

Episode 1 - Omega

Annabeth sat cross-legged on her smooth carpet and stared at me, stormy eyes brimmed with tears that she refused to let roll down her face. Annabeth's face was devoid of the shallow cheeks and dark circles under her eyes that she'd worn for so long after I left.

"You're back!" She beamed at me.

"Fuck off." I snarled and turned around, staring angrily at a wall.

Annabeth sighed and shuffled closer toward me. "Seaweed Brain... We need to talk..."

"That's exactly what you said before I left..."

I could hear Annabeth wince behind me. She paused, thinking about her words carefully. "I was being stupid Percy, and that's hard for me to admit, but I was. I just felt this overwhelming urge to trust him, I can't explain it..."

"Then don't. Don't say anything at all and we can wait till I wake up and get whisked away."

Annabeth gave a sad moan and stood up, paced around the room before sitting back down in front of me, rubbing her long legs nervously. "Please Percy, I fucked up, but I'm trying, I'm trying to fix us, and I will, I promise..." Annabeth stared deeply into my eyes, the sea green of my irises reflected off of the sheen of tears in her eyes. "I know, I'm sure you're hurting Seaweed Brain, so am I, I can fix us, I promise, just tell me where you are, I'll pick you up and we can go back to camp!" Annabeth smiled hopefully and nodded her head. "Everyone misses you so much, and we're all really sorry for what happened, we need you back, well... we did last time they let me out of this fucking room..." Annabeth paused and brushed her fingers through the soft curls of her hair. "Grover's distraught, he misses you almost as much as me. They let him visit me sometimes; he doesn't think I'm crazy. We like to talk about the old times, like that time with the master bolt, when we were in the back of the truck with the zoo animals. Do you remember? You were talking to the zebra and we picked the chewing gum out of the lion's mane?"

I said nothing and glared at the carpet.

"I remember," Annabeth carried on, "It was the first time we talked properly, like not arguing or making plans or discussing the quest. Just us talking about us." Annabeth sounded wistful. "Do you ever wish you could go back? Think of how much quicker we could do it now!" Annabeth giggled. "We could do it as well. Me, you and Grover could go and do quests again. Hades, we could steal the master bolt, we could lead a revolution against Olympus, we could rule! We could do anything together Percy! Percy?"

Annabeth clicked her fingers in front of my face and glared at me, pouting adorably just like she used to when we dated and I said something stupid that annoyed her.

"You know we aren't the same people we were before, we can't be the same couple we were before..." I said quietly.

"I know, Percy, and that's my fault, but now that we've settled our differences we can become stronger than ever!" Annabeth leapt to her feet happily and grinned down at me.

"Settled our differences!?" I growled, rising to my feet as well. "I want nothing to do with you! Ever!"

Annabeth's bright smile slipped from her face.

I felt my anger toward her take control. "I hate you! I trusted you! I turned down fucking Godhood for you and you start fucking my bastard of a cousin The same one that ran me out of fucking camp!" I screamed, eyes red with tears. A sharp stinging pain erupted across my cheek and I realized Annabeth had slapped me.

Her face was bright red and tears streamed down her face. Her body shook horribly as she wept. "Take that back! I wasn't myself!"

I felt my body crumple, hitting the carpet and tightening up so I couldn't move. Why couldn't I move?

Annabeth stood over me and I finally realized how much she resembled Athena. Annabeth looked like a goddess as she towered over my immobile form, glaring down at me, eyes glowing with a golden tint.

"How dare you!?" Annabeth thundered, "I have sacrificed so much for you! You act like you're the victim! I turned down immortality with the hunters for you! I could have been spending my immortal life adventuring with Thalia! I betrayed Luke for you! He was like a brother to me! I made one mistake and you left me on my own. I didn't even make that mistake, I was manipulated by your cousin! I'm trying to fix our relationship on my own after you abandoned me!" Annabeth shrieked and spat on me.

"You're crazy!" I mumbled and tried to crawl away from her as my body regained the ability to move.

Annabeth's gaze softened and she apologized profusely, pushing me to the ground and wiping the spit off my face with her shirt.

"I'm so sorry; I don't know what came over me!" Annabeth sobbed, burying her face into the crook of my neck. I pushed her away harshly and backed myself into the corner of the room. My body felt tingly and I looked down to see my hands fading and returning to Beacon Hills.

Annabeth looked up and realized I was leaving as well. She looked around the room helplessly. "Please! Five more minutes with him! Please!" She begged no one. Annabeth's curls bounced as she looked back over at me. She smiled sadly and waved. "See you next time, Seaweed Brain. I love you."

I woke in a cold sweat, panting heavily. My cheek stung somehow from my dream.

I shouldn't be hurting from a slap in a dream, even a demigod dream.

I slid my legs off my bed and stretched as the moon filled my room with white light. The Stilinski's guest room was as messy as ever, with clothes tossed haphazardly across the floor and empty bottles of deodorant and half-drunk glasses of water littering the desk and end tables by my bed.

Trudging over to my closet, I thought of Annabeth. Maybe I should tell her where I am; the demigods are bound to find out where I am at some point, Aphrodite even confirmed that they're sending Satyrs to California soon. Maybe it would be better if the demigods never interacted with my new friends that would probably rush to my aid. Then I thought about the look in Annabeth's beautifully dangerous grey eyes. There was something behind her calculating gaze, a crazed thirst behind her eyes that flared any time she drank in my image. I decided that it would be better if I stayed in Beacon Hills.

Stiles had been sleeping over at the hospital, not wanting to miss when Lydia woke up. Uncle Noah and I had been keeping him company during the day times. I pulled out a set of black jeans, a t-shirt and a jacket that I threw on haphazardly. A rush of heat flashed through me and a puff of nice smelling, pink smoke told me that Aphrodite approved of my outfit.

I stared sadly at the kitchen as I passed it, wishing I had the time to grab myself a real breakfast instead of a cereal bar and a can of Pepsi I was going to buy at the hospital. Taking one last sad glance at the kitchen, I opened the door and the crisp February breeze shot through me, cooling me to the core. I stepped out and onto the street, trudging toward the hospital. The steady rhythm of my converse slapping the sidewalk allowed me to become engrossed in my own thoughts. I thought about how I was failing in every subject. Could I bring my grades up to a pass by the end of the year? Now that all my 'Family Issues' and werewolf business had been dealt with I hoped I could focus on getting my grade up. School said that they might be able to get a tutor for my dyslexia next year! But what happens after the final exams? I never expected to live long enough to need a job... What do I want to be? Swimmer? Marine Biologist? Sailor? Hopefully the Minotaur would resurface and kill me before I have to decide what to be.

The hospital's bright lights blinded me as I entered; the startling whiteness of everything hurt my eyes. The stench of chemicals and unnatural cleanliness of the place put me on edge.

"Oh, that's Stiles. He's been here all weekend." Melissa McCall's voice rang through the empty reception. I groaned internally, thinking of all the messes my cousin could have gotten himself into in the short space of time I left him alone. I sat down next to the sleeping beauty and poked him so he'd wake up. Stiles giggled sleepily. "Lydia! You're dirty!" he mumbled, kissing the air. I gagged and punched his arm. "Ow! Oh hey Perce!" Stiles slurred.

"Heads up, Scott's going over to Allison's place tonight, we're probably gonna get a panicked phone call soon so be prepared." I informed Stiles, "How's Lydia?"

Stiles shrugged and walked over to the vending machine. "She's awake and stuff, she should be fine to leave in a couple days." He yawned, jamming his finger into the keypad. "Aw, come on!" Stiles shook the machine violently.

"Hey! Don't do that, I read somewhere that death by vending machine is more common than you'd think." I joked. The vending machine swayed and smashed into the ground where Stiles had stood seconds before. I sighed and closed my eyes, running a hand through my messy hair.

A loud scream pierced the atmosphere.

"Lydia!" Stiles rushed away from the carnage he'd created and into Lydia's hospital room, me following close behind. Stiles barged through Melissa and Lydia's father, and crashed through the locked bathroom door, nearly slipping on the wet, slick tiled floor.

Melissa turned off the overflowing bath and shook her hand of the water. "I don't understand...? Where is she? There's no-"

"Guys." Stiles cut Melissa off. I felt a cool breeze wash through me. Stiles pointed to the open window. Panic settled in as everyone around Stiles and I began to freak out. Stiles tugged on my arm and whispered in my ear. "Go get the jeep, call Scott, we're gonna go Lydia hunting."

I nodded and ran out of the room, calling Scott and fumbling around with the keys to the jeep. The rusting, blue thing would never open for me. I jostled the key savagely.

"Hey!"

I jumped, my heart stopping for a second. I turned to see Scott doubled over with laughter. "How? I just called you?" I panted.

Scott rolled his eyes. "I'm a werewolf? Remember?" Scott grinned and twisted the jeep's keys in the lock for me, opening it immediately and climbing into the passenger's seat.

"Why do I always go in the backseat?" I moaned, hopping over the driver's seat into the bench seat at the back.

"Guys!" Stiles shouted, jogging towards us with some cloth in his hand. He tore open the door and stuck the cloth in Scott's face. "It's one of Lydia's hospital gown thingies, I figured Scott would be able to follow her scent." Stiles explained after seeing our confused expressions.

"Don't worry Stiles, we'll find her." I reassured Stiles.

"I hope... now come on, Scott, put the thing in your face!" Stiles pushed the cloth at Scott again and started up the jeep, the headlights flashing on. Allison stood, bathed in the yellow light of the headlights. I groaned and Scott flipped the bird at me. Allison stormed towards Scott and opened his door.

"What are you doing! We're not supposed to be seen together!" Scott panicked, pushing her away.

Allison glared at him. "I don't care, Lydia is my best friend! We need to find her before my dad does!"

"He knows?"

"I just saw him and three other guys leave my house in SUVs."

"It'll be a search party." I added.

Allison shook her head. "More like a hunting party..."

Scott sighed and got out of the car. "Get in." Allison climbed over Scott's seat and into the back with me.

"Hey Perce! I haven't talked to you in forever!" Allison said nervously.

"Not since you shot me..."

"I was confused! I just found out my boyfriend was a werewolf!" She complained. Scott sat back in the front seat and closed the door. Stiles immediately rocketed down the road towards the woods.

"Can you guys get along? Please? For me?" Scott sighed from the front seat, resting his head on the dash.

"She shot me!" I whined.

"Guys! Lydia!" Stiles yelled. We shut up. "Allison, if she's turning would they actually kill her?" Stiles asked quietly.

"I don't know, they won't tell me anything. They just keep saying that we'll talk after Kate's funeral, when the others get here."

"Who are the others?"

"No idea, they won't tell me."

"Your family has some serious communication issues to work on..." Stiles pondered before turning to Scott. Scott's head was stuck out the window, blowing his newly cut hair back as he sniffed the air. "Are we going the right way, Scott?"

Scott took a deep breath into his nose. "Take the next right!" he yelled.

Stiles swung the jeep right at the next turn and followed a familiar path. Through the coverage of the leafless branches, the burnt remains of the Hale house rose from the woods, sending a chill down our spines. The jeep's brakes squeaked over the fallen leaves covering the ground.

"Why is it always here?" I muttered, slamming the jeep's door behind me. "You're sure she came here?" I asked Scott. He nodded solemnly.

"This is where the scent leads." He said, wrapping an arm around a shivering Allison and pulling her close. She smiled up at him.

Stiles kicked a few yellowing leaves on the ground. "Has Lydia ever even been here before?" He asked quietly.

"Not with me." Allison replied. "Maybe it's an instinct thing? Like she was looking for Derek?" She asked Scott.

"Looking for an alpha, you mean?" Scott asked, already knowing.

"Wolves need a pack, right?" She said, holding onto his arm as she clambered over a ridge.

"Not all of them," I interrupted, "Just look at Scott."

"Yeah, but would she have been drawn to an alpha, like is it instinctual? To be part of a pack?" She asked Scott.

"Yeah..." He replied slowly, "We're stronger in packs."

"Like strength in numbers?" Allison nodded, thinking up a theory.

"No," Scott cut her off, "Like we're physically stronger in a pack, stronger, faster, better at everything."

I paused. "Is that the same for an alpha?"

Scott gulped and nodded. "It'll make Derek stronger too."

I crouched down and ran my hands through a small, dirty puddle. From what I assumed, the Hales used to be a pretty powerful pack before Allison's aunt burnt them all alive; Derek would probably want to create a new pack to avenge them in a way. But where would he get betas from? Derek doesn't seem like the type to bite random kids in the woods like his Uncle.

"Hey guys! I think I found a tripwire!" Stiles called, pulling on a thin line. I heard leaves behind me being kicked up into the air as Scott screamed like a little girl. Scott swayed slightly, being suspended by his foot, his hair scraping the leaves on the ground.

"Stiles? Why would you trip the tripwire?" Scott asked incredulously. We chuckled slightly and went to go untie Scott before he stopped us. "I think someone's coming! Go!" Scott hissed. I pulled Stiles and Allison behind a small ridge a couple of meters away from where Scott swung. I pulled Stiles' head down as I heard the crunching of leaves underfoot.

"Hey Mr Argent..." Scott mumbled, just loud enough for us to hear.

"How're you doing Scott?" Argent said impassively.

"Just, uh, hangin' around!" Scott chuckled nervously, "Hehe, cuz I'm, um, upside down..."

Chris said nothing.

"Nice trap, by the way... it's good. Very constricting..." Scott stumbled over his words.

"Why're you out here?" Argent interrogated.

"I'm looking for my friend." Scott muttered.

"Oh I remember, Lydia's part of your group now. You're all very close aren't you? Almost like a pack..."

"I wouldn't say - "

"One exception." Argent threatened, "You were the one exception. I can handle one of your kind running round here, but two? That's too far..."

Scott wisely stayed quiet.

"Scott. Do you know what a hemicorporectomy is?"

"Honestly I don't think I need to..."

"It's the medical term for amputation at the waist." Argent cut a line on Scott's stomach with his finger, "Takes a lot of strength to cut the tissue and bone like that..."

"I think I know where you're going with this..." Scott whispered to himself.

"Let's hope a practical demonstration doesn't become necessary..." Argent and his hunters trudged away. Allison, Stiles and I waited until they passed the tree line to run to Scott. I headed over to a tree and tried to decipher the knots holding Scott up.

Allison grabbed Scott's hand and held it tight in her own hand. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine, just another life threatening conversation with your dad." Scott grinned.

"Hey Stiles, help me figure this out!" I called, fumbling with some rope. A heard a loud thump and the rope in my hand went loose as Scott slashed his claws through his bonds. He crouched and looked up at me, impressed with his work.

"Thanks, but I think I'm good." He smirked.

Dam, that looked cool. I thought to myself.

"Come on!" Stiles complained, "We have to find Lydia!"

I slammed the door of Stiles' jeep and rubbed the sleep from my eyes. After a whole night of Lydia hunting, Stiles and I had gotten about three hours sleep. I followed Stiles sleepily to where Scott was locking up his bike. I felt like I was about to collapse at any second, my eyelids drifting shut every couple of seconds. Stiles and Scott on the other hand, were having an energetic conversation about livers being stolen that I was way too tired to concentrate on. Most of my scarce sleep was spent restlessly tossing and turning, worried I'd end up back in Camp Half-Blood, stuck in that shitty box-room with Annabeth. Fingers clicked in front of my face.

"You good Perce?" Stiles asked concerned. I nodded yes and tried to stay focused on their conversation.

"Lydia ate a liver?" I asked, remembering something that Stiles said in the car whilst I was half asleep.

"Nononono, it's just missing. And even if she did, so what! It's the most nutritional part of the body!" Stiles defended her adamantly.

"I don't think that's the issue here..." Scott muttered. "Wait, I never ate anyone's liver?"

"Yeah, 'cuz when it comes to werewolves, you're the model of self-control." I joked, punching Scott lightly on the shoulder as we climbed the steps to the school doors.

"Actually... Scott is the test case for this. We should be going through what happened to him when he turned! What went through your mind when you were turning?" Stiles asked Scott excitedly, stopping us in our tracks.

"Mostly Allison..." Scott said.

"Mostly?" I asked, grinning slightly.

"Only Allison..." Scott sighed, chuckling softly to himself.

"Nothing else mattered, but that's good! Because you were with Lydia when she got bit!" Scott tried, patting Stiles on the back.

"Yeah, but she wanted Jackson..." Stiles huffed. As if on cue, the infamous roar of Jackson's porsche rattled around the parking lot as he rolled in, flipping off a homeless guy as he did.

Prick.

"Hey Perce, your lover's coming." Stiles joked and pointed to a petite blonde girl walking towards us. Scott and Stiles giggled under their breath.

"Erica's not my lover!" I hissed at the chuckle brothers, "What are you twelve?"

"Who's twelve?" Erica smiled at us, slinging her backpack onto a bench. We mumbled something incoherent about it being nothing. "So uh, Percy, what happened at the dance? You kinda just took off?"

"Had to take Lydia to the hospital, sorry about that." Stiles lied quickly for me.

"I thought Jackson took her to the hospital?"

"You're right! But it... was... the wrong hospital! So we took her to the right one..." I lied badly, "Something about her insurance..."

Erica seemed content with that answer. "So why didn't you return any of my calls?"

I thought back to the dance.

"Let's... uh... Let's dance now then..." I said nervously, grabbing Erica's hands. Erica smiled and pulled herself to her feet. We danced badly around the concrete steps, giggling at how bad we were, only stopping when Scott and Allison came out and when Lydia burst through the door, calling for Jackson. Erica's chin rested on my shoulder and her warm breaths tickled the hairs on the back of my neck.

Erica pulled away and looked into my eyes, her warm, brown eyes connected with the deep pools of sea green that were mine. "I've been wanting to say this for a while Per-"

I wanted to believe myself when I told her I'd been busy checking up on Lydia and Stiles, but I'd spent a lot of free time thinking about what she had wanted to say to me. I was so worried she'd say something about me being her best friend or being like a brother to her.

"Come on lovebirds, we have gym first." Scott said, dragging us into the school.

"If Lydia wants to take a naked hike in the woods, why should I care?" Jackson drawled, leaning lazily against the cool tiling of the showers. Jackson, Stiles stood in their shorts and T-shirts for lacrosse practice, goosebumps from the gentle breeze coming through the open window. Being on the swim team, I had shorts on and a towel around my neck, which left my dithering. I can only imagine what Lydia feels like with no clothes on.

"Because we have a pretty good idea that she might be... turning..." Scott said gravely, his eyes pleading with Jackson.

"Turning?" Jackson faked confusion.

Smarmy prick.

"Yeah, turning!" I hissed angrily.

"Into?" Jackson raised an eyebrow.

"Into a unicorn! What do you fucking think we're on about, dumbass?" Stiles glowered.

Dam. He gets pretty intense when it comes to Lydia.

"I think... that if Lydia's turning, she's not the one that's in trouble..."

"What do you mean?" Stiles asked. Jackson smirked cockily at him.

"Well, you shoulda seen the scratches on my back when she was with me, and she didn't even have real claws back then, so I think I did pretty well for myself." Jackson guffawed at his stupid sex joke and pushed past us. Stiles grimaced at the thought of Jackson and his crush.

"I hate to admit it, but he's right. Her fake nails scare me enough, imagine what she can do with a real set of claws!?" I shuddered. "The next body part she steals could be from someone living!"

Stiles huffed and slunk away to lacrosse practice, Scott following close behind.

"Perseus?" Poseid - Coach Reefer called. "Are you practicing today or not?"

I wandered gormlessly to the pool, my mind tangled in worries.

I groaned and slammed my head into the lunch table. Stiles had gotten himself into detention again so I had no ride home. Scott was heading straight to work so couldn't walk with him, Lydia is MIA and I refused to get a ride from Allison after *she shot me*... I smiled and realized there was one person left to walk with.

Erica.

I always felt warm and happy whenever I was around her, not that I have a crush or anything.

"No, you just won't admit you do." Aphrodite's voice penetrated my head.

GET OUT! LEAVE ME ALONE! I thought angrily.

"Woah, chill it Romeo..."

A loud crash and a snuffle brought me out of my internal argument. Erica dropped her lunch onto the table and sat down, red faced and sniffing, a faint, wet line on her cheeks where her tears had fallen.

"Erica! What's up!? What's happened!?" I panicked.

"Nothing..." She sniffled.

"It doesn't seem like nothing if you're crying, what's up?" I asked, lightly tracing circles on the back of her hand with my thumb.

"Please... Percy... Just leave it? Please?" She whimpered. I sighed and conceded, reserving myself to hold her hand. I heard cackles behind me. The 'It' crowd were laughing hysterically at Erica, laughing so hard their mascara ran with tears of mirth. My hand clenched and I tried to stay calm; Erica had told me to leave it. I breathed out slowly and squeezed her hand supportively.

"See you tomorrow!" I hollered after Erica before I swung open the door to the Stilinski house, throwing my bag up the stairs (I'll pick it up later) and fell onto the sofa, burying my head in cushions.

"Long day, kiddo?" Uncle Noah chuckled from his office. He was rustling through files from the sounds of it. I groaned something into a teal cushion.

Noah chuckled again. "Oh, Stiles told me to tell you not to get comfy because he's coming home soon and that you're going out."

I frowned, "I thought he was in detention? He has like forty minutes left?"

"It's been about an hour and a half since school ended kiddo..." I could hear the smile in the sheriff's voice.

"What!? It only takes like twenty minutes to walk from school to here! Your clock must be wrong or something." I wondered, confused.

"No, it's right... Who were you walking with that made you so late?" The Sheriff asked.

"Erica, why'd you ask?"

"Oh!" Uncle Noah giggled like a schoolgirl, a sound that deeply unnerved me. "I understand, just be safe, alright kiddo?"

"WHAT!?"

Stiles burst through the door and grabbed my arm, pulling me into the jeep. "Hi Dad, bye Dad, we'll be home for food!" Stiles muttered at his dad, who'd poked his head out of his office. Stiles pushed me into the passenger's seat and sped out of the driveway.

"I assume we're going to Kate Argent's funeral?" I asked lazily, slouched in the corner of my seat.

Stiles' brow furrowed. "How'd you know?"

"It seems like something we'd do..." I sighed. "Is this what our lives are now? Running around, trying not to get killed? 'Cuz I came here to get away from that."

Stiles' brow furrowed further and he glanced at me worriedly. "What did you do in New York!?"

"Are we getting Scott?" I avoided Stiles' question.

"Well, we're parked outside his house so figure it out for yourself." Stiles joked as we pulled up next to Scott's mom's car. I clambered into the back seat as Scott sprinted out of his house and into the jeep. Stiles hit the gas and we lurched back into driving.

"Hey Scott." I greeted, sighing, bored.

"You alright back there, Perce?" Scott asked, concern laced in his voice.

Stiles hushed him. "I'm pretty sure he's having some sort of crisis, so let's just leave him alone."

"Come on Percy! We're sneaking up on a funeral! How are you bored!?" Scott ignored Stiles and turned around in his seat.

"Oh yeah, about that, do I have to come? It's just, me and Allison aren't too close after she shot me and all... just seems kind of inappropriate, you know?"

Scott's face went red. "What is your issue with her?"

I looked at him confused. "She shot me? I just said that. She shot you too, by the way..."

"Yeah! And I forgave her! Why can't you?"

"I think you have a few relationship issues dude... she shot you..."

"Because she was confused!" Scott roared angrily. "It was my fault! I lied to her and she was being led down a dark path! It's not her fault!" Scott was breathing heavily from the shouting and his face was turning crimson.

My eyes widened. "Okay dude, whatever you say..." I calmed Scott nervously.

Stiles cautiously cleared his throat. "Um, we're nearly there"

Leaves were kicked up by the tires as we trundled down a wooded path, around the back of the graveyard where Kate Argent, Hunter, Arsonist and Murderer was to be buried. I closed the door of the jeep, slowly and carefully, so that I didn't make a sound and crept over to where Scott and Stiles were hiding behind a large cross.

"Who's the creepy old guy?" I whispered, pointing to a clean shaven, white-haired, balding old man in a jumper and blazer that was disassembling a camera. My mind flashed back to Camp Half-Blood when the Stoll brothers taught us how to disassemble a gun if Luke's army started using them. I was so bad they gave me a camera to practice on but I blew it up.

How did they get guns and a camera into camp? I wondered.

"Children of Hermes..." Aphrodite muttered in my head.

Get out! I thought angrily.

The Argents' heads snapped towards us. We dove back behind the stone cross.

Scott chuckled silently. "I don't know who he is, but he's definitely an Argent!" He smiled.

"No doubt he'll try to shoot me as well..." I mumbled and Stiles elbowed me in the stomach.

"Maybe they're just here for the funeral?" Stiles pondered, "They could be the non-hunting side! There must be non-hunting Argents? Right?"

Scott and I shook our heads. "They're reinforcements..." We said in unison before turning back around to look at the funeral. I felt something grasp at my ear, pulling up painfully.

Uncle Noah glared down at us all. "I knew you were doing something stupid!" He seethed, "I need to start grounding you at some point..." Noah's eyes narrowed at Stiles and I before turning to Scott, "And I need to have a word with your mother about the same thing!"

Noah dragged us back to his cruiser by our ears, which I thought was very impressive since there were three of us to grab and he only had two hands. The cruiser was parked a little ways behind Stiles' jeep, meaning that Noah must have followed us or something.

Maybe he has a tracker on Stiles... Oh gods! What if Chiron put a tracker on me!? I wouldn't put it past them...

Stiles clicked his fingers in front of my face and I realized I was now in the back of the car.
Fucking ADHD...

The Sheriff's walkie talkie buzzed into life. *"Four - One - Five. Adam."*

Noah sighed and picked up the device. "I'm sorry, I didn't copy that, did you say; four, one, five, Adam?" He questioned, putting on his big, tough sheriff voice.

"Disturbance in a vehicle..." Stiles whispered, barely more than a breath.

"They were taking a heart attack victim - DOA, but on the way to the hospital somethin' hit 'em."

"Hit the ambulance?" The Sheriff asked, his big, tough voice faltering.

"Copy that. I'm standing right in front of it now... Something got in the back, sir, there's blood everywhere!"

Uncle Noah exhaled annoyed. "Okay Unit Four, what's your twenty?" He sighed.

"Route five and post. I swear sir, I've never seen anything like this..." The buzzing died down as Stiles, Scott and I crept away from the police cruiser.

"Is there gonna be a night where we aren't creeping around the woods at night?" I asked. The dark blanket of night had enveloped the woods, with a silver half-moon being the only beacon of light.

Do the Hunters of Artemis know where I am? Are they tracking me? Do they care enough about a stupid boy to try?

The red lights of the ambulance blinded me and I threw myself behind a rock, leaves crunching under me as I did. Scott and Stiles threw themselves to the floor soon after.

"These leaves are moist..." I stated, too tired to whine properly.

"More importantly..." Stiles elbowed me (He keeps hitting me in the same spot and it's starting to bruise), "What the hell is Lydia doing?" Stiles asked Scott pointedly.

"I don't know!" He stammered, "I assume Allison stopped me from doing that..." Scott shuddered.

"Do you need to get closer? To track her?" I asked, moving my body away from the damp leaves.

Scott's ears pricked and he stuck his nose in the air. "No, I got it..." Scott started to creep away before Stiles clasped his shoulder.

"Please... Scott, I just... I just need you to find her..." Stiles sighed, looking down and twisting a leaf in his hands. "Please... Just find her..."

Scott's gaze softened. "I will."

Stiles muttered a thank you before Scott scampered into the woods.

"We just thought that maybe you were done with us, so we didn't want to intrude... so we left..." I tried to explain to Uncle Noah who glared unimpressed by my lie. He'd found us throwing leaves at each other in the forest when he'd come to the crime scene. He'd grabbed us by the ears and had questioned us individually.

Stiles ran out of the car and stared wide eyed at the woods. "Oh my..." He trailed off, his eyes glassy and vacant.

I turned around to see what had stunned him. Lydia Martin stumbled out of the bushes, one arm covering her breasts and her other hand covering her... Um... Bush...? Aside from the nakedness, Lydia didn't seem too disheveled, she had the odd dirt mark or twig in her hair but she still had all her body parts from the looks of it. I was glad to see she had not lost a testicle to exposure as Coach had feared.

Lydia cleared her throat. "Is anyone gonna get me a coat?" Lydia threw her hands up in exasperation, uncovering herself. I heard a loud thump behind me that I assumed was Stiles fainting from the lack of blood in his head that was now in his groin.

"Woah! Okay! Lydia, please take this." I covered my eyes and handed my jacket over blindly. Lydia ripped it from my hands and thanked me profusely.

Episode 2 - Shape Shifted

I sighed and prepared for another night with Annabeth, who was currently sitting on her bed, doodling grand arches and pillars on some blue construction paper. Annabeth's head perked up, sending her blonde ponytail into the air. She laughed and her grey eyes lit up, her smile seemingly pushing the shadows in her room back.

And for a second I forgave her.

"Percy!" Annabeth grinned, scrambling off her bed and barrelling into me with a hug.

I pushed off of me and stepped back, scowling. "Don't touch me."

Annabeth's smile slipped off her face. "Oh, okay..." She shuffled back awkwardly and sat on the end of her bed. "I have news..." She said feebly.

"Leave me alone! Why do you keep bringing me here!?" I growled.

"I don't bring you here! I didn't even notice you were here until..." Annabeth's eyes widened and she stopped, clasping her hands over her mouth.

My anger swept away, I tentatively placed a hand on her shoulder. "Until what, Annabeth?"

Annabeth looked up at me through her long black lashes. "Until he told me..." She stammered, gripping my shirt in a vice grip.

"Kronos?" I asked, sitting on the bed next to her.

"Kronos." She whimpered.

I grimaced and ran my hands through my hair. "You're supposed to be the smart one Annabeth..."

"I know, I know, it was stupid! It was stupid and I'm supposed to be smart, but I was stupid!" Annabeth wailed, rambling aimlessly, "I just kept seeing you every night, and I missed you so much! You don't understand! It hurts! It hurt when you weren't here and he said he could bring you back! It was stupid, I know, I said it, but I was desperate okay!? Okay!?" She wept, dragging me back onto the bed and burying her crying face into my chest. I patted her on the back awkwardly and let her weep.

I sighed and pulled her off me, sinking off the bed and crouched on the floor in front of her. "What now?" I asked simply, swallowing my deep, deep hatred for her. "You always have a plan? Remember? What's your plan? How are you getting out of this?"

Annabeth sobbed again, her tears falling and staining my jeans wet. "I don't know if there's a way out of this Seaweed Brain... I got my part of the deal, seeing you... Now I have to pay him off..." Annabeth sighed through broken sobs.

"No, you have a plan. You'll think of one, you always do." I tried to smile, but I couldn't do it. She betrayed me.

Annabeth looked up suddenly. "Maybe... I'll think of something... I love you, Seaweed Brain!" Annabeth declared, pushing herself onto me and capturing my lips in a kiss.

I wish I could say I pushed her. I didn't kiss back, but I didn't push her away... What is wrong with me?

Annabeth came up panting for air and crossed her arms. "You didn't kiss back?" she scowled and I felt my anger bubble again. I threw her off me and onto her bed. I stalked into a dark corner as far away from her as possible.

"Of course I didn't kiss back! I hate you!" I yelled feebly.

Annabeth's perfectly shaped eyebrows crumpled in confusion. "But you forgave me, you were being so nice..."

"I... Uh..." I stammered helplessly before feeling my body being ripped back to my bedroom in Beacon Hills.

"Bye." Annabeth sighed. "I love you. Forever..."

It was raining outside and the droplets pelted my window violently. I sat up in my bed and pulled the covers up to my chest. "Fuck..." I muttered to myself, getting out of bed and rested my sweating forehead against the cool glass, gazing out of the window at the dark woods surrounding the house. I thought I could see small red dots in the inky blackness but they disappeared as quickly as I saw them.

I looked over at my phone - Gods, it feels so weird to say I can use a phone like a normal person without advertising myself as a seafood buffet. Anyway, I looked over at my phone; the display told me it was thirty three minutes past four. I grabbed the strange little electric box and winced as a bright notification popped up, blinding me.

Erica - Hey, you up?

I squinted at it for a while to distinguish the words before unlocking the phone and slowly typing in a reply.

Percy - Yeah, just got up actually lol

Erica - Oh, did I wake you up? I'm so sorry.

Percy - Nonono, I just had kind of a weird dream, what's up with you being up this early?

Erica - Keep hearing bushes rustling outside, it's keeping me up tbh.

We talked up until seven in the morning about random topics that popped into our heads, Erica explained to me how laser sharks are impossible but I still firmly believe that my dad is just too lazy to make one.

Erica - How would a laser shark even breed?

Percy - Badly probably, I dunno, you're the smart one here, you figure it out ;p btw what do we have today?

Erica - Jesus! Look at the time, gym first btw, we also have chemistry together today.

Stiles burst into my room wearing his fuzzy slippers, picked up a pair of jeans and threw them at me.

"Put those on, find a shirt, we need to go!" He rushed out of the room and into his own room. I somehow managed to pull on my shirt, jeans and my socks at the same time, throwing on some shoes and bounded into the jeep. Stiles ran out of the door, throwing a cereal bar and some chewing gum at me before climbing into the jeep and speeding down the road to school.

"What's the chewing gum for?" I asked, spraying cereal bar onto the dashboard as I spoke.

"First of all, you need to swallow before you speak, second, we didn't have time to clean our teeth, so we're just gonna chew some gum and hope nobody notices." Stiles said between bites of his own cereal bar, turning into the school's parking lot. "You got your swimming stuff?" Stiles asked, eyeing up my lack of gym bag. I groaned. "Shit! I'll just skip gym and walk around with Lydia or something, try to stop people harassing her about her walk on the wild side."

Stiles smiled and pulled into a spot. "Thanks man, I need to shoot, lacrosse practice!" Stiles thanked me before running toward the school. "Lydia and Allison are over there!" He yelled, pointing me to two small silhouettes by the bike lock-ups.

Allison... I huffed internally before meandering my way to them.

Allison was wearing some weird white summer dress thing with a dark leather jacket thrown over the top, honestly I was paying more attention on whether or not she had a gun hidden anywhere. Lydia waved at me and strutted toward me, her red hair billowing behind her like she was in a shampoo commercial. She was wearing a short burgundy dress, with matching heels that clopped on the ground as she came closer and a brown jacket held in her arms.

"Heeey, Percypie!" She grinned, bumping into my side and leading me back to Allison.

"Hey Lydia," I smirked, "Nice to see you clothed..." I joked. Lydia gasped dramatically and slapped my arm, giggling.

"Oh, because I'm sure a hormonal, straight, teenage boy such as yourself hates seeing the most popular girl in school fully nude, hmm?" She quipped flirtatiously, batting her eyelashes at me exaggeratedly. I blushed bright red and didn't notice as she slipped her arm through mine, leading me up the steps to a side entrance of the school, Allison following close behind.

"So as I was saying, Lydia, you don't remember anything?" Allison asked, leaping up the grey steps to stand by Lydia.

Lydia paused and shrugged. "They called it a fugue state." She looked around to see our confused faces, "Basically, a fancy way of saying 'we have no idea why you were running

around the woods naked for two days'. But personally, I don't care... I lost nine pounds!" Lydia squealed excitedly.

Allison and I gave amused chuckles. "So, you ready to go in there?" Allison asked, nodding her head at the school.

Lydia rolled her eyes and tossed her hair back into my face (I think I swallowed a hair...). "Puh-lease, I own this place! Besides, it's not like my aunt's a serial killer..." Lydia teased mercilessly.

"Brutal..." I said dumbly before Lydia dragged me through the doors with her. A hushed silence fell over the packed corridor as all the students stared at Lydia. Well, it started off as silence, then the whispering started. I felt Lydia's arm tense up as she froze in panic.

Oh yeah, Lydia has my arm. I thought stupidly before wriggling my arm from her vice like grip. After giving up I looked up at her and I realized she was still stiff with humiliation. I swallowed my pride, realizing how this would look to the onlookers, and pulled her close to calm her down.

"Lydia, it's okay, you own this school, of course they're looking at you!" I reasoned.

Lydia's head snapped towards me. "I... I..." She struggled, her eyes wide with panic.

Allison sidled up to the opposite side of Lydia and leaned into her other ear. "Maybe it's the nine pounds..." She teased back at Lydia.

"Brutal again..." I mumbled to myself.

Allison's remark seemed to snap Lydia from her stupor and she held her head high before strutting down the halls of Beacon Hills High, dragging me in tow. Lydia's phone vibrated and she whipped it out from somewhere on her pocket-less, skin-tight dress. She stopped and held her arm out to stop me.

"Holy shit, some kid called Isaac just got arrested!"

Lydia hurriedly told me the details about the Isaac kid, which essentially consisted of his dad being found mutilated and Isaac was the only suspect. I sighed and trudged over to my next lesson despite still having ten minutes until it started.

Mutilation sounds very much like a werewolf thing to do. I thought to myself depressingly. *My life consists of wondering what kind of brutal murder sounds the most like something one of my best friends would do.*

I heard the thumping of shoes behind me and turned to see Scott and Stiles sprinting to me. "Have you heard!?" Stiles panted, doubling over wheezing.

"Isaac? Yeah, like half the school has." I paused, "We are assuming he's the new wolf right?"

Scott nodded and muttered something about yellow eyes.

"This is good right? They can put him in a holding cell during the full moon, problem solved!" I grin slid from my face at the sight of their grimaces.

"He's a werewolf, he'll bust right out and kill everyone in the police station." Stiles said quietly. I remembered how easily Scott could throw me in the air when we faced off against each other.

I sighed and leant my head against the wall. "Why is it always us? Derek couldn't have chosen some random dude working an office job, why did it have to be someone from our school!" I grumbled.

"Peter said that if the bite doesn't kill you, you'll turn, maybe teenagers have a better chance of surviving?" Stiles pondered.

"And also!" Scott butted in, "It doesn't matter if it was a random dude working an office job. We'd still help!" Scott said pointedly.

"I'm just thinking about you focusing on your grades instead of another murder mystery." I held my hands up in surrender.

"Anyway! Stiles!" Scott focused on my cousin, "Does Isaac being a teenager mean that your dad can't hold him or anything?"

"Not unless they have solid evidence... Or a witness!" Stiles beamed suddenly, "Where's Jackson?"

"I saw him go to the principal's office earlier when I was walking around?" I said, "And when I was hanging out with Lydia, she said that he lives right by Isaac's house... Then she started crying about Jackson dumping her..." I trailed off at the end. Stiles' eyes darkened. "Sorry dude..." I muttered.

"We need to get to the principal's office." Scott took control of the conversation.

"Well, the lesson starts in like a minute, so we need to think fast." I said, looking down at my watch.

Stiles grinned evilly. "I have a cunning plan..."

Stiles' plan was to install an airbag in Mr Harris' chair because somehow Stiles knew how to put an airbag (that he just so happened to have) into a chair in about fifteen seconds flat. I made a silent note to check all the chairs in my room when I got back home.

Needless to say, when Harris got out of his ceiling we were all sent to the principal's office.

All three of us were howling with laughter as we strolled to the office until we saw the cop standing outside the door. We fell silent quickly and sat down under the cop's harsh gaze, with Stiles putting Scott and I in between him and the cop. As we sat in silence I could make out Jackson in the next room.

"Oh yeah, his dad used to beat the crap out of him!" Jackson stressed, "Some people are messed up, man..." I could almost visualize him shaking his head without a shred of sorrow in his cold blue eyes.

"Did you ever say anything? A teacher, a parent...? Anyone...?" Sheriff Stilinski asked earnestly.

"No. Not my problem." Jackson responded bluntly.

Sheriff Stilinski started to say something but stopped himself quickly, resigning himself to an irritated sigh. "No, I don't suppose it is... It's funny how the kids getting beaten up are always the ones that least deserve it..." He added quickly and sternly before making Jackson leave.

I sat up and turned to look at Scott as Uncle Noah trudged out of the door. He took one disappointed look at me and Stiles (who was hiding behind a magazine) before walking away with his cop buddy.

"Boys." A gruff voice uttered behind us and I turned to see Grand-Papi Argent in all his wrinkling terror. "Care to come in?" He asked as kindly as a murderous hunter can.

Stiles was the first to get up, with me following behind after nudging Scott who seemed a tad nervous to be in a small room with a man that promised to kill him about a week ago. We sat down in front of the impressive, dark wooden desk that the Argent commanded over in a tall chair.

Ah! Home! Sitting in an overly decorated room whilst the principal yells at me for a couple of minutes! I thought cynically, whilst I relaxed in my chair and propped my feet on the bottom of the desk. Stiles and Scott didn't look as tranquil as the squirmed upright in their uncomfortable wooden chairs as Argent's callous gaze swept through them, analyzing their every move.

"Scott McCall..." Argent drawled, looking down at a file, "Academically, not the brightest, but I see you've turned yourself into quite the star athlete..." Argent's gaze hardened for a second

before he turned to look at another file. "Mr Stilinski, Perfect grades, yet little to no extracurriculars... Maybe you should try lacrosse?"

"I'm... actually already on -"

"Hold on, are you the same Scott McCall that dated my granddaughter?" Argent smiled slyly.

Scott nodded and then shook his head. "We were dating, but not anymore! Not dating! No seeing each other... at all!"

"Relax Scott, you look like you're about to crack a cyanide pill with your teeth..." The Argent smiled awfully, chuckling to himself.

"That's what the Nazi spies did right? If they got caught they'd take the kill pill?" I blurted out, silently cursing my ADHD.

Argent gave me a once over and picked up another file, presumably with my name on it. "Perseus Noah Jackson."

Stiles and Scott's heads swiveled toward me.

"Noah?" Stiles asked quietly.

"Mom named me after your Dad, like you said; they were pretty close before she left with my dad..." I answered just as quietly. Argent's gaze on the file grew hard and his eyebrows furrowed.

"Well, Perseus, aren't you a little delinquent? Kicked out of over six schools? Dunking your classmates into a sharkpool, firing a war cannon at your school bus and tampering with the plumbing system of a museum fountain, blowing up a music room? This has to be some kind of record!" Argent spat.

"You could probably call me a bit of a problem child." I shrugged nonchalantly.

"I think it's pretty clear who the culprit is here..." Argent growled as he looked up to glare at me. I turned to smirk at my friends to see Stiles' eyes dancing with admiration.

Half past seven I was let out of school! My hand is three seconds away from falling off. I've written so many lines! I stormed into the parking lot and sprinted to Stiles' jeep. I waved at Stiles and flung myself into the front seat. "They just let me out! This has to be against the law!"

Stiles shushed me and tore away from the parking lot. "First of all, you are telling me all about that cannon thing when we get home, second of all, we have werewolf business to attend to. Allison is in the back by the way." Stiles rushed, eyes trained on the road.

"Hi!" Allison popped up behind me, making me jump so hard I'm surprised I didn't concuss myself on the roof.

"Why is she here!?" I panted, clutching my heart.

"My dad is trying to kill Isaac, you need me, you are so dense, Chlorine Breath." Allison spat snarkily.

"No. The nickname thing stops now." I deadpanned, "So what's up, what am I doing?"

"First of all we are driving to Isaac's house so Scott and Allison can do something related to the full moon, we'll pick up Derek there and then we're heading to the police station to stop a hunter from killing Isaac." Stiles rattled off quickly.

"You expect me to fight and beat a trained hunter?"

"You could do it easily!" Allison argued, "Besides I've already shot him with a few arrows, so he's weak." Allison informed handily.

"So... Not even hunters are safe from your bloodthirst?" I shot at Allison.

Allison groaned as we pulled up by the Layhey's former house. "I'm not dealing with him right now." Allison told Stiles before clambering over him to get out and storming over to the front door.

"You couldn't lay off about that? Just a smidge?" Stiles pleaded with me as we waited for Derek to get in.

"She shot me." I said bluntly, climbing into the backseat so Derek could get in. "Hey Derek, how's the 'manipulating teenagers into running around the woods with you' thing going?" I asked as the depressed werewolf got in and Stiles pulled away from the sidewalk.

"Don't start, Flipper Fingers." Derek growled.

"You don't even know I'm on the swim team! Stop with the nicknames!" I moaned, sulking into the leather seats.

Stiles coughed awkwardly after a short, awkward bout of silence. "So... Perce... Erica looked kinda pissed off at lunch today, is that to do with you or...?"

"I... don't know... We were talking last night, and then it came to lunch and she was just kinda glaring at me." I sighed sadly, not bothering to pretend like I didn't like her. Derek's ears pricked up.

"Well..." Stiles started, "I don't know much about girls, but I'm pretty sure they don't like it when one of the people they hate the most is linking arms with their crush..." Stiles said, with an underlying venom in his voice.

"What do you mean?" I asked dumbly. "What's linking arms got to do with Erica?"

Stiles sighed and pulled up by the hospital. He turned to Derek. "The keys to every cell are in a password protected lockbox in my father's office, the issue is getting past the front desk." Stiles told him, pointing to a tanned woman in a uniform at the front desk.

"I'll distract her." Derek said quickly, throwing open his door. I grabbed his collar quickly.

"By 'distract her' you mean manipulate her into being a werewolf?" I asked, raising my eyebrow accusingly. Derek's eyes widened and I sighed. "I'll go with him..."

"Woah, woah! Derek can't go in there!" Stiles said.

Derek rolled his eyes. "I was exonerated, I'm fine."

"You're still a person of interest!" Stiles hissed.

"An innocent person!" Derek insisted.

"You? Innocent? Ha!" Stiles fake-laughed. I tapped him on the shoulder after the laughter got irritating.

"It's the only plan we have, Derek and I will go in, you sneak past and figure out how to fix Isaac." I told him before sprinting after Derek.

"Wait! How am I -" Stiles' voice trailed away.

The door to the police station jingled and I tried to swagger up to the front desk like Derek, who glared at me and told me to stop. I heard rustling behind the empty desk and the police woman popped out of a door behind the desk.

"Hello, how can I help... you?" She gazed at Derek cautiously.

Derek smiled awkwardly. "Um, hi..." He stuttered.

Hades help me, I'm going to be arrested.

"Hi..." The woman stuttered back, adjusting her hair. I saw Stiles crawl past the desk from the corner of my eye.

"I, uh, had a question..." Derek paused and looked at me for help.

"You'll have to excuse my friend, he's not used to talking to women." I informed her and turned to Derek for him to carry on, but he looked frozen. "You see, he was raised in a cult devoted to the god 'Koalemos', and he was banned from talking to anyone of the opposite sex." I placed my hand on Derek's leather jacketed shoulder, "Poor guy never even got to talk to his mother." I said mournfully, to which Derek glared at me and grit his teeth.

The fire alarm blared suddenly, flashing red light everywhere. The police woman immediately began shoving me out of the door and I noticed Derek slipping behind her, disappearing behind a door. I paced around for a couple of minutes before I heard a deafening howl.

That'll be Derek.

I heard sirens wailing in the distance and I quickly grabbed a branch of a nearby tree, hauling myself up into the foliage to hide myself from Uncle Noah, who was storming up to the police station like a man possessed by all the rage of Ares. He flung the door open and charged in.

In the dark treeline I could faintly make out the silhouettes of two werewolves running deep into the forest.

Episode 3 - Ice Pick

I lay in my bed, covers thrown off and my pillow rested somewhere near my wardrobe. I tossed and turned, violently thrashing my body against the scratching fabric of my sheets. The open window let wintry, scathing breezes through that knifed me and sent my skin crawling with goose bumps, but I refused to close it. The icy winds grated and kept me awake.

I couldn't sleep and I refused to.

The heavy sighs of my uncle, just a room over, helped to stop Morpheus taking control. The guilt I felt sat heavily in the murky pool on my stomach, making me heave. It wasn't just guilt, a flurry of emotions swirled in that pool, but I chose to focus on the guilt. Noah had been given a call about the airbag incident and then Stiles had been found pulling the fire alarm inside the police station. Noah had shouted for a while when we all got home, before sitting down, looking like he was about to cry. Stiles had stood awkwardly, not sure whether we hated the screaming or the crying more. Then Noah called my mother, who shouted and cried at me. I cried as well. Stress was a heavy blanket that lay over us, crushing the Stilinski house, crushing us into an uncomfortable silence that nobody had broken after Noah hung up the phone to my mom.

Worry, another ingredient in the sickly, swirling pool in my stomach. Erica hadn't spoken to me in a day. Stiles and I had been sent to school silently and sadly by Uncle Noah, the whole day Erica ignored me whenever I tried to talk to her. I had given up and sat at lunch alone until Lydia slid next to me, keeping me company until Stiles and Scott arrived. Erica had sat three tables away, glaring sadly at Lydia and I. I tried to make eye contact but she'd huff and stare at her sandwich until I looked away. I was lucky I didn't have chemistry on a Wednesday, because I think I'd kill myself without Erica to talk to. She'd left all my messages on read and eventually I'd given up trying to talk and threw myself on to my bed. And on my bed I stayed for hours, sighing into the pillow before angrily throwing my pillow and kicking my covers away. I had rocked on empty until the early hours of the following day.

I looked through fading eyes at my phone. 3:16 blared back up at me. My eyes began to tremble and I knew that my body was close to giving in. I sighed and let my mind fade, handing myself over to Morpheus, Kronos' lackey.

I rejoiced, finding myself to be sprawled on the porch of the Big House. Chiron stared blankly through me at Grover. Grover was not in a good shape. The muscles he'd put on over the years flung feebly to him, a fraction of what they'd been. Grover had never been a big guy, but he looked borderline skeletal. His dark, curly hair had thinned and somehow uncurled slightly. Finally his eyes were deep and baggy with worry and regret. Another arrow of guilt embedded itself and dissolved into the pit of misery in my stomach.

"The last satyr should arrive in California tomorrow, she's one of our best, the kid's got a great nose for demigods, a powerful one like Percy shouldn't take her more than two weeks to find." Grover informed, his words stinging with the last bits of hope he had.

"That is if he's even in California." Chiron shook his head sombrely. "We cannot rule out that Percy has left the country, or is with his father, or is..."

"In the underworld?" Grover asked, finishing off what Chiron was about to say.

The centaur sighed. "Yes... Do we inform Annabeth?" He asked cautiously.

Grover sat at the pinochle table and rested his head on his arms. "It's the right thing to do..."

"Are you sure? She's already hysterical, the other day she was telling me how Percy visits her."

Grover pondered this. "Why are you asking me? You're the wisest, surely you know what to do?"

Chiron shook his head. "I can teach a thousand sword tricks, how to shoot arrows upside down whilst riding a horse, how to run faster than Hermes... But I have no grasp over madness, nor do I ever want to. As for asking you, after her outbursts, I feel you are one of the few friends she still has, I trust you want the best for her."

Grover paused and let his head rest on the table. "Tell her, it's the least she deserves. She wants him back more than anyone and this is one of our last hopes."

Chiron nodded and trotted away up the stairs to Annabeth's room. I felt myself being pulled after him so I took one last look at Grover, sad, withered, banging his head softly against the pinochle table. I felt my body become limp and I felt myself being whipped through the floor above and landing by Annabeth's bed in a heap.

"- Sorry, my child, you cannot go, it isn't safe for you." Chiron's dark eyes watered and he slammed the door in Annabeth's face. Annabeth hit the door and turned around to stalk to her bed. Her eyes flicked up to me and she beamed happily.

"Seaweed Brain! You perv, I was just about to get undressed for bed!" She scolded happily, wagging her finger at me animatedly.

I blushed bright red. "That wasn't - I don't choose when I come here!" I said frantically, covering my eyes.

"I mean, it's fine, it's natural for a boy your age." She padded softly towards me. I closed my eyes tight and turned away. "I was going to make a joke about the girls wherever you are not being as good but frankly the thought of you with anyone else makes my stomach churn..." Annabeth giggled. I heard fabric hit the floor. "Do you remember Percy?" Annabeth asked. "Do you remember our first time?"

"Stop Annabeth..." I whimpered, squeezing my eyes shut.

"Your birthday, in that little bubble of yours... We could do it all again if you just came back..." Annabeth whispered into my ear, her golden hairs tickling my shoulders.

"Please... Stop..."

"That was the first time I'd ever done anything like that..." Annabeth whispered sultrily. "Wasn't yours though was it?" Annabeth's voice grew angry and shaky. "Because you let that redheaded whore suck -"

"STOP!" I cried, whipping around and glaring at her. Annabeth glared straight back.

"Look at me!" She screamed. She stood back and I felt my eyes wander around her body. The gentle swell of her chest, her toned legs and... I felt my eyes flicker away. "Don't you want this back? Don't you want us back?" She pleaded.

I stared, the best I could, into her eyes, hoping my eyes were as dark, swirling and angry as I felt. "Annabeth. Stop this, it won't work. How many times do I have to tell you? Leave me alone."

Annabeth grinned, but her eyes barely contained the anger behind them. "Maybe I just need to remind you of the good times..." She thrust her hand down my underwear and I felt Morpheus rip me away from her and back into my room just as she started to grip.

I gasped for air as I awoke, my sweaty back peeled from my sheets. Panting, I threw my feet over my bed and checked my phone.

5:43

Fuck it, I might as well get ready. I thought, bitterly rubbing the sleep out of my eyes.

I waddled over to my wardrobe and shoved on an outfit. Just a white and black long sleeve and some black jeans. I also fished out some gym shorts and a plain white t-shirt because I was being forced by Poseidon to participate in some stupid rock climbing thing instead of swimming. He said something about making sure I didn't lose any ability.

I was quite good at the climbing wall back at camp and that was really hard, who knows, it could be quite cool to show off. I grinned smugly.

I slid my phone into my pocket and tiptoed downstairs to make myself breakfast. I boiled myself a couple of eggs and made some toast. I sat, contently for a while, eating egg on toast and watching sword skills videos on Youtube before finishing and waking Stiles up. I'm not sure why Stiles has five pillows but all of them were thrown at me before he finally relented and got up. I left him to get changed and poured him cereal, checking my phone whilst I waited for Stiles.

After three more sword videos I heard Stiles dragging his feet downstairs. Stiles shuffled towards me, zombie-like, and sat down to eat his fruity pebbles half-heartedly.

"So about this wall?" I asked.

Stiles raised an eyebrow in response.

"What kind of obstacles are there? Random boxing gloves that punch you in the face when you go up? Scalding water being poured down? What do I need to look out for?"

"What the fuck is wrong with you man? What kind of shit did you do in New York?" Stiles berated, clearly not a morning person, "It's a wall, with rocks on it, climb it before the other person and you win."

My brow furrowed. "Seems kinda boring..."

"Not boring, it's awful, but it's not boring..." Stiles said, pointing his spoon at me.

Stiles was wrong. It was both awful and boring. Most of the lesson was spent on the ground looking up at the people climbing. The only interesting moments were when Lydia refused to go up because she was convinced the 'ground people' were gonna look at her ass and when Scott and Allison went up and Scott actually did look at Allison's.

Scott and Allison laughed about something up top and she kicked his foot off, sending him plummeting down, the rope stopping him an inch before he cracked his skull in.

Coach laughed maniacally and crouched to talk to Scott.

"I don't know what it is, McCall," Coach laughed, "But your pain gives me a special kind of happiness." Coach ruffled Scott's hair as he and Allison unclipped. "Alright, next two... Jackson! Reyes! You two are always flirting, let's see how you do with the wall!" Coach announced dramatically.

I stepped to the wall and clipped up. Erica stepped tentatively out of the crowd.

"You okay Erica?" I asked. Erica looked at me, forgetting that she was angry at me and shook her head, but stepped forward and clipped on anyway.

"Hi Percy..." She said nervously, brushing her golden hair behind her ear, her hazel eyes deep set with worry - wait a second...

"Are you wearing makeup?" I asked, squinting to see if it was.

Erica blushed. "Yeah... Is it good?"

"I thought you couldn't wear makeup?" I asked, my brow furrowing further in confusion.

"Yeah, my epilepsy pills make my skin really sensitive and make my acne really bad. But anyway, is it good?" Erica asked again quietly, nervously touching the rocks.

"So why are you wearing it?" I asked, growing more and more confused.

"Um, I'll talk to you after the climb..." Erica blushed harder red.

So, if Erica's pills make her skin too sensitive for makeup, why is she wearing makeup?

"Climb, damn it!" Coach screamed, shaking me from my Erica filled thoughts. immediately began hurling myself up the rocks, using my upper and lower body strength to scramble up the wall. I reached the top in under a minute and descended down with the breakneck efficiency of a commando. As I touched the ground I looked up to see where Erica was.

Erica grunted and panted as she reached for a green rock. She was only about a fourth of the way up. Her hands glistened with sweat and I was worried she'd slip and hurt her hands. Erica seemed to realize this too as her breath began to increase in pace.

"Erica! Don't worry, just let go and the rope will let you down slowly." I called up. I realized my mistake when I heard the whispering behind me.

Coach stepped closer to the wall and called up to her. "Erica! Dizzy? What is it, vertigo?"

Lydia rolled her eyes. "Vertigo is a dysfunction of the vestibular system in the ear, she's just freaking out." Lydia called out bitchily and at that moment I figured out why Erica had such an issue with her, especially when Lydia started sitting with us." A couple of people sniggered behind me.

"Not the time Lydia!" I snapped, glaring at her.

"I... I.. I.. I'm ffffffine..." Erica whimpered between hyperventilating. I started to panic now; I could only imagine how she felt.

"Coach, we need to bring her down, it's not safe, you know she's epileptic." I grabbed Coach.

Coach's eyes widened. "Why doesn't anybody tell me these things!? Erica! You're fine, just kick off from the wall! There's a mat to catch you and everything!"

I groaned and stepped in front of the negligent coach. "If you kick off, I've got you, don't worry, I'll catch you!" I called up to her. Erica's sweaty fingers trembled and she let go of the wall, slowly being lowered down to the ground where I quickly embraced her. I let go and Coach sidled up to her to check if she was okay.

"See, you're fine, go shake it off, next two!" Coach called.

Erica barged past me and through a line of jeering people, headed by Jackson. I balled my fist and started to step towards him. Stiles and Scott caught my shoulder and stopped me from re-breaking his nose. I thanked them and went to comfort Erica but she had already slunk into the girls locker room.

After three or four more people steadily shimmied their way up the wall, Coach told us to get changed. We milled around, changing back into our normal clothes and spraying deodorant at each other before Coach's shrill whistle broke our eardrums.

"Listen up, anybody sees Isaac Lahey, you *immediately* tell the principal, get a teacher or call me, except for you Greenberg..." Coach spat, "Don't call me for anything..."

Scott leant against my locker. "Isaac? Something to do with your dad?" He asked Stiles, who was next to me.

Stiles scoffed, "No idea, besides it's Derek's problem now..." He joked at Derek's weird possessiveness. I felt a strange shiver. A tingling at the base of my spine that ran up the rest of me and I had a strange urge to check out the gym. I threw my shirt on and wandered into the darkened gym. The wall stood impressively in the middle, casting a shadow that nearly reached me. It was so big I could even imagine the small silhouette of someone climbing. My spine tingled again and I realized someone was climbing it. I broke out into a sprint and called out for them to stop.

Holy shit, it's Erica!

Erica started to cough quietly and her body seemed to start to twitch.

"ERICA!" I screamed as her hands came loose and she fell, plummeting down.

My mind zeroed. I felt my muscles going into overdrive as I pumped my legs faster to reach her. My stomach cramped horribly as I condensed the water vapor in the room under her to slow her fall, I could feel her weight crushing the vapor as I tried to push against her.

She was getting closer to the ground now. All the water in the pipes churned.

Erica crashed into my arms, just as I got under her. I saw a faint sign of recognition in her eyes as began to convulse harder, her hands gripped and let go of my arms quickly. Erica made strange noises, a mix between wheezing and choking and coughing. I froze in panic.

"Put her on her side!" Someone called out. I followed the order and held my hand under her head so she didn't crack it on the wooden floor. Erica's hands gripped mine tightly and she held it shakily to her neck.

Melissa McCall was a saint. Plain and simple. She'd let me sit with Erica after her fit and she did some tests on her. The dark room was lit up by Melissa's light. She shined it over Erica's wet eyes and studied the dilation.

"It's been a while since we saw you about this Erica, you were being so good about taking your medication." Melissa scolded her, tucking her light into her pocket and stood with her hands on her hips.

Why hadn't she taken her medication? I wondered sadly.

"Are you gonna tell my mom?" Erica asked, almost fearfully, which made me wonder how things were with her and her mom.

"I swear I don't want to, but there's a team of lawyers in the back that would break my legs if I didn't, and I don't know if you've seen my legs but they're pretty hot for a girl my age..." Melissa joked, "I better not catch you staring, Mr Jackson!" Melissa wagged her finger at me comically.

"No promises..." I grinned, leaning back in my chair. Erica giggled at our exchange cutely.

Melissa placed her hand on Erica's head and swept her hair out of her eyes. "Doctor's gonna be in, in about a minute. Right, come on Jackson, get out, you shouldn't even be in here!" Melissa smiled, shepherding me out of the room.

I went to sit down on a chair and wait for Erica. Melissa grabbed my arm and pulled me close to her desk. "Listen Percy, I'm sick of watching you two flounder around each other. You obviously like her, and she really likes you, just ask her out already!" Melissa smiled and let go of my arm to sit down at her desk.

"How do you know!?" I asked, worried I was being spied on by my friend's mother (It's possible! It's not the weirdest thing to happen to me!).

"Scott tells me about you, and whenever Erica comes in for a check-up, you're all she can talk about." Melissa grinned, "Not gonna lie Percy, you're all that a lot of girls talk about."

I blushed. "When should I ask her? When she's done?" I asked.

"She could be here all night, I'd go home, get some shut-eye, wear something nice tomorrow and ask her then. Mainly just to give her some rest, if you stress her out too much straight after an attack like she had, it could go bad..." Melissa patted my hand and told me to clear off, before going into the backroom. I left the hospital, for a second I thought I saw a shadowy figure duck into a side room but I figured it was my nerves playing a trick on me.

As I walked down the roads back to the Stilinski house, I thought I could smell a fruity perfume. I sighed and turned around to see Aphrodite waving at me. The love goddess jogged towards me, she linked her arm through mine and we started to walk to the Stilinski house together.

"First of all, I'd like to say I'm really sorry..." Aphrodite said quietly.

"What have you done?" I asked cautiously, already feeling my heart begin to quicken.

"It's just... I saw the opportunity to make your life interesting again..."

"I fight werewolves like every day! How is my life not interesting? What did you do?"

"I meant your love life hun... You'll see tomorrow..."

"See what!?"

"As an apology, I promise to zap you home and I'll make sure you don't have any dreams!" Aphrodite looked up at me through her lashes, giving me the world's most powerful puppy dog eyes.

"I don't think you have that kind of control over dreams, Aphro -"

"Great! Love you, bye!" Aphrodite clicked her fingers and I felt my body crash onto my bed and my eyes immediately began to weaken, eventually they closed and I felt myself falling into a deep, dreamless sleep.

"Do I have to come to this stupid ice rink thing?" I groaned as Stiles and I entered the lunch room.

"Yes! Obviously! You could even ask Erica out there!" Stiles pleaded.

"I don't know man, I haven't seen her all day..."

Stiles slung his arm around me and led me to a lonely table in the corner. "Boyd! My man!"

Boyd grimaced and raised his eyebrow at Stiles.

"You got the keys?" Stiles whispered like he was being watched.

Boyd rolled his eyes and held up a collection of keys. Stiles giggled like a girl and grabbed at them. Boyd held tight to the keys as Stiles tried, hopelessly, to wrench them away. "This isn't a favor. This is a transaction." Boyd threatened in a deep, baritone voice.

Stiles let go quickly and rooted around in his pocket, fishing out a wallet. He slapped twenty dollars on the table and slid them to Boyd.

Boyd raised an eyebrow. "I said fifty."

"Really? I... I remember twenty and I have a really good verbal memory..." Stiles stuttered. Boyd's eyebrow raised a little further. "I distinctly remember the 'twe' sound."

"I said fifty, with the 'F' sound. Now give me my money before I shove this 'F' sound through your face." Boyd raised his fist, and rested it on the table.

Stiles stared at the fist for a while. "You know what... I do remember the 'F' sound... 'F' orty..." Stiles slapped another twenty dollars on the table and slid it to Boyd.

"You know, Stiles." I started, "You don't have to slide the money every time, it just kinda wastes our time." Boyd nodded his head at me in agreement.

"Shhhhh, cousin... It's for dramatic effe -"

"Pretty sure I said fifty." Boyd threatened, his deep voice growing louder.

"Come on man!" Stiles moaned, "Have you seen the piece of crap jeep that I drive?"

"You said you love that jeep!" I hissed at Stiles, who shushed me quickly.

"Have you seen the piece of crap bus I take?" Boyd cracked his knuckles, "Where's my fifty?"

Stiles relented and slapped ten dollars on the table, sliding them excruciatingly slowly to Boyd. Boyd snatched the money and flicked the keys over to Stiles, hitting him in the nose. Stiles grabbed the keys quickly and ran over to Scott and Lydia.

"Sorry about that Boyd." I apologized and jogged after Stiles.

"I got them! Percy and I will pick you up after work and Lydia and Allison should already be there." Stiles told Scott excitedly.

I felt something hit my face. I looked up to see Lydia giggling and one piece of carrot missing from her salad. She patted the seat next to her and I trudged over to it because I had no Erica to sit next to.

"I have a favor to ask of you Percy..." Lydia asked quietly. I shuffled away from her discreetly. "I need to make Jackson jealous, so I was wondering if -"

BANG!

The lunch room doors exploded open. I whipped my head to them.

Erica?

Erica strolled confidently through the doors, tossing her new blonde curls over her shoulder. Her eyes flicked over to our table and then onto me.

Is she wearing mascara?

I realized what she was wearing and my breathing began to quicken. Her white, low v neck T-shirt was covered by a fitted leather jacket and her black leather skirt looked even shorter than Lydia's. I found myself staring, a lot.

A lot.

I realized Erica was closer to me now. She leant over the table and grabbed my apple. I kept my eyes trained on hers.

She whispered something sultrily, winking at me.

Erica took a large bite of my apple and swung herself onto my lap. She sat sideways, adjusting herself to get comfortable which felt... good? Erica stared at my stunned expression and smirked, leaning up to my neck. "I'm sick of you blowing me off to run around with Scott and Stiles. Meet me at the bowling alley at six. Do not make me come get you..." Erica whispered into my ear, her hot breath tingling my ears. Erica planted a chaste kiss on my neck, wiggled on my lap for a second and strutted out of the lunch room, swaying her hips with each step.

I sat stunned for at least a minute whilst the whole room stared at me in silence.

"What the fuck just happened..." I asked myself under my breath. Scott and Stiles ran out of the lunch room after her.

What have I just gotten myself into?

"You have to come!" Stiles moaned, "Just because Erica said you have to meet her doesn't mean you have to! Besides, you made plans with us first!"

"I didn't want to make plans at all, Stiles! I don't want to go anywhere!" I slammed my head into the headrest of my seat, "To be honest, the way things are going, I'd rather sit in my room and stare at a wall for the next four weeks..." I groaned.

Stiles veered his jeep outside his house and parked up. Stiles sighed as we made our way up to the house.

"It's pretty obvious you can't go out. There is like a ninety percent chance that her, Derek and Isaac are going to corner you and turn you." Stiles explained, opening the door and letting me through. "Then we'd be on opposite teams and that'd be like a whole ordeal..."

"But what if it's not? What if it's just a date?" I asked pitifully, dragging my feet up the stairs.

"She seemed kind of demanding for it to be a date..."

"She has a point, I did keep ignoring her to run around with you guys..." I pondered hopelessly. "Maybe I should go, I could fight them off if it was a trap..." I felt a stinging sensation across my cheek.

Stiles clutched his hand and glared at me. "No you couldn't! Three werewolves vs you! And let's be honest, you wouldn't hurt a hair on Erica's head!" Stiles pushed me into my room. "If you aren't coming with us, you need to stay here. I don't care how long you've liked her, she is going to try and wolf you up!" Stiles pushed me onto my bed and closed the door behind him as he left.

"Wolf me up?" I would have laughed if I wasn't so torn. I groaned and buried my head into my pillow. I closed my eyes to try and stop the weird aching pain behind them. Turns out that was a very stupid idea as I realized when I woke up from my accidental nap.

I took my head out from my pillow and looked frantically at the time. Fifteen minutes past seven. I slept for hours!

Oh shit.

"You didn't come." An angry, female voice informed me. I heard Erica tap her foot on the floor. I turned around slowly. Erica looked stunning. Her hair was straightened and her makeup was subtle and effective. She gave Aphrodite a run for her money.

"Look Erica... We really have to talk!" I tried, straightening my clothes out.

"Why didn't you come?" Erica grilled, raising a shaped eyebrow in waiting.

"I didn't know if it was a trap..." I lied, subtly rubbing the sleep from my eyes.

"I can hear your heart jump when you lie to me Percy..." Erica scowled, "Wait... A trap!? Has it ever come across your mind that maybe I just wanted to go on a date!? I have been following you around for months, hoping and praying you'd like me the way I like you! Everytime we came close to a date you blew me off for your fucking friends! Then Lydia fucking Martin starts parading you around on her arm like you're a fucking handbag! I was just a self-conscious little epileptic girl chasing after you, and then I finally found a way to get your attention the way I want and you blow me off again!" Erica shouted, her hazel eyes slightly wet. "It hurts Percy! It fucking hurts!"

Guilt shot through me. "My uncle... Keep it down..." I tried to change the conversation feebly.

"He's at work, you... You..." Erica gave up and rushed towards me, catching my lips in a kiss.

I did nothing for a while, sitting in shock as Erica pulled herself onto my lap. She traced her tongue across my lip and I felt my body respond automatically, starting to move in tandem with Erica's. Erica's tongue darted into my mouth, quickly pinning mine to the bottom of my mouth. Erica moaned and her hands slipped from my face, down to my chest and across to my back, gliding her hands over the muscles in my back. I yelped as Erica traced her fingers over the small of my back, my old mortal point before Annabeth severed that bond. I pushed Annabeth to the back of my mind. Erica caught my bottom lip between her teeth and smirked down at me.

"Ticklish are we, Perce?" Erica panted, pressing her thumb over my weak point and bucking her hips against mine, her short skirt riding further and further up.

"We... Have... To Talk..." I managed to say as Erica pressed herself against my groin.

"Not now..." Erica pined, "I've been waiting for this... for so long..."

I gathered all the feeble resistance I had and pushed Erica away from me. "No... We talk now..." I swept my hand through my hair and away from my eyes.

Erica's eyes flashed yellow but she straightened out her shirt and pulled her skirt back down. "I had a problem, Derek fixed it. I don't see what the issue is! I'm all better now! Better than ever!"

"No! You don't realize how much danger you're in now!" I almost cried.

Erica's eyes softened and she placed her soft hand against my chest. "It's fine, I know about the hunters, I can deal with them! Thank you for being there for me, for sticking up for me for so long, but it's fine! I can protect myself now! I can protect you!" Erica assured me, bringing my head to her chest and hugging me tightly. "Thank you, but it's my turn now."

We sat there for a while, just loving being with each other and forgetting the world until I lifted my head.

"You do realize we're on opposite sides now? Scott and Derek are gonna start drawing battle lines soon and we'll be fighting each other." I sighed, throwing myself back so my head rested on my pillow and I could stare at my boring ceiling.

"I've made it perfectly clear to Derek and Isaac that they aren't allowed to maim or kill you." Erica smirked deviously.

"Don't I feel loved?" I chuckled to myself.

"You'd better." Erica quipped back, shifting herself off of my lap and lying next to me. "Now turn over, I know you're feeling cold and I want to be the big spoon." She whispered, pushing me on my side with ease and wrapping her arms around me. Erica shuffled closer, wrapping her legs around mine and pressing herself into me. "Sleep..." She whispered as she cuddled me.

"But we're not in pajamas, and you don't have any clean clothes for tomorrow." I objected, not liking the friction my jeans gave.

Erica huffed and pushed me out of the bed. "Fine... You really know how to ruin the mood..." She groaned, crossing her arms.

I smiled, looking back at her. Her blonde hair cascading over the pillows as she scowled at me comically. I realized, for the second time in my life, that I was in love...

"Are you done!? I wanna cuddle!" She moaned impatiently.

I smiled even more.

My day has gone pretty well so far. Erica had left early in the morning before we were caught with her in my bed, Stiles threw a pair of socks at me to tell me to get up, I managed to avoid the questioning from Scott and the gang as to why I hadn't come ice skating and finally Chemistry with Harris was interesting as Erica and I sent each other loving glances every time Scott, Stiles, Lydia and Allison weren't monitoring us. It was especially difficult to pretend everything was fine when Erica decided to start tracing her nails up my thigh, at which point I had to grit my teeth and hope that nobody saw Erica sniggering.

Yeah, my day was going great up until Scott cornered me and dragged me along to confront my girlfriend. Erica stood by her locker, fixing her makeup in the mirror. Her ears perked up suddenly and her body went rigid before she turned around to face us.

"Two isn't enough for Derek, who's he going after next?" Scott asked bluntly, a faint growl in his voice.

Erica smirked and rolled her eyes, stepping closer slowly. "Why do we need another? We've already got you." She taunted, sidling next to me and leaning against me casually.

"Erica... Who's next?" I asked quietly, secretly hoping she hadn't heard me. I felt Erica freeze up.

Shit, super hearing.

Erica whipped around and poked me in the chest. Hard. "Who says it's a bad thing? Getting the bite?" Erica hissed, "Do you remember that story I told you? The first time I ever saw myself during a seizure?"

"Harris' class, he didn't believe you when you said you could feel it coming..." I started feebly.

"And then it happened!" Erica butted in, poking me in the chest again. "The rest of the class figured they'd fucking record it and post it online! I sat there, seizing in my desk whilst the fucking class debate whether to put something in my mouth before some fucking genius decides to look at my tag and realises it'll break my teeth!" She seethed.

"Erica..." I tried.

"What happens next Percy?" Erica gritted her teeth and glared at me. "What happens?"

"You pee yourself..." I muttered.

"I piss myself!" Erica hisses aggressively. "And they all start fucking laughing!" Erica started to push me back into the lockers. "Derek stopped that from happening to me again. He could help someone else the same way."

"I'm sorry for bringing that up..." I apologized under my breath but Erica heard.

"It's fine babe..." Erica smirked again, pushing my hands against the locker and pressing herself closer. "Just look at me now..."

I struggled against her grip, beginning to feel a tad uncomfortable with how much power she held over me. Scott grabbed her wrists and yanked them away from mine. He grabbed me and stalked away, muttering about how useless this was as I followed behind. I turned around to see Erica mouthing sorry to me and pointing to her wrists. I smiled solemnly and muttered 'it's fine' under my breath, knowing she'd hear.

Stiles grabbed me as I was about to walk into the lunch room.

"It's Boyd, he's next, he's not at his table." Stiles rushed, dragging me down a corridor and picking up Scott along the way and explaining to him.

"How do we know for sure?" I asked.

"Boyd sits on his own every lunch, he's the perfect target!" Stiles insisted, jumping past a load of steps.

I stopped and Scott and Stiles stopped quickly after. "Should we really stop him then? With them he has a pack. He has friends..."

Stiles and Scott gasped before Scott's brow creased angrily. "Really? Erica gives you a quick fuck and now you're with Derek?"

"No! No, that's -"

"Maybe he's next..." Stiles pointed at me and scowled.

"I'm just saying! Look at Erica, she gets bitten and look how confident and outgoing she is! And... She looks pretty good too..." I giggled to myself stupidly before Scott snapped me out of it.

"How good is she gonna look with a silver bullet in her head, Percy!?" Scott growled. "If we don't stop this now, it's going to get out of hand!"

I sighed and followed them out of the school. "I guess you're right..."

Scott rounded us up in a corner and told us what to do. "Percy, Boyd lives near here, run down to his house and check if he's in, Stiles, check around the school for him, he could be in detention or something. I'm going to go to the ice rink and see if he's working."

I nodded and sprinted out of the school, vaulting over fences to avoid being caught ditching. I ducked through a few side streets before I got to the address that Scott gave me. I hurried up the steps and knocked on the door of the house. I paced nervously, occasionally calling Boyd's name. I raised my hand to knock again but I hesitated. I could hear breathing behind me.

"What're you doing?" Erica asked, cocking her head to the side and giving me puppy dog eyes.

I jumped and clutched my chest. "Gods, Erica! This kinda shit is starting to get creepy!"

"You're looking for Boyd?" She asked, crossing her arms which pushed up her... I cleared my throat and looked her in the eyes. "What's with all the eye contact babe?" Erica grinned.

"No reason... You just have really pretty eyes..." I tried to keep my heart stable as I lied.

Erica raised her curved eyebrow and smirked. "So if I were to start jumping up and down now, you would feel totally comfortable with that?" She grinned, looking like the cat that got the cream.

"Please don't..."

"So it's just my eyes, and nothing else?" Erica pouted.

"Don't do this Erica..." I pleaded but Erica continued to act inconspicuously. I sighed. "You have beautiful eyes Erica..."

"Babe, I have beautiful everything!" Erica beamed at me before her smile slid off her face. "Seriously though Percy, you need to stop looking for trouble, or I'll be the one forced to stop you."

"No trouble here! In fact I'm leaving now!" I said, trying to shimmy past my girlfriend.

"Are you going to tell Scott and Stiles that Boyd isn't here?" Erica sighed, knowing the answer. I tried to run but Erica's manicured hand grabbed me by my collar and whipped me around into a chokehold. My feet wiggled to touch the ground so I could flip her over, but Erica leant back and lifted me from the ground.

"I'm so sorry, Percy..." Her voice quivered softly as my vision began to fade.

Episode 4 - Abomination

I heard a scratching by my window that made me freeze. I turned slowly to see a certain blonde haired, sixteen year old girl grinning up at me. "Hey Perce." Erica said quietly, pulling herself through the window.

"You just came in through my window?" I asked dumbly, pulling my covers further up my body. "Why?"

Erica rolled her eyes and straightened her skirt, sauntering towards me. "Do you really think your uncle would let us be in your room on our own this late?"

"Why are you in my room?" I asked, slightly nervous.

"To apologize..." Erica threw her leather jacket on the floor and sat on my bed, flinging her long legs over my body and laying her head by mine.

"For what?" I asked.

Erica looked confused. "For choking you out!"

"Oh... But we're on opposite sides? You're supposed to do that."

Erica gasped. "What kind of stuff did you do in New York that makes you think that being knocked out by your girlfriend is normal?" Erica leant on her arm on the bed and propped her head on her hand.

"Capture the Flag mostly..." I responded without thinking.

"What? Wait!" Erica tensed. "Do your stairs creak?"

"Like a tiny bit, why?"

Erica shot off my bed and rolled underneath it seconds before Stiles opened my door.

"Hey Perce? I need you to take my jeep in, the brakes have been kinda loose lately, and I have a lot of homework to do that I know you won't do... So, pretty please can you take it in?" Stiles begged, even clasping his hands together and praying.

"If it means that much to you, then yeah, sure..." I jumped out of bed and ushered Stiles out of my room. I took one last look in my room and saw a mess of blonde hair whip past my window.

I groaned and threw my head back in frustration. I hadn't realized the jeep's check-up would last three hours. I threw myself up from my seat and stormed across to the mechanic who was hiding underneath the jeep.

"Hey! What's the hold up?" I demanded, holding my arms out in annoyance.

"Replacing your exhaust system..." The mechanic replied nonchalantly.

"But I only came in to get my brakes checked..."

"Don't worry, it'll only cost you like twelve hundred, for parts and labor." The mechanic smiled and went back to his mechanic-ing

I groaned and prayed to Hephaestus that I wasn't being ripped off. "Stiles is gonna kill me..." I moaned and slunk back to the waiting area to call Stiles and tell him the bad news. I grabbed the door handle and my hand slipped off it immediately, covered in a slimy clear residue.

"Fucking great, real sanitary..." I grumbled as I barged through the door. I wiped my hand on a cloth and threw it down angrily. I reached into my pocket and grabbed my phone to angrily text Erica about how annoyed I was.

But I couldn't.

My fingers felt numb and I could feel the muscles in my forearm relaxing. My phone slipped out of my hand as they began to tremble and shake. I looked over at the mechanic to angrily motion him to me and explain the lawsuit he was about to - A shadow moved. In the corner of my eye I saw a tail, long and slender, whip past the jeep. The mechanic carried on, oblivious.

"Hhhhhhhey..." I managed to garble as the poison invaded my vocal chords, relaxing them until I was mute. "Hhhhhhhey!" I slurred a little louder. I tried to step forward and bang on the window when my legs buckled and I stumbled onto the ground. My head rested against the floor and I could make out a tail flash against the mechanics neck. The mechanic stumbled to the ground,

lying on his back. There was a whirring sound as the jeep slowly started to descend, directly onto the mechanic!

I tried to wiggle forward to where my phone had fallen. I grunted, trying to get my muscles to respond and dial 911. I groaned as my finger shakily made its way to the nine.

I looked up to see the jeep nearly on top of the mechanic. I grimaced and closed my eyes as the jeep clanged to the ground and the mechanic's blood curdling scream was cut off.

I tentatively opened my eyes. The creature glared back, hateful venom in its putrid, slitted, yellow eyes. The creature's scales shimmered under the harsh overhead light. It hissed and darted away.

I panted for air and closed my eyes as my call to 911 got through.

"Nine one one, what's your emergency?"

The next twenty minutes flew by. The police stormed in and lifted me out of the waiting room and into the back of an ambulance. I vaguely remember Uncle Noah saying something about shock and my body shutting down. After a while of prodding by the paramedics, I found that I could feel them poking my left arm. At which point, Noah kicked them out and interrogated me.

"What happened?" He asked sternly.

"I got to the shop," I managed to slur. "And I talked to the guy about the jeep, then I went for a walk around the block whilst I waited and when I came back in, the guy..." I let my lie linger without finishing it, letting my uncle stew on his thoughts.

"Did you see anyone other than the mechanic?"

"No."

Noah laid his arm around my shoulder and pulled me close. "Listen kid, if you're worried that whoever you saw did this is gonna come after you -"

"I didn't see anything!" I assured the sheriff. "Please, I just want to go..."

Noah sighed. "Sure, but not in the jeep. We're gonna have to impound it."

"Stiles is gonna murder me!" I groaned, slinking into the rain.

I walked for a while, letting the rain drown me and wash away the image of the mechanic's crushed body from my brain. Brakes squeaked as Derek's black mustang rolled up beside me. The passenger side door burst open and Erica barrelled towards me, gripping me tightly in an

embrace and lifting me from the ground. Erica dragged me into the mustang and shoved me into the back seat before getting in herself. Derek tore away.

"You okay Perce?" Derek asked with what I'm sure I confused to be actual worry. "What happened in there?"

I swept my hand through my hair, flicking the soaked hair out of my face. I considered only telling them about the health violations so they wouldn't sense me lying about the creature. "Well..."

Erica shushed me. "Don't stress yourself Percy, we'll discuss it later. Right now we need to make sure you're safe."

"Okay Erica..." I looked, hollowly, hauntingly, out of the window.

I groaned as I walked through the school's corridors. I had about four hours of sleep the night before. After they picked me up, Erica and Derek took me to some freaky underground subway station base where Derek proceeded to kick the shit out of Isaac, Erica and Boyd. Erica tried to take Derek off guard by kissing him, before Derek slammed her on the ground and they both looked at me apologetically. I wasn't really too pissed about it, Annabeth had done it hundreds of times to stun her opponent, it was just seeing Erica do it made me uncomfortable. Erica, on the other hand, freaked out completely, apologizing profusely after her training, describing how she didn't know what came over her, she just wanted to take Derek down and kissing him was her first thought.

I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and sat down by Scott and Stiles on the stairs.

"Allison says, 'So sorry about the other day. I'm trying. We'll get through this, I know because I love you... I love you more than -' " Stiles started to gag and retch. "Please! Please find another way to communicate! I can't take this!"

"Come on!" Scott moaned, "You're the only one we can trust! Is she coming to the game tonight?" Scott asked hopefully.

"Yes... Message complete." Stiles let out a breath in relief, "Now tell me about your boss!"

"What's up with his boss?" My brow furrowed in confusion.

"He thinks Allison's family keeps like a record of all the things that they've hunted." Scott told us.

"Oh, like a bestiary?" Stiles and I said in unison.

Scott giggled. "I think you mean bestiality..." He snickered.

"No. No, I don't, you are weird for thinking that I was..." Stiles shuffled away from Scott slightly. "It's like an encyclopedia for mythical creatures."

"How do you two even know this!?" Scott complained.

"No reason... just know a lot about mythical creatures..." I said quickly, thinking about the times Annabeth had taught me about monsters from her bestiary.

Stiles looked at me suspiciously. "Okay..." He gave me a once over and turned to Scott. "You're one of my best friends, you're a werewolf, this kinda stuff is a priority of mine."

Scott sighed. "If we can find it, we can look through it and figure out what attacked Allison and Percy."

"And who it is." Stiles added, getting up from his step when Scott laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Stiles? Could you ask Allison about the bestiary?" Scott pleaded. Stiles nodded and looked over to me.

Realizing I'd be relaying messages all day, I quickly thought of a lie. "Um... I think Erica is calling me... Sorry, I gotta go..."

Scott's eyes darkened. "She's just manipulating you into taking the bite!"

I pretended not to hear and ran down the hall, hoping to find the blonde beauty that was my girlfriend.

I stayed with Erica and Boyd for the rest of the day, trying to ignore the angry glares from Allison and Scott, as well as Stiles' pitying stares. At lunch Erica pulled me down a dark corridor and into an unused classroom. Boyd was lying on a desk, staring up at the ceiling, where a triskele (That stupid swirling tattoo on the top of Derek's back) had been spray-painted badly onto the tiles.

"Why is it a triskele? All it means is three legged, why does Derek use it?" I asked, pulling up a chair and sitting down.

Erica looked unsure. "Derek said that it's different for werewolves, it's something about revenge." She said, sitting on a desk and opening her handbag to grab some chips.

"Dam, angsty... Who put it up there?" I asked, trying to create conversation.

Boyd raised his hand. "Me, not my best work, had to make a chair tower to get up there and it wasn't particularly stable so it looks kinda crude..." Boyd's deep, monotone voice didn't convey much emotion, but I could tell he was disappointed in himself.

"It's good! Really good..." I trailed off as Boyd raised an eyebrow at me. I shut up about the triskele and let Erica chatter about gossip until my phone buzzed. I unlocked the phone and read the message Stiles had sent me.

Stiles - We need you to come to the lacrosse game, we're breaking into Gerard's office to find the bestiary.

"What's a bestiary?" Erica asked, her head suddenly appearing over my shoulder.

I quickly shut my phone off. "Nothing! Stiles meant... bestiality... We're going to find some bestiality..." I shoved my phone into my pocket and started to edge my way towards the door.

Erica groaned. "Why!? You know that I know that you're lying, but you do it anyway!" Crossing her arms over her low cut tank top. "I'll let you off, but if I catch you by the principal's office, I'm going to have to bring you to Derek."

I nodded and ran out of the door, just in case she changed her mind and took me to Derek now.

What a weird relationship that I'm in...

The lacrosse game was a mess; I sat by Stiles, as far away from the action as possible because Erica and Boyd kept glancing at me to check I wasn't doing anything 'stupid' as Erica would describe it, Stiles was twitchy and nervous because he was constantly checking if Allison was ready to hand us the keys and finally, Beacon Hills was getting destroyed by one kid. Eddie 'The Abomination' Obomowitz had literally run through half of our team, sending players sprawling and begging to go home.

Behind me I heard Allison complain about the cold, letting Gerard wrap his coat around her. Allison coughed and I tapped Stiles to tell him it was our time to go. It was perfect timing, Allison had managed to get the keys just as Erica and Boyd went to buy food, meaning I was free to go. Allison stuck the keys through the guard rail and Stiles slipped them into his pocket subtly as we walked past.

After a couple of seconds walking naturally, we started to walk and then broke out into a run as people grew more sparse. We sprinted into the parking lot when Stiles stopped me suddenly. He pointed to a car with a redhead sobbing softly inside of it.

I smiled. "Go help her, I can do this on my own." I pushed him towards the car and ran towards the school.

"GO AWAY!" I heard Lydia shout in the distance.

Starting off well... I cringed, barging my way into the corridors, trying to ignore the shaking feeling I had that I was being watched.

I jumped up a flight of steps and slid right next to the principal's office. I slid the keys in, opened the door and immediately started rummaging around the drawers in the office. "Come on, where are you?" I muttered to myself. "Book, book, worn, shitty, leather bound book..." I mumbled as I opened another drawer. I texted Allison (Scott had insisted I have her phone number despite the fact she fucking shot me) that there was nothing in the office. My stomach churned and I paused, realizing someone was at the door. I glanced down and cringed as I recognized the boots, then cringed some more as I recognized the skinny jeans, then I sighed as I recognized the blonde hair falling past the figure's shoulders. Erica tapped her foot and scowled at me.

"When are you going to learn!?" Erica seethed as she dragged me down to the pool by my ear. "I told you! I even told you not to go or I'd take you to Derek!"

I muttered a few 'ows' in reply.

"Percy." Derek tutted. "You really need to start listening to her, you are going to get an earful tonight..." He shot me a pitying look before his eyes darkened, "Now since Erica stopped me from asking you yesterday, tell me everything you saw at the mechanic's last night."

"Well for starters, I walked in and hit my head on a door frame that was way too low, and then the mechanic started fixing things that..." I trailed off as Derek punctured a basketball he was holding, the air hissing out like a spitting cat. "Ah, that's why you brought that..."

"Please babe..." Erica sighed, "Just skip to the bits we need so I can take you home." She groaned.

I sighed and leant against a pillar. "The thing was, it was kinda slick looking, skin was dark, kinda scaly... Can I go?" I asked wearily. Derek and Erica said nothing, just looking above my head with an expression I couldn't understand. "What's up?" I asked. "Oh, okay this is some kind of tactic, okay... Its eyes were yellow, like a beta's but the thing, its were-like slitted... Lots of teeth... Hmm, what else? A tail! Big, long ass tail!" I concluded.

"Percy..." Erica said quietly, looking nervous.

"What? Have you seen it?" I asked. Erica rushed forward and tackled me to the ground just as long, whipping tail cut through the air. We hit the ground and Erica covered me. She yelped in pain and flinched suddenly, gripping the back of her neck. I flipped us over and picked her up as

she went loose in my arms. Derek managed to slash the beast, a tiny nick appearing on the reptilian's neck. The creature spat and hissed, whipping round and smacking Derek with its tail, sending Derek hurtling into the wall. Derek smashed his head into the tiles on impact and grimaced as he fell to his knees.

"Run!" He managed before he fell forward, unconscious.

I gripped Erica and stumbled around the pool. "Call Scott!" She screamed as her body flailed in my arms as I ran. I slipped my hand into my pocket to grab my phone but as I shifted I lost grip of Erica and she slipped into the pool. "Percy!" She screamed before the water cut her off. Immediately I threw my phone down and leapt into the water.

I let the water propel me to Erica, who lay motionless at the bottom of the deep end. I shot down to her, clutched my arms around her waist and shot back up again to the surface. Erica spluttered and spit water out of her mouth.

"Where'd it go!?" She coughed. I rested her head against my shoulder to keep her head above water. "Did you see it!?" She panicked.

"No." I responded flatly, searching the rafters above us for it.

"Do you think it's gone?" Erica panted, her eyes scrambling around the pool for an answer.

The creature's hiss reverberated around the room.

"No." I answered, pretending to tread water.

"I think we could make it out if we ran..." Erica managed to say through her rapid breaths.

"It's too fast, we'd never make it."

"Well, we need to get out of this pool before I drown!" Erica growled, growing more irate.

"You won't drown whilst I'm here, besides how can you be worried about drowning when that thing is prowling around?" I assured her calmly.

"Percy!" Erica snapped, "I don't know if you've noticed, but I am paralyzed from the neck down in EIGHT FEET OF WATER!" Erica shouted angrily.

I pursed my lips. "There's no need to shout, darling..."

"EIGHT FEET!"

"It's only seven feet, please don't be dramatic..."

"Get me out of here Percy!" Erica screamed.

"Fine! Fine!" I relented, "You're being very pushy today..."

Erica glared at me and I decided to start swimming towards the sides.

"Wait! Wait! Stop! It's over there!" Erica warned. A bunch of shadows in the corner started to shift as the creature slithered out of the darkness, prowling around the pool, hissing at us.

"What's it waiting for?" Erica asked, her breathing beginning to increase in pace again.

The creature padded towards the water, tentatively sticking its arm out. The creature swatted at the gentle waves, recoiling and spitting as it touched the water.

"It can't swim!" I grinned. "It's scared of water!"

"Percy..." Erica panted, "You won't be able to hold me much longer, drop me and go call Scott, he'll help!"

"No, I could probably hold you for a while, I'm quite comfortable actu-"

"No, don't be noble, you'll start to fade soon, drop me and call Scott! Don't worry, I can make it!" Erica ordered.

I sighed in frustration. "Hold your breath." I told Erica lazily. She took a deep breath and I let go of her. I sped to the side, grabbing my phone and kicking back to safety before the creature could even get halfway towards me. "That's right! You're in my domain now!" I taunted the creature, "Trust me, if it wasn't for all the questions I'd get hounded with, I'd blast the shit outta you with water!" I flicked my finger up at the creature and dialed Scott quickly.

After two buzzes, Scott picked up.

"Scott! Come -"

"Sorry, can't talk. Speak to you later!" Scott apologized hurriedly, disconnecting the call.

For fuck's sake!

I shoved my phone into my pocket, creating an air bubble around it as it entered the water and dived down to grab Erica. I grabbed her wrist and kicked off from the bottom of the pool, dragging her up to the top with me.

"Did... you... get him...?" Erica gasped for air.

"Not exactly..." I murmured.

The creature prowled around for a while before slinking back into the shadows. Erica and I floated in silence for a long time.

"So... Are you stopping over at mine tonight?" I asked casually.

"How are you so calm!? That thing is gonna kill us!" Erica asked incredulously as I adjusted her when she started slipping down.

"You get used to it to be honest, after like five years of this, you kinda get desensitized to it."

"Derek said Scott only got bit a couple of months ago?" Erica scrunched her eyebrows in confusion.

"Umm... Oh no, your hair!" I deflected, trying to calm Erica down.

Erica rolled her eyes. "Really? There's a lizard trying to kill us and you're distracted by the fact my hair is wet? Come on Perce, you've seen my hair more messed up than this last night!" Erica smirked, suddenly regaining her immaturity and confidence.

I smiled as my plan worked; Erica was calming down. I grinned and winked at her.

"Pig." Erica jokes. I felt my phone vibrating in my pocket.

Great timing Scott...

Suddenly Scott and Stiles burst through the door. Scott sprinted at the creature and tackled it to the ground. The creature kicked Scott into the air and scampered up the wall, whipping its tail around Stiles' foot and throwing him into a mirror just as Scott crashed back down to earth. I dragged Erica out of the pool and ran to Stiles, grabbing a shard of broken glass as I stood up to defend him. The creature charged and I raised the shard to it, light glinting off the glass. The creature stumbled and stared at the glass, almost scared of its reflection. The reptile hissed and darted away, scampering up the tiled walls and threw itself through the glass roof, sending shards raining down into the pool.

"Great..." I muttered, "Now I can't swim."

"We need to get out." Derek grunted, suddenly awake.

I picked up Erica bridal style and we all rushed out of the pool area and into the parking lot, Derek limping behind, holding his head. I sat on the hood of Derek's car and placed Erica beside me so she could lean on me for support as the paralysis wore off.

Derek roared and punched a bench over. "I should have known! A kanima! A fucking kanima!" He snarled.

"Wait! You knew?" Stiles accused angrily, looking up from the bestiary that Gerard had stored on a USB.

"No..." Derek moaned like a wounded animal, "I only realized when it was scared by its reflection..."

"It doesn't know who it is!" Scott's eyes widened, figuring it out.

"Or what it is..." Derek added, "I don't know much, just stories and rumors, nothing concrete..."

"Is it like you?" I asked, wrapping my arm around Erica, who was starting to shift slightly, regaining her movement.

Derek nodded. "Yes, a shapeshifter, but, it's different, it's..." Derek stopped, trying to think of a word.

"An abomination?" Stiles asked.

Derek nodded again and turned to leave. Stiles and Scott turned to do the same.

"Wait!" I yelled, stopping them. "This has to stop! We have to work together; this thing is faster and stronger than all of us!"

"He's right, maybe we should even tell the Argents?" Scott added.

"You trust *them*?" Derek spat.

"No! He doesn't!" I stepped in, clutching Erica tighter. "Nobody trusts anyone and that's the fucking problem! We can stand here and argue over who is in a pack, who's on who's side, whatever, it doesn't matter! The more time we waste, the more time that snakey fucker has to kill people!"

"Please Derek!" Erica pleaded, "We don't know anything about that... thing!"

Derek's nostrils flared and his eyes darkened scarily. "I know one thing. When I find it, I'm gonna kill it..."

Episode 5 - Venomous

"You know, I kinda miss the Erica that wasn't constantly trying to stuff her hand down my pants..." I breathed, falling back onto my bed. Erica let her muscles relax and she lay herself over my chest, drawing circles idly with her claws.

"Which Erica is this then?" She retorted, combing her mussed hair with her free hand.

"The old Erica, before the bite..."

Erica tensed. "I wanted to stuff my hand down your pants then too, for your information!" She huffed indignantly. "I was just too scared to."

I smiled softly, wrapping my arm around her and tracing my thumb over her shoulders. "So what was Derek's assignment then?"

Erica pressed her head into my chest. "I can't tell you..."

"What! I tell you my information all the time!" I complained weakly.

"That's because you know I'd beat the crap out of you if you didn't." Erica grinned down at me.

I tried to scowl but it quickly slid off my face, leaving me smiling dumbly. "Fine, I shall have to use my brains to pry the information out of you!" I declared dramatically.

Erica rolled her eyes lovingly. "Well when you find some brains, I'll tell you everything!" She joked. Erica slid her hands down my arms and landed on my wrists, pinning them to the mattress. "Ready for round four?" She smirked, swooping down for a kiss. I slid my head out of the way and Erica recoiled, confused.

"I figured out how I'm getting your info..." I stated proudly. Erica cocked her eyebrow. "No more sex until you tell me what Derek made you do!"

Erica chuckled and forced my hands back down.

"I'm serious!" I slipped my hand from her grip and flipped us over before I slid off the bed.

"Seems more like a punishment on yourself, Perce... Just sayin" Erica said nonchalantly, grabbing the duvet and covering her naked body.

It was my turn to roll my eyes now. "Erica... We've been together for just under a week and we've already had sex twenty three times, not once have I initiated it, I don't think I'm the one being punished here..." I smirked, grabbing my boxers and pulling them up my legs.

Erica glared at the boxers and fell back onto my pillow. "Fuck... Fine, I'll tell you, now get back into bed, it's breezy without you!"

"Not until you tell me." I demanded, pulling on a pair of pajama pants.

Erica flared her nostrils and pursed her lips angrily. "I brought Jackoff to Derek. Derek forced him to drink some of the kanima's venom, he said something about snakes being immune to their own venom, but Jackson got paralyzed so we can cross him off our list of potential lizards." Erica rambled off quickly.

I sat and pondered this for a while. "You're gonna test Lydia next aren't you?"

Erica gulped, and then nodded.

"And if she passes?" I asked.

"Then we have to kill her, Percy! She's dangerous! She's killing people, she tried to kill us!"

I shook my head. "We have to help her..."

"Percy! The more time we waste trying to fix her, the more time she has to kill people!"

"She's our friend!"

"She's your friend!" Erica hissed, "I want nothing to do with her, she ruined my life for the first year of high school!"

"That doesn't mean she deserves to die!" I hissed back.

Erica's eyes softened slightly. "That wasn't my..." Erica calmed herself. "If it's her, if she passes the test, then we have to stop her for good."

I mumbled to myself, slipping into bed and letting Erica curl herself around me.

"By the way, Isaac will be back in school tomorrow..." Erica whispered.

"What!?"

"I found like one thing online about a kanima and it was a were-jaguar from South America that went after murderers." Stiles muttered to Scott and I. "Of course I would have gotten way more research done if the sound of banging and squeaking from Percy's bed hadn't been clawing at my brain all night!" Stiles glared pointedly at me.

Scott grimaced and ignored the comment. "That thing wasn't a jaguar, Stiles." He pointed out, leading us down the corridors to Coach's class.

"And I'm not a murderer!" I added. "Most of the time..." I whispered into Stiles' ear menacingly, earning a chuckle.

"But you did see it kill someone, which is probably why it tried to kill you, and still wants to kill... It probably won't stop till you're dead....!" Scott carried on, lost in his own thoughts.

"Um..." Stiles and I wondered.

I felt a tug on my backpack. I whipped around to see Derek's pack standing awkwardly behind Erica. "Hey." She smiled, quietly playing with my shirt. "I have Physics now, but I'll see you in Chemistry." Erica pulled my head down to kiss me. She wrapped her arms around me and brought her mouth to my ear. "We test her in chemistry, you know what happens if she's the kanima, don't say anything, don't do anything, I'm warning you..." She growled into my ear before pecking my neck with a kiss and sauntering away down the corridor, her pack bodyguards following behind her.

"Is it impossible for me to have one normal thing in my life?" I groaned and walked into my classroom, slinking silently into my desk.

Jackson snuck in behind me and tapped my back, along with Stiles' and Scott's. "Hey! Testicle left and right and..."

"You didn't think of one for me, did you?" I smirked.

Jackson's eyelid twitches. "What the hell is a kanima?" He hissed, gritting his teeth.

We whipped around in shock before Coach slammed a book onto his desk.

"Alright, listen up!" He bellowed, "Quick warning before we begin our review, some of you, looking at you, Percy and McCall, may want to start your own study groups because tomorrow's midterm exam is so profoundly difficult... I'm not even sure I'd pass it! Anyway, I need a volunteer to answer the first question on the board... You!" Coach pointed at a random kid in the corner, who scurried up to the board.

"You three, especially you Percy, listen! Your girlfriend kidnapped me and Derek paralyzed me from the neck down!" Jackson gripped the desk tightly, "Do you have any idea how that feels!?"

"I am aware of the sensation..." I muttered.

"Why would Derek test you? Why would he think it was you?" Scott asked.

"How should I know?" Jackson snapped, looking at us like we were idiots.

I groaned, knowing what I was about to say would get me in trouble. "I think they're going after Lydia next..."

"How'd you know?" Stiles asked.

"Can't tell you..."

"Ah," Scott nodded sympathetically, "I understand..."

"It's gonna happen in chemistry, it's like the only class that Erica and Isaac have with Lydia." Jackson informed us, then leaning back in his seat, proud that he'd contributed something.

"Jackson!" Coach snapped. I scrunched my face and held my arms out in outrage. "Not you! The first name Jackson!" Coach clarified, still snapping though. "Do you have something you'd like to share with the class?" Coach swiveled back round to 'first name Jackson'.

"Only an undying admiration for my coach..."

Coach softened. "That's really kind of you... Now shut up!" Scott waited impatiently for Coach to write the next question on the board before grabbing me and whispering into my ear. "How do we know that thing isn't Lydia?"

"We don't... That's the scary bit, Scott..."

The rest of the lesson proceeded normally... As long as it includes Lydia freaking out and scribbling "HELP ME" on the board, backwards in perfect cursive as normal...

Maybe it wasn't so normal...

"It's okay Stiles, Derek won't kill her without proof." I reassured him, guiding my cousin into the chemistry lab.

"How are you so calm about this? Your girlfriend and her posse are trying to kill a teenage girl!" Scott hissed back.

"It's a complicated relationship, we'll figure it out after we fix the kanima issue..." I responded unhelpfully.

Stiles gave an irritated sigh. "Well, he's gonna test Lydia just like he did with Jackson right? And Jackson said it was gonna happen in this lesson..."

Somebody slapped my ass. I whipped around to see Erica smirking. "Come on lover boy, get to your seat." She grinned, taking my hand and leading me to our table. Scott and Stiles scrambled to sit by Lydia before Isaac did. Erica tapped my leg and leaned close to me. "Why are they freaking out, Percy?"

"Jackson may have mentioned something..." I replied smoothly, not technically lying to her.

"Why are you panicking?" Erica pushed.

"Einstein once said, 'Two things are infinite, the universe and human stupidity, and I'm not sure about the universe.'" Harris cut me off before I could get caught. "I, myself, have encountered infinite stupidity," Harris shot a look at Stiles and I, "So to combat the plague of ignorance in my class, you're going to combine efforts through a round of group experiments, let's see if two heads are, indeed, better than one..."

"They aren't, trust me, I've seen it..." I mumbled. Erica gave me a quizzical glance.

"Erica, you take the first station, you'll start with - " A torrent of raised hands cut Harris off and I felt a brief stab of jealousy spike through me before I regained my composure. "You will start with Percy." Harris finished, glancing down at me briefly. "Try not to poison Miss Reyes, would you Percy?" He added, ending the only, brief, moment that Harris had shown any kindness to me.

After a couple more announcements, we all filed over to our new stations and started our experiments.

"Look, Erica, however you're planning to test her, just wait. Just let me, Scott and Stiles talk to Derek and we can figure out a more humane way to deal with this..." I muttered, measuring out some weird smelling salts into a jar.

"I'm not happy about this, Percy, but if she's the thing killing people, then I can't stand by and watch her do it." Erica pleaded, leaning in close to me. "Please, you don't - What's that smell?" Her eyes narrowed. "I can smell perfume on you, and it's not mine!"

"What?" I asked, taken aback.

"That smells like Lydia's perfume..."

"Well she sat next to me at lunch -"

"How close?" Erica cut me off.

"Actually, she was really close, I was gonna talk to you about it when we -"

Erica shushed me and continued with the experiment, ignoring me when I tried to ask her what was wrong and muttering to herself. Harris smacked his bell and stopped the torment that was trying to get a straight answer out of Erica.

Erica slid away from the table and swapped with Isaac. Erica and Isaac muttered something to each other as they crossed paths that led to Isaac glaring at me when he sat down.

"What? What have I done now to annoy the big bad wolf, huh?" I snarled.

Isaac's lip curled angrily but he said nothing.

Great, another ten minutes of werewolf silent treatment.

"You know, if you hurt one strawberry blonde hair on Lydia's head, Stiles would turn you into a fur coat and give it to her as a birthday present!" I threatened, "Just a heads up..."

Isaac rolled his eyes. "She's a heartless bitch, Percy, even Stiles knows that! Is it that far of a stretch that she could be a murderous snake bitch on top of being a glamorous fake bitch?"

"You don't know that..."

"That's why we're testing her first, I thought Erica told you that, or did you forget that when Lydia was fawning over you at lunch?"

"What!?"

Ding!

Isaac flipped me the bird and slunk away to Lydia's table. I held my breath as he slid next to the Queen Bee of Beacon Hills. Stiles couldn't keep his composure as well as me and started to rise from his seat before Harris slapped him down. "If you are trying to test my patience, Mr Stilinski, I guarantee it'll be a failing grade..." He quipped.

Good line... I thought bitterly as my new partner slid next to me, a pretty girl with auburn hair and glasses. I forced a smile and tried to focus on my work instead of Erica, who was sitting behind me, staring daggers at the back of my head.

"What're you gonna do to her?" Allison growled, who was partnered with Erica.

I felt Erica's gaze leave. "The better question is what is she going to do with us? If she's the snake then she wouldn't hesitate to rip your face off if you let her." Erica snapped back. Erica's piercing gaze fell back on me for a second before she turned back to Allison. "Look Allison, about Scott... You're cute together, but I don't think you're going to last..."

"And why would that be? Planning on dumping Percy and taking Scott? Hmm?" Allison bit back harshly, making sure I could hear.

"No! I would never! He's a werewolf, your family hunts werewolves! It's not exactly a steady foundation for a relationship!" Erica spat hot headedly.

"Please, you're only dating Percy because you found a push up bra! If you hadn't taken the bite, you'd still be - Ah!"

Erica had obviously sunk her claws into Allison's leg or something. Serves her right... I thought angrily.

Ding!

"That's time! If you've catalyzed the reaction correctly, you should now be looking at a crystal." Harris drawled. I glanced over at Scott and Stiles poking the doughy mess in their beaker. "Now for the fun part, you can eat the crystal!" Harris put on an excited tone to mock us.

Lydia plucked her crystal from Isaac's tongs, it was dripping with kanima venom, and bit down on it.

"No!" Stiles cried, earning a few awkward glances. Lydia rolled her eyes at him and continued to tap her hands against the desk as Harris humiliated Stiles.

Fuck! She passed the test... She's the kanima...

I turned around to plead with Erica. 'I have to' she mouthed at me, never really being able to meet my eyes. She nodded her head subtly toward the window.

Derek was waiting outside...

"He's waiting outside for her, Derek, you saw right?" I asked, pulling Stiles, Scott and by proxy, Allison too, aside.

"Yup..." Scott's eyes were drowned in worry.

"Waiting to kill her?" Allison asked.

"Just a bit, yeah..." I mumbled.

"If he thinks she's the kanima, yeah." Scott said, "Especially after what happened at the pool..."

"It's not her!" Stiles insisted.

"Dude, she passed the test, nothing happened to her!" I lay a hand on Stiles' shoulder, "It's her..."

"No, it can't be!"

"It doesn't matter anyway!" Allison interrupted, "Derek think's it's her, which means that she's going to die!"

"We have to find a way to protect her." I ordered. "Derek won't do anything in school, it's after school we need to worry about..."

"What if we can convince him that she's not?" Allison ignored me.

"She passed the test!" I implored, "The best thing to do now is protect her and find a way to un-snake her!"

"Could we find anything in the bestiary?" Allison ignored me again.

"It's nine hundred pages long and in Archaic Latin!" Stiles exclaimed, "Pretty sure none of us can read that!"

"I think I know someone that could translate that..." Allison muttered.

"Who the fuck knows Archaic Latin in this school!?" I shouted. "We need to make a plan to protect her!"

Everyone ignored me.

"I could talk to Derek, I could convince him to give us a chance to prove it's not her." Scott, leant against the wall and scrunched his brow, thinking.

"She passed the test!" I cried, "It's her! How do we stop HER from being murdered!?"

"If anything happens, you need to let me handle it, you guys can't heal like I do." Scott told us, looking directly at Allison.

Allison rolled her eyes and started rooting around in her bag. "Don't worry, I can protect myself." Allison gripped something and whipped it out of the bag.

A crossbow... A fucking crossbow.

"What the fuck!" I dove behind a table and pulled my legs tight, "She's a fucking maniac!"

"Stop fooling around Percy!" Scott barked angrily.

"What do you mean!? She shot me! She shot you!" I cried in outrage. "This is fucking absurd! You're all running around trying to figure out how to convince Derek that Lydia isn't the kanima! That doesn't matter! We need to get her to safety! You two can fuck around with crossbows all you want, Stiles and I are gonna go and try to stop a girl being murdered!" I snarled.

I stormed out of the room angrily and Stiles followed. "Stiles, we collect Lydia and Jackson and we take them to our house, we say we're having a study group for the economics midterm. Your dad is on duty all night right?"

Stiles nodded.

"Good, we put the house on lockdown then" I ordered.

Stiles looked worried. "You're scary, when you're angry, dude..."

"I've been told, now come on!"

The plan went off without a hitch. We found Lydia and managed to convince Jackson to help us, we led her out of the school and drove away with no werewolf interaction.

I was worried out of my mind - my plans never work.

Stiles pulled up outside the Stilinski house where Stiles and I escorted Lydia to the property whilst Jackson swaggered behind us.

"Thanks for convincing her, Jackson, I mean it." I thanked him as he walked past me and through the door.

Jackson sneered. "I needed to talk to her anyway..."

I rolled my eyes and surveyed the area before closing the door. Stiles and I quickly latched and locked the door as much as we could, Stiles even propped a chair against the handle.

Lydia cleared her throat and stared at us in horror.

"Woah woah! You can't look at us like we're weirdos. There have been like ten murders in the past three months! The guy that bit you still hasn't been caught!" I said defensively. "Seriously, you guys need to start doing this!"

Jackson groaned. "Whatever, Lydia? Can I talk to you?" Jackson took Lydia's hand and led her upstairs as Stiles watched onwards solemnly.

I laid my hand on his shoulder and squeezed supportively. "Don't worry, Jackson's too far up his own ass to be trying to get back with her." I reassured him. "Now come on, we need to lock all the windows."

We milled around for a while, locking up and setting up defenses as Jackson and Lydia screamed at each other upstairs. We heard a knock and we froze. I crept forward and looked through the spy hole. It was just Allison and Scott. I threw away the chair and Stiles unlocked the door and greeted the couple. I lurked away. The couple were beginning to irritate me. I didn't trust Allison, especially not after she shot Scott and I, and Scott was being a complete hypocrite about me dating Erica - a member of the arrival pack, at the same time he was dating Allison - the daughter of a werewolf hunter.

"I guess it's different when Erica is actively running against you, unlike Allison, who was oblivious." Aphrodite argued in my head.

Until she wasn't oblivious and turned on Scott! Where have you been!? I snapped back internally.

"Watching..." Aphrodite whispered and I felt her presence disappear from my head.

"Peeeeeeericy?" Stiles clicked his fingers in front of my eyes. I blinked. "You okay? You've been staring at the door for half an hour, dude... Just thought I'd tell you, Derek's outside..."

I leapt out of my seat and peered out of the window.

Derek stared back, standing in front of his black mustang, flanking him was Isaac and Boyd, all three of them wearing black, leather jackets and grimaces. Erica huffed and sat on the hood of the car, waving at me half-heartedly. She had a leather jacket too.

"Scott? Can we all get matching leather jackets?" I asked.

"What?" Scott called back from the other room.

"Doesn't matter... It was a stupid idea anyway..." I grumbled to myself. Stiles cracked a grin but quickly got rid of it.

"What do we do?" Allison asked, fumbling with her crossbow, "They aren't here to scare us, they're here to kill Lydia!"

"Oh, so now we listen to Percy!" I muttered.

"I have an idea..." Stiles tried, "Maybe if you shoot one, they'll clear out. They don't think we'll fight, so if we do, they'll scatter!"

"Who do I shoot?" Allison urged, cocking her bow.

"Not Erica!" I forced, glaring at her.

"Go for Derek..." Scott said, "Try to hit him non-lethally."

Allison nodded and pulled the curtain back to shoot. "Guys! Isaac isn't out there!"

Pain shot through my back as Isaac ripped his claws through it. I fell to the floor and Scott immediately swung at Isaac. I managed to pick myself up.

"Allison, tell Lydia to stay put, I'll follow behind you! Stiles! Help Scott!" I ordered, running up the stairs after Allison.

Lydia poked her head out of my room, her eyes streaming with tears. "Get back!" I commanded, sending her back, "Hide in my bathroom and lock the door! Someone's trying to break in!"

I charged into my room and pushed Lydia into the bathroom. Allison pointed her crossbow at the window. "Percy! The window!"

My window was wide open with a slimy film over the top of it. "Fuck! The kanima's here!" I shouted down to Scott and Stiles.

My door shuddered as something smashed against it. I threw my body against the wood and pushed, preparing my body for the next impact. The next thud came and I felt my body become weightless as the door burst open, sending me flying into my bed.

Erica stood in the doorway menacingly. "It has to be done!" She pleaded, stepping into the room.

Allison raised her crossbow and aimed it at Erica's chest, a red dot lined up for her heart.

"Allison, no!" I yelled, limping back up and separating the two.

"She's trying to kill Lydia!" Allison screamed back.

"So you'll kill her instead!?" I snarled, making sure my body was in the way of the laser sight.

Allison hesitated and Erica leapt over me and sent Allison to the floor, her claws bared in bloodlust. I tackled Erica to the ground and gripped her arm. I heard a whipping sound behind me. Erica's wolfish, yellow eyes softened to her normal hazel and her muscles went limp.

"Shit..." She panted. I looked up to see a kanima venom laced, silver crossbow bolt sticking out of Erica's shoulder. Erica fell into my arms gracelessly.

"Allison! You could have hit her heart! You could have killed her!" I whimpered, staring at the prone body of my girlfriend.

"Their pack doesn't care about us! They don't care about Lydia! They don't care about you! All they want is power! She's manipulating you into taking the bite!" Allison sneered, "It's time you made a choice Percy, you're either with us, or you're with them. You can't play for both teams!"

"There are no teams! At least there shouldn't be! We need to focus on finding the kanima together because it's obviously not Lydia!" I snapped.

"Choose, Percy." Allison glared, reloading her crossbow.

I swore and lifted Erica up, cradling her head against my shoulder. "Then I choose them."

I barged past the shocked hunter and stormed downstairs, kneeling down and hauling Isaac over my shoulder. I walked out of the door and ignored Scott and Allison screaming at me to stop.

Stiles grabbed my arm lightly and looked up at me, his eyes filled with sadness.

"Tell Uncle Noah I'm sleeping at Erica's for a couple of nights, tell him she's going through some family issues." I nodded my head to my cousin and wished him good luck before I walked down the steps and set Erica and Lydia down in the backseats of Derek's mustang whilst Derek spouted some shit about Scott having his own pack.

Does that make me an Omega? I glanced down at my forearm and the trident tattoo on it. Faintly, underneath the ink, the pale omega shaped scarring rippled.

Hissing brought me from my thoughts. A scaly tail whipped around the roof of the Stilinski house and the kanima leapt from the building.

Lydia stumbled out of the front door moments later. "What the fuck is going on!?" She screamed.

"The kanima..." I muttered, "It's Jackson!"

Episode 6 - Satyr

Derek took off, running after the kanima immediately, throwing his keys in my general direction. Boyd scrambled into the car and I swung myself into the driver's seat.

Driving shouldn't be too hard... It's not like I need to read road signs or anything... I thought miserably.

I slammed my foot down and the car sped off. Boyd grimaced and gripped onto his seat as I swerved around the neighborhood, trying to find his house. "You know, Perce, you could just stop the car and I can walk home?" Boyd suggested feebly.

"Yeah... Yeah, that sounds good..." I mumbled, disappointed in myself and letting the car roll to a stop. Boyd gave a very quick goodbye and shot out the car, running down the street.

"Can I drive?" Isaac raised his hand, "I want to get back to the subway station, like, in one piece..."

I huffed and swapped places with him, grumbling even more when we got to Derek's place completely uninjured. I lifted Erica's paralyzed body from the car and slipped behind a door after Isaac, following him through the labyrinth of tunnels to Derek's lair.

I laid Erica down on a dilapidated sofa and let her head rest on my lap, playing with her hair as her paralysis wore off. Isaac walked over to us and threw me a soda. "She's pissed at you." Isaac mentioned nonchalantly, pulling up a stool and sipping his soda.

"Isaac!" Erica groaned.

"What? Why!?" I panicked.

"You didn't tell Lydia to piss off when she was all over you at lunch." Isaac continued casually.

"You aren't supposed to tell him this! He's supposed to figure it out himself, that's how it works!" Erica whined, refusing to look at me.

"The dude's a moron, Erica, do you really expect him to figure something as nuanced as that out?" Isaac chugged the last of his soda and threw it aimlessly at a subway car.

"I'm sorry?" I tried, very confused by the situation.

"Ugh fine, I'm sorry for freaking out too..." Erica said, managing to wiggle her toes.

"Were we fighting?" I asked. Isaac shrugged and got up for another soda. "So, I guess I'm with you guys now..."

"You don't have to sound so depressed about it..." Erica shot. "Think of all the extra time we have together now..." Erica winked up at me.

"You two better not be having sex on my bed!" Isaac called out from somewhere.

"He lives here!?"

Erica managed to nod. "Yup. Him and Derek."

"Gods, no wonder Isaac's a psychopath..." I wondered out loud.

"Heard that!" Isaac called out again.

The rest of the night played out pretty much the same. Eventually Erica regained full movement and all three of us ended up in sleeping bags, talking over a shitty tv that Derek managed to get cable on somehow. Isaac kicked Erica and I off his sofa and we found a new home on a sofa bed we found in a corner where Erica found her way into my sleeping bag and wrapped herself around my back, letting us fall asleep together.

Annabeth ran her hands through the tresses of her hair, panic etched into her eyes unlike the rest of her stone faced expression. She fumbled with her hands, twisting them around each other and fiddling with her father's college ring around her neck. Annabeth looked through her eyelashes up at me.

"Seaweed Brain..." She muttered, gazing up at me guiltily.

"What have you done?" I asked, unsure.

I glared at Annabeth, causing her to shy away and squirm. "I... Uh..." Annabeth stammered, stumbling over her words under my harsh gaze. "I'm leaving camp..."

"No, no you aren't... Chiron doesn't even trust you to shoot a bow, you barely leave this room from the sounds of it! There's no way you'd be allowed to leave!" I faltered for a second, more so trying to convince myself it was safer than picking apart her comment.

"Chiron doesn't know, no one will, except you and..."

"Kronos." I finished.

Annabeth fell to her knees and threw her head into her hands, laying her head on the ground and sobbing softly. Her tears stained the carpet and I actively fought my urge to dive down and console her.

"He visited last night..." She managed shakily between her body wracking sobs, "I was hoping you'd come, so I could apologize again but it was him... He wants me to find something, I don't know what, I don't think he wants me to know, but he wants it..."

"What remains of him..." I breathed.

"But it's okay!" Annabeth tried, staring up at me hopefully, her beautiful grey eyes were marred with red irritation. "After I get it, maybe he'll let me go... And... And then... Then I can come and find you!" She cried. "I'll find you and you'll understand then..." Annabeth's eyes glazed over. "I've tried apologizing, I've tried to remind him of the good times, I've even tried sex. I need to take things into my own hands..." Annabeth's mood shifted as she muttered to herself, her eye's gaining a crazed, golden glow.

"Annabeth... He's not going to let you go... You can't get that thing for him! It's obviously just going to make him more powerful! Please Annabeth, I know you aren't the best right now, but think! We've only just defeated him, we can't take him again!" I pleaded, kneeling down in front of her sobbing form.

Annabeth's eyes stopped leaking tears and shifted craftily. Annabeth took a deep breath and looked me in the eye. "Goodbye Percy. I love you. I'll find you, don't worry..."

"What?" I sputtered. I felt my stomach shift and churn like choppy seas as I felt my body being dragged back to California.

Perspiration dripped from my head as I threw myself out of my sleeping bag, stumbling around in the undercover subway. I held onto one of the large, dark wooden columns that held up the ceiling and caught my breath.

"Percy?" Derek called, stepping out of a subway car and I prowled towards me. I slid down the wall and rested my head in my hands, panting all the while, terror racking my body.

She's coming...

"Dream?" Derek asked simply, crouching down and laying his hand on my shoulder supportively. All I managed to do was nod. Derek gave a sad smile. "Same thing happens to Isaac sometimes, wakes up thinking he's stuck in that fucking box that his dad used to lock him in..." Derek got up and jogged back to his subway car, rooting around for something. "We're the same size if I remember." Derek threw some clothes at me. "Put them on and we'll go for a drive."

I looked down at the clothes he'd chosen. A pair of black jeans, a dark grey shirt and a dark leather jacket with a tiny triskele symbol on the chest above the heart. I undressed and shoved the clothes on, feeling very much like I was becoming part of a gang. Derek guided me back through the labyrinth of tunnels and passageways until we ended up outside in the dark alleyway where Isaac's father had been found mutilated, the kanima's claw marks ripping through his torso. Derek coughed, opened the passenger side door of his mustang and motioned for me to get in. I bowed my head and lowered myself into the car.

Derek swung into the driver's seat and slammed his door, slowly worming the car out of the back alleys. I stared out of the window at the few people walking around and the shops we passed, rain pattering against the window all the while.

"We need to talk, Percy." Derek's monotone voice broke the silence. "Why are you in Beacon Hills?"

I tensed up. "To escape from my old life..."

"Why?"

"Why do you need to know?" I shot back.

Derek raised an eyebrow. "Because you're with me now and I need to make sure you're okay. Whoever you're running from is obviously keeping you from sleeping."

"How do you know that?" I mumbled, not caring enough anymore to try and yell.

"Just sensed it, alpha's intuition is what mother used to call it..." Derek's emotionless gaze briefly flickered to grief before flicking back. "I don't want to bite you. I know that's what Scott thinks I want from you, but I don't."

I stared out of the window and watched the raindrops race down the window as I tried to not give any emotions away to Derek.

"I don't know what you are, but I know you don't need the bite." Derek added, rounding a corner. We sat in silence for a while longer, occasionally glancing curiously at the strange woman running around in crutches. "Erica really likes you..." Derek tried as a last resort to get a conversation out of me.

"Go on..." I said simply, turning to face him.

Derek sighed in relief and smiled. "I can smell it on her, I can smell it on you. You're good for each other." Derek grinned, being uncharacteristically cheery as we rolled into the alley again. "Just so you know... werewolves - especially female ones, can be 'territorial' about their mates, so... good luck with that..."

I didn't like people staring at me as I walked into school. Uncertain glances followed me everywhere as Erica, Isaac and Boyd paraded me around. Erica squeezed my hand and told me to 'keep looking tough' as we strolled down corridors casually and swaggered into class ten to fifteen minutes late. Erica enjoyed having me in the pack the most, sliding her hand into my

back pocket and flipping off girls that looked at me for too long whilst Isaac and Boyd snickered behind us whenever Erica snarled at a girl that made the foolish choice to wave at me.

Erica linked her arms around my neck and lifted herself up, wrapping her legs around my waist and captured my lips in a frantic, fervent kiss in the middle of the corridor. "Just thought I'd claim you as publicly as I can." Erica smirked up at me and dropped down, strutting off down the corridor to her class. I stood in shocked awe.

Isaac guffawed behind me and wrapped his arm around my shoulder, dragging me to math class. "Look to your right." He whispered to me between chuckles. I whipped my head round to see Allison, Scott, Stiles and Lydia staring at me wide eyed. "I'd say she was gloating to Lydia!" Isaac snickered, subtly pointing to Lydia's appalled face.

Isaac continued to snicker to himself randomly all throughout math class.

Erica sauntered towards us after math class, slinging her arm around me and slipping her hand into my pocket again, leading me to the desolate classroom that they had assumed control over. An easel had been placed in the corner of the room, which Boyd made a beeline for, as well as a small table in the middle of the room. Isaac and I pulled up chairs and sat down, cracking open the sodas we'd stashed from Derek's place. I closed my eyes and savored the fizzing taste of knockoff Coca-Cola. I felt a familiar weight fall into my lap and I opened my eyes to see Erica popping a chocolate in her mouth and wrapping her arm around my neck. Isaac smirked and rolled his eyes at her antics.

We sat and talked for a while, discussing Lacrosse, Swimming and Gymnastics because Erica had competed when she was little and why Jackson hadn't turned up for school today. Boyd painted quietly in the corner, generally ignoring us and focusing on his picture of the woods. Isaac and I were debating over Batman and whether or not he counted as a superhero when I felt something wet on my neck.

"Can I help you?" I asked Erica, who removed her lips from my neck. "What're you doing?"

"Trying to figure out where I'm gonna put your hickey tonight..." Erica said absentmindedly, tracing her fingers over the more sensitive parts of my neck.

"Please don't?"

Isaac burst out laughing again and slung his bag over his shoulder, getting ready for the last lesson of the day. Erica hopped off my lap and pulled me to my feet.

Erica laced her fingers through mine, her soft skin tickling the rough, calloused, war-torn skin of my palm. Humming to herself softly, Erica swings our arms gently, squeezing my hand

appreciatively and smiling up at me whilst Isaac and Boyd swaggered intimidatingly behind us, occasionally giving each other knowing grins. Erica's hazel eyes sparkled in March's soft sun, her mussed hair bouncing as we sauntered around the town, a gentle breeze washing over our skin.

"So does anyone have any news about Jackson?" I inquired as we walked, my shoulder brushing against Erica's periodically and sending volts down my arm every time it did.

"Wasn't in all day," Isaac grimaced, "Good for him really, I would've killed him if he'd had the nerve to turn up." He growled. Boyd and Erica nodded and grumbled in agreement.

A nervous shiver snaked down my spine. "You're all really into the whole killing thing, huh...?"

"It's for the greater good." Boyd voiced earnestly.

"Surely, the greatest good would be helping him?" I tried, playing with Erica's fingers nervously as we toured around the city.

"The bastard has killed like three people and apparently paralyzed a load of people at a club last night, he's beyond helping at this point, Percy..." Isaac assured me with a dark confidence.

"He's just like you! Allison mentioned something about the kanima being a social creature just like werewolves!" I tried to create empathy within the pack, "It wants a friend, it's probably just got a bad friend!" I awkwardly tried to twist the throw away comment Allison mentioned last night.

"Percy..." Erica squeezed my hand and gazed earnestly at me. "I looked into its eyes, that thing doesn't care about friendship, all it does is kill!"

I sighed and let the subject drop. I glared at the ground, staring angrily at my converse as they slapped against the sidewalk. Erica nudged me and traced her thumb over the back of my hand, drawing ticklish spirals on the skin. I smiled at the ground, happy for the contact. Erica nudged me again, nodding subtly across the road when I looked up at her.

A strange girl sat on a bench by herself, staring intently at me with a pair of crutches to the side of her. Her beanie stuck up from her curly hair, almost resting on the head instead of being pulled over it. Her dark, forest green eyes studied me, analyzing the way I walked, my hair, me in general as her nose twitched excitedly. My stomach began to churn and my heart hammered blood through my veins faster and faster as I began to panic, my breaths becoming short and shallow. The girl wore an oversized yellow parka over a thick orange hoodie. I struggled to see what logo the hoodie bore as the parka was zipped over the black blob.

"Is she wearing fur pants?" Isaac laughed incredulously. My stomach churned harder.

I hate the fucking mist sometimes.

"Your heart is going crazy! What's wrong!?" Erica gasped, pressing her hand onto my chest.

"She's just someone from New York, go to Derek's, I'll catch up..." I managed, glaring at the satyr across the road. The pack murmured and carried on walking as I stormed across the road. The satyr stumbled to her feet - hooves, I guess, and started to hobble quickly away from me, ducking through oncoming pedestrians and ignoring the crutches she'd left by her bench. I charged directly through the pedestrians, stalking angrily after the satyr; whose fake limp slipped away as she began to sprint, glancing behind her in a panicked frenzy. My converse slapped the ground harder and faster as I broke into a sprint after her, dashing forward and barrelling past mother's walking with their children and serious looking businessmen. The satyr let out a scared bray, grabbing around a pole and using it to whip her into an alley. I ducked into the alley after her, vaulting over trash cans she'd thrown behind her. The satyr scrambled to get over a wire mesh fence, struggling to get its hooves in-between the wires. I grabbed a furry leg and threw the satyr to the ground, quickly snatching the arm and wrenching it back.

"Name!?" I demanded. The satyr cried out in pain, writhing and struggling underneath me.

"Percy Jackson - Son of the sea! I have - "

"Name!" I roared, pushing her arm further back.

"Clover!" She warbled, hissing through her teeth as I twisted and manipulated the joints in her wrist.

"You speak of this to no one! You found nothing in California!" I barked, rage seething.

"The camp is sorry! Annabeth -"

I snapped the arm back, tearing the muscles in the shoulder so slightly that it would heal properly after a dozen months or so. "What did you find in California?" I asked, ripping her from the ground and throwing her against the wall.

"Nothing!" She blurted, nursing her shoulder.

"Good..." I muttered, walking out of the alley and sprinting to Derek's subway station, refusing to look back at the injured wreck I'd created. A quick pang of guilt shot through me.

"Percy?" Erica crooned softly, walking up to me and embracing me, "Are you okay?"

I nodded, letting her guide me underground where I let myself fall onto Isaac's sofa. Erica crawled next to me, wrapping my arm around her as she wormed her way closer to me. Derek

stormed out of the subway car, swearing and huffing under his breath as he paced around the station.

"Yes Isaac! I am fully aware of the full moon coming up!" Derek flung a chest open angrily and tossed a few chains into the air, as well as a large metal ring with nails sticking out of it.

"Looks comfortable..." Erica muttered sarcastically.

"You said you were gonna teach us to change whenever we wanted to." Isaac complained quietly, shuffling closer to Erica and I.

"There hasn't been time." Derek growled, bringing out even more chains.

"If you're locking us up on the full moon then you'll be alone against the Argent..." Isaac's brow furrowed, creasing with worry.

"They haven't found us yet!" Derek called, slinking back into his subway car.

"Yet!?" Erica yelped, "Derek, why don't we just forget about Jackson and the kanima, let's just focus on -"

"We can't!" Derek roared, "There was something about the way Gerard looked at it, at Jackson... He wasn't afraid... I don't know what he knows or what he's planning, but we have to stop it." Derek commanded our attention before fading into the shadows of his subway car.

"I don't know how you put up with him all the time..." I mumbled to Erica.

My phone buzzed in my pocket and I groaned, snatching it out of my jeans. A text message appeared on the screen.

I paused.

"What is it?" Erica asked, snuggling into my side.

"My uncle wants me to come to the station, Stiles and Scott kidnapped Jackson..."

Episode 7 - Restraint

I stormed into the police station, barging into the room where Scott and Stiles were being held, making them jump with fear as I slammed the door open.

"I leave you for one day and you kidnap someone!?" I leant against the wall, glaring accusingly at the pair; who were bent over, listening to a phone. "You better have at least found something out!"

"You know Allison said about it, wanting a friend? There was a translation error, it wants a master." Stiles hurriedly explained what had happened.

"Jackson doesn't even realize what he's doing, he probably doesn't realize someone's controlling him." Allison's voice crackled through the speaker phone.

"Or he doesn't remember?" Scott chimed in, running his hand over his face anxiously.

"A fugue state..." I wondered aloud, "That's what Lydia said she was in."

"He'd forget everything..." Stiles realized, "The murder, getting rid of the blood... But what about the video?"

"Someone, probably whoever is controlling him, must have tampered with it..." Scott added.

"And you're sure Jackson has no clue that he's doing all of this?" Allison asked.

"He still thinks he's becoming a werewolf, just that Lydia is somehow slowing the process." Stiles informed us all, his eyes darkening at the mention of Lydia's name.

"Do we try to convince him he's not?" I asked, sighing.

"I tried in the police van, he doesn't believe us, but feel free to try again..." Stiles grumbled.

"Do you think he'll talk to us?" Allison asked, *"After we kidnapped him?"*

Uncle Noah knocked on the door loudly, not waiting a second before charging in. "Sit! All of you!" He bellowed, Jackson's father stepping in quietly behind him, the same smug grin on his face that his spoiled, adoptive son wore.

"What about me?" I asked.

"Not you, obviously!" Noah snapped.

"Then, why did you say all of us?"

"Percy! Not the time!" The sheriff gritted his teeth as Stiles and Scott slunk into their seats solemnly. "Scott McCall, Stiles Stilinski, you are not to go within fifty feet of Jackson Whittemore. You will not speak to him, you will not approach him, you will not assault or harass him physically or psychologically." Noah droned emotionlessly, reading from a clipboard.

"What about school?" I asked for Stiles.

"They may attend classes whilst attempting to maintain a fifty foot distance." The sheriff nodded softly.

Stiles raised his hand and I immediately felt apprehensive. "What if we both have to use the bathroom at the same time and there's only two stalls available but they're right next to each other?" He asked, creating a ridiculously specific story in his head on the spot.

Uncle Noah glared.

"I'll just hold it..." Stiles backed down quickly.

"Does everybody understand the requirements?" Mr Whittemore asked through gritted teeth. Stiles and Scott nodded silently. The meeting ended quickly afterwards and Uncle Noah dragged Stiles into a separate room. I followed after, not really sure what to do.

"Do you understand how lucky we are that they aren't pressing charges?" Noah stressed, slamming his fist against a wall.

"It was just a joke!" Stiles rolled his eyes, "Humor is very subjective, Dad! There are several different layers of interpretation to this prank!" Stiles tried desperately to point out how kidnapping a teenager was funny.

"Stiles, how am I supposed to interpret the stolen prison transport van!?" Noah grimaced, thinking of the backlash he would face.

Stiles paused, not sure what to say. "We filled the tank?" He defended himself weakly. Uncle Noah left the room, not meeting his son's eyes. Melissa shouted at Scott; we could hear it through the walls.

"Why?" I sighed, questioning my cousin half-heartedly.

"Please Percy, I've already annoyed Dad today... How was your day being flaunted by Derek's pack? Because they sure as hell looked proud of themselves..."

"Allison shot Erica, Allison shot me and Scott before then, I can't keep walking around with her like she's fine..." I said honestly.

"Erica choked you out! She's actively working against us! How is that any different to what Allison did!?" Stiles asked incredulously.

"Erica choked me out because she had to! If Kate had five more minutes alone with Allison after she shot Scott. Scott would be six feet under with a bullet hole in his forehead." I spat, slamming my fist onto the table and glaring hatefully down at my feet.

Stiles sighed, seeing he wouldn't be able to convince me otherwise. "How is Erica?" He asked after a long pause, not being able to think of what to say.

"She's good." I replied simply. Stiles nodded and left to watch Scott and his mom fight.

"Erica!" I hissed, pointing angrily at the deep purple bruise on my neck, "What am I supposed to do about this!?"

Erica grinned proudly at her handiwork (Mouthiwork?) and pulled me out of Derek's car, dragging me towards the school with Isaac tailing after us. "I don't see the issue here?" Erica feigned confusion and smiled every time she thought I wasn't looking.

"I'm serious Erica! How am I supposed to hide this!?" I panicked, pretending to scratch my neck to cover the hickey as we walked into school. Erica scowled and grabbed my hand away from my neck and slipped hers into it, swinging it slightly as she showcased me through the corridors.

"You aren't supposed to cover it; I put it there for a reason!" She smirked, her amber eyes crinkling happily. "I saw a few girls eyeing you up yesterday; this is the only logical solution to the problem!" She nodded, trying to look earnest. I tried not to crack a smile and attempted, pitifully, to carry on being annoyed at her.

"So why weren't you at the subway station last night? You didn't answer your phone." I asked casually, popping up my collar to cover the purple skin. Erica's eyes darkened. She pulled me along into an empty classroom, ordering Isaac to stand guard outside the door. She slammed the door shut and slumped herself onto a chair, shaking slightly. I began to worry she was having a seizure before I realized she was crying. I immediately wrapped my arms around her.

We sat there for a while, with her sobbing into my shoulder. After a few sniffles and she wiped the running makeup from her face she began to explain what had happened.

"Before the bite, my mom and my dad were arguing a lot..." She managed, resting the side of her head on my torso whilst I squeezed her back supportively. "And then Dad moved out after a while, Mom cried a lot... I tried to stay away from her, she gets..." Erica's voice shut itself off.

"It's okay Erica." I said simply, hugging her tighter.

"Then Derek gave me the bite and I just wanted to start again; to be cool and popular, to get back at Lydia and Jackson... Mom saw me after I got bit... Percy, she said some really horrible things... I left, spent my time mostly with you or at the subway station," Erica broke down and took a second to compose herself. "Dad is gonna move back in, he texted me, he wants to try and patch things up with Mom..."

"That's good, right?" I questioned, my eyes deep set with worry.

"Yeah, I guess, it's just that... with everything going on, werewolves, kanimas, murders, enemies, you... It's all kinda just taken me off guard, I guess I just wanted someone to explain it to whose response won't be 'I dunno, kill them?' or 'Run away!', someone who'll listen... Thank you, by the way..." Erica added, straightening herself out.

"How come you never said anything?" I wondered, sort of hurt she hadn't come to me.

"I was just kind of ignoring it before the bite, I was so wrapped up in liking a guy that I kinda lost sight of my home falling apart... And then afterwards, I guess I was hoping it would leave? I don't know..." Erica sighed, reaching into her purse and grabbing a random assortment of makeup. "I don't know what's gonna happen now, I don't know if I'm gonna stay with you and the pack or whether my parents want me back..."

"It's up to you at the end of the day Erica, you're smart enough and resourceful enough to be living on your own right now, but don't you miss your parents?" I told her, finally letting go of my hug and stepping back to give her space.

"I... I don't know, my mom is... my mom..." Erica finished after a while, "And my dad was always out dealing with Jackson's parents, so I never really got close to him. Always kinda been alone before now..." Erica muttered to herself sadly, fiddling with her fingers glumly.

"Well, when I start living with Stiles again, you're more than welcome to move in!" I smiled, hoping that I could make her happy. "Wait, what did you say about your dad?" I realized it suddenly.

Erica's perfectly curved brow scrunched in confusion. "Yeah he was a lawyer on their case..."

"Does he know where to find them!?" I asked, getting excited. *This could be important!*

Erica smiled sadly. "I know where they are, they're like half a mile from here - Beacon Hills Cemetery."

"Oh shit..." I breathed, running my hands through my hair, "How'd they die?"

"Why does it matter, Percy? Why are you so interested?" Erica asked pointedly, thinking I was holding something over her head.

"I don't know, but I feel like it's important for the kanima, and Jackson. I just have a feeling in my gut that maybe we can cure him." I finished, opening the door to let my blonde bombshell girlfriend walk out. Erica told Isaac, who was still on guard duty, that he could go now and that she and I would be fine during our free period.

"We don't need to cure him, Percy, it'll take too long, he's dangerous!" Erica huffed, repeating her point to me again and again as we argued, walking down the corridors towards the locker rooms (Erica had lost a nice top or something there).

"Please Erica! Just because you had 'The Alpha Bite Makeover' doesn't mean you can go around killing people, destroying their lives!" I insisted as I followed her down the darker corridors.

Erica spun around, glaring harshly. "Why not? That's all Jackson and Lydia's little gang of populars used to do to me! They destroyed my life! I think I have more than enough reason to make their lives hell!" She seethed, "And it only got better when you were around, even then they laughed behind your back! 'Why would big, strong, handsome Percy Jackson be hanging around with that thing?', I'm sure they thought. 'How is he even noticing her?', they'd laugh. Percy? Hello?" Erica snapped her fingers in front of my face but I was distracted by the lack of pressure in the water pipes in the boys locker room, it was like they'd been ripped apart. Water began to trickle beneath the blue door to the locker room.

What the fuck is going on in there?

The door shot open with a bang as Scott was sent sailing through it and into the wall opposite, hitting his head painfully against the wall. Jackson stormed through the open frame and began to rain punches onto Scott. Erica and I barrelled into Jackson, sending him to the floor where we hoisted him up against the wall, stopping him from hitting Scott. Erica's fingernails began to discolor and grow into a wicked point as she held Jackson up.

"Don't!" I hissed at her. Erica scowled and let the claws retract.

"WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON!" Harris thundered down the hall, dragging Scott to his feet by the collar of his gaudy shirt. A few students like Matt, the weird camera guy and Stiles looked on at the carnage. Matt knelt down and looked at something. "What do you idiots think you're doing!?" Harris roared, "Both of you, in detention!" He screamed at Scott and Jackson before looking around at the rest of us. "All of you! In detention!" Harris snatched a tablet away from Matt who tried to protest.

"Wait, what!?" I argued, "Matt and Stiles didn't even do anything! Erica and I actively broke up the fight, why are we being punished!?"

Harris glared at me and pointed angrily with his newly acquired tablet. "Yeah, but you've probably done something recently..." He growled before stalking out of the corridor, leaving Matt, Stiles, Erica and I with a soggy werewolf, a girl in a boys locker room and Jackson half naked.

Erica and I walked into the library hand in hand, following Jackson, Allison and Matt, with Scott and Stiles behind us. We trudged to our seats, picking the ones next to each other and Scott and Stiles sat opposite to us, with the rest of our detention crew on the next table over. I felt Erica's hand snake up my thigh as she leaned towards me.

"This is where we first met..." She stated, looking around the place fondly.

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat. "Erica, why is your hand on my thigh?" I gulped nervously.

Erica smirked. "To fuck with you..." she sniggered, taking her hand off and slipping it into mine under the table. "But I am down for 'it' if you are?" She added in a sultry voice.

"I'm good..." I squeaked and Stiles cracked up slightly at the other end of the table.

"I can't be in detention with these two!" Jackson announced pretentiously, "I have a restraining order!"

Harris raised his eyebrow and glared at Scott and Stiles, motioning them to move to the next table. The pair grumbled and moved as slowly as possible.

"I've changed my mind, I'm gonna kill Jackson..." I growled at Erica quietly as Jackson leant back in his chair, a smug expression plastered onto his face.

Erica squeezed my hand. "Glad you're seeing things from my point of view." She smiled, half-jokingly. I stared over at the other table for a while, glaring at Jackson and Allison (who glared back). Matt had gotten his tablet back and was studying it intently. "Do you think it's him?" Erica asked me, "He's the master?"

"I dunno, the whole thing comes back to the camera right? Jackson sets it up, finds nothing but actually he's a murder snake. Matt 'finds' two hours of footage that went missing to throw us all off. I mean, he's the camera guy, it makes sense." I answered, explaining my thinking.

"But why kill Isaac's dad, the mechanic and one of the Argent's hunters? I thought the kanima only kills murderers from what you said Stiles found?"

"Yeah, but remember, in Stiles' story the bond gets strong enough that the priest dude can get the kanima to kill anyone. As for why... he's evil..." I tried.

Erica rolled her eyes. "And how do you know that?"

"Gut instinct mostly..." I replied weakly.

"Well, if we went off what your gut wanted, all of our dates would have been at McDonald's." Erica shot back, smirking at me whilst I played with the ring on her finger.

Jackson stood up abruptly, holding his head and staggering to the door as he mumbled something to Harris about his head. Harris instructed us not to leave and followed the murderous lacrosse star out of the library.

Scott and Stiles immediately shot back to their previous seats opposite Erica and I. Stiles immediately flew into telling me what I'd missed out since I left. "Right, Percy, listen. Allison got Lydia to translate the rest of the bestiary. We still don't know how to find out who the master is but we do know that the kanima should be a werewolf, there's just something in its past that makes it into a kanima instead, so we need to figure out what that is so we can resolve it and then boom! No more Jackson the Homicidal Lizard!"

"I might be able to help you... Well... Not me, Erica might." I shot Erica a pleading look.

Erica sighed and let go of my hand, reaching into her bag. "My dad was the insurance investigator for Jackson's real parents' car accident. Every time he sees Jackson drifting around in his stupid porsche, he makes some comment about the huge settlement he'll get when he's eighteen."

Stiles' jaw dropped. "So Jackson's rich now and he's getting richer when he's older?" He snarled. Erica nodded as she brought up a laptop from her bag. Stiles sighed. "There is something deeply fucked up about that..."

Erica opened the laptop up and powered it on, typing quicker than I could register, her fingers flying around the keys as I tried to read the words on the screen. "I'm trying to find the insurance report on my dad's inbox; He keeps everything." She explained to us, mainly me.

"Can Scott McCall, please report to the principal's office." Mrs Argent's voice crackled through the speakers above us. Scott's face drained of color and his eyes were wide with dread as he slunk out of the library, leaving Erica, Stiles and I.

Erica and Stiles poured over the emails as I frantically tried to keep up, all of us being so engrossed, we didn't notice Jackson, shakily, come back into the room. Erica pulled up an email that read:

Insurance Claim - Motor Vehicle Accident

Code 89343-7

Insurance investigator - J. Reyes with the city of Beacon Hills. Insurance account of report based on accident reports filed by Beacon Hills Sheriff Station and Beacon Hills Memorial Hospital.

A1. Deputies arrived at the accident scene at 9:13pm, June 14, 1995 on Route 23 past mile marker 2 of Old Deacon Rd, Beacon Hills, CA. The vehicle was traveling northbound at around 65 MPH.

B1. Based on tire marks found on the road, the vehicle swerved abruptly and the driver lost control of the vehicle.

B2. Two passengers, one male and one female were found in the vehicle and were transported to Beacon Hills Memorial Hospital.

C1. Passengers arrived to the hospital D.O A. Estimate time of death was 9:26 pm June 14, 1995

Erica relayed the information to me as I struggled to read with her and Stiles. "So the parents arrived dead on the fourteenth." Erica told me.

"But Jackson's birthday is the fifteenth?" I wondered, squinting at the email in confusion.

"Jackson was born by c-section; they pulled him out of his mother's dead body..." Stiles explained to me solemnly, sending a pitying glance towards Jackson. I grimaced at the thought of dragging a baby out of its mother's corpse.

I heard a zipper close behind me as Harris closed his bag, picking it up and striding to the door. Everyone scrambled to their feet and Harris laughed. "No, no. You misunderstand! I'm leaving, but you aren't until you finish reshelving these books!" The teacher gloated, patting the Gods sized pile of books beside him before cackling his way out of the door.

I stuck my middle finger up at him and picked up a large stack of books.

The reshelving wasn't exactly hard work, boring mostly, and it took forever because everyone was distracted; Scott, Allison and Stiles huddled in a corner discussing kanima things, Jackson and Matt slowly meandered around the library, not really doing anything and I was distracted because Erica thought it was funny when I got flustered, which is why she keeps dropping books so she can bend over and pick them up in front of me.

"This isn't funny Erica! There are cameras right there!" I nervously pointed out the white camera sweeping the room from its high perch. "We're never gonna get this finished if you keep picking up books like that!"

Erica rolled her eyes and turned around, taunting me. I groaned and decided to talk to Scott and Stiles.

"Was it an accident or not?" I heard Allison say as I rounded the corner to their spot.

"I dunno, the words all over the documents said inconclusive." Stiles shrugged, placing a book upon a shelf.

"So I think there's a chance Jackson's parents were murdered." I interrupted confidently, causing them to jump because they hadn't noticed me.

Allison sneered. "You made your choice, go get another hickey from your She-Wolf." She shooed me.

Stiles ignored her and welcomed me in with a nod. "If they were murdered then it falls in line with the kanima myth, to seek out and kill murderers..." He answered me and checked another book before stacking it somewhere.

"But is it murdering for Jackson or the master?" Scott asked, being very quiet. He ran his hands through his hair and sighed. "We have to tell him..." He muttered before walking off, presumably to talk to Jackson. Allison began to glare at me again so I gave up and decided to hang around with Erica again, chatting contently with her as we slid books onto various shelves, every now and again Erica would have to read the longer, harder titles that messed with my dyslexia for me so I knew where to shelve them.

A large smash broke our contentment as a light smashed into the ground.

Erica flung me behind her, standing guard over me. I rolled backwards and hit something cool to the touch. Jackson stared down at me disdainfully, his slitted eyes yellowing with murderous intent. He swung a scaling fist at me, whipping through the air as I scrambled out of the way. Erica grabbed me up by my collar and told me to run before charging at Jackson, blindly wailing on him with claws that he snaked around easily until he lashed out with his own claws, quickly and violently, slashing another slit on her neck. Jackson slunk into the shadows, his sickly yellow eyes mocked me with their lack of emotion as Erica staggered towards me, her golden wolfish eyes fading back into pained amber. She fell at my feet and I immediately cradled her head in my arms. I heard chalk scratching behind me. Jackson stood at a blackboard, his body limp other than his arm, which scratched jagged chalk letters onto the board.

STAY OUT OF MY WAY OR I'LL KILL ALL OF YOU!

Jackson glared at me and the others, which were hiding in the row in front of me, before jumping and scrambling through a small window up high on the wall.

Erica tensed in my arms, twitching and writhing and moaning as she began seizing. Erica grabbed my hand and kept it close to her chest as she bucked in my grip. Her eyes were wide with fear, her eyelids flicking down and back up periodically.

"Stiles! Help me get her to the hospital!" I ordered frantically. Stiles immediately slid next to me and hooked his arms beneath her.

"D - Derek." Erica slurred, her teeth clanging together. "Only to... Derek!"

"Fine, to Derek!" I decided, lifting her up with Stiles making sure she didn't writhe too much as we ran down the corridors and out into the car park, leaving Scott and Allison to deal with Matt who'd been paralyzed as well. Stiles flung the door to his jeep open and held Erica as I climbed over into the back seats. Stiles passed Erica over to me slowly and I laid her down gently onto the bench seats, positioning my body under hers so that she wouldn't jerk her head into the bare metal sides of the jeep. Stiles shot out of the car park and he sped down roads and through the city until he swerved into a familiar alley.

Derek ripped open the door of the jeep and slung Erica out of my lap and over his shoulder, gently avoiding hitting her as he brought her over the front seats. Stiles and I followed behind the alpha as he descended into his lair. Derek placed her down in the subway car, ordering me to keep her head up. I held her head in my arms as Derek analyzed what he should do with his writhing Beta.

"Why is she seizing? She didn't seize last time she got paralyzed!" I demanded to know.

"I - I don't know! Maybe the venom became more adept at attacking her nerves? I don't know!" Derek admitted, crouching down next to Erica.

"Is she dying!?" Stiles asked, panicked.

"I don't know, she might... Which is why this is gonna hurt..." Derek grabbed her arm and twisted it cruelly, breaking it. Erica's wails of pain stabbed through me and reverberated around the small car, her shrieks cracking and wavering and she desperately tried to kick Derek away. I closed my eyes and tried to blink away the pinprick tears in my eyes, slowing my rapidly rising breathing back down. "Hold her still, I need to get the venom out." Derek grimaced, wrenching down on the arm and squeezing out black puss mixed with vibrant red blood as Erica's hellish screams re-emerged with renewed suffering. I tentatively stroked my hand through Erica's hair in a desperate attempt to sooth her.

Derek stopped after there was no more black ooze coming out of the wound and stood up, grabbing Scott and leaving the car. Erica's breaths were shaky and ragged as the cells in her bones began melding back together. I held her tighter and kissed her head simply.

"I'm gonna help you stop him." I overheard Scott say confidently, "I'll join your pack and we can stop him together." I could almost smell the excitement coming off Derek. Scott continued. "But we do it my way, we're gonna catch him and cure him, not kill him..."

Episode 8 - Raving

A warm, glowing, orange heat washed over me.

I couldn't feel the biting cold, but it was pretty blatant that the dying, barren field that Annabeth was camped in was a little bit cool. Annabeth shivered, sitting on a log of wood she'd dragged over to her haphazardly made fire, a mess of twigs and leaves thrown in a circle with a stone ring around it, a far cry from the organized, efficient blazes of warmth and homeliness she'd been so adept at when we'd adventured together. Her breath steamed in front of her as she shuffled closer to her sad campfire. She tucked a lock of blonde curls into the hood of her coat that she pulled tight over her head, zipping the coat halfway over her thick sweater. She took her hands out of the warm safety of her coat pockets and swiped away a lonely ember from the spitting fire that landed on her skinny jeans, the sole orange fleck drifted through the air and faded in the mud by my feet.

Annabeth's sad, grey eyes scrutinized me and I shifted uncomfortably on my feet as she raked her eyes over my body.

"You've lost your tan..." She stated bluntly, her eyes narrowing. "I never noticed before... Maybe I was distracted... It was my first time seeing you in a while." She mumbled, almost to herself. "Your hair, it's not... It's tamer! You haven't been near the sea in a while, your hair isn't windswept or mussed up!" Annabeth leapt to her feet and stormed over to me.

I felt my legs beginning to tremble and I ran, my feet pounding in the mud. The soft, wet ground shifted and churned under my feet, slowing me down. The light, wet slaps of Annabeth's shoes as she sprinted after me which sent a scared tingle down my spine. My muscles ached as I tried to run against the invisible force pushing me back to the rabid blonde chasing after me. Annabeth tackled me to the ground, landing with a grunt on top of me, immediately forcing my hands to the ground and pinning them under her knees as she sat on my chest, just like when we'd spar back at camp. Annabeth tentatively ran her hands through the black mess of my hair and I shivered at the familiar touch.

Annabeth glared down at me. "Where are you? My Percy would never move to a place so far from the ocean!" Annabeth stuck her hand in my hair again, but almost recoiled. "What happened to you? You're Percy! Your hair is supposed to be rough and coarse... Why is it so smooth?" Annabeth glared at me accusingly.

I tried to power from under her, pushing against her bodyweight with my arms. Annabeth snapped forward and pushed my arms straight back to the muddy earth. I dug my fingers into the earth and tried to focus on the water in the ground so I could throw her off or gain the strength to flip us... but the water was completely unresponsive. I had no power in dreams...

Annabeth snarled and swept her hair back, tying it loosely into a ponytail. "Just tell me where you are Percy! I can deal with Kronos and come find you!"

"You think you can beat Kronos!?" I laughed. "We had an army! Three quarters of it was gone by the time he was done! How are you gonna beat him all on your own?"

"I have a plan..." Annabeth mumbled.

"So does he! A giant plan that you started when you were stupid enough to accept his help!"

"I'm not stupid!"

"You know I'm right! He's played you, Annabeth!" I snarled, "You'll do his quest and he'll throw you down to Tartarus without a thought!"

Annabeth softened. "We could make it... together... only together..." She breathed sadly. "I was desperate, but I'm fixing it, so then I can fix us. Don't you see that!?" Annabeth continued to glare bitterly down at me until I faded back to Beacon Hills.

Erica shook me awake. I sat up on the sofa bed and tried to regain my composure, ignoring the worried glances that Derek's pack shot at me.

"Percy? Are you okay?" Erica shuddered, laying her hand over mine.

"Yeah, just a weird dream..." I reassured her.

"You were thrashing, dude..." Isaac pointed out, motioning to the crumpled sheets that had been thrown over Erica and me.

"Guys, it's fine!" I insisted, getting out of bed and searching around the ground for a shirt of some sort to put on.

Erica caught my arm and pulled me back towards her, grabbing my hand. Her big, amber eyes narrowed in confusion as she inspected my hand. "Why is there mud under your fingernails? It's wet... Like it's fresh?" She raised a manicured eyebrow at me. "Did you go into the woods last night or something?"

My heart jumped and I gulped. "I haven't left this room..." I breathed, barely a whisper.

Derek stepped in between us and stopped the questioning. "Percy, Isaac, get ready, we're paying Scott a visit at work." The alpha ordered, throwing a black t-shirt at me and pointing to a pair of denim behind mine and Erica's sofa bed.

I flicked my sweaty fringe out of my eyes and sat down on the edge of the dark green cushions that Erica and I had been sleeping on for the past week. Erica rubbed her forearm behind me; her slender fingers glided over faint yellow bruises from where Derek had snapped the bone in her arm were fading slowly. I averted my eyes quickly, the memory of her harrowing, painful

cries scratching my brain. I made no eye contact with her as I changed into the clothes Derek had thrown, but I could feel her gaze piercing into me, her worried glances pricking at my core. I gave a half-hearted 'See you later' to her and Boyd and followed Derek and Isaac out of the underground hideout.

We sat in silence for the journey to the vet's where Scott and I had been nursed to health just over a month before and Scott was working at currently. I sat in the back playing with my fingers and occasionally reaching into my pocket to stare at Riptide in its pen form.

"What are you looking at?" Isaac peered over from the passenger's seat, staring awkwardly at the biro in my hand.

"My pen." I responded curtly.

"Oh..." He nodded, "Why?"

I sighed and casually began to roll the pen through my fingers, twirling and weaving it around my hands effortlessly. "It was a gift from my Dad." I responded after a while.

Isaac shot me a pitying glance and turned around, awkwardly staying silent, thinking he'd touched a nerve. I considered explaining that my Dad wasn't a deadbeat or whatever, but then I'd have to come up with a lie about me liking pens that Isaac would see through immediately.

Dam werewolves...

Derek rolled the car in front of 'Deaton's Veterinarian' and strolled up to the misty glass door, rapping his knuckles against it. There was the sound of shuffling in the back rooms before Scott popped his head out of the door. He scowled at us and let us in.

"What's he doing here?" He snarled, glaring at Isaac, who was subtly trying to hide behind Derek and I.

"Chill, Scott. Derek wants him here for a reason." I reassured Scott, smiling at him as I walked past him, opening up the tiny desk door thingy, so Derek, Scott and Isaac could get past. The werewolves flinched as they got near it.

Weird.

"I don't trust him." Scott pushed, throwing another shitty look over at Isaac.

"Trust me, the feeling is mutual..." Isaac muttered under his breath as he walked beside me. I elbowed his stomach and shot him a condescending stare.

"Can we focus!?" Derek growled. "Where's the Vet?" He asked Scott. "Is he gonna help us or not?"

"That depends..." Scott's boss moved out of the shadows and leant against the door frame. "Are we helping Jackson, or killing him?" He asked pointedly.

"Helping him." Scott said.

"Killing him." Derek said.

The two glared at each other, an unspoken, silent argument brewing behind their eyes.

"Hi, we're helping him..." I greeted the vet whilst Scott and Derek had their lovers quarrel. "Do you remember me? I'm Percy."

Deaton smiled. "I remember everyone who comes in here. You're Scott's friend who got shot carrying him away from the Argents."

I sighed. *Great, I'm remembered as that guy that got shot.*

Deaton guided us all into the back and started rooting through his cupboards, searching for something.

"You got shot?" Isaac asked me, shocked.

"I tend to get shot a lot..." I moaned, rubbing my hand over the two wounds in my thigh, one from a stray Argent bullet, and the other from an Argent arrow. *Thanks for that, Allison.*

Isaac shuffled away from me slightly. "Remind me to stay as far away from you as possible in a gunfight!" Isaac joked.

Scott rolled his eyes. "How's pack life then Perce?" He grilled me. Scott's eyes glinted gold with wolfish anger. "When are you coming back? Stiles really misses you..." He added in a much more somber tone.

"I don't know man, maybe when we deal with Jackson, maybe never. It depends when we start to work together, you, me and Stiles, together with Derek's pack." I answered honestly. "Who knows, maybe everyone will start to understand that we need each other if we want to survive past being a teenager when we deal with Jackson, I mean look at him! The dude has no one! And now he's a murdering snake thing! Without each other, without people to help us, you and every other werewolf in the world would be murdering psycho-wolves every full moon!"

Scott swallowed and let out a shaky breath.

"Without a pack, whether it's made of humans or wolves, we're no better than Jackson." I thought for a second. "Well, not me or Stiles, but you get my point, unity and all that..."

"And what about Allison?" Scott sighed, his warring thoughts evident in his shaky voice.

"You know how I feel about her Scott, there's no reason for us to argue over her."

"No." Scott implored, "I want to hear you out properly."

I took a second to think this through. "Okay... I just have a really bad feeling about her, in my gut, always have, and I know that's not much, but just look at what happened with Kate! Completely confirmed my gut feeling."

"That was my fault. I kept secrets from her, and her aunt was leading her down a dark path..." Scott argued, being calm and rational.

"She's sixteen, dude, she should know when the path she's going down is dark. And the whole keeping secrets thing? You were protecting her, don't put yourself down for that!"

"Well what about you and Erica? She choked you out! All Allison did was shoot me in the leg!" Scott countered. "She even stepped in when Kate was gonna shoot me!"

"Five more minutes. If Kate had five more minutes alone with Allison, you'd had a hole in your head! Erica was forced to stop me; Allison joined Kate because she wanted to. Because she wanted to stop you." I finished.

Scott bowed his head and leant on the stainless metal table. "Good talk..." He muttered.

Glass clinked as Deaton placed a bunch of vials of... stuff... on the table. Isaac's hand hovered, inching towards the small glasses before Derek slapped it away.

"Watch what you touch." He commanded his Beta, his eyes shining red for a second. Isaac recoiled before relaxing again.

"So what are you?" Isaac asked calmly, looking up at Deaton, who was fumbling around with the vials, "Like a witch or something?"

Deaton sighed and knelt over the table to look into Isaac's eyes. "I'm a veterinarian." Deaton regained his posture and waved his hand over the vials, directing our attention. "Unfortunately, I don't see anything here that's gonna be an effective defense against a paralytic toxin."

"At this point, we're open to anything." I admitted to the vet.

"What about an effective offense?" Isaac grinned savagely, tapping his claws on the table.

"No, we already tried." Derek butted in. "I nearly took the thing's head off, and Argent emptied an entire round of bullet's into it; it just gets back up." Derek growled in frustration.

Deaton paused, thinking. "Has it shown any weaknesses?"

"It can't swim." I beamed, proud that I had contributed.

"Does that go for Jackson as well?" Deaton asked, his eyes brightening.

"No." Scott cut us down. "He's the captain of the swim team."

"Used to be..." I muttered. "I got it last week — would have got it sooner but you have to be on the team for a certain amount of time before you're eligible."

Isaac nudged me. "Not helpful..." He whispered to me.

"It is, if you want to be captain of -"

I doubled over as Isaac hit me in the balls.

"Hmmm..." Deaton said wisely. "Essentially, you're trying to catch two people..." Deaton spun around and pulled some pendant from a drawer, laying it on the table for us to see. The pendant was a dark grey, sometimes looking shiny, sometimes looking dull and rocky. It showed a figure sitting above another, pulling strings attached to their back. Next to the puppeteer I thought I could make out a faint shape in the stony pendant.

A scythe.

"A puppet and a puppeteer..." Deaton explained dramatically. "There was a couple, a few nights ago now, they were ambushed in the woods, the boy was killed there, the girl died in hospital after giving birth. Jackson killed the boy, obviously, but the other had to take care of the wife. Do we know why?"

Scott shook his head. "I don't think Jackson could do it! His mother died pregnant, maybe even murdered! I don't think he could let it happen to someone else..."

"No..." Isaac muttered, staring intently at the pendant. "The kanima kills murderers, Jackson kills the wife, then the baby dies too."

"Does that mean your father was a murderer?" I asked Isaac, who shrugged casually.

"It wouldn't surprise me if he was..."

"Wait!" I realized, "This whole thing works on bonding, right? So maybe the fear of water comes from the master, not Jackson?"

Deaton's eyes widened and he grinned. "Which means that it works the other way around, something that affects the kanima..." Deaton picked a vial and sprinkled the dust around the pendant, "also affects the master..."

"Meaning?" Isaac asked.

"Meaning we can catch them!" I smiled. "Next time the kanima kills, we know the master will be there to make sure the job gets finished!"

Derek huffed. "So what's the plan?" He grunted, scowling around the room.

Deaton pointed to the strange, glittering black dust around the pendant. "Mountain ash, the tree is believed by many cultures to protect against the supernatural, my whole office is lined with it to keep creatures such as yourselves out. This will be Stiles' job, I think..." Deaton pondered.

My eyes flickered to the pendant and the dust surrounding it. "So this is what's gonna trap Jackson? And the master?"

"In theory..." Deaton confirmed my thinking, turning around and searching through his drawers again.

"So how in hell are we supposed to keep Jackson still enough to trap him?" Isaac butted in brashly.

Deaton turned around with a bottle of liquid. "Ketamine; get this in him in a large enough dosage and he should be out in less than thirty seconds." Deaton filled a syringe full of ketamine and handed it to Derek. "Find someone responsible in your gang of teenagers to sedate Jackson."

Derek looked at the syringe for a second before tossing it into Scott's hands.

"Oh my God! Percy! How did you put up with them!?" Isaac stormed into the spare classroom that the pack had taken over. "They're hopeless! They needed tickets for the rave and were trying to convince Danny to give them his by making him live in abstinence!"

"Do they have tickets now?" Erica asked, her head resting on my shoulder as she sat next to me. "Derek said they needed tickets for the plan to work."

Isaac looked appalled. "Obviously! Did you think I'd fuck it up or something?"

"Honestly?" Erica smirked, shuffling her body closer to me.

Isaac slumped down in his seat and pulled out his lunch. "Yeah, I got them tickets... But now I'm gonna have to write Greenberg an apology letter..."

Boyd crept towards us nervously from his painting, his breathing slightly irregular and his dark eyes even darker with worry. "So... one more time... What's the plan...?" He breathed.

My heart twanged with sympathy and I noticed that all the wolves in the room had a slight nervous glance behind their cocky visage. They were all just self-conscious teens; they shouldn't be dealing with plans to kidnap a half jock, half snake. Under his bravado and swagger, Isaac Lahey was still a scared, abused boy. Under his silent, intimidating persona, Vernon Boyd was still a timid loner, sitting on his own in a corner. Under the faux-confidence and twisted sex appeal, Erica was still the bullied, angry girl I'd fallen for originally. They'd been dragged into a world of running and fighting, fear and paranoia, power and the brutal, relentless, desperate people that chased after it.

The world I tried to leave behind.

I stood up and decided to take charge. "Stiles has done some digging and figured out that all the victims so far have been the same age and were all in the same class, him and Scott have narrowed down the next victim; some chick that's running a rave tonight. Do we all understand?" I asked. The pack nodded. "Scott will be in the rave, hopefully putting Jackson to sleep. Erica and I will also be in the rave under the guise of a first date, if Scott can't do it, that's where we come in. Stiles will be outside, surrounding the venue with mountain ash to trap Jackson and the master in, unfortunately that also means that all supernaturals will be trapped, so Erica and Scott will be stuck as well. You two-" I pointed toward Isaac and Boyd. "You will be with Derek outside as bodyguards, consider yourselves lucky; in theory you won't have to do anything all night but wait for us."

Boyd put his hand up tentatively. "Why in theory?" He asked anxiously.

I licked my lips. "We're like sixty percent sure that the hunters don't know that we're planning this... But then there's Allison..."

There was a collective murmuring between the three of them in realization. They all looked less scared now. Not, not scared, but less than before.

Erica stood up and linked her arm through mine, her heeled boots clacking on the tiled floor as she led me, Isaac and Boyd towards the door out onto the school field. The pack swaggered across the car park and out of the school with me being dragged helplessly by my girlfriend.

"We still have a period left?" I asked Erica, slipping my arm down and intertwining my hand with hers.

Erica smirked. "We have a first date, don't we?" She hummed happily, giggling at my dumb expression. "I wanna look good!" She joked, playing with my fingers as the shouts of the kids at school grew fainter. Erica practically skipped to her house, telling Isaac and Boyd to piss off so that she could coordinate mine and her outfits.

Erica's house was big.

Not like Rachel Elizabeth Dare's mansion that was essentially a palace, nor was it even as big as Lydia's house, but you could tell that Erica's dad (whether or not he lived in the house) made some serious money from Jackson's parent's case. Other than its size, it was pretty unremarkable; a large square of bricks with a front porch that jutted out slightly, a few windows in a tight uniformity that showed the inside to be pretty standard. The corners of the house had a dark brick pattern going up, stopping when they hit the roof, a large slope of grey tiling with a few windows into the attic room dotted around. Dark ivy crept up the sides of the brick walls, clinging to the guttering. To the side of the house, a large glass conservatory showed a long couch and a gigantic television with the long white tendrils of smashed glass snaking away from a large dent in the left of the screen.

"Mother seems to be in as good a mood as when I left..." Erica snarled and crouched down, silently running across the path to the garage and hid next to a wall under a window that I presumed was her room. I followed after her.

"You know, there's no cars out here or in the garage, there's probably no one in." I pointed out, pushing my back flush against the brick.

"There's still a chance, Perce..." Erica turned around, facing her back to me. "Grab on to me, I'm gonna climb up into my room. The window never locked properly."

Taking a big sigh and swallowing my integrity, I brought my arms around my five foot eight girlfriend (bearing in mind, I'm six foot) and held on for dear life as she flung herself up a brick wall, internally pissing myself as she did. Erica gripped onto the windowsill, easily swung her window open and deposited me inside her room before creeping in herself.

Erica's room was bland. White walls, white ceiling, white carpet, white covers on her bed, white drawers and wardrobes. The queen sized bed had a multitude of pillows stacked up at the top half and a grey blanket draped over the bottom. Surrounding the bed were two white drawers, completely covered in bottles of pills.

Erica swallowed nervously. "You see why I took the bite now?" she asked. I simply nodded.

Erica flung open her wardrobe and rooted through, tossing out jackets and shirts at me before turning round with two dresses; one short and red, the other shorter and black. Erica held the red one aloft.

"This one, I can wear with a jacket and I have a pair of heels that'll go well with it," Erica held up the other one. "This one, I have no jacket for it but it does make my ass look great. Thoughts?"

"Ummm?" I tried pathetically, attempting to know what to do. Erica gave me a small smile before turning around and deciding on the red dress (something about it matching what I was wearing), folding it nicely and putting it in her school bag along with a jacket and some heels.

"You know, I considered taking you to a rave for our actual first date." Erica told me as she scaled down the side of her house.

"The one I overslept?"

"Yup." Erica jumped to the ground, hitting the grass with a thud. "Thanks for that, by the way." She grinned.

We held hands as the sun began to set and walked to the dinghy rave where we'd hopefully not get murdered by; possible hunters, a giant snake or angry, intoxicated people.

Erica clutched herself to me closely and she swallowed nervously. "Holy shit..." She muttered to herself. I could just hear her voice over the gradual volume increase as we got closer to the rave. High octane, booming techno music shook the building and flashing lights sent shadows flickering all over the walls.

"You're one hundred percent sure that you'll be fine? You don't taste blood or anything?" I asked, squeezing her hand supportively as she shifted from side to side, anxious for her first party. She let out a quick breath and nodded, shoving our tickets into the bouncer's hand and leading me through the plastic streamer things covering the doorway.

The noise thrummed in my ears. A mass of people, all dancing, stomping their feet, girls flirting, guys whooping. I could barely keep track of faces; my senses were completely smothered by the sea of bodies. If a monster ever wanted to kill me, now would be the time.

Erica grinned up at me. "Oh my God! This is amazing!" She cheered over the banging noises that the DJ put on. Lights all around us shone on Erica's face, lighting her face blue, her amber eyes flashing red and orange, and the soft, blonde curls bounced green over her shoulders. The green haired beauty grabbed my hands and danced around me.

I tried to ignore the amount of rubbing going on and focused on the irregular beat of the music to calm little Percy down. "We need to find Scott!" I yelled, scanning the crowd for anyone with a crooked jawline, but my senses were completely overloaded and I felt myself being distracted constantly.

"What!?" Erica yelled back up at me, lacing her hands around my neck and turning her back to me. More rubbing commenced.

I leant down to Erica's ear. "We need to find Scott!" I told her.

Erica stopped dancing and pouted. "Come on Percy! We're at a rave! We can be normal teens!" Erica cheered again and laid her hands on my chest and began to jive and wiggle again, pulling my arms around her.

"We can focus on being normal another time, Scott needs us if he fucks up!" I insisted, forcing my hands from around her and took her hand in mine, leading her through the crowd.

Erica snatched her hand back. "No! What if there isn't a next time!?" Erica snapped back.

I ran my hand through my hair and sighed. "I'm not dealing with this now; someone's life is at stake!"

Erica's eyes softened. "Yeah, shit... kinda got lost in the moment there..." Erica made a move to come towards me when some dude snaked his arm around her waist.

"This prick giving you trouble?" The guy asked, pulling her close. The dude clearly worked out a lot, something he liked to show in his orange fake tan and a shirt that looked way too tight for him cutting off the blood supply to his biceps. Erica squirmed against him.

"We're fine actually..." Erica said, 'politely' pushing him away from her.

"Nah, looks like you were arguing, I'll sort this dicksniffer out and then I can cheer you up later, eh?" The guy smirked and grabbed her arm, whipping her back as he advanced towards me. I crouched low and prepared to counter the obvious left fist he was about to throw. I saw something flash in the air and hit the guy's neck. The 'roid monster in front of me crumpled down to the ground, behind him, Erica balanced herself easily on one foot, putting her heel back on. I grinned as Erica dragged me through a crowd of people, eventually finding Scott propped up against a wooden beam.

"We have an issue!" He burst as soon as we were close. "Allison told her parents, they know who Jackson is, and they're coming here!"

"Shit!" Erica hissed as I banged my head against the post. Scott threw a needle into my hand.

"You need to get Jackson! I have to go and make sure Argent doesn't fuck up our plan! You remember what Deaton said?"

"Something about intravee..." I struggled.

"Shove it into the vein in his neck, it'll work quicker!" Scott rushed, looking around nervously. "Be careful!"

Erica scoffed. "I doubt it'll even slightly hurt him..." she mumbled.

"I meant you..." Scott stopped her earnestly. "I don't want either of you getting hurt." He finished, rushing into the crowd. Erica paused for a second, before sniffing the air, and leading me through the crowd.

Hands and arms and feet hit us as we charged through. One girl had the bad luck to accidentally slap my ass and have the full force of Erica's wolfish, death glare. I felt perspiration running down my face as the dance floor got hotter and hotter, sweaty bodies bumping into each other and us. Erica stopped me with a hand and leant close to me so I could hear her over the thumping music. "Don't get jealous, be ready." She whispered mystically, planting a kiss on my neck before walking over to a guy in a grey and red shirt. I placed my hand over the lipstick stain on my neck and wondered what she was doing. Erica traced her arm around the guy's neck and turned him around to face her.

Jackson!

Erica turned and grinded against Jackson, planting kisses against his neck. I felt my jaw clench and heat rose in my face. Erica made contact with me and subtly gestured to Jackson. I walked confidently towards them, careful to not look suspicious, before plunging the needle into Jackson's neck quickly and injecting the ketamine into Jackson's bloodstream. Erica held Jackson's arms to his side for a few moments before he fell limp in her arms.

Slinging Jackson's arms over our shoulders, bustling through the crowd, apologizing for our friend who'd been 'experimenting' as Erica said to one guy as we pushed past him. We hauled Jackson up a flight of stairs into an empty room, a small square with corrugated iron for walls; it wouldn't hold up if Jackson woke up. I phoned Stiles whilst Erica frantically dumped Jackson into a chair, strapping his arms down with duct tape.

"Erica!"

"What!? This is how they do it in the movies!" She yelled back, panicked. She ran back into my arms and I held her tightly as she calmed herself down. "How are you so calm? This is so fucked! I just wanted no epilepsy and a boyfriend, and now I'm kidnapping my classmates!"

"I know this is the worst time to say I told you so..." I started. Erica glared up at me.

Bang! The door burst open and Stiles ran in. "Just me! Don't worry!" Stiles crouched next to Jackson. "Is he okay?"

"Let's find out." I threw a pencil at Jackson, whose hand whipped up and snatched it from the air before launching it like a dart into my arm. Pain shot through my arm and I subtly rested my hand against a leaky pipe, letting the cool water dribble over my fingers. The lead wormed its way out of the wound, clicking when it hit the floor. The small hole quickly knit itself back together.

"Okay! No one does anything like that!" Stiles demanded, backing away from Jackson and hiding behind Erica.

"The ketamine is supposed to knock him out!" I seethed.

"Well this is all we're getting! Care to file a complaint!?" Stiles asked sarcastically, pulling his face at me. "Let's just hope that whoever's controlling him is here tonight..."

Jackson's eyes snapped open. "I'm here. Right here with you."

We stood in a shocked silence, looking at each other, trying to think what to do.

"Jackson? Is that you?" Erica asked, stepping forward.

"Us. All here..." He replied, still looking off to the side blankly, his voice almost not his own.

"Are you the one killing people?" Erica asked him after looking to us for support.

"We are the ones bringing justice to murderers..." Jackson snapped quickly. Erica stumbled away from him.

"So everybody you've killed so far...?" Stiles started.

"Deserved it."

"We have a little rulebook that says you only go after murderers, is that true?" Stiles asked.

"Rules can break... anything breaks with enough pressure..." Jackson smiled sickly.

"So you're telling us that everybody you killed is a murderer?" I scoffed.

"All of them."

"Who did they murder?" Stiles cut in quickly.

"Me!" Jackson twitched.

"What!?" We all asked in confusion.

Jackson twitched again. His eyes yellowed and his pupils stretched themselves into slits. "They murdered me!" He roared.

Stiles tapped my leg as he backed away from the twitching beast. "Ketamine! Get this man more ketamine." Stiles hissed.

"There's no more!" I hissed back.

"You used it all!" Stiles spun around to glare at me.

"How do you think we got him this drowsy!?" I growled.

Jackson snarled and stood up. Stiles and I froze in fear.

I felt Erica grab my shirt and throw Stiles and I out of the room before rushing out herself. We threw ourselves in front of the door, pushing our whole weight onto it. Stiles grabbed a chair, hooking his foot around it and flicking it towards us before shoving the back of it under the door's handle, stopping Jackson from unlocking it. We backed away slowly.

"Okay, what -"

The kanima burst through the corrugated iron wall, ripping it like paper as he charged, slipping into the shadows of the rafters.

"We need to go tell Derek or Scott about this." I managed in my shock. I snaked my arm around Erica and grabbed Stiles' wrist, leading them out of the rave along with the masses of sweating dancers and partiers now that the music had stopped. The two walked limply beside me. I held the door open for Stiles as he stumbled out of it and into Derek's arms.

"What happened!?" Derek demanded.

Stiles stared dumbly at him. "Um... we kinda lost Jackson in there... but it's okay..." He stuttered pointing to the black line on the floor. I tried to help Erica to Stiles' jeep but every time we got close to the mountain ash, she repulsed and pulled against me. She was trapped.

Wait, Jackson's trapped too! And so is the master!

Stiles regained his energy, cheering madly for himself. "Guys! I did it right! I helped!" He whooped. "I did a thing!"

Derek's ears pricked up. "Scott!" He exclaimed, turning to Stiles. "Break it! Break the seal!" He demanded.

"Wait, what!?" Stiles gasped. "Why!? I just made this line!"

"Stiles! Scott's dying!" Derek roared.

"How do you know!?" Stiles tried to defend his trap. Derek glared at him and Stiles grumbled before making a parting action with his hands, sending the dust flying away. Derek flew past Erica and I, disappearing into the club.

Erica stepped over where the line was previously, finding she wasn't in pain now that Stiles had stopped his magic stuff. She ran to Derek's car, flinging the door open and getting in. I lay my hand on Stiles' shoulder.

"It was a good line..." I smiled.

"Even when I help... I fuck up..." Stiles sighed.

"I know the feeling." I held my cousin in a tight embrace before jogging back to Derek's car.

I heard crying as I got close.

Episode 9 - Party Guessed

I wandered the morning streets by myself, my converse slapping the grey pavement sadly as I meandered through the city. Erica had sobbed to herself all night. Ignoring me all the way to Derek's hangout, saying nothing as we all recounted what had happened at the rave. Hours later, I felt Erica slide under the covers next to me, cautiously wrapping her arm around my chest.

I grimaced down at the pavement. *These are all just kids...*

I felt something tug my shirt, pulling me into a dark alleyway. Erica forced my hands to the side before I could strike out.

"I'm leaving, Percy." She said simply, bowing her head.

"What?"

"Last night we put enough juice in Jackson to knock out a horse and he shrugged it off in minutes!" Erica exclaimed, "He was in complete control the whole time, he killed someone! He could have killed us!"

I placed my hand on Erica's shoulder and made sure to look deep into her amber eyes. "That's the sacrifice we make to make sure that innocent people don't die. Derek told you all the things

that being a werewolf does for you, it's not about that. With great power comes great responsibility." I told her honestly.

"First off, don't use spiderman stuff on me, secondly, I'm thinking about you!" She growled. "No more hero shit from you! The kanima is dangerous, it'll swipe through you like nothing! I promised I would protect you now that I can, and we need to leave!" Erica grabbed my wrist and pulled me.

"I'm fine here!" I protested, wrenching my hand away from her.

"No you aren't!" She hissed.

"What about the full moon!?" I thought quickly. "Without Derek, you'll rip me apart tonight, doesn't sound like protection to me."

Erica growled again, low and rumbling, her eyes glowed yellow. "Fine..." She relented, "I'll stay for the full moon, but as soon as the opportunity rises, I'm grabbing you and getting us out of here." She promised fiercely.

"And go where?" I challenged.

Erica's eyes softened. "Please Percy... I just..." Erica stumbled over her words and I felt my defensiveness fall with them.

It's not actually a bad idea...

"Okay." I said simply and pulled Erica into a hug. "We'll get you through your first full moon, Derek will know what to do, then we'll leave, run into the woods or something, we'll just keep running until we can't anymore, okay?"

"Sure..." Erica breathed, hot breath tingling on my neck.

"I'll write a note to Stiles, tell him not to worry. I'll try and contact... a few relatives... They might help us..." I added, careful with my words.

"They'll help us?" Erica asked incredulously. "Two runaway teens!?"

"They'll help us for sure after everything I've done for them..." I growled, almost to the clouds.

Erica flung herself into my chest, wrapping her arms tight around me. "I..." She tried, her voice breaking.

I squeezed her tightly, resting her head on my shoulder. "It's fine. We'll figure this out." I muttered forlornly. "Come on, Derek will want us at the station." Our fingers intertwined, we

walked towards Derek's secret hideout, slipping through the maze of corridors until we heard the sound of Scott and Derek arguing. The subway was as dingy as ever; Erica's attempts to 'make it less depressing, which had consisted of slapping on a single layer of paint before she got bored, had not worked. Great, dark, wooden pillars held up the mosaic roofing, an ornate picture of the moon in the sky (What a coincidence!).

"We need a new plan..." Derek sighed, "Because next time, we're gonna be too hurt to heal."

Scott huffed, following Derek into the subway car. "I get it... we can't save Jackson..." He gave in sadly.

"We can't kill him either..." Derek said, equally as depressed. "I've seen a lot of shit, Scott... Nothing like this, every new moon is just gonna make him stronger..."

"How do we stop him?" Scott asked desperately.

"I don't know." Derek said simply. "I don't even know if we can!"

"Maybe we should let the Argents handle it?" Scott pondered.

"No. I turned Jackson, I have to deal with this." Derek growled adamantly. "It's my fault..."

"Yeah, but you didn't turn him into... This!" Scott argued. "This happened because of something in his past!"

"That's a legend in a book, Scott!"

"Not every legend is fantasy." I piped in helpfully.

"It's not that simple, Scott." Derek ignored me.

"Why? What aren't you telling me? What aren't you telling us?" Scott accused, moving to stand with Erica and I.

"Why do you always think I'm keeping something from you!?" Derek bit back.

"Because you always are!" Scott pointed out.

"Maybe I'm doing it to protect you!"

"That's a stupid argument, in what situation does knowing less make you safer?" I thought about Annabeth and Chiron keeping my prophecy a secret from me, anger building in my chest. Erica must have heard my heart rate rising and quickly wrapped her arm around me. I exhaled slowly, trying to calm myself.

"That's rich coming from you, Percy." Derek muttered.

"Being part of a pack means no more secrets." Erica told Derek earnestly and I felt a pang of guilt flash through me.

Derek stared at the floor of the car. "Go and rest, all of you. Eat, sleep, heal. The full moon's coming... and with the way things are going... I have a feeling this is gonna be a rough one..."

Erica slipped her hand around my waist and led me out of the subway car. We collapsed onto the couch and sat in silence for a while whilst Isaac snored in the corner of the room and Derek and Scott argued some more.

"She's going to do something to us soon," Erica blurted out, "Allison I mean, I can sense it, it's weird."

"How? Like how you used to get an aura before a fit?"

"Exactly like that."

I shot to my feet. "You're probably about to have a fit then! Come on!" I panicked.

"No, no I won't, it's fine!" She insisted, smiling up at me before it slipped from her face again. "You know you had a gut feeling about her? And then she shot you?"

"Yeah?"

"It's kinda like that then, I just... she's going to do something soon." Erica grimaced.

"It's a good thing we're leaving then." I whispered, making sure Derek and Scott were too distracted with their squabbling to notice us.

I knocked on Stiles' door and walked in. "Hey." I said awkwardly.

Stiles spun around on his chair, his face bright and excited. "You're back! Are you staying here again!?" He asked quickly.

I smiled. "I don't know man, maybe, when this is all over." I felt horrible for lying to my cousin, but I couldn't let anyone know about Erica and me running away. "So, uh, what're you doing?"

Stiles' eyes dimmed and he slouched over his work again. "Stealing the police van lost Dad his job, ever since I've tried to figure out the trends, figure out who Jackson is going after, who's next..."

"Not going well?" I asked. Stiles nodded and I crouched next to him so that I could look at the books with him. A yearbook was thrown haphazardly onto the table, red crosses going through the pictures of the kanima's victims. "Gods Stiles, anyone would think you were the murderer!" I joked weakly.

There was a knock on the door. Uncle Noah smiled at me. "Erica doing better now?"

"Yeah, a bit, still a lot of issues that I'm helping her with though." I lied.

Noah nodded sadly before looking over at his son's desk. "Stiles? What're you doing?"

"Homework."

"It's spring break?" Noah squinted, "And you never do homework anyway... What're you really doing?"

Stiles paused. "Satisfying my curiosity." He said confidently, flicking through the pages of the yearbook. Noah sighed and closed the yearbook.

"We brou- the police brought in Harris this morning for questioning." Noah told him.

"Wait what? Why?" I asked, very confused.

"They're trying to warrant an arrest for the murders, all the victims so far were part of his class -"

"Not the girl at the rave!" Stiles burst out. "It can't be Harris!"

"Stiles, remember the couple in the trailer in the woods? They found tire tracks matching Harris' car there. Same car was seen at the hospital when the pregnant girl died, it's got a distinctive bumper sticker or something, I think it was an Einstein quote." Noah reeled of the information, crushing Stiles' spirit. "Which quote?" Stiles asked weakly.

"Something about imagination and knowledge, I dunno." Noah said coolly.

Stiles sighed. "Imagination is more important than knowledge... I saw the same car at the rave..." Stiles slammed his head on his desk.

"That means you're a witness, you're gonna have to give a statement."

"But the concert promoter! Kara! She wasn't in Harris' class, it doesn't match the pattern! Mr Lahey's murder doesn't fit the pattern!" Stiles groaned into the yearbook.

"It doesn't matter, the tire tracks put Harris at the scene of most of the crimes! You don't need to solve this for me, it's done!" Noah reassured his son.

"Who was the concert promoter?" I asked, remembering something.

"Kara Simmons, a couple years older than us." Stiles muttered dejectedly.

"Kara Simmons... Got a swim scholarship but got kicked out because of drug problems, used to be on our swim team, she was pretty good from the amount of trophies that year's swim team got." I remembered her name chiseled on a placard on a trophy in the main hall.

"How do you remember that?" Stiles asked, his brow furrowing intensely.

"My Da- Coach Reefer gave the swim team a talk about our futures and stuff, about scholarships and trying for the national team, stuff like that, he used Kara as an example of living a party lifestyle, that kinda thing..." I thought solemnly now, "Kinda creepy now she's dead... Wait, who else died?"

"Um, Sean Long and Michele Davidson? The couple." Uncle Noah informed me.

"Both had scholarships in swimming... Three is a pattern, right?"

Stiles immediately flicked through the yearbook, finding the page with the swim team on. Sure enough, all three were there, smiling up at us in their swimsuits alongside the mechanic that the kanima crushed and the Coach.

Coach Lahey.

"Derek!" I yelled, running into the station. "I think I've figured something out!"

The wolves stared silently back at me, crowded around a trunk that Derek had opened. Derek glared at me. "As I was saying..." He snarled, "There's a price you pay for this power, tonight, you're gonna try and kill everything in sight."

"I had my period last week, I should be fine!" Erica whispered to me, giggling. The rest of the wolves glared at us until we stopped snickering.

Derek held up a metal ring, rusty and heavy, with jagged nails hammered around its circumference. "This one's for you." He threatened, staring at Erica. "Come on, Percy and I will restrain you in the subway car." Derek stalked off to the cars, with Isaac and Boyd close behind.

Erica smirked up at me. "Restraining? Never knew you were into bondage." She joked. Erica took my wrist in her hand and led me to the rest of the pack.

"Erica! Here!" Derek ordered, pointing to a spot between two metal bars. Erica bowed her head and obeyed her alpha, scurrying to the spot. Derek fastened handcuffs around her wrists and to the bars either side of her, one of us being a lot more gentle when we did (Can you guess who?).

Boyd raised his hand tentatively. "And what if... hypothetically, we were to break free?"

"Oh, you'd go on a murderous rampage, probably starting with Percy, then me, then whoever the first person you see outside." Derek said nonchalantly, "Percy, hold Erica down."

I swallowed and moved behind Erica, sliding my arms under her armpits and holding her shoulders back, restricting her arm movement. Erica gave me a quick peck on the cheek before she turned her head back to Derek.

"So how come she's wearing the headband?" Isaac asked.

"She has a higher pain tolerance, but I have an extra one if you want it?" Derek asked earnestly.

Isaac shuffled away in his seat. "I'm good, thanks..."

Derek turned his attention to Erica again. "You ready?"

Erica muttered something under her breath and nodded. Derek brought the metal ring over her head, holding it to about mid forehead. The band creaked as Derek twisted the nails, grinding them across the metal band and closer to Erica's head. Erica gasped and tensed against me as the nail began to dig into her head. Erica groaned louder and louder, turning into thrashing and screaming that grated my ears. Derek kept twisting. Erica writhed and I struggled to keep her arms constrained. Boyd and Isaac ran toward me and held Erica's arms down as she screamed bloody murder. A crimson line snaked down her face, meandering down her forehead, racing down the left of her nose, nearly touching the nose stud she'd decided she wanted last week. The blood touched her lips and she snarled, pulling her lips back and gritting her teeth, coating the roots of her teeth in her own blood. I hugged her tightly, trying to calm her down and reciting breathing exercises I remembered from Mom and I visited one of Mom's friends who was having a baby. I faintly remember a nurse sitting with me and reading the pamphlets for me.

Derek stopped grinding the nail into my girlfriend's skull and Erica fell imply, held up by her handcuff. She panted, sending red spittle onto the rusting metal floor. "Come on, onto the next." Derek said calmly.

Boyd slunk into the opposite corner from Erica. Derek whipped out a pair of thick handcuffs and clamped them around Boyd's wrist, then clipped the other end to the bar. I copied this on the other hand. Derek and I wrapped a heavy chain around Boyd's chest and shoulders and bolted the ends to the floor, binding him in place. I reached into my pocket and placed a chewing gum in his mouth so he had something to do whilst we waited for the full moon.

Derek had already bound Isaac's hands behind his back so I began wrapping a chain around his torso and chained him down to the chair. Isaac snarled and snapped at me, before apologizing. "How do you not feel any of this?" He asked Derek, laying his head back.

Derek wrapped Isaac's legs together and fastened them to the chair leg. "I feel every second of it." He grunted back.

"Then how are you controlling it?" Isaac panted and closed his eyes.

"Find an anchor." Derek replied. "Something meaningful to you, binds yourself to it, keeps the human side in control... mostly..."

Hmm, so it's kinda like bathing in the Styx then?

"What's your anchor?" I asked Derek curiously.

Derek raised an eyebrow. "Anger. But it doesn't have to be that for everyone."

"Scott, you mean." Isaac corrected him.

"Yeah..." Derek sighed and finished fastening Isaac down. "That should do it..." Isaac lunged for Derek's neck, snapping his teeth together and struggling against his bonds.

"Let's hope it does..." I muttered over the snapping and snarling of the betas. Three pairs of yellow eyes followed Derek and I as we left the car.

"So what have you found?" Derek asked, leaning against a wooden beam and throwing his head in his hands.

"All the victims were on the swim team a couple years ago, coupled with the way the kanima reacted to the water..." I trailed off, waiting for Derek to fill in the blank.

"So whoever is controlling Jackson hates the swim team?"

"No, otherwise I'd be fucked. The master has a hatred for the swim team from like five years ago, so we think that maybe it was another teacher, maybe another student from back then..."

"Your chemistry teacher, Mr Harris, he was arrested to - "

"Stiles says it isn't him." I interrupted, "And Stiles is right most of the time, so..."

Derek sighed. "Have you gotten any news from them? Anything suspicious at the party?"

"Nothing yet." We stood for a long time, listening to the betas whining and thrashing against their bindings. "So... Anything interesting going on?" I tried to do small talk.

"I think I bit Allison's mom last night." Derek confessed.

"WHAT!?" I exclaimed, "And this wasn't brought up before because!?"

"It's not that big of a deal, all it means is one less Argent for us to deal with." Derek shrugged casually.

"What do you mean 'One less Argent'?"

"If an Argent gets bitten, they kill themselves before the next full moon." Derek explained like this was normal.

"Holy shit! We need to tell Allison!"

"What? Why? You hate her as much as me!"

"Yeah, but she deserves to be with her mother in her final moments!" I fumbled for my phone to call Scott and tell Allison to go home. The subway car began to shake violently. I shoved my phone back into my pocket and ran after Derek into the car. The betas screamed and shrieked, writhing and clawing as the moonlight swept over them.

"Yeah Percy, I agree, you should probably call Scott..." Derek whispered. Just as I was about to reach into my pocket I heard metal screech. I looked up to see Erica tearing the bars on the subways. She stumbled towards us, whipping the metal band off her head. "Also, I should mention, as her mate, she'll be trying to kill you first..." Derek muttered. "Run."

I turned to sprint out of the car, but something caught my foot, flinging me back. Erica had burst past Derek and grabbed me. I rolled over and over, ducking under a swipe from Boyd as he was loose now too. I stumbled to my feet, rolling my body under Boyd's slash to my neck and following with a swift hook to Boyd's head. I ducked down and tripped him by pulling his foot from under him. Boyd's head bounced nastily off the metal floor. Derek flew past me, landing with a crash against the curved wall. Erica, having just thrown Derek, charged towards me. I

tried to duck under her arm but she caught my collar, wrapping her fingers against my neck and threw me up against the wall.

She stared up at me as I began to suffocate, any familiarity to my Erica in her eyes had been drowned by a murderous rage. I spluttered as I felt her squeezing my windpipe in her powerful hands. I grasped her arm with my hands, crunched up and kicked her straight in the chest. Erica flew into Isaac, pulling his chains out as she did. The pair snarled up at me. Boyd and Derek punched and clawed each other at the end of the corridor, not bothering to block or dodge, just the two werewolves wailing on each other. Boyd snapped his bloody mouth towards Derek's neck but was cut off by a wild overhand hit from Derek, who was dripping blood onto the floor from a deep cut just above his eyebrow.

I snuck my hand into my pocket, wrapping my fingers around my sorely missed pen. I popped the cap off, and Riptide shot out, the leaf shaped bronze blade glittered in dim moonlight peeking through the cracks in the ceiling. "I'm sorry..." I muttered to Erica. They both shot towards me. I easily rolled through the two of them and whipped around, nicking Isaac's calf with the very tip of my blade.

Dam! I was aiming for the tendon in his ankle, I am so sloppy!

Isaac winced and fell into the wall. Erica whipped around to see me on my feet already, I quickly used the flat of my blade to smack her slashing arm down, grabbing it and pulling her close before unleashing my knee into her stomach. Erica doubled over and I pushed her into a bench, wrenching her arm back and handcuffing it to another bar. I quickly stepped back from her frenzied swipes and looked for Isaac. I saw a broken window and a shadow scuttling outside the car. I capped Riptide and threw it back into my pocket.

I ran forward and under Boyd's left hook to Derek's liver, which crumpled Derek over, I hooked my hands around the back of Boyd's knees, pulling them out from under him as I shoved my shoulders forward, sending Boyd crashing onto the metal floor. I postured up, sitting on Boyd's chest with my knee over one arm and my hand holding the other. I slammed my elbow into Boyd's nose, bone cracking the fragile cartilage. I brought my elbow down again just above his eye, possibly fracturing an orbital bone. Boyd fell limp and I scrambled to get the handcuffs, chaining him once again to the subway car. I stood up and stormed over to where Isaac stood, still hairy and wolf like, but with way less murderous intent in his eyes.

"Found your anchor?" I asked, panting slightly.

"Uh, yeah..."

"Thanks for helping then." I huffed.

"I was going to, and then you went like... I dunno! That was crazy!" Isaac's features shrank back into his normal face.

Derek groaned in the corner and stumbled to his feet, hopping over the half-hearted punch at his knee that Boyd threw. Derek wobbled over to us, clutching his right side, just under his rib. "Good work you two..." He managed.

"Two!?" I muttered in outrage.

"Sit down Isaac. I'll re-chain you, just in case. but you should be good now..." Derek hissed in pain as he crouched down to tie Isaac down. "So what was your anchor then?"

"My father..."

Derek sighed. "He used to lock you up in a freezer in the basement to punish you, right?"

"He didn't use to..." Isaac said with finality. Derek took the hint and motioned for me to come outside with him. I followed him silently.

Derek sighed and patted my shoulder. "I don't know what you are and I don't know if you'll tell me, but thank you, I don't think I could handle them by myself - Hey! Lydia! What're you doin' -"

I felt something hit my head.

I smelt burnt wood.

Could I be at the Hale house by any chance?

I opened my eyes to see Lydia staring blankly down at me. The house was still a wreck (What a surprise), with bits of wood thrown about and blackened walls surrounded me. Lydia glared at me before walking away and grabbing Derek's wrists, dragging him across the floor to a large hole in the floor.

"Lydia!" I barely croaked, yet still managed to wake up Derek.

"What the - Lydia!?" Derek managed, his voice just as weak as mine. "Lydia, stop!"

Lydia ignored us, throwing Derek's arm down the hole.

"Lydia, you don't know what you're doing." Derek warned her.

What is she doing?

Moonlight began to creep over the floorboards, stalking closer to the hole and eventually cascading into it. Derek howled in pain, writhing around like the betas were previously. Then he stopped, his eyes flashing alpha red.

"What's going - "

Peter Hale burst from the floorboards.

Episode 10 - Fury

"Percy!"

I gasped.

Scott and Stiles sat either side of my bed, looking down at me, eyes filled with concern.

"Lydia! Peter!" I stumbled over my words.

"Tell us later, Matt is controlling Jackson! We're going to tell Dad now!" Stiles hurried, pulling me out of the guest room (my room) in the Stilinski house. *Well, she may have given me a concussion and kidnapped me, but at least she's nice enough to bring me back to Stiles' house.* I thought bitterly.

"I thought it would be him!" I muttered to Scott as we raced down the steps to Uncle Noah's office, ripping open the doors to find him slumped over his desk, flicking through books and notes.

"Dad! We found the killer!" Stiles held up a yearbook with a red circle around Matt's picture. "Matthew Daehler; He's the killer!"

Uncle Noah sighed. "No, he's not."

"Yes, he is!" Stiles insisted.

"Where's the evidence?" Noah drawled, running his hand through his hair.

"We don't have any yet, but he is the killer! Just let the police run through some transcripts and they'll find a connection somewhere!" Stiles persuaded.

"That's not how it works, you know that!" Noah groaned and rested his elbows on the desk and put his head in his hands. "Percy, Scott? Do you believe this?"

"Stiles is right about most things, I believe him." I replied simply and honestly.

Scott paused and thought of what to say. "It's hard to explain how we know, but we know it's him..." He tried.

"We think he must have taken Harris' car or something..." Stiles said, "He must have known that if a cop found tire tracks at one of the murders, and if enough of the victims were in Harris' class, then he could frame Harris!"

"Alright, fine." Noah grimaced "Let's say I believe you, what's his motive? Why does this kid want most of the swim team and the coach dead?"

"Isn't it obvious!?" Stiles exclaimed, "Our swim team sucks!"

"Woah, what!?" I roared. "I'm two swim meets away from bringing home a trophy!"

Stiles slumped. "No, I don't have a motive for him..." He conceded. "But Harris hasn't got one either!"

Noah pondered this for a second or two. "What do you need me to do?"

"We need to look at evidence." Scott butt in before Stiles got carried away.

"That would be at the station, where I no longer work..." Noah pointed out.

"Come on, trust me, they'll let you in!" Stiles insisted.

"Trust *you*?"

Stiles backpedaled. "Trust Scott...?"

Noah thought about this. "Scott, I trust..." He said slowly, grabbing his keys and leading us to his new sedan (He had to give the police cruiser back). We piled into the black car, sitting in silence as Noah drove to the police station. Noah led us through the station doors, laying his arm over the receptionist's desk casually.

"It's two in the morning?" She asked us, confused.

Noah nodded. "I know, trust me I wouldn't be here if it wasn't extremely important." Noah continued to sweet talk the receptionist.

"We'll look at the hospital stuff first." Stiles informed us, "All the murders were committed by Jackson apart from Jessica, the pregnant girl, who we can assume was killed by Matt because of the method of death being strangulation rather than mutilation." Stiles reasoned with us quietly. Scott and I nodded. "If he's at the hospital, someone must have seen him."

"Boys, follow me." Noah called suddenly, leading us through to the sheriff's office, what used to be his own. Stiles ran to the computer and brought up a selection of camera surveillance from the maternity ward of Beacon Hills Memorial Hospital on the twelfth of March, the day the pregnant girl died. We studied the grainy footage, finding nothing of significance. Uncle Noah sighed. "I don't know guys, there was a six car pileup that night, the hospital was jammed!"

"Let's just keep going, he had to pass one of these cameras to get to Jessica's room, he's gotta be on the footage somewhere!" Stiles insisted we go on. Suddenly, Scott lurched forward, pointing to a dark figure on the screen. "That's him!" That's Matt!" Stiles exclaimed.

"You sure? That's just the back of someone's head." Noah pressed, squinting at the screen.

"Yep! I sit behind him in History! He has a very distinct... cranium..." Stiles stumbled.

"You're kidding me, right?"

"Ugh fine, look at his jacket! How many people do you know who wear black leather jackets? Hmm?" Stiles crossed his arms like he'd settled the argument.

"Percy, Erica, Scott, Allison, you have one! Half the population have leather jackets!" Noah cried. "I'll switch to another camera, there must be a shot of him walking towards the camera!" Noah clicked something and the screen flickered over to another video.

Stiles pointed to the same dark figure. "See! There he is again!" Stiles bounced excitedly.

"You mean there's the back of his head again?" Noah corrected.

"Woah," I pointed to the screen. "He's talking to someone!"

Scott squinted. "It's... my mom!" Scott wrenched his phone out of his pocket immediately and called his mom. "Mom! March twelfth, you were talking to someone in the hospital! What did he want?" Scott demanded.

"Scott? You know how many people I deal with in a day?" Melissa's voice buzzed through the speakerphone.

"This one is sixteen, dark hair looks like a normal teenager." Scott clarified.

"He looks evil!" Stiles butted in.

"Scott, I've already talked to the police about this!"

"Hold on Mom, I'm sending you a photo of him." Scott grabbed the phone and took a photo of Matt's picture in the year book, sending it to his mom. "Do you recognize him?"

"Hell yeah, he was tracking mud all through the halls." Melissa seethed. *"Scott, what's going on?"*

"It's nothing Mom, I'll tell you later! Love you, bye!" Scott rushed, flicking his phone off.

Noah grabbed a file from under the desk, flicking through it. "We have shoe prints alongside the tire tracks in the woods near the trailer."

"And if they're Matt's then he's at the scene of three of the murders, the trailer, the hospital and the rave!" Stiles bounced excitedly again.

"Actually four," Noah added, "A credit card receipt for an oil change was signed by Matt at the garage where the mechanic was killed." Noah stood up, his eyes fiery.

"When?" I asked.

"Couple of hours before you got there..."

"One's an incident, two's a coincidence, and three's a pattern; what's four?" Stiles asked his father excitedly.

"Four's enough for a warrant." Noah beamed, "Scott, call your Mom back, see how quick she can get here. If I can get an official I.D., I can get a search warrant, Percy, Stiles, go to the front desk, tell them to let Scott's mom in when she arrives."

"Got it!" Stiles and I chorused, rushing towards the front desk.

But no one was there.

"Hello?" I called. Stiles slapped my arm and pointed down. There, in a pool of her own blood, lay the receptionist, deep gashes ripping open her torso. I heard a gun click behind me.

Matt shrugged and brought the gun up to Stiles' head.

"Move." He hissed, motioning with his gun. Stiles and I obeyed, shuffling back into the Sheriff's office.

Uncle Noah rose slowly from his seat. "Matt?" He tried cautiously, "It's Matt, right? Matt, whatever's going on, I guarantee there's a way for us to settle it without a gun..."

Matt cackled. "You're more right than you think!"

"You don't want to hurt people?" Noah asked, confused.

"Oh, no. There's many, many people that I want to hurt! You guys just aren't on the list! But I could be persuaded, like trying to dial for help on your cell phone like McCall is doing!" Matt pointed his gun at Scott, who sheepishly took his phone out of his pocket and put it on the desk. "The rest of you... Now!"

We all placed our phones on the desk before Matt made us march down to the cells, forcing Stiles to handcuff his dad to a bench. Stiles clipped the cuffs loosely around his father's wrists.

"Tighter!" Matt roared.

"Do what he says Stiles..." Noah reassured his son. Stiles grimaced and tightened the handcuffs. Matt forced us into a line and walked us back to the office in the world's scariest conga line.

As we walked past one corridor, I noticed another body bathed in blood. "Are you gonna fucking kill everyone in here!?" I cursed.

Matt laughed humorlessly. "No, that's what Jackson's for. I just think about killing them." Matt pushed the gun into my back and continued to walk us back to the office. "Delete the evidence." He ordered. We all set to work quickly, Scott and I grabbing files and shredding them whilst Stiles deleted the computer files. Matt sat smugly, with his gun resting on his lap, pointing it at us all the time.

"Deleted. Everything is gone. So Matt, since all the people you brutally murdered deserved it because they killed you first, whatever that means, we're good here, right? I'll get my dad, and we'll go. You can continue with your whole vengeance thing, enjoy the kanima!" Stiles ranted, resting on the desk. Matt looked at us blankly. Yellow headlights shone through the blinds as a vehicle rolled into the parking lot. I cringed at the timing.

"Sounds like your mom's here McCall." Matt grinned.

"Matt, don't do this! When she comes to the door I'll just tell her to leave, I'll tell her we didn't find anything!" Scott pleaded with the smirking psychopath. "Please Matt!"

The main door to the police station opened.

Matt chuckled to himself. "If you don't move... now... I'm gonna kill Stiles first, then your mother!"

"What about me?" I blurted out, immediately regretting it.

Matt snarled. "I'm gonna make you beg to die!"

I shut up.

Matt wagged his gun towards the door and Scott trudged toward it. "Please Matt..."

"Open. The. Door"

Scott tentatively swung the door open. Derek stood, towering over us. Relief flushed through me. "Thank the gods," I mumbled. Derek fell forward, slamming horribly into the ground, revealing the half-Jackson half-snake beast behind him. "Ah..." I groaned.

Matt knelt over the paralyzed alpha. "This?" Derek scoffed. "This is who's controlling the kanima? This kid?"

"Well Derek, not everyone's lucky enough to be a big bad werewolf!" Matt jeered. "Oh yeah, that's right! I've learned a few things lately! Werewolves, Hunters, Kanimas! This place is like a fucking Halloween party every full moon!"

"Yes, kanimas, that popular Halloween monster we'd all heard of before Jackson turned into one!" I sneered. "Don't pretend you knew what a kanima was before Jackson."

Matt's eye twitched. "And what are you then?"

"Just your friendly neighborhood Percy Jackson, at your service." I bowed low mockingly. I felt Jackson's claws rip through the skin at the back of my neck and I crumpled on top of Derek. "Fuck you motherfucker!" I insulted him intelligently.

"Get him off of me..." Derek growled.

"Oh Derek, it must feel horrible to be down there, all that power stripped away with a simple cut to the back of the neck." Matt smirked.

"Still got some teeth." Derek snarled. "Why don't you move a little closer and I can show you?"

The low thrum of another vehicle entering the parking lot rumbled around the room. This must be Scott's mom.

Matt grinned down at us. "Is that her?" He called to Scott. "Do as I tell you and she won't get hurt, I won't even let Jackson near her!"

"Scott! Don't listen to him!" Stiles was immediately paralyzed and sent to the floor next to Derek and I. Matt kicked me off of Derek and pressed his shoe into my neck, crushing my windpipe.

"Does this work as a better incentive!?" Matt glared at Scott, who immediately followed Matt outside to the front desk.

Jackson gripped Derek's wrists and dragged him behind the Sheriff's desk, all the while Derek snapping his teeth as if he could manage to bite anything. Jackson came back and flung Stiles behind the desk with no trouble. Jackson knelt over me, his slitted eyes staring unblinkingly at me. I mustered all the strength I could muster in my mouth and spat up at him. Jackson recoiled and threw me over the desk. I crashed into the wooden cabinet behind the desk and rolled next to Derek.

"You spit on him?" Stiles asked me from the other side of Derek.

"Mhm." I responded simply.

"Atta boy." Derek chuckled to himself.

CRACK!

The gunshot rang through the station. Melissa screamed and I could vaguely make out Uncle Noah shouting for us. After a while of muffled talking and shuffling steps, Matt and Scott stumbled through the door. Scott's green party shirt had a crimson circle in the center where he must have been shot.

"The evidence is gone." Scott pleaded. "Why don't you just go?"

"You think the evidence mattered that much? No, I want the book!" Matt demanded.

"What book?" Scott backed off, confused.

"The bestiary, you dense fuck!" Matt screamed, incensed. "And not just a few pages! The whole thing!"

"I don't have it! It's Gerard's!" Scott confessed. "What do you want it for anyway?"

"I need answers!"

"Answers to what!?"

"To this!" Matt pulled his shirt up. Across his side, dark kanima scales danced in the light. Scott gawked at the scales before doubling over, clutching his stomach. "Oh shut up, it doesn't hurt, you're healing now aren't you? And you're probably thinking about ways to explain this when it heals, without thinking about the incredible fact that you're healing in the first place!" Matt sneered. "When everyone else gets shot, they die, but not fucking you!"

"Depends where you get shot really, if you get shot in the arm then..." I started but Jackson glared at me, shutting me up sharply.

"Is that what happened to you? You got shot? Is that how you died?" Scott asked. Matt stopped and gulped.

"No." I said. "You drowned, didn't you?" I reasoned, thinking about Matt's hatred for the swim team.

Matt let out a breath and slammed his fist on the desk. "He shouldn't have let them drink..."

"Who?" Scott pressed him.

"No, it was Isaac's dad, right? He was the coach..." asked Matt. Matt paced around in circles.

"I didn't know it was happening... They'd just won state and Lahey's letting his favorites come over to have a couple drinks to celebrate... Who gives a shit that they're seventeen!"

"Why were you there Matt?" I asked, distracting him so that the toxin could wear off without him noticing.

"Isaac had this first edition Spider-Man, or Batman... It doesn't matter! I was gonna make a trade, but then I hear music and everyone's having a good time and then I see Sean and he throws Jessica in the pool and then Bennet goes in..." Matt reeled, ranting and panting.

"Bennet? The hunter?" Scott asked.

Matt nods slightly. "And then Camden, Isaac's jarhead brother..." He seethed. "He grabs me... He thinks it's funny, they're all laughing. And I knew what was coming but I screamed 'I don't know how to swim!' but nobody fucking listens! I go under and I swallow water and no one cares! I look around and see these bodies underwater, I see, Jessica's got her hands down Sean's boardshorts, Tucker's grabbing Kara and I'm drowning! And they do nothing! I'm dying and they're laughing! All of a sudden, I... I'm lying by the pool... And Lahey is right there, right above me and he says 'You tell no one! This, this is your fault! You don't know how to swim!? What little bastard doesn't know how to swim! You say nothing, you tell no one!' And the saddest thing is; I didn't... didn't tell anyone. I would see them at school and they wouldn't even look at me!" Matt's eyes began to glisten with tears. "I used to wake up at night, gasping for breath! My parent's thought I was an asthmatic, I even had an inhaler! They didn't know that every time I closed my eyes... I was drowning..."

I gulped, knowing I'd never experience this.

"You know that little white light you're supposed to see when you're about to die? I saw nothing!" Matt wept. "Just... darkness... For so long it was just dark, but then, Argent's funeral, and everything changed... I was taking some photos and out of the corner of my eye... who should I see but fucking Coach Lahey! And I look at him and I... I... I want him to die! Then the next day... He was!" Matt wiped the tears from his eyes, staring down at me. "You know, Einstein was right,

imagination is more powerful than knowledge... It... It was like something out of Greek mythology! Like the furies coming down to punish Orestes!"

"He killed his mom, that's why they went after him. He's one of Tantalus' grandkids, that guy is kind of a douche." I whispered to Stiles.

"The Furies are deities of vengeance! They brought justice to the unpunished! Jackson is my Fury!" Matt's eyes were wide and feral. "When I saw Jackson the next night, it was like this... bond had been cemented between the two of us. I knew he'd killed Lahey for me, and I knew he'd do it again, so I went to Tucker's garage, I even paid for an oil change! He didn't even recognise me! So I snapped a picture when he wasn't looking - A few hours later and he's dead... So I took more pictures, and Jackson, Jackson needs to look for more evidence." Matt pointed his gun at Scott's head, forcing him out of the room.

"Psst, Derek?" I whispered, "Do you know what's happening to Matt?"

Derek grunted. "The bestiary won't help him."

"Why not?" Stiles asked quietly.

"He broke the rules, the universe has to balance it out." Derek answered cryptically.

"Why? Because he's killing people that don't deserve it?"

"Because he killed someone himself." Derek replied. "The girl, Jessica."

"So Matt breaks the rules of the kanima, he becomes the kanima?" Stiles pondered to himself.

"Balance..." Derek hummed.

"Do you think he'll believe us if we tell him that?" I asked.

"Nope."

Stiles sighed, "He's gonna kill all of us when he gets that book, right?"

"Probably."

"So, what, are we just lying here until we die?" Stiles complained.

"I tried to distract him long enough for the toxin to wear off." I defended myself.

"I'm working on it." Derek mumbled. I managed to look down enough to see Derek pushing his claws into his legs.

"If I can trigger the healing process, it'll flush the toxin out..."

"Is it working?" I asked.

Derek smirked smugly. "I can move my toes."

Stiles groaned. "So can I."

The light cut out and I could hear the loud cracks of gunfire and the splintering wood as the bullets cut through it.

"Hunters are here..." I shouted to Derek and Stiles over the racket. Derek made a loud 'Mhm' noise in agreement. *Being paralyzed is quite irritating...* I decided wishing I could be diving behind cover or something. "Derek?" I called over the noise.

"Yeah?" He shouted back.

"Did you let the betas loose before you came here? Cuz, it might be a while before we get back." I worried about Erica.

"Don't worry, Percy, it's their first full moon, they won't wake up till three in the afternoon." Derek screamed as a bullet sailed over the desk.

"What about Isaac?" I screamed back, closing my eyes as a window smashed next to us.

"He's just lazy, he's not up till three on a good day."

"Why aren't you panicking!?" Stiles shrieked, wincing the best he could as a bullet ripped through the Sheriff's desk.

"What's the point? Not like we can do anything." I shrugged as I regained the feeling in my shoulders.

Scott barged in through the door, relief filling his eyes as he saw we were okay. Scott raced to Stiles and lifted him over his shoulders. "Derek, stay with Percy!" He ordered before running out with Stiles.

"It won't be hard..." Derek grumbled as we both struggled to our feet, slowly regaining our ability to move. "Stick with me Percy, we'll get out of here together..." Derek managed, helping me to my feet. A quick flash of guilt struck me, knowing I was leaving as soon as I could with Erica. I heard Uncle Noah's pained yells. I gave Derek a look, to which he nodded back. We took off running into the holding cells, Derek's face slowly morphing, becoming wolfish and aggressive. I heard cheering and then horrified screams mixed with a dull thud.

Derek and I ran in to see Matt standing over Uncle Noah with his gun in his hand. Noah's nose looked to be bleeding. I charged at Matt, slamming him against a cell that Melissa was held in. Melissa quickly grabbed Matt's arms and I took the opportunity to beat the shit out of him, delivering swift elbows and hard punches to his smarmy face. Melissa let go and Matt slumped to the ground. Derek sailed past me, hitting the wall with a crunch. I ducked under the whip-like tail sailing towards my face and scurried into a corner. Derek roared and tackled the kanima to the ground before being kicked into the air by the snake. I ripped a bar off the wall and charged at the kanima, cracking the bar on its skull. The creature winced for a second before wrapping its tail around my leg and throwing me into a wall. The kanima scuttled towards me before Scott launched himself from nowhere, impaling the creature with his claws. The kanima fled, scrambling out of the door. I realized then that Matt had disappeared too.

Melissa screamed and I realized why quickly. Scott stood; his face fully morphed into a werewolf's, teeth bared and his face furry. Scott whimpered, "We'll talk about it later..." He muttered somberly before running out of the holding cells. Derek and I followed close behind.

I was about to call out to Scott before he stopped and began talking to a shadowy figure.

"What are you doing here! It wasn't supposed to happen like this!" He said, panicked. Derek and I exchanged confused looks as we hid behind a corner.

"Trust me, I am aware of that..." Gerard's deep voice rang through the hallway.

Scott! What the fuck are you up to!?

"I've done everything that you've asked of me; I'm part of Derek's pack, I've given you all the information you wanted, I told you Matt was controlling Jackson, I -"

"Then leave him to us!" Gerard reassured Scott. "Help your friends! Deal with your mother! Leave Matt and Jackson to me! Go!"

Scott nodded and picked something up off the ground, handing it to Gerard. "You dropped this..." Scott said innocently before running down the hall.

"Go!" Gerard insisted, stuffing the tiny box of pills into his coat pocket.

I looked down at the floor and noticed the blood from Matt's busted nose (You're welcome). I told Derek I was going to follow Gerard and ran after him and Matt. Gerard got into his car and sped down the road. I ran down the wet roads, Matt's blood was beginning to mix with the water on the roads so I dipped down, gliding my fingers over the damp road, sensing the blood in the water, gathered where Matt must be running and I charged on faster. I jumped over a narrow part of the river before it got too wide and continued to run until I saw the newly made wooden bridge.

Headlights flashed on and I saw Matt stunned by them. Gerard quickly punched Matt, sending him sprawling and rolling down the embankment. Gerard stumbled down after him, grabbing his collar and dragging him to the river. Matt kicked and screamed but the water silenced him as Gerard thrust his head under. Matt flails wildly, trying to hit the old man drowning him. I felt a hand on my shoulder just as I was about to jump in to save Matt from re-dying. I turned to see the newly reborn Peter Hale with a gloved finger across his lips.

Matt fell limp in the water.

Gerard waded out of the water and crouched down next to the bridge, looking intently underneath it. "No longer afraid of the water?" He asked.

The kanima hissed back.

"Well, you don't have to be afraid of anything anymore, my friend... not with me..." Gerard un-gloved his hand and spread his fingers out, pointing his palm to the beast.

The kanima prowled forward and placed his hand on Gerard's.

Episode 11 - Battlefield

The wind whipped around me, grabbing and clutching at my clothes, pulling me closer and closer to the jagged gash in the earth. Great, spiking rocks snaked down the sheer edge, with large stone pillars holding back the earth and rubble from collapsing in on each other, straining horribly as they did. Webs of cracks and weakness were covering the grey monoliths, and previously intricate carvings into the side of the pillars had cracked and plummeted down the cliffs, leaving rough, raw stone in their place.

Above that, more and more black stone surrounded me, with cliffs upon cliffs, climbing higher and higher above me until they met with the roof of the titanic cave. Shards of black obsidian and deep blue gems glinted, dotted around in the dark rocks. The icy winds seemed to flow through the walls of stone, piercing my skin, sending me stumbling closer and closer to earth.

I dared to look down again, squinting and hoping I could see to the bottom. I could roughly make out a thin line of chopping, golden waters, cascading and ripping through the weakened rock and pillars. What was a thin strip to me must have been wide and rough down there as the two mirroring cliffs of sheer rock must have been thirty meters wide from where I stood. A faint golden glow began to rise from the waters below, creeping up the jagged rocks and cracking pillars, filling the tears in the stone as the light grew stronger.

"Perseus." Kronos's crooked voice cracked through the whipping winds. "Your woman is coming." He cackled darkly. "Ah, but she is no longer yours is she? No matter how much she wishes for it. You mortals and your love for each other, it's a mockery!"

I tried to scream but no sound came out of my throat.

"Tell me Perseus, how much did it hurt? When you saw her with him? That hubristic grandson of mine, one of Zeus's if I remember. Anyway, did it hurt when your heart was being shredded with every chaste kiss they shared? Every embrace between them felt like a knife swiping through you, I hope. I hope this hurts you more. It's not even her fault!" Kronos bragged. "You ran from her, tearing your bond, stripping your Achilles curse from you as you did, and it was never her fault! I'll give you credit, Percy, you used my only weakness against me spectacularly, the Castellan boy was a travesty of a host and I'm sure I'll much prefer you, but the boy had one last good idea before he spoiled. To break you from your core. Not that stupid bitch of a spy, the whore couldn't do anything right, weak, down to her core. No, his idea was to break you with Annabeth. Of course, Luke was too stupid to use the plan immediately, and I'll admit I'd gotten cocky, reserving it for a Hail Mary, if you will. Weeks earlier we'd sent two of my brothers to kidnap Psyche. Eros was desperate for his whore back, but we made him suffer for a while, making him desperate. I should have done it then, but as I said, I was cocky, I waited, I waited for too long and the Castellan boy betrayed me. Fortunately I held enough power, enough influence to set off my contingency plan. We swore on the Styx that Eros could have his wife if he paid your camp a visit."

My breath hitched.

Kronos cackled. "You realize your mistake now! Eros shot his arrow through Annabeth, she fell fully in lust with the Zeus boy. We made Eros shoot every piece of scum in that camp but you, and when you saw the two together, you had no friends to fall to! So you fled! And whilst you did, your darling Wise-Girl fell, fell deep into madness, not on her own of course, she's stronger than she has any right to be, so Morpheus pulled at her brain for a couple of nights whilst she slept, sending her dreams of you, so many that when I reached out for her, she jumped at the chance to get her Seaweed Brain back!" Kronos mocked the weeping. "Oh, her Seaweed Brain, what a tragedy! It makes me sick how dependent you mortals are on each other."

Guilt and sorrow swept through me, a charging river of sadness crushing through my stomach. I fell to my knees and wept freely. Kronos cackled and mocked me as I did, but I didn't care anymore. I sunk down, slamming my head into the dirt.

Kronos won even after he lost.

THUNK!

I looked up to see a golden glow. A shining, yellow crescent blade buried deep into the rock, its curving, slender handle vibrated softly in the hands of a blonde girl with stormy grey eyes. The cliffs crunched, the already weak pillars buckled under the power of Kronos' scythe. I scrambled from the edge, racing towards Annabeth and catching her in my arms, tearing her away from the titanic weapon before it was swept up by the cascade of rock.

Kronos cackled the whole time, but the sound was drowned by the cliffs slamming together, sealing Kronos in Tartarus. As the rock settled, the golden glow of the scythe faded, eventually crumbling into dust over the rocks. We stared in shock for a while, panting and slumping down on the floor as we took in the scene.

"Not my best plan, but still, I always have a plan." Annabeth wheezed, laying her head back on the dirt.

I said nothing, Kronos still holding my tongue in spirit.

A faint whisper echoed through the cave, deafening against the silence now the roaring winds had stopped. "Beacon Hills, California." Kronos hissed, before the words were dragged down into Tartarus with him.

The crazed glint in Annabeth's eyes returned as she turned her head slowly towards me. She giggled horribly before abruptly stopping and crawling towards me. I sat frozen, drenched in fear. Annabeth placed her hand on mine, her fingers cold to the bone.

"I love you, Seaweed Brain..." She purred.

I ripped my covers off of my bed and darted out of my bed, throwing a viscous punch that smashed through the wardrobe door. I paced around the Stilinski house, nursing my hand whilst I aimlessly wandered up and down the stairs, trying to find something to distract myself with. I wanted desperately to go out and wander the streets, but Derek had ordered the pack to stay undercover after he'd let the betas free. The hunters were closing in on us. I glanced outside the window, it was nearly light, the dull orange glow of the sun as it rose off the treeline taunted me. I'd been going all night, fighting the betas, watching Peter rise from the dead, finding the evidence against Matt, then fighting the kanima, then watching a murderer drown. And then I stumble into my head and find out that my cheating ex never cheated as well as the same crazy ex finding out where I live. I collapsed onto the sofa and thought back to where it had started...

I had been on patrol duty at night, I was drifting in and out of sleep next to Peleus, our resident guard dragon, when I heard a Dracaenae's screech. I rushed to my feet, fumbling around in my pocket to get my pen/sword. Sprinting up the hill was a short blond boy, his clothes drenched with sweat and riddled with cuts in the fabric. I picked up my shield and barked at him to get behind me, I twizzled the pen between my fingers before uncapping it. I approached the snake woman as my sword grew in my hand, her pupils darted between me and my sword, eyes widening as she realized which demigod she was dealing with. I had naturally grown a reputation in the monster ranks after killing off so many of their ranks. She hissed toward me, occasionally one of her two snake leg things would flick involuntarily making a thud on the ground. From the corner of my eye, I could see the boy flinch as the Dracaenae's nails elongated into claws. She swung wildly at me, catching me off guard but I just managed to bring my shield up in time. The snake woman screamed in pain as a few of the nails had come clean

out the nail bed. I took her moment of distraction to quickly slice through her stomach. Golden dust poured from the wound and spread from the wound to the rest of her body. Soon all that was left from her was a couple of nails and a pile of dust being scattered by the wind.

I turned to the boy behind me, placing a hand on his arm. "You okay?" I smiled to calm his nerves (something Annabeth told me to do)

His eyes narrowed and he whipped his arm out of my grasp. "I had it handled," he growled lowly.

He was a skinny boy, his tattered clothes hung loosely to his thin frame. His face could have been handsome if it weren't for the dark circles under his eyes, his cheekbones being too prominent for a healthy person to have, and the claw mark that went from his nose to his right earlobe.

"Well it doesn't look like you had it from the way you were running in fear" I responded icily, already sick of his attitude. He huffed and marched up the hill. I escorted him to the big house and woke Chiron to inform him of our newcomer.

To make a long story short from that point on he had proceeded to manipulate the campers against me by using his newly acquired son of Zeus title. This was nothing I wasn't used to, I had never been particularly popular in any of my classes at any of my ex schools, but it was strange to experience it from the camp, a place that had accepted so many people despite their race or sexuality or whatever. Jayden had made camp a bad place to put it simply.

The campers' hatred for me progressed from dirty glances to spreading rumors my 'friends' had fallen for, to eventually shoving me and at one point a gang of them had held me down and laughed as Jayden punched me.

Jayden's celestial bronze penknife had glittered in the summer sun. "Hold him down boys." He grimaced.

I felt a strong hand clamp down by my neck. I swung into action automatically, smashing the guy's nose with my elbow as I whipped it back. Another one of the Ares kids ran at me, his head down for a tackle. I steadied myself and caught his head under my arm, squeezing on his neck until he sputtered and I threw him onto the floor. I felt a sharp pain ripple across my back. I sank to the ground and looked up to see Jayden with a large branch in his hands, his face was scrunched up and glaring.

"You prick! They fought in a war for you!" He hissed, stomping on my ribs. His lackeys staggered up to their feet and nodded angrily in agreement, throwing me against a tree. Jayden ordered them to keep my arm out. I blacked out for a second after they thrust my head into the bark, but came to as an unimaginable pain erupted from my forearm. I tried to scream as Jayden carved the omega symbol into my arm with a penknife but my mouth was taped.

Jayden's thugs shoved me onto the dirt and kicked me so I was on my back. Through my tear stained eyes I saw Jayden looking down on me, his sneer still detectable through the distortion of my tears.

"I hope this has made it clear Perseus, I want you to get the fuck out of my camp," He spat on my face and left.

I think I lay there for about an hour, blood and tears soaking into the dry dirt as I came to terms with my newest scar. The omega means the end, and in this case the end of my time at camp. I glanced down at my forearm, the many muscles bulged under the skin, a dark green trident tattoo covering the jagged white lines of my scars. Erica hadn't brought it up yet. I suspect she's scared too.

I hated the healing, the rubbing alcohol stung like Tartarus and bandaging was scratchy, but it stopped the cut from being infected so I should probably get over it. Still, I rubbed carefully at my bandaged arm as I made my way to Annabeth's cabin. I used my good arm to knock on the door, it was opened quickly by Malcolm, one of her half-brothers, he glared at me. "She's at the beach," he sneered at me and slammed the door. I heard him ranting about me faintly through the cabin's thin walls.

I slunk away from the cabin and to the beach, somehow in an even worse mood, I wasn't sure even seeing Annabeth would make me feel better.

I stuck to the shadows of the tree line to make sure no one saw me as I made my way to the pier where me and Annabeth normally meet up. I saw her on the edge of the dark wooden structure, one leg over the edge but above the water so as to not get her feet wet. Her blonde curls fluttered lazily in the breeze, the sun was in the perfect position to highlight her face's angelic beauty.

I wish I'd taken a picture.

I was about to step out of the trees shadows and onto the pier when a raucous crowd of people walking to the docks stopped me from moving. The pack was led by Jayden, he walked up to Annabeth and sat down next to her.

"So have you decided?" he asked. What was going on?

"I don't know Jayden." She replied softly.

"How can you not know?! He cheated on you! How can you not have thrown his pathetic ass to the curb yet?!"

"I don't know Jay, I guess I'm just holding onto the man he used to be," she said softly. I realized what had happened, but my body refused to move to stop the torture I was watching.

"Annabeth, he's not that man anymore, the things he's done are despicable. You need to leave the past behind, and move onto bigger and better things," he put his arm around her, the crowd cooing at the scene. That lying fucker! I can't believe Annabeth believes him! We were supposed to trust each other!

"Yeah, I guess I do, I'll schedule to meet him tomorrow and break up with him then," I was hyperventilating. What happened to us? She never would have believed this before! Where's my Annabeth!? This can't be her!

"In which case, Annabeth Chase, would you do me the honor of dating me?" he said smiling. NO! this can't happen! I don't understand! What went wrong?! Why can't I move?! I jittered around, tears framing my face as I struggled to breathe.

"I'd love to" She replied, no sooner had she said it, he took her head and smashed his lips against hers. I was sick. I was sick and I couldn't breathe and I was crying and convulsing horribly.

They spent an hour on that pier, the pier that was once our pier. Me and Annabeth. Annabeth and me. It was our pier, and he stole it, like he stole everything else.

When I finally regained the ability to move they had long gone, carried to the dining hall on the shoulders of Jayden's posse. I could hear the cheers from the beach. I walked over to the dining hall. As Jayden made some sort of triumphant speech I watched leaning against one of the pillars near the back of the hall, I made no move to stop what was happening. She was doing what made her happy, and in the end, that's all I want for her.

I was about to walk back to my cabin when I felt her eyes on me, I looked up, she stared at me wide eyed, I stared back, but I didn't cry this time. I looked at her sadly one more time before nodding and dissolving into the shadows of the trees once again.

I left that night, I packed my stuff into a bag, left a note to Jayden letting him know he won, and I disappeared into the night.

"You okay, Percy?" Erica ran her hand through my hair, sitting down on the sofa next to me.

"Erica! I, uh, I'm fine, just a little tired." I gulped, knowing she knew I was lying.

"Then why aren't you sleeping? I was just gonna look through your window to check if you were okay, but you're down here, so what's up?"

I laid my head on her lap. "Nightmare..." I put it simply. "How was your first full moon?" I asked, diverting her attention.

Erica traced circles in my hair whilst she sighed. "Rough, to say the least... I can't remember anything, but everything hurts. Were you okay? None of us hurt you, did we?" She asked, her eyes begging for the answer to be no.

I smiled and reassured her that any of my injuries were inflicted at the police station.

"I think Boyd and I may have figured out when to leave, if we leave when the lacrosse state finals are on, I think we could avoid a lot of people because everyone will be at the game." Erica tried in vain to plait my short hair.

"So, you, Boyd and me... What about Isaac?"

"I asked him, he says he doesn't know, but he'll give us an answer before the end of the week." Erica sighed. "Are we really running away?"

"Yup. And it won't stop, once we start, we won't be able to stop."

"Wise words coming from Mr Jackson? What an event!" Erica teased, running her thumbs over my head soothingly.

I smiled. Just.

The pack hadn't been in school for that week. A safety precaution now that Allison had turned into Kate 2.0. Yet I found myself wandering into the changing rooms to wish Scott and Stiles good luck. A sea of burgundy jerseys lay before me and I waded through the jocks to find Stiles. I opened my mouth to talk to him when a whistle shrieked, probably damaging my ears.

Coach stood proudly with a megaphone.

Oh no.

"Good morning. In less than an hour, aircraft from here will be joining others around the world and you will be launching the largest aerial battle in the history of mankind!" Coach spoke proudly, addressing his players with salutes and handshakes. "Mankind - That word should hold new meaning for all of us today..."

"Stiles, this is the speech from Independence Day?" I whispered to him.

"Mhm.."

"We are fighting for our right to live!" Coach cried.

"Why this one?" I asked. "There weren't any sports movie speeches he liked?" Stiles shrugged in response.

"For this is the day! That the world declared in one voice! "We will not go quietly into the night!" Today we celebrate our independence day!" Coach screamed. The locker room descended into whoops and cheers, quickly silenced as Gerard crept from the shadows.

"Well spoken Coach!" Gerard drew smoothly, "I myself would have chosen something with a little more historical value, but there's no denying your passion! I haven't been here long, there's no denying my pride in having a winning team for this school. I know you'll all be brilliant even with only one co-captain leading you..." Gerard smirked over at a shocked Scott. "Now, I'm your Principal, but I'm also a fan! So don't think I'll be content with merely a win! Go out there, and murder them" He grinned. The team whooped again, not understanding Gerard's true character.

I gave a quick good luck to everyone before quickly running back to the forest, an uneasy feeling in my stomach. Gerard's words weren't just silent 'Fuck you' brag to Scott, Stiles and I, they'd had felt like a threat, maybe even a warning? I pushed the thoughts to the back of my head, I needed to focus on getting Boyd, Erica and I to safety out of Beacon Hills.

I trudged through the crooked shadows bearing down on the muddy floor from the naked branches above me. Dark wooden trunks rose above me, their overhanging limbs hitting me in the face, what few leaves they bore were wet and licked at my face as I passed them. Hushed whispers, or the wind, slipped through the maze of wood and bark. Two dark figures stood flat against a tree.

"Erica! Boyd!" I hissed at them. "The game is on now; Gerard was there so I think the hunters are distracted, we should go now!"

The two betas nodded and I could hear their hearts thumping without needing super-hearing. I clasped Erica's hand on my own and led our charge to safety, heading north through the trees. Our boots gripped surprisingly well to the loose, wet ground, and we barely stumbled through the muddy ground, let alone slip into it. I felt myself lulling into a false sense of security, my biggest issue being that my rucksack was rubbing my shoulders. This was dangerous and I knew it; we didn't want to be caught casually walking by a group of hunters.

I quickened my pace when I heard tire's revving in the distance.

"Shit! The hunters are here!" Boyd shouted to us. My heart stopped when the revving did.

They'd heard us.

I signaled with my hand to Boyd before diving behind a tree, Erica and Boyd crashing down beside me. My heart slammed against my chest, hammering away at my resolve with every pump. I gasped and panted horribly, gulping for air before realizing that I needed to calm down

so that the hunters wouldn't hear my breathing and that the blood pumping in my ears would lessen so I could hear myself think. Branches snapped in the distance, with the growl of an armada of quadbikes getting closer and closer to us. I pressed my back into the tree, the harsh ridges of the bark biting into my skin.

A recording of wolf howls erupted behind us, followed by a chorus of laughter.

They were fucking mocking us!

Erica snuck her hand into mine and tucked herself into my body. I laid a hand over Boyd's shoulder and checked he was alright. Boyd grimaced and shook his head, his hands shaking with fear.

Leaves crunched and I realized the hunters were searching on foot now. I leapt to my feet and began running, Erica and Boyd close behind. The hunters stumbled to a stop and scrambled back to their bikes, costing them valuable time. I smiled slightly; we might make this if we keep tricking them. I heard whistling behind me and my calf erupted into pain as an arrow implanted itself into the muscle.

Allison! You fucking bitch!

I crashed into the ground and the two betas helped me to my feet again.

The bikes rumbled closer.

Adrenaline pumped through my body and I began to run again, the pain fading away. I limped as hard as I could, flinging my injured leg forward as fast as I could. Erica grabbed my arm and slung me over her shoulder, running whilst she did. I bounced hard, her shoulder jammed into my stomach constantly, but hey, if that's what it takes to not get caught, I'll take it. Suddenly Erica buckled under me, screaming in pain. We tumbled into the mud, flailing in the dirt. Boyd turned to help us.

"No! Run! We'll hold them off for you!" I ordered, voice gruff and demanding. Boyd's eyes held broken emotions but he nodded at me and ran. Maybe if I survived this, I'd buy a painting from the famous artist Vernon Boyd, to give as an anniversary present to Erica. Boyd disappeared into the dark trees.

I turned to face Erica and kissed her forehead as I stumbled to my feet. Erica gazed up at me, dazed and tired from the blood loss. She slumped over, clutching the arrow in her hip.

I limped over to a puddle of dirty water, dunking my hands in and washing my face with the brown water. The dull throb in my calf disappeared and I began to charge at the quad bikes. A slender figure in black hopped off a quad bike and whipped her helmet off, revealing it to be Allison. What a surprise!

I gritted my teeth as she notched another arrow, I prepared for the hit, bringing my arms in front of my body. The arrow thunked into my leg, just above my knee, sending me to my knees. I grunted and got up, charging again. Allison looked shocked and let another arrow fly, this one into the sides of my torso. I grunted again but wasn't prepared for the arrow she put into the other side of me. I flew to the floor but grimaced and got up. I screamed at her, something in Greek, I imagine. I wasn't paying attention to my mouth, more of my focus was on the blistering pain of four arrows in me.

I heard another whipping noise and by a pure miracle, I hit the arrow away, deflecting it to the side so it sank into the ground.

"Hit me!" I screamed, incensed. Allison gulped and her eyes were drowning in terror.

She let another arrow fly into my shoulder. I gasped and continued to move towards her, step by step. I ducked suddenly, feeling the arrowhead clipping a few hairs from my head. I sprinted and tackled her to the ground, rolling off immediately and grabbing her bow, moving onto my knees and cracking the bow over a random hunter's stomach. I slipped past a wild right hook from another, beefy looking hunter and countered by stabbing one half of the destroyed bow into his thigh. I gripped the back of his thigh and pulled it to the ground, using the pulling force to propel me forward and away from the stomp to the head from a hunter with a buzzcut. I whipped around and flung the other half of the destroyed bow at his head, hitting him straight on the nose, hopefully breaking it.

My body jerked as Allison's Dad tased me.

I grasped for the ground, the mud squeezing through the gaps in my fingers.

My ribs exploded in pain as Chris Argent stomped on them. My breath hitched, anticipating the next hit. It came down hard, in exactly the same place, probably leaving ugly purple bruises there that Erica would surely fuss over for weeks if I didn't immediately get in the shower and watch them fade away before she noticed them.

Argent's strong, rough fingers caught my collar, tossing me into a wooden box that I hit my head on, sending my vision spiraling.

I could roughly make out Allison throwing Erica into another box like a ragdoll. I groaned and tried to claw my way to her. A heavy wooden lid crushed the ends of my fingers and I recoiled back. I heard a lock clinking together outside.

"I need a bow!" Allison complained, her voice distant and blurry from my roaring ears.

"I need an explanation! You nearly killed that boy!" Chris snarled back.

"Oh yeah, because you can talk after you broke his ribs!"

"After he injured several of my men and tackled my daughter to the ground! What's your excuse? You were aiming for his head before all of that!"

"Pff, it's fine, he's captured, his little girlfriend's captured, we just need to get Boyd now..."

"Captured came very close to killing..." Chris mumbled to himself. "That's not how we do things, Allison!"

"Maybe not how you do things, personally, I think my method worked very well!"

"Allison -"

"Hey Grandpa, it's me!" Allison spoke into what I presumed was her phone, "I got two of the pack, there's another out there somewhere but I doubt we need to worry about him for now, call me back when you get the chance."

Chris said nothing.

"What?" Allison snapped.

"It's just the first time I've ever heard you call him that..." Chris mourned.

I felt my eyelids getting heavier and heavier until I felt myself black out.

Episode 12 - Master Plan

Erica's muffled screams woke me up.

My eyes were blurry and it hurt to look in the light but I made out a grey room with a wooden frame and finish on the walls as well as the wooden stairs going up into most likely a locked room.

So we're locked in a basement. Original concept, hunters! Well done!

I tried to move my hands but they were bound tight. I realized my feet were balanced precariously on a wooden stool and my hands tied above my head, leaving my swaying slightly as I struggled to keep my balance on the small stool.

I swung myself around to look at Erica. Her eyes were black with mascara smudged and running with tears, giving her tiny black lines running down her cheeks. A solid piece of black tape cut into her lips so that her cries for help were muffled and distorted. I tried to tell her that everything would be fine, forgetting I had been taped up as well.

I glanced up at my bonds and tried to wrench them apart. Electricity arced down my arms painfully, doubling me over in pain. I slipped off my stool, my weight pulling my bonds tight, cutting into my wrists. I scrambled back onto the stool.

There has to be a way out. There always is!

Faint yelling crept under the locked door and it quickly burst open, a dark figure was sent tumbling down the wooden steps. Stiles shook it off and dusted his lacrosse uniform. Erica hummed into the tape as loudly as she could to get Stiles' attention. Stiles stumbled to the light switch and flicked it on, his eyes wide with shock.

Stiles immediately ran up to me and fumbled with my bonds. I shook my head violently to try and warn him. He didn't listen and fell back down to the floor, his hands twitching.

"They were trying to warn you." Gerard chuckled, holding onto the banister as he trudged downstairs. "It's electrified."

"What're you doing with them!?" Stiles snarled.

"At the moment, just keeping them comfortable. There's no point in torturing them for Derek's location, their instinct to protect their alpha is too strong... Well, hers is. But him... I have a feeling we won't get much out of him either..." Gerard stared at me, peering into my thoughts.

My thoughts consisted of a lot of 'Fuck you'.

"What about me then?" Stiles asked. "Because Scott can find me, he knows my scent... it's very strong... More of a stench to be honest... He could find me at the bottom of a sewer covered in fecal matter and urine!" Stiles described grossly.

Gerard smiled. "You have a knack for creating a vivid picture, Mr Stilinski, but please, allow me to paint one of my own." Gerard advanced on Stiles, who began to back away. "Scott McCall finds his best friend bloodied and beaten to a pulp. How does that sound?"

Stiles grinned. "I think I still prefer mine. Christ, what are you? Ninety? I could take you any day!"

Gerard bitch slapped Stiles across the room. Erica and I snarled and thrashed. Gerard picked Stiles up with his gnarled hands and wailed on him with punches, busting his lip and creating a nasty red welt on his cheekbone before leaving the room. Stiles groaned and spit out a tooth coated with crimson blood as a hunter descended the steps and carried him out of the basement roughly.

I slumped over, my electrified bonds keeping me hanging. I glanced over to Erica, who seemed to have given up fighting and hung just as loosely as I was. We hung for at least half an hour, swaying slightly until the door creaked open again and Allison's father made his way slowly down the steps.

"You know, my family's done this for a long time..." He muttered to us, holding his hand over a dial controlling the volts in our bonds. "Long enough to learn things like how a certain level of electric current can keep you from transforming... At another level you can't heal, a few higher and no heightened strength... That kind of scientific accuracy makes you wonder where the line between natural and supernatural really lies." Chris took a deep breath in. "It's when that line blurs, you sometimes find yourself surprised by which side you end up on..." Chris turned the voltage all the way down and wandered towards me. "You would have done well as a hunter." He told me before turning and leaving us, closing the door slowly and softly.

Erica and I grounded our feet firmly onto the stools and slammed our hands down, snapping the bonds. I rubbed my wrists, the bonds had cut into my wrists but I hadn't been electrocuted so that's a good start to our escape. Erica wrenched open a small window in the corner, high up on the wall and hidden outside by tall grass and flowers. I knelt down and held my hands together, launching Erica high up and she scrambled through the thin window, then holding her hand down to help me up. I jumped up and grabbed her hand, and Erica flung me out of the basement.

Then we ran like hell, only stopping when we were several streets away, ducking behind a bush.

"Erica, I'm sorry, but I can't leave, not after that." I confessed, panting and leaning my head on the bush.

"Good, because I can't either." She snarled. "They're gonna kill every supernatural being in this town..." She sighed and pulled me into a tight embrace.

"If you're staying and fighting, then get in." Chris' voice broke us apart. He patted the side of his car, resting his arm on his rolled down window. We stared awkwardly. "Look, if I wanted to trap you, I had you about five minutes ago, now come on, get in the car! We're going to get Scott."

We gulped and scrambled into the backseats of the car, buckling ourselves in before Chris sped away towards the hospital.

"So... anything happened whilst we were... in your basement..." I asked, scratching the back of my neck nervously.

Chris patted his steering wheel as he waited for a light to turn green. "We won the game, Stiles did well apparently, tell him congrats from me, also Jackson died."

"What!?" Erica and I yelled in unison.

"Rushed to hospital, I'm getting reports from my scouts that the body bag is leaking some kind of clear pus, I checked the bestiary, I think Jackson may be cocooning himself in preparation for his next form."

"What? So he was a beta before then?" I continued to drill Chris with questions.

"In a way, yes. Now imagine how Jackson was, but bigger and with wings." Chris grew quiet.

"We're fucked..." I muttered to Erica.

We pulled up to the hospital to see the dark silhouettes of Scott and Isaac dragging a body bag across the car park. Chris honked his horn and leapt from the car.

The three stood there for a while in silence before Scott piped up.

"You're alone, aren't you?"

"More than you realize..." Chris sighed.

"What do you want?" Scott glared.

Chris sighed again, long and deep. "We... don't have that much in common... but at the moment, we have a common enemy."

"Well, I'm trying to get him out of here but someone's car is in-"

"Not Jackson. Gerard... He's twisted his way into her head, just like he did with Kate. I'm losing her... and I know you are too..." Chris confessed, staring solemnly at the floor.

"Who's Kate?" Erica whispered to me.

"Shh, I'll tell you later." I hushed.

"You're right..." Scott muttered back. "So can you trust me to fix this?"

Chris nodded reluctantly.

"Then... Can you let us go?" Scott tried.

Chris shook his head. "My car's faster, Erica and Percy are already inside."

Isaac's eyes brightened and he and Scott dragged Jackson's corpse into the boot of the car, before Isaac hopped in between Erica and I excitedly. "I thought you guys left!?" He hugged Erica and I tightly, relishing our space.

Erica shuddered and pushed his arm off her. "Hug me again and we will leave!" She smirked at him.

"Got caught, we changed our minds, now we're here!" I explained.

Isaac nodded happily, but his eyes turned sad quickly after. "And Boyd?"

I gulped. "We told him to keep going, I didn't hear any hunters going after him, by now he'll be in another county."

Isaac began to shake as he cried silently. Chris and Scott sat up front, trying their best to keep their eyes on the road. Isaac calmed himself. "Good, yeah, good... Who's gonna tell his dad?"

We stayed quiet as we stewed on the question, grimacing as Chris rolled his car next to the entrance to Derek's lair.

"You knew where this was all the time?" Scott asked Chris.

"No, Allison and I triangulated the position of possible hideouts through -"

I shut him out before I killed myself out of boredom. "Hey, where's Derek at? Shouldn't he be helping us?" I interrupted Chris before he could get much further into his explanation.

Scott sighed and pointed in front of him where Derek flipped towards us, landing superhero style on the ground. Derek looked at us angrily.

"What? Do you want us to clap or something?" I asked.

Chris brought his hand on my chest and pushed me back slightly. "I'm here for Jackson. Not you."

"Somehow I don't find that very comforting..." Derek glared.

"You don't have to find it comfortable; you just have to make this work, just this once Derek." Scott pleaded with him.

Derek nodded reluctantly and pointed at Jackson. "Bring him inside." He ordered and Scott, Isaac, Erica and I picked up the kanima easily, carrying him down to Derek's subway and 'lowering' him to the floor.

We dropped him.

Scott looked around confused and glared at Derek accusingly. "Where are they?"

"Who?" Erica asked.

"Peter and Lydia!" Scott shouted at Derek. Derek ignored him and unzipped the body bag Jackson was in. "Woah! Hold up!" Scott stopped him. "You said you knew how to save him!"

"We're past that!" Derek snarled back.

"Wait, what's going on?" I demanded.

"Scott, think about it!" Derek roared. "Gerard controls him now! He's turned Jackson into his own personal guard dog! He's set all of this in motion so Jackson could get even bigger and more powerful!"

"No..." Chris cut Derek off. "He wouldn't do that... If Jackson's a dog, he's turning rabid, and my father wouldn't let a rabid dog live!"

"Of course not!" Gerard's voice hollered from the shadows. "Anything that dangerous, that out of control, is better off dead!"

Jackson's hand shot up and stabbed Derek in the stomach, lifting Derek off his feet and throwing him into the subway car.

"Well done to the last Scott." Gerard gloated, "Like the concerned friend you are, you brought Jackson to Derek to save him, and Derek to me." He chuckled. I heard a familiar whistle in the wind and Isaac fell to his knees, clutching his shoulder.

"Allison!" I growled as Erica and I flung Isaac over our shoulders and brought him to safety behind his beloved sofa bed. Gunshots rang out as Chris shot at Jackson, who scurried around the shadows, hissing. Chris panted and reloaded hurriedly. The kanima's tail whipped around his gun suddenly and wrenched it from his hand. Chris reached down for a small knife in his boot and waved it in the air. The kanima emerged from the shadows, crawling close to the ground, slowly advancing on the Argent, a leathery smile on its lips.

Scott stepped in front of Chris, face wolfish and snarling. Isaac clutched his bloody shirt, gasping, lifting his shirt to realize that he'd healed already. Derek growled and picked himself up from the subway car he'd been thrown into.

Stronger in packs... I grinned as Isaac, Erica and I joined Scott against the serpent, Derek in front, leading us.

Derek charged the kanima, which jumped over the alpha and slashed down at Scott and Isaac who'd followed after. The two rolled underneath the claws and the kanima landed on all fours, darting toward Erica and I. I jumped over a wild stab at my ankles and landed on the snake's hands, hopefully crushing something. I quickly dodged away, sensing the instinctual bite the creature made to my leg. Erica stomped on the kanima's head, the hard rubber of her boots bouncing off the kanima's scaly head. Erica was flung away by the creature's tail. Isaac dived to grab the tail but didn't seem to have a plan of what to do after he got it as he was quickly flung into the opposite wall.

Derek dropped from the ceiling, landing roughly onto the serpent and flattening it. Scott and I quickly ran and wrestled the kanima to keep him down whilst Derek made wild attempts at its throat. The kanima flung us all into the air, sending Scott and I across the room, landing next to Isaac. Derek fell down onto the floor next to the kanima and the back of his neck was pierced immediately. Derek slumped to the ground. Erica snarled with anger and ran at the creature, her eyes yellow with wild anger.

"Erica no!" I shouted as the kanima slipped one of her punches and clawed the back of her neck horribly.

I stumbled to my feet, hobbling toward the lizard when a flash of silver slashed open my arm. Without thinking, I blindly tried to push away my attacker, only for them to duck under my attempt and dig two knives into my back, cutting them down. I slumped to my knees and growled as Allison walked away, a sadistic gleam in her otherwise emotionless face.

Isaac tried to avenge me but received a very similar treatment, with two large, gaping wounds on his sides. Allison now made her way to Derek, still paralyzed on the ground.

Suddenly she flew into the air, a scaled tail wrapped around her neck, swaying her from side to side.

"Not yet, sweetheart." Gerard chastised, almost sounding like a normal grandfather.

"What're you doing?" Allison choked, clutching the tail and trying in vain to wrench it away from her windpipe.

"Exactly what he came here to do..." Scott sighed.

"You know?" Gerard asked, not sounding worried even slightly.

"What's going on?" I managed through gritted teeth, seething in pain as I tried to crawl to the leaky pipe in the corner of the room.

"It was the night outside the hospital, wasn't it Scott?" Gerard almost sounded amused. "When I threatened your mother? I knew I saw something in your eyes... Could you smell it?"

Scott nodded and Isaac quickly sniffed, immediately becoming stiff and shocked. "He's dying..." He muttered.

"I am." Gerard confessed. "Have been for a long time. Unfortunately, science doesn't have a cure for cancer yet... But the supernatural does, " Gerard's eyes flickered to Derek and so did Scott's.

"You monster..." Chris almost cried. "My wife... You said..."

"Not a monster yet..." Gerard grinned.

"What're you doin - " The tail against Allison's neck grew tighter, cutting her off.

"You'd kill her too?" Chris sobbed.

Gerard shrugged and the tail got tighter still, turning Allison's face purple before easing up. "If it meant survival, I'd even kill my own son!" Gerard sneered and a painful memory of what started the second titan war flashed through my heads: Sneering gods and brooding, unwanted children.

Scott whimpered and knelt down, grabbing Derek's shoulders, lifting him up.

"Scott! No!" Derek groaned out as he was dragged from the floor.

Scott carried him towards Gerard's outstretched arms. "I'm sorry..." He muttered.

"Scott! You know he'll kill me straight after! He'll be an alpha!" Derek pleaded and I found myself stunned into silence.

"That's true. But I think he already knows that, don't you Scott?" Gerard taunted, arms still open in embrace. "He knows the ultimate prize is Allison! Do this small task for me and they can be together. Derek, you're the only piece of the puzzle that doesn't fit... There really is no competing with young love."

Scott wrenched Derek's head back, keeping his mouth open, wide enough to fit an arm between the pair of razor sharp rows of teeth. Gerard shrugged off his blazer and managed to wiggle his arm between Derek's jaws. Scott snapped the jaws back onto Gerard's arm, Gerard howling in pain.

The old man ripped his arm from Derek's mouth and raised it aloft, proudly above him, showcasing the deep bite mark to us all. "Even now, I can feel the bite healing itself!" He grinned.

The wound began to puss, thick black goo sliding down the elderly hunter's arm. Gerard seemed to realize what everyone was looking at and glared at Scott. "What is this? What did you do!?"

"Gerard always has a plan... I have one too..." Scott muttered. "I'd secretly been slipping mountain ash pills into Gerard's pill box, naturally his body is rejecting the bite; his bloodstream is so full of mountain ash."

Gerard snarled and crushed the pillbox in his hand, the same one I saw Scott hand to him the night Matt was killed.

Scott, you sneaky little legend!

"Why didn't you tell me?" Derek stuttered. Scott shrugged simply. "You may be an alpha, but you're not my alpha..."

Gerard crumpled to the ground, wiping away the black blood trickling from his mouth. His eyes connected with Jackson's.

"Kill them all!" He breathed.

Jackson flicked his tail and sent Allison flying into a wall, dropping down onto the floor. There was a giant crash as Stiles' blue jeep ripped through the corrugated iron and barrelled into Jackson. Jackson slumped on the hood of the car.

"Did I get him?" Stiles asked, basically pleading. Jackson sprung to his feet in response.

Stiles and Lydia ran, screaming, out of the car and hid behind Scott.

"Why is Lydia here!?" I cried out.

"Um, long story short here kid..." A dark voice came from the shadows near me and Peter Hale's face was barely visible in the darkness. "After you guys killed me, thanks for that by the way, I may have haunted Lydia for a while..."

"She brought you back on the full moon..." I reasoned.

"She's the key to curing Jackson, young love always wins as Gerard put it." Peter grinned and I remembered what a creep he was.

"Guys!?" I shouted, only for Peter to wrap his hand around my mouth, shushing me.

"No, not now, you'll ruin the surprise!"

Lydia held a key in her hand, sniffing as she placed it into Jackson's hand, wrapping her hands through his clawed fingers and closing them around the key. The kanima faltered and its skin began to soften and fade into Jackson's.

The hand over my mouth disappeared as Peter and Derek ran forward, plunging their claws into Jackson's stomach and lifting him high into the air before ripping their claws out and letting him fall to his knees. Lydia caught him, wrapping her arms around his frail body, refusing to let him fall.

"Do... Do you still..." Jackson choked.

Lydia wept but nodded all the same. "Yes... I do, I still love you..."

Jackson's blue eyes grew wet and he nodded, smiling slightly as he fell limp in Lydia's arms. Allison silently made her way to Scott and wrapped her fingers with his. Erica managed to nod at me from across the room, still recovering from the kanima's paralytic poison that luckily hadn't attacked her as badly, meaning no seizures.

The scales faded completely from Jackson's face as Lydia laid him to rest. Stiles made his way towards her cautiously, placing a supportive hand on her shoulder. Lydia turned and cried into his shoulder, letting Stiles lead her away from the fresh corpse.

The station was silent apart from Lydia's sobs and a strange scratching noise. Isaac gasped and pointed at Jackson.

Jackson's hands twitched, scraping discolored claws across the stone floor.

The kanima's claws had been translucent... These look more like...

Jackson howled and stumbled to his feet, his face wild and wolfish, wiry fur growing into sideburns and his brow thickening into a glare. More importantly, his eyes were a startling blue, not yellow, like Derek before he had been an alpha.

Jackson's claws shrank back into his nails and Lydia rushed back to him, embracing him tightly.

I staggered to my feet and clambered into Stiles' jeep with Scott and Erica, leaning back in the backseat. Stiles backed the jeep out of the hole he made carefully.

"Stiles..." I groaned with searing pain in my back. "I think I'm gonna move back in with you..."

Stiles fist-pumped me quietly.

Derek and Peter lead the remaining betas and me through the trees. It was finally April and the weather finally began to warm up, meaning that I finally got to walk through the woods to the remains of the Hale house without trudging through mud. Erica swung our interlocked hands in rhythm as we walked.

Derek held his hand up to stop us in front of the house's wreck of a porch, letting us gaze up at the door in confusion.

"You still haven't told them everything, have you?" Peter berated the alpha smoothly.

"That doesn't surprise me..." Isaac muttered, kicking a pile of dry leaves.

"What do you mean?" Erica asked. "What hasn't he told us this time?"

"Well Blondie, why do you think Derek was in such a hurry to build a pack, build his power, his numbers?" Peter drawled.

"The hunters?" Erica guessed.

"Decent enough guess..." Peter shrugged. "When a new alpha appears, people take notice..."

"People like who?" Isaac asked. "And what's that thing?" Isaac pointed to the Hale house's red door. A sharp, black three legged symbol was painted across it. The triskele wasn't flowing and curling like the Hale pack was, but straight and angular, like a three legged Nazi swastika.

"It's their symbol. It means they're coming..." Derek warned us, his voice low and growling.

"Who?" Erica asked Derek.

"Alphas. A pack of them."

"An alpha pack." Peter sighed. "They aren't coming... They're already here..."

Everyone stared anxiously at the symbol but me. I couldn't focus on anything other than the trees around us, their leaves finally beginning to recolor and thicken.

But, sat on the branches, owls watched me, and only me.