Desperate Measures

by SoldierBorn87

Summary

When a wendigo invades the Nelson Pack's territory Foggy has to choose between protecting his pack and protecting Matt.

Notes

So, I had this thought: What if Foggy could hear heartbeats too? Somehow it ballooned into this. I hope you enjoy.

Canonically this story falls:
Daredevil: post season one
Supernatural: season three (between episodes 3 and 4)
Teen Wolf: three years prior to season one

As always, Ruby has been an amazing help and support throughout this entire process. This time she has not only volunteered to beta, but she has also created an astounding banner for the fic. I am so grateful to her I can't even.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Foggy catches Matt’s scent before he hears him, the copper smell of blood coming through his open bedroom window thick enough to make him want to growl. Foggy gets out of bed and goes for the first aid kit instead. If Matt is coming to him, it’s either bad enough he can’t make it to Claire’s or she’s busy at the hospital and he’s making do. Either way, the fact that he’s coming to Foggy at all means Matt can’t deal with the injury himself.

Foggy grabs a couple of old towels out of the linen closet on his way back to the living room. He arrives just in time to watch Matt slide down the wall beside his usually locked living room window, leaving a nasty blood trail as he goes.

“Hey, Foggy,” Matt says, clutching his left side.

“You idiot,” Foggy says, running to his side. “Let me see.”

“It’s not as bad as it looks,” Matt says, as Foggy lifts his hand away, catching more than just the scents of fresh blood and Matt. Foggy’s eyes flash instinctively and he almost jerks away.

Wendigo. What the hell was Matt doing fighting a wendigo?

“You’re only saying that because you can’t see it,” Foggy says, forcing himself to examine the claw marks. Stitches. Definitely needs stitches. God, he hopes Matt wasn’t bitten, the neurotoxin in a wendigo’s venom could really do some damage to his sensitive system. “I need you to take your shirt off. Are you hurt anywhere else?”

“Just some more scratches on my arm,” Matt says, holding out said arm. Foggy glances at the wounds, but they’re not deep. He can probably get away with just cleaning and bandaging them. No bites. Good.

“All right. Let’s get this shirt off and if you can, move to the bathroom. Your guests may not care about the state of your decor, but my sisters will definitely lose their shit if they see blood on my walls.” He’ll probably have to repaint regardless – blood isn’t easily hidden from a predator’s nose, especially one of his kind – but there’s always the hope that he’ll be able to save the time and money.

Who knows, a little bleach, some annoyingly scented candles, and maybe accidently-on-purpose burning supper once or twice before Teresa or Sarah’s next visit and perhaps they’ll think he’s just trying to cover up the scent of some new lover. It’s worth a shot; that is, if he can deal with the stain quickly enough.

“Sorry, Foggy,” Matt says, struggling to get to his feet. Foggy pushes a folded towel into his hand to hold against his side and grabs the first aid kit.
“It’s fine, Matty. Don’t worry about it. Up we go,” Foggy says, resisting the urge to just carry the bastard to his bathroom. Matt would probably have a heart attack if Foggy did that, he thinks. The guy has zero expectations when it comes to Foggy’s physicality. It’s a little insulting, actually.

They stumble their way towards the bathroom and once they get there, Foggy helps Matt get the top half of his suit off before starting in on the claw marks. It’s a tight space, but they make it work, Matt straddling the rim of the bathtub and Foggy kneeling beside him.

“What happened?” Foggy asks, because he knows it’s expected, while he wipes away the blood so he can sterilize the wounds.

Matt hisses, but doesn’t pull away. He knows the drill well. Unfortunately.

“I don’t know,” Matt says. “I was hunting the killer that’s been in the news recently.”

“The one who left those torn-up bodies by the docks?” Foggy had really been hoping that was a human psychopath.

“Yeah,” Matt says, gritting his teeth momentarily as Foggy cleans a particularly sensitive spot. The wendigo really got its claws in good. Matt’s lucky he’s still breathing. Foggy would be hard pressed to walk away from a wendigo encounter in as good a condition as Matt.

“I thought I’d found something. There was a peculiar smell, like rotting flesh. I was following it from the most recent crime scene, when something jumped me. It barely made any noise and it seemed to have these really sharp… there’s no other word for them but claws.”

“God, Matt, can’t you ever leave well enough alone.”

“Language,” Matt mutters.

“Sorry,” Foggy says, opening his kit and getting out a needle and some thread. Thank heavens, Claire taught him how to do this properly. “Just sometimes I really wish you’d leave this up to the professionals.”

In this case, Foggy will probably have to insist. He has no idea how he’s going to make Matt stay out of this one, but he will. He has to. Matt can’t know what he’s really up against. It’s too dangerous.

“Foggy, you know I can’t. Not when I can help. I need to help.”

Foggy sighs. “I know, buddy. I know. Now sit still, this is going to hurt.”

He’ll call Brett in the morning and find out what’s going on. Hopefully, there’s already a plan in place to contain things. If not, well… Worst-case scenario, they call in a hunter and Foggy lies low for a few days. Nothing he hasn’t done before. Foggy can fake the flu with the best of ’em.

“Thank you, Foggy. I know you hate doing this, but thank you.”

“Anything for you, Matty. You know that. Now shut up and let me concentrate.”

Matt smiles and remains silent throughout the rest of Foggy’s treatment. As soon as Foggy’s finishes placing the last bandage, Matt tugs his top back on, careful not pull any of his new stitches, and heads back out the window, despite Foggy’s protests.

“You better be heading straight home,” Foggy calls, loud enough he knows Matt’ll hear him, but
not so loud that the neighbours will complain. He closes the window and looks at the clock. It’s nearly three-thirty and he still has to scrub the blood off the wall. Not to mention, clean up the bathroom.

Foggy shakes his head and goes into the kitchen to get out the bleach, a bucket, and a scrub brush. It’s a fucking good thing werewolves don’t need a full eight hours of sleep to function or he’d be useless at tomorrow’s deposition.

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“I don’t care what you have to do, just keep the Devil out of it,” Brett says over the phone the next morning, while Foggy scrambles some eggs with a little ham and onion for breakfast.

“You know I don’t actually know him, right?” Foggy says, incredibly glad Brett is human and can’t detect his lies. Their mothers, though, would be thoroughly unimpressed. Foggy is not supposed to lie to pack.

“Right. So he just happened to pick your firm at random for the Fisk case?”

“He had prior contact with Karen. I assume he knew we were trustworthy because of her.” Liar, liar, Foggy thinks, trying and failing not to feel guilty.

“Then get her to talk to him.”

“Both of them are human. You know the laws,” Foggy says, balancing his cell against his shoulder so he can transfer the eggs from the pan to his plate.

“So talk to your mother. She’s the Alpha.” Foggy starts to make a comment, but Brett continues to talk over him. “Look, I don’t care how you get it done, just do it. This has already become too public. The last thing we need is Daredevil drawing more attention to the situation.”

“Fine, I’ll see what I can do,” Foggy says, turning off the stove and glaring at his breakfast. There is no way Matt is going to sit this one out without a hell of an explanation. Shit.

“Now for the bad news.”

Foggy closes his eyes. “You mean me telling you Daredevil’s already gotten involved isn’t the worst of it?”

“’Fraid not. Mom decided last night that we’re too close to exposure, we’re calling in a hunter.”

“Fuck.” This just keeps getting better. “Do we know who?”

“Not yet,” Brett says.

Foggy sighs. “Matt and I have a case going to trial later this week, I can’t just dump all of that on him.” Especially when Matt’s extra-curriculars meant he may or may not show up for court due to injury.

“Maybe we’ll get lucky and it’ll be Singer. He’s reasonable; we wouldn’t have to go out of our way to hide from him too much. Plus, Mom likes him.”

“Your mom likes anyone who can keep pace with her while doing shots.” They’ve all heard the stories of Bobby Stinger, the only human to ever come close to drinking Bess Mahoney under the table. “No offense.”
Brett huffs a laugh. “None taken. Look, just worry about the Devil. The rest will sort itself out. Heck, I can always pull some strings at the precinct and get the hunter chased out of town if they start poking around too much.”

“Yeah, I know,” Foggy sighs, glancing at his watch. Damnit. “Okay, I have to get to the office. I’ll call Marci and let her know now might be a great time to visit her parents.”

Marci may not be pack, but since she decided to stay in Nelson territory, she falls under their protection. And since she’s Foggy’s on-again, off-again (currently off-again) girlfriend, Foggy has the privilege of being the one to keep her in the loop. Yay.

“Yeah, I got a couple of calls of my own to make. The Hales aren’t going to like this.” Nope, not a chance in hell are Laura and Derek going to be okay with a hunter coming to town. Foggy’s so glad he doesn’t have to make that call. “Stay in touch, Foggy.”

“Will do.” Foggy hangs up the phone and starts shoveling his food. He’s got exactly three minutes to eat and finish getting dressed or he’s going to end up being late.

Dean’s in the shower when his phone goes off, so Sam answers it.

“Hey, Bobby. What’s up?”

“Hey, Sam. Dean not around?”

“Shower. We just finished dealing with a poltergeist and it was a bit… messy.” More bloody then ectoplasmic, but Sam really doesn’t feel like going into the details just now. The memory’s still too fresh. “What can we do for you?”

“Friend of mine just called with a wendigo problem. If you boys are up for it, I’d like you to go.”

“Sure, Bobby. Um. Why can’t you?”

“Rolled an ankle while chasing down a stryr,” Bobby grumbles. “Got the fucker, but the doc says I’ll be laid up for a couple weeks and this needs to be handled asap.”

“Who’s on the phone?” Dean asks, toweling his hair as he steps out of the bathroom clad only in a pair of clean boxers.

“Hang on, Bobby, Dean’s here. I’m going to put you on speaker.” Sam adjusts the phone’s settings and holds it between them as his brother takes a seat on the bed across from him.

“Hey, Bobby,” Dean greets.

“Dean.”

“So what makes this wendigo case so urgent?” Sam asks, summing up the situation for Dean’s sake.

“The wendigo in question is in New York, specifically the Hell’s Kitchen area.”

“That’s not possible,” Dean says, snapping to attention. “Wendigos are strictly rural. They never venture into towns, let alone cities.”

“Well, this one didn’t get the memo. My friend has independent confirmation from three different
sources as of this morning. So far it’s left two bodies in public view, which means it’s got as many or more stored away in its lair.”

“Fuck. They’re sure?”

“No doubt.”

Sam and Dean exchange a look.

“Now before you boys go all gung-ho and tear off to New York there’s something else you need to know.”

Dean takes a deep breath. “Lay it on us, Bobby.”

“My friend’s a werewolf.”

“Excuse me,” Dean says, voice flat.

“Not the kind you’re thinking of, Dean.”

“There’s more than one kind of werewolf?” Sam asks, just to check that he’s hearing this right.

“There are two, though most hunters don’t take the time to learn the difference,” Bobby says, his displeasure over that fact clear. “For the sake of time, I’ll break this down easy. The ones you’re familiar with, the ones that feed on hearts, are essentially human-hearted lycanthropes. Their wolf side, while present, is secondary to their human side. The kind my friend happens to be is the exact opposite. She’s a wolf-hearted lycanthrope and her human side is secondary to her wolf.”

Sam frowns. He’s never come across anything like Bobby’s describing in the lore. “How can you tell the difference?”

“The quickest way is if you cut one with a normal knife. A human-hearted won’t heal immediately, but a wolf-hearted will. Furthermore, while they have a half shift, close to that of their human-hearted kin, some of the stronger bloodlines can also full shift.”

“As in go full wolf?” Dean asks, looking impressed in spite of himself.

“Yes. I’m e-mailing you a document that goes into the specifics, but here are the highlights. Unlike their human counterparts, wolf-hearted are a lot stronger and have a lot more control. Unless they’re young or newly bitten, they don’t even lose control during the full moon.”

That’s a scary thought, Sam thinks. With no loss of control, they’d be nearly impossible to track.

“Wolf-hearted also exist exclusively in packs, usually large family groups that are led by one or two alphas. Lone wolves can exist and are called omegas, but because they tend to go feral and attack humans, which draws attention, most packs will kill any that come near their territory. They’re good about policing their own kind.”

“How do we kill them?” Dean asks.

Bobby sighs. “My friend is her pack’s enforcer, the one who decides what is a threat and how to deal with it. She’s inviting us in of her own freewill. She’s a good woman and her pack is one of the most respected in North America. Please don’t make an enemy of her. That said, if something does happen, arrows and wolfsbane work best. Again, the file I’m sending you will go into specifics.”
“Not silver?”

“Silver will make them sick, but wolfsbane will halt their ability to heal.”

Dean starts to ask another question, but Sam cuts him off. They can always call Bobby back later if they need to. “So, how do we get in contact with your friend once we get to New York?”

“When you arrive, give me a call and I’ll set up a meeting with the pack’s representative. I’m sorry things have to be so round about, but my friend insists. She trusts me, but she doesn’t know you.”

“It’s okay, Bobby. We understand,” Sam says, despite his brother’s glare. “We’ll call you as soon as we get there.”

“Thanks, boys. I’ll talk to you soon,” Bobby says and hangs up.

“This is a bad plan,” Dean says, tossing his towel aside and getting up to dig a clean set of clothes out of his duffle.

Sam nods. Despite Bobby’s assurances that his friend and her pack aren’t a threat, the wolf-hearted sound like a serious danger. “I guess we should stock up on wolfsbane and maybe get another crossbow before we hit New York?” Sam suggests.

“Yeah,” Dean says, tugging on a pair of socks and then some jeans. “Do we still have Chris Argent’s number around somewhere?”

“I think so. Why?”

“His family exclusively hunts werewolves. How much you wanna bet he knows the difference between a human-hearted and wolf-hearted better than even Bobby?”

“Do you think we should pull him in on this?”

“No. We’re hunting a wendigo,” Dean says, pulling on a t-shirt and flannel. “I just think it couldn’t hurt to do a little verification, make sure we know everything we possibly can about these sonsofbitches before we enter their territory.”

Foggy comes back from his lunch break hungry, annoyed, and with a fucking big choice to make. If werewolves were capable of getting headaches, he knows he’d have one.

Instead of getting food, he’d gone for a walk – mostly so Matt wouldn’t be able to overhear anything, but also because he was feeling a little edgy – and called both Marci and his mother.

His conversation with Marci had gone about as well as he’d expected, honestly. She’d reminded him that she wasn’t the type of wolf to cower with her tail between her legs and she’d be fine even if the Argents came to town. Besides, she’d finally found a new firm after the whole Landman and Zack debacle and she really couldn’t ask for a sick day right now, let alone a vacation. Foggy didn’t like it, but he understood. He’d ended the call by telling her to stay safe and keep in touch.

Foggy’s phone call with his mother went less well. Apparently Foggy is in a lot of trouble for “allowing himself to become entangled with some vigilante superhero wannabe” and as a consequence he’s “not too old to be excluded from next month’s hunt”. Which sucks. The worst part, though, was that his mother hadn’t agreed with Brett. She figured that if Daredevil wanted to get himself killed then he was welcome to do so. The cost of his life did not outweigh that of their
potential exposure by informing him.

So now Foggy has to decide if he’s going to keep his mouth shut and watch his best friend die or if he’s going to go again his alpha’s orders. It’s probably the worst decision he’s ever had to make.

“Foggy, are you all right?” Matt asks, stepping out of his office. Karen’s still out at lunch, so it’s just them. Foggy wonders briefly if it was his anxious heartbeat or nervous sweat that had Matt checking on him. Not that it matters.

What does matter is figuring out what he should say. He could lie and Matt would make that sad face he does now when he thinks Foggy’s mad at him for using his senses or he could… not lie and subject himself to his alpha’s wrath.

Fuck, sometimes he really hates being a beta. If he were Teresa and the alpha elect he could challenge his mother, though he’s not sure that would actually do him any good in this situation.

Foggy sighs. “I’m fine, Matt,” he lies, before dredging up a weak smile. Even though he knows Matt can’t see it, he bets his friend can probably sense it. “My mom and I just had an argument during lunch. You know how I hate being on her bad side.”

Matt nods and makes the sad face. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

“I doubt it,” Foggy says, running a hand through his hair. “But I’ll let you know if I think of anything.”

“Promise?” Matt asks.

“Yeah, buddy.”

Matt nods again and heads back into his office, where he pretends to go back to work even though Foggy can tell he’s brooding. Why couldn’t you just love me like I love you, Foggy thinks before heading into his own office and opening his laptop. Everything would be so much simpler then. If Matt were officially his mate, Foggy wouldn’t have to keep any secrets from him.

A few minutes later, while Foggy’s trying to get his research groove on, he hears Matt quietly call Karen and ask her to pick up a couple of Foggy’s favourite brownies from the café down the street before returning. He really doesn’t deserve Matt.

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Foggy heads to Josie’s after work not so much because he needs a drink, although he could probably use one, but more because he wants to see how Derek’s dealing with recent events. The young wolf’s been doing better, especially since Josie took him on as a cook six months ago, but Foggy knows hunters, even talk of them, are one of Derek’s biggest triggers.

“Hey, Josie,” Foggy calls, as soon as he enters the bar. “Is Derek in?”

Josie nods towards the back and Foggy takes that as permission to head into the kitchen. He’s not technically supposed to go back there, but Josie lets a lot slide when it comes to Derek. She thinks he’s an adorable pup who can do no wrong, unlike Foggy.

Foggy’s not sure how exactly how Josie came to be pack – he’s not even really sure what she is; she smells like fae, yet she has no trouble with iron – but she’s been around for as long as Foggy can remember.
“How’s it going, Derek?” Foggy asks, setting his messenger bag by the door and hanging his suit jacket on the knob.

Derek shrugs, as he set a plate of wings on the pass and checks the next order. He’s dressed for work, hairnet, apron and all, and it smells like he’s mostly been making nachos, fries, and a couple grilled-cheese sandwiches; all greasy, over-salted foods that don’t smell the least bit appetizing to Foggy.

“I suppose Laura’s told you by now what’s going on,” Foggy says, leaning against the back wall and adopting a relaxed pose.

Derek glares at the club sandwich he’s putting together and nods.

“I don’t like it either,” Foggy says. “Matt and I have court later this week, so I really can’t afford to play hooky. It sucks.”

Derek doesn’t outwardly react, but Foggy can feel his care and understanding through the pack bond. It settles something in Foggy to know that while Derek’s upset, for the most part he’s doing well.

When Laura and Derek first came to the Nelson pack seeking shelter about three years ago, just after hunters burned their whole family to ash, Foggy was still away at school. It wasn’t until he came home a month or so later for summer break that he even found out the Hales had tentatively joined his mother’s pack. And as first impressions went, it hadn’t been a great one.

Foggy had been tired and snappish, with less than a week to go before his next heat, and Laura was still struggling with her new alpha status. Derek, while in his wolf form, was the one who ended up getting between them and whining until Foggy backed off and Laura settled. It was apparently the first time Derek had done more than sulk in a corner.

When Derek had gone back to said corner, Foggy had stripped and shifted into his own wolf form – he was the only one in his pack since his grandfather passed away that could – and gone to curl up with Derek. It’d been good for both of them. He suspected Derek initially let him near because they were the same dynamic and he didn’t feel threatened by Foggy, but over the years Foggy thinks they’ve become friends and not just pack.

“Another One Bites the Dust.”

Derek puts the finished club sandwich on the pass and thinks about for a minute before looking at Foggy and shrugging.

“Another One Bites the Dust.”

Derek smirks and Foggy proceeds to spend the next hour or so keeping Derek company and telling him about anything and everything that comes into his head, from jokes to TV show drama to the troubles he had with his last case. Derek nods and smiles occasionally, but doesn’t comment, which is fine. Derek rarely talks at the best of times.

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Foggy’s just started into another story about Karen as well as the pulled pork sandwich Derek pushed his way when his stomach started making noise, when his phone goes off. Foggy huffs in annoyance and sets down his sandwich so he can grab his phone.

“Be right back, Derek,” Foggy says, when he sees that it’s Brett. He takes the back exit out into the alleyway, careful to make sure the door prop is in place, so he doesn’t lock himself out. He’s done
it before, and Josie is never impressed when he does.

“What’s up?” Foggy asks.

“I just got word. The Winchesters are coming.”

Foggy growls. He doesn’t know the hunters by anything more than reputation, but that’s more than enough to make him unhappy. “When?”

“She’s here day after tomorrow, maybe earlier. Mom wasn’t specific.”

Foggy starts pacing. “Has there been a decision on who’s going to represent us?”

“Not yet,” Brett says. “I’d say Mom, but I think given who the hunters in question are, she’s going to be held in reserve. It’ll probably be Teresa.”

“She’s a terrible choice,” Foggy mutters. Foggy loves his sister, but despite being the alpha elect, she is not a diplomat. She has a quick temper and very little patience for people who think they’re better than her, which almost any hunter will.

“Are you volunteering?”

“Hell no.” Foggy wants to stay as far away from the hunters as he can.

“Well, then it’s her or Laura and Laura told Mom to fuck off when she asked.”

“Yeah, I imagine she would,” Foggy says, ending his pacing and leaning against the brick wall of the bar. “Okay, thanks for keeping me in the loop.”

“What else is pack for? Night, Foggy.”

“Night, Brett.” Foggy puts his phone in his pocket, shuts his eyes and takes a deep breath. He has even less time then he thought to make a decision. Fuck.

The door beside him opens and Derek comes out, giving him a worried look, eyes glowing bright blue with his wolf.

“You’re not good news,” Foggy says, holding out an arm. Derek takes the offered comfort and curls into Foggy’s side, making himself seem smaller than Foggy, even though he’s a good three inches taller. Foggy runs his fingers through Derek’s hair, which is free of the hairnet meaning he’s probably taking his break, while the younger wolf clings and scents Foggy’s neck.

“We’ll be okay,” Foggy assures Derek. “The hunters will come take care of the wendigo and then Brett or Bess will run them out of town. Nothing bad is going to happen.”

“How do you know?” Derek whispers.

“Because I’ll make sure of it.” Foggy promises. And in that moment Foggy makes his decision. If he doesn’t want anything bad to happen to Matt or his pack then he can’t just sit on the sidelines. He can’t continue to play the good little beta.

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Matt’s working through some extra research for the case that’s going to trial this week, since he can’t sleep and his injuries prevent him from going out, when he hears Foggy’s heartbeat, as well as his footsteps, coming down the hall. It’s not too terribly late, but still, it seems odd that Foggy
would come over at this time of night. Especially when it doesn’t sound like he’s drunk.

Matt has no idea why, but when Foggy’s drunk he likes to seek Matt out and cuddle. Not that Matt minds; Foggy cuddles are nice. It’s just apparently not why he’s here tonight.

Matt gets up and goes to meet Foggy at the door; there’s no point in waiting for a knock since Foggy knows Matt can hear him coming.

“Foggy, it’s late,” Matt says, opening the door.

“Yeah, I know. Can I come in?”

“Sure,” Matt steps back and closes the door behind him. Foggy smells like Josie’s kitchen, pulled pork, his cousin Derek, who was afraid, and a great deal of anxiety. Combined with his racing heart, Matt’s more than a little worried.

“What’s wrong?”

“Can we sit? I think this will go better if we sit,” Foggy says, pacing away from Matt and towards the sofa.

“Okay,” Matt says, following him and taking a seat next to him. “What’s going on, Foggy? Does this have something to do with the argument you had with your mother this afternoon?” It would make sense considering his cousin’s fear.

“Yeah,” Foggy sighs, running a hand through his hair. “But there’s a lot more to it. You know the killer you went after last night?”

Matt nods, not sure what that has to do with anything.

Foggy takes a deep breath. “I… Well, I know why it had claws.”

“How?” Matt’s been trying to figure it out and failing. Normally, he’d think they were some kind of metal augmentation placed over the killer’s fingertips, but they hadn’t felt, sounded, or smelled like metal. It’s been bugging him all day.

“Because I know what it is.”

Matt pauses. “Don’t you mean who?”

Foggy shakes his head. “No. Look, a lot of this is going to be really hard to believe and I’m sorry I never told you sooner, but you have to trust me. Okay? I was only trying to protect you.”

Matt doesn’t like where this seems to be going. It sounds too much like how he always imagined beginning the conversation with Foggy about his abilities and the mask. Minus the killer with claws, of course.

“Foggy,” Matt says, taking his friend’s hand. He doesn’t care what Foggy’s hiding, it can’t be worse than the mask. “It’s okay. Just tell me.”

“The killer’s a wendigo, a monster born from cannibalism that feeds insatiably on the flesh of humans. That’s why the bodies were torn up so badly.” Foggy pauses, for a second to take a deep breath. “And I know for sure that’s what it is because I caught its scent on you last night. Matt, I’m a werewolf.”
Chapter 2

Heads up, there is a brief depiction of Derek having a panic attack in this chapter.

“A werewolf?”

Foogy nods. “Yeah. Surprise?”

“How long?” People become werewolves because they get bitten, right? Matt doesn’t remember Foggy ever complaining about being bitten by something, but maybe he’d been afraid and kept it to himself? Or maybe it was before he met Matt?

“All my life. I was born this way.”

Matt tries to adjust his worldview to include such things as wendigos and werewolves, but it seems impossible. Devils and demons, he knows well, the Bible and experience taught him about those, but actual monsters, like the ones from myth and legend? And Foggy’s saying that he’s one of them? That he’s been one the whole time they’ve known each other?

Matt thinks about taking his hand back, but he hesitates. If Foggy really has been a werewolf the whole time they’ve known each other than he’s a had plenty of chances to hurt Matt, but he never has. Foggy’s never been anything but kind to Matt. And if he was born this way than werewolf Foggy is still his Foggy, right? Matt decides to leave his hand where it is for now.

“What about the full moon?” Matt asks, suddenly remembering that integral part of the legends. “We lived together for three years and I don’t remember you ever losing control and becoming some sort of… beast?”

Foggy makes a sound somewhere between a sigh and a laugh. “That’s because it never happened, Matty. But I’ll bet you recall times where I had too much energy or got really grouchy for no apparent reason and I can promise you those were all times when the moon was full or close to it.”

Matt thinks back and yeah, he hadn’t really put it together between classes and papers and projects, but looking back Foggy had a bought of intense grouchesness or, what always seemed to Matt, a prolonged sugar high at least once a month. They were the only times Matt could remember wishing he didn’t have a roommate during law school.

“Does that mean the part of the myth about shifting isn’t true?” Matt asks, confused.

“Oh, no, it is. I just have enough control not to shift during the full moon. It’s hard and irritating, like an itch that’s just out of my reach, when I don’t, but…” Foggy shrugs. “I don’t have to shift.”

“What…” Matt stops. He’s not sure if his next question would be considered rude or not, but he’s intensely curious. A little scared, too, admittedly, but mostly curious. “Um. What changes when you shift? Do you become a wolf? Or half-wolf? Or…”

Foggy actually laughs a little. “I can show you. I mean, if you want.”
Matt licks his lips and nods. “Yes. I’d like that.”

“Okay. Ah,” Foggy takes a deep breath. “I’ll show you my beta shift first. Very few of us can actually full shift into wolves, but I can, so I can show you that after we finish playing 20 questions if you want. For now, I’ll just…” Foggy takes his hand back and rolls his shoulders a bit, cracking his neck.

Matt hears Foggy’s joints and muscles shift, although it happens so fast he can’t say for sure what’s actually changed. He also hears the rhythm of Foggy’s heart adjust, becoming less nervous and more… powerful, is the only word that comes to mind. Foggy’s scent changes minutely as well, becoming a little thicker and muskier with just a hint of something similar to the smell Matt associates with larger dogs.

“Foggy?”

“It’s okay,” Foggy says, with a bit of a lisp, like his tongue isn’t quite used to the shape of his mouth. “You can touch if you want, just be careful around my fangs and claws.”

Matt nods and reaches out tentatively to touch Foggy’s face, his hands shaking a little before he forces them to stop. You’ve done this before, he reminds himself. You’ve even done this before with Foggy. It’s okay.

He starts by finding his way to Foggy’s forehead and tracing the outline of his face before moving on to trace the new nuances of each feature. Matt notices two changes immediately. The first is that Foggy now has some pretty impressive sideburns and the second is that Foggy’s forehead is more pronounced than normal, a thick ridge having formed under his eyebrows. Matt traces the ridge across and then down to Foggy’s nose, which has now become broader than he remembers. He then moves along Foggy’s cheeks, finding that his eyes are more sunken in, behind thicker cheekbones. It’s like Foggy’s whole skull has become armour-plated.

Matt continues tracing, his fingers moving down to Foggy’s chin, which is again thicker and more pronounced, and then up to his mouth, which is a little wider. Foggy parts his lips and allows Matt to feel out his fangs, which are large and sharp. Matt then moves back to Foggy’s sideburns, which feel less like coarse facial hair and more like Foggy’s regular hair. Soft.

Matt traces his fingers back to Foggy’s ears, which are longer and pointed at the ends and make Matt wonder how good Foggy’s hearing is like this. Could he maybe hear even better than Matt?

Matt takes a moment to retrace everything, committing it all to memory, before he moves on to Foggy’s hands, which haven’t changed much, aside from being a little hairier, feeling a bit rougher on the palms, and having long, sharp, slightly curved claws instead of fingernails.

“In case you’re wonder, yes, my toenails have shifted into claws too and I’m currently ruining my socks.”

Matt laughs. “I hadn’t been, but thanks for the image.”

“What are friends for?”

Matt smiles. Foggy is still Foggy. Werewolf or no, he is still Matt’s best friend.

Dean reluctantly sits up and turns off the AC/DC he’s been enjoying when his phone rings. Sam’s driving, so he doesn’t have to worry about pulling over before answering.
“Hello?”

“Dean Winchester?” an unfamiliar voice asks.

“The one and only.” Sam gives Dean a questioning look.

“Chris Argent. You called earlier.”

“Yeah, hey Chris,” Dean says, nodding for Sam to keep his eyes on the road. “Thanks for getting back to me so soon.”

“Your father helped me out with a nasty vampire nest once, returning your call is the least I can do. How is he, anyway?”

“Uh, he passed,” Dean says, trying not to think too hard about it. “Demon got him a little over a year ago.”

“Damn,” Chris says. “I’m sorry to hear that. Your father was a legend. I was sure John Winchester was going to outlive us all.”

“You and me both,” Dean says, before ruthlessly pushing his grief aside. “So, uh. The reason I called –”

“Your message said you want to know about the differences between the two types of werewolves, right?”

“Yeah, specifically how to spot and kill the wolf-hearted kind. Bobby Singer gave my brother and I the basics, but I thought if anyone knew the specifics it would be you.”

“You’re right about that. Is this for a case? ‘Cause I’m in Nebraska at the moment and it wouldn’t take me more than two days to meet up with you no matter the direction.”

“Not really, Sam and I are actually hunting a wendigo. We just came across something in town that looked like a werewolf, but didn’t act the way we expected. Until we called Bobby about it, we weren’t even aware there were two types of werewolves.”

Sam raises an eyebrow at the lie, but Dean shakes his head. He’ll explain later.

“Well, I can send you some files, but if you really want to know what you’re up against with these things, it’ll probably be better if I give you the password information for an encrypted database my wife Victoria’s been putting together online. It’s not complete yet, but there’s more than enough on there to help you sort things out. You got a pen and some paper handy?”

“Yeah, just a second.” Dean digs around in Baby’s glove box, finding a pen and unused napkin. “All right, lay it on me.”

Chris rattles off a web address and three separate passwords, each eleven or more characters long and made up of random letters, numbers, capitals, and keyboard symbols.

“Thanks man,” Dean says, when he’s done.

“No problem. And hey, don’t hesitate to give me a call if you’ve actually located a pack. I’m serious when I say I’m only two days away.”

“Promise. We get into trouble and you’ll be the first call I make.”
“Safe hunting, Dean,” Chris says and hangs up.

“What was that all about?” Sam asks.

“Chris is giving us access to an online database his wife is putting together of their knowledge on werewolves. Should tell us all we need to know.”

“Okay. But the lie?”

“Look, I may not trust these wolves we’re going to see, but Bobby does. At least one of them is even his friend. So until they prove themselves a threat, I don’t want to give them cause not to trust us. If I told Chris what was really going on, what do you think would happen?”

“He’d come out and start hunting.”

“Exactly. Bobby wants us to play nice, so I’m playing nice.”

Sam smirks like he’s proud of Dean.

Dean ignores him, puts his things aside and turns the music back on, before making himself comfortable. He needs to at least try to get some sleep before he takes the wheel back from Sam. That’s the whole reason they switched off in the first place, so Dean could get some shuteye without them losing any time.

“I still don’t understand how you can sleep through all this noise.”

“Shut up, Sammy. It’s soothing,” Dean says, closing his eyes while Sam laughs.

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“So?” Foggy says, rejoining Matt on the sofa and handing him a hot mug of cocoa. After he’d shifted back, Foggy had decided he could use something comforting and Matt had agreed.

“Not what I expected, but then I never gave werewolves any real thought,” Matt says, taking a sip from his mug. He really likes Foggy’s cocoa; it’s heavy on the cream, light on the chocolate and sugar, and has just the right combination of nutmeg and cinnamon added. Matt always keeps the ingredients on hand in the hope that Foggy’ll make him some when he visits.

“I don’t think most people do,” Foggy says, sipping from his own mug and sighing.

Matt nods, then he tilts his head. “Hey, how good are your senses? You said you could smell the wendigo on me last night?”

“Yeah, I could,” Foggy says, taking long drink before setting his mug down on the coffee table. “And not that you noticed, but when I caught its scent on you my eyes flashed gold – which is what they look like when I’m shifted or my wolf is close to the surface. I think I forgot to mention that.”

Matt stores that detail away for later. “I heard your heartbeat increase,” Matt admits. “But I assumed it was because you didn’t like the looks of my wounds.”

“I never like seeing you hurt, Matt. Never,” Foggy says, and Matt feels guilty for all the times Foggy has seen him injured since he found out about the mask.

“But last night,” Foggy continues. “I was more upset about what caused the wounds than about the wounds themselves. Wendigos are horrifying creatures, Matt. As for my senses,” he says, his voice taking on a lighter note. “I can see extremely well in the dark and, from what I’ve observed since
you told me about your heightened senses, I’d bet actual money that my sense of smell is better than yours.”

Matt grins at that and refrains from making a dog joke.

“But I’m also positive your sense of touch is keener than mine,” Foggy admits. “And if put to the test I’m pretty sure your hearing is better too. Although that could be because I’m used to toning everything down, while you actively use your hearing to help to perceive the world around you.”

“Is it better when you’re shifted? Exactly how good is your hearing?” Matt is tempted to ask for a demonstration; he really wants to test Foggy’s range against his own.

“Yeah, but not a lot. Mostly I notice the difference in my eyesight. It gets sharper, I can see farther and with more detail when I’m shifted. Plus my night vision gets way better. As to exactly how good it is,” Foggy pauses like he’s thinking. “I don’t know, I could probably hear pretty much everything in your building and the ones surrounding it if I concentrated hard enough.”

Something suddenly occurs to Matt. “So if you try, can you hear my heartbeat?”

Foggy’s own heartbeat shifts from relaxed back to the nervous rhythm it had when he first arrived and that’s pretty much all the confirmation Matt needs.

“Yes, Matt,” Foggy finally sighs. “If you’re asking if I listen to your heartbeat on occasion, the answer is yes.”

“Foggy,” Matt says, more hurt than angry. “Why did you get so mad at me for being able to hear your heartbeat, if you can do it too?”

“I…” Foggy starts, but Matt cuts him off.

“You said it was invasive. That it was wrong. You were so angry, Foggy. How could you react that way when you do the same thing?”

Matt thought Foggy was going to abandon him after that conversation. When Foggy walked out of his apartment, Matt had been terrified he would never see his friend again. It hurt. A lot. It was in that moment that Matt realized the true depth of his feelings for Foggy. Too late, of course. Matt had hated himself for so long after that night, even when Foggy forgave him it was still difficult to chase the guilt and shame away.

At least Foggy getting back together with Marci had made the decision to keep his feelings to himself easy. Matt wonders now, though, if he had in fact been able to hide his feelings or if Foggy was just playing along and ignoring them.

Matt feels sick.

“I don’t understand, Foggy. Why would you do that?” Matt says.

“I guess,” Foggy says, sounding like he’s fighting back tears. “I let my emotions run away with my mouth. When I learned about what you could do, it made me feel like I’d never really known you. Like our whole friendship was a lie.”

“You know that’s not true, Foggy.” Please tell me you know that.

“Yeah, I do. But I reacted in the moment because I was hurt and scared. My kind have rules we’re supposed to follow, so no one suspects what we really are, and one of the first ones we learn is that
humans lie and we have to respect their right to privacy. Just because we know the truth, doesn’t mean we get to act on it. It scared me that you were so easily breaking a rule I had been raised to obey since before I could even fully understand it. Breaking the rules means you get found and hunted, it means you die.”

“But you listen to my heartbeat too.”

Foggy shifts like he wants to get up, get away, but instead he runs his hands through his hair and looks at the floor. “It’s hard when it comes to you, Matt. I can’t help it.”


“What? No. I have never thought less of you because you’re blind. It’s because I see you as pack, Matt.”

“Pack? As in part of a wolf pack.”

“Werewolf pack, but yeah. While you’re not formally pack, I still see you as pack and because of that I have an instinctual need to check up on you. I take in your scent and heartbeat without even thinking most days because I want to know that you’re all right.”

“That doesn’t mean it’s okay,” Matt says, echoing Foggy’s words from several months back. “Why didn’t you tell me? Why didn’t you say something when I told about being the Devil?”

“I couldn’t.”

“Right.”

“No, Matt, listen. In my pack, I’m a beta. That means I don’t get to do anything without my alpha’s approval. The reason I fought with my mother today is because I asked her again if I could tell you about us.”

“Your mother’s the alpha?” Matt says, trying to picture kind and caring Mrs. Nelson as fierce alpha werewolf.

Foggy nods and picks up his mug, though he doesn’t drink from it. “You know,” he says. “The first summer after I met and became friends with you, I went to my mother and asked if I could tell you about us. You didn’t have any family and I thought it would be awesome for you to get have that again. But my mother said no.”

“Why?”

“We’re only supposed to tell outsiders for two reasons: if it’s an immediate life or death situation or if we want the person in question to officially be our mate. And since you fit neither category, my alpha said no. She wasn’t about to start making exceptions for you, lest everyone want her to. She gave me explicit orders not to tell you. She has every time I’ve asked.”

“Has something changed? Did your mother say yes today?” Matt doesn’t think so given the way Foggy had been acting after lunch, but Foggy also said he couldn’t go against his alpha, so it’s the only logical explanation. Unless…
“No. She didn’t. I made the choice to tell you knowing I’d be going directly against my alpha. But damn it, I couldn’t sit back and watch you die.” There’s a slight growl to Foggy’s words, but Matt isn’t afraid. At least, not for himself.

“Foggy…”

“No. You’re lucky you walked away just needing your side stitched back together,” Foggy says. “Wendigos are extremely dangerous. If you’d been bit you could have been down so fast because of the neurotoxin in their venom. And then you would have been food.” Matt can hear the mug between Foggy’s hands creak like it’s about to crack.

“My pack isn’t even dealing with this on our own; we’re calling in outside help. Do you understand?” Foggy says looking at Matt, pausing momentarily to let his words sink in. “I couldn’t let you go out there again and get yourself killed, not when you don’t even know what it is you’re really up against. I had to tell you. I had to keep you safe.”

There’s a desperation in Foggy’s tone that makes it impossible for Matt to say anything. He wants to say he can handle it, that he’d be fine, but honestly he’s not sure. The thing he’d faced last night had been fast and damn near silent. It had also made its voice echo from the wrong direction, causing confusion Matt wasn’t used to. Matt hates to admit it, but it was mostly luck that he was able to land a couple of hard hits and get away. And if a whole pack of werewolves doesn’t want to take this monster on, what can Matt really expect to do? He’s only human.

Matt had been planning on going out tomorrow or the next night, depending on his wounds, and tracking the killer again. What if Foggy hadn’t decided to ignore his alpha’s decree? Would Matt be the next victim found by the docks? It’s a scary thought.

Matt doesn’t think about dying much; he can’t afford to. But what if he did? He’d always thought because he didn’t have any family, he wouldn’t be leaving much behind, but that’s not true. He’d be leaving Foggy behind. And clearly Foggy doesn’t like that thought, if he’s willing to go against his alpha to keep Matt safe.

Matt wonders what the consequences for such actions will be.

“Foggy,” Matt says, finally breaking the silence. “If you weren’t supposed to tell me, then won’t you get in trouble?”

“Yeah, Matty,” Foggy sighs, finally taking a sip of his now cold cocoa. “I could be exiled for this.”

“Then why?” Matt’s not sure what being exiled means for a werewolf, but it sounds serious.

“Weren’t you listening?” Foggy says. “I just told you. I don’t want you to die. I can’t… I can’t lose you, Matt.”

Matt doesn’t know what possesses him to do it, just that he has to; right here, right now. Matt sets his mug down even as he leans forward, one hand cupping Foggy’s closest cheek just before their mouths meet.

Foggy startles, nearly dropping his mug before Matt reaches down to steady it. Matt holds the kiss for about three more seconds, then his brain realizes what a stupendously bad idea this was, but just as he starts to pull away, Foggy starts kissing Matt back. It’s nice. Slow and sweet. Just lips on lips with a hint of cocoa between them.

When Foggy pulls away, Matt can feel him staring. He kind of wants to hide, but at the same time Foggy kissed him back; that has to mean something, right?
“I’ve wanted you to do that for so long,” Foggy whispers, like he’s afraid this isn’t real.

“Me too,” Matt says, smiling a little.

“Are you sure?”

“Very.” Matt takes Foggy’s mug and sets it down beside his. Then he leans in and kisses Foggy again.

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“How was work?” Laura asks from the kitchen, as soon as Derek gets out of the shower. She’d been waiting for him when he got home, but after a brief hello Derek had gone straight into the bathroom. The smell of fried food, booze, and grease is fine at work, but Derek doesn’t like to smell it at home.

“Fine,” Derek says, heading into his room to pull on a pair of sweats and a muscle shirt. “Foggy visited.”

It had been really nice to see the other wolf. Besides Laura, Foggy is the only other pack member Derek’s close to and because of Foggy’s long hours they don’t get to see each other very often.

“Oh? How’s he doing?” Laura asks. Derek momentarily wishes she wouldn’t wait up for him every night, but he gets it. It’s hard for him to sleep when she’s away at work during the day too.

“Good. Worried.”

Derek joins Laura in the kitchen, getting out some of the leftover lasagna Laura made yesterday and putting it the microwave. Occasionally he’ll eat at work before close, but tonight he’d just wanted to come home as soon as possible.

“I think we all are,” Laura says, unplugging the kettle and fixing two mugs of tea. By the smell, she’s making sleepy-time tea for herself and licorice spice for him. “There’s a wendigo running around stirring up trouble and soon we’ll have hunters around as an added bonus.”

The microwave beeps and Derek grabs a fork before taking the food over to the kitchen table. Laura joins him, handing him his tea and sitting close beside him, so she can lean into him and rest her head on his shoulder.

“We could leave if you wanted,” Laura says. “Go visit Peter at the hospital until all this blows over.”

Derek thinks about it, but then he shakes his head. Beacon Hills holds too many painful memories; he doesn’t want to go back there. Not ever.

“Okay,” Laura says, and sits up to sip her tea and start braiding her hair. It’s long and tangles easily, so she always braids it before bed.

Derek finishes the rest of his meal and Laura her tea, then she heads to bed after giving him a hug and a quick kiss on the cheek. Derek puts his plate and fork in the sink and takes the rest of his tea into the living room, where he picks up Foggy’s copy of *Ender’s Game*. Derek’s read it before, but it’s been a few years, so when he’d mentioned wanting to reread it, Foggy had happily lent him the box series. Foggy isn’t into sci-fi the way Derek is, but Orson Scott Card is one of the exceptions Foggy makes.
As Derek flips to where he’d last left off, he thinks about Foggy and how he’d promised nothing bad would happen to their pack. Derek wants to believe that’s true, but he knows hunters. Even those that profess to follow a code make exceptions.

Blond hair and a cruel smile flash in Derek’s mind, then he smells smoke and ash and burning flesh and suddenly Laura’s beside him, holding him and asking him to breathe with her. Derek presses his nose into her neck and tries to follow the rhythm of her breaths. He listens to her heartbeat and her voice and slowly the crushing wave of guilt and shame recedes and Derek can breathe again.

“Come on, pup,” Laura says, once he’s settled back into his own skin again. “You need pack and I need sleep.” Laura drags him up off the couch, after setting his book aside, and leads him into her room. There she pushes him down onto the bed and settles in behind him, pulling the blankets up and curling around him so he feels safe and protected.

“Everything’s okay, Der,” Laura whispers, stroking his arm. “I’m fine, you’re fine, the pack is fine. We’re safe here.”

Derek does his best to believe Laura’s words and slow his breathing and heartbeat to match hers. He doesn’t feel like sleeping, but he doesn’t want to move either. Right here, in this moment, he’s safe and everything is okay.

Derek closes his eyes and prays with all his heart for things stay this way.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Foggy’s ears twitch when he hears Matt’s alarm go off in the other room. It’s loud and obnoxious and not to be ignored, if Matt’s groaning is anything to go by. Foggy yawns, stretching his jaws wide, and huffs out a breath before hiding his nose under his tail; he doesn’t want to get up.

Last night after a breath-stealing make out session, which Foggy had stopped before they got too carried away, Matt had asked Foggy to show him his wolf shift. So Foggy had briefly described his fur colouring – typical gray wolf tones, just lighter and with a lot of blond mixed in along his back and tail – and reminded Matt that they wouldn’t be able to talk while he was a wolf. Matt had given Foggy a look that said he already remembered that detail and Foggy needed to stop worrying. Foggy had rolled his eyes and given Matt a little shove before standing, stripping, and shifting.

Once he was fully shifted, Foggy had shook out his fur and padded over to Matt, nudging his hands with his nose to let his friend know that it was okay to touch now. It had felt amazing to have Matt’s hands running through his fur, feeling out the shape of him and scratching behind his ears.

Matt had commented on how soft his fur was and how surprised he was at the size of Foggy’s wolf. Foggy had snorted at that. He stood about three and a quarter feet at the shoulder, which was admittedly larger than a normal gray wolf, but still smaller than every other werewolf he knew who could full shift. Derek stood around three and a half feet at the shoulder, Laura maybe an inch or so taller, and Foggy’s grandfather had been close to four feet at the shoulder in his wolf form.

It was nice to full shift, though; living in a city meant Foggy didn’t get the opportunity to very often. Mostly, he could only full shift at his parents’ place, which had a basement with covered windows, or when the pack travelled to the family cabin in upstate New York for their bi-annual hunts.

After Matt had had enough of petting Foggy and rubbing behind his ears, which Foggy would fully admit to adoring, he’d asked Foggy to change back. Foggy had shaken his head – he had no intention of going home that late or sharing Matt’s bed, which meant he’d be on the couch, and couches were more comfortable in canine form. It had taken a bit, a few exaggerated yawns, a refusal to move, and some pitiful whining, but Matt eventually got the point and left Foggy on the couch.

Would Foggy have liked to share Matt’s bed last night? Sure. But he also wants – no, needs – to take things slow. He isn’t completely sure yet that Matt feels the same way he does and this is important. He doesn’t want to be one of Matt’s one-week affairs. Plus, if things don’t work out, Foggy doesn’t want to lose his best friend. Forget the fact that they would still have to work together; fear over losing his friend is why Foggy never dared to make a move in the first place.

“If I don’t get to sleep in, then neither do you,” Matt says, walking past Foggy and into the bathroom. “We’ve only got an hour before we have to be at work.”

Foggy indulges his inner child with a small whine, but Matt just ignores him and closes the door. As soon as Foggy hears the shower turn on, he stretches, hops off the couch and shifts back into his human skin. Then he puts on yesterday’s dirty clothes and heads into Matt’s kitchen. He’ll run home before heading to work after he makes Matt and himself some breakfast. After all, Matt shows up late often enough that he owes Foggy at least one late pass.
By the time Matt’s showered and dressed, Foggy has a plate of bacon, eggs and buttered toast along with a cup of coffee ready for each of them.

“Thanks, Foggy,” Matt says, sitting at the table and reaching for his coffee.

“No problem,” Foggy says, cutting up his eggs so he can scoop some onto his toast. “I figured I’d get in good with the boss before I showed up late today.”

Matt laughs. “Bribes are illegal, you know.”

“How about kisses?”

“Kisses might work,” Matt says, leaning towards Foggy. Foggy meets him halfway and they share a couple of lingering coffee-flavoured kisses before Matt smiles and turns back to his breakfast. “Okay, you can be a couple minutes late.”

Foggy rolls his eyes and takes a sip of his coffee. “Those kisses bought me at least half an hour.”

“I don’t know,” Matt says. “I think I need a second sampling.”

“You’re incorrigible.”

“I know,” Matt says, leaning in just as Foggy’s phone goes off. Foggy curses and hurries over to his suit jacket, which he left on top of his messenger bag beside to the couch.

“Hey, Brett,” Foggy says, knowing it’s probably pack-related and Matt can hear every word. This should be interesting.

“I thought you wanted to stay as far away from the hunters as possible, Foggy,” Brett says, voice more than a little agitated. “Volunteering to be the pack’s representative is pretty much the exact opposite.”

“I changed my mind,” Foggy says, glancing at Matt. Yeah, he’s got his listening face on. Some day – hopefully sooner rather than later – they are going to talk about their super senses and a thing called privacy. Not now, though. Foggy looks away and turns his attention back to Brett. “Besides, who better to parley with them then a lawyer?”

“Well, you got your wish. Mom’s currently compiling a file on everything we know in regards to the wendigo situation for me to deliver to you later today.”

“Can you make sure it includes the police files?” Foggy imagines those will be helpful. “Also, do we have an exact arrival time yet?”

“Mom’s already asked me to do that and no, not yet. Mom will call you with a place and time as soon as she knows.” Brett sighs. “You’re an idiot, you know that, right? You’re putting yourself directly in the line of fire.”

“Aww, Brett, is that concern I hear in your voice?”

“Shut up, Foggy,” Brett growls. It’s a decent imitation of a werewolf’s growl; Foggy’s impressed. “I’ll be by sometime after lunch with the information.” Then he hangs up without so much as a good-bye.

“Brett’s a werewolf?”

Foggy sighs and goes back to the table to finish his breakfast. “No, but his mother is. She’s our
pack’s enforcer.” Matt raises an eyebrow. “It means she determines what’s a threat to the pack’s safety and what’s the best way to deal with said threat. In consultation with my mother, she made the decision to bring in hunters for this particular problem.”

“Hunters?”

“Humans who dedicate their lives to hunting and killing monsters.”

“Including werewolves?”

“Yeah, Matty, including werewolves,” Foggy says, pushing his food around on his plate. “Most of the pack is going to be laying low until this whole thing blows over for precisely that reason.”

“But not you.”

“Nope,” Foggy says.

“Foggy,” Matt says, leaning close, voice full of worry. “If you’re representing the pack, they’re going to know you’re a werewolf. Isn’t that dangerous? What if they come after you?”

Foggy sets his fork down and runs a hand through his hair. “I didn’t really have a choice, Matt. It was me or Teresa, and you’ve met my sister. Her temper can get the best of her even on good days. I have to protect my pack.”

“I’m going with you,” Matt says.

“Matt, no. This is pack business and –”

“And I’m pack, so –”

“To me, yeah. But Matt, this is serious. I can’t –”

“I’m not letting you go by yourself, Foggy. Not when these people are ready and willing to kill you.” Matt grabs Foggy’s closest hand and holds it between his. “You told me about all this because you wanted to protect me. Well, I want to protect you, too. Please, Foggy, don’t make me sit this one out.”

Matt’s looking just to the left of Foggy’s face with pleading eyes that shouldn’t be able to make his heart clench the way they do.

“All right, fine. You can come,” Foggy says, taking his hand back and picking up his fork. “It’s so not fair that you can pull off puppy dog eyes.”

Matt grins and kisses Foggy’s cheek before feeling his braille watch and standing to grab his jacket, laptop bag, and cane. “Thanks for breakfast. I’ll see you at work, Foggy.”

“You’re a menace, Murdock,” Foggy calls, as Matt heads out the door. But he smiles when he hears Matt laughing down the hallway towards the stairs.

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Dean’s leaning against Baby and savouring the last bite of his cheeseburger, waiting for Sam to get back from the bathroom so they can hit the road again, when he catches sight of Sam talking to a blond woman just outside the burger joint. Sam doesn’t look happy, so it takes all of two seconds for Dean to realize who the woman is and by then he’s already heading towards them.
The woman looks over at Dean and smirks before literally vanishing in front of Sam. Sam startles and then looks over at Dean too.

“Really, Sammy?” Dean says, when he reaches his brother. “How many times do I gotta tell you? She’s a demon, she can’t be trusted.”

“Dean, she can help us,” Sam says.

“No. You can’t trust the word of a demon. Ever. They’re demons, Sammy. Lying is their stock and trade. Now get your ass in the car, we’ve only got a couple more hours to go.”

Sam clearly wants to argue, but he follows Dean back to the car instead. Dean knows he hasn’t won the argument. Not by a long shot. If there’s even a hint that Ruby’s telling the truth about being able to save Dean, Sam will stupidly follow her to his grave.

Dean just hopes he’ll be able to prove she’s up to no good before that day comes.

“So tell me more about the wolf-hearted,” Dean says, once they’ve gotten back underway. Sam loves being a know-it-all, so Dean’s hoping the chance to show off will distract him from whatever poison Ruby’s filled his head with this time.

“Well,” Sam says. “According to the Argent database, different kinds of wolfsbane will cause different reactions. Some kill fast, some slow, while others can cause them to hallucinate or pass out. There’s even one that allows them to get drunk.”

“Wait. These guys can’t get drunk?”

“Not unless they add this particular strand of wolfsbane to whatever they’re drinking. Otherwise their high metabolisms and accelerated healing break down the alcohol too fast for it to have any affect.”

“So they basically have to poison themselves to enjoy a good buzz?”

“Yep.”

“Man, that sucks. What else?”

“We should probably carry tasers. Electricity, messes up their ability to keep a stable form, so it’s a quick way of knocking them down. At high enough voltages it can even halt their ability to heal and kill them.”

“Hmm, that’s good.” Tasers are easier to conceal than crossbows.

“Another thing we should be on the look out for is eye colour.”

“Seriously? Why?”

“Eye colour will tell us whether we’re dealing with an alpha or a beta and whether or not the wolf in question has taken an innocent life. Their eyes change colour when their wolf is close to the surface or they shift. Red for alphas, gold for betas, and bright blue for wolves that have harmed humans.”

“Well that’s handy. We do have the kind of wolfsbane that kills, right?”

“Yeah, I checked when we stopped for food. We have the kind that kills slowly and the kind that can incapacitate them. We’re good.”
“Anything else of note?”

“One last thing,” Sam says. “Only an alpha’s bite can change a human. A beta’s bite will hurt, but pain’s the only effect it’ll have on you.”

“All righty, then, I guess we’re as ready as we’re going to be. Give Bobby a call and tell him we should be there by six, barring traffic.”

Sam nods and gets his phone out.

Brett drops off two large envelopes filled with all the necessary information around two o’clock. He doesn’t stay long, but he does hug Foggy before he goes, which Foggy supposes is his way of telling Foggy he hopes things go well.

“What was that about?” Karen asks, leaning against Foggy’s office door.

“His mom’s not doing well,” Foggy lies, letting his mouth turn down and his eyes go sad. He may hate lying, but he’s damn good at it.

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that. Do you think we should get her some flowers?”

“Maybe a card,” Foggy suggests. “Bess doesn’t really like flowers.”

Karen nods. “I’ll see what I can find after work.”

“Thanks, Karen,” Foggy says, as she heads to her desk and Matt approaches.

“Are those the documents we’ve been waiting on?” Matt asks.

“Yeah, I was just going to read over them now. I can give you the highlights when I’m done.” Not that he’s going to let Matt do anything with the information. This is for the hunters, not Daredevil.

Matt nods. “Good. I’ll finish up the last minute review of the Calhoun case while you do that.”

“Thanks, buddy.” Foggy says. Despite their best efforts to settle out of court, the Calhoun case – a spousal abuse victim accused of killing his wife – is going to trial tomorrow and while they’re mostly prepared, it never hurts to give things a second look.

Matt heads back to his desk and Foggy opens the thinner of the two envelopes. Inside is a folder containing everything Bess has on wendigos, from an essay on the aboriginal lore pertaining to them to some sketches and descriptions to a bullet point list of their known abilities and weaknesses. There’s also a map with dates and times indicated beside four Xs of when someone in the pack or supernatural community caught wind of the wendigo, all of which seem to be around 11th Ave between 50th and 53rd Street.

It occurs to Foggy as he’s gathering the information back into the envelope that he should probably ask Matt where he encountered the wendigo and add the location to the map. Later, Foggy thinks. He’ll do it later.

Once everything’s put away, Foggy moves on to the second, thicker envelope. Inside it Foggy finds photocopies of the police reports – apparently three bodies have been discovered, even though only two have made the news – as well as the autopsy results and witness statements. Foggy scans all of the information presented, but it doesn’t tell him anything new.
Next he flips through scanned copies of the photos taken at each of the crimes scenes and of the victims’ remains. While one of the bodies is only missing most of the abdominal cavity and neck, the other two were mainly just scraps identified by their fingerprints and DNA. It’s nauseating to think about, let alone look at.

Foggy sets the photos aside – upside down, so he doesn’t have to look at them anymore – and takes a deep breath before looking through the remaining pages. The first page is a list with five names on it of people who have gone missing from approximately the same area as the identified victims. Next are the missing persons reports and any further details about the individuals named that Brett was able to ferret out.

Lastly, there are two maps highlighting the overlap in potential abduction areas: one for the known victims and one for the possible victims. The latter map implies a much larger hunting ground than Foggy was expecting after seeing Bess’ map, stretching from the docks almost all the way to 10th Ave and then from 50th Street up to 56th. Thankfully, the map pertaining to the known victims, which also shows where the bodies were found (two around piers 92-94 and one in De Witt Clinton Park), indicates a much smaller area that lines up with Bess’ map.

Foggy sighs and puts everything back in the envelope. He’s so glad it’s his job to defend people rather than hunt them down. All this information just makes him feel sad and overwhelmed.

“That bad?” Matt asks, coming into Foggy’s office and shutting the door.

“I knew it was bad, Matt. But it’s one thing to know something conceptually and another to see it laid out before me. God, I hope these hunters can stop this thing.”

Matt comes over and puts a hand on Foggy’s shoulder. “Weren’t you just telling me last night to trust you? Your pack thinks this is the best plan. Trust them and trust the hunters to do their job.”

“Yeah, okay,” Foggy says, pushing his hair back. “The Winchesters do have a pretty merciless reputation within the community. Particularly John, the father.”

“Are they a family?”

“Yeah. From what I know, which is mostly rumor, John raised his two sons into the life and they travel the country dealing with whatever supernatural cases come their way. Bess probably knows more details, but –”

Foggy’s phone rings. “Speak of the… Hi, Bess.”

“Franklin, honey, I don’t have much time to talk.” Given the background noise, Foggy would bet she’s running around somewhere near Stark Tower. Why would she be in that area? “You have reservations for seven at O’Connell’s Grill. Don’t be late. Tab’s on me. No alcohol. And remember to make a good impression; you’re representing all of us tonight.”

Foggy starts to ask where she is, only to realize he’s talking to a dial tone.

“Busy woman?” Matt asks, as Foggy puts his phone away.

“You have no idea.”

“So what’s the plan?” Matt asks, perching on the corner of Foggy’s desk. “Now that we know the when and where, is there anything I should be aware of going in?”

“Not really. I doubt they’ll try anything in such a public place. But,” Foggy says, taking in Matt’s
unconvinced face, “on the off chance they do, it’ll probably be poison and you’ll need to get a hold of whatever strain of wolfsbane they use. There are several species and all are poisonous to my kind. Then you’ll need to burn it and give me the ashes. Placing them under my tongue so they can be absorbed directly into the bloodstream should work fine.”

“How does giving you more poison help?”

“I don’t know. It just does. I did my undergrad in English lit, not supernatural biology,” Foggy says, with a dismissive wave. “As for the meeting, I think the best thing to do would be to have you at another table close by, where you can still hear everything, but can also be on the look out for anything that doesn’t seem right. Your anonymity might be useful later if something does go wrong, so I want to protect that as much as possible.”

Matt nods. “Good idea. I’ll call O’Connell’s once we’re done here and see if I can get my own reservation.” Matt smirks. “I can pretend my date stood me up.”

“I would never stand you up,” Foggy says, putting a hand on Matt’s knee.

“I know,” Matt says, leaning down and kissing him.

Karen lets out a sudden squeal from the other side of Foggy’s office door, causing Matt and Foggy to jump apart.

“Sorry,” Karen says, grinning as she enters. “I don’t mean to interrupt. It’s just we’ve got a call regarding the Brunel case. I think the prosecution want to make a deal.”

“I’ll take it,” Matt says, heading to his office. Foggy takes in Karen’s sly grin and kind of wishes he could disappear too.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Karen asks, looking from Matt’s closed door back to Foggy.

“Because it’s new and we’re taking it slow,” Foggy says. When in doubt the truth is usually the easiest thing to twist. “Matt and I haven’t decided if we’re telling people yet. It’s private, you know.”


“Thanks, Karen. If it helps, you would have been one of the first people we told when we got there.”

“I better have been,” Karen says. Then she comes over and gives Foggy a hug. “I’m so happy for you both. You guys are awesome together.”

“Thanks,” Foggy says, thinking that if he could, he’d probably bring Karen into the pack, too.

Chapter End Notes

Foggy in his wolf form:
PS - If anyone knows the source of this photo, can you please let me know so I can add a citation. I hate not giving credit where credit is due.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Foggy meets the Winchesters!

Chapter Notes

Warning: Brief discussion of potential future mpreg. If that’s not your thing then just skip over the second section in Foggy and Matt's POV and you'll be golden.

Sam and Dean get set up at their chosen motel before heading to the restaurant. It doesn’t take long, but they like to get familiar with the building, plus salt and ward their room before doing anything else. It ensures that they have a relatively safe place to fall back to if anything happens.

The restaurant is classier than Sam’s expecting, with low lighting, dark wood accents, and green and gold as the primary colours. If that weren’t enough to give away the Irish theme, though, the large bar to the right with the engraved three-leaf clovers surrounded by Celtic knot work would be.

“For two?” the hostess asks.

“Actually, we have reservations under the name Nelson,” Sam says.

“Ah,” the hostess says, glancing over her sheet before grabbing two menus. “Right this way.” She leads them away from the bar and towards the back, stopping at the last booth in the far corner, which is occupied with a single man who looks up from his phone when she lays down the menus.

“Tiffany will be right with you,” the hostess says, as Sam and Dean slide into the opposite side of the booth from the man. He’s young, Sam notes, not too much older than Dean. He's heavily built, wearing a blue suit and tie, and his shoulder-length blond hair has been combed back behind his ears.

The man watches them assessingly for a long moment then smiles. “Franklin Nelson,” he says, though he doesn’t offer a hand. “Most people call me Foggy. On behalf of my pack, I’d like to thank you for coming to help us.”

“Foggy?” Dean says.

“I was four and I thought fog was awesome.” Foggy’s eyes dare them to say anything further on the matter.

When Dean doesn’t jump to introducing them, Sam kicks him under the table and does it. “I’m Sam Winchester and this is my brother, Dean. If you don’t mind my asking, why isn’t your pack handling this? Isn’t it your responsibility to deal with the wendigo?”

Bobby’s notes had included a section describing how the wolf-hearted were quite territorial and
tended to keep the supernatural community in line within their territory. Bobby had called them a “stabilizing force”. The Argent database, however, had only agreed about the territorial aspect. They claimed the wolf-hearted were incapable of maintaining control long-term. They claimed all it took were the right set of circumstances and the wolf-hearted would turn feral and destroy everything in their path.

Sam’s pretty sure that under the right set of circumstances anyone can be made a killer. Ava comes to mind, but he pushes the memories aside. What he wants to know is if Bobby’s right and the wolf-hearted do seek to protect their territory, not just for their sake, but also for the sake of the humans sharing it.

“It is and we are. We invited you here, didn’t we?” Sam raises an eyebrow. “Truthfully, the situation has become too public for us to handle on our own,” Foggy says, and then shakes his head slightly before Sam can ask another question.

“Hi,” a young redhead says, coming over to their table. “My name’s Tiffany and I’ll be your waitress this evening. What can I get you to drink?”

“Water,” Foggy says, then looks at Sam and Dean. “We’ll be picking up the tab tonight, so feel free to order whatever you want except for alcohol. If you want to drink, you’ll have to pay for it yourself.”

“Just water for us too, thanks,” Sam tells the waitress. Sam and Dean had agreed before arriving in New York that they wouldn’t drink while on this hunt. There were just too many unknowns. They needed to be able to keep their wits about them.

She nods. “Do you need more time to look over the menu?”

“Yes, thank you,” Foggy says, opening his as the waitress leaves.

Sam does the same, but Dean just leans forward glaring. “Show us your eyes,” he says.

Foggy looks at Dean like he’s bored, “If you think I’m the alpha, you’re badly mistaken.” Then his eyes briefly flash gold and he goes back to looking at the menu.

“So what? You drew the short straw?”

“I volunteered,” Foggy says without looking up. “My pack is very dear to me. If you decide to come after us, I’d rather the first target be painted on my back. I think I’m going to have the prime rib with seasoned vegetables,” he says, closing his menu. “What about you?”

Despite the Irish theme, the restaurant’s menu reads more like a steak house. Sam decides to have the grilled salmon with a side salad, while Dean orders a New York striploin with fries.

After Tiffany’s dropped off their waters and taken their orders, Sam goes back to his original question. “You said the situation’s become too public, what do you mean?”

“I mean, not only are the police involved, but so is the media. Any attempt by us to deal with the wendigo at this point would likely result in us drawing the wrong kind of attention.”

“You mean hunters,” Dean says, shaking his head. “You gotta be kidding me. You asked for our help because you didn’t want hunters to find out about you?”

“If there are hunters already looking into the matter, why would others ever question them that it was more than a wendigo? Besides, you’re better equipped to deal with this matter than we are.”
“What’s to stop us from ratting you out once we’re done here?” Dean asks, leaning back.

“Nothing. But I understand that Singer chose you for this job and that means he trusts you to keep our secret,” Foggy says, taking a sip of water.

“Bobby said you’d have information for us?” Sam says, before Dean gets any more riled up.

“Yes,” Foggy says, turning to the messenger bag beside him and pulling out two large envelopes.

“This,” he says, handing over the thicker one, “contains photocopies of all the police reports on the known victims, including case photos and autopsy results. Additionally, there’s information on five individuals the police suspect of potentially falling prey to the killer as well as their last known whereabouts.”

“We could have gotten all of this,” Dean says, while Sam takes the offered folder.

“Well, then I hope we’ve expedited matters for you. This envelope,” Foggy says, while extracting a sheet from it before offering it. “Contains everything we know about wendigos as well as this map, which I just have to add some info to as I didn’t have the chance earlier.”

“We’ve hunted wendigos before, too. This isn’t our first rodeo you know,” Dean says, while Foggy takes out a pen and makes a dot on the map, beside which he adds a date and time: two nights ago around 2am.

“Glad to hear it,” Foggy says. “You shouldn’t run into any trouble if that’s the case. Here,” he says, capping his pen and offering them the map. “This map shows the locations as well as the dates and times any of our people have run into wendigo or its scent.”

“Didn’t you have time to get this ready before hand?” Dean asks, taking the map and looking it over.

“I was not made aware of that additional piece of information until I was leaving my office to come here. Thus, I only just now had a chance to add it.”

Just then Tiffany and another waitress show up with their meals, momentarily halting any further conversation. Sam gathers the envelopes and map together and tucks them away against the wall beside him. Once their food is in front of them and the waitress leave, Foggy wastes no time digging in.

“If you have any questions,” Foggy says, after taking a bite of his steak. “I’ll be happy to answer them to the best of my ability so long as they don’t pertain to the identities or whereabouts of my pack.”

Sam can tell that Dean wants to lay into Foggy again, which really won’t be helpful to the situation, even though Foggy seems to be taking all of Dean’s jabs in stride. Sam wishes Dean would lay off. They’re here, there’s a hunt, lives are at stake, nothing really matters beyond that.

“Have you personally seen or smelled the wendigo? How can you be sure that’s what’s taking people?” Sam asks, before taking a bite of his salad.

“Yes, I’m one of the ones who’s caught the creature’s scent. It’s quite distinct: rotting flesh with a hint of pine and the bite of ice to it. I know it’s a wendigo because that’s the same scent that lingered near our vacation cabin when I was six. Back when a starving wendigo thought we would be easy prey. We proved it wrong. Although not without cost,” Foggy says, taking a drink. “It was able to fatally wound our previous alpha before two of the other adults brought it down.”
“So you’ve seen one of these things before?” Sam says.

“Yes,” Foggy says, looking sad. Just then his phone beeps.

“Alpha checking up on you?” Dean asks, finally cutting into his steak while Foggy looks at his phone.

“Boyfriend actually. He’s not happy I volunteered to do this,” Foggy says, tucking away his phone after sending a quick reply. “He wants to make sure I’m still alive as well as remind me to leave at a decent hour since I have court in the morning.”

“What are you, a lawyer?” Dean sneers.

“What are you, psychic?” Foggy asks, digging a business card out of his pocket and passing it to Sam.

“I assume you’re the Nelson in Nelson and Murdock,” Sam says, reading over the defense lawyer’s card.

“Yep. If you need to get in touch with myself or the pack for any reason while you’re here, my cell number is on the back.”

Sam nods and tucks the card away in his pocket. He feels a brief flare of jealousy over the fact that a werewolf gets to have the normal life he’d wanted not so long ago, but just like the memories of Ava, he shoves the feeling aside. It has no place at this table.

While they eat, Sam asks Foggy a few more questions about the area where the bodies have been left and where evidence of the wendigo has been discovered. A local’s perspective is always handy.

“Hey, I got a question,” Dean says, when they’re mostly done their dinners. “Is the Devil of Hell’s Kitchen one of you guys?”

“Who’s the Devil of Hell’s Kitchen?” Sam asks, watching as Foggy’s eyes go wide momentarily.

“Some vigilante nut who beats up criminals,” Dean says to Sam. “I found out about him when I was researching this place during our last pit stop. You should see the YouTube videos. Guy is sharp. Question is,” Dean says, turning back to Foggy. “Is he human?”


“How initial reaction to Dean’s question says different,” Sam says, watching the wolf closely.

Foggy stares at them for a long moment, then mutters something too low for Sam to catch. “Fine,” he finally says, looking at Dean. “I met the Daredevil once. If you look up the Wilson Fisk case my firm handled a few months back, you’ll see that he was involved. I never saw his face and I’ve done my best to forget his scent. All I know is that he’s male, agile, and without a doubt human.”

“You’re sure?” Dean asks.

“Yes,” Foggy glares. “One of my kind would never seek to draw that much attention. Now, do you have any last questions about the wendigo? Or should I be on my way?”

Sam makes a mental note to look into this Daredevil person later. “One last question,” he says. “How far does your help extend in regards to the wendigo? Would you be willing to help us track it
“My help extends to gathering information and potentially helping you with your expenses. I highly doubt we trust one another enough to go out hunting together. Besides, like I said earlier, I have to be in court tomorrow morning, which means I need to get a decent amount of sleep tonight.”

“What about the five potential victims you mentioned?” Dean says. “They could still be alive. What if your help is what will save them?”

“Don’t put that on me. I’ve already sacrificed more than you know to help deal with this situation. I will not –” Foggy’s phone rings. Sam manages to catch the name Brett before Foggy puts the phone to his ear.


“What’s happened?” Sam asks.

“Another body’s been found in Clinton Cove. It’s a park near pier 94, off 12th Ave and 55th. Not far from where the other bodies were discovered.”

“Still gonna go home and get some shut eye?” Dean asks, getting up from the table.

“I have no choice,” Foggy says, looking both tired and frustrated. “I can’t put my pack at risk. Information and money is all I’m allowed to give you.”

“Whatever,” Dean says, heading for the door.

Sam grabs the envelopes and moves to follow him, but stops. “You said you have no choice. What does that mean?”

“What do you care? I’m just a monster to you.”

“Maybe, maybe not,” Sam says, tearing off a piece one of the envelopes and grabbing Foggy’s pen, which is still sitting on the table. “Here. This is my number. Call us if anything else happens. Or if you change your mind.”

Foggy watches the hunter stride away and wishes he were courageous enough to defy his mother for more than just Matt’s sake.

His mother had called not long after Karen left for the day – about an hour and a half before Foggy’s meeting with the hunters – and laid out her explicit instructions and expectations for him. What he could offer, what he couldn’t, how he was to behave and what he should do if he was threatened or hurt. Foggy understood why she did it, but it made him feel like a child. He was her eldest pup, for crying out loud. If it weren’t for his dynamic, he would probably be the alpha elect.

Foggy sighs and stands. No use dwelling on it now.

“You okay?” Matt asks, coming over to stand by Foggy as he gathers his things.

“It could have gone worse,” Foggy says, getting a couple of bills out of his wallet to leave for a tip. Bess had left her credit card information with the hostess, who was a friend of hers, to cover the bill.
“Teresa definitely would have lost her temper with that Dean guy,” Matt agrees, taking Foggy’s arm, once he has everything sorted.

“With the way he was deliberately pushing, yeah. She probably would have decked him,” Foggy says, leading them out of the restaurant. “Hey, will you come back to mine tonight? I really don’t want to be alone.”

Foggy doesn’t feel unsafe per say, but facing the hunters has put him on edge and he knows if he tries to deal with it on his own, he’ll only end up fretting the whole night.

“Sure,” Matt says, his cane tapping out in front of them as soon as they hit the sidewalk for appearance sake.

For a while they remain quiet, just the tapping of Matt’s cane and the noise of the city floating around them. Then, about a block from Foggy’s place, Matt breaks the silence.

“It’s not your fault, you know,” Matt says. “What the hunters said? Forget it. You can’t hold yourself responsible for things that are out of your control.”

Foggy stops. “Excuse me? Who are you and what have you done with Matthew Murdock?”

“Foggy…”

“I’m serious, since when are you not this city’s biggest martyr. You blame yourself for everything.”

“No I don’t.”

“Yes, you do. That’s why you started the whole,” Foggy makes a wild gesture. “Thing… that you do.” Foggy’s suddenly very aware that they’re in public and shouldn’t be talking about this, because they don’t know who’s listening, so he closes his mouth and starts walking again.

“Yeah, but ever since our fight I’ve been thinking about things and trying not to take on all the blame for the things I can’t stop. As my priest’s fond of reminding me, I’m not God. I can’t control everything. Do you know, last night a woman was mugged and stabbed? She survived, but when I read about the incident this morning it made me really mad.”

“Because I stopped you from going out?” Foggy asks, feeling the guilt he’d mostly shaken off, creeping back in.

“No. I wouldn’t have been able to go out last night anyway because of my injuries. Despite what you think, I do listen to you and Claire on occasion,” Matt says, lips twitching towards a smile for a split second. “Anyways, it made me mad because I felt helpless. I couldn’t protect that woman, just like… I couldn’t protect my dad. I truly believe I’m doing something good by wearing the mask, but I also realize now that I’m doing it for myself, too.”

They stop momentarily while Foggy gets out his keys and opens the door to his building. Then they head inside and take the elevator up to Foggy’s apartment on the fifth floor.

“I hate what happened to my father,” Matt says, starting again once they’re inside and sitting on the couch. “And part of me likes wearing the mask so I can take that anger out on others, which I know isn’t okay. But while I understand that my father’s death wasn’t my fault, I’m still having a hard time accepting it.”

“Oh, Matt,” Foggy says, heart breaking. “It’s –”
“No, stop. I need to get this out,” Matt says. “You were right. About what you said that night. I did spend my life after Stick pretending to hold to my father’s wishes to not use my fists to solve problems, while in my free time I continued to train and store up my anger. Blaming myself for every little thing. Just waiting for the day when something would finally happen that would justify me using my fists.” Matt sighs. “I’m not okay, Foggy. I don’t know if I will ever be okay. But I’m working on it.”

“Can I hug you?” Foggy asks.

Matt nods and Foggy pulls him into a tight hug. “You’re a good person, Matt. One of the best I know.”

“Thanks, Foggy,” Matt says, holding on just as tight. “I don’t always feel like it.”

“Then any time you start doubting yourself, you come see me and I’ll set you right,” Foggy says.

“Sounds like a plan,” Matt says.

Dean and Sam change into their FBI suits at the motel before heading over to the crime scene. The place is crowded; there are news crews and bystanders everywhere. Dean hates to admit it, but the werewolf had a point. This case is very public.

“Agents Young and Wilson,” Dean says, as he and Sam hold up their fake credentials for one of the officers, so they can get passed the police tape. The guy holds up the tape and points them in the direction of the detective in charge.

“Detective Clemons?” Dean asks, walking up to an older black gentleman.

“Who’s asking?” the man says, turning to look at them.

“I’m Agent Young and this is my partner, Agent Wilson.” They hold up their credentials again. “We just have a couple of questions.”

“You here to take over this investigation? ‘Cause I don’t recall asking the FBI for help.” Dean doesn’t know what the FBI did to piss this guy off in the past, but he is definitely holding a grudge.

“No, sir,” Sam says. “We just want to know if your case overlaps with ours.”

“We’ve been tracking a killer whose been making his way south from Maine,” Dean says, picking up the lie. “Guy’s been hacking up the bodies of young women and leaving the pieces in public places. From what we’ve read of your reports, the MO might be a match.”

“Well, I’m sorry to say you wasted your time,” Clemons says, not sounding sorry in the least. “This latest victim is male, probably in his thirties. And these bodies aren’t being hacked up, they’re being chewed up.”

“Would you mind walking us through the scene? Just so we can make absolutely sure it’s not our killer,” Sam says.

“If it’s not him we’ve got other places to be,” Dean says.

“I really don’t have time for this with the mayor breathing down my neck,” Clemons mutters. “Mahoney!”
A young black officer looks over from where he appears to be interviewing a distraught couple, who look to have been out walking the dog that’s currently sitting by their feet. Probably the people who found the body, Dean thinks, as the officer says something to the couple and leaves them with his partner.

“Sir?” Mahoney asks Clemons when he reaches them.

“I need you to babysit these agents, while I call the Chief. Show them around, answer their questions, then escort them off my crime scene, you hear me? And don’t let them touch anything.”

Mahoney nods and they all watch as Clemons storms off.

“Pleasant man,” Dean says.

“What do you need?” Mahoney asks, looking them over. Dean wonders why all these cops seem to hate the FBI. Not that it matters to him, it’s just annoying.

“Can you show us the body?” Sam asks.

“Sure. This way.” Mahoney leads them to a group of trees near the pier and underneath the closest one is a pile of human remains. An older woman squatting beside the remains, who appears to be examining them, looks up as they approach.

“Who are you?” She asks accent faintly Hispanic.

“FBI, ma’am. We just want take a quick look and then you can get back to your work.”

The woman stands and Dean notices the photo ID clipped to her shirt says Dr. Torres. “There isn’t much to see. Whatever tore this guy up, it was thorough. As you can see I’ve got a mostly intact left forearm and hand, but otherwise, it’s just skin, viscera, and some broken bones.”

“Any idea what tore this guy apart?” Sam asks.

“None. I’m tempted to say teeth, maybe? But I’ve never seen teeth that leave marks like these. They’re small like a human’s, but serrated like a shark’s. My best guess is some sort of specialty saw, possibly even something the killer made himself.”

“And all the victims have been found this way?” Dean asks, squatting down to get a better look. He can see the marks Dr. Torres means on one of the bones. Yeah, he recognizes those.

“The first two, yeah, but not the last one. The killer left almost the whole body for us to find last time. Relatively speaking, of course. It was still missing pretty much everything from the inside.”

“Why would he do that?” Dean asks, standing.

“I have no idea. Maybe he didn’t think he was getting enough attention.”

“How do you figure?” Sam asks.

“Well, like this one, the first two were left after dark close to a pier, but the third one was left in a community park in the early morning. It was very public. Kids found that one,” Dr. Torres says, looking back at the remains momentarily. “If I had to guess, I’d say the killer was sending a message with that one.”

“What sort of message?” Sam asks, clearly thinking the same thing Dean is: wendigos don’t leave messages.
“That,” she shrugs. “Is for you and the police to figure out. I just handle the bodies.”

“Got an ID yet?” Dean asks, though he’s pretty sure he already knows the answer.

“No. Prints didn’t come back and I won’t be able to run DNA until I get this mess back to the lab.”

“Thanks for your time, ma’am. You too, officer,” Dean says, nodding to Mahoney.

Dr. Torres nods and signals someone to joins her; while Mahoney watches them until they get to the police tape before going back to whatever he was in the middle of earlier.

Dean and Sam don’t talk as they head back to Baby. There’s nothing one can say that the other isn’t already thinking. Once they get back to their motel room, where they change and Dean grabs them a couple of sodas from the machine outside, they get to work digging through the information the local werewolf pack has provided. It’s a lot, but they divide it up, Sam taking the maps, missing persons data, and the lore and Dean taking the police and autopsy reports along with the crime scene photos.

“I don’t get it, Sammy,” Dean says, after he finishes going through the last report. “Those are wendigo bite marks clear as day, but they don’t do shit like this. They drag their victims into their lair, where they devour them bit by bit until there’s nothing left. This sort of behaviour, leaving body parts all over the place, it doesn’t make sense.”

“I know. And given the timelines,” Sam says, “from when the known vics were probably taken to when their remains were found, this thing is feeding at an alarming rate. You remember the wendigo we hunted back at Blackwater Ridge in Colorado?”

“How could I forget?” Dean still remembers being strung up by the thing like a stuck pig in its putrid excuse for a lair.

“Well, even though that one managed to snatch a bunch of people, it mostly stored them. Even the campers it killed, it saved the majority of the bodies for later.”

“Yeah, but that one was in an isolated part of a huge wilderness area. It didn’t come across humans too often. This one is in a city where it has access to so many humans, it can feed until it bursts.”

“Okay, that explains the over-killing, but why leave body parts for people to find? Wendigos are mindless killers; they operate solely on instinct. Leaving evidence like this isn’t instinct, it’s deliberate.”

“So what are we dealing with? A wendigo who wants to get caught?” Now that would be a novel concept.

“Maybe…” Sam starts going through some of the lore pages the werewolf gave them. “Here,” he says, pulling out one and beginning to read from it. “According to the wolf-hearted, wendigos are known to carve out a territory and chase all existing predators away.” Sam looks up at Dean.

“What if this wendigo’s message isn’t for the police, but for the wolves? What if it’s trying to claim this territory?”

“Great, so we’re in the middle of a turf war. This just keeps getting better,” Dean says, getting up and stretching out his back. The chairs in this motel are horrible.

“Do you think the wolves know?” Sam asks.

“Who cares,” Dean says, coming over to stand by Sam. “Let’s just get this done so we can be on
our way. I’ve had it with this place. Have you narrowed down the possibilities for this thing’s lair?”

“I think so. There’s a couple of abandoned buildings between 50th and 52nd that look good. They’re in the same area where the known vics were taken and where the wolves have mostly been running into the wendigo. Plus, they’re not far from where the bodies have been discovered.”

“All right, let’s get our gear and go hunting then.”

“What was with the eye thing?” Matt asks, when the movie they decided to watch ends. It was a romantic comedy with a bland audio description that Foggy had talked over the whole time, which was fine by Matt. He’s always preferred Foggy’s descriptions of movies.

“What eye thing?” Foggy asks, sitting up to close his laptop on the coffee table, temporarily displacing Matt, who was leaning against his side. “Sorry,” he says, trying to settle them back into the same position.

Matt’s not quite as comfy as before, but he doesn’t want to move either. He likes having Foggy’s arm around him, keeping him close. “Dean asked to see your eyes. I was just wondering why.” It had been bugging him earlier, but he’d forgotten to ask about it.

“Oh. Uh, you remember how I told you my eyes become gold when my wolf’s close to the surface?” Matt nods. “Well, an alpha’s eyes become red. I assume that’s why he asked.”

“To find out if you were the alpha?” Matt feels Foggy nod.

“Hmm.” Matt thinks back to the restaurant, there was something else that had been bothering him. “You said he was badly mistaken for thinking that, is that because your mother would never reveal herself to hunters?”

“Partly,” Foggy says, heart rate kicking up a little bit.

“What’s the other part?” Foggy doesn’t answer. “Foggy?”

Foggy sighs. “I was hoping to put off this conversation for a while yet.”

“What conversation?” Matt asks, tensing. This sounds serious.

“It’s nothing bad,” Foggy assures Matt, taking his arm back, which forces Matt to sit up. “I’m just not sure how you’re going to take it. It can be hard for humans to understand.”

“Try me,” Matt says, taking one of Foggy’s hands and lacing their fingers. It can’t be any more of a shock than finding out Foggy was a werewolf, and Matt’s pretty sure he handled that well.

“Okay. So uh, the other reason I said he was badly mistaken is because my dynamic is omega, which means basically everyone else in the pack would have to die before I became alpha.” Matt doesn’t understand, and he’s pretty sure his face communicates that, because Foggy starts talking again. “See, the status is passed from the alpha to the beta designated the alpha elect, either through a ritual right of passage or upon the current alpha’s death. Right now Teresa is the alpha elect, but if something happened to her then it would fall on Sarah as it’s first typically passed generationally.”

“Hold on,” Matt says, trying to piece it all together. “Your mother is the alpha and you’re all her
“betas, right?”

“Yes.”

“After her, the next alpha will be Teresa unless something happens, then it will be Sarah.”

“Yes. But if Teresa has children and they’re old enough to take on the responsibility the alpha status will go to them after her instead of Sarah.”

“Okay, I get that. But it won’t go to you unless they’re all dead?”

“Right. Even Bess would be alpha before me.”

“Why?”

“Because of my dynamic.”

“You said that before, but… What’s a dynamic?”

“This is the hard part,” Foggy says. “Werewolves don’t just have two genders like humans. We have males and females, but we also have alphas and omegas.”

“Wait, but I thought an alpha was the pack leader. Are you telling me your mother’s not female?”

“No, she’s… Ugh, this is so hard to explain. My mother’s an alpha beta, which means her rank is alpha and her gender is beta. Betas are what we call werewolves who are simply male or female.”

“You use the same words to designate pack rank as you do to describe gender? How is that not super confusing?”

Foggy shrugs. “It’s not a big deal to us. We generally know who is what rank without having to fight it out and we can tell by scent who is what gender.”

“I guess I can understand that,” Matt says, even though he really doesn’t. “Can we go back to the gender – or I guess dynamic is the term? Can we go back to that? You said you’re omega, what does that mean?”

Foggy takes a deep breath, even though it does nothing to slow his racing heart. “It means I can get pregnant. Omegas are males who can carry pups and alphas are females who can sire them. Both dynamics are capable of either carrying or siring pups depending on their chosen mate.”

“You can get pregnant?” Matt says, both intrigued and vaguely horrified by the thought. “How?”

“Oh come on, Matt. I know you know how babies are made.” Foggy sounds terribly embarrassed.

“Sorry,” Matt says, squeezing the hand he’s still holding. “It’s just… hard to grasp. Would it be rude to ask –”

“Yes, I have a penis and balls just like you. No, I don’t have a vagina. The only difference is I have to be doubly careful when I have penetrative sex with men and I go through heats twice a year.”

“Heats?”

“Means for three to five days I temporarily lose my mind and crave tons of sex because I’m at optimum fertility. It’s really quite embarrassing.”
Matt valiantly does not think about spending three days in bed with Foggy. Honestly, he doesn’t. Though, while he’s not thinking about it, something occurs to him. “All those times you had the flu?”

“Yeah,” Foggy admits. “It wasn’t the flu. Werewolves can’t actually get sick.”

“Really?”

“Really. Also, we have accelerated healing. Those claws marks you got the other night would have taken me roughly five to ten minutes to heal and that’s only because another supernatural creature inflicted them. If you were to cut me with a normal kitchen knife, it would heal almost instantly.”

That’s astonishing, Matt thinks, mentally going back over the years and trying to recall if Foggy had ever been hurt. Only one instance comes to mind. “What about the bombing last spring? You ended up in the hospital. Why didn’t you heal then?”

“Silver,” Foggy says. “Got a shard of it from who knows where stuck in the wound. Luckily, there’s an ER doctor at the hospital who’s in the know. They’re not pack, but they help when we need it. Kind of like Claire does for you.”

Matt nods, glad all over again that someone was there to help Foggy when he wasn’t. “So silver stops your healing?”

“It slows it to about a human rate. It’s not nearly as dangerous to us as certain kinds of wolfsbane. Don’t worry about it. Getting back to the point of all this, I can’t be alpha because I’m omega.”

“No. I mean,” Matt says, before Foggy can say anything. “I get what the dynamic omega means, just not why it would prevent you from becoming alpha.”

“Basically, werewolf sexism. While being an alpha is fine, being an omega means you’re seen as the weakest member of the pack. Delicate is the word my mother always used to describe me. I was her delicate little boy,” Foggy says unhappily. “And you can’t be alpha if your pack won’t support the idea. The only reason I’m not the lowest ranking werewolf in my pack is because there’s another omega who’s younger and more submissive than me.”

“Foggy,” Matt says. “You are one of the least submissive people I know.”

“Yeah, well, being stubborn, argumentative and defiant doesn’t change the fact that I’m an omega,” Foggy says.

They sit in silence for a little bit while Matt processes everything that’s been added to the file labeled Werewolves in his head. It’s a lot, and he bets Foggy still hasn’t told him everything. “Were you going to tell me you could get pregnant before we had sex?” Matt asks.

“Uh, you still want to have sex with me?”

“Foggy.”

“All right, fine. Yes, I was going to tell you. That’s not something you spring on a partner afterwards. I was just… worried.”

“Worried I’d leave you for being able to have babies?”

“Some humans find the idea disgusting.”
“Well, I’m not one of them. I may not be ready to have sex without a condom for a long while.” If ever, Matt thinks. He doesn’t really consider himself father material. “But I can’t say that I find the idea of you being able to one day carry my child unappealing.”

“Really?” Foggy asks, hopeful joy resonating in his voice.

“Really,” Matt says, leaning in to kiss Foggy. He’s a little off target, but Foggy fixes that and quickly takes control. Apparently, Matt being okay with potentially siring Foggy’s children makes him very happy. Matt will have to remember that.

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“Clear,” Dean shouts, from across the hall.

“Clear,” Sam calls back, scanning the room one last time down the barrel of the flare gun he’s carrying.

“Fuck,” Dean says, joining him. “There’s not even a trace of this bastard. You sure that’s it?”

“Yeah,” Sam nods, relaxing. They’ve just cleared the last building on his list and the night is rapidly heading towards daylight. “Maybe I missed something?”

“We probably need to expand the search area,” Dean says, not sounding the least bit happy. Sam watches as his brother kicks at a nearby box in irritation, which is why he misses the shadow that drops down from the ceiling beside him.

“Sam!” Dean shouts, getting his gun up.

Sam ducks to the side, but the thing moves with him, raking its claws along his back and down his right side, before rolling away and darting from the room. Sam cries out and goes down hard on one knee to keep his balance.

“Sam, you okay?”

“Go!” Sam says, waving his brother on.

Dean nods and Sam watches as he heads out of the room after the creature, before gritting his teeth and getting back to his feet. He hears two shots and something drop as he heads for the doorway. He’s got the flare gun; he needs to stay with Dean. God, his right side is on fire.

Sam leans against the doorway and scans the hallway, but there’s nothing. “Dean?” he calls while pressing a hand to his side. It comes away completely covered in blood. Great.

“Sam? Down here, I’ve got it cornered.”

Sam wipes his hand on his pants and pushes off from the doorway, heading towards the stairs. He keeps the flare gun at the ready, knowing he could be heading straight for the wendigo rather than his brother. Fuck, he hates things that can mimic voices.

Sam makes his way down the stairs, carefully clearing his corners and keeping half an eye on what’s behind him. The room he enters at the bottom is large and mostly empty, the grime on the windows keeping out much of the street light. There are a few boxes at the far end and mirrors running the length of one wall along with a balancing bar. Sam vaguely recalls reading that this level used to be a dance studio, with the changing rooms and offices upstairs.
Sam creeps into the room, making sure to keep his back to the mirrored wall. There’s another door at the far end, leading to more stairs, which Sam knows will take him down to the ground floor, formerly a travel agency. Sam heads towards it.

“Sam, hurry!”

The shout echoes, making it hard to pinpoint a location. Sam scans the room, but he doesn’t see anything. He glances up. Still nothing. Where is it?

Suddenly, there’s a scream of pain from below that Sam can’t ignore.

“Dean!” Sam starts running. He gets to the other end of the room and starts down the stairs, his heart racing. He can’t lose Dean. Not yet. His year’s not up.

Something grabs Sam’s left ankle from beneath the stairs sending him tumbling down the last dozen or so. He throws up his arms to protect his head, but he hits his injured side pretty hard when he goes down. The pain causes him to instinctively shift his arms from his head to his side and consequently the next hit he takes gets him pretty hard in the head.

By the time he reaches the bottom, his whole body is screaming at him and he’s having the damnedest time keeping his eyes open.

“Well, look at you,” a deep hiss of a voice says as a dark shape comes to rest in front of Sam. It squats down and Sam tries to blink it into focus as he lifts the flare gun he somehow managed to keep hold of while falling. “Oh, no, sweet thing,” it says, wrenching the gun from Sam’s hand. “I’ll take that.”

“He’ll make a fine meal, don’t you think?” another softer voice hisses, and Sam notices a second shape come to stand beside the first. He blinks again and his vision clears just long enough for him to notice that they’re both wearing dirty, worn out street clothes and that the second person – no, wendigo, Sam reminds himself taking in the pale, stretched skin and weird eyes – is sucking blood off its claws.

“Dean,” Sam says weakly, hoping against hope that his brother’s okay.

“Definitely.” the first voice says, and the closer wendigo reaches out to run its hand along Sam’s cheek. Its fingers come away bloody and it puts them in it’s mouth. “Mmm, very nice. I can’t wait to eat you and those wolves all up.”

Sam wants to gag and tell that monster where it can shove those fingers next, but his head’s killing him and he’s pretty sure he’s about to pass out. He settles for glaring at the wendigos, his vision blurring again and going dark as he slowly slides into unconsciousness.
Chapter 5

Dean wakes up to the sound of approaching police sirens and the annoyance of sunlight streaming into his eyes through an open window. He groans and pushes himself up.

“Sam?” he calls. Fuck, his head hurts. “Sammy?”

There’s no answer. Dean scans the room for his gun, but he doesn’t see it. He does notice some drag marks, though, indicating that he wasn’t here when he went down. Dean follows the marks to their end near the room’s doorway.

The last thing Dean remembers is tearing down the hallway after the thing that hurt his brother and getting a couple of shots off as he cornered it in the last room, this room. He’s sure he hit the thing, but before he could get a closer look, something hit him from behind and everything went dark.

Dean reaches up and prods at the probable goose egg he’s got swelling at the back of his head. Shit, it hurts. At least it feels like it’s stopped bleeding.

Just then Dean hears tires screeching and he goes to the open window to have a look. Outside are two police cruisers and a couple of cops, who look to be on their way to busting in. Someone must have heard something and called 911. Dean’s need to find Sammy wars with his need to get out.

He refuses to think Sam’s dead. That is not an option. The fact that he’s not with Dean says he’s probably down and injured. Dean heads to the room where he left Sam, but there’s just a bloodstain by the door and some drops leading to the stairs.

So the question is, does Dean stay and risk getting caught? Or does he abandon Sam and make a run for it?

It’s not an easy choice, and Dean hates himself a little for the decision he comes to, but logically if Sam’s hurt as bad as Dean thinks he is, his best bet is those cops and the paramedics they’ll be able to call in. Dean can always break Sam out of his hospital room later, but what he can’t do right now is haul his brother’s dead weight out of here before the cops find them.

Decision made, Dean starts hunting for a way out that won’t have him running into the cops. He ends up going out onto the roof and jumping to the roof of the next closest building, which is luckily a little lower than the abandoned one he was just in. It’s not an easy jump, but he makes it fine.

From there, Dean heads down the building’s fire escape and through a few alleys until he’s back at Baby, whom they had thankfully parked a block over. Once he’s in the car, Dean just takes a moment to breathe and think. He needs a plan.

First, he needs to figure out where and how Sam is, then he needs to get his brother and together they need to find a better way of tracking the wendigo. Hunting through random buildings is definitely not the way to do this. It’s too much risk.
The problem with tracking in a city, though, is there’s so much noise and foot traffic that any evidence the wendigo leaves gets swept away. Normally, in the woods, everything would go quiet and Dean would know to be on high alert. Or he’d find a trail of footprints and snapped twigs to follow. Here, there’s nothing.

Dean leans his head against Baby’s window, wincing at the pain it causes as he closes his eyes. He needs ice. Probably water, food, and rest too, but that can all wait. Sam is his priority right now. Dean takes a deep breath, but startles badly when a car horn suddenly blares.

Dean curses and makes himself sit up again as he rubs his eyes. God, he doesn’t know how the wolves deal with living in the city. The smell alone…

Dean stops. The wolves.

They clearly have police connections, given the information they were able to provide. Dean can use that to find out about Sam and get his brother back. Then he’ll figure out a way to convince the wolves to use their noses and help. It shouldn’t be too hard given how badly they want the wendigo dead.

Dean starts looking around for the business card that lawyer werewolf handed Sam. He knows Sam left it in the car because he remembers Sam programming the number into his phone just after leaving the restaurant. Damnit, it’s got to here somewhere.

Dean reaches under the passenger seat and finds an old food wrapper, some change, and… Ah ha! Dean pulls out what feels like a business card and, sure enough, it says: Nelson and Murdock Attorneys at Law on one side, with a cell number scribbled on the other.

Dean takes out his phone and calls the number. “Come on. Come on. Pick up the fucking phone.”

Dean gets the werewolf’s voicemail and leaves a message telling the guy to call him back. Now what?

Dean could head back to the motel and wait for his phone to ring. He’d be able to get some ice and food, maybe rest a bit. Dean looks at the business card again and decides to try calling the office number. Unfortunately, it goes straight to an answering machine, too.

Fortunately, however, it gives him the office hours, which start at 9am. Dean looks at time on his phone. It’s just about 8 now and Dean’s pretty sure there’ll be people at the office before it opens. And those people can either direct him to or put him in touch with Nelson.

Okay, he has a plan. Dean digs out his keys and turns on the car. Traffic will set him back, but he can probably still get there within the next half hour. God, he hopes this works.

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Derek’s dozing on the sofa while Laura makes herself breakfast and gets ready for work when someone knocks at the door. Derek startles and panics for a moment before he recognizes the heartbeats. It’s okay, he tells himself, sitting up and rubbing a hand over his face while Laura opens the door. It’s just Sarah and her kids.

“Sarah, good morning. Come in,” Laura says.

“Sorry to drop in unannounced like this,” Sarah says, eyes lowered as she steps past Laura into the apartment. She has her three-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, in one arm and her infant son, Tommy Jr.’s car seat carrier in the other.
She looks tired, Derek notices. Her long blond hair, which is normally done up in a neat bun, is simply tied back this morning. And while she’s dressed for work in slacks and a blouse, she hasn’t bothered to put any make up on.

“It’s not a problem,” Laura says, closing the door as Derek gets off the couch and goes over to greet their guests. Not that they can’t see him from the entry with the apartment’s open concept design, it’s just more polite. Plus, pups.

“Uncle Derek!” Elizabeth squeals, reaching out for him as soon as she sees him.

Derek smiles and takes her from Sarah. “Hi, Princess,” he says, rubbing his nose against hers causing her to laugh. She’s wearing a pink t-shirt and kid jeans, her blond curls secured in pigtails that tickle Derek’s neck.

“I hate to ask so last minute,” Sarah says. “But Tom’s got a bad cold and Dad called, he needs an extra hand minding the store because another employee called in sick and Mom’s already busy at the butcher shop with Teresa and I just –”

“Don’t worry about it,” Derek says, settling Elizabeth on his shoulders. “I’ll look after them.” Derek likes looking after Sarah’s kids; it makes him feel useful and less like a burden.

“Oh, thank you,” Sarah says, her shoulders sagging a little. She smells like she might start crying at any moment, so Derek nods, takes Tommy from her, and goes back into the living room. He sets Tommy’s carrier by the sofa before swinging Elizabeth down from his shoulders and asking her to pick out a movie from Laura and Derek’s extensive Disney collection.

As Elizabeth debates between *Lilo & Stitch* and *101 Dalmatians*, Derek keeps half an ear on Sarah and Laura’s quiet conversation. Apparently flu season’s started early and he’s far from the only one who’s stressed out about the hunter situation.

“This one,” Elizabeth says, holding up *101 Dalmatians*.

“Good choice,” Derek says, and gets the DVD set up with the volume down low so it won’t wake Tommy, whose carrier Derek shifts closer to his feet once he’s back on the sofa. Elizabeth crawls up onto the sofa and snuggles against Derek’s side, pulling his arm around her as they start the movie.

Elizabeth was only a couple months old when Laura and Derek had come knocking on the Nelsons’ door. As far as she’s concerned, they’ve always been pack.

About ten minutes into the film, Sarah comes over with a diaper bag, which she sets by the other end of the sofa. Derek pauses the movie.

“Okay, sweetheart,” Sarah says, leaning down to kiss Elizabeth’s forehead. “You be good for Uncle Derek and I’ll be back later this afternoon to pick you up. I love you.”

“Love you too, Mommy,” Elizabeth says, reaching out for a hug. Sarah gives her a quick hug and kneels down to run her fingers lightly over Tommy’s brown curls and chubby cheeks before kissing his forehead.

“Love you too, Munchkin,” she whispers, then stands and turns to face Derek. “They’ve already eaten and I’ve put some formula in the fridge for later when Tommy wakes up hungry. Make sure Elizabeth has her nap after lunch, she’s been fighting me on it lately, but she needs it. Do you still have my cell number?”
Derek nods. “I’ll call if anything comes up,” he promises.

“Okay. Thank you. Bye, sweetheart.”

“Bye, Mommy,” Elizabeth waves.

“Derek, Sarah’s giving me a ride, so I’ll see you after work,” Laura says from the kitchen, where he can hear her packing up her lunch.

When Laura gets to the door and looks over Derek just waves for her to get going and re-starts the movie for Elizabeth. He’ll be fine. He’s done this lots of times.

“We’re going to have a fun day, right, Princess?” Derek asks, after Laura and Sarah have left.

“Yeah,” Elizabeth agrees, looking up at him with a big smile that Derek can’t help but return. Pups are the best.

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Dean doesn’t know what he was expecting, but it certainly isn’t a door with a paper sign taped to it. What kind of respectable lawyers have a paper sign?

Dean can hear someone moving around inside, though, so he knocks on the door anyway.

“Door’s open,” a female voice calls.

Dean walks in and looks around the mostly empty, disheveled office. Definitely not what he was expecting. According to his business card Nelson’s a defense lawyer, how is his office this crappy looking?

“Hello?” Dean calls.

A beautiful blond woman in a simple black dress comes around the corner holding a cup of coffee. “Hi, I’m Karen,” she says. “Can I help you?”

“Uh yeah,” Dean says, momentarily distracted. He does not have time to flirt right now, he reminds himself sternly. “I’m looking for Mr. Nelson. Is he in?”

“I’m afraid Mr. Nelson and Mr. Murdock are in court today, can I book you an appointment?”

“Actually, it’s kind of urgent. Is there any way you can get a hold of him?”

Karen bites her lower lip and sets her coffee down on what appears to be her desk. “I can try, but they have to keep their phones off when court’s in session. If you’ll have a seat, I’ll see what I can do.”

Dean nods, but stays standing. He paces around the office, glancing in the other rooms while Karen tries to get a hold of Nelson. Maybe he should just head to the courthouse. It’s still early; surely court isn’t in session yet.

“I’m sorr--” Karen starts, before gasping. “What happened to your head?”

Dean winces. Right. He didn’t take care of his head wound before coming over. “It’s nothing,” he says, trying to reassure Karen.

“Wait here,” she says, heading to the tiny kitchenette behind him. She reaches up into the
cupboard and pulls down a large first aide kit. “One of my bosses is a terrible klutz,” Karen admits. “So we keep this here for emergencies. Have a seat and let’s have a look at your nothing.”

“Really, you don’t have to,” Dean says. “I’m fine. If Mr. Nelson’s not here, I can just go.” Dean starts to head for the door.

“Just let me have a quick look,” Karen says. “What if you have a concussion?”

“Haven’t thrown up, no balance or vision troubles, and I can tell you the date as well as the name of the current president.” Dean knows what a concussion feels like and this is not one. “I swear it looks worse than it is,” Dean says.

Karen sighs. “I won’t force you, but I really think you should have someone look at it.”

Dean argues with himself for a minute, but decides what the hell, it would be nice not to have to deal with his head wound on his own. Besides, who knows how long it’s going to be before Nelson calls him back. Might as well get something productive done while he’s here.

“Fine, you win,” Dean says, taking a seat in the chair by her desk.

Karen smiles and pushes some stuff out of the way, so she can set the first aide kit down on her desk. She then moves behind Dean to have a look. “This is quite the bump,” she said, and Dean feels her fingers tracing the injury. “How did you get it?”

“Work,” Dean says.

Karen makes a displeased sound and gets some alcohol wipes and gauze out of the kit. “Is that why you want to see Mr. Nelson? You want to sue?”

Dean grits his teeth as Karen starts to clean the wound. “No. It’s… a family matter,” Dean says, trying to keep things vague. “My brother’s in trouble.”

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that.”

Dean shrugs and stays quiet while Karen finishes cleaning and dressing his wound. When she’s done she heads back to the kitchenette and gets a cold pack out of the mini fridge. Dean quirks and eyebrow, “How often does your boss fall down?”

“Too often,” Karen says, handing Dean the cold pack. She cleans and packs everything away and then asks Dean if he wants some coffee. “It’ll probably be a while before Mr. Nelson gets a chance to check his phone and you look like you could use a cup.”

“Sure. Thanks,” Dean says. He wonders if Karen’s part of the local pack or if she’s just always this nice to injured strangers. Maybe while he waits he’ll see if he can find out.

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A little after eleven the judge calls a short recess so he can take a smoke break, though Foggy doubts anyone besides Matt and himself know that that’s the reason he was getting antsy during the last witness’ testimony. As soon as he’s gone, Foggy stretches his arms over his head and cracks his neck. It’s been a long morning.

Normally he’d be paying close attention to the witnesses and the prosecution’s tactics, but Foggy let his hormones get away from him last night and even though they’d only exchanged hand jobs and they showered separately this morning, he can still smell himself on Matt. It’s incredibly
distracting. And, if he’s honest, a little worrying. Things are moving fast between them and while Foggy’s a little surer of Matt’s feelings after his comment about kids, he still has doubts.

Adding to his stress is the fact that Foggy’s been feeling intermittent tension along the pack bonds all morning. He can’t be sure, but he thinks it’s one of his sisters, since theirs are among the strongest bonds he shares. But he doesn’t know for sure and it’s bugging him like he images a headache bugs most humans.

Thankfully, Matt is on the ball and his cross-examinations of the witnesses have things leaning in their favour for the moment.

“Hey, you doing okay?” Matt asks, leaning close. “You seem tense.”

“Yeah. Sorry,” Foggy says, pulling out his phone. He needs to reassure himself that nothing’s happened. “It’s just pack stuff.”

“I know it’s hard with everything that’s going on, but I need you here, Foggy,” Matt says, putting a hand on Foggy’s shoulder. “Mr. Calhoun needs you here.”

Foggy’s about to tell Matt he knows and he’ll get his head back in the game when he sees that he’s missed several phone calls. Shit.

“What is it?” Matt asks.

“Don’t know. Hang on,” Foggy says, dialing his voicemail. Dean’s voice comes through the line first, then Karen’s, and then Karen’s again. Damn it, what do the hunters want now? “Matt, I need to...”

“Go,” Matt says, “We still have ten minutes before the judge gets back.”

“Thanks.” Foggy gets up and heads out of the courtroom while Matt talks quietly with Mr. Calhoun, assuring him that everything is fine and Foggy’s worry has nothing to do with his case.

Foggy calls the hunter back as soon as he’s in the hallway.

“About damn time,” Dean says, when he answers.

“I have less than ten minutes before the judge comes back, what do you need?”

“Sam got nabbed by the cops this morning,” Dean says.

Foggy curses. “Are you still at my office?”

“Yeah, Karen’s treating me well while I wait around for you.” Foggy hears Karen scoff in the background.

Foggy growls. “You leave her alone, she has nothing to do with our world.”

“I’ll be on my way, just as soon as I get some help.”

“Fine. I can’t do anything right now, but I will send someone who can.” Foggy hangs up without another word and calls Brett, who thankfully picks up on the second ring.

“It’s my day off, so this had better be good.”

“I need your help with the hunters. One of them got himself arrested and I’m stuck in court until
we break for the day.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes. Can you please help me? I’ve only got about two more minutes before the judge comes back,” Foggy says, glancing at courtroom doors.

“Fine, but you are going owe me so big for this, Foggy. I mean it. Like washing my car for a year big. Outside and in.”

“Okay. Yes. Whatever. Just please go to my office and deal with this mess for me. I have to go,” Foggy says, hanging up and heading back to his seat before he gets himself locked out.

“Everything squared away?” Matt asks, just as the bailiff calls for everyone to rise.

“No,” Foggy whispers as they rise. “But Brett’s gonna deal with it, so I’m good for now.”

Matt nods and squeezes Foggy’s hand briefly under the table once they sit down and the prosecution picks up where they left off. Foggy takes a deep breath, tells his wolf to fuck off, and gets his game face on. Mr. Calhoun is not going away for a murder he did not commit. Not on Foggy’s watch.

Dean and Karen are munching on her stash of M&Ms and having a spirited debate about news media, when Officer Mahoney from the previous night walks in. He’s not in his uniform, but Dean recognizes the glare. He supposes he shouldn’t be surprised that the pack’s police contact is heavily involved in the case. At least now the thoroughness of the reports the wolves provided makes sense.

“Brett,” Karen says, standing up and moving around her desk. “What are you doing here? Is your mother okay?”

“My mother?” Mahoney asks.

“Foggy told me she’s been sick lately.”

“Oh. He shouldn’t have made you worry,” Mahoney says shaking his head, and Dean’s pretty sure the sick mother is a lie. “Her doctor’s switching her antibiotic and everything should clear up soon. But thank you for your concern.”

“You’ll let me know if anything changes though, right? Most of my evenings are free, so I can help with dinners or whatever, if you need.”

“Thanks Karen. I’ll keep that in mind. I’m actually here to see Mr. Winchester though,” Mahoney says, turning his attention to Dean.

Dean stands. “Officer Mahoney, good to see you again. I assume Nelson told you what’s going on?”

“He gave me the basics.”

“Then let’s get to it.” Dean turns to face Karen. “Thanks for the hospitality. As soon as I get things squared away, I’d love to finish our conversation. Maybe over drinks?”

Karen smiles. “Well, you know where to find me.”
Dean grins and ignores Mahoney’s glower as he follows the cop out of the building and over to his vehicle. Dean smirks when he gets a good look at the car. It’s not as nice as Baby, but the classic 1969 red and black top T-bird is still a sweet ride.

“Nice,” Dean says, running his hand along the car’s hood as he head’s to the passenger’s side.

“Thanks,” Mahoney says, sliding into the driver’s seat. “So what exactly happened last night after you left the crime scene, Agent Young?”

Dean wonders for a moment if Mahoney had known they were hunters the whole time last night, then decides it doesn’t matter. “Sam and I did some digging and decided to check out a few abandoned buildings. We’d just cleared the last one when the wendigo got the drop on us. It attacked Sam and I went after it, but just as I cornered it something hit me over the back of the head. By the time I came to, the place was surrounded by cops and I had to bail.”

“And you think the cops took your brother into custody?”

“I was out for a while. If Sam didn’t circle back to me than I have to assume it was because his injuries got the better of him.”

“And what if it was the wendigo?”

“Sam’s alive,” Dean asserts. “I know it.”

“Why?”

“Because there is not other option. Now let’s go find out where your cop buddies are holding him.”

Mahoney sighs and shakes his head even as he turns his car on. “When we get to the station,” he says, pulling out into traffic. “You are going to stay in this car and let me handle things. Got it?”

“Whatever you say, Officer.”

“It’s Sergeant.”

The drive to the station is short and silent. Mahoney parks across the street and reminds Dean one more time to stay put while he heads inside. Dean rolls his eyes and gives the guy the address of the building they found the wendigo in.

It’s boring just sitting in the car. Dean does his best to behave himself, but he’s never been good at waiting. After scoping out the surrounding buildings for about five minutes, he starts going through Mahoney’s car. He begins with the glove box, which doesn’t hold much, just insurance papers, some napkins, a small, half-used notebook, and two pens. Under the front seats he finds a quarter and in the back he can see a blanket, flashlight, and a gym bag with a pair of running shoes tied to the side. Nothing unexpected or weird, and nothing to indicate whether or not the guy’s a werewolf.

Dean’s contemplating going through the bag in the back when he spots Mahoney leaving the station. “Your brother’s not here,” he says, sliding back behind the wheel.

“What?”

“The officers who responded to the address you gave me didn’t find anything except a couple of recent blood stains and this phone,” Mahoney says, handing Dean Sam’s phone. Shit, Sammy, what happened? The phone is busted almost beyond recognition.
“Where were the blood stains?”

“The report filed said one was found at the bottom of the first set of stairs and another across a mirror on the second floor. Any of that ring some bells?”

“Maybe,” Dean says, thinking. “Sam got hit in an office on the top floor and from what I could figure, he went downstairs after I got knocked out. Are you sure that’s all they found?”

“That’s everything in the report,” Mahoney says, and Dean feels like punching something. “But,” Mahoney continues, turning the car on. “I have some doubts as to their thoroughness.”

“Okay?” Dean says, drawing the word out.

“Look, I hate to say it, but I think our best bet is to go back to that building and have a look around. Hopefully, we’ll find something they missed.”

Dean’s not sure what to say. He really hadn’t been expecting anyone involved with the pack to give a damn about helping him find Sam. Maybe it’s just idle curiosity on Mahoney’s part, Dean thinks, but right now he’ll take whatever he can get. “Sounds like a plan. You carrying?”

“Yeah. You?”

“Always,” Dean says, as Mahoney joins the flow of traffic and heads for the building Dean left only a few hours prior.

“So what’s your deal with the werewolves?” Dean asks, after a few minutes of silence. He wants to know. If the guy’s not a wolf – which Dean hasn’t ruled out yet – then what does he get out of helping them? “They paying you or something?”

“Does it matter?” Mahoney asks, making a turn and stopping for a red light.

“I just want to know how far I can trust you,” Dean says.

Mahoney glances at Dean, then looks back to the traffic light. “If you’re asking whether I’ll turn on them or not, the answer is no. If you’re asking whether I’ll leave you for dead if given the chance, the answer is also no.” The light turns green and Mahoney puts the car in gear again. “A monster is tearing up my home, the place I’ve taken an oath to protect, and to the best of my understanding you and your brother are our best hope of stopping it. So I’ll do everything I can to help you, because at the end of the day, helping you helps me protect my city.”

Dean stays quiet for the rest of the drive. There isn’t much he can say. He has his own oath to uphold and while it involves saving people, it also involves hunting things. Things that include werewolves.

Mahoney parks down the street from the building and they get out of the car. Dean checks his clip on the gun he grabbed from Baby’s trunk before heading into Nelson’s office. All good. He looks up and sees Mahoney doing the same with a glock.

They head into the building through the front, which the police from earlier kindly left opened. Last night, Sam and Dean had to climb through a window in the back.

Dean scans the area, which is partially set up with cubicles, as he heads for the stairs, Mahoney following close behind him. They both keep their guns in hand, pointed at the floor, ready to use at a moment’s notice. When they get to the stairs, Dean sees a small pool of congealed blood with smears at the edges and a few drops to the side. He looks from the pool up the stairs to where he
can see some other blood smears, though nothing too significant.

“I think he fell,” Deans says, walking slowly up the steps and imagining himself tumbling down. Had Sam’s wound been on his right or left side?

“Down the stairs?”

“Yeah,” Dean says, turning at the top. “And if your cop buddies didn’t find him…” Dean’s heart stops.

“You said you cornered the wendigo, right?” Mahoney says, walking up the stairs and examining the blood trail as he goes just like Dean. “What happened after?”

“I told you, I got knocked out,” Dean says, glaring.

“By who?” Mahoney asks.

“What?”

“If you had the wendigo covered, then who knocked you out?”

“Shit. The messages,” Dean says, reworking his theory around the new information. “You remember how Dr. Torres said she thought the body parts were a message?”

Mahoney nods.

“Well, I’ve never heard of a wendigo being able to think beyond the instinct to hunt and kill. Sam and I thought that maybe the wendigo was leaving messages for wolves.”

“What? Why?”

“Well, according to the lore the werewolves gave us, wendigos will chase other predators out of whatever territory they claim.”

“So you think the remains we’ve been finding are messages meant for the pack? Telling them to what? Leave?”

“Or maybe it’s a challenge for the alpha. But here’s the thing,” Dean says. “What if it’s not the wendigo leaving the messages? What if there’s something else – someone else helping it and they’re the one leaving the messages?”

“You think a person is helping this thing?”

Dean refrains from pointing out that it wouldn’t be too different from what Mahoney’s been doing for the wolves. “I think we need to look into whoever has a grudge against the pack. Maybe if we can figure out who’s helping the wendigo, then we can figure out where it’s hiding.” And hopefully find Sammy too.

“Fuck,” Mahoney says, running a hand over his head. “Okay, if you’re right I have to make some phone calls and maybe see some people.”

“I’ll come with you.”

“No, you won’t.”

“Hey, your wolfy pals pulled us into this,” Dean says, stabbing a finger at Mahoney’s chest. “And
now the wendigo probably has my brother. I am not sitting this one out.”

“I’m not asking you to. I’m asking for some time, so I can get the answer to your question. You have to understand, you’re only supposed to be talking to Foggy. We’re already breaking the rules for you.”

“So break some more.”

“And risk the Alpha’s wrath? I’m not stupid,” Mahoney says, starting down the stairs.

Dean follows. “And what do you want me to do while you go on this fact finding mission? Sit on my ass? They have my brother.”

“I don’t care what you do,” Mahoney says. “Wait at your hotel, go back to flirting with Karen, or search every building from here to Timbuktu. You’re Foggy’s problem, not mine.”

Dean hates this. He hates having to rely on go-betweens and werewolves. His brother is missing and it’s his fault. If he’d just waited with Sam, kept him at his side like they’d planned instead of running off, then maybe he’d still be here. Dean can’t lose him, not again.

“So, what’s it going to be?” Mahoney asks, when they get back to the car.

“Drop me off by the office,” Dean says, opening the passenger door. “I left my car near there. I’ll give you my number —”

“I’m sure Foggy already has it,” Mahoney says. “I’ll send whatever I find his way and you two can sort it out.”

“Fine,” Dean says. “I can probably make some calls of my own in the meantime.” Maybe Bobby or one of his contacts has encountered something like this before. Dean highly doubts it, but it can’t hurt to ask around.

Sam wakes up slowly to the sound of quiet weeping.

“Dea-n,” he mutters trying to open his eyes. His head’s pulsing and he feels cold. Sam shivers and tries to sit up, but his back and side roar to life when he shifts. Sam hisses. Fuck, he completely forgot about the wendigo clawing him.

Sam takes a couple of slows breaths, breathing through the pain until it’s manageable again. From what he can feel he’s been tied to some sort of post, his hands knotted together behind it with metal wire. He pulls against the wire, but it just cuts into his wrists. There’s no give.

“Shit,” Sam says. There’s no way he’s getting out of this on his own.

Sam finally manages to open his eyes and take a look around. It’s dark, but there’s a little light coming through a couple of windows on the far side of what appears to be a large basement. Sam looks to his left and notices there’s woman near him who’s crying. She’s tied to a support column like him, but it looks like she’s had one of her legs hacked off. There’s a makeshift tourniquet and some cloth binding the wound to ensure she doesn’t bleed out, but everything from mid-thigh down is gone.

“Hey,” Sam says, trying to get her attention. “Hey, do you know where we are?”
She doesn’t react, just keeps weeping.

Sam sighs. He can’t blame her. With the things she’s probably seen, not to mention losing her leg, she’ll most likely be in therapy for the rest of her life if they manage to get out of here.

To Sam’s right, there’s a man tied to a support column by his waist, since both his arms are gone in addition to his legs. He’s extremely pale and his breathing looks to be quite shallow. He’s probably in shock.

Beyond the man Sam can see a mostly eaten corpse slumped against another column. By the build Sam would guess it was a man, but he can’t be sure with the way the face has been clawed apart. Just past the corpse there’s a large-ish pile of bones, some viscera, shoes, and torn clothing. The sight of it makes Sam almost gag. There are more remains in that pile then there should be for just the eight names he and Dean were given by the werewolves. Way more.

Sam turns away from the pile and focuses on the far end of the basement. There are a few wooden crates in the corner to his left that have clearly been rifled through, what with the packing peanuts all around them. There are also some boxes near them that have been ripped apart. Sam glances to the right where he sees a staircase with some old mattresses pulled underneath them. On the mattresses there are two bodies curled up together. At first he thinks they’re other prisoners, but then he recognizes the purple hoodie that one of them is wearing. It’s the wendigos.

Sam instinctively pulls at his bonds, wanting to reach for a weapon, but the wire holds firm. Sam grits his teeth and tries to think. He has to get out of here and he has to take the people who are still alive with him. But how? He’s weak and tied up and the wendigos are right there.

Sam takes a deep breath and then it hits him. Dean.

As far as he can see Dean’s not here, which means there’s a good chance Sam will be found sooner rather than later. Because Dean doesn’t know how to give up on Sam. He’ll fight with everything he has until Sam’s safe. He’ll track Sam’s phone, kick in every door, and do whatever it takes. Dean sold his soul so that Sam would live; he’s not going to let a couple of wendigos negate that sacrifice.

Sam closes his eyes. He wishes Dean had never made that stupid bargain. Every breath Sam takes now is tainted with the knowledge that his brother consigned himself to Hell for Sam. How is anyone supposed to accept that kind of sacrifice, let alone live with it day in and day out?

Dean doesn’t seem to get that he means just as much to Sam as Sam means to him. If one of them has to die then Sam would much rather it be him. Maybe it’s a good thing that –

Sam’s train of thought derails suddenly as he hears a scream. Sam looks at the woman beside him and notices that her eyes are looking passed him, wide with terror. Sam turns and feels his own eyes widen and his heart start to race, adrenalin coursing through him.

Oh, shit.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait everyone. I truly appreciate everyone's patience and continued support. You're all amazing.

Warning: This chapter contains a major panic attack. If this is a trigger for you, please skip over the section in Derek's perspective.

By the time the trial breaks for the day – and consequently the weekend, since it’s Friday – Matt and Foggy have put a huge dent in the prosecution’s case. It feels great and Matt would ask Foggy if he wants to go out for celebratory drinks later, but he’s planning to put on the mask tonight, which means no drinking. The wendigo thing may be being handled, but there are still lots of criminals out there intent on hurting people, Matt thinks as he gathers his things together.

They still have a couple of hours to put in at the office, but maybe after he can take Foggy out for dinner. They sort of had a date last night – they went out for dinner and watched a movie after – but Matt’s pretty sure if he asks Foggy, he’ll say it doesn’t count. Which means Matt still has yet to take him on a proper date.

Not that Matt has to, their relationship is way pasted the getting to know you stage, but Matt wants to. He doesn’t usually date people so much as hook up with them for a while and he wants things with Foggy to be different. Foggy matters.

“Hey, you with me, buddy?” Foggy asks.

“Hmm?”

“Yeah, I thought so. Come on,” Foggy says, offering his arm to Matt. “We need to get back to the office so I can call Brett and make sure nothing cataclysmic has happened.”

“I’m sure everything’s fine,” Matt says, letting Foggy guide him out of the courthouse.

“Me too,” Foggy lies.

Matt sighs. “Foggy,” he starts, only to be interrupted by Foggy’s phone.

“Hello?”

“Can you talk?” Matt hears Brett ask.

“Court just let out. I’m on my way back to the office now, can it wait?”

“Not really.”

“Okay,” Foggy sighs. “Spill.”

Matt trusts Foggy to keep him from running into anything while he puts the majority of his focus on what Brett’s saying. Apparently, Dean’s brother’s been taken by the wendigo and he thinks a
human who has a grudge against the pack is helping the creature. Matt can just barely follow
Dean’s logic.

“But I checked with Mom and as far as she knows there aren’t any humans who have it out for us. Any issues that have come up, she’s long since dealt with. So I don’t know what to do,” Brett says. “Dean insists he had the wendigo cornered when someone hit him over the back of the head.”

“How many people do you think have been over the crime scene?” Foggy asks.

“I don’t know. Four cops responded. Plus, Dean and I went over it a couple of hours ago. And the door wasn’t locked, so vagrants could be making a home of it by now.”

“Is there any way you can get something belonging to each of the cops who responded? Something carrying their scent?” Foggy stops them, presumably for a light at a crosswalk.

“Maybe. What are you thinking?”

Foggy takes a breath. “I’m thinking I should take a walk through that building and see if we’re dealing with a human helper or a second wendigo.”

“You think there might be two?”

“I don’t know. But it’s a better explanation than some unknown human threat.” Foggy starts walking again.

“What about the messages?”

“Maybe it is a territory thing. God knows we haven’t faced as many challenges here as near the cabin,” Foggy says, making Matt wince. He really hates it when Foggy blasphemes in his presence. Up until the whole mask reveal, Matt thought he’d trained Foggy out of the habit entirely.

“All right, I’ll see what I can nab at the station and get back to you.”

“Thanks, Brett. I’ll call Dean and let him know the plan.”

They hang up and Matt tunes back into the world around him. Huh. They’re almost back at the office.

“Did you catch all that?” Foggy asks.

Matt nods, there’s no point in pretending he wasn’t listening. “You’re planning on going hunting with the hunter.”

“No, I’m planning on fact checking.”

“And if you find a decent scent trail? Then what?”

“You really want me to put myself in harm’s way?” Foggy asks.

“Of course not. I want you as far away from all this as possible, but I can’t deny that tracking the wendigo back to its lair would go a long way towards ending things,” Matt says, as they reach their office building.

“I don’t have permission to help track it,” Foggy reminds Matt, dropping his arm as they head up the stairs.
“I don’t need permission,” Matt says, holding the railing while he mentally counts the steps.

Foggy stops and Matt almost runs into him. “No way. Absolutely not. Matt, we’ve been over this. You’re human, you don’t have the necessary skills or training for this sort of thing.”

“What can the hunters do that I can’t?” he challenges. They’re only human too.

“I am not having this conversation with you,” Foggy says, starting back up the stairs. “Just leave it alone. You’re not part of this.”

“You made me part of this,” Matt says. “You’re one who told me –”

“To keep you out of it,” Foggy exclaims. “Not to give you more dangers to throw yourself at. I’m trying to protect you.”

“And I’m trying to protect this city.”

“Well you can’t,” Foggy shouts, as he opens the door to their office and stops dead.

“I take it court didn’t go well,” Dean Winchester says.

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“Dean,” Nelson says. “I was just going to call you.”

“I’m sure,” Dean says, taking in the man standing just behind Nelson. He’s a little taller than Nelson, though still shorter than Dean. He has an average build, medium brown hair parted at the side, hasn’t shaved in at least a day, and he’s wearing a pair of dark red circular shades. What kind of asshole wears shades inside? Let alone pretentious red ones?

“You must be Nelson’s partner,” Dean says, standing. “Murdock, right?”

“Matt Murdock,” the guys nods, stepping around Nelson and holding out a hand in Dean’s general direction. That’s when Dean notices the white cane. Oh. Dean feels a little bit like an ass as he moves forward to take Murdock’s hand. “What brings you to our office?”

“Nelson’s helping me sort out some stuff with my brother,” Dean says.

“Oh, Foggy hasn’t mentioned you,” Murdock says, turning a bit in Nelson’s direction.

“Sorry, Matt,” Nelson says, wincing. “Dean’s a family friend from way back and he only just called me about it this morning. Remember the phone call I had to return during break this morning?”

Murdock nods. “Right. Well, if you want to help Dean than I’ll get going on the final paperwork for the Brunel case. The prosecution’s sent over a braille copy of their offer, right, Karen?”

“Yes, I put it on your desk,” Karen says.

“Thanks, Matt,” Nelson says, and gestures for Dean to follow him into his office.

“Nice to meet you,” Murdock calls, heading for his own office.

Once they’re sitting in Nelson’s office with the door closed Dean just has to say, “You know, when you said you were a lawyer I expected… I don’t know, something more.” He gestures around them.
“Most of the work we do is pro bono,” Nelson says, shuffling around a few stacks of paper and getting his laptop out of his messenger bag. “Matt’s… Well, he’s kind of on a crusade to save the world.”

“One wronged murderer at a time?”

“You can take that attitude and fuck right off,” Nelson says, without raising his voice. “I’m sure with the work you’re in you know just how easily someone can be blamed for a murder they didn’t commit.”

Dean holds up his hands. “Sorry, last I checked ‘a demon made me do it’ wasn’t a creditable defense.”

Nelson glares. “You know that’s not what I meant. Now, have you been able to find out any new information? Or did you just spend the whole day flirting with our secretary?”

“Actually, after Sergeant Mahoney and I parted ways, I went back to my motel and made some calls.” He’d also showered, grabbed a burger, and had a power nap, but Nelson didn’t need to know that. “Unfortunately, no one’s ever heard of a situation like this. Wendigos are usually so remote that we know almost nothing of their habits outside of hunting and killing campers. I went back over the info your pack provided and it’s more extensive than anything even Bobby has.”

“Great,” Nelson sighs. “Brett filled me in on your theory. I’m not sure about the human helper thing, but the territory challenge might hold weight. It doesn’t happen often to packs that have been established for as long as we have, but it does happen.” Dean wants to ask how long they’ve been established, but Nelson continues before he can. “I’ve asked Brett to see if he can get a hold of items carrying the scent of the cops who investigated that building this morning.”

“Why?” Dean asks, even though he thinks he knows where this is going.

“If he can, then I’ll be able to eliminate their scents as your possible human helper. I can then continue through the building and see what other scents exist. I’ll need you to get something of your brother’s for this to work of course. Make sure it’s something he wears a lot or wore very recently. A shirt or a hat or even a sock will work fine.”

“You don’t think it’s a human helping the wendigo do you?”

“No, I think it’s far more likely that there’s a second wendigo in our territory. Which is good news for you.”

“How so?” Dean asks, narrowing his eyes. He’s never heard of two wendigos sharing the same territory and he certainly can’t imagine how that’s good news.

“If there’s more than one wendigo operating in our territory, then I might be able to convince my Alpha to change her policy in regards to helping you.”

“All right. Let’s get started then,” Dean says, standing up.

“We can’t.”

“Why the fuck not?”

“Because I am still waiting on Brett. And this is not the only thing on my plate right now. Leave me the address of the building and I’ll meet you there…” Nelson looks at his watch. “I’ll meet you there at seven. That should give us plenty of time to prepare and it should be dark by then.”
“That’s three hours away. What about my brother?”

“Dean,” Nelson says, rising. “I sympathize, but –”

“But nothing,” Dean says, slamming his hands down on the desk. “Sam could be dying.”

“Then for his sake, I sincerely hope my Alpha changes her mind.”

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Matt listens to Dean storm out of the office after reciting the address of the building where he and Foggy plan to meet. Matt repeats it to himself silently a couple of times, making sure he’ll remember it. He’s pretty sure he’ll be able to follow Foggy there without him noticing, but just in case. After all, there’s no way he’s leaving Foggy alone with a hunter.

Matt listens to Foggy take a couple of deep breaths and quietly count backwards from twenty before he picks up his phone. Matt runs his fingers over the braille document in front of him and flips a page every so often, so Foggy doesn’t suspect he’s listening in. After four rings, Matt hears Foggy’s mother pick up.

“Franklin, I understand from Bess that there have been some complications?”

“Yes,” Foggy says, picking up a pencil and spinning it between his fingers absently, like he used to do during stressful meetings at Landman and Zack. “I just spoke with one of the hunters and we’ve come up with a plan. I will go to the building tonight and –”

“No, it’s too risky.”

“Mother, I’m not proposing anything more then seeing if there’s any credit to the hunter’s story.”

“And what if this is all a ruse to draw you out and kill you?”

“I’m the one who came up with the plan,” Foggy says. “Besides, I can take care of myself. I haven’t been training with Laura for the fun of it.”

“Franklin, they’re hunters. It’s too dangerous.”

“Mother,” Foggy says, the pencil in his hand stilling. “I think there are two wendigos. Which changes things significantly. For them and for us.”

“All the more reason for you to stay out of this from now on. I’ve decided to hand things over to Bess. She’ll investigate and then we’ll act accordingly. I appreciate all the work you’ve done, but you’re too delicate to understand these things, Franklin. It’s time for you to take a step back.”

Matt hears the pencil snap and Foggy starts growling.

“And what about the hunter’s brother? What if he really has been taken?”

“The hunters are not our concern.”

“We asked for their help. We can’t just abandon them.”

“Sweetie, Bess will take care of it. Now I am ordering you to stay away from the hunters and you will obey me.” Matt hears a shift in Mrs. Nelson’s voice over the last couple words that has Foggy’s growl abruptly stopping.
“Very well, Alpha,” Foggy says and promptly hangs up. Then Foggy sets down his phone and picks something else up from his desk and chucks it at the wall. By the sound Matt guesses it was his stapler.

Karen goes running and Matt tunes out Foggy’s ensuing explanation.

Matt has always thought well of Mrs. Nelson. She’s always been kind and welcoming towards him, but then he’s never known her as an alpha werewolf. He kind of wants to punch her. He hates the way she just spoke to Foggy and the way she’s choosing to handle things.

Matt finally gets why Foggy’s been so stressed about this whole situation and he thinks he’s starting to understand what Foggy means when he says he can’t go against his mother. The way her voice changed and Foggy immediately responded, there’s clearly a power there he’s not privy to.

Matt puzzles over the concept a bit and decides he needs to ask Foggy more about the nature of pack bonds, particularly those between an Alpha and their betas. He doesn’t like the idea that Foggy can be ordered to do things he doesn’t want to. What if his mother decides that Matt’s not good enough for Foggy and orders him to break things off? What if –

“Hey,” Foggy says, suddenly pulling Matt from his thoughts.

“Hey,” Matt says, stilling his hands.

“So, is it a good deal?” Foggy asks, coming to stand beside Matt and indicating the document in front of him. Foggy leans into him a little, pressing his side against Matt’s shoulder.

Matt leans into the contact and calls up what he remembers from his conversation with the prosecutor yesterday, so he doesn’t get caught in a lie. “It’s not unreasonable, I just don’t know if it’s right for our client.”

Foggy nods.

“Did something happen?” Matt asks. “You smell sad.”

Foggy snorts. “One of these days, Matty, you and I are going to have a long talk about a little thing called privacy. But yeah,” he says, placing a hand on the back of Matt’s neck and absentmindedly rubbing his thumb against Matt’s hairline. “I just talked to my mother and she’s not happy about my plan to go check out where the wendigo got the drop on the hunters last night.”

“Oh? Why not?” Matt asks, pressing back into Foggy’s touch. Foggy’s always more tactile when he’s upset. Matt wonders if it’s a werewolf thing or a Foggy thing.

“She thinks it’s too risky.” Foggy sighs. “But I’m going anyway. I need to know what we’re up against. If there really are two wendigos that’s a huge threat that cannot be ignored.”

Matt does his best to hide his shock. He remembers Foggy telling him that going against his Alpha could cost Foggy his place in the pack and Foggy’s all ready defied his mother once by daring to tell Matt the truth. “Are you sure that’s wise? What if she’s right?”


Matt listens to see if Karen is close by, but it sounds like she’s left for the day. “Maybe Daredevil should come with you. You know, in case anything happens.”

“I… All right. Yes. I would appreciate it if you were there to watch my back.” That alone tells Matt
how worried Foggy is about everything.

“Besides,” Foggy adds, moving his hand from the back of Matt’s neck his shoulder. “I know you. You’d come even if I told you not to, sanity and prior injuries be damned.”

“My side is healing fine,” Matt says, placing his hand over Foggy’s. “So what’s the plan?”

“Don’t pretend you weren’t listening to every word the hunter and I exchanged, Murdock,” Foggy says. “Lying is a sin.”

Matt smirks. “Okay. Seven it is.”

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Derek’s restless. Sarah picked up the pups a couple of hours ago and Laura just called to tell him she needs to stay late at work. Normally, he’d be getting ready for work about this time himself, but Fridays and Saturdays are his nights off since the bar tends to get a little too crowded for him.

Derek huffs and tosses his book onto the coffee table. He hasn’t read a word since Laura called fifteen minutes ago. He doesn’t like being alone. He gets antsy without others around to ground him, to remind him he’s safe.

Derek gets up and goes into the kitchen to get some orange juice. He knows he’s safe in the apartment; he stays in it alone all the time while Laura goes to work. But he’s usually sleeping then. And right now, despite not having slept since before work last night, he’s wired.

Derek gets a glass out of the cupboard and then the juice out of the fridge. Maybe he should make some food. It’s technically breakfast time for him; it would make sense to eat. Derek starts pouring the juice. There’s some chicken in the freezer. He forgot to take it out earlier because of the pups, but he could put it in some warm water, thaw it and put together the curry Laura planned to make when she got home.

Derek’s glass overflows and he jumps back, startled, dropping the jug. What is wrong with him? He picks up the jug and puts it in the sink and grabs some paper towels. Derek’s breath stutters as he gets down on his knees to start wiping up the mess. He’s fine. He had a great day with the pups. Why are his hands shaking?

Derek’s breathing starts to kick up and he drops the paper towels. He’s having a panic attack. Why is he having a panic attack? There’s nothing wrong.

Except he’s alone.

He’s alone because he killed his pack. And no matter how hard he tries he’ll never be able to make up for that. It’s his fault. They’re all dead and it’s his fault.

Derek closes his eyes and quakes in his skin. He brings his knees up and wraps his arms around them and tries to slow his breathing like his therapist taught him. Count. In one, two, three. Hold one, two, three. Out one, two, three. He shakes and he breathes, but the voices are so loud. The screams are so loud. The scents of smoke and perfume and seared flesh clog up his nose.

It’s all his fault.

It’s all his fault.

He’s alone and it’s all his fault.
Derek tries to breathe, but he can’t. He wants to breathe, but he can’t. “H-h…help.” He needs help. He doesn’t deserve help. “P-please.”

He can hear his phone ringing in the other room, but he can’t move. He can’t breathe. He doesn’t want to be alone. Please, he thinks, don’t leave me alone. His phone stops ringing and then starts up again. He needs to answer it, but he can’t. He can’t move. He can’t breathe. He’s alone. Why is he alone?

“My mom,” he whines, trying to reach for her along the pack bonds. He needs his Alpha. Where is she?

Tears start rolling down his cheeks and it gets harder and harder to breathe. He can feel his head starting to get fuzzy and his limbs starting to hurt from how rigidly he’s holding himself. Where’s his Alpha? Why isn’t she helping him?

“Mom,” he tries to whisper, but no sound comes out. He’s so scared.

Alone.

Packless.

Murderer.

He hears her laughter and feels her touch against his skin. He tries to yank away, but he’s too weak. Arms encircle him and his face is pressed into her neck. He tries to hold his breath so her scent doesn’t infect him again, but he can’t resist. He needs air. He needs it so bad.

Derek breathes, but it’s not her. He breathes again. It’s a wolf. A familiar wolf. Pack. He keeps breathing. He’s not alone. He’s not alone. He’s not alone.

Derek doesn’t know how long it takes, but eventually his breathing evens out and slumps against the wolf holding him. He feels all used up, even though his body is healing and the stiffness in his muscles is melting away.

“That’s it. Come on back. You’re safe. You’re safe. I’m here,” Foggy says, as he holds Derek and rubs a hand up and down his back. “You’re safe. I’ve got you.” Foggy’s words keep flowing and Derek whines trying to curl in closer.

“Laura’s about twenty minutes away,” someone says. “Is he going to be okay?”

“He’ll be himself in a bit,” Foggy says. “Right, Derek? You’re doing so good. I’ve got you and you’re safe.”

“I’m tired,” Derek mumbles.

“I know, buddy,” Foggy says. “But I need you to stay awake for a little bit. At least until Laura gets here. Can you do that for me, Derek?”

Derek nods and starts rubbing his cheek against Foggy’s. Foggy nuzzles back and growls a little, the deep rumble grounding Derek.

“Okay Derek, how about we get off the floor? Hmm? Cause frankly, my butt’s going numb,” Foggy says. “Come on. I won’t let go, I promise.”

Derek keeps his nose buried against Foggy’s throat as Foggy helps him get to his feet and leads
him into the living room.

“That’s it. I’m so proud of you,” Foggy says, sitting them down on the couch. Derek immediately twists around so his head’s in Foggy’s lap and he can curl into Foggy. Derek presses his nose to Foggy’s belly and breathes while Foggy puts one hand in Derek’s hair and the other returns to soothing up and down Derek’s back. “It’s okay, Derek. I’ve got you. You’re safe.”

“How often does this happen?” the other voice asks from somewhere near the TV. Derek thinks he recognizes it as Foggy’s friend Matt.

“Less often then it used to, but I think the hunters being here have set him back a bit.” Derek whines. “Shhh, it’s okay. You’re safe,” Foggy soothes, before he starts to growl again in the way that tells Derek he’s not alone.

= = =

Matt listens to Foggy growl in a low rumble that seems to help his cousin settle.

They’d been gathering up to leave the office, deciding to finish the rest of their work over the weekend, when Foggy had suddenly stopped and tensed. Then Foggy’s phone had gone off and the next thing he knew Foggy was rushing to grab a cab, Matt just barely keeping up. Apparently, Foggy could feel his cousin’s distress across the pack bonds and since he was closer than Laura, she’d begged him to get to the apartment.

Matt hopes Laura doesn’t mind that they kind of broke the door getting in. Well, Foggy did. While Matt prepared to kick the door in, Foggy simply twisted the knob until something cracked and the door opened. Matt’s guessing super strength is another talent werewolves have that Foggy has yet to mention.

Matt’s hands flex around the handle of his cane. He wishes there was something he could do to help, but Foggy explained after they left the cab, on their way up to the apartment, that Derek can’t handle strange scents when he’s in this state. Derek needs pack he trusts – which is why Laura had called Foggy – to hold him and ground him with their scent. Evidently scent is the most important sense to werewolves.

Which explains why Foggy’s always used unscented soaps and cleaning products like Matt. It’s something Matt’s appreciated since he first met Foggy, but he’s never really thought about. He just assumed Foggy had a sensitivity towards perfumed things, which he supposes is true, in a way. Matt just never imagined that Foggy’s sensitivity would be, to a degree, similar to his own.

Just then a woman – presumably Laura, whom Matt has only met once over the years – comes rushing in and Foggy shifts Derek, explaining that Laura’s here, so Foggy and Laura can cuddle the younger wolf between them. Derek whines again and Laura pulls him close, starting up a soothing stream of comforting words similar to Foggy’s from earlier.

Matt continues to stand to the side feeling awkward and out of place. He thinks about leaving, but it doesn’t feel right. So he waits.

Eventually Foggy disentangles himself and heads into the kitchen where, by the sounds of it, he’s getting a glass of water. He brings it back and hands it to Laura before returning to the kitchen. Matt follows.

“I’m cleaning up some spilled juice,” Foggy explains, and Matt nods. It smells like Tropicana orange juice. “If you want to have a seat – the kitchen table’s about two feet to your right and one
“step forward – I’ll be with you as soon as I finish this.”

“All right,” Matt says, following Foggy’s instructions to the table and using his cane mostly for appearance sake. Even though he’s fairly sure Laura and Derek aren’t paying any attention to him, it’s habit when he’s around unfamiliar people.

When Foggy finishes cleaning up he joins Matt at the table, pulling out the chair beside him. “You can take off if you want,” he says. “I know this must be frustrating for you.”

Matt shakes his head. “Pack means family, right? And family supports one another. I’ll stay.”

Foggy leans close and puts his head on Matt’s shoulder. “Thanks, Matt.”

“Pack?” Laura asks, from behind Matt, startling him. Somehow he missed her leaving the couch and walking towards them.

Foggy sits up. “Derek?”

“Sleeping. Don’t deflect. Does he…?” She makes some sort of motion behind Matt and Foggy sighs.

“Yes, I told him,” Foggy says, running a hand through his hair. “Please don’t tell my mother. I’m waiting for the right time to tell her.” Matt doubts there will ever be a right time, but he keeps the thought to himself.

“Foggy, this is serious,” Laura says, and Matt’s sure she’s frowning. “You can’t just –”

“I know,” Foggy says, struggling to keep his voice low. “I know. But I needed to tell him.”

“Why?”

“Because…” Foggy doesn’t seem to know how to finish that statement, so Matt decides to jump in.

“Foggy told me because he thought I deserved to know before we took our relationship any further,” which is enough of the truth that Matt’s heartbeat remains steady.

“And because of the wendigo situation,” Foggy adds.

“Your relationship?” Laura asks.

“We’re dating. Again, please don’t tell my mother.”

“Foggy,” Laura sighs. “You can’t just tell someone because you’re dating. That’s not how –”

“With all due respect, Laura,” Foggy interrupts using his court voice. “Matt isn’t just someone. He’s my partner, my best friend, my… My mate.”

Matt stills at the word. Foggy hasn’t explained the term to him, but he can guess by Foggy’s hesitation and nervous heartbeat that it’s a lot closer to husband than boyfriend. And… he’s surprisingly okay with that. Matt switches his cane to his other hand and reaches out to grab Foggy’s closest shoulder. “And you’re mine,” he says. “I love you.”

Matt takes a deep breath and waits. He didn’t mean to add that last part, he knows it’s too soon for Foggy to trust the words, but that doesn’t make them any less true.

Foggy swallows and puts his hand on Matt’s knee. “I love you too,” he says, voice full of emotion.
“I’m smiling, just so you know.”

Matt smiles back. “I hope so.”

Foggy leans in and kisses him. Matt accepts the kiss with a hum of appreciation. He will never get enough of this.

“Good grief,” Laura says, interrupting them. “Okay, out. Get out of my apartment before you make my teeth rot.”

Matt laughs and Foggy kisses him again before standing. “Fuck off, Laura,” Foggy says with a laugh. “Someday this’ll be you.”

“Never,” Laura says, shaking her head. Her long hair rustles against her back with the movement.

“Whatever you say,” Foggy says, reaching into his pocket to get his phone. “Shit. Brett’s probably wondering where the hell I am. I told him I’d meet him in ten minutes almost an hour ago.”

“I’m sure he’ll understand,” Laura says, while Foggy taps out a quick text. Matt gets to his feet and tries to remember where he set his bag down.

“Yeah, me… It’s by the couch, Matt, I’ll grab it for you,” Foggy says, tucking his phone away.

“Thanks,” Matt says, holding out his hand for his bag. Foggy passes it to him and then pulls on his jacket.

“Keep me posted on how Derek’s doing?” Foggy says to Laura.

“Of course. Come here,” Laura says, pulling Foggy into a hug. “You need to come by for a proper visit sometime. Make us some of that famous Nelson hot cocoa.”

“I will,” Foggy says, pulling back and picking up his bag. “As soon as things settle down, you won’t be able to keep me away.”

“Sounds good,” Laura says, the smile clear in her tone. “You too, Matt.” Laura pulls him into an unexpected hug. “If you’re pack then you don’t get to be a stranger anymore.”

“O-okay,” Matt says, surprised by the sincerity of her words.

“Take care of yourselves and each other,” Laura says.

Matt nods and Foggy waves as they head down the hall towards the elevator.
“Did you mean it?” Foggy asks, pushing the button for the ground floor. “It’s okay if you didn’t.”

“I meant it,” Matt says, knowing exactly what Foggy’s talking about. He turns his head, so he’s facing Foggy and takes his hand. “I love you and I want to be with you for as long as you’ll have me.”

“Even if it’s forever?” Foggy whispers.

Matt smiles and squeezes Foggy’s hand. “Forever sounds pretty wonderful to me.”
I'm sorry I've been absent for so long everyone. Someone, not mentioning any names, thought it was a good idea to apply to grad school. So between work and class and applications (not to mention Ruby being supremely busy with a performance - she was amazing btw) it's taken a lot longer to get around to editing this chapter than we initially planned. Anyways, thank you for all your continued support and patience. Hopefully, the next one won't take nearly as long to post. Now, let's go rescue Sammy. ;)

“You’re late,” Dean says.

He’s leaning against a sleek black car, arms crossed and glaring, and Foggy honestly couldn’t care less. He is so beyond done with Dean’s shitty attitude.

“There was an emergency,” he says. “But I’m here now. So let’s go.”

Foggy is not explaining to the hunter that it took him over half an hour to leave his apartment because his intentions went directly against his Alpha’s orders. Nor is he telling him that after changing into something more appropriate for hunting monsters, he had to change back because his suit smelled strongly of his pack – Derek, Matt, Laura and even faintly of Sarah’s kids – and he’d desperately needed the reminder of what he was fighting for in order to defy his Alpha.

“Yeah, let’s.” Dean pushes off from the car and they head towards the building. Foggy listens to see if Matt’s still near like he’s been since he joined up with Foggy a block or so back and sure enough, Foggy can hear his heartbeat above them. It calms the small part of Foggy that worries his mother is right and this is all a trap.

Before they enter the building Foggy pauses to listen for anyone inside, but the place is silent. He takes a deep breath and is surprised by how much fear he smells around the building.

“What are you doing?” Dean asks.

“People are afraid of this place,” Foggy says. “I can smell fear and anxiety all around it.” He bets most passers-by don’t even know what’s scaring them as they hurry past. Humans may not rely on their instincts, but that doesn’t mean they don’t have them.

“But it’s not the lair,” Dean says. “We searched the building. There was no evidence of the victims.”

“You’re right,” Foggy growls, eyes flashing. The wendigo’s scent is very present around the building. “It isn’t the lair. It’s hunting ground.”

Foggy’s inner predator roars to life, eager to destroy the thing that thinks it can hunt in Foggy’s territory unchallenged. Foggy hears the cocking of a gun and turns, fangs and claws lengthening. Dean has his gun trained on Foggy.

“Don’t make me shoot you,” Dean says.
Foggy growls, but slowly presses his nose to his shoulder, taking in his pack’s scent, as he tells his wolf to calm down. There will be a hunt, just not yet.

When he’s back to his human self, he glares at Dean. “That was a very stupid thing to do.”

“Really?” Dean says, gun still raised. “Because from where I’m standing it looked like you were about to lose control.”

“I admit to being unprepared as to how much scenting the wendigo’s hunting grounds would affect me, but I was in control. If I wasn’t I would have attacked you the second you made yourself a viable threat by cocking that gun. Trust me,” Foggy says, turning back to the building. “You are not the thing I want to kill right now.”

Foggy moves into the building and takes a deep breath. He can smell Dean and Brett and the cops, whose scents he memorized earlier off the things Brett had pilfered from the station. One is an older smoker, one is a female who likes rose perfume and peppermint gum, one is a young guy who wears too much Old Spice aftershave, and the last one eats a lot of bananas and has diabetes.

“What do you smell?” Dean asks.

“Just you, Brett, and the cops so far. Did you bring something of your brother’s for me?”

“Yeah.” Dean reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a ziplock bag with a sock in it. “Hasn’t been washed yet. Enjoy.”

Foggy takes the bag and opens it, so he can hold it close to his nose and breath deep. Male, healthy, active, doesn’t wash his socks often enough, and a faint undertone of something dark, something that upsets his wolf. Interesting.

“Got the scent, Rover?”

“Yes,” Foggy says, ignoring the comment and handing the bag back. “Now lead me through what happened last night.”

“This way,” Dean says, leading him to some stairs in the back. There’s a bloodstain at the bottom and Foggy can smell everyone he expects gathered around it. He crouches down close to the blood and breathes deep.

“Definitely your brother’s blood. And…” Foggy growls. He can smell a male wendigo. He stands, noting that the trail leads behind the stairs. “There was a wendigo lurking behind the stairs.” Foggy starts to follow it, but he gets a hint of something else. Another scent that he can’t quite parse as it’s so similar to the wendigo’s it’s practically hidden from his nose. What is it?

“Do you know if the wendigo took Sam?” Dean asks.

“Yes,” Foggy says, absently pointing towards an open window to the right. “Their scents lead that way.” What the hell is that smell? “Show me where you were attacked.”

Dean doesn’t move. Foggy turns and sees he’s looking towards where his brother’s scent leads. “We’ll go after him, but first let’s find out what we’re up against. Dean? Dean, show me where you were knocked out.”

“Fine,” Dean grits and starts up the stairs. Foggy follows him up to the second floor and then to the third. They stop at the first room across from the stairs. “This is where it got the drop on us,” Dean says.
Foggy wanders into the room. He doesn’t smell the male wendigo in here. Instead, for the first time, he smells only the other scent. “There are two of them,” he says.

“You’re sure?”

Foggy nods. “Downstairs all I could smell was the male’s scent, but he hasn’t been in this room in a long time, if ever. Only she was in here.”

“She?”

“Yes,” Foggy says, looking over his shoulder at Dean. “There’s a male and a female. Siblings, I’d guess, given how close their scents are to one another.”

“Fuck,” Dean mutters, while Foggy turns and follows the female’s scent trail past Dean. It leads down the hall into the far room where it links up with the male’s and the scent of Dean’s blood.

Foggy walks slowly around the room, eyes closed so he can parse exactly what happened in it.

“You did get her,” Foggy says, opening his eyes when he hears Dean come up behind him. “She was wounded when she ducked out the window. The male went down through that hole in the wall, though,” Foggy says, pointing to a hole near the back of the room that can’t be more than half a foot tall by two feet wide.

“That’s pretty narrow,” Dean says, moving to squat down beside it. “He can’t be very big if he can fit through there.”

Foggy agrees. Wendigos are typically pretty thin, but not that thin.

“Let’s get out of here,” Foggy says. Dean nods and they head back downstairs.

Foggy is not climbing through any windows, so he heads out the front and down a side alley until he gets to the back of the building and finds the scent trail again. Both wendigos carried Sam down the alley between buildings heading away from the waterfront. “They must be leaving the bodies away from their lair as a deliberate misdirect.”

“What?” Dean asks, joining him. He has a small backpack over one shoulder.

“Nothing,” Foggy says. It’s not important. “What’s in the bag?”

“Supplies.”

“Smells like accelerant,” Foggy says, winking his nose.

“Wendigos die by fire. Kinda need something to start it with since Sam was carrying the flare gun.”

“Fair point. This way,” Foggy says, following the scent and leading Dean through the alleys.

“We’re headed along a parallel path to the one I took when I encountered the creature,” Matt says from above, just loud enough for Foggy to catch.

“Awesome,” Foggy mutters.

“Do you always talk to yourself?” Dean asks.

Matt laughs. Asshole. “It helps me think,” Foggy tells the hunter.
They hit a main street, which isn’t as deserted as Foggy would like given that it’s still relatively early on a Friday night. “This could be a problem.”

“We’ll just head to the crosswalk and double back on the other side,” Dean says, tucking his gun away while they’re still back in the shadows.

“Yes, but more than that I can’t smell if they went directly across or in a different direction. Too many people have been over this area since them,” Foggy says, growling in frustration.

“I’ll head north to the closer street, you guys keep heading east. We’ll see who catches wind of them first,” Matt says.

“That is a terrible plan,” Foggy says, glaring up in Matt’s direction.

“Who are you talking to?” Dean asks.

“No one,” Foggy says at the same time Matt, in his red and black Daredevil costume, drops down behind them and says, “Me.”

Dean’s quick on the draw, but so is Foggy. As Dean raises his gun, Foggy grabs his wrist and forces Dean’s arm down and away from Matt before he can shoot.

“You idiot,” Foggy says.

“I could have dodged,” Matt says, crossing his arms. Foggy notes that the suit’s been fixed, the left side no longer a mess of jagged rips. Not that it particularly matters.

“You also could have alerted him to your presence in a less startling manner,” Foggy points out.

Matt smirks. “What would be the fun in that?”


“I thought you said you didn’t know him?” Dean says, trying and failing to yank his wrist out of Foggy’s grip.

“I lied,” Foggy says, letting Dean go and stepping back. “I was worried tonight might be a double cross, so I asked Daredevil to watch my back.”

“And I obliged.”

“Whatever. The more the merrier,” Dean says, tucking his gun away again. He gives Matt a clear once over. “I thought you’d be taller.”

Matt shrugs like he doesn’t give a fuck what Dean thinks.

“My point remains,” Foggy says, drawing them back to the problem at hand. “We shouldn’t split up.”

“We’ll be able to cover more ground.”

“And what if one of us gets into trouble? Out of hearing range,” he adds when Matt starts to open his mouth.

“You have the number to my burner phone and I have the one to your cell. Look, we’ll call or otherwise signal one another when we pick up the scent,” Matt says. He places one hand over his
heart like he’s making a vow. “I promise not to take off on my own.”

It really is their best option to get this over with quickly.

“Fine,” Foggy growls. “But if you get yourself killed, I’m not coming to your funeral.”

“Duly noted,” Matt says, taking that as his cue to leave and parkoring back up to the roof of the building he’d just come from.

“Guy’s got some moves, I’ll give him that,” Dean says. “Even if the outfit is weird.”

“It’s not weird if you know him,” Foggy says, heading for the street. “Come on, we’re heading east.” He deliberately does not think about how Matt crosses streets without being seen. That way lies madness.

“Wait, he mentioned picking up the scent,” Dean says, grabbing Foggy’s arm, as they wait for the light. “Didn’t you say he wasn’t one of you? Or was that a lie too?”

“He isn’t,” Foggy affirms, yanking his arm out of Dean’s hold.

“Mutant then?” Dean asks, tone making it clear what he thinks of the idea.

“Fuck you and your prejudices,” Foggy says, as they cross. “We’re helping you, that’s all you should care about.”

“You’re helping yourselves,” Dean argues. “You need me and my brother to finish this, so it benefits you to help me.”

“Think what you like,” Foggy says, doing his best to ignore Dean as he starts wandering in and out of the alleys across from where they’d just come. He is not getting into an argument with the hunter. If Dean wants to believe Foggy is doing this solely for his pack’s benefit then he’s welcome to.

Foggy finds the male wendigo’s scent, but it’s old and faded. It doesn’t look like they headed straight across the street last night.

“What’s this?” Dean asks.

“Nothing fresh,” Foggy answers, pulling out his phone just as it starts to ring. “I’m guessing you had better luck,” Foggy says into the phone.

“Yeah, I think I’ve got a solid lead on the lair.”

Foggy’s heartbeat kicks up. “Stay well away from it, their senses are akin to ours.”

“Okay,” Matt agrees and gives Foggy his location.

It doesn’t take Foggy and Dean long to meet up with Matt. He’s only two streets over and a little further up the Ave. And actually, once Foggy gets pointed in the right direction, he can follow the wendigos’ scent trail well enough that he doesn’t need Matt’s directions.

“Smell it?” Matt asks, when they get there.

“Hard to miss,” Foggy says, wrinkling his nose. There’s an abandoned building just ahead that reeks of death and suffering. Though to a human nose it probably only registers as something foul, like a restaurant’s dumpster on a hot summer’s day.
“What is it?” Dean asks.

“That building,” Foggy says, pointing to the one at the end of the alley. “That’s the wendigos’ lair.”

“You’re sure?”

“Trust us,” Matt says, then turns to Foggy. “How do want to do this?”

Foggy thinks. They need to know exactly what they’re up against: where the wendigos are – if they’re even in the building – and how many victims, if any, are still alive in there. Preferably he’d send Matt to stroll by and have a listen from the street since his human scent won’t trigger any alarms if the wendigos are paying attention, but he’s in the Daredevil outfit and that’ll definitely draw unwanted human attention. Damn. Foggy doesn’t like the idea of leaving Matt and Dean alone together, but it looks like he doesn’t have a choice.

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“I’m going to head back down that way,” Nelson finally says, indicating the way they’d just come. “And walk around the building on the street side. See how many heartbeats I can hear in the building and where they’re located. Hopefully, the wendigos aren’t paying attention, but if they are, my presence should seem normal.”

“And what about your scent?” Daredevil asks, while Dean’s still processing the heartbeats thing.

Nelson shrugs. “You didn’t notice.”

“I didn’t know what I was looking for, they do.”

“It’s worth the risk,” Nelson says, and starts heading back down the way he and Dean had just come. “I’ll signal if I think they’re on to me. Otherwise we’ll make a plan when I get back.”

Daredevil watches Nelson disappear down the alley, his mouth set in a grim line, before he turns back to survey the building they think is the wendigos’ lair. Dean wishes he could be as sure as they are that this is the right place, that this is where Sammy is, but it just looks like another building to him.

They’re silent for a few moments before Dean just has to break the tension. “So what’s with the horns?”

“I’m told they’re a must-have fashion accessory for every vigilante.”

Dean snorts a laugh. “Right. So the vigilante thing…”

“Not that I heard a specific question in there,” Daredevil says. “But I imagine it’s a lot like what you do. You have the ability to help people, so you do. Nelson and his partner, Murdock, are the same. We all just go about it in different ways.”

“Yeah, except Nelson’s a werewolf. He’s a monster.”

“I’d argue I’m more monster than him,” Daredevil says quietly. “And I’m as human as you. In my opinion, you aren’t a monster because of what you are, you’re a monster because of what you do.”

“Clearly you’ve never faced down a werewolf during a full moon.”

“No, but I’ve seen Nelson during a full moon on more than one occasion and the worst he’s ever
done is tell me to fuck off because he wasn’t in the mood to deal with people. Some wolves may be a problem, but Nelson is not one of them.”

“You sure are eager to defend him.”

Daredevil looks over at Dean, “Wouldn’t you do the same for a friend?”

Dean’s about ask just what kind of ‘friend’ a werewolf could be to a vigilante when Daredevil turns. Dean follows his gaze and sees Nelson coming around a corner towards them.

“So?” Dean asks.

“Four heartbeats. Two of which are definitely not human. All of them are located in the building’s basement. One non-human awake, the rest unconscious.”

“So we’ve got at least two victims still alive,” Dean says.

Nelson nods. “Hopefully, since your brother was only taken last night, he’ll be one of them.”

“What’s the best way in?” Daredevil asks.

“They’re going to hear us no matter what way we come at them, so I think we should take the back entrance just over there,” Nelson indicates the only door of the building’s facing them, which Dean can vaguely distinguish from the shadows. “It can’t be seen from the street and entering on the ground level will give us quicker access to the basement.”

“Okay. And when we get to the basement?”

“I’ll go first,” Nelson says, eyes flashing gold as his features shift, face becoming more animalistic in addition to his fangs and claws lengthening like they had earlier. Dean gets out his gun, but he resists the urge to raise it.

“Dare,” Nelson says, a slight lisp eclipsing his words. “You’ll follow me and we’ll do our best to take down or distract the wendigos while Dean gets the victims out.”

Daredevil nods.

Nelson looks at Dean and he nods too. If the wolf wants to risk his life and fight the wendigos while Dean rescues Sam that’s fine by him.

“We good to go?” Dean asks, ready to get this show on the road.

“One last thing,” Nelson says, turning back to Daredevil and placing a clawed hand on his shoulder. “Don’t fight to put them down. Fight to kill. Don’t just break bones; break necks and spines. Do whatever you have to do to ensure they can’t hurt anyone else.”

“I’ll be fine,” Daredevil says, laying a gloved hand over Nelson’s.

Nelson shakes his head, leaning close. “I know you don’t want to kill, and I hate to ask it of you, but these creatures aren’t ever going to stop killing people unless we make them.”

“I know. Super speed, super strength, and neurotoxic venom. Don’t worry, I’ll do what needs to be done,” Daredevil says, leaning his forehead against Nelson’s, causing Dean to suddenly remember the comment Nelson had made over dinner yesterday about having a boyfriend.

“All right, break it up,” Dean says, pushing past them. “The sooner we get started, the sooner it’s
Sam’s dozing, trying to escape his pounding headache, when the sound of the wendigos hissing loudly rouses him. He lifts his head, blinking a few times, before taking in the scene. It’s darker than it was, now that night has fallen, but there’s still enough streetlight coming in through the windows that Sam can make out what’s going on.

The wendigos are both standing under the stairs, looking up as if tracking something. Sam listens, but he doesn’t hear anything.

Just then the door to the basement bangs open and a man leaps down the length of the stairs, twisting in midair so he lands in a crouch facing the stairs. The man roars and Sam catches a flash of golden eyes before the taller wendigo is on him. They move faster than Sam can clearly track in the dark, slashing and kicking at each other with savage intensity.

Sam looks back to the other wendigo and sees it creep out from beneath the stairs. As it’s looking for an opening, another man swings over the stair railing from halfway up and kicks the wendigo solidly in the face with both feet. The wendigo reels back, clutching it’s face, but the second the man’s feet touch the ground he goes after it, not giving it the chance to recover. He punches and kicks and twists and moves in ways Sam hasn’t seen outside of Jet Li movies.

“Sam!” Dean shouts, pulling Sam’s attention back to the stairs. His brother’s pounding down them, gun raised in one hand, flashlight in the other.

“Dean,” Sam calls, wincing as the flashlight turns towards him.

“Thank god,” Dean says, the light flicking away from Sam as Dean rushes towards him, dodging between the two fights. Sam blinks the lingering spots from his eyes and then his brother is beside him. “You okay?”

“Fine,” Sam says, as Dean stows his gun and checks him over.

Suddenly, something smashes into the wooden crates with enough force to shatter them, causing both Sam and Dean to look over. Sam watches as the man with golden eyes – presumably a wolf – pounces on the wendigo while it’s still struggling to get up and starts tearing into it.

Dean gives his head a shake and looks away. “Come on. We gotta get you out of here.” He moves behind Sam and starts to untwist the wire. As soon as the binding’s gone Sam flexes his fingers, trying to work the circulation back into them. His wrists, he notes, are in terrible shape.

Dean passes Sam a gun from his backpack and goes to untie the woman beside them. Sam checks the clip, clicks off the safety and grits his teeth as he gets to his feet. His head is throbbing and his side is burning and he feels like he’s going to be sick, but Dean needs Sam to cover him, so he pushes all of that aside.

Sam gets into position, bringing his gun up as he watches the wolf slam the taller wendigo up against the basement wall with one hand and rip its throat out with the other. The wendigo makes a wet sort of choking noise and shudders before going still. The wolf then adjusts its grip and swings the corpse around so he can crack its spine over his knee.

“No!” screams the second wendigo.

Sam turns just in time to see it leap up onto the Jet Li guy’s shoulders in such a way that it slams...
the man to the floor. Hard. Then it’s racing towards the wolf, who meets it halfway. Sam wants to help, but they’re moving too fast, too close together for him to be able to get a clear shot off.

Sam watches for his moment, aware peripherally that Dean’s got his gun up too. Out of the corner of his other eye he can see the Jet Li guy getting slowly to his feet, but it looks like he’s just as hesitant as they are to make a move. Shit.

Abruptly, with a move Sam doesn’t catch, the wendigo gains the upper hand and the wolf gets thrown into the stairs. Sam and Dean both take the opportunity to unload their clips into the wendigo. It doesn’t even come close to stopping the creature, but it provides enough of a distraction that Jet Li is able to slide up behind the wendigo and snap its neck with brutal efficiency. Sam watches the wendigo crumple in front of the guy with a weary sense of satisfaction.

He desperately wants to relax, but Sam knows it’s not over. Not yet.

“There’s another one,” Sam calls. “I don’t know where it went, but it was here earlier.” It had finished off the man beside Sam who had lost all his limbs.

“Are you serious?” Dean says, lifting the still unconscious woman into his arms.

“Yes,” Sam says, recalling how utterly terrifying it had been to be so close to something that regarded him with such empty, hungry eyes. “It’s larger and more monstrous in appearance. It treated these two like its…” Sam swallows. “Its children.” Sam had been honestly startled by the dynamic between the wendigos; the lore didn’t support anything like this.

“Well that explains why these ones were less adept than the one I fought,” Jet Li says.

“Shit,” the wolf says, pushing himself up. “That means we’ve got potentially zero time to deal with cleaning up this mess.” The wolf, whom Sam now recognizes by voice as Foggy, digs into his pocket and pulls out a cell phone, quickly punching in a number.

“Brett,” he says, when whomever he’s calling picks up. “I need your help. I’ve got a situation to contain and a woman who badly needs to get to a hospital. Can you come get her?” Foggy listens for a moment and then lists an address and hangs up.

“Dean, you and Daredevil go wait in the alley with the woman for Brett to get here. Dare, signal me if hear the other wendigo coming. Sam, can you help me build a pyre?”

Sam’s about to say of course he can help, when Dean interrupts.

“Who put you in charge?”

“Necessity,” Foggy growls, his eyes flashing.

“Dean,” Sam says, before his brother can start something they really don’t have time to finish. “Just let it go. The other wendigo could come back at any moment or hell, even the police with all those shots we fired. We need to get this done and get gone.”

“Fine,” Dean grits, shifting the woman a bit, so he can pass Sam the backpack. “But hurry up.”

“Why do you need a pyre?” the Jet Li guy – Daredevil? – asks, as Dean starts for the stairs.

“Given enough time wendigos will reanimate if their bodies aren’t burned,” Foggy explains, moving out of Dean’s way.
Daredevil starts to ask another question, but Foggy shakes his head. “I’ll answer all your questions later. Right now we don’t have time.”

“I’ll hold you to that,” Daredevil says, and, after a parting look, races up the stairs after Dean.

Foggy watches him go and then heads for the mattresses under the stairs, dragging them out into the center of the basement. “Can you take some of the wood from the crates and lay it against the pile of… uh, leftovers?” Foggy asks.

“Sure,” Sam says, watching Foggy move to grab the smaller wendigo wearing the purple hoodie, before heading towards the smashed crates. “I guess you changed your policy on helping?”

“Not exactly,” Foggy says, setting the body on the mattresses. He then joins Sam by the crates, presumably to grab the other wendigo corpse. Close up, Sam can see that Foggy’s his human self, for all that he looks like he just survived a zombie flick. His suit is ruined, ripped in several places as well as covered in patchwork of blood and dirt. Sam’s fairly sure he doesn’t look much better.

“You’re moving slow,” Foggy says, drawing Sam’s attention away from his clothing. “Are you all right?”

“Just in pain,” Sam says, bending down to grab some of the wood. “I can handle it.”

“Just pain? Not an injury in need of immediate treatment?”

“Just pain, I promise,” Sam says, turning to take the wood to the far corner, but stopping when Foggy grabs his arm.

“I can help with that then,” Foggy says, sliding his hand up to Sam’s neck. Sam instinctively tries to draw away, but Foggy’s hold is firm.

“What are you –” Suddenly Sam feels the pain in his head and the ache in his side start to drain away. It’s dizzying and for a moment Sam loses his breath at the relief it brings.

“How did you…?”

“You’re not healed,” Foggy says, lifting his hand away. “You still have to be aware of your injuries, but the pain shouldn’t return for an hour or so.”

“You… You took my pain,” Sam says.

“Don’t tell anyone,” Foggy says, a ghost of a smile tugging at his lips. “Outsiders aren’t supposed to know we have that ability.”

Sam shakes his head. “Do you feel it instead?” he asks, not sure how to feel about the wolf doing him this favour.

Foggy shrugs and bends down to lift the wendigo corpse. “Only while I’m taking it.”

“Thank you,” Sam says. “For this, and for helping Dean find me.”


With his pain gone, Sam’s able to move more freely, though he’s careful to remain mindful of his wounded side. As a result, it takes him and Foggy very little time to construct two makeshift pyres: one for the wendigos and one for the human remains. Once they’re done, Foggy waits by the stairs, nose covered while Sam pours the accelerant on both and lights them.
“Should we call the fire department? Make sure the fires don’t get out of hand?” Sam asks, following Foggy up the stairs.

“I texted one of my pack. She’ll come keep an eye on things and alert the authorities when it becomes necessary,” Foggy says, leading him out of the building and into an alley. “We want to give it as much time to burn away the evidence as possible.”

“Okay,” Sam says, looking around for Dean, but only seeing a man in a red and black devil costume complete with small horns above the forehead. Dean’s comments about the Devil of Hell’s Kitchen make a little more sense now. And obviously Foggy was lying when he said he didn’t know the man.

“Where’s Dean?” Sam asks.

Foggy tilts his head like he’s listening to something. “Passing the woman off to my police contact. He’ll be back momentarily.” Foggy turns to Daredevil, “Any sign of the other wendigo?”

Daredevil shakes his head. “No. I can’t even pick its scent out from the other two.”

Foggy closes his eyes and takes a few quick shallow breaths, then he moves closer to the building and does the same, before moving away again and repeating the pattern wandering down the alley.

“What’s Rover doing?” Dean asks, coming up beside Sam.

“Trying to find the other wendigo’s scent, I think,” Sam says, passing Dean back the backpack after switching out the clip for his gun.

Dean accepts the bag and digs out a fresh clip as well before throwing it over one shoulder. “Not that that isn’t important, but we really need to get out of here. Officer Mahoney says the police are on their way. He’s trying to stall them with false information.”

“Officer Mahoney? From the crime scene?”

“Yeah. I know, right?” Dean says, giving Sam a look before turning back to Foggy. “Come on, Nelson. We need to get out of here.”

“Just a minute,” Foggy says. He’s sniffing along a wall, under a neighbouring building’s fire escape, Daredevil close beside him. Foggy points up, his finger tracing something in the air, but Daredevil shakes his head.

“What’s the hold up?” Dean asks.

“I think I might have the scent, but it leads up the fire escape and Dare can’t smell it.”

“So go with him and call us when you get a solid lead,” Dean says. “We don’t have time to debate.”

“I can’t,” Foggy growls, seeming more frustrated than angry. “I’m still healing a badly fractured tibia. Leaping across roofs isn’t something I’m quite capable of right now.”

“You’re hurt?” Daredevil asks. Sam is also surprised. Foggy had been moving around find in the basement, no hint of a limp or anything.

“It’s fine. I’m healing,” Foggy says, giving the fire escape one last look before heading over to join Sam and Dean. “All right, let’s go. Maybe if we start here tomorrow night, I’ll still be able to track
They all look over to see Daredevil climbing the fire escape. “Maybe I’ll be able to isolate the scent away from all the distracting ones down here. I have to take the rooftops anyway. I’ll see you later, Nelson.”

“Don’t do anything stupid,” Foggy says. “I know you tore your stitches during the fight.”

“I’ll be fine,” Daredevil calls, disappearing into the shadows up the fire escape.

“Idiot,” Foggy mutters, as he starts leading Sam and Dean down the alley away from the building that had housed the wendigos’ lair.

They get a couple streets over, keeping to back alleys as much as they can, before Sam just has to ask, “How do you know he tore stitches?”

Foggy shrugs. “Because I stitched him up a few nights ago and I could smell his blood even though there weren’t any visible tears in his suit. Actually, now that I think about it I’m pretty sure he cracked a couple ribs too, given the way he was holding himself.”

“And the only injury you sustained was the fractured tibia?”

“No,” Foggy says, giving Sam an are-you-kidding-me look. “It’s just the only one I have to be careful of since I can’t exactly stop and put my leg up right now.”

“And how long –”

“Oh, would you give it a rest, Sammy.”

“I’m just curious,” Sam says. Seriously, if they ever have to fight one of these werewolves in the future it would be good to have concrete data on their various senses and strengths.

“Well, knock it off. We’re almost –” Dean cuts off when Foggy abruptly turns and starts growling at them, his eyes flashing gold and face changing as his fangs and claws lengthen.

Sam reaches for his gun along with Dean, but before either of them can get their weapons up, Foggy’s rushing forward, shoving Sam aside and pushing Dean down and covering him as something large lands in the spot where Sam had just been standing. The wendigo hisses and turns, taking a swipe at Sam, but its claws are quickly redirected as Foggy pounces on the thing and forces it away from Sam and Dean.

“Holy shit,” Sam breathes, getting his gun up as Dean joins him. Sam watches for an opening, but just like last time, he can’t do anything to help as both creatures are in each other’s space and moving way too fast for him to get in a clear shot.

Moreover, unlike the other wendigos, who had looked like a couple of young teenagers aside from their wendigo-esque features, this one is all monster. It’s nearly equal in height to Sam, with sharp claws and serrated fangs and pale grey-ish green skin stretched over a skeletal frame that is anything but weak given the way Foggy’s being knocked back by some of its blows.

Suddenly Foggy lets out a pained howl, though Sam can’t see what causes it before the wendigo’s throwing Foggy against a wall across the alley. Sam stares as Foggy drops to the ground, the bricks behind him visibly dented from the force of the impact. For a second Sam thinks the wolf’s out, but then he sees Foggy struggling to push himself back up. Dean’s all ready diverting the wendigo’s attention by emptying his clip into the thing.
The wendigo screeches and starts towards them when Dean runs out of bullets, but by then Foggy’s back on his feet and he’s grabbing the wendigo by the waist and tossing it away from them. He’s moving significantly slower than Sam’s seen him in any fight so far, but he’s not giving up.

Foggy charges at the wendigo and they end up tumbling, rolling around on the ground as each of them fights to get the upper hand. Unfortunately, it doesn’t take long for the wendigo to pin Foggy, its claws sinking into his chest and abruptly cutting off his scream.

“Foggy!” Sam hears Daredevil bellow from somewhere above them as he fires, trying to redirect the wendigo’s attention, but the thing seems entirely focused on Foggy. Sam hears something drop down behind him – probably Daredevil – but he trusts Dean to deal with it.

The wendigo leans in close to Foggy and Sam worries that it’s about to sink its fangs into Foggy’s throat, potentially killing him, when the wolf suddenly lunges forward and get his own fangs into the creature’s shoulder. Sam hears the crunch of bone and the wendigo wrenches back, screeching and losing a hefty chunk of flesh to Foggy’s jaws in the process.

By then Dean’s got his gun reloaded and is shooting at the wendigo again with Sam. The wendigo looks over and bares its fangs at them before it swiftly takes off. Dean chases after it, while Sam starts towards Foggy only to be pushed out of the way as Daredevil rushes forward.

“Foggy? Foggy, you have to stay with me,” Daredevil says, dropping to his knees beside the wolf and cradling his face as Foggy struggles to breathe. “I think it punctured one of his lungs,” he says as Sam joins them.

Sam kneels next to Foggy across from Daredevil and pulls Foggy’s torn suit jacket and shirt aside. Sure enough there are four finger sized puncture wounds into the right side of the wolf’s chest, two of which look to have made it passed the ribs. Sam pulls off his flannel and pushes it against the wound, but it doesn’t seem to make a difference, Foggy’s still struggling for air.

“I don’t know what to do,” Sam says. Foggy looks both exhausted and terrified, his golden eyes focused solely on Daredevil. He tries to speak, but he can’t seem to force the words out.

“Foggy, please,” Daredevil says desperately. “Please don’t leave me.”

“Shouldn’t he be healing?” Sam asks, watching Foggy cough up some blood.

“Injuries inflicted by another supernatural take longer to heal,” Daredevil says. “Foggy, listen to me. You have to heal, okay? I need you to heal.” Foggy closes his eyes as his gasping breaths start to slow. “No. Please God, no.”

Sam wishes he could do something, but even with all of his extensive first aid knowledge, a punctured lung is beyond his ability to fix.

All of a sudden Foggy starts to tremble and his wolf-like features start to shift, but instead of becoming human like Sam expects, they become even more animalistic. Foggy’s nose and jaw start to elongate as his ears move higher and fur starts to push through his skin. Sam jumps to his feet when he hears bones start to break, reaching for his gun, because that’s what his training tells him to do.

“No,” Daredevil growls, unexpectedly getting in his face and grabbing his arm.

Sam reluctantly lets go of the gun and in turn Daredevil lets go of him, though he remains close. They watch as Foggy completes the final stages of the shift, his clothing ripping in various places.
to accommodate his new form, which is a startlingly large blonde wolf. Sam can hardly believe his eyes.

“He can full shift,” Sam says, stunned. Bobby had said only the strongest bloodlines had that ability.

“He’s the only one in his pack who can,” Daredevil says, stepping away from Sam so he can kneel down and start pulling off the last bits of clothing, presumably to make the wolf more comfortable.

Foggy seems to be unconscious now, but he also seems to be breathing a heck of a lot easier than he was before. Sam guesses the transformation from human to wolf forced Foggy’s body to heal in a way it wasn’t able to while he remained human. Sam makes a mental note to remember to ask Foggy about it later.

“Hey, what’s – Oh, holy hell,” Dean says, coming to an abrupt halt beside Sam. “Is that Nelson?”

“Yeah,” Sam says. “He was badly injured, but shifting into his wolf form seems to have helped.”

“I… No. You know what?” Dean says, tucking his gun away. “I’m just going to say I’m glad he’s still breathing and leave it at that.”

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Matt ignores the Winchesters’ voices as they converse behind him, instead choosing to listen to the steady rhythms of Foggy’s heart and lungs. The sounds ground him, easing the tension from his muscles and allowing him to breathe freely for the first time since he heard Foggy’s pain-filled howl.

Matt runs a hand through Foggy’s fur and thanks God that his friend – his… what was the word Foggy had used? Mate? Yes, mate – is okay. He’d been so terrified when he’d heard that howl, so sure that he wouldn’t get there in time. And really, he hadn’t. By the time he reached Foggy and the Winchesters it was already too late. All he could do was watch and pray and beg Foggy not to leave him.

Matt wonders if that’s how Foggy felt when he found Matt bleeding out and wearing the mask that first time. He hates the idea of Foggy feeling this kind of fear and grief. It’s awful.

He’d been tracking the wendigo back towards the waterfront after finding a fresh scent trail along the rooftops. He hadn’t been planning on engaging the creature, only tracking it. But he’d lost the scent when the creature left the rooftops and descended into an alley not far from De Witt Clinton Park. He’d still been hunting for the scent when he heard the howl.

He’d run as fast as he could, berating himself the whole time for leaving Foggy alone with hunters, but it hadn’t been the hunters hurting him. It was a monster.

Matt’s training kicks in as he hears the wail of police sirens not too far off and he automatically listens closer to the report of gunfire in their vicinity. They need to leave. Now, before they’re discovered.

“The police are coming,” Matt says.

Dean curses while Matt takes a moment to consider his options. There aren’t many. In fact, there’s really only one.

Matt grits his teeth and starts digging around in the remains of Foggy’s clothing, quickly
unearting Foggy’s cell phone, keys, and wallet.

“Here,” Matt says, tossing the keys at Sam as he tucks the phone and wallet away in one of the suit’s concealed pockets. “I’ll distract the police while you and your brother get Foggy to back to his place.”

“And just how do expect us to do that?” Dean asks.

“You have a car. Carry him to it and drive there,” Matt says, before rattling off Foggy’s address. “Do I need to repeat it?”

“No,” Sam says. “I’ve got it.”

“Good, I’ll meet you there as soon as I can.”

Matt turns away, his instincts telling him to head for the roofs, to stay hidden, but he heads for the road, where he can clearly be seen, instead. God help him, he’s going to be cutting this pretty damn close.

End Notes

As per Ruby’s request, each chapter will be going up a few days apart so y'all can experience the same cliffhangers she did. Don't worry, they're not too horrible. ;)

Also, we are still in the process of editing, so it’s possible some chapters might be spaced up to a week apart as both Ruby and I are bogged down with a lot of work at the moment. We thank you in advance for your patience and understanding.

Comments are always welcome.

I live here on tumblr.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!