.

Allison looked at me and sighed. “No, I’m not,” she whispered. “Ever since we did what we did, I keep seeing my aunt.” Allison, Stiles, Lydia, Isaac and I had gone to Alan like my sister had suggested. She had been right about him knowing something that could help us find the Nemeton. That something required Scott, Allison and Stiles to be sacrificed in the place of their parents. They were dead for 16 hours before they finally came back.

“Kate?” I asked.

“No, Sue,” Lydia said sarcastically and I gave her a dirty look. “She only has one aunt, Anna.” I really don’t think that Lydia understood how much I hated Kate. Actually, I think my sister, Peter and Derek were the only ones you truly understood that hate. They hated her too. Lydia took Allison’s hand. “Come on. We need to find Scott and Stiles.”

We found them in one of the outdoor halls, I could feel that they were both freaked out.
“You’re seeing things, aren’t you?” Stiles asked as we approached.

Scott just looked at him. “How did you know?”

“Because it’s happening to all three of you,” Lydia said. Scott and Stiles looked at one another. Lydia spun around and pranced off. I cracked a smile at her delving back into the Lydia she was before Peter bit her and activated her Banshee abilities. Scott, Stiles and Allison explained what they were experiencing since their sacrifice.

Lydia pushed open the double doors into one of the halls. “Well, well, look who is no longer the crazy one,” she said happily. I couldn’t help but snicker, which earned me a dirty look from Stiles.

“We’re not crazy,” Allison said.

Lydia stopped and turned around. “Hallucinating? Sleep paralysis? Yeah, you guys are fine.”

“We did die and come back to life,” Scott pointed out. “That’s gotta have side effects, right?”

“Special abilities, yes,” I said. “Going crazier than Lydia and Trish?”

“Hey!”

Allison chuckled. The bell rang for class and Stiles turned and looked at us. “We keep an eye on each other, okay?” he said. I nodded. “And, Lydia, stop enjoying this so much.”

“What?”

I laughed as we headed to class.

Our first class was history. Our as in myself, Stiles and Scott. And we had a new teacher today. Since Mr. Westmore had been a Darach sacrifice, we’d had a temporary teacher until the school could hire an actual history teacher. I sat behind Scott, while Scott sat behind Stiles. I actually hadn’t told the others about my new ability yet. Trish knew, of course, and she was trying to figure out what kind of supernatural I am. Truthfully, I have no idea. Trish and Deaton were pretty sure I wasn’t Druid. At least not like they were. And I was pretty sure I wasn’t a werewolf, I couldn’t transform like Scott and Isaac. I was a mystery.

“Good morning,” the teacher said, an Oriental man. “My name is Mr. Yukimura. I’ll be taking over for your previous history teacher. My family and I moved her three weeks ago. I’m sure by now you all know my daughter, Kira. Or you might not, since she’s never actually mentioned anyone from school. Or brought home a friend for that matter.” I heard a thud and looked over my shoulder, along with the rest of the class. A black haired girl had her head on her desk. I was pretty sure this was Kira and her father just succeeded in embarrassing her. “Either way, there she is.” She slowly raised her head and gave an embarrassed smile while several students giggled. I turned back towards the front and saw Scott was staring at her. I smiled.

“What?”

“I saw that.”
“Shut up.” He turned back towards the front.

I approached Scott and Stiles at Stiles’ locker. He looked like he was trying to tear the lock off his locker. He probably forgot his combination again. Scott was leaned against the lockers with a serial killer look on his face, his eyes down.

“Scott, you okay?” I asked.

Stiles looked up at his best friend. “Oh, dude, your eyes.” Scott looked up and I saw his eyes were glowing red. And I will point out right now, it’s weird seeing him with Alpha eyes.

“What about them?”

“You’re glowing,” I whispered. “Pull it back.”

“I can’t…” Scott put his hand over his eyes. “I can’t control it.”

Stiles turned him around. “Alright, just keep your head down.” He pulled the Alpha’s head down. “Look down, come on.” I looked behind me and saw that Kira had been heading towards us.

Stiles was leading Scott away and I followed them. Stiles shoved Scott into an empty classroom. Scott immediately tore off his bag and over shirt, growling. Stiles and I followed.

“Get back!” Scott cried. “Get away from me!”

“Scott, it’s okay!” Stiles said.

“I don’t know what’s going to happen!” Scott had added fangs to go along with his glowing eyes. “Get back!” I pushed Stiles back but took a step forward. “Get back, Anna! I don’t want to hurt you.”

“I’ll heal.” And I really didn’t care at that moment that I had just my new ability slip. “You need to anchor!” The claws came out and he dug them into his palms. He growled as blood poured from his clinched fists. It seemed to work. Scott fell back on his rear, breathing heavily but with no sign of his werewolf side.

“Pain makes you human,” he explained and I was on my knees next to him a minute later.

Stiles crouched next to me. “Scott, this isn’t just in our heads. This is real. And it’s starting to get bad for me, too.” I looked at Stiles. “I’m not just having nightmares. I’m having these dreams where I have to literally scream myself away. And sometimes I’m not even sure if I’m ever actually waking up.”

“What do you mean?” Scott asked. I pulled my bag around and rummaged through it for the sanitizing wipes I carry with me.

“Do you know how you can tell when you’re dreaming?” I found the wipes and pulled them out, taking Scott’s hand and beginning to clean the blood off his hands. “You can’t read in dreams. More and more, the last few days I’ve been having trouble reading. It’s like I can’t see the words. I can’t put the letters in order.”

“Like even now?”
Stiles stood and looked at the chalkboard. “I can’t read a thing.” Scott and I looked at one another. “You guys can’t let this get any worse,” I said. “You need help.” “Who’s going to be able to help?” Stiles asked. “We can’t just go to just anyone.” I finished with Scott’s hands before I answered. “We know Druids.”

TRISH

I was folding laundry when my phone started to ring. I picked it up without looking, expecting it to be one of the pack. Namely my supernatural of a sister. “Aren’t you supposed to be in class?” There was a chuckle on the other line. Well, I haven’t been in school for a long time. Stilinski said, amusement clear in his voice. “Sorry, sheriff. It’s usually Anna calling me.” Can I ask you a favor? “What’s up?” I’m looking through old cases with a new perspective. “Are you sure you want to do that?” Kinda. Well, the favor I want to ask is if you could come down to the station and help me look at them. “Sure. Just give me a few minutes.” Thanks, Trish. I hung up, wondering how good of an idea this would be. After the whole Darach and almost getting sacrificed thing, I was the one that ended up explaining everything, from Laura’s death to Matt killing my former classmates to the sacrifices. I think I spent the most time on what I was. I no longer kept the fact that I am an Eamonn to myself, thanks to Deucalion’s big mouth. Not that the Darach helped with that much and I was forced to explain to the entire pack, including my sister, that I wasn’t human like I had led them all to believe due to Jennifer poisoning me. Apparently even Eamonns have an herbal weakness, something I was unaware of until I was poisoned with mistletoe.

I threw my hair back into a ponytail and grabbed my keys. The last time I was at the sheriff’s station, I had a gun to the back of my head and I was pretty sure I was going to die. This was the first time I’ve set foot here since the night Melissa found out that her son was a werewolf. “Hey, I’m looking for the sheriff,” I said to the officer at the front desk.
“He should be in his office.”

“Thanks.” I turned and bumped right into a deputy. “Oh! I’m sorry.” He gave me a smile and my next thought came unbidden. *Hello, Deputy Dreamboat.*

He looked young, barely out of high school. His blond hair was short and neat, making me think he might have been in ROTC or something. He had beautiful green eyes several shades lighter than Derek’s that smiled as well. “Don’t worry about it.”

I smiled and headed back towards Stilinski’s office.

“What are you looking so happy about?” he asked.


“Nothing.” Stilinski picked up a file. “I’m sorting through these and trying to determine how many of these could have a supernatural element to it.”

I picked up a random file. “‘Body found severed in half.’” I closed the folder. “Do you have a Psychotic Hunter pile?”

“I can start one.”

I chuckled. “I think most of the ‘cut in half’ cases will go on that pile. Except Laura’s,” I added the last sentence sadly. I missed her.

“She wasn’t cut, right?”

“No. She was torn apart.” I looked at another one. “Do you have a werewolf pile?”

Stilinski tapped on a pile. “Yep.” Before long we were both on the floor going through files. Surprisingly, there were actually quite a few that had no supernatural connections at all. Yeah, I was shocked too. Neither one of us heard Stiles walk in.

“You know the last time we brought one of these to her grave, it was stolen the same day,” he said. I glance up to see him set a bouquet of flowers on Stilinski’s desk. Flowers for Claudia. I never got to know her well, but I vividly remembered the night she died. Stilinski had been held up by a traffic accident and Claudia had died before he was able to get to the hospital. Stiles had been at her side, holding her hand. I’m not sure if he remembered it, but I had been the one that sat with him in the lobby until his father arrived. “Hundred bucks, down the drain.” Stilinski didn’t answer, intent on a file. “Hey, Dad?” He popped his head up. “Hi, what are you doing down there? With Trish.”

“Hi, Stiles,” I said, plopping a file onto the dead werewolf pile.

“Working. And she’s helping me out. And, hey if somebody wants the flowers that bad, they can have them. It’s the gesture.”

“They’re beautiful, by the way.”

“Thanks.” Stiles walked around the desk. “Hey, Dad, what is all this?”

“Trish has been helping me look over some old cases from a more illuminated perspective. Trish knows what details to look for so I asked her to come and help.”

Stiles opened a file. “‘Strange sighting of bipedal lizard man sprinting across freeway.’”
Stilinski tapped a pile. “Kanima pile.”

Stiles dropped the file with the others. “Dad, you’re not going through all your old cases seeing if any of them had something to do with the supernatural, are you?”

I pointed to the largest pile. “These are all werewolves killed by Gerard.” I pointed to the pile next to it that was just as big. “These are the humans killed by the werewolves killed by the Hunters.” I pointed to the smallest pile. “These have nothing to do with the supernatural.”

Stilinski smiled. “I’ll admit the recent opening of my eyes to the greater mysteries of the universe has got me reassessing. There’s at least a hundred cases here where I can look at the details and I can ask myself ‘If I knew then, what I know now...’”

“Right, but are you sure you wanna go down that path?”

“I asked him the very same thing.”

“Do I have a choice? There’s one case in particular I can’t get out of my head.” Stilinski stood with the file in his hand. “Eight years ago, when I was elected Sheriff of Beacon County, my first official duty was to tell a man that his wife and two kids,” Stilinski handed the file to Stiles and I read over his shoulder. “Died in a car accident, but as best we could tell, the body of his 9-year-old daughter had been dragged from the wreak by coyotes.”

“You mean dragged and eaten?”

“I remember this,” I said. “They never found her, did they?” Everyone knew about the Tates. Mrs. Tate’s car had run off the road, killing her and her two daughters. The eldest, Malia’s body had never been found. The accident occurred a few months after Paige’s death. It was probably why I remembered the case so vividly. Mom and I tried to use our abilities to help find her, with no results. We weren’t Banshees after all.

Stilinski shook his head. “We didn’t find the car until three days after the crash. They had driven off the road into a pretty deep ravine. Two bodies that were still in the car were covered in bites and slashes.”

“So you’re thinking bites and claw marks as in werewolf attack?”

“Maybe.”

“But coyotes, they scavenge, right? So couldn’t they have left the bites and slashes?” Stiles asked.

“Absolutely. But guess what night the accident occurred on?” He pointed at a calendar page from that month.

“The night of a full moon.”

“Yeah.”

“So are you thinking they were attacked by an out of control werewolf?” I asked.

“It’s possible. That’s where you come in, Trish.”

“My werewolf contacts are a bit lacking at the moment. The ones I had eight years ago are dead or in South America.” Derek and I had exchanged a few texts since he and Cora had left Beacon Hills. I haven’t heard from him since Peter abruptly left a week ago.
“Really?”

“I’ve had to revamp my werewolf contacts.”

“Hey, Dad?” Stiles suddenly asked. “Where are all these going?”

“Yeah, uh… We probably need to talk about that.” He turned toward me. “Do you mind?”

“Of course not.”

“Thanks for the help.”

“Any time.” I didn’t see the deputy I bumped into as I left. I wondered if I should have asked his name.

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“Trish?” I heard Anna call.

“Upstairs.” I didn’t hear her come up the stairs before she appeared in my doorway. I had the bestiary open on my bed and a couple of open notebooks.

“What are you doing?”

“Going through this thing again.”

“Still trying to figure out what I could be?”

“Yeah.”

“Does that have anything on how to help anyone going through Bardo?”

I looked up. “What?”

“This girl at school overheard us talking about what Scott, Stiles, and Allison are going through and said that it was something called Bardo. She said it was like an in-between state with different progressing forms.”

“Progressing how?”

“Hallucinations. Visits from demons. Death.”

“I don’t like the sound of that.”

“Me either.”

Anna’s phone rang and she answered. “What’s up? Yeah, why? Sure.” She put her phone on speaker.
Hey, it’s Scott. We really need your help.

“With what?”

We just talked to Deaton and he thinks the reason we’re experiencing what we’ve been experiencing is because of what we did to find our parents. We opened a door into our minds and we have to close it somehow. How do we close it?

“What issues have the three of you been having?”

Allison is seeing Kate. I’m afraid to transform because I’m afraid I won’t be able to turn back. And Stiles is having trouble reading and determining dreams from the waking world. Allison had watched her aunt die, violently, before her eyes.

“I really don’t know how you guys can close it, but Alan’s right, you need to close that door. I’m afraid that’s something only you guys can do.”

What if we can’t close it? What happens?

“I think you know that answer.” Scott was silent. “I can do some research, see if my family has dealt with something like this before, but I can’t make any promises.”

Thanks, Trish. Anna hung up.

“Is there nothing you can do?”

“I really don’t think there is.”

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I felt for my phone on the nightstand. Even with me no longer being an Emissary, I was still getting calls from all hours of the night. I blinked several times before my eyes focused enough to see who was calling before answering.

“Hello?” I answered groggily.

I’m really sorry to wake you, Trish, Scott said. But this is kinda an emergency.

“Is it the kind of emergency that will not result in me killing you right now?”

Uh… I hope so. But this really couldn’t wait and I can’t get ahold of Derek.

I sat up, turning on the lamp on my nightstand and looked at my alarm clock. “You do realize that it’s after midnight, right?”

I do now. What do you know about shapeshifters being able to turn completely into their animal?

“It’s pretty rare. I only knew two werewolves that could do that, Talia and Laura. I can’t tell you
much more than that. I never was able to find out why some shapeshifters take your shape and others take Talia’s. I’m sure there’s more to it than ‘the shape you take reflects the person that you are.’ Why do you want to know?”

*I think I just found Malia Tate.*
I was awake now.

“What?”

*My dad is trying to get Stiles’ dad impeached, so we went out to the car wreck to see if I could somehow get a lock on Malia’s scent to see where the coyotes had dragged her or see if there was evidence of a werewolf attack.*

“Like Stilinski was suspecting?”

*Yeah. We found claw marks on the door. They were too far apart to be from a natural animal. Something growled at us and I chased it. It turned out to be a coyote.*

“Are you saying Malia is a werecoyote?”

*I glowed my eyes at her and she glowed her eyes back. They were bright blue.*

“Like Derek and Peter bright blue?”

*Yeah. I think Malia caused the accident and when she survived she ran off and somehow got trapped in the body of a coyote.*

“I didn’t think that was possible.” I got out of bed and went over to the desk I had laid my bestiary on. “I’ll research it, but I’m not sure I’ll be able to find any more answers.”

*Thanks.*

I sighed as I hung up. If I couldn’t find anything in the bestiary, I was going to have to go to the walking bestiary that took the shape of my vet friend and Scott’s Emissary.

My research only yielded a line or two about werewolf evolution, a fairly rare event according to my bestiary, but no details. And it didn’t mention anything about shapeshifters becoming trapped in a shift like Scott was theorizing. I was ready to bang my head on a wall. But first, I was going to have to talk to Alan. I grabbed my keys and my phone just as my phone started ringing.

“Hello?”

*She was at the school. Anna said in a low voice. Malia was here.*

“I take it Scott told you about the coyote?”
Yeah. She went after Kira.

“Who’s Kira?”

The girl that told us about Bardo. Stiles had a panic attack during class and Scott had to take him out of class. They left their bags and Kira and I went looking for them. I had Scott’s and she had Stiles’. She was in the hallway and charged us. Kira ran into the locker room and she went after Kira. Scott ran Malia off. Stiles apparently took a doll from the wreak thinking that Scott could use it to track her and I think that’s what Malia was after.

“It was in Stiles’ bag, wasn’t it?”

Yeah. What do we do? Tate’s gonna kill his own daughter if we don’t do something to stop him or figure out how to change her back.

“I’m heading to the clinic right now. Maybe Alan and I can come up with something.” Things were getting complicated and quickly.

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Scott, Stiles, Isaac and Anna met me at the clinic. We were coming up with a plan to catch Malia in order to keep Tate from killing her that involved tranquilizer. Scott had texted Allison to see if she had a rifle that could shoot it. Not surprisingly, she did. Alan returned from the back with three small bottles in his hand. He held one up.

“Xylazine,” he said. “It’s a tranquilizer for horses.” He set all three bottles down. “For a werecoyote, expect it to work in seconds. I only have three. So whoever’s shooting needs to be a damn good shot.”

“Allison’s a perfect shot,” Scott said.

“She used to be,” Isaac corrected.

“She still is,” Anna argued.

“I don’t see why Anna can’t do it.”

“Because a bow and a gun are two different things.”

“She has a point,” I stated. “Allison can do it.”

“If we manage to find the thing,” Isaac was being very pessimistic today.

“Okay, what is the point of him?” Stiles asked while Scott looked like he wanted to slap his best friend. Hard. “Seriously? I mean, what is his purpose? Aside from the persistent negativity and the scarf?” I rolled my eyes. “What’s up with the scarf anyway? It’s 65 degrees out.”

“Stiles,” I sighed.

“Look, maybe I’m the only one asking the question no one here wants to ask. How do we turn a coyote back into a girl, when she hasn’t been a girl for eight years?” I shook my head. I was completely clueless on that front. “I mean is there some spell that can reverse it?”
“Not that I’m aware of.”

“I can do it,” Scott suddenly said and we all looked at him.

“You can?” Stiles asked.

“Remember the night that Peter had us trapped in the school?” It was the night that Anna found out the truth about Beacon Hills. We both remembered that night vividly. While Anna and her friends were running around the school, I was treating a badly injured Derek in my basement. “In the gym, he was able to make me turn using just his voice. Deucalion did the same thing in the distillery.”

“Alpha compulsion,” I said.

“This is a werecoyote, Scott,” Deaton countered. “Who knows if it’ll even work if you can find someone to teach you.”

“That’s why you called Derek first.”

Scott sighed. “Yeah, I could try it on my own. But right now I’m too scared to even change into just a werewolf.”

“We need a real Alpha,” Stiles commented, earning a look from Scott. “You know what I mean. An Alpha that can do Alpha things. You know, an Alpha who can get it going, get it…”

“Up?” Isaac suggested, causing Anna to giggle.

“Great,” Scott sighed. “I’m an Alpha with performance issues.”

“Is there anyone else besides Derek who could help?” Alan asked.

Stiles looked at me. “Could you teach him?”

“I’m an Eamonn, not a werewolf. I can’t teach him True Alpha 101.”

“I wouldn’t trust Peter. No offense, Anna.”

“He’s not even in Beacon Hills anyway,” she said, giving him a dirty look.

“Maybe the Twins?”

“You’d trust the Twins over Peter?” I asked.

“They’re not Alphas anymore,” Alan pointed out. “After what Jennifer did to them, almost killing them, it broke that part of them.”

“But what if they know how to do it? Truthfully, we really don’t have the kind of time to get ahold of Derek or Peter and wait for them to come back and I really don’t think they can teach Scott over the phone.”

I sighed. Once again, Hyperactive Spazz was right. Although, I wasn’t keen on asking the Twins for help. Not after they held Derek down so Kali could impale Boyd on his claws. Ethan did seek redemption for it by warning us about Kali and Aiden coming to kill Derek. But it didn’t mean I was willing to trust him.

“Nobody’s seen them for weeks,” Scott said.
“Are you sure?” Anna asked.

“Anna’s right. That’s not totally true,” Stiles added.

“Lydia is still seeing Aiden, isn’t she?” I asked.

Which was why Scott, Stiles, Anna, Lydia and I were heading into Derek’s loft. Scott asked Lydia to arrange a meeting between him and the Twins to teach him how to use his roar to force a shift. Stiles opened the door and Lydia and Anna descended the stairs into the empty loft.

“They said they’d meet us here,” Lydia said. Stiles and I followed them down. Scott walked in last. And was ambushed by the Twins. I spun around when I heard the first punch. Stiles pulled Lydia to safety and I pushed Anna back as they threw Scott into the loft. I went to Scott’s side, my eyes changing, as the Twins did some unnecessary flips into the loft.

“Don’t, Trish,” Scott whispered. I helped him to his feet. One of the Twins grabbed me from behind and threw me towards the others before jumping on Scott. I was about to go back into the fight when Anna grabbed my arm.

“They can still hurt you!” The Twins finally stopped beating the crap out of Scott.

“I thought you guys were gonna teach me to roar,” Scott said.

“We are,” Aiden, I think, said. I never could tell the two apart. “You do it by giving in.”

“Giving in and letting go. That’s how Deucalion taught us control.” Ethan picked Scott up by his shirt. I didn’t like this tactic at all.

“Hey,” Stiles commented. “You know, that’s funny. I actually tried something just like this one time using a heart monitor and lacrosse balls.” Scott was giving Stiles a dirty look. The Twins just looked annoyed. “But you’re right. Beating the living crap out of him is probably a lot better.” I rolled my eyes.

“That’s actually the plan?” Scott asked, wiping blood away from his nose. “You kick my ass?”

“Looks like it,” I said drily.

“You’re afraid to turn,” Aiden said. “We’re going to make you.”

“You turn. And then you kick our asses.” Aiden turned away and took a couple steps away.

“Anyone else think that’s the worse training plan ever?” I asked. Anna raised her hand. The Twins ignored us.

“And then you roar.” Aiden spun around and roared, fangs out and eyes glowing bright blue. Seemed like every werewolf but Isaac and Scott had blue eyes nowadays.

“You don’t think you can let go with us?” Ethan asked, being more aggressive than his brother for once.

Aiden walked behind Scott. “You think you’re gonna hurt us?” He shoved Scott towards Ethan.
Ethan pushed back. “Come on, McCall. Give it your all. We can always heal.” Scott attacked and the Twins easily bested him.

“You’re an Alpha. You want to roar like one, you’ve got to give in full throttle. You’ve got to be the monster. Become the beast. Become everything you’re afraid of.”

“That’s what gives you power. It gives you strength.” Scott attacked again and Aiden brought his elbow down on his back, sending the Alpha to the floor. I took a step forward, this time Stiles grabbing my arm.

“Giving into it doesn’t make you the bad guy.”

“So long as you can control it,” Ethan added.

“Sometimes control’s a little overrated.” Aiden kicked Scott in the stomach.

“Get up, Scott!” I cried.


Scott raised as far as his knees. “What if I can’t control it?” Scott asked. “What if I can’t turn back?”

“Then it takes over,” Ethan answered. “You become Malia. You get farther and farther away from being human. You turn into an animal. Or worse.”

“You turn into Peter.”

“Kate did that to him!” Anna protested. Ethan looked over at her, seemingly to realize that his brother hit a nerve with her. He looked back at Scott as he rose to his feet. He wiped the blood away from his chin and attacked with a scream. Ethan sidestepped him and Aiden picked Scott up and slammed him on top of the table that was always close to the window. He jumped on top of the table and began to repeatedly punch Scott in the face. I’d had enough of this display and darted forward. Ethan grabbed his arm to stop him.

“What?” Aiden asked, the violence in his voice. “I thought we were helping him.”

“You call this helping?!”

“You help too much.” He pulled his brother off of the table as I checked on Scott. Scott was dazed and I set his nose before it healed crooked. He coughed and I put a hand on his cheek.

“This isn’t working.” I looked at the Twins as Scott turned his head to the side and spit blood. “Beating him to a bloody pulp isn’t going to work.” After a moment, Scott slowly sat up. The Twins backed away. “Scott.” I took his face in my hands. “Look at me.” Scott did as he was told. “I can’t teach you how to roar or tell you how to tap into the Alpha compulsion. I know you’ve done it before. With both Isaac and Boyd. I don’t know how it works, but you tap into that instinct, tap into the Alpha instinct. Derek did it when he kept Isaac from tearing Stiles and I apart, but you’re a stronger Alpha than he was. You’re a True Alpha.” I placed my hand on his chest. “Tap into here and I have faith you’ll be able to do this.” Scott nodded and I helped him off the table. “Now let’s get you cleaned up so we don’t have to explain this to Melissa.”

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I worked the early shift this morning and got off just in time to meet the kids at the Preserve. Anna rode with Stiles and Lydia, while Isaac rode with Allison. None of them looked too confident in themselves. I had changed out of my scrubs in the nurses’ locker room. I was currently wearing a blue tank and jeans. I had a feeling I was going to need the movement. My hair was mostly in a ponytail, but parts were coming out of its binds.

“Anyone else think we might be doing more harm than good?” Lydia asked.

“We’re trying to keep a father from killing his own daughter,” Scott reminded her.

“Actually, we’re trying to keep a guy from killing a coyote, who is actually his daughter, who we don’t know how to change from a coyote back to his daughter.”

“Thanks for that helpful reminder, Isaac,” I said.

“And again with the not helping,” Stiles quipped. Scott looked like his patience with his Beta might have been wearing thin. He rolled his eyes before turning towards Allison.

“Did you bring it?”

Allison opened her trunk and pulled out the tranquilizer rifle. She held it and sighed.

“You two have a lock on——” A gunshot rang out before I could finish my sentence. “That’s not good.” A second shot was fired and Scott was on his bike before we could blink.


“Anna, stay with Stiles and Lydia,” I said as Allison chased after Isaac. I darted after her, catching up quickly. We soon lost Scott. We heard another gunshot and raced towards where we’d heard it. Isaac’s werewolf speed caused him to pull ahead of us. During the Kanima incident, I’d discovered I could outrun a werewolf, but I wasn’t going to run off and leave Allison.

“Isaac, wait!” Allison tried. Isaac didn’t slow down at all. Suddenly, we heard him scream. “Isaac!” Allison stopped when she saw him trying to pry a trap off his leg. I kept running and slid to a stop next to him, landing hard on my hip.

“Shit,” I muttered. I reached down to help him as Allison joined us.

“Allison, there he is,” I looked over my shoulder to see Tate with a rifle. Several yards past him was Malia. Allison raised the rifle.

“Hit Tate. Use the tranq gun on him. Okay?” She looked at me.

“It’s the only way to stop him,” I said.

She raised the rifle again. She was shaking. “Okay, come on.”

“It’ll put him out for several hours. It won’t hurt him.” Her first shot missed.


Allison took his advice, taking several deep breaths before whispering something in French and squeezing the trigger. Tate seemed to freeze, lowering his rifle. Then he dropped it. Before dropping himself. Allison raised the rifle again. “Isaac, Trish, she’s gone.”
“We’ve got to get this off Isaac.”

“What about Malia?”

“I’d rather not have a werewolf bleed out in this stupid trap. He can’t heal until we get it off.” Isaac and I both pulled, I using my magic to aid my strength.

Suddenly, we heard a long and loud roar. I turned wondering what the hell that was. I looked back at Isaac and saw his eyes were glowing. He gave his own roar before pulling the trap apart and freeing himself. I then realized that Scott had found his Alpha. That he’d closed the door, just as Allison had a moment before. Isaac fell to his hip and I pulled his jeans leg up to make sure the wound was healing. I swear the roar lasted five minutes before it finally stopped. I jumped when my phone rang.

“Scott?”

You don’t happen to still keep extra clothes in your car, do you?

“It worked?”

It worked.

I smiled and gave a breath of a laugh. “Where are you?”

The car wreck.

“I know exactly where that is. Give me a few minutes.”

Malia was a beautiful girl with wild brown hair and brown eyes. The girls and I helped her dress while Stiles called his dad, telling him where to find both Tate and us. It didn’t take long before news of Malia’s miraculous return hit the local news and I went with Stilinski and Malia to the sheriff’s station. In separate cars, of course. We didn’t want it to look like I’d found her after all. Stilinski and Stiles went to take her to Tate. I really hoped it would be a happy reunion.

“Hey,” I heard a voice behind me and turned to see the deputy that I had run into a few days earlier. “You think she’ll be fine?”

“Depends on your definition of fine,” I responded. “She survived a car crash that killed her mother and sister and lived in the woods for eight years. I don’t think she’ll be fine, but I do think she’ll need time to readjust.”

“When you put it that way, I see your point.” He smiled. “I didn’t introduce myself the other day. I’m Jordan Parrish.”

“Trish Roberts.” We shook hands.

“Nice to finally meet you.”

I chuckled. “Likewise. I guess we both forgot our manners.” I smiled at him. “I guess I’ll see you around.” He nodded at me and I turned and left. I now had a name to go on instead of calling him Deputy Dreamboat. As I left, I noticed Agent McCall was watching me like I was on the receiving end of a sting. I was tempted to make something fly off the wall and smack him in the head.
Anna was waiting for me when I got home. “What are you still doing up?”

“Waiting on you.”

“Why?”

“It felt good helping Malia. Doing some good. Saving someone.”

“I know. I wish we could do things like that more often, instead of finding bodies.”

Anna chuckled. “Mom would have been proud.” I hugged my little sister and looking at the portrait of Mom, Anna and I taken a few weeks before she got sick.

“I hope so,” I sighed. “I really hope so.”
Melissa looked like she was in a great mood today. It was Mischief Night, so we were expecting to be busy tonight and more than likely tomorrow as well. Full moons and Halloween were our busiest nights. And for once I had the night off. Which meant I was going to have to actually not eat all the candy I bought for the trick-or-treaters until after midnight. And keep Anna out of the candy as well. Our willpowers will be tested tomorrow. Melissa and I had carved a pumpkin and Melissa was currently adjusting it on the nurses’ station.

“Looks pretty good,” I said.

“Yeah. It looks awesome. You did a good job.”

“Thanks.” Melissa’s ex and Scott’s father came around a corner just as Stilinski and two deputies came through the door. Stilinski looked more pissed than a wet cat.

“Oh, here we go,” Melissa muttered. Rafe and Stilinski hated each other. Although, I’m pretty sure Stilinski hated him more. And each time the two came anywhere near each other, sparks were sure to fly. And not the good kind. Melissa and I went to intercept them.

“Hey,” Stilinski’s voice showed anger. “He is not coming in.”

“This is the only hospital that would take him,” Rafe answered coolly.

“Who?” I asked.

“What about County?”

“You’d be surprised how fast things fill up when a guy like this needs surgery.”

“They turfed him to us?” Melissa asked. She obviously knew who they were talking about. I felt way out of the loop.

“Yeah.”

“If County doesn’t want to operate on him…”

“Then someone has to,” Rafe interrupted Stilinski. Whoever this guy was, the Sheriff absolutely did not want him at Beacon Hills Memorial.

The doors opened and two police officers walked through, shotguns in hands. Behind them, two EMTs pushed a gurney into the hospital. Strapped to the gurney was an extremely thin man, his ankles and wrists also secured to the gurney. As they passed, I saw who they were wheeling in and my blood ran cold. William Barrow. The Shrapnel Bomber. The man strapped a bomb to himself and boarded a school bus, killing four kids and leaving a fifth paralyzed. At the time he’d pulled
off his attack, I was in junior high and hadn’t discovered what I was yet. I didn’t know any of them, the kids went to another junior high. But it was scary being in the same building as an insane bomber.

“Somebody needs to do his pre-op interview,” Melissa said, her voice fairly steady.

“Who usually does that?” Rafe asked. I looked at Melissa.

“Me,” she said. She went around the desk to get the pre-op paperwork.

“Melissa,” I said in a low voice. She looked up at me. “Be careful with him.” My gut was screaming a warning. “Don’t let your guard down with him.” She nodded and headed down the hall.

Stilinski took my arm. I looked at him and he nodded towards the way he’d come. I followed him. Rafe was watching us as we stepped several feet away. I pretended to brush a wisp of hair away from my face to hide my placing my anti-eavesdropping bubble around us.

“We won’t be overheard,” I said.

“Are you sure?”

“Even a werewolf down the block won’t hear us. I placed a bubble around us to keep from being overheard.”

“Nice. Look, I don’t like him being here in Beacon Hills. At all. Stiles said your kind protects.”

“Eamonnns are protectors, yes.” I glanced down the hall. “And he is really bad news. You’re right not to want him here. If he manages to escape from here, I have a really bad feeling that he’ll try again.”

“I’m afraid of that. I feel weird asking you this, but…”

“Protect Melissa from him.”

“Yeah. Stiles said you could use magic, if you have to would you use it against him?”

“Subtly in front of witnesses that don’t already know. I can’t go full Jedi on this guy in view of everyone.”

“I… I get that. Just keep an eye on him.”

I dropped the bubble before anyone started getting suspicious. “That’s what I do.” I gave him a reassuring smile and walked back towards the nurses’ station. Rafe was gone, thankfully. He was always giving me suspicious looks ever since the incident here the night Jennifer took Melissa to be one of her Guardian sacrifices. Stiles and I had stayed behind to talk to the cops and gave the “We were stuck in the elevator the whole time” story. Rafe didn’t seem to believe us, but he couldn’t prove we were lying.

Several minutes later, I heard screaming. “Their eyes were glowing! Their eyes were glowing!” He screamed and then cackled. “Their eyes were glowing!”

“Oh, God,” I whispered, before darting down the hall towards Barrow’s room. I turned the corner to see Melissa scrambling out of the room. “You okay?” I asked. “Did he touch you?”
She was visibly shaken. “I’m… I’m fine.” She was clutching my arm and darted her eyes towards a nearby empty room.

“No, you’re not,” I said, realizing that she wanted to talk to me privately. Rafe was running towards us. “McCall, back off. Give her room.” I led her away before he could even say anything. We went into the empty room and I shut the door, my back to it. “What happened?”

“I asked him why he did it. Why he killed those kids. He said he saw their eyes.”

“That’s why he started screaming that their eyes were glowing.”

Melissa nodded. “What if those kids he killed were werewolves?”

“If he gets out of here, he’s going to go after the pack.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of.”

I changed my eyes. “He’ll have to go through me to get to Scott and Isaac.”

Melissa nodded, satisfied with that. “Can you stop that? You kinda freak me out when you do that.” I chuckled and changed my eyes back. Melissa headed to the door. “By the way, you’re assisting on that surgery with me tomorrow.”

I spun around. “What?”

Melissa wasn’t kidding about the surgery. I was currently standing in full surgery gear next to the surgeon assisting with Barrow’s shrapnel removal. Assisting with surgery was one of my least favorite things, but Melissa seemed to feel better with me there. The EKG’s steady beeping meant Barrow was out. I dabbed blood away from the surgery site.

“Anyone else here think I should make a minor slip and let this bastard bleed out on the table?” I was glad for the surgical mask. It hid the small smile. Melissa wasn’t as amused as I was. In fact, her eyes had a look of fear in them, like Dr. Markham would really do something like that. I knew him better than that. He was always making jokes at inappropriate times. Like now. “That’s just a little surgical humor, Melissa. Relax.” I chuckled. “See? Trish has a sense of humor.”

“Trish is a smartass,” the anesthesiologist said.

“Thank you for noticing.”

Dr. Markham chuckled this time. “Clamp, please.” Melissa handed him the clamp. “Suction.” I used the suction tube to remove the blood and body fluid away from the site. “Let’s see what we have here.”

“What the hell is that?” I asked. What was in the incision did not look like scar tissue around shrapnel.

“Okay, that’s… That’s… that’s not shrapnel.” It looked like a huge tumor. “Uh, 10 blade.” Another nurse went to the surgery pack. “10 blade.” When the nurse didn’t promptly hand him the blade he turned to her. “10 blade, please.” He joined her at the pack. “What’s the problem? You’re
missing your 10 blade?” Suddenly the tumor started to move.

“Doctor…,” Melissa was beginning to freak out. “Doctor, I think you should see this.” It seemed to be growing. “I really think you should see this.”

“What the fu—” My curse was cut off when the tumor suddenly ruptured, sending out hundreds of flies from it. The flies swarmed around us and everyone immediately started swatting away the flies, including me. Everyone screamed as they did so. Barrow suddenly raised up off the table. “Oh, God.”

Dr. Markham froze as Barrow turned towards him. Barrow had the 10 blade in his hand as he pulled the anesthesia mask off his face, along with his hair net. I stepped between the surgeon and Barrow as Barrow stabbed downwards. I pushed Dr. Markham back, taking a step back along with him. The blade left a deep cut in my left forearm. Barrow then slid off the table, glaring at me. I knew I had to control my eye color or that blade would end up in my neck. He stabbed towards me again and I twisted to where it hit me in the shoulder and not the chest where he was aiming. He then picked me up as if I weighed nothing and tossed me aside. I hit the wall as nurses ran out, screaming.

“No!” He stabbed Dr. Markham and then went for Melissa. I slammed Barrow with my force field, he, in turn, slamming against the far wall. I darted towards Melissa as Barrow rose. Melissa was cradling Dr. Markham and putting pressure on his wound. Barrow stopped as I went into a protective stance in front of them. “Don’t test your luck, Barrow,” I said. He snarled at me and then took off. I turned back towards Melissa and Dr. Markham, grabbing surgery drapes and applying them to his neck.

“Can you do something?”

I shook my head. “I’m not a healer.” Stilinski and Rafe burst through the doors, guns drawn.

“He’s gone,” Melissa said, completely freaked out. “Barrow’s gone.”

“Stay with me, John,” I said. “You’re gonna be okay.” I looked towards the doors. “Get someone in here!” I called. I saw Jordan behind Stilinski briefly before he darted away. A few minutes later, a couple doctors and a few nurses rushed in with a gurney.

“It’ll heal in a few days,” I said as Melissa bandaged my arm.

“You don’t have superhuman healing?”

“Not like the wolves.”

“Don’t let them see this.”

“I’m more worried about Anna’s reaction.” Melissa chuckled and we went to the doorway, where Melissa called Stilinski over.

“Hey. You two okay?”

“Mostly in one piece,” I muttered. Stilinski touched my bandage. “It’ll be good as new in a few days. Always is.”
Stilinski nodded.

Melissa motioned to the dead flies that were lying around. Once Barrow had made his escape, they literally dropped dead. “All these dead flies everywhere?” she said. “They came out of Barrow. Out of his tumor.”

“Is that even possible?”

“It’s Beacon Hills, Sheriff. I’m really starting to believe anything is possible around here.” Stilinski made a “Good point” facial expression, complete with the slight shrug.

“Maggots can come from the body. It’s called myiasis. But from the stomach? It’s not likely. And there’s something else. Last night, he told me why he killed those teenagers.”


“We knew a few kids that fit that description.”

“Listen up, everyone,” Rafe suddenly said. “The stolen ambulance has been spotted. Corner of Truman and Spalding.”

“That’s three blocks from the school,” Stilinski said. I could hear rising panic in his voice. I looked at Melissa. It was just like I’d feared. I really hoped that Barrow didn’t know who the kids with glowing eyes were. “Let’s go! Go!”

“Trish, do you think he knows…,” Melissa trailed off.

I shook my head. “I… I don’t think so. I mean, he’s been in Eichen House. He can’t possibly know. He won’t be able to as long as they don’t flash their eyes.”

“You didn’t flash your eyes, did you? When you through him against the wall?”

“No, I’ve learned to keep them from changing when I don’t want them to. Although, I’m really hoping no one else saw that.”

An FBI agent walked up to us. “I know this is probably the worst timing, but I really need to ask you what happened in there.”

Melissa grabbed me by the wrist and pulled me down the hall.

“Whoa! Where are we going? And what’s in the bag?”

“The gown Barrow was wearing before his surgery. Scott called me. Lydia is positive that he’s at the school, but Rafe and Stilinski couldn’t find him. Scott wants to see if they can sniff him out.”

“They? Who’s they?”

“Scott, Isaac and the Twins.”

“Are you serious? He’s gonna trust the Twins?”

“I don’t even know what that’s supposed to mean.”
“Why do you need me?”

“Because I’m not going to that school alone.” We went out the nurses’ entrance and headed towards my Renegade. Melissa’s car was on its last leg and mine was slightly faster. “They have the school on lockdown, so I really don’t know how we’re going to get this to Scott.”

“That’s why you brought me.” I could get us in. I pulled around back and saw that no one was in the halls. “Good. Class is in session. That’ll make this easier.” I led the way to a little-used entrance and one that I had used on several occasions to break into the school when I was a teenager. I tried the door and found it locked, so I pressed my hand against the lock. I drew on my magic and a moment later, the door unlocked. I pulled it open.

“Did you learn that at Hogwarts?”

“No, I think the owl carrying that letter got lost somewhere.”

Melissa chuckled and we went inside. We peeked around a corner just as Scott appeared. He saw us and motioned for us to come on. We looked around as we approached him.

“You got it?”

Melissa held up the bag and Scott took it. “Promise me you’ll be careful,” she said. “I looked right into this guy’s eyes and it was terrifying.”

“Yeah. Okay, Mom. I promise.”

I put a hand on Scott’s arm. “We’re serious, Scott. This guy threw me across the room like I was a ragdoll. I can’t protect you while you’re in the school. Especially since I’m not supposed to be here right now.” Scott noticed the bandage on my forearm and touched it. “It’s healing. Keep that promise.”

Scott nodded. “I will.” Scott kissed Melissa’s forehead before he turned and ran down the hall.

“What do we do?” Melissa asked.

“We go back to work,” I answered. “And pray.”

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It had been a long shift. And I was ready to go home. I had figured things wouldn’t go back to normal with Derek in South America, since I seemed to be the pack Eamonn. Anna had called to update me on the search for Barrow. The wolves had found nothing at the school and she, Stiles, and Lydia had come to the conclusion that Barrow would use the school’s boilers to make a bomb. Thus, Stiles pulled the fire alarm and now had detention all week. I was surprised that Anna and Lydia didn’t as well. I swear she was just like me. I smiled to myself, remembering Josh and I pulling the fire alarm on Mischief Day. At two different times on the same day. Laura had thought that was hilarious. I didn’t get caught. Josh did, the reason she couldn’t stop laughing. She and Derek wouldn’t let him live that down for weeks.

I’d stopped by the store to pick up Halloween candy for tomorrow and some groceries. I was just going to have to find the bowl that was shaped like a witch’s cauldron to put it in. The irony was
I was pretty sure Anna would find it just as amusing. I pulled into the garage and went inside. I flipped the light on and set the bags on the table. As I put up the groceries, the lights flickered a couple times before they went out.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” I muttered. I flipped the switch several times. My first thought was whether or not I paid my electric bill. My second being that I needed to check the breaker. I let a flame grow out of the palm of my hand to light my way and headed into the laundry room. None of the breakers had been thrown, so my next task was to look and see if anyone else had electricity. The whole street was dark. My phone rang and I saw it was Anna. “Hey.”

Sissy, can you meet me at the sheriff’s station?

“Why?”

You won’t believe what just happened, but the short story is we just saved Kira from Barrow. And I think she caused a city wide black out.
Trish has an admirer and some strange visitors. The teens go to a blacklight party.

Sure enough The Three Amigos, Lydia and, I’m assuming, Kira were sitting in Stilinski’s office talking to the sheriff and Agent McCall. Have I mentioned that I don’t like Scott’s dad? Not just because he left and hasn’t been a part of his life for about eight years or the fact that he’s trying to get Stilinski impeached. It’s because he’s an asshole. Plain and simple.

“Your sister is one brave girl,” a voice behind me said. I turned to see Deputy Parrish.

“Brave or crazy. She kinda takes after me on that.”

Parrish chuckled. “You kinda have to be a little crazy to be that brave.” I only raised a brow at him. “Kira, the Oriental girl in there, was kidnapped by Barrow. Your sister and her friends saved her. Barrow caused the blackout when he tried to electrocute Kira. Fried himself instead.”

“Good riddance,” I commented and Parrish chuckled.

“One less dangerous killer out there. That girl in there is lucky that your sister and her friends were at the right place at the right time.”

“Her name’s Anna.”

“Hmm?”

“My sister. Her name’s Anna.”

“Beautiful name.”

I smiled. “Nice to see you again.”

“Likewise.” Parrish went on about his business. A minute later the door opened and Rafe handed an evidence bag with a bright yellow phone in it to another deputy as the kids came out of the room.

“Kira, a deputy is going to take you home,” he said. She watched the deputy take the phone into another room. “But we’ll need you to fill out some paperwork first.” Kira nodded and followed another deputy.


“I figured as much.”

“I should have known that it was a matter of time before I had to question your sister on something.”

“Whatever your beef is with me, you can leave Anna out of it.”
“I don’t have a beef with you. Just your seemingly disregard to the due process of law.”

“Is that how you know our father?” Rafe just gave me a look. “I’m taking my sister home. Or do I have to give you a reason for that?”

Scott must have heard my heartrate increase due to the anger and stepped between us. ‘Trish, calm down.”

“I don’t know why you guys keep lying. Or even why Stilinski is content to listen to this crap with Barrow and Kira.” I rolled my eyes. “But all three of you try and remember something. If half this story about Barrow is true, then not only did someone help set him loose but he was a pawn in their little game. A mass murderer is bad enough. A mass murderer being controlled by someone? Far worse.”

*You have no idea what is far worse.* I thought.

“Yeah, we get it,” Scott said.

Rafe looked between the three of us. “Go home. It’s a school night. I wouldn’t want you two to miss school because of this fiasco.”

“Glad you care about their education,” I said drily before I turned.

“Trish,” Rafe called after me as I walked away. “Could you stay behind a minute?” Anna had a look like she was afraid that I was about to get arrested.

I handed her my keys. “Go wait in the car.” She and Scott left and I turned back to the FBI Agent and held my hands out. “What the hell do you want now? Accuse me of lying again just like you’re accusing Anna of doing?”

“I’m not your enemy Trish, no matter how much you think I am. I’m here to take care of all the unsolved cases here.”

“Good luck with that.” I again turned away.

“I grew up with your dad, Trish.” I paused. “You’re exactly like him. Protective of your family, smart mouth that will get you in trouble and a knack for getting into fights.”

I spun back around and held up my bandaged arm. “I was defending myself.”

“You were defending the surgeon first. One of the other nurses saw the look in your eye before he stabbed you. Saw you step in between the two.”

“Selflessness is a surprise to you?”

“I just don’t understand your hostility with me.”

I snorted. “I should be asking you the same thing.” I then turned and walked away. I was through with talking to Rafe. I didn’t have to explain anything to him.

I got into the Renagade and Anna looked relieved.

“I thought he was going to arrest you.”
“He doesn’t have a reason to.” I started the car. “As for you, young lady, you’re going to tell me what really happened, starting with what the hell were you doing going after Barrow?”

“You know how I told you that Lydia was so sure that Barrow was at school?”

“Yeah.”

“Lydia was so sure he was there because she kept hearing flies. It got louder after the police left. Me and Lydia were at Stiles’ house talking about it and then we decided to go back to the school to look for evidence that Barrow had been there.”

I sighed. “So you broke into the school again.”

“Nobody will work there at night after all the crap that’s happened there. Anyway, we found bloody staples in the chemical closet in the chemistry room and Lydia realized that the wolves wouldn’t have caught their scent.”

“He used chemicals to mask his scent.”

“Yes. And there was something else. There were numbers written on the board. They turned out to be atomic numbers for Potassium, Iodine and Radium. Trish, they were code.”

“Naming Kira as the target.”

“You know atomic numbers?”

“Somewhat.”

“We knew Scott was at Kira’s so Stiles used the Find My Phone app to figure out where Kira lived. By the time we got there, Barrow had knocked Scott out and took Kira. Lydia ended up screaming and then realized that it hadn’t been flies she was hearing. It was electricity. We then figured out that Barrow would take her to the substation.”

“How did you know which substation?”

“Stiles found out which substation Barrow worked at before he became the Shrapnel Bomber. Kira’s one of us.”

“What do you mean, one of us?”

“The whole reason Barrow didn’t succeed in killing Kira is because she’s immune to electricity.”

I was stopped at a stop sign and I just turned at looked at my sister. “Come again?”

“She drew the sparks in on herself. The electricity just went into her hands. That’s what caused the blackout. Kira’s some sort of electrical supernatural.”

I turned my attention back to the road. “Holy crap,” I whispered.

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I set the generator up while Anna was at school. Despite there being no power, the school district
had decided not to cancel classes. Dad had always insisted on having a generator for moments like this. One of the few things of his I’m glad Mom didn’t put into storage. She kept it in the garage. It was heavy but it would work just fine. All I needed was gas to run it. So I loaded up the gas cans and headed down to the gas station. Luckily it was open, running on a generator of its own. As I filled up the first can, a car pulled into the stall next to me. I looked up as the driver got out and then gave a little laugh.

“Are you stalking me?”

“What? I can’t get gas?” Parrish asked.

“I’m just finding it a bit odd that you show up at the same gas station as me.”

“It’s on my way home.”

“Sure it is.”

He stuck the nozzle into the gas tank and started pumping as I switched my nozzle to the second gas can. “That’s a lot of gas.”

“Gas powered genny.”

“You’re lucky then. I don’t have one. And every store I’ve looked at doesn’t have any left.”

“My dad insisted on having one. This is actually the first time I’ve had to use it. I’m hoping it actually works.”

Parrish chuckled. “I guess he never showed you how?” He finished pumping and replaced the nozzle.

“He’s not in my life.”

“I’m sorry.”

“I’m not.”

“Ouch.” Parrish came around the pump as I replaced the nozzle and lifted the first gas can and put it in the cargo area of the Renegade. “What’s this?”

I looked and saw he had his hand on my bow case. “That would be a recurve bow.” I started carrying it in the car, along with a few changes of clothes.

“You’re an archer?”

“I used to be. I quit when I started nursing school. I recently took it back up. Just as a hobby.”

“Nice.” He picked up the second can before closing the back door.

“Thanks for picking those up for me.”

“No problem.” He gave me a smile, those green eyes dancing. He pulled a card out of his chest pocket. “If you need any help with the generator, feel free to call me.”

“I’ll keep that offer in mind.”

“See ya around.”
I looked down at the card. “Is this your subtle way of giving me your number?”

“It worked, didn’t it?”

I laughed. “Obviously.” I headed towards the driver’s side of my car. “I’ll see you in the next place you decide to stalk me at.” I heard Parrish laugh as I closed the door.

~~~

Anna was going to be hanging out with her friends tonight, so I got the candy ready and decided to do some research on supes and electricity. I had plenty of gas for the genny and a long night by myself again. I had went to change the bandages and saw that the wounds had complete healed. I wondered if my own self-healing ability had gotten quicker because I had stopped fighting what I am. It wasn’t long before the first of the trick-or-treaters came by. I love Halloween and I love seeing all the costumes the kids wear every year. I threw a handful of candy into each bag and the kids went merrily on their way. I thought back on the times I took Anna trick-or-treating before she decided she was too old for it. Then I had a moment of sadness remembering the Halloween parties Laura would throw. A couple of them, Peter included, would actually run around the house fully transformed. No one would know the difference between a costume and the real thing. My phone rang as I was going through entries in the bestiary.

“Hi, Anna.”

*Hey, I’m going to a blacklight party with Scott, Kira and Stiles. I don’t know when I’ll be home.*

“Where’s this party at?”

*Uh… I’ll tell you if you promise not to tell a certain werewolf with anger issues.*

“Seriously? The party is at Derek’s loft? You do know he’ll kill whoever is throwing that party, right?”

*I don’t think he’d mind killing the Twins.*

“Holy Hell.”

*Besides, the Hales are still out of town.*

“No drinking. And be careful.”

*I will, Mom.*

I laughed. “Have fun, Anna.”

*I love you. Bye.*

I figured Anna would be safe enough with Scott. And from what I understood, the Twins were trying to get on Scott’s good side so he’d let them into his pack. Several minutes later, the power went out.

“Is that thing out of gas already?” I asked aloud, getting up from the kitchen table and heading towards the door leading to the garage.
I suddenly heard chattering and stopped, listening. I heard it again from behind me and I spun around. A shadowy shape was now standing in front of me. I took a step back, grasping my magic when a second one appeared out of thin air. I saw movement out of the corner of my eye and saw a third one. I looked around me and counted five of these shadowy figures. All of them had a grotesque mask on. One came towards me and I shoved a hand out. It sailed across the room, hitting the front door. That seemed to have been a bad idea because the other four came at me. I ducked and dodged, throwing out force shields and knocking them back. Until one got close enough to grab me. It pulled me close, placing a hand on the side of my face. Its eyes suddenly glowed a greenish yellow. The only thing I can compare it to is the glow of a firefly. I felt mesmerized by it and no matter how hard I tried to look away, I just couldn’t. The moment the glow stopped, I felt extremely light headed and was dimly aware of a burning sensation behind my left ear as I collapsed and completely passed out.

ANNA

Stiles and I were waiting for Scott and Kira outside the sheriff’s station. There were some dirty pictures on Kira’s phone that she didn’t want anyone to see, so Stiles had cloned key cards so they could sneak in and delete the pictures. Stiles had run into the station to distract Scott’s dad. A few minutes after Stiles came back out, Scott and Kira came running back out. They were smiling.

“We did it,” Scott said, grinning. “All the pics deleted.”

“That was awesome!” Kira said, also grinning. I laughed. Yep, she was going to fit in with us perfectly. “I mean terrifying. Completely terrifying. But kind of awesome.” This time Scott laughed. “I’ve never done anything like that before. Have you?” Scott, Stiles, and I looked at each other and I giggled.

“Yeah, once or twice,” Stiles said.

“Hmm.”

I laughed. “Yeah, we’ll go with that.”

“So I guess I guess I should get you home.” Scott and Kira walked over to Scott’s bike. Stiles and I looked at one another. “I guess I should do the same for you.” I nodded.

“Hey, you don’t want to go to a party, do you?” Scott suddenly asked. Kira smiled.

“Somebody is throwing a party?” I asked.

“Yeah, Danny’s throwing a blacklight party,” Stiles said. “In Derek’s loft.”

“Seriously?”

“You wanna go?”

“Don’t have anything better to do.”

“Awesome.” As we headed over to the party, I called Trish to let her know where I was going.
“Derek is so gonna kill us if he finds out about this.” The party was in full swing when we got there.

“That’s why we don’t tell him.” The music was loud as we walked in and Stiles had to start yelling to be heard. “By the way, I have a mystery key.”

“A mystery key?”

“Yeah, it just showed up on my key ring this morning. I asked my dad if he put it there but he said he didn’t know anything about it.”

“But it’s just a key right?” Scott asked.

“It’s apparently a magic key,” I quipped.

“Ha! Very funny. It’s not my magic key. I really don’t know how it got there or what it’s for.”

“You want to leave until we figure it out?”

“Uh…”

A girl with pink and orange hair and orange paint on her lips suddenly walked up and planted a kiss on Stiles’ cheek. “Happy Halloween!” she said before dancing back through the crowd. I couldn’t help but laugh.

“It can wait,” Stiles started to follow her. “It can wait.” Scott, Kira and I started laughing. I headed into the crowd as Scott took Kira’s hand. I still thought Scott and Allison were perfect together, but he and Kira were cute. Speaking of Allison, I bumped right into her.

“Hey, Anna! I didn’t expect you to be here.”

“I keep expecting Derek to walk in here any minute.”

Allison laughed. “Isn’t he and Peter still in South America?”

“According to Peter, they are. Visiting family that Cora was living with after the fire.”

“Ah.” Allison’s attention went to someone and I looked to see that she’s seen Scott. Scott gave her a smile like he would me and I knew then that Scott had moved on. I was pretty sure he’d always love Allison, just like Trish would always love Josh, but he knew they would always be friends. It made me think of Trish and how she still hadn’t moved on from Josh’s death. With Cora’s reappearance, a small part of her still held on to the hope that he was still alive. I wanted Trish to be happy, not hold onto a ghost. Allison slipped through the crowd and I saw her reappear by the door, next to Isaac. I looked around trying to find my friends. Stiles was dancing with the girl that had kissed him. A shirtless Aiden was talking to Lydia. Scott was just standing in the middle of the room, Kira several feet away looking awkward. Scott moved towards her and a few minutes later the two headed towards the spiral staircase. Allison and Isaac had moved to the paint booth and Isaac was currently painting Allison’s shoulder and back. She then turned around and painted his face. Isaac actually looked happy. Lydia was off by herself looking bored. Aiden was dancing between two girls and I rolled my eyes. I went back into the crowd, deciding to just have a good time.
I’m not sure how long we’d been at the party. I grabbed a bottle of water and headed off to the side closest to the stairs. I turned just as the door opened and I froze.

“Oh, we are so dead,” Derek left the door open and pushed his way through the crowd. “So, so dead.”

Derek made a beeline to the DJ and was stopped by a big guy. I couldn’t hear what was being said, but Derek only gave him a look and tried to approach again. The man stopped him again and Derek grabbed him by the throat and tossed him aside. Yep, he was pissed and we were so dead. Derek then threw the table over, stopping the music and everyone turned towards them.

“Get! Out!”

Everyone paused.

“Damn, dude!” someone cried and everyone started to run out. Derek looked over his shoulder at the DJ. The DJ bolted, no doubt Derek giving him one of his famous “I will kill you slowly and painfully if you don’t leave right now” looks.

Everyone except five guys wearing black and masks. Danny and Aiden were holding up Lydia. I glanced over my shoulder as Scott and Kira came down the stairs. Danny took Lydia and left. I didn’t see Stiles anywhere. Allison and Isaac came out of another room with Ethan between them. The guys were creeping me out with the way they were just standing there. They all then moved in unison and faced Aiden, shadows seeming to move with them.

“Guys,” Aiden said. “They’re all looking at me.” They all took a step towards Aiden. “Why are they all looking at me?” I stepped forward and next to Kira. They took another step towards Aiden. Then another step. “Guys?”

Scott and Derek then darted forward, both snarling. I pulled Kira back to keep her out of the way as the two werewolves fought to protect Aiden from these weirdos. Kira looked completely freaked out now. I guess Scott didn’t tell her that he was an Alpha werewolf. The guys were quick and reminded me of ninjas. The wolves weren’t touching them. Until Derek managed to jump on one with a roar and snap its neck. It was almost looking backwards. A second later, its head was back to normal and Derek’s look conveyed both the “WTF” and “oh, shit” at the same time. Before it threw Derek into one of the pillars hard enough to send him to the floor.

“Derek!”

Derek didn’t get right back up. Scott slashed at one and it hit Scott in the chest. The Alpha flew backwards as if he’d been hit by Trish’s famous force spell thingy and he hit a pipe. The two wolves were down for the count. The demon ninjas then turned back towards Aiden. Isaac then went up behind one, flicking out his claws and growling. It turned around and faced him, pulling a katana out of his chest and doing several flourishes with it. Isaac saw he was outmatched and backed off several steps.

“Somebody do something!” Allison cried.

“Somebody did and they got their asses kicked,” I said. Two of the ninjas grabbed Aiden’s arms and a third grabbed him by the head. There was a glow and a moment later, Aiden fell. Scott had moved between us and the demon ninjas. They now were approaching the three of us. “Ah, shit.”

Scott started growling. He looked back at us, eyes glowing bright red. Kira’s eyes widened. Scott
turned back to the demon ninjas and growled. The sun came up and the lead one looked out the window before all five of them literally disappeared. Ethan and I went to go check on Aiden. He was shivering. Derek stumbled to his feet.

“What the hell were those things?” Scott asked.

“Demon ninjas isn’t a bad guess,” I quipped. Derek shook his head.

Isaac looked at Allison. “Your dad’s 24 hours are up,” he said.

“What is that supposed to mean?” I asked.

“They attacked Isaac last night when the power went out,” Allison explained. “They left some sort of mark behind the ear. Ethan has it too.” Derek reached up and touched behind his left ear and I looked behind Aiden’s.

“Does it look like a backwards five?” I asked.

“Yeah.”

“Aiden has the same mark.” I stood and went over to Derek, turning his head so I could see, surprised that he didn’t protest. “So does Derek.” I heard something snap and then a roar. “What the hell, Isaac?”

“It’ll trigger the healing.”

“What are they doing? Marking every werewolf in Beacon Hills.”

“They attacked Lydia, too,” Aiden breathed. “Danny and I found her outside. She was freezing and she said they came out of the shadows.”

“Oh, God,” I immediately pulled out my phone and called Trish. It rang several times before going to voicemail. I dialed a few more times. “Trish isn’t answering her phone.”
Demon Ninjas

Chapter Summary

Trish and Derek keep an eye on the teens. The pack fights to protect Scott, Kira, and Anna from the demon ninjas

TRISH

I found myself in the middle of the living room floor, completely disoriented. At least, I think it was the living room floor, even though it felt like I was in Alaska.

“Trish!” Someone that sounded a lot like Anna called. She sounded like she was a hundred miles away.

“Is she okay?” Someone that sounded a hell of a lot like Derek asked. Something touched my arm. “She’s freezing.” Something picked me up and started rubbing my arm.

“You’re not going to break her arm are you?”

“No, she’s pretty good at bullshitting, but I really don’t think she’ll be able to explain how she broke her arm and why it healed within a week.”

My disorientation was becoming more orientated and I realized I wasn’t imagining hearing Derek. I pushed against his chest. “This is getting a little awkward.” Derek released me and chuckled.

“You’re okay!” Anna wrapped her arms around my neck.

“Define okay,” I said when she broke away and I reached up and rubbed behind my left ear.

“They mark her too?” Derek asked as Anna pulled my hand away and looked behind my ear.

“What are you doing? Who marked me?”

“She has it too.”

“I just had five demon ninjas attack me. I would like to know what the hell you two are talking about. Really not in the mood for twenty questions.”

“These demon ninja things showed up at the blacklight party and attacked Ethan and Lydia.”

“And me outside the building,” Derek added. “Apparently someone thought I was still out of town.” He looked at Anna.

“What? It wasn’t my party. I just went to it.”

“How long have you been back?”

Derek avoided the question. “They attacked Aiden after I crashed the party.”
“They also kicked Derek and Scott’s asses.”

Derek gave Anna a look. “I think they were going to attack Scott, Kira, and Anna next.”

“What?!”

“They were looking at us when the sun came up,” Anna explained. Her phone rang and she put it on speakerphone.

_Is Trish okay?_ Allison’s voice came over.

“Yeah, just a little pissed off.”

_My dad had dealings with these ninja things before. He was doing a Yakuza gun deal when they showed up. Said their eyes were glowing like they were looking into someone’s soul. Derek and I looked at one another. He said they materialized out of the shadows._

“Just like these things did,” I said. “They made my generator fail so they could use the shadows to attack me.”

“And they came out of nowhere when they attacked me as well,” Derek added. “They don’t have a scent to them. The only way I knew they were there was they made some sort of chattering noise.”

“Same with me.”

_Dad said they were after the Kumicho. Cut down every one of his bodyguards to do so._

“Why?” I asked.

_He was some sort of creature. Dad doesn’t know what he was. And the only detail he remembered was razor-sharp teeth._

“That really narrows it down,” I said drily.

Allison chuckled. _He thinks a man named Katashi might know. He was going to take on these ninjas himself and Dad shot one of them with a silver bullet._

“You’re kidding right?” Derek said. “He actually had a silver bullet?”

_It’s a rite of passage thing. He doesn’t use them on a regular basis._

“I would expect not. Silver isn’t exactly accurate.” Derek gave me an odd look. “What?”

“Did he kill it?” Anna asked.

_No, he just shattered its mask. Dad, Isaac, and I are going to track down Katashi. I have a feeling they’re going to try again tonight. If we can find out what they are, maybe we can find out why they’re targeting the pack._ Allison hung up.

“What do we do until then?” Anna asked.

“You’re going to school.”

“Awww.”
“Did I just hear you right?” I asked. Derek was still at my house and had checked the genny to see what the ninjas did to it while I picked up the mess I’d made in the living room fighting them off. “You want to stalk Scott?”

“And Kira and your sister. They looked right at them, Trish. One or all of them could be next.”

“But why Kira?” Derek didn’t answer again. “Are we back to this? What do you know?”

“Kira is one of us. She’s a supernatural creature as well.” He then gave me a curious look. “You’re not questioning them targeting Anna?” Oops.

“Because Anna has some abilities. We just haven’t figured out what she is yet. But I really don’t think it’s Eamonn. Her abilities would have manifested before now.” Derek motioned towards the door and I sighed. Why the hell not? Stalking sounded like a fun thing to do today and I really didn’t have anything better to do than follow three teenagers around Beacon Hills.

~

We watched the school all day.

“I really don’t think they’re going to show up at the school in the middle of the day,” I said.

“We still don’t know what they are.”

“I’m afraid my bestiary doesn’t have anything titled Demon Ninja.” I saw a smirk of a smile on Derek’s face. “I haven’t seen one of those on you for a while.”

“I think I’m finally beginning to accept my place in Beacon Hills. I wasn’t cut out to be an Alpha. Giving that up for Cora was the best decision of my life.”

“It matured you,” I observed.

He nodded. “I realized what was important. I had already lost my pack.”

“Derek.”

“Isaac was right, you know. I was doing nothing. I wouldn’t even listen to you. Maybe almost losing Cora again was what I needed to learn what was really important. It wasn’t the power, it was family.” He looked at me. “I’m sorry for pulling you back into this world. I know all you ever wanted to be was normal.”

“Don’t be. With power like this, you can’t be normal. I probably would have been sucked back into this world eventually. I’ve stopped denying it. Jennifer did teach me one thing, Derek. And that was I can’t protect those I love if I can’t embrace what I am.” Derek nodded. “Why did you decide to come back?”

“Beacon Hills is home. Being away made me realize how much I missed you and Anna. And Scott and Stiles. You’ve always been like family to me. And Scott still needs a mentor.”
“You got his texts.”

“You got his texts.”

“Yeah. I was a little tied up at that point.”

I sighed, knowing exactly what that meant. “I’ll bite.”

“I heard about a ritual involving an Alpha’s claws. I heard that you could talk to one that had passed away if you had their claws.”

“That’s kinda morbid.”

“I found Mom’s claws. Peter got a little too enthusiastic and we ended up getting caught. By the Calaveras.”

“Holy Hell, Derek! The Calaveras?! They’re like the Mafia of Hunters.”

“The Mafia of Hunters? Actually, I can’t disagree with that. Remember that girl that saved Isaac and we all assumed she was dead?”

“Braeden? Yeah.”

“You even remember her name. Impressive.”

“What about her?”

“Well, she saved mine and Peter’s asses this time. Deucalion must have heard that we were with the Calaveras and hired her to get me out.”

“Deucalion? And just you?”

“She didn’t leave Peter. Don’t worry. But she helped us get my mother’s claws. Peter was the only one able to do the ritual. He did it in exchange for her claws.”

“Anna still thinks he’s in South America, unless he’s shown up in her bedroom within the last few weeks. Which I doubt, she would have been on cloud nine if he had.”

Derek chuckled. “And you’re okay with that?”

“He’s different when he’s around her and she’s happier. I haven’t seen her this happy since before Mom died.”

“She deserves it.”

“So does Peter. With all that he’s done, from his killing spree to using you and Lydia to resurrect himself, Anna sees through that. And I sometimes see the uncle he used to be slip through. I’ll admit I am still angry at him killing Laura, but,” I nodded my head towards Scott and the Twins as they came out of the school. “If Scott’s willing to give the Twins a second chance, why can’t we do the same for Peter?”

Derek started the car as Scott backed his bike up and pulled away as the Twins tried to start theirs. Scott pulled up next to Kira and she got onto the back of the bike, dropping something onto the pavement. Derek chuckled. “He’s conniving, that’s for sure.”

“And that surprises you after the stunt he pulled with Gerard.”

“It shouldn’t.” Anna’s Rio followed them. “At least they’re sticking together.” Derek pulled out
and followed them.

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All three headed to Scott’s house. I saw the curtains move around downstairs.

“What’s he doing, locking all the windows?” Derek asked.

“I don’t think that’s gonna help,” I agreed.

Derek shook his head. He closed his eyes. I knew that look. He was listening in. “They’re worried. Kira thinks they are after her. She’s explaining kitsunes to him.”

“Wait. She’s a kitsune? So what she did at the power station was her using foxfire.”

“Pretty much.” A black SUV pulled up a few minutes later.

“Uh, Derek. We might have a slight problem.” Agent McCall stepped out of the vehicle and headed into the house. “Actually big problem.” I reached for the door and Derek grabbed my wrist.

“Derek! We have to get him out of there before the sun sets!” Melissa pulled up a few minutes later. “We’re too late.” The sun set just as I said that.

Derek’s eyes flew open as he released my wrist. “Now!” He flew open the door and I did the same as I heard a scream. We ran towards the house and I pushed open the door, stepping aside as Derek in full werewolf form jumped in, growling, bracing himself against the wall.

I stepped inside, my eyes purple. “Who’s ready for round two?” Derek and one of the demon ninja rushed at each other. Scott transformed and went after another one. It swung its sword at him and he jumped back. I pushed my hand forward and it went sailing across the room. Anna and Kira were trying to stay out of the way.

“Mom! The ash!” Melissa was in the hallway with, I was assuming, Rafe on the floor. I heard a gasp and hit the ninja next to the girls with a force blast. It went flying just as a window shattered. The Twins snarled and one went after them. Another one went after me and I dodged, grabbing a knife out of the knife block. A force blast sent it across the room, another right on top of me within seconds.

“Trish!” Anna screamed. I blocked its sword with the knife before kicking it off. The force sent me backward over the kitchen island and I landed on my feet on the other side.

“Get them outside!” I cried, sending the closest one out the broken window. The Twins sent the second one out the side door, while Scott sent the third one through another window and I was hoping that Melissa had good insurance for all the damage we were doing to her house.

“Mom, now! Do it now!” Derek was pushing the ninja he was fighting towards the front door. I sent such a force blast at the ninja that it went flying several yards and landed in the street. I pushed Derek into the wall away from the door as Melissa slammed a jar down in the doorway. The Mountain Ash instantly formed a perfect line. A demon ninja stepped up to it and just stood there. Derek shifted back and we took a step out of the hall to look for Scott.

“I need that for my house,” I said. Melissa disappeared back into the hall. Scott joined us.
“All the baseboards are ash wood?” Derek asked.

“Yeah, Deaton’s idea. And where the hell did you two come from?”

“Outside, obviously.” Scott gave me a look.

“We’ve been following you,” Derek said, matter-of-factly.

“For how long?”

“All day.” He turned and headed into the living room. Scott looked at me.

“Yes, I agreed to it.” I turned to follow him.

“Scott! This isn’t good!” Scott and I went into the hallway.

“Oh, shit!” The left side of Rafe’s shirt was covered in blood and Melissa was holding pressure to his shoulder. Melissa decided that she could better look at the wound if he was on a bed, so we carried him upstairs to Scott’s room.

“Do you have your med kit with you?” Anna asked.

I shook my head. “Even if I did, I couldn’t get to it without those things attacking me.”

“Need to call for backup,” Rafe gasped. We sent Scott and Anna to gather towels to stop the bleeding.

“Do you know any healing spells in that arsenal of yours?”

I shook my head. “I don’t have that talent and I don’t have my herbs with me either. The one time I need them, I don’t have them.”

“How bad is it?” Scott asked, handing Melissa a towel.

“From the way his arm is rotated, the tendon looks torn. He could be on his way to a collapsed lung.”

“Mom, those things, they’re not going to leave until the sun’s up.”

“He’s not going to last that long,” I said.

“He needs a hospital.”

“Should we call Stiles’ dad?”

“No,” I immediately said.

“I’m guessing that will only get him hurt with as fast as Trish answered.”

“I don’t think guns work on them.”

“Then what does?” They both looked at me.

“I can’t throw them around all night. I do have limits.”

“Trish,” I looked up at Melissa. “I’ve got this. The others need you more. You’re an Eamonn right? That means you’re a protector, right?”
“Yeah.”

“You can protect them better downstairs. We’ve done all we can to Rafe. I can keep pressure on this. That’s all we can do right now.”

“Are you sure?”

“They’re not after me. I hope. But if they somehow get in again, they’re going to need you.”

I nodded, stopping by Scott’s bathroom to wash Rafe’s blood off my hands before heading back downstairs. Scott was pulling Kira down the hall and I walked into the living room.

“I wasn’t going to hurt her,” I heard Aiden say. Derek was standing in the archway between the kitchen and the living room, his back to them and looking a bit perturbed.

“Not yet.”

I leaned against a chair.

“Why do you think we’re here, Derek? For a study group?” Aiden scoffed. “We’re here to protect Scott.”

This time I scoffed.

“We’re trying to fight for him,” Ethan added.

“I’m sure you are,” Derek’s tone said he didn’t believe them. “I’m sure you’d kill for him.” He turned back towards them. “But are you willing to die for him?”

I looked over at the Twins, who looked at each other but didn’t answer. “Because we are,” I said. “You need to decide if that’s a sacrifice you’ll be willing to make.”

Suddenly the house started to shake and I looked past the Twins to see the ninja there was hitting its sword against the barrier. I motioned for them to come towards me. “Ethan, Aiden, get away from the door.” They turned and saw what I was seeing and backed away. Derek and I backed all the way into the living room. I felt something on my arm and looked over to see Anna, clutching it.

“What are they doing?” Scott asked.

“Trying to break through,” I answered. All five of them were outside, hitting the barrier with their swords. Dishes were breaking in the kitchen from them falling off the counter.

“Guys?” Aiden suddenly said, his attention on the picture window. One of the ninjas was trying to shove its sword through the barrier and another was pushing with his hand.

“Oh, that looks familiar.”

“We have a problem.”

“Trish,” Anna whined, squeezing my arm tighter.

“Please tell me you have something,” Derek said.

“I might but I don’t know how well it’ll work.” I jumped when Scott’s phone rang.
“Allison, please tell me you have something,” he answered. “They’re here. They’re trying to get in. And it looks like they’re gonna be able to do it. A nogitsune.” I looked back at Scott. “Just… Tell me what else.” Scott looked slightly terrified.

“I’m right, aren’t I?” Kira asked as he lowered the phone. “They’re looking for me.”

“They’re looking for a dark spirit. And I know it’s not you.”

“Scott, we’re going to have to do something,” Derek called. At that moment the demon ninjas broke through the barrier.

“Anna, get behind me.” My eyes changed and I prepared to make my own barrier.

“Don’t do anything,” Scott suddenly said.

I looked over my shoulder. “Come again?”

“Is he serious?” Aiden asked.

“I really hope not.”

“I said don’t do anything. I mean it, Trish.” I slowly backed out of my stance, hoping Scott knew what he was doing. He turned and reached his hands out to Kira and Anna.

“What are you doing?”

“Trust me.” Anna took his hand without hesitation. She trusted Scott with every fiber of her being as much as she trusted Peter. Kira hesitated a moment before she took his other hand.

“Scott.”

They took several steps forward and past the rest of us. The ninjas took a step forward and three of them placed their right hand behind their heads. I took a step forward, only to be stopped by Derek’s vise-like grip around my middle. The teens were forced to their knees and I could only look on horrified. The demons’ eyes glowed and, like me, the teens could not look away. It felt like an eternity before they let them go and all three collapsed. The demons disappeared and Derek let me go.

I made a beeline for Anna. “Anna!” I pulled her into my arms.

“You’re gonna be okay,” Ethan said to Kira, picking her up and looking behind her ear. “She has the same mark.” I looked behind Anna’s. The backward five was there as well.

“Scott has it too,” Derek announced. I pulled Anna into a hug, relieved that she was going to be okay. I felt a hand on my shoulder and looked up to see Derek. “She’ll be okay.” Scott was sitting up.

“What did Allison tell you?”

“They’re called Oni. They were looking for a dark spirit called a nogitsune. It possesses people and they were checking all the supernaturals first.”

“Anna’s too much of an angel to let some dark spirit possess her,” Ethan said. “But why check her?”

I looked down at Anna, who was starting to stir. “Because she’s a supernatural like the rest of us.”
Ethan’s comment sparked a curiosity.

“Come on,” Derek said. “I’ll take you guys home.”

I nodded, the adrenaline ebbing and my hands starting to shake. He helped me to my feet as Scott bolted up the stairs.
Stiles

Chapter Summary

The pack searches for Stiles after he disappears while sleepwalking. Stiles undergoes tests to see what's wrong with him.

“Should I start getting used to middle of the night calls again?” I asked. “Or have you turned into my personal alarm clock?”

*It’s Stiles! Something’s wrong with Stiles!* Scott was in panic mode. *I need your help to find him please!*

“Hey, slow down. What happened?” I changed into the pair of jeans I had tossed on the floor when I changed into my pajamas, not bothering to change out of the tank top.

*I don’t know! He called me and said he was hurt. He thinks he’s in a basement of some kind. Just meet me at his house.*

“Okay.” I threw on my tennis shoes and a jacket and ran out of the house. Melissa told me yesterday that the day we ended up fighting off the Oni protecting Scott, Kira and Anna, Stiles had come to the hospital seeking help. His panic attacks were getting worse, he wasn’t sleeping and he was sleepwalking again. He hadn’t done any of that since Claudia died. It had been years since he’d experienced any of them. I feared his door was still open and these were the side effects. Until Melissa told me his mother had suffered the same symptoms. It scared me to think that Stiles could be going through the same thing Claudia had. Melissa had made me promise her that I wouldn’t say anything to anyone. Especially to Stilinski and Scott.

When I arrived, I saw Lydia’s car in the driveway and Scott and Isaac rushing inside. But the Jeep was missing.

“Don’t ask,” Aiden was saying when I came into earshot. “It gets more confusing when you ask.”

“Okay,” Scott whispered.

“Not as confusing as this,” Lydia said, turning back towards Stiles’ room. A pair of scissors was stabbed into Stiles’ bed, red yarn coming from various pictures on the wall and tied to the scissors.

“What the hell…,” I said.

“He uses red for unsolved cases,” Lydia explained.

“Maybe he thinks he’s part of an unsolved case?” Scott suggested.

“Or is an unsolved case.”

“Then why does he have everything on his wall pointing to him?” I asked.
“I don’t know.” Lydia then turned to us. “Hold on. Is he still out there? You don’t know where he is?”

“He said he’s in an industrial basement somewhere,” Scott said.

“We came here to get a better scent,” Isaac added.

“What else did he say?”

“Something’s wrong with his leg. It’s bleeding.”

“That’s why you called me,” I said.

“Yeah.”

“And he’s freezing,” Scott added.

“Tonight’s the coldest night of the year,” Aiden said. “It’s going to drop into the 20’s.”

“What did his dad say?” Lydia asked.

“We kind of… we didn’t tell him yet,” Scott said.

“Stiles is bleeding and freezing and you didn’t call his dad?”

“He made me promise not to.”

“Well, the rest of us didn’t promise,” I said.

“We can find him by scent.”

“You hope.”

“If he was sleepwalking, he couldn’t have gotten far.”

“You didn’t notice something missing in the driveway, did you?” I asked.

“You promised,” Lydia said, pulling out her phone. “I didn’t.”

“Wait, Lydia. I can get more help. I can call Derek, Allison…”

“Everyone but the cops! Great idea!”

“She’s right, Scott,” I agreed. “I can get Derek to help. Maybe even Ethan can help, but we need to involve Stiles’ dad. We need to involve the cops.”

“You guys remember she only gets these feeling when someone’s about to die, right?” Aiden reminded them. I kept forgetting Lydia was a Banshee. Thanks to Peter’s bite triggering it.

Scott seemed to realize that we were right. “You don’t have to call his dad. It’s five minutes to the station.”

“We’ll catch up,” Lydia said.

“What? Why?”

“There is something here.”

“We can figure out what’s wrong with him after we find a way to keep him from freezing to death,” Lydia said. “Go.”

“I’ll go with you to the station,” I said. “She needs to do her thing and we need to narrow down the odds of Stiles freezing or bleeding to death.”

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Stilinski struggled to keep himself under control. Parrish was looking at him worriedly, as was I. “If his Jeep was gone, that’s where we start,” he finally said. He turned to his deputies. “Parrish, let’s get an APB out on a blue 1980 CJ-5 Jeep.” Parrish wrote down the description. “Cordova, I want a list of any kind of industrial basement or sub-level of any building that he could have gotten into while sleepwalking. It’s the coldest night of the year so far, so if he’s out there barefoot in just a T-shirt, he could already be hypothermic. Let’s move fast. Let’s think fast. You three, come with me.” We followed Stilinski into his office and he shut the door. “Okay. Is there anything you need to tell me that can’t tell everyone out there?”

“Lydia knew he was missing,” Scott said.

“Can she help find him?”

“She’s working on that now,” I said.

“Anything else?”

“I called Derek. He’s going to help with tracking down Stiles by scent. He knows it pretty well.”

“And I called Allison,” Scott added.

“Can you find him by scent?” A tap sounded on the door before Parrish walked in.

“We got it, sir. We found the Jeep.”

“Where?”

“The hospital.”

“What the hell was he doing there?” I darted out of the room, followed by Scott, Isaac, Stilinski and Parrish.

I sped after the sheriff vehicles, their sirens blaring and lights flashing, Scott keeping up pretty well on his bike. We reached the hospital and found Stiles’ Jeep. Stilinski reached it first. He tried it and it wouldn’t start.

“It’s dead. He must have left the lights on.”

“Why would he come here?” Scott asked.
“Let’s find out.” I saw Derek and he jerked his head towards him. While Stilinski went into the front door, I ran over to Derek.

“I have his scent. Come on.”

I kept up with Derek as if I was a werewolf as well. He led the way to the roof. “Last time I was up here, I got my ass kicked by your ex.” Derek didn’t even acknowledge my statement. He sniffed the air. I looked around. The rooftop was empty except for us. The door slammed open and Scott and Isaac ran towards us.

“He’s not here,” Derek said. “Not anymore.”

“You mean the whole building?”

“Gone.”

“I’ll go tell Stilinski,” Isaac said.

“And see if you can find Allison. She’s not answering her phone.”

“Anna should be with her. She was staying with her tonight.”

“Alright,” Isaac left and Scott came towards us.

“Notice how strong the scent is up here?” Derek asked when Scott joined us. “Ever hear of chemo signals?” Scott looked up at Derek. “Chemical signals that communicate emotion.”

“It’s what empaths like Anna pick up on when their sensing emotions,” I added.

Derek nodded. “Just our sweat can give off anger, fear or disgust. Take a deep breath.” I smiled to myself, realizing that Derek was taking the moment to mentor Scott. “And tell me what you feel.”

Scott closed his eyes and did so. “Stress,” Scott said after a moment. “And anxiety.”

“What was he doing up here?” I asked.

“I don’t know. But there was definitely some kind of struggle.”

Scott looked at Derek, puzzled. “With who?”

“Himself.” I looked at the two wolves before I looked back at the roof. A thought I did not like at all crossed my mind just then. “We’re going to check the school.”

“His scent’s going to be all over the place,” I said.

“And he might have sleepwalked into the boiler room. There’s plenty of stuff in there that he could hurt himself on.”

Since no one would work night security at the school any more, we didn’t have to sneak around the school.

“Remind you of high school?” I asked.

“I believe you and Laura broke into the school more than I did.”
“Oh please. You and Josh tagged along a lot of those times.”

“We both know the reason why Josh would tag along.” I smiled. Then that smile faded. “You still haven’t moved on, have you?”

I shook my head. “It’s hard to. I loved him, Derek. I thought I was going to die when he died. You know how long it took me to finally accept he was gone?” Derek shook his head. “Six years. And then we find out Cora survived.”

Derek took my shoulders so I was facing him. “I knew Josh, Trish. You were everything to him. You were his Allison.” I looked up at him. “He stopped using the mantra to stay in control. You were his anchor. If he survived that fire, he would have come back to you. He wouldn’t have waited seven years. He wouldn’t have waited seven minutes. I know how hard it is to move on. But Josh wouldn’t want you to hang onto his memory like that. He’d want you to be happy. I want you to be happy again. Like you were when we were kids.”

“It’s never going to be the same without Josh and Laura.”

“I know. But that’s no reason neither one of us can’t be happy again.”

I gave him a half smile, remembering the brief time Derek was happy before he found out his girlfriend was actually a Darach. My phone buzzed and I pulled it out of my pocket. “Scott?”

_They found him! My parents found him!_ I didn’t bothering to put it on speaker, knowing that Derek could hear every word.

“Where? When? Is he okay?” Derek had a look of relief on his face.

_He was in Malia’s coyote den. Dad figured out that’s where he was when he read the transcripts._

“At least he’s good for something.”

_They’re taking Stiles to the hospital right now._

“Alright we’re on our way back.” I gave a huge sigh of relief. “Thank God.”

“Yeah.”

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Derek, Aiden and I decided to give Stiles’ Jeep a jump. He had enough people in the waiting room and it would give me time to think. I hadn’t told Derek the thought I had on the roof. I pulled the jumper cables from the back of the Cruiser and handed them to Derek. Aiden got into the Jeep and I got into the Cruiser while Derek attached the cables to the Cruiser and the Jeep.

“Go.” I started the Crusier and a moment later the Jeep came to life. I shut off the Cruiser while Derek took off the cables in the Jeep.

“He’ll probably still need a new battery since he killed this one,” I said, pulling off the cables in the Cruiser.

“So you think he was just sleepwalking?” Aiden asked. “Or is there something more too it?”
“In this town, there’s always something more,” Derek said, folding the cables as he walked towards me.

“Ain’t that the truth,” I agreed.

“What if I told you I know something more.” I looked at Aiden, wondering if he’d had the same thought I had. Derek’s expression told him to continue. “I kinda overheard… Well, I listened in on Stiles talking to Scott.”

“You eavesdropped on them.”

“Stiles thinks he was the one who wrote that message in the Chemistry room.”

“The one telling Barrow to kill Kira?”

“Yeah.”

“You think Stiles,” Derek said. "Skinny defenseless Stiles is the nogitsune? A powerful, dark spirit?”

“I’m not the only one thinking it,” Aiden looked at me. “I’m just the only one saying it.”

“Trish?”

“The thought crossed my mind that Stiles was the one the Oni were looking for earlier tonight. I didn’t want to say anything until I was sure.”

“This thing wants to possess someone and it chooses Stiles?” Derek turned towards the Cruiser, putting the jumper cables back into their bag. “Why not take someone bigger, stronger? Someone with a little more…,” He trailed off, holding the end of the jumper cables in his hand, a look on his face like he was figuring something out. “Power.”

“Looks like he’s thinking it now.”

He put the ends together and they sparked. I looked up at Derek, realizing now why Kira was the target and the thought he just had.

“Oh, my God.”

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I had to work today, but Derek told me he was going to talk to Kira to find out exactly what happened at the power station and what she knew about foxfire. Stilinski had requested that I be the nurse assisting with all of Stiles’ tests. Melissa had finally come clean to Stilinski to find out that he’d noticed the same symptoms that his wife had before she died. The final test was going to be an MRI. Scott and Anna had arrived to see how Stiles was doing.

“I’m not sure I know how to pronounce this,” Dr. Jenson was saying. I hadn’t even tried. I now saw why Stiles preferred to be called Stiles. “Or if it’s not actually a misspelling.”

Stilinski did not look amused. This was the hundredth comment about Stiles’ real name. “Just call him Stiles.”
“Okay,” Dr. Jenson turned to us. “Stiles, just to warn you, you’re going to hear a lot of noise during the MRI. It’s due to pulses of electricity going through the metal coils inside the machine. Uh, if you want we can get you some ear plugs or headphones.”

“Oh, no. No. I don’t need anything.”

“You sure?” I asked. Stiles nodded.

“All three of us will be on the other side of that window,” Stilinski said. “Okay?”

“Okay.”

I put my hand over Stiles’. I could feel that he was scared. I didn’t blame him. I would be too.

“Can I have a minute with Scott, Anna, and Trish first?”

“Sure.” Dr. Jenson, Melissa and Stilinski left the room.

“You guys know what they’re looking for, right?” I nodded. I knew exactly what they were looking for. “It’s called frontotemporal dementia.” Scott looked at Stiles for the first time since entering the room. “Areas of your brain start to shrink. It’s what my mother had. It’s the only form of dementia that can hit teenagers. And there’s no cure.”

Anna suddenly hugged Stiles, squeezing her eyes shut and I saw the tear.

Scott wiped away his own tear. “Stiles,” he whispered as Anna pulled away. “If you have it, we’ll do something.” He then looked up and looked Stiles in the eye. “I’ll do something.”

I looked at Scott then, trying not to cry myself. He was willing to give his best friend the Bite if it meant it would save his life. I realized then what kind of Alpha Scott truly was. The two hugged and I wiped away the tear that finally escaped. When they broke apart Scott took Anna’s hand and they went out to the waiting room. “Lay back and relax, okay.” Stiles nodded. “I’m going to be with your dad and Melissa. Just relax.” I started to walk away when he grabbed my wrist. I put my hand over his. “You’re gonna be okay. It’ll be over before you know it.” He released me and I went into the control room.

“If you’re too close to this…”

“I’m fine, Doc,” I pushed the intercom. “Okay, Stiles. This will take about 45 minutes to an hour. Remember try not to move.” Stiles wiggled around. “Even just a little bit.”

Once he was completely still the doctor took over. “Stiles, you’re going to hear that noise now. It’s going to be a loud clanging. Kind of like a hammer hitting an anvil.” He nodded at me and I started the test. And we waited.

The results started to come in and I really didn’t like what I was seeing. Neither was Dr. Jenson and Melissa. Dr. Jenson pointed at the screen at Stiles’ frontal lobe. “See this?” he asked. Stilinski nodded. “This tissue here and there. Both those spots are showing signs of atrophy.” I looked at Stiles still in the MRI machine and bit my lip.

“Atrophy,” Stilinski repeated, his voice sounding numb.

“I’m sorry.”
Melissa rubbed his back. I closed my eyes and I wondered if Stiles would even survive the Bite. I watched Paige die from it. I couldn’t watch Stiles do the same. To interrupt my thoughts the lights began to flicker. We looked around and I really hoped we weren’t about to have a supernatural showdown again.

“What was that?” Melissa asked.

“It sounded like a power surge.”

I looked back into the MRI room and then jumped out of my seat. “Oh, my God!”

Stilinski looked into the room before rushing forward and putting his hand on the glass. “Where’s my son?!”

I ran out of the room, starting the search for Stiles. The lights were constantly flickering and several people were running around.

“Stiles!” I ran towards his room and saw him walking towards the elevator. A Japanese woman was standing in the elevator but I was too far away to hear them. I started towards them and saw two Oni appear on either side of her and I stopped. Stiles turned away and walked towards me. Someone slammed into me, knocked me a few steps to the side. That someone turned out to be Anna. “Anna!” I looked back down the hall to see that Stiles was gone. “What’s going on?”

“We have a big problem.”
Trish struggles with how to protect Stiles. Lydia goes to Peter for help with his abilities. The fox causes trouble at the sheriff’s station and the vet clinic.

I ran down the hall with Anna and we almost slammed into Scott and Derek.

“Where’s Stiles?” Derek asked.

“I don’t know. I lost him. But I know who’s controlling the Oni. The nogitsune backed off when he saw her and the Oni.”

“We have a bigger problem,” Scott said. “We figured out what Stiles was doing on the roof.” We ran outside to see a live wire dancing around.

“He did that?!” I cried. Derek grabbed both of us by the shirt to stop us and I grabbed Anna’s arm. Water was rushing across the parking lot. A car honked and Kira flipped over a car landing in the middle of the water. With no effect to her. Derek and I looked at one another. I looked back as Kira grabbed the wire and I’m pretty sure my jaw hit the pavement. She put her hand over the end and closed her eyes. We looked at one another, Scott and Anna’s looks mirroring mine. When Kira opened her eyes, they were glowing a bright orange. Her eyes stopped glowing and she then dropped the wire.

“Trish.” My attention went to Derek as he ran towards a figure on the ground. Which turned out to be Isaac.

“Oh, my God!” I ran towards them.

“Isaac?” Derek was trying to hide the panic in his voice. I knelt next to them. “He’s not breathing.” I felt for his pulse. “Scott, he’s not breathing!”

“I have a weak pulse,” I said. I flipped Isaac onto his back and started the mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. “Come on, Isaac.” I breathed for him. “Come on!” Anna, Allison, and Scott joined us. “One of you run inside and get the doctors.” Anna bolted towards the hospital. I continued to do CPR on Isaac until a couple of EMTs came and collected Isaac. He was rushed to ICU.

I sat on the stairs and rubbed my temples. Too much was happening too quickly. This just proved that Stiles was indeed possessed by the nogitsune.

“Hey, you okay?”

I looked up to see Stilinski. “I don’t know really. I guess.”

Parrish joined us. “Two people said they saw Stiles’ Jeep leave the hospital.”

“Someone needs to find him now.” Stilinski walked off and Parrish joined me.
“You don’t look okay.”

“Because I’m not. Things are just going crazy right now. I just can’t keep up.”

Parrish rubbed my back. “You still have my card, right?” I nodded. “If you need to talk...”

I smiled. “Thanks.”

He looked up. “I think your boyfriend is wanting to talk to you now.”

“Boyfriend?” I looked up and saw Derek watching us. I couldn’t help but laugh.

“What?”

“That’s not my boyfriend.” I stood. “He’s more like my brother.” I walked over towards him and Scott.

“What did they say?”

“They won’t tell me anything. They said just because I’m the emergency contact doesn’t make me family. Even when I argued that I was the closest thing Isaac had to family. They have an APB out on Stiles and his Jeep.”

“My dad noticed that the wire was cut,” Scott said. “They’re looking for other signs of sabotage.”

“Great.”

“You have to tell Stilinski,” Derek said. “You have to tell him what’s really wrong with Stiles.”

“How do we explain that Stiles is possessed by a dark demon fox spirit?” I asked.

“It’ll kill him to not know.”

48 Hours Later

I sat at the kitchen table, my head in my hands. Derek’s words kept going over and over in my head.

You have to tell Stilinski. You have to tell him what’s really wrong with Stiles.

I couldn’t tell him. I didn’t want to be the one to explain to him that what he, Scott, and Allison did the night of the lunar eclipse to find him, Melissa, and Chris had left a door open to their minds. A door Stiles never closed and allowed for the nogitune to enter into his mind and possess him. An evil spirit taking the form of an innocent boy. It was killing me as much as it was Scott. This was the one thing I couldn’t protect Stiles from. I couldn’t protect him from himself.
“Trish?” I looked up at Anna. “They’ll be okay, right?”

“Isaac’s slowly healing. The electricity just slowed his healing process.”

“What about Stiles?”

I bit my lip. “I don’t know. I really don’t know.”

Anna hugged me. “I’ll see you later. I love you.”

“I love you, too.” I watched as she left the house to go to school. I laid my head down. I had no clue what to do next.

ANNA

Lydia wanted me and Allison along while she talked to Peter. She was convinced that Peter knew how to help her with her Banshee abilities.

Allison stopped Lydia from opening the door. “While I think it’s smart to bring us with you, I still think the rest of this is totally insane,” she said.

“I tried to find Stiles and I led everyone into a mental institution. I call that a colossal failure. Look I just need to figure this out and he’s the only one offering help.”

“Allison, no one really knows anything about Banshees,” I said. “Besides Peter knows more about stuff than we do,”

Allison sighed. “You’re biased.”

“She’s right,” Lydia said. “He does know more than the others.”

“Peter doesn’t offer help. He offers a chance for you to be manipulated into giving him what he wants.”

I crossed my arms. “Are we really going to play the manipulated card?” Allison gave me a look. “Besides, you do realize he’s probably listening to us right now.”

“Let’s see what he wants then.” Lydia opened the door and Peter turned from the window.

“The Hunter, the Banshee and my favorite angel.”

I smiled. “Hi, Peter.”

“Ladies, come in.” I was the first one down the steps. He’d been gone for several weeks. It turned out that he was being stupid and showing off and lost a finger in an accident helping out a cousin. He hadn’t wanted me to freak out by the fact he had to have it sewn back on in order for it to heal. I didn’t care. I was just happy to see him again. Peter walked up to us and I hugged him. “She goes,” he said, indicating Allison.

“The last time I was alone with you, I almost bled out on a lacrosse field. She stays.”

“But you won’t be alone. I’m not asking you to send Anna away. Just her. Besides do you actually
think I was trying to kill you when I bit you? You were my backup plan, remember? Not to mention the Bite was what brought out your nascent abilities. You think power like that is going to come out on its own?” He did a Humphry Bogart impression. “I’m the spark that lit your fire, sweetheart.” I smiled. I loved his impressions. He was usually spot on.

“Trish didn’t need a bite to make her abilities manifest,” Lydia countered.

“Trish isn’t a Banshee. She’s an Eamonn. There’s a big difference.”

“You attacked her and nearly killed her,” Allison said.

“Power doesn’t come without a little pain and struggle.” Peter looked at me. “Since you seem to like comparing Banshees to Eamonn’s, Trish nearly died before she stopped fighting the power she has.” I knew he was referring to when my sister had been poisoned by the Darach. We didn’t even know until after the Glen Capri incident. Well, we as in everyone but Stiles, Lydia, and Dr. Deaton.

“I didn’t ask for it.”

“But you’re embracing it now, aren’t you?” I could feel the tension in the air. Peter didn’t like Allison because she was an Argent. Both Lydia and Allison didn’t like or trust Peter because of him biting Lydia and Allison chalked up the fact that Peter had killed her psychotic aunt right in front of her.

“How about the fact that you brainwashed her and used her to bring yourself back to life?”

“How about the fact that your grandfather brainwashed you into blaming Derek for your mom’s death so he could get the Bite from Derek?” Allison glared at me and Peter put his hand on my shoulder.

“Now, now, Anna. And to answer your question, so I could be here today to help you master your abilities. Isn’t it amazing how things come full circle?”

“He’s insane,” Allison said. “We’re leaving.” Lydia hesitated a moment before she went with Allison.

“You want the truth, Lydia?” Lydia stopped. “It’s not the scream that gives you power. All the scream does is drown out the noise, allowing you to hear what you really need to and I can help you focus your hearing.”

Lydia spun around. “But you want something in return.”

“No, I’m dedicating my life to helping to helping out narcissistic teenaged girls.” I snorted a laugh. He grabbed a short circular box from the table. “Of course I want something in return.” He twisted the lid and it popped up, he twisted it again and it came open and he dumped the contents onto the table. It took me a moment before I realized that the five things that had come out of the box were werewolf claws. I picked up one.

“Are these what I think they are?” I asked.

“The claws of Beacon Hills Alpha before the fire. This was all that was left of her.”

Allison picked up another. “These are the claws of Derek’s mother?”

“My sister, Talia. Before she died, she stole a memory from me. It’s something that only a very
powerful Alpha can do.”

“Like when she took away the memory of the Nemeton’s location from you, Derek, and Trish?” I asked.

“Yes, exactly like that. The memory I want is locked inside those claws.”

“Why would your sister want to steal a memory from you?” Lydia asked.

“Well, if I remembered the memory, I might be able to tell you.”

Lydia sighed. “So what am I supposed to do?”

“Focus and listen.” I hopped up on the table and waited. “Focus!”

“I am focusing!”

“You’re not! I can see the wheels spinning behind your eyes. Your hearing is attuned to a level of the universe that no one else can hear. But only if you’re listening.”

“I’m trying.”

“Try harder!” Peter pushed off the table and started to go towards Lydia. Only to be stopped by Allison threatening him with a cattle prod.

“Allison!” He turned and faced Allison, and I heard him flick out his claws. “Peter, don’t!”

“Your aunt had one of those. Aunty Kate.”

“Stop it,” Lydia said. “Both of you.”

I jumped off the table and grabbed his arm. “Peter.”

“Didn’t do her much good as I ripped her throat out, did it?”

“She didn’t shove it up your —”

“Stop it!” Lydia screamed, throwing the claws across the room. Peter pushed me back as he leaned back. The claws embedded themselves into the post behind us. That shut everyone up. Then Lydia got this look on her face that she does when she’s hearing something.

“Lydia?” Peter asked. “Lydia do you hear something?” Lydia walked towards the claws. “What is it? What are they saying? Is it the memory?”

“Let her listen,” I said.

“What did Talia take from me? Tell me what she knew!”

Lydia finally turned around and looked at Peter differently. “You’re not just an uncle,” she said. I looked at Peter.

The look that came across his face was a cross between shock and hurt. “What… what else did you hear? Who is it? Is it a son or a daughter?”

“I don’t know.”

“You’re lying! Tell me who it is!”
“I said I don’t know. I don’t know its name, if it’s a boy or a girl, or if it’s some mutated wolf baby.”

“You’re lying. Tell me what you know.” He grabbed Lydia’s arms. “Tell me. Tell—”

“Allison, don’t!” Allison stuck the cattle prod into Peter’s back. He gave a cry and fell. “Peter!”

“Now we’re leaving.” I fell to my knees next to Peter. “Anna, you coming?”

“No! You didn’t have to do that!”

“Whatever.” Allison and Lydia then walked out of the loft.

“Lydia!” Peter wasn’t able to move for a good while and I stayed with him until the electricity wore off, angry at Allison for doing what she did.

TRISH

My phone rang and I looked down to see the number for the Beacon County Sheriff’s Office on the caller ID.

“Hello?”

It’s Derek. Um, you’re probably going to hate me for this…

“What did you get arrested for this time?”

How did you know?

“I have the Sheriff’s office in my contacts.”

Oh. I swear I didn’t do it.

“I know. What are you accused of doing this time? Threaten somebody with bodily harm?”

Apparently, Argent and I are both being accused of killing a guy named Katoshi.

“You’ve been arrested on a murder charge again?!”

Yes. And just like last time I wasn’t involved.

I sighed. “I’m on my way.” I hung up, hoping this wasn’t going to turn into a habit.

I drove down to the station, wondering what evidence they had against both Derek and Chris. I couldn’t see either one of them killing someone and getting caught. Derek they would just assume some animal did it. Chris was careful. Then it struck me. This had to be McCall’s doing. Next time I saw him, I was going to hit him in the head, hard, with a flying object. The deputy at the desk saw me come in.
“Stilinski’s on a call right now,” she said.

“Not here to see Stilinski.” I walked right past her. “Where the hell is McCall?” I saw Derek and Chris look at one another. Not even a minute later, the place exploded in chaos. Deputies ran here and there, clamoring. One rushed over to Chris and Derek and started unlocking their handcuffs. I moved closer to them.

“What’s happening?” Chris asked. The deputy looked like he was about to piss himself.

Derek then got the look on his face like he was listening to something and looked over his shoulder. Then he looked at Chris with a horrified look on his face. “Get down!” He shoved the deputy away and pulled Chris down. I dived behind a desk, throwing up a protective shield as the explosion ripped through the sheriff’s office. The desk was pushed forward but the shield protected me and the two deputies nearby from the blast. I crawled out and saw that several deputies had been injured or killed in the blast. I went to the nearest deputy and applied pressure to a wound on his shoulder.

“You!” I indicated one of the uninjured deputies. “Get over here and hold steady pressure on that.” She did as she was told and I ran over to Derek and Chris. “Derek!” Derek slowly stood but looked unsteady.

“I’m okay.” I started to pull the glass out of his back. “I’m okay. I’m okay.”

“You’ll be better once you start healing.”

“You saved my life,” Chris said, almost amazed.

“You sound so surprised by that. You, sit before you fall.” Chris helped me pull the glass and shrapnel out of Derek.

“Trish? Are you…?” Derek started to ask.

“I’m fine. I was able to throw up a shield before the explosion. Thanks to your warning.” Stilinski yelled at Stiles and Scott to get out of the building. I heard the sirens of the ambulances coming and I jumped when my phone rang. “He… Hello?”


“I’m just peachy keen. Almost got blown away in an explosion at the sheriff’s station. You know, nothing new.”

How bad is it?

“Not as bad as it could have been. What do you need?”

I need you to meet me at the clinic. I have something that will poison the fox temporarily. I might need your help in administering it.

“Alright.” I hung up.

“Go,” Derek said. “I’ll be fine now that I’m healing. Stiles needs you more than I do.”

I nodded. “I’m going to get you out of here.”
I ran to my car as the rain started and headed towards the clinic. Oni were trying to make their way inside so I hit my brights on them. They didn’t like that. I jumped out of the car and was instantly soaked. I slammed the nearest Oni with a ball of water. That didn’t stop them at all. So I drew in deep and called upon the one element I didn’t use very often. And for good reasons. The fire engulfed my hands and arms. They backed away.

“Trish!”

“The Jeep’s here! They have to be inside!” One started towards me and I threw a small ball of fire at him. They didn’t try advancing again. Alan opened the door and I extinguished the flames and darted inside. It was the first time since my fight with Jennifer that I’d used any of my elements. And it was the first time that the use of them didn’t wear me out. I heard Scott’s cries of pain and Alan and I looked at one another.

“You really have to learn, Scott,” I heard Stiles say. Alan pulled a syringe out of his pocket and pulled the cap off the needle. “You really have to learn not to trust a fox.” We crept into the room. Kira was out cold on the floor. Stiles…, no. Not Stiles. Void was standing directly in front of Scott with his hand on his shoulder. Scott had a horrified look on his face. “No, ’cause they’re tricksters.” Alan looked at me and nodded. I nodded in return. “They’ll fool you. They’ll fool everyone.”

“Not everyone,” Alan said calmly, surprising both the Alpha and the nogitsune. I grabbed Void’s arms and Alan injected the contents of the syringe into Void’s neck. I gently lowered him to the floor when he went limp.

“He’s out.” I stood and noticed that Scott had one of the Oni’s swords impaling him. “Holy hell!”

“Hold him.”

I held onto Scott’s shoulders and Scott, in turn, grabbed onto my left one. In one fluid movement, Alan removed the sword, dropping it to the floor. I lifted Scott’s shirt and saw that he was visibly healing.

“What was that?” Scott asked. “Was that a cure? Is he okay?”

“The fox is poisoned but it’s not dead,” Alan said. He looked down at Stiles. “Not yet.”

“He’ll temporarily be Stiles again,” I said. “It’s not a cure, but it might give us time to figure out how to expel Void from Stiles, not just suppress him.”
Bad Idea, Worse Plan

Chapter Summary

The pack tries to find a way to help Stiles and clear Chris and Derek's names.

I opened the door to see Scott. I stepped aside so he could come in. I could tell something was wrong.

“What’s wrong?” He looked at me and I could tell he was hurting. His eyes were distraught and I could see he was fighting tears. The whole thing with Stiles, his best friend, his brother, was wearing on him. “What happened?”

“Stiles…” He all but collapsed on my couch and I sat next to him. Anna, I assume she felt his emotions, came bounding down the stairs. “Stilinski took him to Eichen House,”

“What?” I couldn’t believe that Stilinski would put him in a mental institution. “They’re not going to be able to help him. Especially if the nogitsune regains control.” If Void regained his foothold in Stiles, people were going to get hurt. And not even the special closed unit would be able to hold him.

“Why would the sheriff put him in Eichen House?” Anna asked. “We can’t help him in there! He’s not crazy,” I could tell Anna was upset.

“Stiles said he wanted to go.”

“That’s where Barrow was! Void got to Barrow there! And he’ll get to Stiles again there too!”

“I don’t know how to help him in there. I don’t know what to do.” Scott put his head in his hands.

I put my hand on Scott’s back. “I know a doctor there that is well versed in the supernatural. I can ask him to keep an eye on Stiles without telling him what is going on.” I didn’t really want to involve Dr. Fenris. His obsessiveness with werewolves cost him a promising career. He now worked at Eichen House, the only medical facility that would hire him. I didn’t really want him focusing that obsession on the monster within Stiles. The less Dr. Fenris knew, the better.

Scott looked up at me. “Trish, Stiles told me if we couldn’t find a way to help him to make sure he never gets out.”

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Anna was still upset when I left to meet Alan. When I walked in Scott was already there with Allison. We were expecting a call from Chris.

“You’re just in time,” Alan said as the phone started ringing. “Dr. Deaton.”
Everyone there? Chris asked.

“Trish, Allison, and Scott.”

Good. Did you have any trouble with Ikeda?

“Only minor. The white wolf was exactly where you said it would be. But we have two problems now. First the lichen is not a cure. It’ll wear off in a matter of days.”

But while it does work, the Oni won’t go after Stiles, right?

“I hope. Eichen House has an unusual history. It might not be all that safe for the Oni there as well.”

“Yet we allowed Stiles to go there. Brilliant.” Scott put a hand on mine. He could tell I was as happy about it as he was.

What’s the second problem?

“I checked with your contacts in Japan. The Yakuza boss you saw killed by the Oni never found the scroll.”

“What scroll?” Scott and I asked at the same time.

“A Shugendo Scroll. The Shugendo were the ascetic mystics of Japan.”

The scroll had information on how to exorcise a nogitsune.

“Something we definitely need right now,” I quipped.

“We need to find that scroll,” Scott said, looking hopeful.

“Exactly,” Alan agreed. “And I did get a name of the man who last purchased it. Kincaid.”

“He was with Katoshi,” Allison suddenly said. “He’s the guy who met with Isaac to buy the gun.”

“Sounds like Katoshi wanted the scroll for himself.”

But Stilinski already told me nothing like it was found among his things. And a paranoid like Katoshi would keep it close. Probably on him at all times.

Allison looked like a light bulb just turned on in her head. “What does a Shugendo Scroll look like?” she asked.

Alan stood up from the desk and pulled open a drawer behind him. Why was I not surprised that he had a scroll? He held up a large and thick scroll. “Something like this.” He handed it to Allison.

“Do these come in different sizes?”

“Any size.”

“Then I think I know where it might be.”

“In his prosthetic.” Isaac had told me about Silverfinger and the whole pretending to be a gun buyer thing he did so Chris and Allison could get to Katoshi to find out what we were dealing with.

“How are we going to get to it?” Scott asked.
“I can find out about the case,” I said, pulling my wallet out of my purse and pulled out Parrish’s card. “I have a new friend in the sheriff’s department.”

I went to the sheriff’s office to meet with Parrish. I felt bad about getting information out of him like this. Truthfully, I kinda liked him. I asked for him at the front desk and the deputy at the front let me by, seeing I was much calmer than last time I was here.

“Hey, Trish,” Parrish greeted me. “Are you doing okay?”

“Why do you ask?”

“I heard you were here when the bomb went off. You didn’t get hurt or anything, did you?” There was genuine concern in his voice.

“No, I was able to duck behind a desk in time. I had never been so scared in my life.” A lie of course. Having a gun to the back of my head and the kid behind it threatening to blow my head off if Melissa didn’t cooperate was the scariest moment of my life. I haven’t felt terror like that since then. “I was here to give McCall a piece of my mind.”

Parrish chuckled. “Join the club.”

“I’m also here to check on my brother.” I was getting far too used to referring to Derek as my brother. “I want to know what evidence they have to connect Derek with this Katoshi character. He’s never had dealings with anyone with that name.”

“McCall caught both of them talking about Katoshi and a gun deal they made when he went to question Argent about Katoshi.”

“So he automatically assumed that Derek was involved.”

“It’s out of our hands now.”

“What do you mean?”

“The feds are taking over the case. Katoshi was Yakuza.”

“Yakuza?” My faking surprise must have seemed genuine.

“You didn’t know?”

“No. Why would he be involved with Yakuza?”

“I don’t know. You know, neither one of you look alike.”

“Oh, really. And you look just like your siblings.”

Parrish chuckled. “You told me outside the hospital he was like a brother to you.”

“Because he is. I grew up with him. His older sister and I were best friends. I was at their house as much as I was at my own. His whole family was like family to me.”
“I understand that.”
“Can I ask a really morbid question?”
“Yeah.”
“How did Katoshi die?”
“Are you sure you want to know?”
I just looked at him. “I work in the ER.” Parrish chuckled. “And I saw the photos of my best friend’s crime scene. She was literally torn apart.”
“I’m sorry.” He glanced around. “I’ll tell you if you agree to coffee sometime.”
“Sounds reasonable.”
“He had a wound across his abdomen like he’d been disemboweled and his head was severed.”
“Are you serious?”
“Completely.”
“That sounds like Seppuku.”
“What is that?”
“It’s a ritual suicide that defeated Samurai performed in order to keep their honor. They basically disembowel themselves and their most trusted friend then severs his head.”
“You think he committed suicide?”
“No, but someone familiar with ancient Japanese culture murdered him. Derek isn’t and I don’t think Chris is either.”

STILES

I really couldn’t focus on what Ms. Morrell was saying. I was actually surprised to see her here. I actually hadn’t seen her since the whole Deucalion and Alpha Pack thing. I actually thought she was dead. She’d been pulling the same “maintaining the balance” thing that Trish did when she was Derek’s Emissary. Only Morrell’s Alpha tried to kill her for it. Derek only got pissed at Trish when she did it. And not the homicidal pissed. Although I’m pretty sure Derek’s anger issues were up there in homicidal tendencies. Malia, the girl Scott had turned from a coyote to a wolf, was sitting across from me, cross-legged in her chair. She seemed to be watching me. Well, considering she punched me in the face when I saw her a few hours ago, I’m pretty sure I should be watching her. My roommate, Oliver, sat on my left. But the reason I couldn’t focus was not because my ADD was acting up. It was because I kept seeing the nogitsune. Every time I’d seen him, he’d taken the form of a man with dirty bandages around his head and hands. And he was watching me.
Then I heard my name.

“I’m sorry, what?”

“Guilt. What does it make you feel?”

“Nervous.”

“Like a sense of urgency?” I nodded. “You feel an urgent need to make up for something you’ve done. To apologize.”

Yeah, I didn’t think any amount of apologies was going to make up for the fact that I almost murdered my best friend by twisting a sword in his stomach. You have no idea how glad I am that Scott’s a werewolf. An Alpha werewolf at that. He would have died if he didn’t have that ability to heal. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw him again. I wanted to scream at him to leave me alone and to go away.

Morrell continued with her speech on guilt. “These are healthy responses.”

*Go away. Go away. Go away.*

“Does anyone know what we call someone who doesn’t experience guilt?”

*Go away. Go away. Leave me alone.*

“Sociopath,” Oliver answered.

*Leave me alone. Go away. Go away.*

“That’s right, Oliver.”

*Go away! Go away! Go away!*

“I’m sorry, everyone, but we need to take a break.” Ms. Morrell stood and stopped in front of me. “Come with me, Stiles. I’d like to talk to you for a minute.” I looked back over to where the nogitsune had been standing and saw he was gone. So I followed Ms. Morrell into her office. I knew she was a Druid and Deaton’s sister, but she was nothing like her brother or Trish. Actually, I don’t think there was any Druid like Trish….

Morrell shut the door. “First, I want to tell you I am well aware of your situation. My brother has asked I help keep an eye on you. Turn around and lift your shirt.” I did so and she seemed to be examining my back. “Interesting.”

“What?”

“Have you noticed these markings on you?”

“I noticed something on my neck this morning.”

“It’s called a Lichtenberg figure. They appear on lightning strike victims.” I dropped my shirt and turned back towards her. “The fact that they’re appearing on you after a shot of wolf lichen is both significant and strange.”

“By significant and strange, do you mean hopeful and optimistic?” I asked.

She went into her drug cabinet and pulled out a couple of bottles. “When the marks fade, the
nogitune’s grip over you will return.” She shut the cabinet and walked back towards me, handing me a prescription bottle.

“What are these? Sleeping pills?”

“Amphetamines. Sleeping is exactly what you don’t want to do. You’re vulnerable when you’re asleep.”

“So all I have to do is stay awake?” Why was this starting to sound like *A Nightmare on Elm Street*? I guess in a way the nogitsune was Freddy Krueger. Actually, that made sense. Maybe that’s how they got the idea for that.

“For now. If your friends haven’t figured out something by the time those marks are gone, I’ll come find you.”

“To tell me what to do?”

“No, to give you an injection.” She had wolf lichen too? She held up the other bottle. “Pancuronium bromide. It causes respiratory paralysis.”

I just looked at her. “That sounds a lot like death.”

“It’s used for lethal injection, yes.” Great, she was going to execute me if the rest of the pack didn’t come up with something.

“So when the nogitsune takes over, you’re gonna kill me?”

“I’m going to do what I’ve always done. Maintain the balance.”

“Why is it Trish can maintain the balance without resorting to homicide and you can’t?”

“Because Trish has power I do not have. She doesn’t have to.”

“Okay then. I’ve missed our talks. Thanks for the illicit drugs.” I turned and started to walk away.

“Stiles.” I stopped. “Stay awake.” This just reminded me of how much I really wanted to talk to Trish. And I really hoped she and Deaton could come up with something to get this thing out of me without resulting in death. Namely mine.

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**ANNA**

I decided to put aside how angry I was at Allison right now. There was more important things to think of. Trish had gotten some information out of her deputy friend in exchange for a coffee date. She believed that the nogitsune had indeed killed Katoshi and then made the evidence point towards Chris as the murderer and Derek as his accomplice. We also knew that the case was now in federal hands, which meant that the charges would be federal as well. Trish had to work tonight, which was good. Because she definitely would not approve of what we were about to do. I met Scott and the Twins in the lobby of Allison’s apartment building and we headed up to the
apartment. Allison answered the door when Scott knocked.

“My father said all of the Katoshi evidence is being moved to a federal lockup by armored car tonight. Probably within the next few hours.” Allison stopped at the end of the hall next to Lydia. She gave me a smile and I could feel she was glad I came.

“We’re going to rob an armored car?” Ethan asked, surprised.

“Well,” Lydia said. “We’re going to try.”

“Oh, this should be fun and interesting,” I commented. Allison motioned for everyone to go into the living room.

As we did Allison stopped me. “Anna, can we talk?” I nodded. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have done it but it was the only thing I could think of doing at that moment.”

“Why did you bring that thing to begin with?”

“Anna, I know you trust him and everything, but he did kill my aunt right in front of me. She was no saint and she did murder his family. And probably the only thing stopping him from killing me too was your sister, Scott, and Derek. I know you’re mad at me, but I’m glad you came.”

I gave Allison a small smile. “I’m still mad at you. But the reason I came was so we could clear Derek and your dad’s names and find a way to save Stiles.”

Allison nodded and we joined the others. And Allison laid out the worst plan I have ever heard. It was worse than anything Stiles ever came up with.

“Oh, my God,” I muttered.

“This is a really bad plan,” Scott said as if he could hear my thoughts.

“It’s not that bad,” Lydia said.

“It’s not that good,” Ethan countered.

“None of us knows the route they’re going to take and Parrish isn’t just going to give that up to Trish,” Lydia said. “If Allison can get one of her dad’s GPS trackers on the armored car, then we can follow it.”

“So when it gets here…,” Allison pointed at Roosevelt Bridge. It was a tiny one car only bridge.

“We attack them?” Aiden asked.

I sighed and rolled my eyes. “What is it with you and attacking stuff?” Ethan was trying to hide a smile.

Lydia turned to him. “No,” she sounded exasperated that he even suggested it. “Your bikes will be in the middle of the road, looking like you guys got into an accident. And when the driver gets out to help…”

“We attack him.”

“No!” Allison and Lydia said at the same time.

“Can I punch him if he says ‘attack’ again?” I asked. Aiden gave me a look and then turned that
look on his brother when Ethan snickered.

“You’ll distract him.”

“I know that’s a new concept for you.” This time Scott tried not to smile.

“And Scott will break open the back door.” The smile disappeared and his mouth worked for a second.

“I hope,” he finally said.

She looked at me. “And you’ll get Katoshi’s finger.”

“It’s not his actual finger, is it?” Ethan asked. I shook my head.

“You are so out of our league,” Lydia commented.

“Why aren’t we just going to Stilinski for help? Or even getting Trish to go all Gandalf on the truck?”

“Because if he gets caught,” Scott said. “Then it’s the Sheriff tampering with federal evidence.”

“And Trish isn’t a wizard,” I added. “She can’t do it all by herself and she couldn’t get off of work today to help us. Which might actually be a good thing. Besides if she gets caught, she goes to prison and everyone knows Parrish has been talking to her.”

“Guys, this is going to work,” Allison said. “We can do this. We’re losing Stiles. My dad’s in jail for murder. We need to do this.”

I nodded. “I’m in.”

Allison smiled.

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We were all hiding between the cars in the station’s parking lot. Allison had her crossbow up, watching the truck through the scope. Scott had brought Kira along, saying that she wanted to help. So it was decided that Kira would put the GPS on the truck.

She lowered the crossbow. “You’re up.”

Kira was faster than I expected. She was at the truck before I could blink and had the GPS in place. But the door to the station opened before she could run back towards us. Parrish walked out of the building and she slid between the wall and the truck. Parrish opened the passenger side door then stopped. He drew his gun.

“Something’s not right,” I whispered, feeling his alarm. He started heading towards the back of the truck. Which meant he would find Kira.

“We have to do something.”

“I’ve got this.” I started to back up so I could go around the cars.
“What if he shoots you?” Allison asked.

“I’ll heal,” I didn’t get far before the back doors slammed open and a big guy jumped out of the back. Parrish spun around and the guy grabbed him and slammed his head against the back. I was really glad Trish wasn’t here now. Parrish went down and didn’t move.

“Who the hell is that?” Scott asked.

“Kincaid,” Allison answered. “He’s after the scroll.”

“Well, he’s not going to get it,”

Scott, Allison, and I moved towards the truck while Kincaid went through the evidence bags. He found what he was looking for and held up the finger.

“We need that finger,” Scott said, calmly. Allison was on one side of him, crossbow aimed at Kincaid. I was on the other, my own bow nocked and aimed at the bigger werewolf.

He just laughed. “Why should I give it to you?” He had a very deep voice.

“There’s a briefcase in there with $150,000 in it,” Allison said.

Kincaid held the finger up. “The scroll inside this prosthetic finger is worth three million.”

“Give me the finger.” By pure miracle, I managed not to laugh. Kincaid just looked at him. “You know what I mean.”

Out of nowhere, Kira landed on Kincaid’s back. He had a “Seriously?” look on his face before he threw Kira off him. His eyes began to glow bright blue and his claws and fangs extended and he went into the werewolf attack stance.

“I guess negotiations are over.” Then he roared. Allison and I both hit him with an arrow. Which only seemed to piss him off. Kira threw a punch and he grabbed her by the throat, picking her up. He backhanded Allison and she hit another wall. He went to do the same with me and I ducked, dropping my bow and drawing the small dagger I had in my quiver. Scott roared and came after him again. I slashed and he grabbed my wrist. He shoved me aside and Scott punched him in the face. Kincaid only growled. Kira ran over to me and pulled me back. Scott’s punches weren’t even affecting him. Kincaid blocked both of Scott’s arms before headbutting Scott. Kira and I ran over to Allison. By that time, Kincaid had Scott down.

“You have the eyes of an Alpha. But where’s the strength?”

“Up here,” Aiden called. Kincaid turned to see Aiden and Ethan on top of the building. The two growled and attacked.

“Well, I guess Aiden got what he wanted now.” Allison gave a laugh. Lydia ran over to Allison and I ran over to Scott. I helped him sit up. The Twins were doing what they did best. “Um, Scott. I think they’re going to kill him.”

“Ethan, Aiden…”

“Stop!” Lydia cried. I helped Scott to his feet.

“You want him to come after us?” Aiden asked.

“Scott, we’ve seen guys like this,” Ethan added. “Trust us. He’s dangerous.”
“So are we,” Scott said. “And he looks smart enough to remember that.” Scott pulled the finger out of Kincaid’s pocket. He tapped the finger into his hand, then looked at Allison, nodding. “We’re here to save a life, not end one.” Kincaid looked surprised. Scott dropped the finger and turned, the others following.

I started to, then turned back. “You should also be aware that this town is home to an Eamonn.” Kincaid’s eyes widened. “And trust me, you won’t like what she does to you if you come back.” He scrambled over the wall and into the darkness and I turned and followed the others. If Trish had been here, the guy probably would never have known what hit him.

TRISH

“Change the body of the host?” I asked. I had retreated to the nurses’ locker room to talk to Alan. We were currently having the conversation in Gaelic in case one of the other nurses walked in. “Does that mean what I think it does?”

*Turning Stiles is one method to do that yes.*

“Peter offered Stiles the Bite while he was still Alpha. Stiles declined. He’s never once asked to be a werewolf.”

*I know. The question is would Scott be willing to turn Stiles?*

“He would be, but I also know he would only do it if there was no other choice. Alan, I can’t be a part of that. I’ve seen what happens when someone’s body rejects the Bite. I can’t watch Stiles go through that. And I know Scott won’t be able to either."

*I know. There’s that chance that Stiles’ body would reject it, yes.*

“I can’t be a part of that, Alan. I just can’t. It’s the one thing I can’t do.”
Stilinski recruits Trish, Derek, Chris, and Allison to help look for Stiles. The five find an unnerving message in Stiles’ room.

I walked into the exam room to see Jordan with an ice pack against his forehead.

“Injuring yourself just to come see me?” I said, jokingly.

He gave a smile. “I can assure you I didn’t slam my own head against an armored truck.”

I chuckled as I moved the ice pack away from his forehead. “The good news is you’re still handsome.” The comment drew a laugh out of Jordan. “Doesn’t look like there will be any bruising and the skin’s not broken. Might just have a headache for a few hours.”

“Trish, the guy slammed my head down hard enough to knock me unconscious. I have no idea how long I was out. Myself and another deputy were tasked with taking the Katoshi evidence to federal lockup. I get to the truck and my partner is out cold. I went around the back looking for any sign that someone was trying to ambush us and this big guy jumps out of the back of the truck. I only saw him for maybe a couple seconds. Big guy. African American, I think. He moved too fast for me to react. I’ve never seen anyone move so fast.” I glanced up at him. It sounded like he’d had a run in with a werewolf. “When I woke up, Katoshi’s prosthetic finger was on the ground.”

“I’m glad he didn’t kill you.”

“Yeah, me too.”

I placed my hand over his. “Just be careful, Jordan.”

He placed his other hand over mine and gave me a reassuring smile. “I will.”

~~~

I had only been home for a few hours, long enough to change into a pair of short shorts and a pale blue tank, when my phone rang. My heart jumped to my throat when I saw it was Stilinski.

“Sheriff?” I answered.

*I need you to come to the station as soon as you can.*

“I’ll be there in a few minutes.” I changed into a pair of jeans and slipped on my flat boots, as they were the closest pair of shoes, and ran out the door. My first thought was something had happened to Stiles. My second was something had happened to Jordan.
I ran into the station and past the reception desk. Jordan wasn’t at his desk, but I saw Stilinski, who waved for me to come into his office.

“What is it? What happened?”

“The nogitsune took over again. Remember when Lydia led us to the basement of Eichen House?”

“Scott told me about that.”

“Her abilities involve death, right?”

“She’s referred to herself as the human Geiger counter of death. What does this have to do with Stiles?”

“Stiles and Malia Tate found a body behind a wall in that basement. World War II, I’m guessing. Probably from when the place was used as a military hospital.”

“But why hide it in the wall?”

“I don’t know. Lydia must have known it was there without realizing it. Malia said they were attacked by another patient down there. She was knocked out and when she came to, she was strapped to a chair and Stiles felt completely different. She came here looking for me. She’d already found Scott and talked to him about it.”

“Where is Stiles?”

“I have no idea. He just walked out of Eichen House. No one has seen him.” Stilinski motioned for me to follow him. “By the way, since the truck with the evidence was attacked, the charges against Chris and Derek were dropped. From the description Parrish was able to give, it was one of Katoshi’s men. Man named Kincaid. We have an APB out on him, but so far no luck.”

“You might not find him. According to Allison and Isaac, he’s a wolf.”

“That would actually explain the moving so fast.” I nodded as we headed towards another office.

“Yeah, I’m pretty sure it could be used to jumpstart a 747,” I heard Jordan say.

“This property belongs to me and the charges were dropped,” Chris said as Stilinski and I stopped in the doorway. Derek must have either smelled or heard us, since he looked over at us. He saw me and nodded his head. I gave a smile and returned the nod. “Although, I’m not exactly sure who’s responsible for that.” He looked at Derek as he said that.

“I am,” Stilinski said, walking up to the desk. “I’ll take care of this, Parrish.”

“Sheriff, I’m not kidding. This thing’s a few watts from being a lightsaber.”

“Didn’t know you were a Jedi, Chris.” Chris gave me a not-so-amused look. Derek only looked at Chris.

Stilinski took the cattle prod from Jordan. “I said, I’ll take care of it.” He folded the prod down. He turned to Chris and Derek. “Come on.” They walked past me. “You, too, Trish.” I pushed off the doorframe as Jordan shook his head and began gathering up the release paperwork.
The four of us went back to Stilinski’s office.

He put the prod on his desk and then tapped the folder lying in the middle of it. “The specialist I saw in LA told me the thing that every doctor says when he’s trying to avoid a lawsuit. ‘We can’t say for sure.’ And then I spoke with Melissa and Trish.” He pulled the hard copies of two scans from the folder. “These are brain scans.” He held one up. “My wife’s.” He held up the other. “And Stiles’.” He put them together and handed them to Chris. “I knew they were similar.” Chris and Derek looked at them. “But those are the same. Exactly the same.”

“And I’m guessing this isn’t possible?” Derek asked.

“Not even remotely,” I said.

“So the trickster is still playing tricks,” Chris said, dropping the scans on the desk.

“But why this trick?” Derek asked.

“When I was in the Army, an officer told me ‘If you want to defeat your enemy, you don’t take away their courage. You take away their hope.’”

“You don’t look like a man who gives up hope easily.”

“But Stiles might.”

“Or the rest of the pack,” I added. Derek glanced at me. “If Stiles gives up, one by one the rest of the pack will. Scott might be the only one who will never give up hope.”

Derek nodded.

“If this thing inside him, if it’s using his mother’s disease as some sort of psychological trick, then this isn’t just a fight for his body. It’s also a fight for his mind, Right?”

I nodded. It was a fight we’d been fighting for weeks. I then realized the ritual they did the night Derek gave up his spark was what caused this.

“You know, he’s left people severely injured,” Chris said.

“And others severely dead,” Derek added. I wasn’t even in the mood to question that logic.

“That’s why I need all three of you,” Stilinski looked at me. “I know you can’t protect Stiles from himself, but your other abilities I need more than ever.” I nodded. He looked back at Derek and Chris. “I need people who are experienced in this kind of thing. I need you to help me stop him.”

“And by stop him, you mean trap him.” Stilinski nodded.

“Trapping is what Hunters do best,” I said. Stilinski picked up the prod and handed it to Chris. They exchanged a look when Chris took the prod.

“Where do we start?”
We started at the Argent apartment. Chris had called Allison and gave her instructions to gather everything non-lethal that was in their storage area. I followed Stilinski to the apartment.

Allison met us at the door. “This is everything non-lethal I could find.” Chris’ desk was full of restraints and stun guns.

Chris sighed. “Take all of it.”

“What’s the plan here?” Stilinski asked as Allison grabbed a duffle bag.

“Our best shot right now is for Derek to try to pick up Stiles’ scent at Eichen House,” Chris answered. “Especially if he went through something stressful there.”

“Should all five of us be going to the same place?”

“Where else has Stiles been showing up?”


“Okay, hold on,” Derek interjected. “We did this already. He disappeared. We started looking for him and then walked right into a trap at the hospital.”

“He’s getting us to repeat the same moves,” I realized.

“So what do we do?” Allison asked. “Wait for him to come to us?”

“We can’t,” Derek countered. “Not if the Oni find him when the sun goes down.”

“Scott’s working on them right now with Kira,” Stilinski said.

“That’s the problem,” Chris said. “We’re all trying to outfox the fox.” He had a point. Trying to out trick a trickster was going to be hard.

“Listen,” Stilinski finally said. “I’ll understand if anyone wants to back out.” We all looked at each other.

“I’m not backing out,” I said.

“I’m not gonna be the first wolf to run from a fox,” Derek added. He grabbed the stun gun and put it into the other bag.

“Apparently, I’m carrying a lightsaber,” Chris said. I chuckled but I wanted to call him Jedi Master Argent so bad at that moment.

“Dad, you, Trish, and Derek hit Eichen House,” Allison said. “Sheriff, it’s you and me at the hospital. We all meet in the school.”

“Sounds like a plan,” I said as Derek zipped the duffle and Chris opened a faux book and grabbed a .45 and an extra clip.

“Making sure you have a few lethal options, just in case?” Derek questioned.

“I like to prepare for the worst,” he said, sliding another clip into place. He then picked up a knife with a thigh sheath and turned to me. “I’ve seen you use one of these.” He handed it to me. “I want you to have this. It’ll make me feel better if you’re not relying solely on your magic.” I realized that it was the same knife I’d used when I was defending myself against the Kanima.
“Don’t expect me to use it on Stiles.”

“I’m not.”

~~~

I used one of my Eichen House contacts, Alan’s sister, Marion, to gain access to the basement. Derek was focusing on finding Stiles’ scent. I was poking around the hole in the wall and the body within it. It was exactly how Stilinski had described. Obviously, he hadn’t alerted his men to the fact the body was here. But it still begged the question who put him here and why.

“We need to go to Stilinski’s,” Chris suddenly said.

I jumped at his voice, smacking the back of my head against the top of the hole, as I had the upper portion of my body in it examining the flight jacket on the body. “Ow,” I muttered, rubbing the back of my head.

“Why?” Derek asked.

“Stilinski installed a security system after Stiles sleepwalked into the coyote den. Stiles set it off and there’s something in his room Stilinski says we need to see.”

“This should be interesting,” I said.

~~~

On Stiles’ desk was a chessboard, the pieces labeled with colored Post-It notes. Each note had a name on it.

“What is all this?” Chris asked. “What are these sticky notes for?”

“This is what Stiles used to try and explain to me about all of,” He looked at us. “You.”

“Maybe it’s a message from Stiles,” Allison suggested. “The real Stiles.” I was wondering why Kate and Jackson were on the board. Chris picked up a pawn that was off the board that was labeled with Isaac’s name.

“You think there’s any reason my name’s on the king?” Derek asked.

“Well, you’re heavily guarded,” Stilinski said. “Though I guess the alarming detail is that,” He paused and looked at Derek. “You’re one move away from being in checkmate.”

“The other question is why is Trish’s on the queen?” Chris asked.

“The queen is the most powerful piece on the board,” I said. I studied the board. “This isn’t from Stiles. It’s from Void. My name is on the queen because I’m currently the most powerful supernatural in Beacon Hills. This is a threat.”
“He’s at the loft,” Allison said. “That’s what he’s trying to tell us.”

“And he wants us to come there,” Chris added.

“Night’s falling,” Derek reminded us.

“This couldn’t sound any more like a trap.”

“I don’t think it is,” Stilinski countered.

“I think your opinion might be slightly biased, Sheriff.”

“Hear me out. What we’re dealing with here is basically someone who lacks motive. No rhyme, no reason, right?”

“Yeah,” I answered. “Meaning what?”

“Our enemy is not a killer. It’s a trickster. The killing is just a by-product.”

“If you’re trying to say it won’t kill us,” Derek said. “I’m not feeling too confident about that.”

“Neither am I,” I agreed.

“It won’t. It wants irony. It wants to play a trick. It wants a joke. All we need to do is come up with a new punchline.”

“The sun is setting, Sheriff,” Chris said. “What do you have in mind?”

Stilinski looked back down at the chessboard before he laid out his plan.

~~~

“Wait here,” Stilinski whispered. We’d taken the stairs to keep Stiles from hearing us coming. I swear Derek lived at the top of a million sets of stairs. The sheriff opened the door and walked in.

“Hi, Dad.”
De-Void

Chapter Summary

The pack finds a way to get to Stiles. Trish has a war of wills with Void.

“You want to handcuff me?”

Chris, Allison, Derek, and I were standing outside Derek’s loft, Sheriff Stilinski and Stiles inside. But the question is was the boy inside the loft actually Stiles or Void?

“If my son is still here, if there’s still a part of him standing here in front of me, then he’ll put these on willingly and he’ll come with me, because he knows I’m here to protect him from himself and from others.” There was a pause and I heard the click of handcuffs. There was another long pause.

“You are not my son.” It was spoken in a whisper. I heard something hit the floor and Chris nodded. He and Allison walked through first, followed by Derek and I. Allison aimed the stun gun at Stiles and fired. Stiles caught the prongs with a speed I’d only ever seen in a werewolf. The electricity didn’t faze him. Void pulled the gun out of Allison’s hand. Derek roared and attacked. Void blocked and twisted his arm behind him. He then slammed Derek’s head into the table, which had been moved to the side, before throwing him several feet into one of the posts. Derek landed hard.

“Derek!” I ran to his side. Derek coughed, the blow having knocked the breath out of him. Then I heard the familiar click of a gun cocking. We both looked up to see Chris holding his .45 at Void. Void turned and faced Chris. “Chris,” I said slowly, rising. “What are you doing?”

“Argent, listen to me,” Stilinski said. “Don’t do this.”


Oh, shit. was my only thought.

“You’re not going to shoot my son.”

“You said it yourself, Sheriff.” I was now completely standing between Void Stiles and Chris. “That’s not your son. Move out of the way, Trish.”

“No.” I was having déjà vu. The last time I was in this position, I was protecting Allison from Peter’s wrath after he killed Kate.


“Dad, he’s going to shoot me,” Void Stiles said. “He’s going to kill me, Dad.”

“Don’t listen. Move, Trish.”

“Or what? You’ll shoot me too?” My eyes changed.
“Put it down. Now! Do it!”

“Trish,” I heard Derek warn but I was not budging.

“Put it down!”

“Pull the trigger,” Void taunted. “Come on.” The look on Chris’ face changed. He didn’t look quite so determined now. “Push the Eamonn out of the way and shoot me.”

“Put the gun down!”

“Dad,” Allison whispered.

“Shoot me!”

“Put the gun down!”

“Enough!” I screamed. My voice echoed throughout the room, surprising everyone, including me. But I didn’t stop to wonder how I’d just done that. “Stop it.” The room darkened.

“This is what he wants!” Allison cried. “This is exactly what he wants!”

“Not exactly,” Void said. “I was kinda hoping Scott would be here, but I’m glad you brought the Eamonn along. And I’m glad you all have your guns out. But you’re not here to kill me.” I turned towards Void as four shadows appeared to pass through the window. Stilinski pulled me back and then pushed me behind him. “You’re here to protect me.”

Void backed up until he was next to me behind Chris and Stilinski. The Oni drew their swords. Chris fired but all we heard was a click. He fired again with the same result. Stilinski fired as Chris pulled out his secondary gun. Two disappeared and I spun around, charging my force spell. Derek and Allison took positions on either side of me. The Oni attacked and I sent them flying. Now I was glad that Chris had given me the knife. I ducked a swing and drew the knife. I spun around and blocked. Derek roared and attacked. I spun around one and stabbed it in the back. It elbowed me in the face and I went back several steps. Allison mostly dodged. I heard Derek cry out in pain and I spun around, sending the Oni over Derek flying before it could kill him. I gave my own cry as I felt one of their swords bite into my right arm. Then they were gone. Along with Void Stiles. We looked at each other before I ran over to Derek, who was still on the floor. He had a deep gash across the back of his left shoulder. Chris crouched down next to us as I looked at Derek’s wound. Two someones ran into the room at that moment and they just about ended up flying over the railing outside the door. Chris and Stilinski raised their guns before all three of us realized that the newcomers were only Scott and Kira.

“What happened?” Scott asked as I backed off and the two men lowered their weapons.

“They disappeared,” Allison answered. “They literally just vanished.” Scott seemed to realize that Derek was injured and descended into the loft, making a beeline for his Beta.

“And so did Stiles,” I said.

“You’re hurt,” Scott said. He then noticed the wound on my arm. “Both of you.”

“We’re fine,” Derek said. He looked at me. “We’ll heal.”

“There’s something about their blades that prevents instant healing,” I said. I looked at Scott. “At least in Betas.”
“What do we do now?”

“Regroup,” I said. “And make a better plan.”

---

I crashed when I got home after I bandaged my arm. I had literally been up for over 24 hours and I was exhausted. I woke up several hours later to find Anna snuggled against my back. “Anna?”

“Hi, sleepyhead,” she answered.

I smiled. “How long have you been in here?”

“A little while. I was waiting for you to wake up so you can give me an update. Lydia said that the charges against Derek and Chris were dropped.”

“Yeah, they were. Stilinski recruited them and me to help find Stiles.”

“Did you find him?”

I sighed. “In a way. The nogitsune led us to Derek’s loft and it almost ended badly.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, Chris was going to shoot Stiles. Stilinski was going to shoot Chris. I stepped in the way of Chris and Stiles. I really wouldn’t have put it past Chris to shoot me so he could get to Stiles.” I saw Anna’s expression darken. “Luckily, Void decided that he needed us as bodyguards more.”

Anna touched the bandage on my arm. “Did the Oni do this?”

“Yeah. They got me and Derek in the fight that followed.” I got out of bed. “Which reminds me, I should probably change these.” I removed the bandage to see that the wound was smaller but not healed. I changed the bandage, with Anna’s help. My phone rang. “Hel—”

Lydia and Aiden found Stiles completely unconscious and hurt. Scott said quickly before I could even finish the word. I need you to get to my house as fast as you can.

“We’re on our way.” I hung up.

“What’s up?”

“We need to get to Scott’s house right now.”

---

Everyone except the Argents, Derek, Ethan, and Stilinski were at Scott’s. Scott and Aiden were carrying Stiles between them.

“The couch,” Scott said. “Put him on the couch.”
“Guys, this is crazy,” Melissa said as Alan and I started to examine the wound across his abdomen. “He needs to be in the hospital.”

“It’s too dangerous,” I said. “For everyone around him.”

“Mom, remember what happened the last time he went to the hospital?”

“He doesn’t look like he’s bleeding,” Alan said.

“It looks like he’s healing,” I commented. “Like my kind of healing.”

“That’s good, right?”

“No necessarily.”

“For him, yes,” Alan looked up at Scott, Aiden, Lydia, Anna, and Melissa. “But Trish is right. For us, I’m not so sure.”

“I’ll call his dad,” Melissa said, before leaving the room.

“If we’re not going to kill him,” Aiden said. “Then why aren’t we at least tying him down with really big chains?”

Alan picked up his bag. “I might have something more effective.”

Melissa pulled me aside as Alan pulled something out and he, Aiden and Scott walked towards Stiles. “Stilinski isn’t answering his phone.”

“Why…,” I trailed off. “Crap, his hearing’s today. That could take hours.”

There was suddenly a struggle. “Get him off me!” Aiden cried. I stepped out of the kitchen to see Anna and Scott trying to pry Stiles’ hand from Aiden’s throat. “Get him off me!”

Stiles’ grip loosened and he looked at his hand like he’d never seen it before. “Kanima venom.” Stiles’, no Void’s, hand fell limp next to him. “Nice touch.” Aiden gave a roar and took a step forward. Anna put both of her hands on his chest. I didn’t like her between a pissed off werewolf and what he was pissed off at. “You know how they say that twins get a feeling when the other one’s in pain?” Everyone froze. “You didn’t lose that talent, too, did you? Oh, I hope not. You’re gonna need it.” Scott and Aiden looked at one another, realizing it was a threat towards Ethan. “Okay, I’ll give a little hint.” Their attention went back to Void. “Ethan’s at the school.” Aiden looked back towards Scott.

“Go.” Aiden took off and Void turned his head to watch him go, laughing as he did so.

“Oh, I hope he gets there in time. I like the Twins. Short tempers. Homicidal compulsions. They’re a lot more fun than you bakemono trying to save the world every day.”

“Doc,” Melissa suddenly said. “You brought something to paralyze his body. You got anything for his mouth?”

“Yes, I do.” Alan pulled something else out of his bag. Which turned out to be duct tape. He ripped a piece off and put it over Void’s mouth. Void screamed, the sound muffled. And then he started laughing.

“We should tend to this wound,” I said. “Healing or not, it doesn’t need to be open like that.” I sent Anna out to my car to get my med kit and Melissa and I started working on it.
“Scott, Lydia, Anna, Trish, could I speak to you for a minute?” Alan asked.

“I’ve got this,” Melissa said.

I joined the others in the kitchen.

“How much longer do you think we have?” Scott asked.

“I wish I knew,” Alan said.

“The venom could last for most of the day and into the night or just a few hours. It depends on the person.”

“If we don’t figure out something soon, we’re going to need to find a better place to keep them. I think we’re grossly underestimating the danger here.” I nodded in agreement. “He might be paralyzed, but it still feels like he’s got us right in the palm of his hand.”

“Like everything is going according to his plan,” I added.

“We have to find a way to get Void out of Stiles,” Anna said.

“That’s easier said than done.”

“But the scroll said to change his body,” Lydia said.

“That’s if I translated it correctly,” Alan said. “We’re looking for a cure in something.” Scott leaned over the island. “That might actually be nothing more than a proverb or a metaphor.”

“And what if he doesn’t want it?” Scott asked. I looked at him. Scott never did and fought it tooth and nail. In a way, he still was. “He’s never asked to be a werewolf.”

“What if it saves his life?” Lydia countered.

“What if it kills him?” I asked, the memory of Paige’s death coming front and center.

“I’ve never done this before,” Scott said. “I mean, what if I bite him and accidentally hit an artery or something?”

“He’ll heal, right?” Anna asked.

“Not if his body rejects it,” I countered.

“That venom is not going to last long. Something needs to be done sooner than later.”

“I can try calling Derek again.”

“Maybe we should call someone else,” Lydia said.

“Who?” Scott asked.

“Someone with more experience,” I said slowly, looking at Anna.

Scott just looked at us. “You’re serious?”

“Derek may have bitten more people, but Peter has the knowledge to help.”

Scott sighed.
Anna answered the door when the doorbell rang. She’d called Peter and he’d come quicker than I anticipated. He gave Anna a mischievous smirk. She took his hand and led him inside.

“We really need your help,” she said, pointing at Stiles.

“You weren’t kidding when you said you trapped the fox.” He circled around the couch, studying Void. “He doesn’t look like he would survive a slap across the face, much less the bite of a werewolf.” Peter crouched down to Void’s level.

“You don’t think it would work?” Scott asked.

_Please, say no._ I thought.

“This is more a war of the mind than the body.”

“Something you’re an expert at,” I said.

Peter looked at me and smirked. “I’m flattered, Trish.” Void was looking bored now. He straightened. “Besides, there are better methods to winning this battle.”

“What kind of methods?” Alan asked.

Peter grabbed Scott’s wrist and brought it down to where his claws flicked out.

“Memory transference,” I said.

“Exactly. We’re going to get inside his head. I believe you also have a way to do this, Trish.”

“My spell allows me to see memories, not actually get inside one’s head.”

Peter let go of Scott’s wrist. “But first, I need a word with Lydia.”

“What?”

“Why?” Anna asked.

“I need the Banshee to help form a plan.” They went into the hallway and conversed. Several minutes later they returned.

“So do we have a plan?” Alan asked.

“Scott is going to try and dig through pale and sickly Evil Stiles’ mind to unearth pale and sickly Real Stiles. Then guide him back from the depths of his own subconscious. But he’s not going to do it alone.”

“What do you mean?”

Peter looked at Lydia. “Somebody needs to go in with you.” Lydia looked scared shitless at that moment. “Lydia will go in with you, Trish will use her little memory trick to help the best way she can.”
“Do you think you can do it?” Alan asked.

“I have to try.”

“What memory trick are we talking about?” Melissa asked, completely lost.

“I was able to access Isaac’s memories when Deucalion stole them after he found Boyd and Cora in the bank vault. But what I’m going to attempt may or may not work.”

“Then let’s hope it works,” Peter said. “Lydia, please take a seat next to Stiles. Scott, come over here.” The two did as he asked. “Flick out your claws.” Scott did so and Peter positioned Scott’s claws at the back of Stiles’ neck. “Go straight in. Usually this is something only an Alpha can do. I’m not as good at it anymore. Especially after my return from the dead.”

“So what do we do if we find him?” Scott asked.

“You’re gonna have to guide him out somehow.” Peter went around Scott and positioned his other claws against Lydia’s neck. “Try to give him back control of his mind, his body.”

“Could you elaborate on the ‘somehow’?” Lydia asked. “It’s not feeling very specific at the moment.”

“It’s not science, Lydia,” I said.

“Improvise,” Peter simply said.

I bite my lip to keep Scott and Lydia from seeing my amusement. Mostly for the look on Peter’s face as he said it. Peter backed away.

“What if this is just another trick?” Scott asked.

“When are you people going to trust me?”

Scott looked at Peter then back at Stiles. “I meant him.”

“Oh.”

Anna snorted, no doubt trying not to laugh.

“Scott, we’re running out of time,” Alan reminded him.

Scott nodded and then closed his eyes, taking a deep breath. When he opened them, his eyes were glowing bright red. He took several more deep breaths before shoving his claws into Lydia and Stiles. All three closed their eyes. Peter moved around the couch to stand with the rest of us.

“Alright, Trish,” Peter said, softly. “You’re up.” I inhaled through my nose and out through my mouth to clear my mind. I hadn’t done this since I fully accepted being an Eamonn. I nodded and knelt down in front of Stiles. “Good luck.”

“Here goes.” I placed my thumb, forefinger and middle finger on either side of his head. “No matter what happens, do not break my concentration.” I closed my eyes and focused on finding the real Stiles’ memories.
All I could see was darkness. Void was fighting me, trying to keep me out. I pushed against him. Seeing I wasn’t going to back off easily, he decided that showing me the Hale house engulfed in flames would do the trick. But I knew it was just that, a trick. I pushed against the scene, glad that Stiles didn’t know the details of my relationship with Josh. And I was sure my memory transference ability was a one way street. When the Hale fire didn’t stop me, I found that Void could indeed travel the link I had between us.

“Trish.”

I gave a ragged breath. “No.”

“Trish, it’s me.” Josh put his hands on my cheeks. “I’ve been looking everywhere for you. I’m glad I finally found you.”

“Josh?” I whispered.

Josh smiled. He was older now, the same look in his grey eyes as had always been when he looked at me. “I missed you.”

“This isn’t real.”

“Why wouldn’t it be? I’m here. I survived the fire. I was healing. I had to run. I needed to protect you from the Argents. I thought if I stayed away, you be safe. I didn’t realize that I hurt you by doing that.” He pulled me close and I laid my head on his chest. I squeezed my eyes shut. Then I pushed away. Void forgot one detail of our relationship. Josh’s heart rate would always go up when we were in this position. It usually took him a few minutes for it to calm down. I looked up at him. When we were alone like this, he never tried to hide that his eyes glowed bright yellow. Josh’s eyes weren’t glowing.

“No,” I whispered, pushing against him.

Josh dropped his arms. “Trish, what’s wrong?”

“This isn’t real. None of this is real.”

“Of course I’m real.”

I shook my head. “How dare you use him against me. How dare you use my pain! Josh is dead and you think you can use him to trap me!” It was the first time I’d said it aloud.

“It’s what I do, Eamonn,” Void Josh said. “You can’t have him. None of you can.” Josh turned into a shadow. It came at me and I suddenly felt like I couldn’t catch my breath. I was completely pissed off now at the trick he tried and the fact that he was now trying to strangle me. I felt my power surge through me. With a scream, I shoved against the shadow. Hard.

And found myself watching myself slid into view and roll onto my side. I rose to my knees. A moment later, Derek flipped into view and I pushed my arms outward. I stood and stepped in front of Derek and did the same thing two more times before Peter came into view, grabbing me by the throat. I suddenly realized that I’d found the real Stiles’ memories. And the first one I accessed was his memory of seeing me use my magic for the first time. I rushed forward, looking for his more recent ones. The most recent one I could find was of Stiles begging someone he called Oliver not to hurt Malia.

“I’ll let you in if you just don’t hurt her.”
“We promise to let her be. But let us in.” Stiles seemed to hesitate. “Let us in!”

“Alright,” Stiles whispered. Then I saw Void in the form of the bandaged body wearing the flight jacket walking towards us. I heard someone screaming Lydia’s name in the distance and then my view changed. A board with small circular what looked like stones covering it. I recognized it as the game of GO, an Oriental board game of strategy. A hand moved a piece. Stiles’ hand.

“Stiles!” A bandaged hand moved next. “Stiles! You have to fight him! You can’t let him control you!” Stiles and Void continued to play. “Come on, Stiles! Fight it!” Then I heard a loud howl that caused the pieces on the board to rattle. We looked up to see Lydia and a fully transformed Scott. We looked back at Void, who growled. “Stiles! Do it now!” We shoved the pieces off the board and they went flying all over the Nemeton we were sitting on. Void roared.

I fell backwards, right into Alan’s arms. I blinked several times, coughing and gasping, my hand going to my throat.

“Did it work?!” Scott cried. Alan helped me to my feet. I felt somewhat weak.

“You okay, Trish?” Anna asked.

I nodded, still gasping for breath. Peter was giving me a worried look. “I’m fine,” I rasped.

“What happened?” Lydia asked. Stiles was completely limp. “Why didn’t it work?”

“Because it’s not science, Lydia,” Peter said. “It’s supernatural.” He slightly lowered his voice. “I did my part. Now give me the name.”

“What name?” Scott asked. Peter pulled her to the side. “What are you talking about?” Scott looked at me and I shrugged, shaking my head. I had no clue what the hell Peter was talking about. Shocker really.

Stiles suddenly gasped and ripped the tape from his mouth. He pulled… something… out of his mouth. A long something. He fell on his knees and I realized that something was a bandage. A really long bandage. Stiles vomited it up and we could only look on with a mix of horror, shock and disgust. Peter’s look conveyed the “WTF” clearly. I’m sure I had the same look. After a couple of minutes, what looked like the entire roll or two of a cloth bandage was in the middle of Melissa’s living room. Then a black shadow and a bandaged hand came out from the middle of the pile of bandage.

“Holy fu—”

“What the hell is that!?” Anna cried, cutting off my swear. I pushed Anna behind me. Void literally was crawling out of the floor. It was like a bad horror movie and we were in the middle of it. Peter’s arm came across both of us protectively. Void stumbled forward and Scott and Peter jumped forward, grabbing his arms and slamming him on the couch. Void kept pawing at the bandages around his head.

“Hold him!” Peter cried.

“I’m trying!”

“Wait!” I cried. In Stiles’ memory, there was a bloody hole where the mouth was, its mouth full of
sharp teeth. There was no hole in this one. “Wait!” I jumped in and started pulling the bandages away. “Oh, my God,” I muttered when the bandages revealed… Stiles? He looked like he didn’t know where he was at first.

“Scott?” he asked.

“What the hell is going on?”

“Trish.” He grabbed my arm, the grip what I came to expect from plain old human Stiles.

“Scott,” Alan said.

Scott looked up and I saw Anna bolt towards the open door. “Lydia!”

“Where are they?”

Alan shook his head and I realized that there were now two Stiles. One was bad enough. Now he literally had an evil twin. And that twin had taken Lydia.
Fearless Warrior

Chapter Summary

The pack regroups. The Twins are attacked. The pack suffers a devastating loss

Alan had left when he got a phone call from Allison asking him to come to the school. Peter had gone with him to see if he could help. I still felt weak but my strength was slowly returning. I was in the downstairs bathroom, examining the fading bruise around my throat from Void trying to strangle me.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Anna asked from the doorway. I looked at her in the mirror and gave her a reassuring smile. She looked so worried.

“Yeah,” I whispered. “I think so.”

“What happened?”

“What do you mean?” I turned towards her.

“What did you see while you were in his mind?” I really didn’t want to talk about it. Tell Anna how I almost fell for Void’s trick. I could still feel Josh against me, his arms around me. It had felt so real. “Your breathing changed, like when Mom told us.” I dropped my eyes. “There was a hitch to it. Peter said your heart rate increased.”

“Void used…,” I hesitated. “Void used Josh against me. He traveled up the link between Stiles and I and got into my head. It felt so real. But Void didn’t bother with details and I saw through the trick.” I reached up and touched my throat.

“He tried to strangle you then, didn’t he?” I nodded. “I almost broke your concentration when you started sounding like you were choking. Peter told me if I did, I could kill you both.”

“At that moment you probably would have.”

Scott knocked on the door frame. “Noshiko’s here. I’m going upstairs to get Stiles.”

I nodded. We’d both agreed that having the Oni check Stiles was the best way to see if Stiles was really himself. I came out of the bathroom and saw the woman I’d seen in the elevator at the hospital.

“You must be the witch Kira told me about. You helped protect her.”

“Eamonn,” I corrected. “And it’s what I do.” She gave a slight nod and then looked past me. I turned to see Scott and Melissa helping Stiles down the stairs.

“Do you recognize me?” Noshiko asked. Stiles motioned to Scott that it was okay.

The door slammed shut and Kira ran in. “Stop!” Noshiko held her hand up to stop her daughter.

Stiles walked towards them. “It’s okay. I’m the one who asked her to come.”
“You’re the one who’s going to get stabbed with swords.” I looked at Scott. He held his hand up, a sign that he didn’t want me to interfere. “Mom, don’t do this to him.”

“It’s already done.” I pushed Anna back as two Oni appeared. Melissa gasped and Scott put his arm across her protectively. One grabbed Stiles arms while the other grabbed him by the head. Stiles grunted as they checked him before he collapsed and the Oni disappeared. I was the first to his side, Scott a second behind me. “Look behind his ear,” Noshiko said.

I was already looking. I breathed a sigh of relief. “Self” I said, seeing the same kanji that was on the rest of us.

“Am I actually me?”

“More you than the nogitsune,” Noshiko said. I really didn’t know if I wanted to hate her right now. She had no emotion. When Scott and Kira had gotten the story of the nogitsune from her, all she told them was they had to kill Stiles.

“Can the Oni find him?”

“Tomorrow night. It’s too close to dawn now.” Stiles wasn’t happy with that answer.

“Can they kill him?”

“It depends on how strong he is.”

“He split from Stiles and managed to get Isaac and the Twins to almost kill each other,” I said. “That sounds pretty freaking strong to me.”

“What about Lydia?” Scott asked. “Why would he take her?”

“He would only take her for an advantage.”

“You mean her power?”

“The power of a Banshee.”

“He needs a warning,” Noshiko nodded. “We have to find her before night falls again.”

“I want to see my dad.”

~~~

I drove them to the station. Jordan had told me that Stilinski didn’t seem to want to go home. I walked in first, Scott helping his best friend in.

Jordan saw us. “You’re just in time,” he said. “I just finished convincing him to go home.”

“Perfect timing then.” The boys continued on.

“You look tired.”

“I am.”
Jordan suddenly looked concerned. “What happened to your neck?”


“You have a bruise. It looks like someone tried to strangle you.”

“No one’s tried killing me that I’m aware of.”

“I think you would have been aware of that.”

I chuckled. “I think so, too.” I started to walk away, following the boys.

“Hey,” He suddenly and gently took my face in his hands. “You told me to be careful.” I looked into those beautiful green eyes. “I want you to be careful too.”

I smiled a tired smile and nodded. “I will.” He dropped his hand. I started to walk away, then turned back and hugged him. This surprised him and he returned the hug a moment later. I smiled at him and I turned to leave. I think I now know why I was finally able to accept that Josh was dead.

“Trish?” I turned back to Stilinski. “What are you doing here?”

“Dropping the boys off.”

“Parrish,” He handed him a slip of paper. “I need an APB on this car. If anyone finds it, tell me immediately.”

“Yes, sir.” Parrish went to file the APB.

“You look exhausted.”

“I am. What we did earlier kinda drained me to the edge of the red. But I still have to find Derek. I haven’t been able to get ahold of him and tell him what’s going on.”

Stilinski nodded. “Get some rest afterwards.”

“Yes, Dad.” Stilinski chuckled and I smiled.

~~~

I slid open the door to the loft. “Derek? We have a big—” I cut off when I saw him. He didn’t even look up when I barged in. He was sitting on the floor against the window, the first rays of the sun coming through it, his elbows propped against his knees and his knuckles against his forehead and his eyes were closed. The last time I saw him like this was after the fire. I slowly approached him.

“Derek?”

“I almost killed Chris,” he whispered. “I was going to burn him. Make Allison watch.” I sat down next to him. He dropped his hands and leaned his head back against the window. “I told him I was going to wait until Allison got home and I was going to burn the building down around him.” I waited. He had done the exact same thing after the fire. It was how I’d known about Kate. How I knew that it had been Kate. Only then, Laura was sitting with us, trying to convince him it hadn’t
been his fault. That he didn’t know that his girlfriend knew about him. “Void used my anger at Kate and was going to use me to kill Chris.”

“We’ve underestimated him. Fatally, underestimated him.”

Derek looked at me. “Because he was able to do something like this?”

“I think he did the same thing to Isaac and the Twins. They were all possessed with houseflies. Just like the ones that came out of Barrow.”

Derek nodded. “So was I. He’s more powerful than we thought.”

“And you haven’t heard the worse part yet.”

“There’s more?”

“There are now two Stiles. Somehow Void split from his host and is running around Beacon Hills in a Stiles meat suit.”

“You’ve watched Supernatural too much.”

“Probably. Void took Lydia.”

“What? Why?”

“I don’t know. Kira’s mother, Noshiko, tested Stiles a few hours ago. Skinny, defenseless Stiles is skinny, defenseless Stiles again.”

“How?” He seemed to notice how exhausted I looked. “What did you do?”

“Scott and Lydia went into his head using memory transference while I went to look for the real Stiles’ memories.”

“It worked?”

I nodded and Derek touched my neck. “Void tried to kill me while I was in there,” I explained.

“You’re healing faster now.”

“What?”

“That light bruising you had when you walked in completely disappeared now. It used to take you a couple of days.”

“I noticed the faster healing after the eclipse. I think it’s part of my acceptance.”

Derek stood, pulling me to my feet. “I’m going to Lydia’s to find something with a stronger scent.” I nodded. “Crash here.”

“Thank you.”

~~~
I don’t know how long I was out before I woke up to see I’d missed a couple of calls. Two from Anna and one from Scott. I listened to the voicemails to find that a girl from Eichen House might be able to help us and the two from Anna said that the girl was at the school. Anna and Kira were probably the only two in the teenaged part of the pack that had actually gone to school today. I heard the loft door open.

“Good, you’re still here,” Derek said. “I need your help.”

“What’s up?”

“Chris is meeting me at the Preserve. Someone attacked the Twins with buckshot full of wolfsbane.”

“Hunters?”

“Possibly. They said they pissed off pretty much everyone. Wouldn’t be surprised if Hunters were on that list.”

“The faster we get them and get the buckshot out the faster they can start healing.”

We left. In the elevator, Derek updated me. “I followed Lydia’s scent to the Preserve. I heard the gunfire. I was going to avoid it until I caught the scent of wolfsbane and the Twins.” I got into the passenger side of the Cruiser after getting my med and herb kits out of my car. “I couldn’t get them both out on my own.”

“You left them?”

“They’re in a coyote den right now. Hopefully, they’re smart enough to keep quiet. That’s why I need your and Chris’ help. I can’t carry them both and keep an eye out for the shooter.”

“You need Chris’ strength and my magic.” It wasn’t a question.

“Yeah, are you up for it?”

“Totally.”

Chris was waiting for us at the Preserve. “How bad are they?” he asked once Derek got out of the car.

“Pretty bad. Wolfsbane buckshot.” Chris and I followed Derek to the coyote den.

“Ethan? Aiden?”

“Yeah,” one of them whispered and we went in. They looked pretty bad.

“We have to move quickly,” I said. Their blood was black. Aiden didn’t look particularly coherent. Derek draped Aiden’s arm over his shoulder while Chris did the same for Ethan. As they came out, I waved my arms in a circle, making a protective barrier around us to protect us from the shooter.

I hopped into the backseat and pulled Aiden inside. “Aiden’s the worse of the two,” I said. “I need to start getting this buckshot out now.”
“Do it,” Derek said, shutting the back door. He went over to the passenger side hand handed me my bags across the seat. “Chris, take Ethan to my loft.”

I slid the door open and Derek and Chris helped the Twins inside. I’d gotten the buckshot out of Aiden. The two men dropped them onto the couch and then stepped away. I went to work on Ethan as Derek and Chris conversed.

“I found these on the ground.” Derek showed a spent shotgun shell to Chris.

“This wasn’t Araya, was it?”

“I don’t think so. They don’t look like her shells.”

“That’s not possible,” Chris whispered. I looked up at the disbelief in his voice. He looked like he’d seen a ghost. Derek and I looked at one another. He looked just as confused as me. Chris’ phone started ringing. “Allison? Allison, hold on. You have to wait. Allison, wait for me. Wait, Allison! Wait!” He looked down at his phone. “They found Lydia. Void has her at Oak Creek. They’re going there now.”

I’m pretty sure I had a horrified look on my face. “The whole pack?” Chris nodded. I looked at Derek. He read my face.

“Go, both of you,” he said. “I’ll take care of the Twins.”

Chris and I ran out of the loft. Chris was almost in panic mode. Something I had never seen him in.

“They can’t take on Void. Not on their own. I know he has some sort of trick up his sleeve,” I said.

“I know. They need us. They need you.”

“What do you know?”

“What do you mean?”

“The shell. You know who it belongs to.”

“I think so, but I have to make sure first. It could be one of two people. But right now, we need to focus on getting to Oak Creek.”

I knew Anna was going to be right there with the pack. Anna would do anything for the pack. For her friends. Just like I would. A sharp pain suddenly went through my abdomen, just like when I felt Kali impale Derek. My hand went to my upper abdomen and I squeezed my eyes shut.

“Trish?” Chris no doubt had seen my sudden reaction.

“We… we need to hurry,” I gasped. “I have a really bad feeling.” Chris nodded and started to weave through the traffic. I had a bad feeling someone was about to die. And then I heard the scream.

“Allllisonnnnn!”
I knew Chris couldn’t hear it. A Banshee’s scream could only be heard by the supernatural. A true Banshee scream could.

“Oh, God,” I whispered, I knew I had a horrified look on my face, as I gripped the door handle. “Chris, drive faster!” And he did. He pulled up to Oak Creek and I didn’t even wait for him to stop before I jumped out of the car and sprinted towards the gates. They were open wide, Allison’s car and Stiles’ Jeep parked in front of it. I ran through the gates, noticing the quiet. I didn’t like that. Then they came into view. Noshiko was holding Kira. Isaac was on the ground, Anna next to him, bow in hand. Scott was on the ground, holding Allison. I stopped, horrified. Allison’s hand dropped limply to the side. Scott cradled her, sobbing.

“No,” I whispered, sprinting towards them. I stopped and dropped next to Allison and Scott, tears blinding me. I pressed my hand against her stomach. “No, Allison! No!” I felt for her pulse. We were too late. “No, no, no, no,” She was gone. I sat hard, sobbing. I’d felt it. I’d felt her dying. Scott kissed her forehead. I looked towards the gate as Chris appeared. Anna knelt beside me, burying her face into my neck and sobbing. A look of complete horror and shock came across Chris’ face and he stumbled, catching himself on a pile of crates. This had been my fear. That someone would die.

I never thought I would watch another member of the pack die.

Not like this.

And not Allison.
Chapter Summary

With the pack reeling from a devastating loss, they resolve to face off with Void.

It was decided that Scott, Lydia, Isaac, and Anna would give statements to the police. Chris would go with them. Noshiko and Kira took Stiles to their house and offered to give me a ride home. I shook my head.

“The loft,” I was surprised I was even able to speak. “Derek… Derek needs to know. The Twins need to know.” Stiles gave directions to Derek’s building. Bless him. I was so numb I barely registered I was even on the move in the car. I barely remember arriving and getting out of the car.

“Do you want me to come up there with you?” Kira asked.

“No, just keep Stiles safe.” I tried to focus as I rode the elevator to the top of the building. I just wanted to leave. I wanted to go home, to mourn with Anna. I numbly opened the loft door and walked in.

“Trish?” Derek called. I slowly turned and closed the door. I was pretty sure Derek could smell the grief on me. “What happened?” I didn’t look up until I felt his hands on my arms. “Is it Anna?” His eyes were worried. “Did something happen to Anna?”

I shook my head. “No,” I said. “Anna’s… Anna’s fine. She’s okay.”

“Did they find Lydia?” Aiden asked.

I nodded. “She’s safe. She’s okay.”

“Trish.” Derek turned my hand over and I looked down. I didn’t realize I still had Allison’s blood on me.


Eventually, Derek pulled away and he looked me in the eye. “I know how hard this is,” he said. “I know how much this hurts, but the pack needs you now, more than ever. You’re the strongest and craziest person I know.”

“I don’t want to be strong anymore.”

“The pack needs your strength. Scott, Stiles, Lydia, Anna, Isaac, me, the Twins. We all need you.” I looked past him. He’d been working on the Twins while I was gone. I looked back at him and nodded. The pack needed their Eamonn. I walked past Derek and finished pulling the buckshot from Ethan. Derek then went behind me and cauterized their wounds, burning out the wolfsbane in the process. The pack needed their Eamonn. Their protector. Then my jaw set, the grief turning to anger. Void was not going to get away will using his new playthings to kill Allison. He was not
going to get away with slowly killing Stiles. He was not going to get away with framing Derek and Chris and almost killing them and me at the sheriff’s station. And he sure as hell was not going to get away with trying to kill me for seeing past his trick. I packed my med kit as Derek finished with Ethan.

“You should be fine in a couple of hours,” Derek said as I zipped my bag. “Unless whoever shot you manages to find you again.”

“Lydia’s with Scott,” Aiden said. “We need to go.”

“You running?” I asked.

Aiden stopped as Ethan put his shirt on. “Yeah, I am.”

“You gonna try to convince Lydia to go with you?” Derek asked.

“I’m gonna try to convince her to run and hide. Like any sane person would do.”

I snorted. “And Danny?”

“Allison’s dead,” Ethan said. “Stiles is dying. What do you think?”

“I think Danny won’t believe you.” Derek looked at Aiden. “And Lydia would never run and hide.”

“Because of Stiles.”

“Because she won’t abandon her pack,” I said.

“You should run too, Trish. You should take your sister and get the hell out of this town before one of you becomes the nogitsune’s next victim.”

“I’m not running!” I yelled. It wasn’t often that I raised my voice. “I will never run and abandon my pack. I would never abandon Scott.” Derek put a hand on my shoulder, no doubt sensing the anger I now had.

“You’ve been trying to find a way into his pack. Trying to earn his trust. Trying to fight for him. You’ve had it wrong the whole time. You don’t fight for a leader. You fight for a leader’s cause.”

“What cause?” Aiden asked.

“Scott doesn’t care about power,” I said.

Derek nodded. “He’s always been about one thing. Saving his friends.”

“You should know by now that he’ll do anything to protect them.”

“He will do anything and everything to save the people he cares about. When there’s no chance of winning, he keeps fighting. When all hope is lost, he finds another way. And when he’s beaten down, he stands back up again. You want to earn a place in his pack? You want redemption? Find another way to stand and fight.”

I pulled the sheath Chris had given me out of my herb bag, where I had been keeping it. “Go ahead and run. Hide. Crawl back out when the dust settles. What fragile trust you’ve currently earned with Scott will be gone if you abandon him when he needs you the most.” Ethan and Aiden looked at one another as Derek’s phone rang.
“Yeah.” He turned away.

“It’s easy for you to make that decision,” Aiden said. “You’re an Eamonn. Protecting is what your kind is all about.”

“You’re wrong, Aiden. I give my life for Scott’s cause, if Void or his Oni kill me, my sister has nothing. She’ll have no one. Our mother’s dead, our father hasn’t been seen in sixteen years. I’m all she has. It’s not an easy decision for me. At all.”

Derek hung up the phone and grabbed his jacket. He picked up a round box with a triskilion carved into the top. “We’re meeting Scott at the school.”

I nodded and strapped the sheath to my right thigh. “You boys coming or are you going to stick with your run and hide plan?”

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The moment we got out of the car, Derek transformed. “You ready?” he asked. I nodded, my eyes changing. He smirked and headed towards the school. As we walked through the tunnel the led to the lacrosse field, we saw Void sitting on the stairs, two Oni behind him.

“Did you bring us a present?” Void asked.

Derek set the box down beside him. I smirked. I felt the Twins join us. “We brought two,” Derek said.

“I’ve heard of an Alpha Pack, Derek, but not a pack of former Alphas.” His eyes fell on me. “And you brought along your former Emissary. It’s a little sad, isn’t it?” We advanced.

“I might not be an Alpha anymore,” Derek said. I held my hands at waist height, the air around them shimmering as two separate force fields surrounded them as he spoke. “But I can still fight like one.” He roared.

The two Oni flourished their swords. Derek roared again, this time Ethan and Aiden joining them, and all of us charged. I sent several blasts of at the Oni before I drew my knife, mentally thanking Chris for insisting I have it. I delved down and grabbed the fire, shoving my flame engulfed hand into an Oni’s chest. He didn’t like that.

“Where the hell are they?” Aiden cried.

“The Jeep’s here!” Ethan answered. “They have to be here somewhere!”

“In the school!” Derek cried, after punching an Oni. Another one went flying past him.

“Where the hell did these other two come from?!” I cried, dodging a blade.

Derek was knocked down and he held it off him. “You have to get on the box!” I stabbed the Oni on top of Derek. “Someone get on the box!”

“I hate ninjas.” I heard Aiden say before he roared. Derek jumped to his feet as the Oni came after me. I dodged his swing, only to have a blade bite through my right side, spinning me completely around. I screamed from the pain and surprise.
“Trish!” Derek cried. The Oni was standing over me. I hit him with the force shield and he went flying into the ceiling.

“We can’t do this!” Aiden cried. “We can’t beat them!”

“Take the box!” I cried, clutching my side. My blood was black and I knew they had some sort of poison in their blades.

“We’ll hold them off!” Ethan added.

The pain from whatever poison they had was excruciating and I was having a hard time focusing on my magic. I scooted back, holding my side as an Oni came after me. Derek slammed into him, sending him back several feet. The Oni flourished its sword. Derek stood in front of me, our roles reversed for once. He roared. The Oni started to charge and was suddenly stopped by an arrow to the chest. The wound glowed, much like their eyes had when they checked us. And then it exploded. Derek and I looked in the direction the arrow had come from. To see Chris standing on the wall with a crossbow. Isaac flipped off another wall and landed where the Oni had been a moment before.

“What was that?” Ethan asked.

“Silver,” Chris answered.

“I guess…,” I grunted. “I guess that silver ritual you guy have… came in handy for… something.”

“Isaac! The box!” Derek cried. “Get the triskele box to Scott!” Isaac sprinted forward and grabbed the box, heading into the school.

“I hope you have more of those!” I cried. The three remaining Oni attacked. I used one of my force attacks to shove one towards Chris. It exploded. Derek grabbed another one and spun it around, holding it so Chris could shoot it. Chris fired another arrow and the last Oni sliced it in half.

“Get the arrow!” Chris cried. “It’s the last one!” Aiden dived for it, ducking the swing. He hopped up and shoved the arrow into the Oni.

“Aiden!” I screamed. The Oni’s blade impaled him. The Oni exploded and Aiden dropped the arrow.

“Aiden!” his brother cried, feeling the pain. Derek helped me to my feet. He tried to take the pain but it came back faster than he could take it. I pushed his hand away and shook my head. Aiden pulled the sword from his body and dropped it. Thunder suddenly was heard as Aiden fell, Derek catching him before he hit the ground. The pain suddenly disappeared and I looked at my wound. To see the blood there was red again. I just knew they’d defeated Void. I ran over to Aiden. His wound was not healing at all. I looked at Derek. He knew what I knew. They were too late to save Aiden.

Aiden seemed to know this and grabbed my hand. “Ethan,” he simply said.

I looked over my shoulder. “He’s okay. He’s coming.” Ethan and Chris joined us. Ethan knelt next to his twin. He knew as well as Derek and I that his brother was dying. He held his hand and rubbed his back.

“Does it hurt you as much as it hurts me?” Aiden asked.

“Yeah,” Ethan whispered and I blinked away the tears. Ethan broke down then.
Aiden looked at his brother. “It’s okay. Lydia never believed I was one of the good guys anyway.” Ethan laughed and I continued to fight the tears.

“She’ll believe me,” Derek said.

I nodded. “She’ll believe us,” I corrected. “She’ll believe us.”

Ethan put his forehead against Aiden’s as he struggled to breath and I brushed a tear away. “Shh,” Ethan said softly. “Shh.” Then Aiden closed his eyes and Ethan completely broke down as he gently laid his brother down before sobbing into his chest. Derek put an arm around me and pulled me close to him as the tears fell. Aiden had given his life for Scott’s cause. Derek and I stood as Ethan continued to sob. I looked over my shoulder to see Stiles holding Lydia and Scott, Anna, Isaac, and Kira looking onto the scene below them.

~~~

“France?” I asked. “Why France?” Isaac was leaving Beacon Hills with Chris.

“I need to look into that thing I told you about.”

“The shell.”

Chris nodded. “There’s people there that can give me answers maybe give me advice on how to handle it.”

I nodded. Chris really had to reason to return. Allison had been the only reason he’d stayed and with her gone, he had nothing. He was as alone as Isaac. Isaac came into the hall then holding the triskilion box. I was going to miss him but he, too, didn’t have anything to hold him to Beacon Hills. The first Beta of the pack I had been Emissary of. He was like a brother to me. I hugged him.

“You be careful out there,” I said. “Keep in control and don’t get into any trouble, okay?” Isaac nodded and I touched my forehead to his. “I’m going to miss you.”

“I’m going to miss you too.”

“Go before you miss your flight.” Together we went down to the lobby. I just knew it would the last time I would see Isaac.

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Derek had the door open before I was on the top step leading to the loft.

“Expecting me?”

“I heard the elevator.” Not surprising. He retreated back into the loft. “You doing okay?”

“I guess. I just needed someone to talk to.” He leaned against the table and I sat on the coffee table.
“About Aiden?” I nodded. “He chose to go with us.”

“Because we told him that was how Scott would finally accept and trust him and his brother.”

Derek walked over and sat next to me. “I know, Trish. Aiden died because of what I said to him and Ethan. I asked them once if they were willing to die for Scott.”

“It was what we both said to them. Scott wasn’t the only one Aiden sought acceptance from. He wanted to prove himself to Lydia as well. Prove that he wasn’t the same monster that he was when he was an Alpha.”

“You feel responsible, don’t you?”

“I should have protected him from that Oni. I should have done something. All this power and I couldn’t save him. Save Allison. Save Boyd.”

“You’ve held onto that all this time? About Boyd?”

I nodded. “I wasn’t born with the ability to heal others. I can’t take pain like you can.” I looked down at my hands. “There was something in their blades this time. It was a pain I’ve never felt before. It took everything to be able to focus my magic.” Derek put his hand over mine. “I guess you need time.”

“Yeah. Isaac is leaving with Chris. Ethan can’t stay anymore either.”

“I don’t really blame him.” Derek chuckled before getting up. I sighed and got up too. “Everyone has some healing to do.” I headed towards the door.

“Speaking of healing, I noticed you’re finally moving on.”

I stopped and turned. “What?”

“The young deputy.”

“Who told you about that?”

“I smelled the attraction on both of you when the charges were dropped.”

I chuckled. “Planning on making him piss himself?”

Derek smirked. “Not just yet. I might wait until after I walk in on you two.”

“I thought you were dead!”

Derek laughed before walking over and putting an arm around me. “I know. And I remember the third degree you gave me for that well.”

“Yeah, so do I.”

“If he hurts you though, I will rip his throat out —”

“With your teeth,” I finished for him.

He kissed my forehead. “I only hope he makes you happy.”

I smiled. “Like I said, we all need to heal.” I turned and left the loft.
I had just gotten home from work when there was a knock on my door. I opened it, surprised to see Jordan standing there.

“How did you know where I live?”

“I brought your sister home the other night.”

“The night Allison died.” Jordan nodded. “Do you want to come in?”

“Thanks but I actually came to ask you something.”

“Oh?”

“How would you like to upgrade that coffee date to dinner?”

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