

Title: Stage One: Origin

~ New York - Night ~

The dock was quiet.

He let his sense out to feel anyone approaching but so far it was calm and serene, which had put him on full alert.

This was New York.

Calm and serene were not words he would categorize for the city.

His back straightened shoulders tightened as he heard footsteps heading towards him.

He threw down the cigarette and crushed it into the old creaking wood of the dock. He stood still, ears listening to the approach.

The city was really beautiful at night. He could think back to the times in his life where he stood in the very same spot, doing the exact same thing. Times changes. Cities grow. This business never does.

"I didn't think they would send you?"

He shrugged and glanced over to the younger man, "Desperate times and all that."

"Something's going down."

"I expected as much when you called." He turned to look at the guy. He didn't need to be wasting his time, he had things to do back at home.

"He sent me."

"Talk or I'm walking." He slipped his hands into his pocket, pulling his jacket closed, it was cool for September, especially with the breeze coming off the ocean.

"I'm supposed to tell you, it's the key." The man fidgeted looking around.

"What is?" He demanded getting pissed at the slowness of the situation. The longer they were

exposed...

"Plantain."

He paused, the book clear in his mind, one he received decades ago, now sitting in the library. He would have to contact...

"Tim."

He turned, eyes flashing at the imbecile. "Leave and wise up kid."

The kid turned and ran down the docks, bringing even more attention to what had just gone down. He waited for a few moments, calming his senses. He needed to call the Manor...

A new smell wafted under his nose. In all his years never had he smelled something like it.

He stiffened and turned.

All he saw was the muzzle flash, then darkness as his body sank to the dock.

The dockworker un-hooked the silencer and threw it into the ocean, the gun soon followed. "Don't worry about the kid, he'll be taken care of."

He pulled the phone from his coat, "It's done. I'm getting the kid now."

Where the dockworker once stood, now was a security guard. He turned and headed down the dock, when he got to the gate he turned to his fellow security guards. "Heard a shot could be those kids goofing off again with those firecrackers."

"We'll check it out." The guy opened the gate and waved. "See you tomorrow Matt."

The guard waved then blended into the darkness leaving only the uniform behind.

~ Singapore ~

Craig had taken out the informant and finished him off with a shot to the head. He had been the last in the line of thugs, rogues and informants that had worked for Meela. Imenand had ordered Lamont to find out how the bitch had received her information about Nico. Then once they found the who's and where's to eliminate them.

The last informant had been tricky, bringing him to the underbelly of Singapore. He had finally started talking after the first two fingers were broken. He rambled on about desperation and obsession.

But he didn't have a name.

Layer grabbed his phone as he turned to leave the alley when a wave of pain washed over him, then darkness.

He woke up in a cell.

Craig sat up, a dizzy spell washing over him.

"You!"

He looked up and frowned at the Officer.

"Who are you?" The Officer demanded.

"Depends on what I'm here for." Craig replied easily. He stood up ignoring the uneasiness and walked calmly to the cell door. "Why am I here?"

"For murder." A detective stepped in front of the cell. "Unfortunate luck to pass out near the body; especially with the murder weapon."

"I didn't kill anyone." Craig shook his head confused. "I was trying to find my hotel, when I heard a shot and saw this guy, and then there was screaming and I woke up here."

The Detective smirked. "Not how the witness saw it."

Craig's eyes narrowed. There was no witness, he heard no one in the area. He sighed, "How much?"

"Are you bribing an officer of the law?" He smirked.

"It's not bribing its paying my bail." Craig answered.

The Detective smiled brightly, he knew the American would be an easy target. No one cared

about the lowlife he had been shot, and it wasn't worth investigating. He could easily get a few grand out of the businessman.

"You Americans all alike..."

Craig reached through the bars and grabbed the guy's tie slamming him into the bars. "I'm British you arse." His true accent slipping out as he pulled the tie tighter choking him. "This is what we're going to do. You will have your pet Copper open these doors and I will not kill you."

He nodded motioning towards the Officer who moved quickly unlocking the door. Craig swung the door out slamming the Detective back against the cell bars. He rolled his eyes as he saw the Officer make a move for him. Craig let go of the tie, then grabbed the Officer's wrist snapping it, the gun clattering to the ground. He shoved him into the cell then grabbed the Detective and tossed him in before slamming the door shut.

"It was a pleasure doing business with you." He smoothed out his suit and left the holding area, walking through the busy precinct, snagging a phone on the desk and walked out onto the street.

He dialed a few numbers, entered his code then waited.

"What the fuck has happened?" Craig yelled into the phone.

'Hello Craig. Is Singapore not suited for your needs?' Lamont answered.

"Informant rambled on about shite, and then I got arrested." He hailed a taxi, demanded to be taken to his hotel.

'Arrested?' Cranston paused. 'What happened?'

"I felt a sudden pain then blacked out, has Yev checked in." Layer asked.

'Let me check.'

Craig waited impatiently as the Taxi Driver sped through town. He wasn't sure what he was feeling. They had never Bonded, always worried if something were to happen the other would be taken out. Valuable information would be lost.

He now regretted that.

Only thing he felt was emptiness. Though there was no true Mated Bond there was something

holding them together, and now it wasn't there.

And in the rare moment he closed his eyes and prayed to a God he hadn't spoken to in decades, 'Please let Yev be alright'.

Craig paid the driver and jumped out of the taxi and moved swiftly through the hotel.

"Damn it Lamont hurry the fuck up." He muttered into the phone.

'He's not checked in.'

"Fuck!" He slammed his fist into the wall. "Where was he?"

'Craig...'

"WHERE the FUCK was HE?" Craig growled into the phone.

'New York.' Lamont informed him. 'I'm already contacting connections in the area.'

"I'm going." He said as he entered his room grabbing his bag and stuffing it with clothes. He checked his weapons then tossed them into the bag. "I'm on the next flight out to New York. What was he hunting?"

Cranston sighed, 'Crimson Moon.'

~ Crimson Moon: Board of Directors Meeting - Next Morning ~

Victor Frankenstein stepped into the Board Room and proceeded to the front of the table. He had things to do, and didn't have time for bureaucracy. He found it greatly humorous that as they tried to weaken the Vampire Council and the Clans, they had just as much damn paperwork as their enemies did.

"Royce where's my tea?" He demanded at his Assistant.

John Royce just turned and fixed the tea and set it down, before moving to his position by the far wall. He pulled out his notebook and prepared to take notes. He glanced around the room, watching every single one of the bastards; human and vampire.

It was sort of cliché to have an anti-Vampire Council filled with rogues, evil politicians, and wealthy businessmen. Yet here they were, and John had the pleasure of serving them. They were nothing but bastards, each and every one of them full of themselves; believing their delusions of grandeur.

Trying to create and control power.

Wanting everything yet working for nothing.

Trusting no one, not even themselves.

Obediah was still very much determined to take over Stark Industries. Killing off the Stark Family had been his first try, but Anthony Edward Stark had wanted to work on his robot, and wasn't in the car.

Only to find out that Howard Stark was smarter than Stane had ever gave him credit. The head of the family had made sure that his will and stocks were air tight and landed into his only son's hands.

Stane thought it would be easy to control the young Stark. Royce bit back the chuckle, which proved another failure. At just twenty-one years old, Tony took the company from Stane's hand and made it an industry, more powerful than even Howard would have thought.

He glanced up to see Stane chewing on his cigar, looking over Intel about Tracy Island and Stark Industries. Even now after failed terrorist attack, failed death attempts, failed black mail attempts he still tried to out maneuver Tony fucking Stark.

One would think Obediah Stane would learn his lesson, but he's a stubborn asshole like everyone else in the room. Just doesn't seem to get that a) Tony Stark can't be manipulated b) has aligned himself with the strongest Clan on the planet and c) have they met the Scott Tracy?

Royce glanced over to the older gentleman that sat next to Stane, one of the few humans on the Board, which only cost him his first-born son. Not that Adrian Veidt cared much when he handed the bouncing baby boy to Frankenstein. In return he received wealth, fame, and a legacy.

He also received a death sentence.

The moment Adrian Veidt threw Edward Blake off the roof one dark evening, he had gain entry and fame in Crimson Moon.

The moment Edward Blake became the Comedian, he had gained a prison sentence never able to leave the Compound in fear that he would be found by the Hunter.

Royce cringed when he heard the laughter echo through the room. Dorian Grey's laugh drove him up the walls. He would plead insanity if he ever finally snapped and took a sword to the rich moron's head. He wasn't even sure why Frankenstein had him on the Board, for entertainment purposes maybe.

He was a vain as the story tells, and as conceded. Dorian is also crafty and manipulative, hence the ability to even be on the Board. After the diabolical fuck up with Sabine and the attack on Sylum, the fancy ass had weaseled his way back into Crimson Moon. Bringing valuable information about Sabine's work with none other than Commodus and the Mala Nocha. Let alone valuable information about Thorne. Royce still wanted first dips on dusting the asshole when he finally fucked up beyond reason.

Van Doome was one of the few on the board that got Royce's respect. He's been around longer than anyone else, yet doesn't throw power fits. Probably because he knew the reality of the situation. This whole facade, Crimson Moon, would just run its course and he would go on working his own plans. This was an ends to his means and nothing else.

And if anyone else on the Board didn't see it, they were just stupid.

Doome was a man who had faced King Arthur and lived to tell the tale. If Frankenstein thought he would just roll over and play good minion...

...Royce hoped he got a front row seat for the showdown.

Victor Fitzgerald. The worthless one of the group. His own son turned his back on him and joined Sylum, finding not one but two Mates that were both stubborn protectors. Let's not forget the illegitimate son that also told Papa to go fuck himself. Who was also Mated to a strong protector, and lived on a Ranch surrounded by expert gunfighters.

The only thing that kept him on the board was his money. His influences were dying off, and his power was nothing. Frankenstein had hoped to use Martin to get someone into Sylum, and that had worked out.

Not.

Though Royce was still sure there was someone in Sylum. He wasn't trusted with that type information, delegated to be Dr. Victor Frankenstein's assistant. But he knew enough of his boss,

to know that Fitzgerald's future with the Board was fading. If he didn't pull a rabbit out of the hat soon, his position would be terminated.

And that didn't mean being fired.

Don Jon was quiet and deadly. He was the secret weapon Victor had up his sleeves. The Vampire was an expert in languages and weapons. Every Council had that one person who would do what had to be done.

Jon was that person.

Edward Volger, the quiet one of the group. He barely ventured out into the world. Content to in his office working figures and taking over businesses. An ex-slave that held a grudge this side of the Mason Dixon line over one Gregory House. Even tried to take the hospital the Doctor worked out, with the help of another Board Member Dr. Rowan Chase. Royce wasn't sure if House was just that crafty or had amazing amounts of luck.

Rowan's own son not only wanted nothing to do with him, but sided with House during the takeover. Add in the bitch Cuddy and Detective Munch the two men retreated back to the Board.

Volger's skills were still helpful for Frankenstein the man knew how to work figures and manipulate markets. A third of Crimson Moon's income came from his abilities to play the numbers. It was his set up that gave the Board the incomes and wills of past human allies.

You want support and protection from Crimson Moon you have to pay for it; wallet and blood.

Dr. Rowan Chase despised his first-born son for humiliating him and was determined to get his revenge. Right now the boy was protected by House and in retro Sylum's own Clan Advisor. And if there was a Vampire most didn't want to tangle with it was Timothy Quinn.

Which really showed how stupid Sabine was for going after the Irishman. Royce had seen the boy in action and if he didn't do damage, Antonio and Nico would. Quinn pissed off was bad enough, add the other two.

Not pretty.

Though fun to watch from far far away.

Royce glanced over at the only two women on the Board. The whole vengeance is nothing compared to a woman scorned, quite true.

Victoria Metcalf. Deadly from the get go, the only woman who turned Benoit and his ear and lived to tell the tale. She would have done it, if she hadn't made that one mistake of going after Vecchio. Victoria sat at the table doing her nails not really paying attention to the men's bolstering. She had her own agendas, much like Van Doome. Royce new for a fact she was sleeping with at least three of the Board Members, and they were known the wiser about each other.

Angela Petrelli was a woman Royce never wanted to cross.

Victoria used her sex appeal to get what she wanted. Petrelli would likely just kill anyone who got in her way. She was the one who approached Frankenstein, demanding entrance to the Board offering power.

The Presidency of the United States.

She sold her son, Nathan down the river without him even realizing it. Royce had his own thoughts about Nathan and Peter Petrelli, but at the moment he was keeping silent and watching the game unfold.

John Royce's thoughts moved to his boss, Victor Frankenstein. He had known about Victor since he was turned. Heard the horror stories of the experiments he had conducted on human and Vampire alike.

He had hated the constraint the Vampire Council put on their society. He had ideas and ambitions about where the Vampire society can go and he didn't care who he destroyed in the process.

After everything had gone down with Gerard, Victor was the only one who would take Royce in. He owed the Vampire, but there were times he wondered how much he owed him. He was pulled out of his thoughts by Frankenstein's board and impatient voice.

"Edward what do you have on the Messer situation?" Victor asked looking at the financial for the last year. "His estate would pay for our new project, and it's been two years and I've still not seen it."

Volger bit back his own contempt. "Not my fault Paul Messer was vague with the wording of his Will. Stating all of his assets goes to his 'eldest son' was stupid. Before we can even unravel the situation the estate was transferred to Daniel Messer."

"What are you going to do about it?" Victor demanded.

"If you would have been more helpful with information concerning Paul Messer Jr. this might have been taken care of sooner." Edward snarled. "Despite the setbacks, I'm sending Paul down with our lawyers to hand a subpoena to Daniel to hand over the assists."

Paul Messer had been part of Crimson Moon, much like Victor Fitzgerald and Angela Petrelli. Messer had handed over his first-born son with no thought, then worked to raise his two boys to take over the Messer Dynasty. They both ended up disappointments. Paul had complained heavily about his youngest. As far as the Board saw it, the big mistake Paul had made was letting Sonny have any say in anything.

When Danny Messer ended up protected by one of Sylum's Hunters, they told Paul to fix it before he came back to the Board. Victoria had even showed up to help him out, but he never returned, killed by none other than Mac Taylor.

Victoria returned to the Board with information that could help them. She took Paul's seat on the Board and had been very useful since.

"Let me know when the money is in our accounts." Frankenstein moved over the paperwork and looked at the next item on the agenda. He looked over at Don, "What have you found about Eureka."

"Dr. Grets was an idiot." Don Jon shrugged. "Security was lax, and he was so enthralled with Alyce that he didn't see the threat."

"Idiot lost one of my test subjects," Rowan growled. "Considering this is not the first time we've had test subjects escape, security needs to be revised."

"That's like padlocking the hen house after the hens got out." Stane rolled his eyes. "Neither one of the test subjects know anything beyond what was being done at that particular facility..."

"Carter did." Rowan pointed out. "And he's now carefully hidden away in Serenity, and Mated to Neville of all people."

"Gentleman." Van Doome raised his hand in boredom. "Neville only has research from the 70's; Carter was a stupid rent a cop. The two combined aren't going to find the secrets of the labs. So let's move on to more important ramifications of this loss."

"Which is?" Dorian asked.

"The fact that Alyce is likely to be reunited with her Mate Lycan." He glanced around the table.

"There's been no word in the Council or the Clans about the two be reunited." Victor pointed out. "Though rumor has it that the hidden Ancient has truly surfaced and has been staying with the Council."

"The Original Vampire?" Rowan asked curiously. He couldn't help but think of what they could learn from him.

"Off limits." Van Doome pointed at Dr. Chase.

"You can't tell me what to do." He snarled back.

"You want the Council hunting you down? Let them unleash The Comedian?" Doome smirked over Adrian who tried not to flinch. "Then I suggest you back off."

"This is all nice boys, but can we hurry it up. I have a Spa appointment." Victoria sighed and set her nail file down. "Let see so far we have that Messer was an idiot, which isn't shocking he got himself shot in the head. Oh my the old guys are running free and lose." She rolled her eyes. "I think we have more important things to discuss, for example the spy that was found in our ranks."

Victor leaned back in his chair. "He was taken care of."

"Are you sure?" Victoria leaned forward her eyes narrowing. "You left it at the hands of that shifty bitch. There is no way she would know if he was human or vampire."

"The spy inside was the least of our concern." Don Jon spoke up. "The information lost was nothing substantial, and was taken care of. What we need to concern us on is what we're going to do about our rising population and their sudden independence."

"Use it to our advantage." Angela spoke up.

Stane took out his cigar and looked at her, "Exactly how?"

"We're paying Stillson to run for President, with Nathan as his Vice President." Petrelli pointed out. "They can use it and defraud Bartlet."

"Expose them to the public." Van Doome grinned he liked the idea. Will keep them happy and

quiet while they worked on the real plan. "It's what they want anyway."

Frankenstein stood up and grabbed his papers, "Take care of it." He stalked out of the room, snapping his fingers. Royce rose from his seat, grabbing his own notes and followed his Boss out of the room.

~ New York: Petrelli Townhouse - Afternoon ~

Nathan leaned up against the wall and looked out over the city. He loved New York, its people, the city. It had a vibe that just sang through him.

Politics have been a part of his life since he was a child. Momma Petrelli always told him he would change things, make the Petrelli name whispered in awe. He believed her and did what she wanted.

The few times he didn't, it all had fallen apart. He pulled out his wallet and flipped it open pulling out the worn picture.

Claire.

His beautiful daughter.

A secret that even his mother didn't know about. Only a handful of people knew of her existence and he planned to keep it that way, and that meant making sure Momma got what she wanted.

Even if that meant smiling by her side as he accepted the Vice Presidential Nomination for the Republican Party; giving up his Senator seat that he had worked so hard for.

"Deep thoughts brother?"

Nathan turned and smiled at Peter, "As always. That's why I keep you around to make sure I don't fall into the well."

Peter walked over to him, giving his brother's shoulder a squeeze before leaning against the wall opposite of him. "What are you thinking about?"

"My latest meeting with Stillson." He looked back out over the city.

The moment he had met Greg Stillson, he didn't like the guy. There was something that set every

alarm in his body off that said; bad, evil, run away, now. His mother had pushed hard to get him the VP Candidacy and if he walked out because he had a bad feeling, it would be hell in the Petrelli household.

Nathan worked to make sure he didn't spend a lot of time with Stillson, but it was difficult considering they were supposed to be campaigning. He honestly felt they had no chance against Jed Bartlet. The man had a high support rating, and despite issues with his health he stood his ground on many strong issues not backing down.

Nathan even himself admired the man, for his strength dealing with the kidnapping of his daughter. He couldn't imagine what Bartlet had gone through. If his Clara had been taken.

"What about Stillson?" Peter asked with a sneer. He had let his contempt for the man quite known. To the point that Mama Petrelli refused Peter to attend any public gatherings. It wouldn't look good if the brother of the VP Candidate was growling at the Presidential Candidate.

"He had this manic gleam in his eyes." Nathan reflected back to the meeting he had just come from...

"Nathan!" Stillson called out gripping his hand and giving him a firm shake before smacking the back of his shoulder. "Glad you can come by, sorry it was such short notice."

Nathan just nodded, "You said it was concerning campaign strategies."

"Yes. Yes." Greg moved across the room. "Drink?" He held up a tumbler full of Scotch.

He shook his head, "No thanks."

Stillson shrugged and fixed a glass before sitting down on one of the leather chairs, he unbuttoned his five thousand dollar suit coat and got comfortable. "Come on relax. You are seriously too uptight."

"One of us needs to take this seriously." Nathan calmly replied as he sat down across from his running partner. "What did you want to discuss with me?"

Greg downed the rest of his drink then leaned forward. "I just need to know you'll back me."

"I'm your VP, of course I'll back you." Nathan gave a neutral reply.

"Of course you are, your Momma made sure if it. No one was going to dare tell her that her son wasn't going to be VP of the United States of America." He chuckled. Nathan kept quiet just waiting for the man to continue. "I've got some things planned, just play along."

"Things planned?" What kind of Campaign Strategy was that? Things planned. Nathan scooted forward in his chair. "Bartlet is well liked..."

"He won't be after I get done with him."

He frowned, "We're not doing a smear campaign. It will make us look like we don't have any stance on the issues."

"This..." Stillson leaned back in his chair. "This will make the issues fade away."

...Nathan had gone back to the Townhouse his mind racing.

"What the hell?" Peter demanded.

"I have no clue." Nathan agreed to his brother's shocked expression.

"This isn't good, Nate." He stepped up to his brother hand resting against his shoulder. "I don't like him, and..."

"Right now we just wait and see." Nathan placed his hand over Peter's. "I need to know you've got my back."

"Of course big brother."

~ Washington DC ~

Jed Bartlet sit behind his desk and looked out at his team. They were down to the wire only two months until the election. So far the numbers were in his favor, but he seriously didn't trust Stillson. The man was a sleaze and Jed had met some pretty underhanded Politicians in his time.

Since the announcement of Stillson's nomination they had been working overtime to prepare for anything - including exposure of the Clans. Nick had sent his Advisor to the White House to talk with the team. Jed had met Timothy Quinn briefly while they had visited Sylum Manor, for the private fundraiser. There was so much that he wanted to discuss with the Irishman, but right now there was a campaign to run.

"What can you tell us about Stillson?" Bartlet asked. "There is nothing on him."

"That's the problem!" Toby exclaimed. "He has no political history. Never been in office and he got the Republican Nomination."

"We're discovering that he's got connections to very influential Vampires." Speed spoke up.

"Angela Petrelli is a Vampire?" CJ asked slightly shocked.

"No." Tim answered.

"Thank God! That's one woman I don't want to deal with for centuries." Sam snorted. "But how does she fit into this?"

"Her husband worked for Victor and when he died she got in close with him. Getting the backing she needed to launch her son into the political arena." He answered then sighed.

Tim had talked with Bruce before coming to DC. Since Nico's kidnapping he and Tony had started to get more involved. Tony had started working closely with Horatio and Jethro about tighter security and to know where their enemies were located.

Speed had never been one to plan war more of one to talk to those in the shadows. He knew with out doubt that he only knew a small tiny section of the in-depth network that had been set up, but it was enough to know Stillson was only a front-man. There has something more going on than the little twit dabbling in politics again.

"The sources I've talked to indicate that Nathan Petrelli is not nearly a momma's boy as it may appear." Tim informed them. "He's close to his brother, Peter, who is known for not doing what Angelia wants."

"Think we can turn him against Stillson?" Toby asked. "A running mate suddenly quitting could kill a campaign."

"I think he is someone to keep an eye on," Speed agreed. "But your main focus should be on not what Stillson is doing, but what he's planning."

Tim had many regrets through his life. He had learned an important lesson from each one, taking each moment and making sure he didn't regret the next moment.

Stillson had used their history to get him to be turned. Claiming to want to explore and learn new things, use his vocation to enrich people's lives. In the end he was a whiny conniving bastard, and he hadn't changed much over the centuries. He sought power but only if it was easy to attain. But his true colors and intentions came out in a tiny village that ended up almost destroying Nico.

Timothy Quinn has never forgiven Stillson for whatever role he played that night. One day he'll make him pay for it.

Though he may have to fight his Mate on that privilege. Horatio had a long memory when it came to those who hurt his family, and Stillson would pay for killing Suzy.

"You need to find out who's behind him." Speed shrugged. "All I can really tell you is that he'll use anything to his advantage and doesn't care who he runs over to get what he wants."

"And he wants the Presidency." Jed frowned.

"Actually he wants recognition and power." Tim stood up giving them a small smile. "My best suggestion focus on Petrelli and be prepared for anything including sudden questions about Roman Generals."

"Can't we just kill him?" Toby asked.

Speed paused, "If I found him before election day...."

"No talking about taking out political rivals in the White House!" CJ glared at them. "At least not in front of the President."

"Deniability." The President just grinned.

"Well in that case it's been a pleasure talking with everyone." Tim gave a quick salute to Jed.

"Pleasure speaking to you Mr. President."

Bartlet smiled brightly, "Next time we need to talk Ireland and bring pics of those twins! They must be getting big."

"They'll be two end of next month." He grinned and as he pulled out the picture he had in his wallet and handed over to Jed.

"They're beautiful." Jed smiled at the picture remembering his own children. "They grow up so

fast."

"That they do." Toby grinned. "Just wait till the terrible twos."

Speed laughed as Bartlett gave him the picture back. "That's when we let the Uncles who kidnap them to keep them."

~ New York - NYPD Morgue - Night ~

Sid finished up his notes on the last Autopsy as his orderly brought the next victim. He would make sure Sheldon gets his notes and point out the peculiar marking he found on the victims scrotum, sometimes what people do for kinks still amaze yet fascinate him all at the same time.

"Hey Sid."

Hammerback looked up from his paperwork and grinned. He was always happy to see the CSIs specifically the special ones. Sid missed Danny and his sense of awe and Mac's dry humor. But both men were happy in Miami.

The last time he visited them in Miami really showed him how much the two Vampires had healed and how good the city was for the Mates. Their latest trip to New York was filled with tragedy and his own death. Soon he would need to head down to Miami just to recoup and visit his old friends on good terms. New York was starting to have too many painful memories.

Sid had been there that fateful day. Seen with his own eyes the pain and horror of losing Aiden had done to Danny.

She had come down to the morgue to pick up Danny so they could have lunch. They were a distraction for each other both worried about Blade and Nick. When she suddenly gasped fell to her knees and was gone. Sid had stared in shock as Danny screamed.

It was Flack's quick thinking and knowing what was going on that he was able to be contained. Don had yelled to get Mac and close the area. Sid could only watch as Don explained what happened; the realization sinking in that Danny had also lost Blade. Mac had taken Danny away from the lab and two weeks later they resigned.

Best decision ever, in Sid's opinion.

Though he missed them both.

"Sheldon just the ex-ME I wanted to see." He handed Hawkes the report.

Sheldon looked at the notes then at Sid. "Really?"

"Kinky."

"Definitely." He set the folder down. "Anything on the next guy?"

"Haven't opened him up yet." Hammerback slipped his glasses onto his face. "What was the scene like?"

"Not my scene the new kid got it, but then had a family emergency...." Sheldon pulled the next folder out of the stack.

"Again?"

"Don't get me started." Sheldon looked at the preliminary report. "Shooting down at the docks, head shot."

He looked over at the body just as Sid pulled back the sheet.

"Fuck."

Sheldon figured that said it all. He couldn't believe that they had Sylum's Clan Adviser in the morgue.

He grabbed his phone, knowing exactly who he needed to contact in an emergency. Even though Mac and Danny left, he was still a Chosen One for Don and Hannibal, and the latest Vampire of the group Sid.

"I'll call McCoy and Janet." Sheldon headed out of the morgue. "Take care of...." He waved his hand towards the body.

Sid nodded then looked down at the wounded Vampire. "Don't know what happened but you are going to have one headache and pissed off Mate when you wake up."

Sid pulled his phone out of his pocket, "Don't get grouchy with me House. I have a situation ... Yes, it requires you to come to New York. It's Speed... he's on my table." He pulled the phone away from his ear as Gregory House yelled. "So see ya soon?"

Sid put the phone away, and looked down at the Vampire. "Well he's pissed and told me to tell you to not move until he gets here."

The moment she heard Jack mutter Speed and morgue Janet was up and dressed. Jack had hung up the phone and grabbed his jeans.

"That was Sheldon."

"What is going on?" She demanded. "Speed is supposed to be in DC."

"There was a shooting on the docks; victim was shot in the head. When they pulled back the cover it was Speed." Jack told her as he pulled on a shirt then grabbed his jacket and keys. "Grab your helmet the bike will be quicker."

She grabbed her own jacket and helmet following him out the door. "Still doesn't explain what he's doing here."

"Guess we'll have to ask him when he wakes up."

Janet ran down the corridor toward the morgue and slid to a stop when she ran into House. She looked at him trying to figure how he got here before she did but then decided it wasn't worth the effort.

They both slammed through the morgue doors and headed straight for Sid.

"Is the bastard awake?" House demanded.

"Not yet and do we want to know how many traffic laws you just broke?" Sid looked at his friend over his glasses.

"Don't ask." Gregory growled.

He motioned for them to follow him. "I put him in the back room and prepped some blood."

They walked into the back room to where their friend was laid out. They both had questions but were more concerned for Speed...

"That's not Speed!" House stared at the man. "Don't tell me we found a descendant only to have him dead."

Sid shook his head, "He's a Vampire the wound is healing."

Janet stepped up to the Vampire he was definitely a descendant of Speed's but he seemed older. She could see the differences the face was slightly more angled and sharp. His hair was also more dark brown than the jet black of Speed's.

"If this isn't Speed who the hell is he?" Janet asked the million dollar question.

~ New Jersey - Early Morning ~

Sheldon watched as they loaded the unknown Vampire into the back of the Ambulance. He sent a small wave to Alan, they had gotten to know the Paramedic well over the past two years. All the CSI could do now was wait. His job was done, and it was time to get back to work.

Janet gave her Mate a quick kiss, and then got into the back of the ambulance. Jack closed the doors and gave it a good hit to indicate they were good to go. The two men stood on the back dock of the Morgue and watched as the Ambulance left.

"Keep me posted on what's going on." Sheldon glanced over at the District Attorney.

McCoy nodded, "Thanks Sheldon. I'll give you a call the moment Janet contacts me." He gave Sheldon a quick wave then headed for his bike. He needed to call Hannibal, put him on alert. His gut told him, to be prepared.

House had left the Morgue, heading back to New Jersey, before the Ambulance. He had called Wilson to get one of the back rooms prepped, and make sure they had backup. And pretty much like his drive to New York, Gregory had made record time back to New Jersey. He had used every one of his vampire senses to speed through the cars, and was very lucky he hadn't got a cop on his tail.

His mind was going as fast as the bike. The shot of fear that went through him when Sid had said Speed was on his table. Intellectually he knew a gunshot wouldn't kill Timothy, but with everything that had transpired the past few years, his intellect wasn't winning the argument.

Family had become important.

Loss of Diego.

Katrina.

The attack on the Manor.

Becoming a godfather.

Nick's kidnapping.

House began to spend more time going down to New Orleans. Visiting his godson, and being with the Clan. Wilson wasn't sure how to take his grumpy sarcastic Mate all cuddly.

He was getting sappy in his old age.

House blamed Speed.

He'd make damn sure the Irishman would know his displeasure.

Wilson was waiting for him when he pulled up to the hospital. House dismounted the bike and groaned, his leg had stiffened up from the ride. He pulled his cane from its holder and stalked into the entrance, scattering the ducklings.

"What is going on Gregory?" James demanded following his Mate. "All you said is prep a room, is Speed okay?"

"Not Speedy." He clipped then paused in the hallway looking at Chase and Foreman. "Get as much blood you can ready, we're going to have a hungry Vampire soon." They just nodded and took off down the hallway.

"House." Wilson demanded.

"We don't know who it is." He said continuing down the hall. "They should be here soon, and hopefully he'll wake up and tell us who he is."

"They?" He asked. Wilson sometimes wondered how suddenly they ended up in the middle of huge Clan situations. They had lived for decades working at variety of hospitals, content with a

few calls to the Manor. Now they seem to be hip deep in Clan Wars, kidnappings...

"Janet is riding with the Speed look-a-like." He turned and looked at his Mate.

"And he's a Vampire?" Wilson asked as they prepped the room quickly.

"The hole in the head was getting smaller." House replied.

He ignored the snark and leaned against the wall. "What's the plan?"

"Get some blood in him, so the wound will heal and close. Wake the bastard up and ask him if he has any Irish blood in him..." House looked over at his Mate and grinned. "Well did."

Chase poked his head into the room. "Ambulance pulling up."

The two Vampires moved down the hall towards the loading dock, only to find Cuddy already there waiting. She frowned, eyes narrowing at the two of them. "Who wants to explain what is going on?"

Wilson pointed to House, who pointed back at Wilson.

She threw her hands up in the air and turned towards the Ambulance. The doors opened and Janet stepped out with Alan as they pulled out the stretcher. Cuddy looked down at the patient, then turned back to the doctors.

"Not Speed."

"Then who?" She waved her arms towards the young man.

"As of now Speed 2, cause Mini Speed is already at the Manor." House looked over at Janet. "Any change?"

"He's stirring, once we get some blood into him, everything should start mending." She stated as they moved back down the hall towards the prepped room. "Has anyone called Speed?"

Horatio was curled up in the middle of the bed, holding his Mate's pillows to him as he tried to get a few moments of sleep. He never slept well with Timothy gone, add on two toddlers who have decided that No is their new favorite word, he hasn't slept in what seemed like days.

He groaned when his phone rang, rolling over he grabbed it. "This better be good."

'Speedy with you?'

"He's going to kill you one day for calling him that," Horatio sat up in the bed with sigh. "What's going on Gregory?"

'Nothing.'

Alarms started going off in his head. "House."

'Since obviously lover boy isn't in bed with you, do you know where he is?'

"He's on his way to Miami." Horatio frowned as he looked over at the time. "What the hell is going on? And don't bullshit me Gregory you don't call two hours to dawn unless something is going down."

'It's not something you need to worry about.'

Horatio sighed when the phone went dead. He hauled himself out of the bed, threw on his jogging pants and shirt, and made his way out of their room to the office. One of the few changes they had made to Tim's rooms when they moved in permanently.

Between his duties as Lab Director in New Orleans and Head of Security for the Manor he needed a workspace close by their quarters. They had taken one of the extra bedrooms, and converted it into an office. The door now off the main living room instead of down the hall.

He peaked into the twin's room, making sure they were still asleep, before heading into the office. A coffee pot stood on a small table, a gift from Jethro. Horatio started a pot then flipped on his laptop.

If Gregory House wouldn't tell him what the hell was going on. He would find out for himself. He called the first person on his list.

"Hannibal..." Horatio held the phone from his ear when the Hunter yelled at him. "You can blame House he called me looking for Speed."

'I've been up all night trying to figure out what's got McCoy's undies in a knot.' He yawned over the phone. 'He has me checking suspicious activities in New York. Do you know how many

suspicious activities there are in New York?"

"Oh I know." H smirked into the phone. "What does this have to do with Speed?"

'No idea.' The Hunter replied. 'McCoy is in District Attorney mode, keeping everything close until he has information, which doesn't help me do my job.'

The Head of Security frowned. "Well let me know what you find."

'Where is Speed?'

"Heading to Miami." Horatio hung up the phone and sat back in the chair. Nick had asked Speed to go talk to Jed about Stillson, then Mac called and asked if Speed could stop in Miami on his way back.

He got up and fixed himself a cup of coffee, and just as he settled back down he heard a wale from the twins room. He set the coffee down and headed for the room, not surprised to find both of them awake and the room in shambles.

Horatio Caine stood in the doorway, hands on his hips, looking down at his children. "What do you two have to say for yourselves?"

"Papa?" Elizabeth looked past her daddy for her Papa.

He picked her up and held her close as Sean wobbled over to him and clung to his leg. "Yeah I miss him too."

~ New Jersey - That Morning ~

Janet checked the blood transfer machine. Removed the empty bags and placed two full ones prepped to be hooked up to the patient. The wound was healed on the outside, but she knew that it would take a while for the brain to re-knit itself.

Depending on the Vampire how long it would take for the organ to fully heal. Two years ago when Delko had been shot, it had taken a few days for him to physically heal, and a couple of weeks for him to get everything back to full function. While it had taken Lieu a week to recover from a headshot he received when defending the hospital from Rogues back in Egypt.

Theory from the Clan Doctors was that the older the Vampire the easier the repair. The body, muscles, bones know exactly where to go and what nerves and paths they need to fix.

Janet looked down at the Vampire in the bed. They had no idea how old the Vampire was, or what his healing time would be. Lucky for the Vampire the wound was a clean, and not explosive enough to take out the back of his skull.

Gregory walked into the room, "How's Speed Two doing?"

"The wound is closed," Janet informed him as she set the empty bags into the hazmat container. "We've put at least five bags of blood, he should wake soon."

House slipped on some gloves then moved the Vampire's head, feeling around the back of the skull, only a small indentation left. "He's not old, but not a baby either. Hawkes called saying they had found him yesterday morning, gunshots reported that night. So we're talking almost 48 hours."

"So he should be waking up." Janet looked down at the patient. "Jack's got Hannibal asking around in New York, and Horatio has already called Hannibal."

"Yeah well the moment the redhead sniffed out something was off..." House tossed the gloves and leaned against the wall. "I don't have enough connections to figure this one out."

"Jack's got calls out to Tallikut, Vecchio specifically," she said.

Gregory looked at her incredulously. "There is no way Fraser had a Speed look-a-like without Sylum knowing about it."

"Only way no one would know about a Speed look-a-like is if he was hid by the Council." Janet pointed out. She had a lot of time to think about this. The Clan had been shocked with Lucas had shown up, Speed not knowing about descendants. So there is no way Nick or Tim knew about this guy. "Did you call Speed?"

"No I called Horatio." He shrugged. "Seems Speed was in DC and should be landing in Miami right about now."

A moan from the bed pulled their attention to the Vampire. He blinked a few times then opened his eyes. Startled he scouted back in the bed and stared at the two Doctors. Images were jumbled in his head.

"Plantain."

Janet glanced over at Gregory, who just shrugged. "Okay Speed Two, who are you?"

"Plantain." He repeated frustrated. He demanded to know who they were and who they were working for.

House groaned as he looked heavenward. "You've got to be fucking kidding me."

The Vampire glared and yelled, in perfect Russian.

"I'm calling Speed!" Gregory stormed off flipping his phone open.

'What?'

"Your twin is lying in my hospital spouting off perfect Russian..." House growled into the phone. "Care to explain?"

'Yev?'

Gregory stopped. "Wait you actually know about this guy?"

'Ish.' Speed answered hurriedly. 'Make this quick. I've got to meet Mac and Danny then get back on a plane and head home. I miss my Mate and kids.'

"That's too bad, call said Mate and say you're going to be late. Because my dear Timothy you are coming to New Jersey to discuss the Russian Speed." Gregory pinched the bridge of his nose. "I'm going to find Munch see if he can translate."

~ Miami - Late Morning ~

Speed sighed as he headed for the back entrance of The Orient. There should be a car waiting for him, provided by the Management so he can drive out to the lab and meet with Mac. He really didn't have time nor want to go up to New Jersey to deal with another situation.

"Why do you have him anyways?" He asked.

'He was shot down by the New York docks, Sid threw back the sheet called the cavalry.' House explained. 'How do you know this guy? I mean no one knew about Mini Speed.' Gregory pointed out. 'And that included you...'

"Fine..."

~ Flashback - 1951 ~

It was cold in New York during December, and he couldn't believe Bruce had dragged him out of New Orleans to help him with a project.

A project Bruce wasn't telling him anything about.

"If this project of yours is just going up to New York to play spy, we're having words." Timothy eyed the other Vampire.

Bruce laughed and clapped the back of his shoulder. "You needed to get out of the Manor, live a little."

"It's cold." He pointed out. "And I've lived enough thank you."

Bruce stopped in front of his friend, "The War was hard on you..."

"It was hard on everyone." Timothy pointed out, not wanting to discuss old news. The War had been over for years.

"Humor an old man, and just relax, we're in New York." Bruce waved his arm around the bustling city. "We'll get some good food, see a play, you can get lost in the library..."

Tim smirked. "Fine I'll let you play your mother hen routine."

"Good because I wouldn't want to go back to Nick empty handed." He smirked as they headed down the street.

They walked over to Grand Central Station, when Bruce paused. "Look Tim I need to take care of a few things, meet me over at Dulicie's in an hour."

He shook his head, waving his hand towards the platforms "Go do your secret meeting." Timothy turned and headed back towards the street. He wasn't paying much attention to where he was going, when he turned the corner and ran into someone else.

"I'm sorry..." Timothy stepped back and stared at the face looking back at him. His very own face.

"I apologize..." The other man paused and stared back. Then startled when he realized not only

did the man look like him, he was just like him. "You're..."

Timothy grabbed his arm and pulled him away from the crowds and into a small en-clove. "Who are you?"

"Yev." He answered with out thinking. "I should ask the same of you."

"Timothy, but lately friends have been calling me Speed." He looked over the man, seeing the differences between them. Yev's hair was dark brown, and his eyes were more hazel. The build was smaller, leaner. Speed detected a slight accent, and in a low tone asked a simple question. "Who's your Sire?"

"Catherine..." Yev shook his head berating himself for falling for the stupidest trick. "Can we talk in private?"

"I think that would be wise." Speed knew there was a small shop a few blocks up from the Station, a family of Chosen Ones owned it.

They easily made their way to the store, the family leading them to the back room. Both Vampires taking the necessary nutrients they needed.

"You're the reason Bruce is here."

"My new contact." Yev nodded drinking the coffee that was provided. "I got turned around on the platform, then some Cops were giving me the eye so just got out of there."

"We'll just finish our coffee, head back to the Station. You meet Bruce, and we'll act like this never happened." Speed grinned over at him. "I have a feeling that we weren't supposed to meet, so we'll make sure they don't know."

"We must have family connection somewhere." Yev pointed out, there was no way they didn't.

"When were you turned?" Tim asked curiously.

"Six months ago."

"There must be a family line that either split and went to Russia." Speed pondered wondering if he could find the line. "Either way, you're a Quinn in my book."

Family.

Something Yev had little of, and something he was learning about with Catherine.

He smiled softly. "I would like that."

Speed downed the rest of his coffee. "If you need anything, contact me at Sylum Manor."

~*~

'Wait so you randomly met this guy on the streets of New York?' House asked in shock. 'Only you. I swear.'

"His name is Yevgeny Tsipin, and you need to contact Catherine." Speed informed him as he stepped out into the alleyway. "Let me go talk to Mac, then call my Mate and tell him I'm not coming home."

'See you soon, Speedy.'

Speed sighed. "One day Gregory."

'Yeah. Yeah.'

He flipped the phone shut and headed towards the vehicle. This day was just getting worse, by the minute. Speed couldn't help but wonder what Yev was doing in New York. He should probably give Bruce a call after he gets to the Lab.

Whatever Mac has to tell him, better be good news.

"What the hell?"

Speed looked up to see a hotel waiter standing in front of him. "Look back off..." Tim stepped back and raised his hands when the waiter pulled a gun out. "You want the car, take it."

"Don't know how you survived," He growled and empty two bullets into Tim's chest.

Speed crumbled to the ground, blood pool spreading out into the alley.

The waiter emptied a third round into the chest. "That should finish you off."

~ New Jersey ~

Janet paced outside the Hospital Room, while Munch and House try to get more information from Yev. At least they had a name and some information from Speed. She paused in her walking and listened to her Mate.

'We've got more of situation than we thought.' Jack informed her.

"What now?" Janet sighed.

'There's a Vampire tearing up the city.' He said. 'Might be related to our mystery guy.'

"Well can't we just go to him and tell him we have him?" Janet wondered if men made these things much more complicated than they needed to be.

'We can't find him. Hannibal is out searching.' The frustration was thick in his voice. 'Any luck with the Russian?'

Janet looked back into the room, to see House snickering as Munch and Yev stared at each other. Wilson waiting patiently in the nearby chair.

"I'll give you three guess the first two don't count."

~ Miami - Late Afternoon ~

The first thing he noticed was that it was cold. Speed blinked at the harsh light in his face, then moaned at the lingering pain in his chest.

"Did you have to undress me, it's cold." He slowly sat up on the table. "And gee this seems familiar."

"Do you want me to gasp in shock then demand answers?"

Speed glanced over to the ME, "Just tell me you have clothes."

Quincy tossed him his clothes, "Danny went over to the hotel and got you some."

"Thanks Quincy," Speed slid off the table thankful they left his boxers on.

He heard a cough and looked up to see Quincy handing him a bag of blood. "Your mother would kill me, if I didn't feed you properly."

He pulled on the pair of jeans then took the blood packet, downing it in a few swallows. He tossed it onto the metal slab, and was pulling on his shirt when Mac and Danny walked into the Morgue.

"You look better than last time we saw you." Danny quipped before walking over and holding his brother close for a few moments, then punched him in the shoulder. "Don't do that to me!"

Ouch.

"Damn you guys have been working out with the Riddick and the Twins." He rubbed his shoulder. "Has Horatio called?"

"Every five minutes." Mac tossed him the phone and as if on cue it rang.

Speed opened the phone, "I'm fine."

'You were shot three times in the chest!' Horatio yelled through the phone.

"Three?" He looked at Mac. "I only remember two shots."

"Third looks to come after you were down." Taylor explained. "Calleigh is going over the crime scene while Eric is questioning the hotel, Riddick is doing another kind of questioning."

'Speed talk to me.'

Timothy took the phone and left the morgue so he could be alone with his Mate. "I don't know what happened H."

'Scared the hell out of me.' Horatio breathed into the phone. 'I haven't felt something like that in a while and...'

He knew exactly what Horatio was thinking. The past two years living at the Manor had been blissful. The family together. Everyone safe.

"I'm sorry."

'What happened?' Horatio asked concerned.

"I don't know H, that's the thing. Was talking to House, then hung up and this waiter looked at

me, then pulled a gun and shot me. All I heard was "That should finish you off." Speed explained. "It was like he knew me."

'Someone you put away? It's been two years since we left Miami, but that really isn't a long time.' He could hear the CSI mind working all the way from New Orleans.

"I didn't recognize him, but could be possible." Speed leaned against the wall. "How's my two hell raisers?"

'Raising hell.' Horatio sighed. 'It has to be the Delko side, I was never this ... active.'

He laughed lightly, "Surprised you haven't handed them off to Nick."

'I did, he gave them back the bastard.' The chuckle eased the tension in Speed. He hated being away from his family. 'I'm ready to call Uncle Dean and let him deal with the hell raiser known as Elizabeth.'

"They didn't feel anything did they?" Tim asked concerned.

'They clung to me, sensing more my panic than anything from you I think.' He could hear Horatio moving through the rooms. 'They are finally asleep, sometimes you just look at them and...'

"Can't figure out how they can tear a room apart in five seconds?" Speed smiled biting back the emotions he missed them.

Horatio laughed lightly. 'When will you be home?'

"Have to go see House..."

'What is going on with that he called looking for you, and Hannibal is either going to smack Jack or let Don do it, cause he's afraid of Janet.'

And the Head of Security was out.

Speed grinned, "I'm not sure something about Yev being shot, and they thought it was me and no one knew who it was. So I'm flying up in the morning to deal with that, then home by evening come hell or high water."

'You better. I'll make sure the kids spend time with Grandpa so I can get you alone and make

sure you are alright.' Horatio purred into the phone.

"Love you."

'Love you, too.'

Speed followed Mac back out to his office. He was surprised yet not over the changes at the lab. Seeing new faces, and rooms changed with different equipment. It felt like it was lifetime ago that he walked these very halls with Horatio.

"Want to explain what happened?" Speed asked as they headed for the office. "And why I'm not declared dead... again."

Mac chuckled, "Call came from the hotel manager that there was a body behind the hotel that need special attention." He opened the door and then followed Speed into the room. "He kept everyone away and kept you covered to make it look more like you were injured, not three bullet wounds to the chest."

"Need to give that man a raise." He stated sitting down across from the desk. The room was very different from how Horatio had it. The furniture was modern, more glass and steel. The awards on the wall showed Mac's career in New York and the Marines. There were scattered pictures of his old team and the new one. Even one of the twins, both sets. Kyla and Jack holding Elizabeth and Sean, looking like they were all up to no good.

"Got you transported here, Quincy got some blood into you, and just waited until you woke up." Mac finished sitting down behind his desk. "Any idea what this was about?"

"Horatio has a theory that its someone I put away, but I didn't recognize him." Tim shrugged. "It was weird, I shocked them by being there. I wasn't supposed to be there."

"Walked in on a robbery?" He leaned back in the chair. There had been no evidence anywhere for the crime.

"No it was more of shocked I was there period. Almost like I shouldn't have been alive..." Speed paused his mind racing with the information that Yev had been shot. Yev who looked a lot like Speed. He needed to call Horatio and pull Bruce into that conversation.

"Is this case going to need to disappear?" Mac asked sensing something went off in Speed's

mind. Something he had a feeling he wasn't going to privy too.

"For now, let me pull some information then get back to you."

Mac nodded, "So for the reason why I called you here." Mac picked up a folder and handed it to Timothy. "We have a situation. Sam Axe as you know is dealing with Westen, well this guy popped up recently and it was enough of a shock that Sam contacted me. Wanted you to find out if there was any information on this Victor."

Timothy nodded as he took folder, "He seriously just needs to tell Michael the truth." He opened the folder and looked down at the doisea, he paused at the picture then looked up at the CSI. "Seriously?"

"I take it Daniel has no idea he has a twin running around." Mac leaned against his desk.

"He would have told me, how is this Victor involved with Westen and Sam?" Speed shook his head; he would need to call Daniel when he got back to the hotel.

"Tied into his Burn Notice." Mac answered.

"Fuck."

The day just kept getting better.

The Patrol officer watched as Mac had escorted Timothy Speedle from the building. The receptionist had filled him in on who the young man was.

Retired Miami-Dade CSI.

Moved down to New Orleans with another Retired Miami-Dade CSI, Horatio Caine.

He was kind of shocked at how easily the few people around them, took a gay couple. They said it was something about them, and then got defense when the Officer seemed to go against the couple.

He held up his hands and just shook his head, letting them know he had the unfortunate experience of working with bigots and was shocked but glad to see such open attitudes. He gave them a quick wave and got into his Patrol Car.

Ten minutes later the Patrol Car pulled up into a secluded warehouse. The doors swung open and it drove inside stopping just as the doors closed behind them. The car door opened and a creature like no other stepped out.

The blue scales shimmered as she walked over to the older gentleman that was waiting by tables that were filled with schematics, maps, and plans.

"Mystique, beautiful as ever." He smiled at her. "What news do you have?"

"We have a problem." She ran a hand over his chest then walked past him. "He's still alive."

Magneto turned towards her, "How..."

"Obviously, he's a Mutant." A voice popped up from the sides. "Sounds like a breed similar to Wolverine."

"Why thank you Pyro for such an obvious commentary." Magneto turned back to Mystique. "How did you find him again?"

"I was down at the Station getting the information we needed for the attack tonight. He just walked by with the Lab's Supervisor Mac Taylor." She informed him. "His name is Timothy Speedle, and he's in a loving gay relationship with his ex-boss a Horatio Caine."

"How very modern." Magneto muttered and turned towards the maps and papers. "This Caine must know of the abilities, it's possible he's hiding then in New Orleans. Change of plans, children. We've got more than one Mutant to catch."

"Is there a reason we're going to change weeks of planning for one Mutant?" Pyro asked with barely held contempt.

"This is the same guy that had smuggled information away from our benefactors." Magneto pointed out. "He might have information that will be useful to us."

Pyro didn't like it, but he wasn't going to argue. "We've got men set up for the raid, it's all quiet on the inside, they shouldn't be expecting us."

"We're going to go in fast and quiet." Mystique looked down at the plans. "The kid has been staying in the back room. The father has been gone the past few nights."

"Where's dear old dad been going?" Magneto asked. "Is this going to cause as issue?"

Pyro shook his head, "We don't know where he's going. Every night we've tailed him, then lost him. He doesn't come back until morning."

"When he leaves, follow make sure you don't lose him or that he comes back." Magneto glanced over at Mystique.

"What about the mom?" Pyro asked.

"She'll do what we say," Magneto grabbed his black coat and slipped it on. He turned to the mixture of hired help and Mutants they had rounded up. All loyal and willing to do whatever he said. "Gear up we head out in thirty."

~ New York - Dusk ~

Craig stalked into the bar, the wind whipping back his coat showing to the guards the two guns he wore. They pulled theirs, but he moved to fast knocked one to the ground, breaking his nose in one move, then pulled his gun and shot the knee cap out of the other.

He stepped past them and moved through the bar the back room his goal, and no amount of hired thugs was going to get in his way. Two more rushed him, he side step both of them, grabbing the smaller one and slammed his head into the bar. He took the stool to his back, then turned ripped the broken wooden stick from the goons hand, slammed it into the guys chest, then down on to his head dropping the stick onto the floor as he kept walking.

The door was kicked open, Craig ducked back behind the wall as the man he was looking for emptied his gun. Layer moved into the room, reached for the gun, snapped the guys wrist and slammed him against the wall.

"What the fuck do you want?" He asked scared out of his mind.

"Who put the hit out on the Russian." Craig demanded growling, hand tightening around the thugs throat.

"I have no idea what you're talking about!" He tried to scramble away.

Craig got up into his face. "Let me refresh your memory. Dark haired, about five-eight, was seeking information about the Moon."

He stilled and looked at the blond, he knew the man. Saw him in the bar, talking to the sniveling accountant, the one that took the payments from the local business. "Dead."

"You better hope not." Craig tossed him to the ground. "Who was he seeing?"

"The stupid accountant got himself shot, body was found by the docks." He moved away from the killer.

Craig turned and walked out, kicking the front guard just for good measure on the way out the door.

Don stepped into the destroyed bar, Hannibal only a few steps behind him. He looked around and just whistled at the devastation. They had been tracking the unknown Vampire through New York, more like through the devastation left in his wake.

"Remind never to get into it with this guy," Hannibal glanced around the room. "He would so kick my ass."

"I'm so telling Bla...", Don stopped his train of thought, the two of them gave each other a small smile. With a quick nod, he then headed over to where the officers were taking statements. "I'll see if we can get any more information."

"Who's running the case?" Hannibal asked just as Hawkes walked into the bar.

"Damn."

"Well Don can't hold his liqueur." The Hunter smirked at the CSI.

Don glared at his Mate, "You'll pay for that later."

Hawkes set his kit down, not quite sure where to start. He glanced over to the door, taking out his flashlight he started to follow the path towards the back of the room. "He was intent to get what he wanted."

"The bartender stated that he was looking for a guy, about five-eight; dark hair; supposedly Russian." Don informed him as he looked into the office. "He did a number on the boss, though not really crying tears here. This place has seen its fair share of drug and gun deals."

"We sure it's one of ours?" Sheldon asked.

"Not a Rogue, but someone who's not in their jurisdiction." Don frowned as he reached for his phone. "Flack..." He listened for a few moments then hung up. "Send the new kid Javier then we'll meet you at the warehouse." Hannibal looked over at his Mate, eyebrow raised. "Jack just got a call from someone high up in rank."

"Nick?" Hannibal asked.

"Worse. Lamont."

The moment Craig entered the room he knew he wasn't alone.

And didn't have time to react.

He was thrown across the room, slamming into the wall shattering the cheap artwork that was nailed to it. Craig shook his head, getting to his knees when a foot connected with his ribs, cracking a good amount of them. He rolled away, forcing himself up arm gripping his side.

Fuck.

He blocked the left jab, but got slammed with the right hook. Stumbling over the coffee table he fell flat on his ass. The hand grabbed his shirt and pulled him up. Craig's nose wrinkled at the cigar stench that assaulted his senses.

"Eddie." He coughed spitting the blood onto the floor.

"Fucking idiot." Eddie Blake, known as the Comedian, sent the other Vampire flying back over the couch. "Since you're not answering your phone. Lamont asked me to give you the message."

Craig tried to get up but fell back down, wincing in pain.

"I'm sure you're just thrilled." He looked up at the looming Vampire.

"I was going to leave a simple note with a smiley face, but then thought fuck it." Comedian pushed his foot into Craig's chest and leaned forward causing the other man to sprawl onto the debris littered floor. He pushed down. "Sit. Stay. Good Spy."

Craig glared at him. He was going to need some serious blood and recoup time, he could feel one of his ribs rip into his lung.

"Since I have your attention. Papa is alive," He smirked. "He's down in New Jersey yelling in Russian about some book. You need to get down there and fuck his ass so I don't have to chase you across the city."

He stared up at the brute, struggling now in earnest he had to get to his Mate. Eddie takes his foot of his chest and steps back. He just gives the other man a quick salute then walks out of the destroyed room.

Eddie stepped out onto the busy city street, pulling out a cigar and lifting it to his mouth.

"Clay?"

Javier took in the Vampire in front of him. When he saw the scar on his cheek, he knew it wasn't Clay. The man just smirked, a dark chuckle escaping as he puffed on his cigar. He gave Javier a wink then turned and casually walked away.

Esposito knew that he never wanted to take this particular Vampire on in a well-lit ally, let alone a dark one.

He filed the information away at the moment; he would talk to Poe and Benton later on. He looked up at the building and ran up the stairs, searching for the room McCoy had sent him too. He found the Vampire bleeding on the floor, and he had no doubt that the man she had seen downstairs was responsible.

"Can you move?"

Craig groaned as he sat up, "I need to get to New Jersey..."

"I know." He helped him up taking most of his weight. "Let's get you fixed up then you can go deal with House."

~ Miami - Night ~

Magneto gave the signal and the small group moved into the house. They moved with deadly precision, executing the order with ease.

Two of the hired thugs held John and Sarah Conner down on their knees. Pyro stood between

them, looking at the pair. The boy looked like a typical teenager. He couldn't see how he could save or destroy them.

Sarah looked up at the 'kid' defiance in her face and eyes. "I warn you now, mess with me and hell will come down upon you."

"Oh what is your hubby going to come back from his play date with some slut to save you from evil home invaders?" Pyro sneered at her.

"He's already home."

Pyro turned when he heard the thud of a body hitting the floor. "Stay here." The two guards nodded and held their weapons on the prisoners. Pyro exited the back room and moved across the living room to see Magneto standing quietly. He stepped up behind him, eyes going wide when he saw the scene before him.

The husband stood in the hallway, two of their men dead at his feet. Blood was splattered on the walls, the ceiling, and on him. He didn't seem to notice or care the blood that seeped out onto the floor.

A tiny glint of metal caught Pyro's eyes. In the man's hand was one simple scalpel. "Man he's fucked in the head."

Magneto raised a hand, the scalpel slicing through the man's hand and flung across the room. The blood just dripped onto the floor, the husband not giving any indication of pain or fear. "Leave my family alone and I will let you go."

Magneto smirked, "I admire a man who faces adversity with a calm deadly intent." He signaled to the man next to him. "Tranquilize him, we're taking him with us."

"You sure that's a good idea?" Pyro questioned as two darts hit dead center on the man's chest. He stepped forward away from the bodies moving towards them. Pyro stepped back as two more shots were fired. He halted then stumbled to his knees, finally falling to the ground.

"Grab him and the two in the back, let's go we've got a plane to catch." Magneto called out as he headed for the door.

"What about Mystique?" Pyro asked following him.

He held up his hand and pulled out his phone. "Taken care of... good. Now find out what they

know about him."

~ Miami-Dade Lab - Evening ~

Mac closed up his office door. He was glad the day was over, now he just had to drag Danny from the lab and they can go home and spend a nice relaxing evening. He looked up to see Speed walking towards him.

"I thought you were on your way to..." He frowned as the Vampire walked up a smell he hadn't smelled before over ran his senses.

"Mac, I had a few questions from before." Speed gave him a small shrug. "Do you mind?"

Taylor dropped his briefcase as he pulled his gun and pointed it at Speed. "Who the fuck are you?"

Title: Stage Two: Diversification

~ Miami ~

Speed startled lifting his hands up in a surrender fashion. "Mac? Come on it's me."

Taylor growled low in his throat, his eyes taking in the creature before him. "Don't lie to me, who the fuck are you."

Danny had got tired waiting for his Mate and headed back inside. He felt the tension from Mac the instant he walked back into the lab. He hurried down the halls until he walked up to the scene of Mac holding Speed by gunpoint.

Then he heard it.

Danny grabbed his cell phone and sent out a text to Riddick, '9-1-1 Lab'. He then pulled his own gun and moved down the hall.

"Mac really you've been working too hard..."

"I can smell you." Mac glanced over towards his Mate. "Tell me now what you did with Timothy Speedle?"

Speed glanced towards Danny, "Would you two calm down..."

"Who ever the fuck you are, you're not my brother." He growled slamming his fist into the creature's jaw. When 'Speed' swung back, Danny easily dodged it before kicking out and knocking the person to the ground. "Definitely not my brother, you fight like a fucking girl."

Speed kicked out knocking Danny's feet out from under him and was up and gone down the hall. Danny jumped up and gave chase. Mac lowered his gun in frustration at his Mate, "Seriously need to teach that boy to stop jumping into the middle of things without thinking."

He grabbed his phone and called Riddick as he moved down the stairs towards the parking long. "We have a situation."

'What type?' Riddick demanded already heading towards the lab.

"Speed walked into the lab tonight, but it wasn't Speed."

'Exactly how wasn't he Speed?'

"Heartbeat." Mac answered just as he got to the Hummer, a vehicle despite the two years he had lived in Miami he was not used to driving. He hears a crash and looks up to see Danny on the roof looking down towards the parking lot. Taylor follows his line of sight to see a Patrol Man getting into a vehicle in the back of the parking lot. "Pickup Danny and follow my GPS."

He hung up the phone and started up the vehicle.

He grabbed the Radio. "Put a ABB out on a black Mercedes license plate Apple One Six Tango Delta Frank."

Riddick pulled into the Lab parking lot, slowly long enough for Messer to get into the vehicle before heading in the direction of one Mac Taylor.

He tossed Danny the phone, "You can explain to Horatio what the hell is going on."

The Hunter stared at the phone and grimaced. "Do I have to?" Riddick growled. He dialed the Head of Securities number and before it even hit the second ring.

'Don't tell me you have no idea what the fuck is going on!? I felt Speed go down and now you're

telling me Mac is chasing him!'

Danny grimaced he sounds pissed. "It's Danny. It wasn't Speed."

'What wasn't Speed!' Horatio demanded his voice low and deadly. 'I want answers NOW!'

"We don't know." Messer said. "Something that looked like Speed showed up at the lab, problem was it smelled wrong and had a heartbeat. We're in pursuit now."

'Where is Speed?'

"We don't know." Danny answered trying to hold back his own fears.

Riddick reached over and snagged the phone. "Eric and Calleigh are on their way to the Orient to find out what is going on. Eric will call you as soon as he knows something."

'Find this thing and bring it to me.' Horatio growled before ending the call.

"Whatever this thing, seriously pissed off the wrong Vampire." Danny muttered as he tracked the GPS. "It's heading into the club district. Fuck."

"You said it smelled wrong." Riddick glanced over at him. "Explain."

"Just wrong. Like it wasn't human, yet was. Like one of those bad protein mixtures when you mix stuff that shouldn't be." Danny had a hard time trying to explain it. "It had a primitive smell."

Mac parked the Hummer in one of the small parking lots just before the clubs of South Beach. It would be easy to hide within the masses of people. His eyes scanned the crowd taking in small details of everyone he could see. Searching faces, clothes, body language...

Then a hint of a particular smell.

He pulled his gun and started across the street. Horns blared as he held up his hand showing his badge. Mac stepped onto the curb, his sense spread out searching.

There.

Blue eyes locked onto a small boy.

His mind was refusing to accept what he saw, so he shut it down and let his instinct take over.

Mac raised his gun.

The kid frowned then ran off.

He gave chase, trying to keep his focus on the kid only to see him dive into one of the many clubs.

Mac pulled out his phone and dialed Danny.

'Mac, where are you?'

"Outside Dameons." He flashed his badge and walked into the pulsating club. The music moved around him, he could feel it pulsating through his bones. "Don't hunt by sight, go by smell."

'Got it. Twins coming in from the South. Riddick and I are coming from the North.'

"Cover exits." Mac hung up the phone and settled his sense to hunt down that one particular smell. The music dulled in his ears, his eyes heightened connecting to his sense of smell. With ease the Hunter moved through the crowds, searching.

Bodies moved against him.

Pheromones danced around his senses.

Mac felt a body slide up his back, with a quick turn he gripped the young woman's wrist.

"Oh man you're hurting me."

"Who the hell are you?" He demanded squeezing tighter.

"Stop! You're hurting me! Help!!" She screamed.

He pushed her through the crowd slamming her against the bar. When a couple of jocks pushed towards them, being the damn hero, Mac pulled his badge. "Back off this is a serious terrorist threat."

She reached over and grabbed one of the bottles and swung at Mac, who let go and ducked. She kicked out knocking him back. Mac easily dodged her foot, grabbing it and bringing her down to the floor. He dodged the second kick, then stumbled back when another hero tried to help.

The young woman stood up and morphed in front of him, taking on the image of his Mate.
"Mac...what?"

Mac's right slammed into 'Danny's' jaw.

'Danny' pushed Mac into the bar then ran through the club pushing people out of his way. He stopped when he came face to face with identical twins.

"What exactly are you?" Jack asked grinning.

"This way we can catalog it when we kill you." Kyla continued her sister's thought.

'Danny' stepped back.

"Yo Bitch!" Messer called out gun pulled as he walked up the street.

The suspect jumped up grabbed the railing of the overhead and flipped over the twins, form transferring into the blonde woman from the club. Quickly crossing the street, she ripped the valet out of a Porsche, getting behind the wheel and was off down the highway.

Jack turned to her sister, a slight grin on her face. This was a challenge one they hadn't seen in a while. They would enjoy hunting the creature.

Mac skidded to the stop next to the other Hunters. He nodded to the Twins, "Follow on rooftop." They used the same railing and flipped onto the roof then took off. Mac grabbed the same Valet flashing his badge. "I'm taking this." He settled behind the Mercedes convertible and followed the Porsche.

Danny shook his head, making note to himself to have word with his Mate later. He pulled his own badge and stopped some kid on a bike. "Borrowing this."

"You can't do that." He yelled as Danny pushed him off.

"Watch me." He looked down at the bike then sighed; Speed would kill him, it was Yamaha. Danny gunned it and sped after Mac.

Mac maneuvered around cars, chasing after the Porsche flying down Miami's streets. He could hear the sound of the high-speed bike following him. The Porsche made a hard right, causing Mac to down shift, wheels squealing as he made the tight turn.

He pulled up against the Porsche and pulled his gun, getting off a few shots before his car was rammed. The gun dropped into the seat as Mac grabbed the wheel, hitting the break and slamming back behind the Porsche. The bike screamed by only to get cut off, pushing Danny into oncoming traffic.

The Porsche turned right again then sped down the open road towards the dockyards. Mac only a few seconds behind it. He felt the whine of the engine as he slammed his foot down on the peddle. Pushing the vehicle to its limit, he jerked the front of his car into the back of the Porsche sending them both into a spin.

Both cars came to a staggering stop.

Mac grabbed his gun and jumped out of the car taking shots as the creature ran from the car towards the helicopter. He emptied the clip watching helplessly as the chopper lifted off.

The now blue creature gave him a small wave.

He flipped his phone open, dialing their connection at the Coast Guard. "I want the Helicopter that just lifted from Dock 29 tracked!"

'What helicopter?'

"The one that just left!" Mac growled as Danny and the twins walked up to him.

'There's nothing on our radar.'

Mac hung up the phone and was tempted to throw it down onto the dock. He felt Danny's hand on his shoulder, his emotion slowly calming down.

"What was that?" Jack asked eyes tracking the helicopter as it heads towards the swamps.

"I want to hunt it." Kyra agreed. "I've never seen anything like that."

"What the hell Mac?" Danny looked at his Mate. "No one has ever mentioned shape shifters."

Mac shook his head, he had no idea. He flipped open his phone, "Give me good news Riddick."

'Speed's gone.'

~ Sylum Manor - Next Morning ~

The door to the Conference Room, slammed into the wall. Thomas cringed at the hole it was likely to leave. Hilary laid a hand on his Mate's shoulder giving it a squeeze before going back into the kitchen to see to dinner.

Despite the chaos that surrounds the Manor, there were things that had to be done.

"Someone want to explain to me what the fuck is going on?" Nico demanded. He had been in the city most of the morning. Had breakfast with Warrick, who was bitching about his latest cases, and despite Horatio running the lab the politics were almost worse than Vegas.

It had reminded him why he was still playing stay at home grandpa.

"All we know is that this creature came in as Speed." Mac answered the irate Clan Leader.

"What do you mean by came in as?" Nick leaned against the conference table and stared at the Video Screen.

"It was Speed in all aspects except the fact the smell was wrong and a heart was beating." Danny answered the question.

"Does this have anything to do with House calling me yesterday morning?" Horatio asked from his seat at the table. He had the laptop up and downloading the footage of the traffic and lab cameras that had been sent to him.

He turned the computer around and showed Nick and Tony. "It does look like Speed."

Tony pulled the computer closer and studied it. "Mannerism are way off, I mean at first look yeah its Speed but within seconds besides the heartbeat we would know."

"What is this about House?" Mac asked Horatio concerned.

"He called me about dawn asking where Speed was at, refused to tell me what was going on. Hannibal said that McCoy had a bug up his ass, which promptly lead to a phone call from Lamont telling me not to worry and go back to sleep." Horatio glanced over at Nick.

"There are Council Hunters in my territory and I don't know about it?" Nick's eyebrow went up.

"Ohh can we watch dad yell at Imenand?" Tony grinned then sobered just as quickly a thought running through his head. "If this is associated with Speed why haven't we been notified?"

"Wait it gets better." Mac sighed. "This thing that looked Speed, kept changing shapes through the whole chase. A child. Young woman. Danny. Then when we chased her to the docks..."

"What about Speed?" Tony asked sensing Horatio ready to rip something to shreds. He preferred it if blood wasn't spilled on his new suit.

"Eric and Calleigh found a blood pool in his suite at the Orient." Riddick answered as he walked up with the Twins.

"They shot him?" Nick asked confused. This whole thing was seriously off, and he wasn't getting his head wrapped around it.

"Looks to be a chest shot, there was a lot of blood." Riddick answered.

"That I knew." Horatio snarked as he channeled his Mate. "The question is why shoot him and take the body?"

"They know he's a Vampire?" Tony glanced over at him. "Easier to subdue him."

"Tranquilizer gun will take a Vampire longer to overcome than a gunshot." Nick pointed out. "Especially Speed, he never does well with drugs in his system."

Tony glanced at his Sire, "Yeah but they obviously don't know jack shit about him."

"So why take him?" Horatio bit back his frustration; he could barely feel his Mate through their bond. It was faint and distance. His Mate was getting further and further from him, and he was stuck here talking about shit.

"Eric is questioning the hotel staff, checking to see if this could be related to the earlier shooting." Mac added.

"Earlier shooting?" Nick asked calmly.

Mac glanced at Horatio who tried not to bang his head on the table. "Speed was shot earlier and woke up on the autopsy table."

"What the Fuck!" Tony stood up chair falling back. "And we're just now hearing about it."

"It looked like a bad mugging attempt." Danny defended their actions taking a step back despite Nick and Tony were over a thousand miles away.

"Except Speed said the person mentioned 'getting it right this time'." Horatio pinched the bridge of his nose. "So what he rises from the dead, again, and they go after him, again."

Nick paused suddenly starting to see the much bigger picture, "This creature that changed shape did you see it's real form?"

"It was a blue type creature." Jack added from where her and her sister stood in the background. "Scales, red eyes, blue skin. Beautiful and deadly."

Nick stormed out of the conference room.

The other two just looked at him. "We missed something." Tony glanced back at Horatio.

"I'm coming to Miami." Horatio grabbed the laptop, slamming the lid down.

"No you are not." Mac glared at him. "There is nothing you can do here. Speed isn't in the city. Let us do our job, we'll give you the information and you do yours. This isn't your city anymore H."

Horatio snarled and followed the same path Nick had taken.

Tony sighed, "Anything else?"

"Yeah."

The Second in Command just sat back down in the chair and leaned back. "Lay it on me."

"There were two Knight Clan Members taken last night around the same time Speed went missing."

"Fuck."

~ Nick's Office ~

There was only one person he knew of that would possible be able to shed light on this situation. If he was right, they had a bigger mess on their hands than a missing Clan Advisor.

What is with this family and getting kidnapped?

Nick stepped into his office and stopped short. He stared at the two visitors in slight shock. He hadn't seen them in years. Takamori had kept him up to date on what they were doing, but he hadn't spoken to Kermit or Peter personally in a while.

Peter looked good.

Strong.

Healthy.

He had grown into his Vampire skin.

Kermit looked the same.

Distant.

Yet with such a warm smile.

Nick smiled at the two of them, "What brings you two back to the States?" He walked forward and enveloped Kermit in a strong embrace, then did the same for Peter. "Tell me you haven't pissed off some Dictator and need to hide?"

"That was once." Kermit smirked over at him. "We felt it was time to come home."

Nick sat down at his chair motioning them to take the two chairs in front of his desk. "I'm happy to see you, just this isn't a good moment to talk."

"Is something wrong?" Kermit asked concerned.

"Trouble up in Miami." Nick answered simply. Until he knew exactly what was going on with Speed he was going to play everything close to the chest. "I do have to make some phone calls..."

"It's okay." Peter stood up. "We kinda dropped in without announcing..."

"I have news." Kermit interrupted his Mate. "Sorry Peter, it's just this is important and its why we're here."

Nick leaned back in his chair, "What's going on?"

"Most everyone knows that you're kidnapping wasn't random." He stood up and paced just slightly. "I've heard things from Rogues we were hunting..."

"You and Peter are Hunters?" Nick looked between them. Takamori hadn't mentioned this to him.

Kermit shook his head, "No. Just well you know I have connections to not so savory characters."

Peter rolled his eyes. "That's one way to put it."

Nick smirked over at the youngest Caine, then turned back to Kermit. "What have you heard?"

"You've got a spy in the Clan." Kermit told him seriously. "This has been heavy on my heart, my friend. To know someone you care has betrayed you, I could not sit back any longer without coming and talking with you."

Nick sighed, "I know."

"You do." Kermit asked surprised.

He nodded, "It's been on my mind since I returned. Do you have any news on who it might be?"

"It's why I came back." He glanced over at Peter. "We talked about it, and figured we're kinda of a known yet unknown identity. Can check things out without older members suspicious, while the news ones get to know us. Especially since we've been away from the Manor for a while, it gives us a fresh perspective to the whole situation."

The Clan Leader nodded, "That's very true. Do you have suspicions?"

"Yes." Peter added into the conversation. "But right now we would like to keep it close to the chest."

Nick looked between them, giving them a quick nod. "Do what you need to do and keep me informed."

"It's good to see you Nick." Kermit smiled over at him. "When I had returned from the jungles to hear of your kidnapping..."

"It's been almost two years it's something I've put behind me." Nick tried to steer the conversation away from that time, it wasn't something he talked about. "If you don't mind, and I do apologize but I do need to make those phone calls."

Peter stood up and moved next to his Mate. "Understand. Should we find Thomas and get rooms set up."

"Right this way gentlemen I already have them arranged." Thomas stood at the Office door.

"Damn he's good." Peter eyes went wide.

"Too good." Nick laughed as he picked up his phone and dialed a familiar number. He gave the two Vampires a quick wave as they headed out of the Office.

'Nico.'

"Lamont, why are there Hunters in my territory, and why am I hearing it through my Legal Advisor and not you." He demanded.

'It wasn't your concern...'

"It is now, Speed's missing." Nick's voice dropped low. "So you will tell me what is going on. Now."

Jethro followed Horatio into his office, closing the door behind them as not to disturb the kids. He watched as the redhead paced the office, before turning towards him.

"How much of this do we have to take?" He asked tired and exasperated. "Why does every fucking bad guy out there think 'Oh let's attack someone from Sylum oh hell why not just mess with the Meridius family line - it's fun!'."

Jethro bit back the smirk. "You need to stop hanging out with House."

Horatio chuckled then slumped down in the chair. "Yes. Yes I do. I let my guard down."

"No." Jethro pulled a chair out and turned it around before straddling it. "The security in this house, and all Clan locations have been upgraded since That Night. Between you and that Vatican Inspector no one is getting into the Manor."

"Much good it did, my Mate is missing. Again." Horatio pointed out.

"We don't know what's going on. Right now let the Hunters do what they are good at, then we'll do what we're good at."

"Which is?" The redhead asked eyebrow raised.

"Finding our troublemaker Mates and tying them to a bed." Jethro growled out. "I swear never seen such troublemakers before. It's like a family curse."

A small smile broke out on Horatio's face. "Why Speed? Why now?"

"I honestly don't know. This doesn't feel like the situation with Nick. Something else is going on here." Jethro answered him.

"You feel it too."

"Hell yeah. This is just going to get weirder before the day is done."

~ Library ~

Willow sat on the desk and looked at her Mate. "What's going on?"

Giles tossed his glasses on to the desk. "Speed's missing."

"What?" She stared at him. "How? When..."

"I don't have all the details." He sighed and leaned back in his chair. "The Manor is on high alert..." Giles looked up and frowned slightly before grabbing and slipping on his glasses. "Kermit?"

"Hey Giles." He walked into the library and grabbed a chair and sat. "Got a few moments."

"Sure." The Librarian hesitated.

Kermit glanced over at Willow, "Willow right?"

"Yes, we met briefly at the swearing in ceremony." She smiled at him then leaned over and kissed Giles on the forehead. "Keep me up to date of what's going on." Willow jumped off the desk and headed for the door. "I can give Xander a call see if he knows anything about what's going on in Miami."

Giles nodded then turned back to Kermit. "So what did you want to talk to me about?"

"I need some information..."

~ Council Room ~

Tony watched as everyone came back into the room. He hadn't left, instead had gone through all the reports. Something was bothering him about the whole situation.

According to Horatio's notes there were no known enemies in the area.

The photos from the 'mugging' were off. Quincy stated the shots were straight through the heart, perfect shots. No mugger is that good.

Add on the frantic calls and hushed whispers in New York.

Something was definitely going on.

"What ever is going on in New York is connected to this." Tony stated as Nick sat down next to him. His Sire's eyebrow went up just slightly. "Don't look at me I have my own connections you know."

"Well you're right." Nick answered. "Lamont just informed me that one of his operatives was shot in New York."

"What does that have to do with Speed?" Jethro asked wondering how a spy being shot in New York has any relevance to their missing Advisor.

"He looks just like him." The Clan Leader replied. "Theory is that whoever shot the operative was doing business down here in Miami and was a bit surprised to see their victim walking around."

"Wait." Tony leaned forward on the table. "I thought Lucas was Tim's only descendant?"

"Yeah well it seems our dear Timothy has some explaining to do, according to Lamont; House contacted Speed about the operative, and in turn that is how he got a phone call from House about said operative being in a hospital in Jersey."

Horatio was going to smack his Mate when he saw him. "Did anyone know about Speed having another descendant?"

"Just Lamont and his merry men of spies." Nick sighed. "I've got re-enforcements on their way here to watch the Twins. We'll be leaving for New York tomorrow." He held up his hand to stop Horatio. "I'm just as worried about my Childe as you are for your Mate. But he would smack us both if we didn't leave the twins protected."

After Nick's kidnapping, Speed and Horatio had set ground rules down. If anything was to happen to either of them, the children would be first priority. They would make sure they are safe and protected, then go hunt down the bastards.

And it would figure that at this particular moment all the Hunters were gone. Gerard had a huge case that needed all his best men. Jimmy and Noah were working with the Winchesters bringing in the fugitive.

While Gabriel and Constantine were in Los Angeles working with Bauer on information concerning Balthazar. No one had thought anything of either set of Hunters being gone.

It was a simple trip to DC.

Tony glanced over at his Mate. "Make a note to glue Noah and Jimmy to Dad and the sibling."

Nick glared at his oldest Childe. "Jimmy, Noah and the Winchesters are on their way to New York. I've ordered Riddick to stay in Miami, and hunt down information there. The Twins are doing their own investigation and will get back to us through Riddick."

"So who is coming in?" Horatio asked.

Nick smiled at him. "Dino and Terry. The uncles were thrilled to come play bodyguard."

~ Sylum Manor - Next Day ~

Dino walked straight into the Nursery and picked up his niece. "Ah there's my little girl."

Terry just eyed him from the doorway. "You didn't say hello to anyone as you ran by them,

mate."

"I had priorities." He held Elizabeth close as he sat down on the floor in front of Sean. "Whatcha you got there big man?"

Sean smiled and held up the toy. "Truck."

Terry snickered as he sat down on the floor next to the young toddler. He was very much a Caine said exactly what he meant. Nothing more. Nothing less. He pulled out a small stuffed animal, "Look what Uncle Terry brought you."

"Kola." Sean grinned and grabbed the small bear.

"What do you say?" Horatio said from the doorway.

Sean stood up and hugged his uncle before plopping back down and playing with the new toy. "Tapadh leat"

Terry and Dino looked over at H. He just shrugged. "Speed speaks to them in a few languages. Elizabeth chatted with Dean on the phone and slipped in a few Spanish words."

Dino looked at the little girl in his arms. "How's my girl?" He asked in Spanish. She just laid her head on his shoulder. The younger Caine looked at his half brother eyes questioning.

"She's picking up the tension, she knows Papa is missing."

"Papa." She looked over at Horatio holding her hands up. He picked up his daughter and held her close before sitting her back down next to Sean. They watched as her brother handed her the new toy, then leaned over and kissed her on the cheek.

"They are precious." Terry stood up and patted Horatio on the shoulder. "We've got you six go find that brother in law of mine and get him home for dinner."

"We're flying up to New Jersey to meet up with McCoy and La Croix." Horatio informed them.

More information had started to pour in over the night. Three Clan Members were missing, all taken at the same time. Mac had sent reports of the home invasion in Miami, where the two Knight members had been taken.

The two dead bodies on the floor had indicated they had met with some resistance, when they

discovered who they had grabbed, Horatio was surprised there wasn't more blood spilled.

Eric had come back from Speed's crime scene, with the Advisor's GPS tracker in an evidence bag. H hadn't been all that surprised; since he hadn't been able to pull up the signal once they had heard about the kidnapping. He just wasn't sure if had got damaged or removed.

The only lead they had was from what the Twins had discovered. They had found the helicopter on the other side of the town, and after questioning the goons who were left behind, they discovered that the packages were being delivered to New York.

Nick made a call to McCoy, knowing now that somehow what was going in New York was connected to the situation in Miami. The Clan Leader ordered Riddick and the Twins to keep checking leads and sources in Miami, while the rest of them were flying up to New Jersey to question the Speed look alike, and meet up with La Croix.

They were hoping the spy could point them were to go next.

Dino looked up from his spot where he was playing with the kids. "What does that stick up his arse got to do with all of this?"

H grinned at his brother, "Two of his own went missing same night Speed did."

"What is going on?" Terry asked.

"We have no idea." Horatio turned to head for the door. He needed to finish packing and get in contact with the Winchesters. They were on their way to New York, but the fugitive they had been working to retrieve with Jimmy and Noah had done something stupid, or at least that's what Dean had said as he hung up on Horatio.

As Dino stood up he saw the black and white photo on the dresser. Someone he thought he would never see again. He walked over to it and picked it up, turning towards Horatio holding the picture outwards to him.

"That's Ellis." Horatio answered the silent question.

"How do you know her?" Dino asked.

"Speed practically raised her. She was Thomas' niece, carried Speed's sister's soul." Horatio looked at his brother. "Dean?"

He looked down at the picture, then set it on the dresser. "I knew her. We had a fling back in England. Right before I went to Brazil to find Terry and all that shit went down."

Terry shook his head. "What are the odds that you would have an affair with your brother-in-law's sister?"

"She's a good gal. I liked her a lot. After everything went down, just figured best if she thought I was dead." Dino shrugged then looked at Horatio. "Where is she now?"

"She died a little over two years ago."

Dino closed his eyes. "Fuck. I didn't know." He looked back at him. "How?"

"Long story, one I don't have time for." Horatio shook his head. "You two take care of my kids." He pointed at Dino. "We'll talk when I get home."

~ New Jersey - Next Day ~

Warrick stood by his Mate and looked into the hospital room to see Yevgeny Tsipin. A very Russian version of their kid. He had come home to a Manor filled with tension and quiet whispers in the corner. It hadn't taken long for him to get the full story.

He was seriously getting tired of this bullshit.

"So the theory is, this person...thing that changed forms shot this Yev guy, then saw Speed and figured somehow he had escaped shot him, and when they realized still not dead, took him." Warrick's head hurt just thinking about it.

"Sounds like it." Nick answered.

"And this is connected to Dexter and the Connors going missing." Warrick clarified.

Nick looked at his Mate, "I have no idea how it all connects."

"What does Horatio think?" He asked as they turned from the hospital room and made their way to the conference room that their Head of Security stole from the hospital.

"He's been working with Tony and Jethro on figuring how Speed connects with Dexter and Sarah Connor." Nick paused when he saw La Croix stepping out the elevator.

"There is no way in this universe there is a connection between Dexter and Speed." Warrick muttered as the Knight Clan Leader stepped up to them, his own two Hunters and team behind him.

"Full cooperation between the Clans?" Lucien eyed Sylum's Clan Leader.

Nick nodded. "Do you know who would snag Dexter?"

"No one in their right mind." Claudio commented from his Mate's side.

"Especially if they go after Sarah and her son." La Croix added.

"What is the connection between them? Sarah and John stayed off the map, despite having a Clan protecting them." Nick questioned. Sarah had been on the run with her son since John was six years old. Reminded him a lot of the situation with the Winchesters except Sarah was a Vampire, and no one knew who she was running from.

"She stopped running six months ago." Lucien nodded towards Nick. "Shall we walk."

Warrick gave his Mate's shoulder a squeeze then stepped away pulling Claudio towards the Conference Room. "You're in luck Alexx sent cookies."

Nick and Lucien walked down the hallway away from the bustle of the Hospital and Clan Members running around. They had moved past rivals and enemies, they still hadn't settled into an easy friendship that Nick had with the other Clan Leaders. The past two years they had taken efforts to talk more, and even visit the other to discuss border issues.

Usually with heavily armed Hunters.

"So why was she running?" Nick asked.

"Ex-Husband." La Croix rolled his eyes. "He was abusive. She took John and ran. I still haven't got how she became a Vampire, but she stayed hidden all these years. Afraid he would take John from her."

"So how does Dexter fall into this?" He couldn't help but wonder how a known serial killer ended up tangled in this situation.

"They're Mates."

Nick stopped and stared at the Knight Clan Leader. "Well Fuck."

"Well spoken." Lucien rolled his eyes. "Neither have any intention of mating, but they do protect each other. She told him about the Ex..." He paused and looked at Nick. "You can figure out what Dexter did to take care of the situation."

It flashed through his mind pretty easily.

The hunt for the abusive ex-husband.

Quick jab to the neck.

Waking up in a dusky dirty warehouse far away from everyone.

Screams never heard.

"So she's been staying with Dexter." Nick continued walking down the hallway.

"John for some reason gets along with Dexter," He held his hand up. "Don't ask. Anyway he was attending the local high school, Sarah was working at a Security Firm."

"So why have they've been taken?"

La Croix looked at him, "That my dear Nico is a very good question."

Craig sat on the side of the bed and looked down at his Mate. He was physically fully healed, the damage the bullet had done was patched up. His memories were still catchy, specifically the fact he was still speaking Russian.

Yev wouldn't let anyone near him.

When Craig had arrived, House had filled him in on what was going on, after he checked the Spy's wounds and made him feed. The doctor wouldn't let Craig near Yev until he was fully healed.

He was going to have a serious chat with Eddie.

Though he doubted the other Spy would give a fuck.

"Yev." Craig took the other man's hand. "I'm your Mate you can trust me."

"Then why do I not feel the Bond?" He demanded in Russian. "You lie."

"We never Bonded." Craig replied.

"Why?"

Good question. The arguments had been sound when they had discovered they were Mates.

They were both spies.

If one was taken out it would take the other and valuable information could be lost.

"We were stupid."

Yev sat up in the bed and looked Craig in the eyes.

Flashes of memory filtered through his mind. Nights of passion.

He reached out and pulled the blond to him, kissing him deeply. Craig leaned into the kiss pushing his Mate into the bed, devouring his mouth.

No more.

Tonight Yev would be his. His Mate.

Craig nibbled down the Russian's sensitive neck, then sat up a bit giving him a wicked grin.

"Eddie told us to fuck and get it over with."

Yev chuckled and pulled Craig back down into a heated kiss. "Sometimes the crazy son of a bitch has good ideas."

Craig couldn't agree more as he shifted and slid his body against Yev's the two pushing sheets and clothes out of their way. Desperate to feel hot skin under the fingers.

"AH damn! Get a fucking room!"

Craig yanked the gun that was stashed nearby and pulled it up, giving the doctor a small smile. "Got one now you can fucking leave."

House just rolled his eyes as he stalked over to the curtains and pulled them close. "You do realize most of the Vamps in the area are a bunch of pervs so I suggest next time close the curtains." He opened the door and looked back with a smirk before pulling a sock out of pocket and slipped it on the door handle. "Have fun. Keep the screaming down there are real patients here since you know it's a hospital."

Yev chuckled, then licked a path up Craig's neck. "Make me scream."

"Oh I plan on it."

~ Unknown Location ~

The room was well light despite no windows in the small ten by ten cell. Speed was shackled to the far wall, his only view of the cell door. He was getting weaker. He could feel the Vampire rising to the surface, the demand to feed just under the skin.

There were three prisoners from what he could hear. Speed knew Dexter was across the hall. The known killer was calmly listing out everything he was going to do to their captors once he was freed. Speed was actually starting to look forward to watching Dexter act out each and every one of his threats.

There was someone next to his cell. He couldn't tell much about him, except for the fact his heart rate was calm and steady. If he concentrated Speed could hear the prisoner take calming breathes, almost as if he worked to stay calm and not panic over the situation he was in.

Which was good, since the last thing Timothy needed was panicked prisoners if he was going to get himself out of this mess. He had been racking his brain for the past hours trying to figure out why he had been taken.

There was no reason.

Dexter and him had no connections besides a few incidents in Miami, before he had told Horatio about his Vampire life style. They were different Clans, different positions, hell different sides of the law most of the time.

There was no reason for him to have been taken. The few guards outside his door weren't Vampires, their heartbeats were loud compared to the silence in the cells.

Footsteps echoed the halls, heartbeats in sync to the steps.

There was no doubt in Timothy Speedle's mind they were dealing with humans.

The cell door opened and an older man walked into the room. He held up his hand and Speed's wrists were pushed solidly against the wall. He squirmed but he was too weak from the blood loss to break the hold.

"I'm Magneto."

Speed's eyebrow went up. "Really? That's your name, what are you five?" So his blood sugar is a little low, he wondered why.

His nose twitched when he got a whiff of a familiar scent. He smelled it when he got shot in Miami, twice. Speed was looking at the second figure that walked into the room, Mac Taylor. He rolled his eyes.

"Did you try that little game with my friends?" Speed motioned towards 'Mac'. "If you did, I would bet it failed miserably."

Mac morphed into a woman, with blue skin and scales. Speed's eyebrow went up, but he didn't say a word. At least now he knew what he was dealing with, and it wasn't humans. But as far as he knew there were only a select few that knew about Vampires, and he doubted these guys were in Charles' good graces.

"This here is my companion, Mystique and we're here to offer you an opportunity." Magneto stood in front of him. "You have the ability to re-generate, not many have that extraordinary talent."

"Yeah well if that bitch shoots me one more time, I'm not going to be happy." Speed growled at him.

"How did you get down to Miami so fast from New York?" Mystique demanded.

Speed just smirked. "It's called a jet plane, maybe you've heard of it. Modern invention and all."

"Your ability to regenerate after a head shot is extraordinary. I've only seen one before, but then Logan had extra protection." Magneto watched his prisoner closely ignoring the snarky comments. "Who's your contact at Crimson Moon?"

Timothy just stared back at Magneto. Now was a good time to keep his mouth shut and learn as much as he could. Because whatever the hell Magneto was planning was going to affect more than just Mutants.

"Whatever they are paying you, Frankenstein will pay more and he welcomes Mutants."

Well Fuck.

Frankenstein.

Now that was name he hadn't heard in decades. But what the hell was Victor doing with Mutants...

Speed closed his eyes as the answer crossed his mind.

Fuck wasn't really a strong enough word.

He opened his eyes and looked directly at Magneto. "I'm not a Mutant."

Magneto patted his cheek, "Do not deny who you are. Look into yourself and see the truth and come work with us, we'll not suffocate you in normality."

"Really. I'm not a Mutant."

He gave Speed a quick nod then turned and left the cell, Mystique right behind him. Speed listened until the footsteps faded.

"Dexter." He yelled out knowing the other Vampire could easily hear him with just a whisper, but he wanted the guards to understand they fate.

"Timothy."

"Remember the agreement we had, about not slicing and dicing innocents."

"Yes." He could hear the sly smile that he knew was creeping onto Dexter's face.

When he had learned Dexter was residing in Miami, he had hunted the other Vampire down and had a small chat. Speed would allow Dexter to stay in the city, as long as the only dicing he did were on criminals. "These aren't innocents."

There was a small laugh, "I know."

Speed smirked when he heard the guards heartbeats sped up.

~ Crimson Moon - Board Meeting ~

Frankenstein looked through the reports as the Members argued back and forth. He was half ignoring them, letting them have their pissing contests. He closed the last of the folders and leaned back in his chair and studied the group.

His eyes settled on Van Doome.

The only one on the board he worried about. He couldn't read the man. Victor knew he was hiding something, planning something behind his back, but not a clue what it was. Frankenstein had sent in Victoria to bed the man, oh she did, but got nothing more than a wild night in the sack.

It seemed Fitzgerald was droning on again about Sonny Sassone. The idiot was a menace, screwed up two of his plans by just being a moron. It was time to put the rabid dog down.

"Do we know where Sonny is?" Frankenstein spoke up. Everyone stopped arguing amongst themselves and turned to look at him.

"New York." Fitzgerald rolled his eyes. "Got it from one of my sources that he's plotting again."

"Let me guess." Victoria set her nail file down. "He's going to kidnap that blonde chick and Messer will run back to New York to save her."

"Pretty much." Victor nodded. "He's smart enough not to go down to Miami..."

"Why?" Don Jon asked. "Why won't he go to Miami?"

"Riddick and his two psycho brats." Rowan Chase spoke up. "They are down there protecting Messer personally."

"And he thinks they won't come with him, if he goes up to New York to hunt down a Rogue who's taken a close personal friend of his?" Jon asked eyebrow raised.

"Never said he was smart." Rowan shrugged.

"Speaking of Messer." Frankenstein pointedly looked at Edward Volger. "I want my money."

Volger bit back a seething retort instead pulled out his file. "We're sending down the lawyers now."

Frankenstein looked up when Royce walked into the room and headed for him. He watched the young man for a few moments. There were times that he seemed to have no control over the Vampire, while other times he held him in complete submission.

Royce leaned over and whispered into Victor's ear. "They have the Connor boy. Him and his mother have already been sent up to the lab."

Frankenstein nodded. "That's good news; did everything go alright?"

"There was someone with them, they have sent him to the Detention Center. He took out three of Magneto's men before they got him under control." Royce informed him. Magneto had contacted him personally stating that they had got the woman and her son, but had lost men trying to get the man with them. The description of the way the man took out the two guards at the house then one when they separated them, clearly made him dangerous.

Frankenstein had not informed Magneto or the Mutants what exactly they were dealing with. They had no idea about Vampires or their strength and ferociousness if they feel their family is being harmed.

Intel hadn't mentioned Sarah being Mated, or an attachment to a Clan. Making it ideal to grab her and her son.

"Who was with her?" Frankenstein demanded.

Royce stood back up with a shrug. "He's not talking."

"Is he one of us?"

"It took three tranquilizer darts to take him down, so the assumption would be yes. Though if he's not a Vampire, God help us if he becomes one." Royce answered before turning and heading back out the door. "Shall I contact Stillson about his upcoming Press Conference?"

"Yes, tell him to look smart and sophisticated instead of a used car salesman." Victor grabbed the rest of his folders and stood up. He glanced over at Stane. "Your plans to attack Tracy Island is

approved. Just make sure this time to get the job done." He pats Royce Cheek and hands him the files. "Get these filed will you, and send out the orders for Tracy Island."

~ New Jersey - Next Morning ~

Nick stepped into the Conference room, watching quietly as everyone prepared to head out to the location of the Detention Center. Yev had hunted Nick down, once he discovered that Speed had gone missing, to discuss with him all the information he had.

The two talked for a few hours trying to piece together a time line, and what exactly was going on to initiate the kidnapping of Sarah and her son. Nick was getting more frustrated with half information, segments of truth and was starting to lose his control when Yev's phone went off with a simple text message.

The location of a Detention Center.

A couple hours later they were gearing up and ready to head out.

Jimmy and Noah, who had just gotten in a few hours before, sorted and loaded their weapons. They knew from the Twins reports in Miami, that they weren't dealing with Vampires, but instead a Mercenary group, that went by the name Blackmoon Security.

"Where's Sam and Dean?" Billy asked. He had liked the two brothers, thought they were damn fine Hunters, and actually didn't mind working with them.

"Dealing with the idiot, who decided instead of surrendering to take a bank hostage." Noah snarled. "They had to stay with Gerard to deal with the situation."

Horatio looked up as he strapped on his own weapons. "So that was what Dean was cursing when I had talked to him."

"Yeah, Sammy was in the bank asking the guys ex-girlfriend questions when he took it hostage." Jimmy smirked just slightly. "I'm kinda sorry I'm going to miss what Dean's going to do to the bastard."

"We'll make sure to get the video feed later." Warrick shook his head, wondering what the odds of the guy getting out of it alive was.

"Okay listen up people." Nick called from the doorway. "We have very little Intel on this location. We do know they are armed and considered dangerous. We are not dealing with

Rogues or Vampires of any kind, but instead Mercenaries. I would prefer if we didn't rack up a body count." He pointedly looked at Billy and Garret. "But as some of us know from working in Law Enforcement there are times when force is needed."

Horatio clicked on his computer, showing a Map up on the wall. "All we know is that there are guards at each entrance, and sets of guard patrolling each level. There are cells in the lowest level, where we know they are holding at least Dexter."

"How do we know Speed is there?" Jimmy asked.

Yev spoke up from the back of the room. "The informant only knows that the Mercenaries were sent into extricate Sarah and her son John, Dexter was a surprise. He was removed to this Detention Center. There was no information from his end, about a fourth person taken."

"You have to understand we are working with very little information here. The theory at this time, is that those who were sent to Miami to extradite the Connors, were the also the ones who were sent to take out Yev. When they stumbled upon Quinn, they assumed that he had somehow survived the shooting, which lead them to adjust their plans taking Timothy along with the others." Craig spoke up from next to his Mate.

"Then they know about Vampires." Noah stated.

"Not exactly." Yev glanced over at Nick.

"From the description of the creature Mac chased down in Miami, she was what we would call a Mutant." Nick started to explain. "She has the ability to change shape and form, her natural form is that of a blue scale type skin."

The Hunters paused and looked at their Clan Leaders. This was new information, something none of them had ever heard before. They weren't the only ones, "Mutants?" Tony demanded his voice questioning yet underlining with anger. "I seriously do not remember this conversation."

"Nor do I." Horatio added. "As Head of Security..."

La Croix rolled his eyes. "Need to know bases. You didn't need to know."

"Wait." DiNozzo stood up and pointed at the Knight Clan Leader. "He knows before I do."

"All Clan Leaders knew before you did." Lucien said simply. "Considering you weren't interested in running a Clan..."

"Fuck off La Croix." Tony glared at him.

"Antonio." Nico stepped in front of his Childe. "This was requested by who we were protecting. If it wasn't for the fact this creature who changed shapes attacked one of our own, we wouldn't be having this conversation. Lucien, Malcolm, Benton, Josiah and I all swore an oath to protect this information and only reveal if necessary."

"So only Clan Leaders know about these Mutants?" Horatio asked his eyes shifting towards Warrick. He didn't seem phased or shocked, so it seemed the information moved towards the Mates also.

"There are two other Clan Members that knew of the situation, in case an emergency arrived." Lucien added. "You're a smart boy, you should be able to figure out who one of them is."

"Speed." Jimmy shook his head. "So they think he's a mutant not a vampire?"

"Smart and pretty." Claudio blew a kiss over to the gunfighter.

"It's something we'll use to our advantage." Warrick added. "Tony later you and Nick can have a long lengthy discussion about what you do or do not know, right now though we need to get our boy home. And seriously, someone needs to put a GPS chip under that boys skin."

Tony nodded, but gave a pointed look at his Sire. He was seriously getting sick and tired of finding these things out, in the middle of a crisis. He pulled out his own weapons checked them, then slid them into his shoulder holsters.

"Billy, Garret you are teamed with Jimmy and Noah. I want you to take the North Entrance had make sure the guard stations are taken care of." Nick pointed at the sections on the map.

"Horatio, you're with Jethro and Tony, head down into the cell area and free the prisoners. Lucien and I are going to check out the communication room, see if we can find any information."

Billy and Jimmy started yelling at the same time.

Both Clan Leaders ignored them.

"Warrick will be flying us in, and Claudio is going to cover our communications. House and Janet will be on standby for any medical emergency." Nick continued with the instructions. "We leave in thirty minutes."

~ Detention Center ~

The shrieking shrill of the sirens ripped through the Detention Center.

The Center had been breached, and there was no time to spare.

Magneto didn't waste time, he sent Pyro to prepare the helicopter and stalked into the lab. "Give it to me."

"It isn't safe. Hell I'm not sure it will even work. You only gave me half notes and information. The specimen you did give me, was small and I have no idea where it had came from, not allowing me to do proper tests under safe parameters." The doctor tried to reason as Magneto stalked through the lab towards the locked refrigerator. He curled up his fists crushing the lock and throwing it to the side.

"Then we'll just have to test it, won't we." Magneto pulled out the syringe and stalked out of the room. He nodded back to the guard and then walked out as the door closed and the gunshot was muffled.

He walked down into the cells, opened Speed's cell. He raised his hand and pushed against the metal chains. Speed struggled, but his weakening state left him panting and glaring at the Mutant.

"You're going to regret this." He snarled at Magneto.

"Consider it your lucky day." He pulled out the syringe and uncapped it. "You deny your own uniqueness, so it should be a blessing." He jammed the syringe into the Vampire's neck. "If it doesn't kill you."

He tossed the syringe down onto the ground and walked out. He stopped by one of the cells and opened the door, tossing in a concussion grenade, then ran up the walkway and towards the waiting helicopter.

Never noticing the third cell door was already open, and a pool of blood flowing from it.

Speed slumped in his chains, his eyes drifted closed.

Title: Stage Three: Mutation

~ Detention Center: Speed's Cell ~

The pain began slowly, like a limb waking up after not being used for a while. It progressed down his body until everything was on fire. Timothy Quinn had not felt pain like this in his entire centuries of existence. It was as if he was burning from the inside out. He couldn't help but wonder if this is what Patrick had felt.

The guard smirked and gave him a short wave. "Enjoy hell."

Speed smirked back, "You first."

The guard stilled when he felt the soft breath against his ear.

It was the last thing he did.

The body dropped blood spilling out onto the floor.

Dexter stepped over the body and looked at the other Vampire. He sniffed then frowned, the Vampire didn't smell right. "Timothy." He reached up and unhooked the shackles and lowered him to the ground. "You smell different."

"New shampoo." He tried to be snarky but it just came out tired. Tim's body shivered uncontrollably. "I'm fine go get the bastards."

"I don't think you're fine at all." Dexter frowned contemplating on what to do. He had respect for the Sylum Clan Advisor. Timothy had in a way understood him, and had sworn to behead Dexter if he ever got out of hand.

"Go." Timothy looked up at him. "Make the sons of bitches pay."

He nodded.

That he could do.

~ Detention Center: Hallways ~

The alarms had been sounded the moment the helicopter had hit ground. Everyone moved quickly across the field to the gates. The Hunters aimed careful shots and took out the guards. With a few pulls on the chains, the locks broke free and the gates opened easily.

Two helicopters from the back of the small compound had already lifted off.

They had split into three teams. Billy and Garret took off towards the back building, while Jimmy and Noah protected the Clan Leaders as they moved towards the transportation depot, where the choppers had taken off. Warrick pissed as hell, had stayed with the chopper in case of a quick need to get away.

Horatio, Jethro and Tony moved towards the building that their Intel had stated was the cell-block. Jethro easily took down the guard at the front of the building that were holding the cells. While Tony kicked down the doors and took out the two guards on the inside. As they made their way towards the back stairs leading to the actual cells, they were surprised they didn't run into any more resistance.

They moved down the dark corridors towards the sub levels of the center. The alarms were still blaring over the speakers, the lights flickered above them, and at times they would see movement from a distance only to hear a muted groan and a slumped body.

"Is it me or did we walk into a bad horror movie?" Tony muttered as they moved deeper into the Detention Center.

Jethro gave his Mate a glare, but couldn't help but agree. He watched as Horatio leaned against the wall then looked around the corner, then nodded. Jethro moved past him, gun raised making sure the hallway was cleared then paused at the sight before him.

Horatio and Tony moved in tandem to cover Jethro only to stop in the same shock at the sight before them.

"This is not helping the creepy Horror Film feeling." Tony looked down the hall at the trail of bodies, blood splattered against the walls and doors. All three had seen horrendous crime scenes, but nothing to this extent.

Guns raised they worked their way down the hallway. Tony half expected the bodies to rise and chase after moaning 'brainz' like some bad zombie flick. As they rounded the next corner they came face to face to the reason behind the trail of bodies.

Jethro and Tony held their guns steady while Horatio holstered his and took a few steps towards the other Vampire. "Dexter."

"Caine." He looked up no emotion on his face. Blood splatter ran down his cheek and across his forehead, his clothes were covered in blood, and his shoes were soaked in it leaving behind

bloody footprints. "Timothy is just down the hall, there are no guards and the doors are open."

Horatio nodded. "Helicopter is waiting..."

He shook his head, "Sarah and John are not on the premises. These men will have to pay for taking what is mine. I protect them, in the only way I know how."

Jethro looked around the carnage and could see his point. "Do you know where they would have taken them?"

Dexter shook his head. "They never discussed another location." He looked back at the redhead. "Go. They gave Timothy something, he doesn't smell right."

Horatio didn't need hear anything else as he took off down the hall and skidded on the slick floors around the corner. There were four cells three of them were open, while the bodies of two guards were in the middle of the hall. Instinct led him to the open cell in the far right, he stepped into the cell to find his Mate slumped against the wall pale and sweating.

He fell to his knees next to him, "Speed."

Timothy looked up and gave him a weak smile, "Not feeling so good, H."

Horatio clamped down on his panic and fear. "Well you missed your appointment with Janet so she's making you see House."

"She's evil." Tim leaned his head back. Everything was hurting, he couldn't get his limbs to cooperate. In truth he was scared, and a part of him really wanted his Papa.

"Tony, radio Warrick, tell him to get the chopper ready and to let House and Janet know we're coming in hot." Horatio ran his fingers through the dark locks. "Can you stand?"

Speed shook his head no. "Everything hurts."

Horatio got his arms under Tim's knees and shoulders lifting him up, cradling him close to his chest. He moved out of the cell into the hallway. Jethro had cleared the path and was ready to follow him when he heard a shout and banging on the remaining closed door.

"Go." Jethro pointed him to the hallway where Tony was already clearing the path.

It seemed like hours before the two Vampires got outside the Detention Center and moved across

the field towards the helicopter. Tony slid open the Black Hawk door and helped Horatio inside, climbing in after him.

He slammed the door shut then tapped Warrick's shoulder indicating for them to get the hell out of there.

Tony sat down next to Horatio his eyes on his sibling. Words weren't needed. Something was terribly wrong. He reached out and ran a hand through the sweat soaked hair. Tony closed his eyes and prayed.

The last time he had seen Timothy so pale was the day they found him dying in a field in Ireland.

As the chopper lifted off the ground, Warrick contacted Claudio.

"We're heading to the hospital. Get medical team up on the roof."

'How bad is it?' Claudio asked.

Warrick glanced into the back to see Tony's head down as he prayed. "Bad."

There was a pause on the other line. 'House and Janet are already moving towards chopper pad. ETA?'

"Twenty. Patch me through to Nick."

'You're through.'

'Warrick. What's going on?'

"We have Speed and heading back to the Hospital, once I drop them off I'll fly back." He informed him as if he was stating facts. He knew by Tony and Horatio's look that it was bad, he had to hold onto his own emotions for everyone's sake.

'Tell me.'

Of course that never really worked with Nick. "It's bad, Nico. Horatio carried him to the chopper and Tony is lost in prayer."

The cursing was in Latin, he knew Nick was pissed. 'Get them to House then get back here...'

"How bad is it there?" Warrick asked.

'Let just say what I'm seeing here gives my imagination fuel for what has happened to my Antonio.'

He closed his eyes for a moment, sending up his own prayers. He opened them and pushed the chopper just a bit more. "I'll contact you when heading back. Oh and Nick, stay close to our Hunters. They are there for a reason."

'I will.'

Warrick cut the line, then glanced back. Tony looked up and caught his eyes, Warrick wanted nothing to hold both his kids. It had been a long time since he saw tears in either of their eyes.

~ Detention Center: Cells ~

Nick hung up his phone as he headed down the dark hallway. He didn't even blink at the bodies of the guards now lined against the wall. He had to give Dexter points for thoroughness. He glanced over to Lucien who held a small grin on his face, showing his pride in the worker one of his had done.

"You know he didn't do it for any Clan." Nico couldn't help but point out.

"You're just jealous no one in your Clan would be this ruthless." Lucien waved his hand around at the blood stained walls.

His eyebrow raised slightly but he didn't rise to the bait, instead calmly answered. "I can understand Dexter's want for blood, these men stole his Mate."

The two turned the corner to see all four Hunters and Jethro standing staring at the door. "What's going on?" Nick demanded.

"The roaring on the other side indicates we might not want to open the door." Hickok answered. There was a loud roar and suddenly metal and concrete was being shredded.

Jimmy grabbed his Clan Leader and tossed him to the ground covering him, while Garret and Billy grabbed theirs. Jethro and Noah hit the deck as a large metal beam that normally weighed tons sailed through the air like a twig and embedded into the wall next to them.

"What the Fuck!" Billy yelled as he looked up to see a giant hole where the cell once was. The

group of Vampires moved through the wrecked cells into the exterior of the Detention Center to see a large Green Man?

All four Hunters pulled their weapons and trained it on the creature. It growled and roared back at them, looking for a way out of the fenced area. Jethro with his own weapon pulled moved in front of Jimmy and Noah.

Nick looked around the area, it seemed it was a containment area as if the people who were running the place, knew of a possibility of whatever the creature was of breaking out of its cell.

Nick glanced back at the destroyed building.

The cell wasn't large enough to hold something that big.

He turned back to the creature, watching as his Hunters cautiously moved towards it.

"Stand back!"

Nick wasn't nearly as shocked as he should have been to hear that strong southern accent. He looked over at his city's protector. "Remy."

"Mon General." He bowed his head slightly. "It would be wise if we do not upset Dr. Banner any further."

"Doctor?" Billy scoffed gun trained at the thing.

"Lucien, I suggest you tell your hot headed gunfighter to back off before he ends up a grease stain that even Vampires can't come back from." Gambit gave the once regulator a pointed look. "He just needs to calm down."

"Calm down?" Noah looked over at the new guy. "How do you calm it down?"

"By not shooting at him." Remy replied simply.

"If it steps on me, I'm sending you the hospital bills." Jimmy holstered his weapon, soon followed by Noah.

Jethro lowered his weapon, but kept it close at his side.

"Billy, Garret." La Croix gestured for them to put the weapons away. "Might as well see if

beauty can calm down the beast."

"Remy, care to explain." Nick asked calmly gesturing towards the creature as it pushed against the fence getting the shock of its life.

"This is a Detention Center where they were keeping those that they weren't quite sure what to do with." He explained. "Dr. Banner when pissed, frustrated, basically when he loses control of his anger..." He gestured to the growling green creature.

"Well that part was obvious." Lucien rolled his eyes. "And what do you suggest we do now?"

Nick was already on the phone. This was beyond any Vampires knowledge, and protocol. "Charles we have a situation here."

'What type of situation?' a concerned voice filtered over the phone.

"A Mutant that has a tendency to rip things to shred when he's angry." Nick watched as Banner moved around the containment area. He hoped to God that whoever built this place did a better job on the fences than the actual building. "Remy is trying to calm him down enough to get him back in his normal human form."

'Have him bring the mutant to the school, I'll see about being able to keep him calm. Where you able to find young Timothy?'

"Yes. He's injured, to the extent I'm not sure, I'll keep you updated." He hung up the phone and waited until Remy worked his magic.

The all watched in rapt attention as Gambit talked soothingly, his accent soft and caring. In a blink of an eye, the green creature shrunk down and in its place stood a shivering scrawny human.

He wrapped his coat around the man's shoulders and walked him back to the group.

"He don't seem so bad now." Billy frowned. "I could easily take him."

"You would piss him off again and he would step on you." Garret pointed out.

"Nico, this is Dr. Bruce Banner. Bruce this is the man I was telling you about." Remy introduced the two of them.

Banner leaned against Remy slightly weak from his ordeal. "Sorry about..." He waved his hand towards the building.

"If anything I've seen so far is an indication of what they were doing here, I think you're quite entitled to be pissed." Nick kept his voice calm yet in control. "Can you tell us anything?"

"Magneto, he called himself Magneto." He informed them trying to put together his own thoughts of what he's seen and heard for the past few weeks. "They are on some quest, they gave what they've been working on to my cell neighbor."

"Speed." Jethro commented from nearby. "His cell was next to Dr. Banner."

"Do you know what?" Nico asked concerned.

"Something that will show him the truth. I couldn't hear all that well, I was trying to keep myself in check," Banner said.

He nodded then turned to Remy, "Charles wants you to bring him to the school. Get him settled then come find me. You can explain to me what you're doing here, and what more information I know you have."

He gave him a quick bow, "Mon General." Then turned and pulled Banner towards the building and out of the Center.

Nick turned back to the small group. "Jimmy, Noah take Billy the Kid here and see what else you can find."

"If it anything goes big and ugly, you can handle it Wild Bill." Billy smirked at the Sylum Hunter.

Jimmy just looked at his Clan Leader. "No you can't shoot him."

The four Hunters headed back into the Center through the destroyed wall. Nick, Lucien and Jethro followed soon after, moving towards the still open cell.

Nick gripped the cell door. This wasn't the first time they had pulled Timothy out of a cell, but the darkness and pain that was still resonating against the walls shocked him. These men would pay for what they did to his son.

Jethro knelt down, pulled out a handkerchief and picked up a syringe. He wrapped it up and put

it into his coat pocket, and will make sure it gets to one of the scientist the moment they get back at the hospital.

They turned and left the cells, heading back to the main area of the small Compound. There was one building that still needed to be searched.

And what they needed, was information.

Lots of it.

"We need to find their main lab." Lucien said as they entered the building. "We have no idea why they took Sarah and her son."

"They are the key to all of this, and whatever Magneto is up to it's not in the favor of humans." Nick added. "I'm not above letting Dexter lose to hunt them down and just follow the trail of bodies."

"You are vindictive bastard aren't you." Lucien smirked. "I like his side of you."

"Only when it's not against you." Nico gave him a pointed look. "If Magneto has them..." He shook his head. "We need to find out where, the sooner the better."

"Who is this Magneto?" Jethro asked curiously. "I'm going to take a guess and say Mutant, since most of us haven't heard about him."

"A Mutant who has the theory like some Vampires that they should be ruling over humans." Nico informed him. "I've never had the pleasure of meeting him, but from what Charles says he's smart and has a slight god complex."

"Making him dangerous and predictable." Lucien added to the mix as he walked further down the hall. He paused and looked into one of the rooms. Then opened the door with a flare.

"Computer lab anyone?"

They stepped into the room, chairs were overturned, items scattered, as if everyone left in a hurry and forgot to take important information with them. "Amateurs." Lucien scoffed as he walked through the debris. "If you're going to do evil doings, have an escape route. And do not leave behind the evidence."

"Speaking from experience?" Jethro asked with a smirk.

"Of course."

Nick walked over to one of the terminals and clicked the mouse; it was Password protected. He smirked, well he did know a few people who could easily get around those pesky passwords. He pulled out his phone and dialed.

'I'm busy.'

"Stark." Nick replied easily, ignoring the snarky tirade coming from the phone. "I need know how to break into a computer mainframe."

'Are you calling me from the phone I gave you?'

He glanced down at the phone, Tony Stark had sent it to him a few months after the Egypt situation. With a note stating not to leave home without it. "Yes."

'Jarvis isn't picking up any wireless connections.' Nick really didn't want to know how Stark did that, so he just kept his mouth shut. 'Are there any cables near by?' He put down the phone as he rummaged through the cartons of wires and cables on the back wall.

"Found one."

'Good now plug it in, do I need to explain which end goes where?'

Nick ignored him and hooked the phone up to the computer, "Do your thing."

He watched as the phone blacked out then a new screen popped up showing transfer of files. He could hear Jarvis talking to Stark about the encryption and what servers to put the information on. The phone beeped then restarted. Nick unplugged it and held back up to his ear. "Make sure that information gets to Artemus."

'I'll make sure you illegally obtained evidence is sent to the proper people.'

With that he hung up. Nick slipped the phone back into his pocket and looked at the other two, he just shrugged and headed for the exit.

"If this is their satellite base and it's this equipped." Lucien waved his arm around the area. Three buildings, heavily fortified: cells; lab and barracks. "Their main one is going to be harder to find and break into."

Nick nodded. "Meantime I think we need to make a statement." He looked over at Jethro. "Round up the Hunters then blow the place."

"On it." Jethro smirked now that was going to be fun.

~ Hospital ~

House and Janet were standing near a gurney waiting for the chopper to land. Claudio hadn't given them much information, just that Warrick was coming in with Speed, and it didn't look good.

Janet stood calmly next to him. There were moments when he would look at her, and flash back to the war. Soldiers screaming in pain, blood everywhere, Clara attending to each of them. She was holding that same look she did then, when they would wait by the tents for the wounded to start to pour in. Anticipation mixed in with fear of what horrors they would see that day.

The sound of the chopper broke through his thoughts. Gregory turned towards it, waiting for it to land. The moment the door opened, he was moving. Horatio stepped out of the Black Hawk, Timothy in his arms.

House bit back the sudden panic.

Tony helped the redhead get Speed laid out on the gurney. The moment the Vampire was settled, Gregory pushed past Tony to get to his patient. He looked down, at his friend, a sudden flash of a time when it had been reversed.

"How many times have I told you to stay out of trouble?" Gregory lectured him, only to have the fear and panic return when Timothy reached out and grabbed his hand, it was warm and sweaty. He didn't say anything, but his eyes showed the fear he was truly feeling.

"Move it!" He yelled as they pushed the gurney towards the elevator. He didn't even care when the doors shut, leaving out Horatio and Tony. House looked up to Janet who was running her hands down the Vampire's body checking for injuries. She looked up, frowning.

"No physical injuries."

"He's warm, clammy and sweating." House ran a hand through the dark locks. "Speed come on I need you to tell me what happened."

Timothy opened his eyes, pain evident in them. "Gave me something."

"A drug?" House pushed. "I can't help if you don't tell me everything."

He shook his head. "Just said I would see the truth." He coughed suddenly body whacked in pain as he sat up. Blood dripped from his lips. "Feels like when I had plague but worse."

"That isn't helping me." House helped him lay back down, his hand resting on his chest. He paused then grabbed his stethoscope. He moved it around, frowned. Checked again.

"Clara."

She looked up at him, snagging her own stethoscope placing it on his chest. With a frown she moved it around, then looked back up at Gregory.

"His lungs sound congested."

Gregory nodded, "Lungs that haven't really worked in 700 years."

The doors opened and they pushed the gurney towards a private room. Both worked in tangent as they set up machines to check vitals. Janet stopped for a moment and looked down at Timothy. She wasn't there for when he had the plague, but the fear of how close they had come to losing him and Tony were always seen in Nico's eyes when he told the story.

"What did you do for Tony, a few years back." House asked.

"Fed." Janet answered without answering. "It was what they did when they were hit with the plague. Continually feeding."

Gregory leaned over the railings. Speed was still. Too still. He checked the monitor and shook his head. "Vampires aren't supposed to have high heart rates."

"Aren't supposed to have heart rates period." Janet muttered as she listened once again to his chest. "As much as we've learned in the past centuries, we still don't know how the body works as a Vampire."

"We need what they gave him." House grabbed a syringe off one of the carts and drew blood. His hand slammed on the intercom. "Chase get down here NOW!"

The door opened as Chase walked into the room. "Cuddy wants an update. The team is set up

outside to help."

House handed him vials of blood. "Get those analyzed yesterday. Need you to pull off that fancy labwork they do on those Medical dramas. Need info fifteen minutes ago." He looked up to see Cuddy at the door.

"House..."

"Busy trying to make sure Mate and Papa don't go batshit and kill things." He commented when alarms started going off on the machines.

"The rest of the team is on their way back." She ignored him as she stood in the doorway letting those outside look in.

"Get in here!" He snarled and pulled her into the room. "What the hell where you thinking! We're dealing with a critical situation and you just stand there letting the 'family' watch."

"He's a vampire." Cuddy looked at the bed.

"At the moment his body is re animating." House turned his back on her. "We need info. Let me know when Nick gets back, and find out what Caine and Anthony know."

Speed screamed out in pain, jerking upwards in the bed. Janet tried to get him settled back down. And just as quickly as it started it stopped. He slumped back down into the bed, exhausted, body wracked with pain. She ran a hand through his hair, trying to sooth him as tears ran down his face. A small whimper of pain and misery clutched at her heart.

It had been years since she had felt such helplessness. There was nothing she could do. She didn't know what was going on. She couldn't do anything. Tears of frustration watered her own eyes. She shook her head and brought herself back under control. Speed needed her, and she didn't have time to break down.

Janet turned towards the door to find out what was the commotion out in the hall. Gregory was holding Horatio up, pushing him back against the wall. His body slid down it until he was sitting on the cold linoleum floor. He was gripping his chest, pain and misery etched into his face.

House moved with the body, ending up on his knees in front of the redhead. For a second the scene changed. Time raced backwards. The walls faded into a wooded field. All he could hear was gunfire; the air thick with powder and smoke.

"Captain Caine." He cupped the redhead's cheek. "Caine I need you to focus on me."

Blue eyes focused onto him. "It's gone."

The world came rushing back as alarms started blaring from the hospital room. Gregory looked at the door, then back at Horatio.

"It's gone." He leaned his head back against the wall, tears flowing freely. "The Bond. It's gone."

~ Miami: Miami-Dade Police Department ~

Danny walked up to the receptionist carrying a few of his files. "Hey Sandy, how's the kids?"

"My five year old thinks he's Superman." She grinned up at him from her desk. "Henry has caught more than once trying to jump off the couch."

"I think all of us five year old boys try to fly." He grinned at her sitting his files on the ledge. "And most of us broke our arm at some point."

She sighed, "So far we've been lucky. So you wanted to be Superman?"

"Nah, I always wanted to be Batman." He grinned faintly at the memory of late night talks up on the roofs of New York. There were days he really missed Blade, and his advice.

"I can see you as the rich billionaire with a secret past." Sandy teased him. She had a soft spot for the shy, scruffy ones that need mothering. Though the old ME had taken care of the last scruffy one, she had the pleasure of watching over this one. And like Timothy, Danny had another caretaker, that few would ever cross. Taylor didn't have Horatio's reputation yet, but he was getting there.

"As much as I love our chats, you called me?" Danny asked. He had a lot of paperwork to do, and about five open cases. Let alone the late nights looking into who attacked Speed, and the two Knight Clan Members.

Sandy looked over towards the two men in suits that were standing by the window. "They needed to speak to you."

It didn't take Danny long to figure out who was standing in the lobby of Miami-Dade Police Department, and it took him even less time to figure out why.

"Do me a favor, call Mac."

Sandy was way ahead of him, and had buzzed the Lieutenant soon after she contacted Danny. Taylor was on his way in from a crime scene, she hoped he got here soon. She kept her fingers on the phone, in case she needed security down to the Lobby fast.

Danny stepped up to the two men in suits. "I'm Danny Messer, how can I help you?"

The older one stepped up to him and handed him a folded up piece of paper. "You've been served. We're contesting Paul Messer's will, and will be seeking his estate and funds for the proper heir."

He looked at the paper, read it over then handed it back with a shrug. "You can sue all you want, there's nothing left."

"What!?" The other man stepped forward glaring at Danny.

"It's all gone." He looked over at the furious man. "I didn't want any of the bastards money, so I arranged with my lawyer to have the estates; the bonds; everything liquidated and given away to a variety of charities."

"You can't do that. It's my money!"

"You can contact my lawyer, Harvey Specter." Danny smirked at the widening of eyes from both of them. "Or you can sue the American Cancer Association; Human Society; 9/11 Foundation; Disabled Veterans Association; Salvation Army to name a few."

"Is there a problem gentleman."

Danny turned and smiled over at Mac, "Nah got it covered Mac." He turned back to the two men. "Oh and Paul, there were a lot of papers in Papa Messer's things. A lot of papers. So don't think for a second I don't know who you are, or what you are involved in."

Paul took a step towards him, only to stop when he saw Taylor put a hand on his gun.

"Next time you want to speak to me, you can contact Mr. Specter." Danny turned his back on his brother, smirking when he saw his Mate, Riddick and Eric all standing close by weapons within reach.

~ New York ~

Nathan Petrelli looked out to the crowd to see his mother talking softly with someone next to her. He didn't recognize her, but the way she was smiling worried Nathan. His eyes sought out his brother, to gain some comfort and stability. Peter gave him a wink from his spot on the opposite side of the building.

Nathan took a deep breath and calmed his sudden set of nerves and focused on what was going on. He had no idea what Stillson was up to, but his gut told him it wasn't good.

Presidential Candidate Greg Stillson stood behind the Podium and a bank of Microphones. He gave his audience a calm and sincere smile.

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the press, I thank you for coming today on such a short notice. The moment I had confirmed my suspicions I contacted the media, as it was my duty to the American People to inform of the truth."

There were murmurs throughout the crowds. Peter glanced over at his brother, Nathan's look was about as confused as everyone else.

"The current Administration has been lying to you. They've been hiding a threat to the American people. A very threat that could destroy our very foundation and society." He made sure that everyone was paying attention.

He clicked the remote bringing to life the TV monitors centered around the platform. On it was a young teenager, who seemed normal until ice broke out from his fingers and froze the earth around him.

Nathan recognized the kid.

He controlled all of his emotions, showing nothing on his face.

The video paused on the moment the ice came from the kid's fingers. Stillson turned back to the stunned Media.

"They are called Mutants. They live among us. Go to school with our children. The Government has been funding a school to protect them."

Questions started coming from every direction.

"Who is the kid?"

"Where is this school?"

"How many of these Mutants are there?"

"Is this a disease?"

"Are all our kids going to catch this?"

"Could this be an epidemic?"

Nathan looked over to see Peter moving out of the crowd pulling his cell phone out. He gave an inward sigh of relief. The reason he recognized the kid, was he went to school with his daughter. The very school Stillson was now threatening.

"There is hope!" Stillson smiled brightly. "Gen-Cris a leading Pharmaceutical Company has been working from funding from Private corporations and Citizens who are concerned for the safety of America."

He paused dramatically.

Nathan tried hard not to roll his eyes.

"They have found a cure."

The news reporters were now all up out of their seats asking millions of questions flashes of lights blinding anyone near the stage.

The Presidential Candidate smiled. It was chaos. It was perfect.

The Vice Presidential Candidate stepped off the podium in disgust. Sickened by what just happened. He realized now this is what Stillson had been talking about earlier. The thing that would take down Bartlett.

Nathan shook off his mother's hand and turned towards her. "You knew about this."

"Yes. It's horrible that the Administrations has been lying to the American People. They have put our lives at jeopardy." Angela Petrelli made sure her words could be heard by nearby reporters.

"No Mother. This is an abomination of the American Political System. This..." He waved around the room. "Is nothing but a freak show for the hungry media looking for the six pm sound bite. This is not what I signed up for."

"This will get us into the White House!" She snapped at him.

He shook his head. "I won't be a part of this."

Angela grabbed her son's arm and squeezed tightly. "Don't think I don't know about your kid, and imagine for a second if anyone ..."

"You won't tell a soul mother." He hissed at her pulling her hand off his arm. "Why? Because the idea of me having an illegitimate daughter would humiliate you in the press. It will bring scandal to the election. Don't play this game with me, Mother, especially since it was you who taught me how to play it." He stepped back and fixed his tie. "And if I hear anything remotely happening to my daughter - I'll make sure all your dirty little secrets end up on the news." He looked over at the still riled Media. "Cause you know the people have a short attention span, and illicit sex and murder is so much more juicy than sci-fi accusations."

With that he turned and stormed out of the room. He had more important things to deal with, than his Mother's ambition.

~ Washington D.C. ~

"Did someone forget to get me the Mutant Memo?" Jed Bartlett looked around the room to his advisers. "I got the Vampire one, and the Alien one, did we miss this one?"

If it wasn't such a serious moment he would have chuckled at the fact his Aide was shuffling through papers looking for an actual memo.

"I want information and I wanted it five minutes ago. Toby, Sam, start working up a speech. Cj..." He paused when she was focused on the television. "Claudie Jean?"

She picked up the remote and hit the rewind button on the Tivo; then hit play. "See that. In the corner." She rewound it again. "That is Nathan Petrelli and he seems a bit upset over this spectacle."

Jed Bartlett watched the scene play out in the background of the media frenzy. "Find out what has upset Senator Petrelli. Mean time someone get the Roman on the phone I have a few questions." He tossed his glasses onto the oval desk and sighed before he leaned back in the

chair.

Mutants.

Part of him wanted to ask what was next. The other part of him was smart enough not to.

~ New Jersey: Hospital ~

They were out of the helicopter the moment Warrick finished the shut down procedures. Considering how long it took to shut a Black Hawk, it was amazing that the Pirate had done it in half the time. Lucien stayed a few feet behind the Leaders of Sylum, not wanting to get in their way.

Lucien could rant for hours about Nico and his children. He could detail accounts of games he played with each of them, enjoying the frustrated and pissed off look all of them wore when he annoyed them. Over the years they all settled into a more civil relationship, and after Egypt there was more of an open communication between the two Clans.

Though even with all the torments he did to Nicolaus and his rugrats. He was never stupid enough to hurt the rugrats in front of protective Papa. Lucien was looking forward to seeing the wrath Nico would bring down on Magneto.

They all three stepped out of the elevators to find Tony sitting against the wall, head bowed, rosary in hand. There was no one else in the area.

"Elena."

Tony looked up, his eyes red rimmed. "Papa." The tone alone was enough to break Nico's heart. He moved quickly across the room and settled next to his oldest. Tony for the first time in centuries laid his head on his Papa's shoulder and just let the tears come.

Warrick settled on the other side of his kid, wanting information but knowing that at the moment Tony needed his parents.

Lucien took up point at the hallway, making sure no one would disturb the family. He had no idea what was going on at the moment, but he would make sure that they were left alone. He had no doubt that soon everything would be chaos, and this moment would be lost.

Alarms pierced through the hallway startling everyone. All they could hear was a curse, and some machinery being tossed around. It didn't take long before the door of the room opened up

to reveal a pissed off Gregory House.

"Tell me you have information." He demanded.

Nico stood up and pulled out the bag with the syringe and some vials with liquid in them. "It's what they gave him."

"CHASE!!!" He bellowed, not caring if he disturbed anyone. He turned back to Nico, "Anything else? I mean Anything. We're flying blind here."

Nico handed him the USB Drive, taking a quick look at the doctor. He looked haggard, and his usual burly self seemed subdued. Nico paused no Greg wasn't subdued, more pissed and determined. "It's everything we got off their labs computers. The little I could read before we got out of there was that they were doing experiments on Mutants."

House took the drive and looked down at it, "This could save your son's life."

It was a tone he had heard before, decades ago on the battlefield. It was determined and scared, "Talk to me Doctor."

"His heart rate is up. Lungs are congested." House looked over at the room. Janet was reading the machines, her hair was falling into her face, and she looked tired and haggard. When another machine's alarm started to scream, House turned back to his Clan Leader. "His body is coming alive. Like suddenly he's cured of being a Vampire."

Chase and Wilson both came running around the corner. Gregory handed Chase the syringe, "Run every damn test we can and then some." Chase without a word took it and ran back the way he came.

Wilson laid a hand on his Mate's shoulder giving him some comfort. He could feel the anger, pain and the exhaustion setting in. He glanced over at Nico, "I've called Neville, he's one of the leading experts on Vampire DNA, he's on his way..."

Nick nodded. "Neville was a good choice, I'll get some calls out to the Council and see if we can set up a conference..."

House handed Wilson the USB Drive, "Get a head start, see if you can figure out what the hell is going on." Wilson gave his shoulder a squeeze and made his way back to the lab. Gregory looked at Nico, "I told your to kid stay out of trouble."

"Yeah well he gets it from me." Nick tried to lighten the moment. "The truth Dr. House."

"If we don't figure out what the hell they gave him his body will continue to re-animate. Nothing in his body has worked for hundreds of years, and every organ will start to fail..." House laid it out on the line.

Tony stood up and walked off, not wanting to hear the rest of what House had to say. Warrick slowly stood up and slipped his arm around his Mate pulling him close to him. "What about Horatio?"

"The bond broke." House shivered at the haunted look in Caine's eyes.

"Fuck." Warrick shook his head.

"If we lose Timothy, physically we won't lose Caine." House left the rest unsaid. In the end Horatio would demand someone to take his head.

"Where is he?"

"Down the hall resting, I had to sedate him."

Warrick nodded and headed down the hallway, someone needed to be with the redhead. He can feel his own pain at the very thought of losing his kid. The very idea of watching your Mate die and not go with them. His chest ached with the thought.

Nick walked past House into the hospital room. His Childe was at the moment resting. His face was pale, sweat beaded on his forehead, dark hair soaked with it. Nico moved across the room and took his son's hand, then ran his own hand through the dark locks.

"We're doing everything..." Janet spoke up softly.

"I know." Nico didn't look up at either of them his focus on his son.

"We may have information that can help."

Everyone turned to see Yev standing in the hall looking at his ancestor. "This isn't just Magneto. He's being manipulated by Frankenstein."

"That doesn't surprise me." Nico settled onto the bed, not leaving his son's side.

"Frankenstein is known for his experiments on Vampires." Janet spoke up from the other side of the bed. "Is this attack on Vampires?"

"No." Yev shook his head certainly. "He's been experimenting with Mutants. From the intelligence we've been able to gather, he's been funding and using them at the same time."

House looked over at Speed pulling together all the information, trying to find the solution. "Didn't you say they took Speed not knowing he's a Vampire."

"Yes." Nick nodded.

"So if they think he's a Mutant..."

Janet followed his logic. "Then this isn't an attack on the Vampire but instead a Mutant, which means..."

"We've been looking at this the wrong way." House grabbed the room's phone and called the lab. "Wilson think of the Vampire Gene we recognize as a Mutant Gene and then read those files."

"Maybe I can help?"

"Who the hell are you!?" House looked at the new comer.

"Dr. Bruce Banner." He answered. "I specialize in genetics."

"Didn't I send you with Remy to see Charles?" Nico asked curiously.

"There was no way I was going to stay in a place full of kids." Banner answered. "I talked to Professor Xavier on the phone and he helped me focus on making sure the beast inside of me stays down."

Nick nodded, he could respect the fact Banner didn't want to take the chance of hurting innocent children.

"It sounds like they gave him what they say is the cure to Mutants." He continued. "It's a weird dynamic. Magneto doesn't want to hide Mutants but instead live loud and proud, but at the same time he's working with some heavy handed individuals to find the cure."

"Kinda like an open gay guy working for a homophobic prick." House shook his head then moved next to the bed to check Speed's vitals. He frowned as the heart rate spiked. A pained

moan caught everyone's attention. "We're keeping him sedated, he's in a lot of pain."

Nico settled next to his son, holding him close as he whispered old stories he told him when he was sick back in Rome. He tuned out what was going on him instead keeping his focus on Tim. He picked up a few moments of the conversation as the scientist debated back and forth on ideas and what possibility the cure could be.

"Why didn't he give you the cure?" Nico asked glancing up at Banner. "Or did he like the fact you can do damage when your mutation kicks in?"

"Not a Mutant." Banner shrugged. "They did blood tests on me, trying to figure out how to re create my situation, as you pointed out, the damage I can do when pissed off."

"If not a Mutant, what the hell are you?" House studied the smaller man.

"Biological warfare using Gamma Radiation courtesy of Obediah Fucking Stane." He took a few calming breathes to get his emotions in check. He closed his eyes when he suddenly felt a calm force run through him. "Wow he is good."

House's head tilted, but then decided not to go there. After all if what he heard was true about what happened when Dr. Banner gets pissed, this may be the one person he will leave alone. "So let's sum up all the information we have." He pointed at the two spies. "You're saying Frankenstein is behind Magneto and this 'cure'." They nodded as he turned toward Banner. "Yet you mention Magneto wants Mutants to rule the world." Bruce nodded. "What the hell are we missing here?"

"Two different masterminds seeking two different agendas but using the other in a mutual agreement to get what they want." Nico commented from the bed. "What we do know is Magneto wants Mutants to be out and proud. He wants recognition. He wants control."

"Frankenstein is all about pushing boundaries." Yev followed Nico's line of thought. "It was his experiments that set off Chernobyl. It was his experiments that created that Monster. He's going to see the Mutants as something to poke and study. See how far he can push..."

"But what is his main goal?" Craig added. "He's all about pushing science but there is always a reason. Something he wants... Chernobyl was about showing he could take out mankind and Vampires. Catherine lost Chosen and Vampires in that explosion and aftermath."

Yev snarled. Craig laid a hand on his Mate's arm calming him down. Yev has been hunting Frankenstein down since that day they discovered the tragedy wasn't all an accident. It was only

in the past few years that he finally got close enough into Frankenstein's camp to find out what the bastard was up to.

"Right now I don't give a shit about his plans, we need to figure out how to reverse..." House paused looked at Speed then Nick, before rushing as quickly as he could out of the room. He reached back into the door and grabbed Dr. Banner, who squeaked but followed the doctor.

Everyone stared at the door, then at each other.

"That's a good sign right?" Yev asked.

Jethro walked into the room, with Jimmy at his shoulder. He looked around the room, eyes taking in the scene. His instinct was to demand where his Mate was, since the moment he walked into the Hospital he had felt Tony's distress.

But he had a job to do, then he would go hunt down his Mate. "The location has been destroyed." Nick nodded. "And now we have an entire different problem."

"What the bloody hell now?" Craig demanded.

Jethro glanced at the two spies then walked into the room and turned the TV on. He had gotten the call from Toby the moment he had stepped into the hospital. It seemed no one was answering their phones and the White House was desperate to locate Nico.

The reporter started off with speculation and then recapping the Press Conference. Showing the now famous footage of the Mutant Kid with ice coming from his fingers.

"They are called Mutants. They live among us. Go to school with our children. The Government has been funding a school to protect them."

Questions started coming from every direction.

"Who is the kid?"

"Where is this school?"

"How many of these Mutants are there?"

"Is this a disease?"

"Are all our kids going to catch this?"

"Could this be an epidemic?"

"There is hope!" Stillson smiled brightly. "Gen-Cris a leading Pharmaceutical Company has been working from funding from Private corporations and Citizens who are concerned for the safety of America."

Nico stared at the screen. He grabbed his phone from his pocket and looked through to see a dozen missed calls. He clicked Toby's number.

'Finally!'

"I've been busy." Nico answered his tone clipped.

'Well the President would like to speak to you.'

Nico bit back the harsh tone he knew was close to the surface. "Toby. At this moment I have to focus on my Child. I do not have time to answer questions about what the hell Stillson is up to."

'Did you know about Mutants?'

"Very few of us do." He answered. "Here's the run down. Mutants do exist. Mutants do not know about Vampires. Only a handful Vampires know about Mutants. If Stillson has footage and using this he's working with ..." He paused and looked over at Craig and Yev. "Toby work a speech around this, I know you can. Go after Stillson do not comment on Mutants. I'll call Jed later."

He hung up and tossed his phone onto the table. "This is Frankenstein's plan. He's always wanted power. He gives Magneto funds and free reign to wreak havoc, while the same time developing the cure, so he can save the humans from the Mutants."

"Putting him in the good graces of mankind." Yev growled. "Fucking bastard."

"Jethro." Nico looked at his War Council then paused. "Tony's gone to the chapel he needs you."

Jethro nodded then turned and left the room, leaving Jimmy standing there. Nick could see the conflict on the Hunter's face. Timothy was his sire, and they had a history. "Jimmy I need you to find out any info on where Magneto has gone, where Frankenstein might be, and what the hell

Stillson is up to."

He nodded, his eyes shifting to Speed before he turned and left the room. Warrick walked into the room, with Horatio next to him. Nick had never seen the redhead so disheveled. Janet moved out from her spot to let Horatio settle next to his Mate.

Nick understood the need for Horatio to be there.

But he also was not going to leave his son's side.

Horatio looked over at his Clan Leader and nodded before settling next to Speed taking his hand in his and laying his head down his shoulder.

Craig looked down at his buzzing phone and startled at the caller ID. "Layer." He rolled his eyes as he moved out the room, snagging Yev's sleeve and nodding. "No I'm not doing the damn blackbird spiel..."

Warrick slid into one of the chairs and watched over his family. He was going to hunt down Magneto and every one of his Mutant buddies and they'll understand why Vampires are feared creatures.

~ Hospital Lab ~

House walked into the lab, to see Wilson looking through microscopes and taking down notes. Chase and Freeman were working their own tests.

"Reverse it." House limped over to where they were working, looking over the notes. "They made the cure to attack Mutant genes, which means there's has to be a way to reverse it."

"That's what I thought, treating this 'cure' as if it was a virus. Get the body to fight it and reverse it." Chase spoke up from his spot. "Problem is the Vampire doesn't produce enough white blood cells to do the job."

Banner moved over to the microscope and took his own look. "When was this sample taken?"

"When he first got here which was six hours ago." Freeman answered. He gestured to the one he was working with, "This one was an hour ago."

Banner took a look into both microscopes, "He was given the 'cure' moments before the raid on the lab, so less than hour from the injection to first blood test." He studied both specimens

shaking his head. "It's not acting like a virus. It's not attacking the cells, but instead pulling things away from the DNA."

"Vampire DNA wraps itself around the human DNA."

Banner looked up around the room eyebrow raised. "Who was that?"

"Dr. Robert Neville, he's on his way here now, should be here within an hour." Wilson answered. "We have him on speaker phone."

"Hello."

"Dr. Neville, I'm Dr. Banner, my specialty is genetics, I'll help anyway I can." He looked up to see a white board with: Symptoms, Disease, Treatment. There had been already been a few things listed and crossed out.

"From the description they are giving me, it seems to be attacking the DNA itself." Neville sounded frustrated.

"So we need to figure out how to stop the attack..."

"Or reverse it."

"Now there's a thought." House rolled his eyes. "We know it's bad, how do we fix it?"

"Well we need to identify..." Freeman pointed out.

"We don't have the time. We are dealing with unknown factors outside human medicine." House through his hand up then walked over to the board. "What is it simulating?"

"Advanced Cancer." Chase spoke up. "The aggression it shows is like stage 4 of many Cancers."

House looked over at Wilson, eyebrow raised. "If treating as a cancer patient radiation, chemo... Maybe heavy dosage or radiation..."

"Do I need to remind you of the radiation nightmare with Hammerback? And how long it took to get the radiation out of him even after his turning." House pointed out. "Speed doesn't have the time nor the enough of the Vampire healing to fight off the radiation poisoning. Too much radiation will kill a Vampire as easily as a human - as brought up by the Amnesiac Spy."

"How about simple feeding?" Wilson suggested. "Maybe we're making this too complex."

They all looked at him to elaborate.

"Get Dr. Janet on the phone." He waved at the lab's phone. "Janet?"

'Yes.'

"When you were working with John Tracey and his leukemia how did you deal with the cancer cells in the blood?"

'Took a little bit of blood to start the Turning. Once he was Turned, we slowly fed and purged over weeks to make sure all the cells were gone.' She answered. 'Are you thinking of the same thing?'

"He isn't dying, he's already dead and coming to life." Freeman pointed out.

"But there are signs of the 'Cure' starting to break apart. I'm taking that's the Vampire Gene working?"

"The Vampire Gene is the cure all." Neville's voice came from the speaker phone. "It's what cures the disease, knits the bones, heals the wounds... it's fighting it and healing itself."

"What's the most recent we have?" Banner commented as he looked at the samples again.

Wilson slid a slide in, "This one was thirty minutes ago."

Banner took a look at it, "There. See that." He moved so the others could see. House looked down at it. "It's weaker, not by a lot, but weaker."

"Problem is we don't have the time for the Vampire Gene to take out this 'cure'. Speed's body is coming alive, which means organs that have not worked in hundreds of years is starting to work and fail. And it's going to kill him." House's frustration came out. "The cure is working too fast for the Vampire to counter, and by time it breaks down there won't be anything left of the Vampire."

"Can you pull the bad blood out and put new blood in, like a dialysis machine?" Banner asked not exactly sure how the physiology of a Vampire worked

"Push it too fast we'll destroy the veins, and without the Vampire gene they won't heal." Wilson

countered.

"In theory it could work." Chase commented. "Drain him physically and then force him to drink..."

"With the Bond broken with his Mate we can't be sure that the Vampire will survive the draining." Wilson added.

"Look I'm landing, I'll be at the hospital with in 30 depending on how fast I can drive." Neville said before hanging up.

"The Sire bond." House muttered then turned and looked at Wilson. "We have Nick re-turn him. Not drain him and make him feed, but actually do the whole process as if he was dying."

"Reinstating the Vampire Gene as dominate." Bruce commented. "Didn't Neville say that it's the cure all. So if this was just a human dying..."

House opened the door leaving them all to talk amongst themselves.

~ Speed's Hospital Room ~

The room was quiet, the only sound were the machines that attached to Speed. None of them knew for sure how much time had passed since House had ran off. Janet was talking softly on the phone with House, but overall the room was still and quiet.

They were only focused on keeping Speed calm and his body at ease. Nico could feel the muscles contracting along his body. Hear the laboring breathes as lungs tried to breath.

Horatio's hand had not moved from his Mate's chest, feeling the heart beat stronger as time went on. He had always wondered what it would sound and feel like, and now he prayed for silence.

The door banged open startling everyone in the room, including waking up Timothy. He blinked a few times taking in his surroundings. His eyes closed as pain and loss settled around him. Horatio leaned forward and kissed his temple and whispered his love, falling into an old language shared between them.

"Turn him."

Janet hung up the phone and looked at House. "I missed half of what you were babbling about, what exactly are you suggesting?"

"Turn him." House waved his hand and cane at Quinn. "The 'cure' is disintegrating slowly, and there are signs that the Vampire Gene is fighting back."

"So it will reverse itself?" Warrick asked from his corner.

"Timothy doesn't have time for it to reverse itself, and the one thing we know that can cure everything..." House looked at everyone in the room. "... is being turned into a Vampire. By re-Turning him, it will then over power the 'cure'."

"I'll do it."

"No." Nico looked over at Horatio.

"He's my Mate!" The redhead growled.

"And he's my son." The Clan Leader growled back.

"Actually it needs to be Nick." House spoke up. "His Bond is the first one. It was the original Turning."

"Mate bonds are stronger." Janet pointed out.

"Nick Turned him." Gregory rolled his eyes at the blank looks he was getting. "Nick Turned Timothy Quinn, back centuries ago. He made him the Vampire. As strong as the Mate bond is, Timothy Turned Horatio..."

"So you're saying we need the original Vampire." Janet could see where House was going with this. "Nick is older, stronger and length of the Sire/Childe bond has a stronger opportunity to fight of the 'cure'."

"Exactly." House looked over at Horatio. "I know you want your Mate. I can't understand what you're feeling, but please Captain let us do what we need to save both of you."

Horatio's instinct was pulling him two different directions. The Vampire screamed to claim his Mate. HIS MATE. The logical side of him, could see and understand what they were saying.

He looked over at Nick. Blue eyes caught brown and all he could see was pain and compassion. There were tears in both of their eyes. Timothy Quinn was more than a Mate, he was a son, a father, and a brother.

Horatio nodded, leaned over and kissed Speed softly. "Come back to me, no shearc."

Speed opened his eyes, hand reached out to his Mate. "My Lord."

Janet took Horatio's hand and pulled him towards the door, Warrick's arm wrapped around the slim shoulders holding the redhead close. House stopped them at the door. "I would never let anything happen to him."

"I know." Horatio turned and left the room, Janet and Warrick not leaving his side.

House closed the door and grabbed the room phone, "Wilson get as much blood packets as you can to the room. Bring hazmat clean up also. This is going to get messy."

He hung up and disconnected all the machines, then forced Nick to listen closely to his instructions. "One bite. One. Spit it out. The 'cure' is swimming through his blood, and last thing we need is Lady Heather coming out here and re-Turning you. I got one crazed Mate on my hands I do not want to deal with two."

"Like Ardeth did for Alexander." He nodded, his focus on his son.

"Let the blood drain, then we'll cut you and start feeding him. I need you to give up as much as you can, the more Vampire blood the better." House grabbed towels and tossed them towards Nick. "Once we get him settled we'll feed you. I want to get you as close to drained and re-fed as possible to keep that cure out of your system."

"How will we know if it works?" Nick asked.

"When he wakes up."

~ Hospital Chapel ~

Jethro found Tony kneeling at the cross his hands and head bowed over the Altar. The black onyx rosary that he always carried was gripped in his hand. Jethro could hear the Rosary muttered low, repeated over and over as Tony prayed for his brother.

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

Jethro closed the Chapel door and moved down the aisle to the front pew. He sat down, his eyes never leaving his Mate. He wasn't a religious man, had lost his faith the day Shannon and Kelly died. He had regained some of it, when Tony came into his life.

The past years he had gone with Tony every week to Mass. He had sat next to his Mate and watched him say his prayers. At first it had been odd, to be back in church, to watch Tony DiNozzo pray. As he learned more about Antonio Crisafi the trips to Mass had become a time for him to reflect on his life, on being a vampire, on Tony.

He still hadn't prayed.

Instead he sat quietly, closed his eyes, and focused on his Mate. It was Tony, Jethro had faith in.

~ Hospital Room ~

Nick looked down at his son. Memories assaulted him as he leaned forward, fangs sliding into the clammy pale skin. The taste of blood assaulted his mouth, he pulled back spitting it into the tray.

It tasted wrong.

Even when he had bitten those close to death, the blood had never tasted so foul.

He grabbed the scalpel, his heart earning for the dagger he had used that day in Ireland. He slit his own wrist hissing at the pain.

Nick gripped Tim's head and forced his mouth onto the open wound.

Time shifted and instead of a hospital bed, it was a green meadow. He could feel the soft grass against his side, the cool evening breeze across his neck, hear the horses neighing, taste the fresh copper blood in his mouth.

Dark eyes were focused on him as weak hands gripped his arm and held the wrist as the blood was drank down.

The scenes phased out and shifted, everything was harsh and white. He shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts. There was a buzzing at his ear, he tried to swat at it, only to have his hand caught.

"Nicolaus!" House yelled.

Nico looked at him confused.

"Drink." He held up the blood packet and practically shoved it down the Clan Leaders throat.
"Come on drink it. Your kid took a lot of blood."

Thoughts were clearer as he drank down each packet House forced into him. He looked back down to see the wound closing, blood was smeared all over Speed and the blankets. He pushed back at House's hand and shifted until he was leaning against the head of bed and pulled Timothy into his arms.

It was dark and his boy had been up for over twenty-four hours. The fever was finally breaking, letting the six year old rest. Nico wiped the sweat off his son's head and kissed it softly relieved to feel the skin much cooler than it had been.

'Tell me a story.'

Nico smiled, 'There was this great General that had been sold into slavery, only to fight as a gladiator and face the man who destroyed his life.'

'Tell me more.'

Nico kissed his boy head and began a tale of old, his voice cracked and as dawn approached it was more than a whisper but his son had finally fallen into a peaceful slumber. Dreams of honor and loyalty.

Nico kissed the top of Timothy's head and began a tale of a young Irish lad who fought to save his Lord.

House collapsed into the chair, and watched as a father took care of his son. He blinked away the tears and looked heavenwards. 'You owe them, don't even think about taking Timothy Quinn.'

~ Hallway ~

Lucien had never truly left the area. He roamed around the halls, checked in on his own Mate, and with his Hunters. He watched as Wilson and the 'ducklings' studied the vials of blood, the 'cure' they had brought in, and the files on the USB drive. He had found himself outside the chapel once, looking into see Anthony deep in prayer, his protector at his side. In the end he found himself back in that hallway by the elevators.

Janet and Warrick had Horatio flanked on either side. The good doctor held his hand, while Warrick ran a hand through the red locks holding him close to his shoulder.

No words were spoken.

Neither looked up at the Knight Clan Leader.

He was seeing something that no one will ever be privy too.

Lucien wasn't sure if he was disgusted at all the family sentiments or jealous. He couldn't see any of his Clan Members doing the same for other Clan Members. It was what made Sylum unique. It was what made them deadly.

The door opened and Dr. Gregory House walked out, leaning heavily on his cane. He was tired, worn, and looked ready to collapse.

He moved in front of Caine and knelt down. "Congrats it's a Vampire."

Horatio gave him a tight smile, tears falling down his cheek as he stood up and moved into the hospital room. Gregory struggled back up, then moved down the hall towards the lab, he needed his own Mate, but first there was a Knight that needed to know his brother was going to be alright.

Warrick slid over and pulled Janet into his arms, both letting the tears fall. It had been too close.

Lucien walked away, leaving the family alone to grieve and rejoice. He was surely looking forward to the wrath they would bring down on Magento and his Mutants.

La Croix smirked evilly and snickered. It would make Egypt look like a simple Sunday Scrimmage.

~ Hospital - Days Later ~

Tony was laid out next to Speed on the bed, with Danny in a chair next to it. The moment House had told him Speed was fine, Tony hadn't left his side. Well that wasn't fully true. There was the moment that Jethro dragged him out, to stake his own claim and leave the two Mates alone.

The next morning Tony was back in his spot, with a contented settled Timothy lying next to him. He was still dealing with the idea of losing his sibling. Elena's fear mixed in with his own, with

old memories he wasn't sure about skirting around the edges.

They had talked for hours, sharing memories of their time in Rome and over the past few centuries. They will never admit it, but there were tears and a few heated arguments, but over the past few days the two were closer than they had ever been.

"Speed has promised me and a few others not to do anything stupid." Tony glanced around the room to the rest of the family.

"And we believe this?" Greg asked.

"Dr. House is working on implanting a GPS under his skin." Danny glanced over to the laptop where they had Greg and Abby on Video Chat.

"Like you are any better." A deeper voice added into the mixture. "Considering the trouble you two always got into back in Ireland."

Danny shrugged, "Hey at least I'm not a Meridius kid." He points at Speed. "He's a double trouble magnet." He tilted his head slightly. "That sounded better in my head."

"It's so nice to be talked about like I'm not even in the room." Timothy glared at everyone one, then rolled his eyes when they all ignored him.

The room startled when the door slammed open. Dean Winchester dragged his younger brother into the room and sat him down into one of the chairs. Sam opened his mouth to say something only to shut it, when Dean glared and pointed a finger at him.

"Sit." His look just dared Sam to move out of the chair. "Do you think it's possible for you to stay out of trouble for a few hours?"

Sam just nodded and leaned back in the chair, not daring to piss his brother off anymore than he already was. Dean huffed and turned around. "While I'm at it, can the rest of you stay out of trouble and not get yourself kidnapped by crazy ass people!"

They all looked at Speed who gave up trying to defend himself and just pulled up the book he was trying to read and ignored them.

Dean stalked out of the room, then paused and turned to the burly guy, who was wearing t-shirt, jeans and boots and was leaning up against the wall, tattooed arms crossed over his chest.

"Who are you?" He asked curiously. "I've seen the trouble the Meridius kids get into and I haven't seen you."

"Cause' I'm a Quinn." He answered. "James Harrison, the eldest brother of the lot." He looked past him to Danny and Timothy. "The one that no one called, I had to hear about this whole situation from Jack."

"Which Jack?" Dean shook his head. "Never mind I don't want to know, by the way nice tats."

"Thanks."

Dean opened the door then turned back to the crazed family. "Really need to get GPS on the lot of you." He walked out the door slamming it behind him.

Everyone turned and looked at Sam. "Hostage situation."

"You were held in that Bank as a hostage all this time?" Tony asked shocked. He wasn't sure if he was impressed or horrified.

"Different situation." Sam frowned. "We were on our way back here, we stopped for gas I ran into the convenience store to grab some food, and well some idiots took it hostage demanding ransom from the owner of the store."

James just stared at him, "Damn kid you got some luck there."

"How did you get out?" Danny asked.

"Dean stalked into the store, walked up to the gunman, ripped the gun out of his hand, turned it on him and told him that if he ever heard a rumor of him breaking the law he would come back and shoot him in the ass." Sam chuckled as the memory of the gunman on his knees crying his eyes out pleading with everyone to save him from the crazy man.

"Damn that must have been hot!"

"Hello Abby." Sam shook his head then waved when Tony shifted the computer so he could see his sister.

"It's not healthy your obsession with our love lives." Tony commented as he settled the laptop down so everyone can be seen.

"Hot guys with hot guys." Abby waved her arms around. "Ichabod doesn't complain, especially when I..."

"Stop!" Everyone yelled.

James just chuckled, he hadn't spent a lot of time with the full family, but he was enjoying watching them all interact. "Wild one you got there."

"We'll ship her to Australia." Speed gave the crab fisherman a pointed look.

"I'll just leave her with Kirk." James countered.

Tony opened and then closed his mouth. "I'm not sure who was insulted in that sentence."

"Hey!" Abby yelled, her grin wide and un-repentant. "I want to know why no one has told me about the new kid in the family."

"He's a Quinn." Danny pointed out.

"And?" She countered.

"Not a Meridius?" He looked towards Speed. "Help me out here."

"He's still getting used to the whole Quinn thing, let's not scare him with the Meridius family line." Timothy argued with his sister.

"And how did we find him?" Greg asked curiously. "Gil hasn't mentioned any new Vampires in the Clan."

"See what you miss when you're run off to France to play with DNA." Tony teased his youngest sibling.

"I think it's cool what he's working on." Abby defended her baby brother.

"How are you and Gil handling the separation?" Timothy asked with concern. He knew it wasn't easy for Mates to be apart for long periods of time.

"We're doing decent. It's not easy but the Vid chats and daily phone calls help." Greg's voice was quieter. "I miss him, but he's coming out during the school holidays so that will be cool."

"What exactly are you doing in France?" Sam asked.

"We're searching for mass graves from World War One, to see if we can identify and send the bodies home to their loved ones." He explained. "It's pretty cool and heart breaking at the same time. The advancements we've discovered while doing this is amazing, but finding so many bodies. So many lost."

"It was bad." Tony closed his eyes images of the war invading his mind. He opened his eyes when he felt a soft touch on his hand. He grinned at Speed, before turning back to the computer screens. "It's good that you're giving them closure."

"To answer his question I've been mostly in Australia." James answered.

Greg just kinda blinked. "That so doesn't answer anything."

"Which really does prove he's a Quinn." Tony grinned at three brothers. "He stopped by earlier this Spring, and you really should have seen Speed's face expression when he opened the door."

"I was told about Timothy's great library..." James started the tale.

"The reading thing is obviously inherited." Tony continued his side commentary.

"So Frank..."

"His Mate." Tony commented.

"Surprised me with a trip to New Orleans, and when the door was opened..."

"There was Speed with his mouth dropping to the ground."

James and Timothy just stared at Tony, "Are you done telling the story? Or can I continue?"

"Go ahead." Tony waved his hand at James.

James rolled his eyes. "Thank You." He opened his mouth then eyed Tony. "It was like I knew him instantly, and before you know it I'm speaking Gaelic."

Timothy grinned slipping into Gaelic, "Speaking of how is your Gaelic, brother?"

"Considering all the books you send to me in Gaelic, good." He answered easily in their native

language, before switching back to English. "So that's how the new kid showed up."

"Cool!" Abby grinned. "Now we need to know about everything. Your life. Hobbies. Mate. Is he cute?"

Harrison was ready to answer when his phone rang, he checked the ID and shook his head. "Yes Hurley?"

'Where the fuck are you?'

"In New Jersey." He answered leaning up against the wall. "I left a note with instructions on how to take care of my Mrs. Chippy."

'There is no ... wait...' James could hear paper rustling and a loud Yeowl.

"Hey watch the cat."

'I didn't harm Mrs. Chippy, she on the other hand drew blood.' Frank cursed at the cat. 'Why are you in New Jersey?'

"Timothy was kidnapped and injured." He answered giving a pointed look to his younger brother. He really didn't care that in Vampire years Timothy was older, he will always be the older brother.

'Trouble Magnet the whole lot of them. I'm surprised you didn't take Mrs. Chippy.'

"Flew commercial."

'Do you need me to come out with the cat?' Frank asked.

James smiled blushing lightly, knowing that Frank would bring his cat to him. "Nah, got enough riff raff running around, don't need Mrs. Chippy to get lost in the shuffle."

'Call me if you need me. Take care James.'

"You too." He hung up the phone.

"Mrs. Chippy?" Sam asked curiously.

"My cat." James answered. "She's the third Mrs. Chippy actually. Child of Mrs. Chippy the 2nd

and that tomcat Dean." The last part came out with a bit of a growl.

Sam eyes went wide. "The tomcat up in Serenity?"

"Yeah." He turned and looked at him. "Wait your brother's named Dean and your Sam. So you're the two they keep referring too."

Sam looked over at the rest of the siblings, "Ahh I swear Dean's not a tomcat... I mean my Dean isn't a ... you know I had nothing to do with anything."

James continued to glare his muscular arms across his chest.

"Wow you're kinda of scary." Sam shifted slightly.

"He's a crab fisherman." Danny smirked. "They're born bad ass."

"Are we interrupting?" Yev walked into the room pausing at the tense stare off between James and Sam. "I can come back after the bloodshed."

James grinned then laughed. "I like you kid, though I hold reservation for Dean."

"What is it Yev?" Timothy ignored the grumbling still going on around the room.

"There's a conference going on upstairs." He explained.

"Nice for us kids to be invited." Tony looked over at his brother, both rolling their eyes.

"You can have it out with your Papa later." Yev didn't want to get in between that argument.

"You have something we need."

Speed gestured with his hand. Yev looked around the room, then back at Timothy. "They're family and you're not likely to get them out of this room. So just spill it."

"Remember that Russian book of poetry I sent you?" He asked. "Plantain by Anna Akhmatova."

Tony groaned. "You mean the book that got a few of us investigated by the House of Un-American Activities Committee?"

Yev nodded.

"The same book that had me sitting in an un-air conditioned room for ten hours being grilled on the reason I had a Russian Poetry Book, that had been banned, in my library?" Speed asked.

He nodded again.

"The Poetry book that had Harvey working overtime when they started investigating Nick since he owned the Manor, and they started digging into his relationship with Warrick?" Tony continued.

Another nod.

"The book you sent to me with only a note saying please keep in my library?" Timothy crossed his arms over his chest and glared at his descendant.

"Yes that book." Yev glared back.

"It's at the Manor under lock and key." Speed informed him. "Are you going to explain what the hell it is?"

"The Key." Yev answered. "Looks like the kids are going to the meeting."

"You do realize I'm older than you." Speed muttered as he began to move off the bed.

"What do you think you're doing?" James stepped away from the wall and got up into Speed's space.

"Getting up." He answered looking up at him.

"Danny go get a wheelchair..." He ignored Speed's protests. "You are supposed to be on bed rest."

"I'm fine!" He growled looking around the room. Everyone, even those on Vid Chat just glared back. "Fine!"

"Abby, Greg we'll talk with you later." Tony gave them a quick wave. "Stay out of trouble!"

"Right back at you sis!" Abby waved then signed off.

"Take care." Greg gave them all a small smile before signing off.

"I can walk." Speed tried again only to be ignored then ceremoniously dumped into the wheel chair. "When I get my hands on Magneto and his little bitch."

"Get in line, bro. Get in line." Tony growled low in his throat.

~ Hospital Conference Room: AKA War Room ~

The conference room was packed. Nick was sitting on the far side of the table with Warrick next to him. Jimmy and Noah both leaned up against the wall next to Billy and Garret all four hunters watching over their Clan Leaders. La Croix sat two seats up from Nico, and Claudio was dealing with Clan issues outside the room.

Horatio was sitting across from Nick, Jethro next to him. It had taken Jethro literally pulling the redhead out of Speed's room, to allow him time with his siblings. Since the re-Turning Horatio hadn't left Speed's side. The only reason Jethro had got him away was because the Bond had been reformed, the night before.

House had even left the sock on the door handle.

Gregory was sitting next to Janet with the Ducklings pushed back into side chairs near the wall. Robert Neville sat across from them going over notes with now new found friend, Bruce Banner. They had already started working up scenarios, and started on testing the vials of blood they had accumulated from Speed before and after the re-turning.

They had a Video conference call set up with Sylum Manor. Artemus and Giles were updating Nick on what was going on there, and any information they had been able to discover. Thomas was standing quietly in the background waiting to see if they would need anything from him.

While Johnathon D'Artagnian was making sure Nick knew exactly how pissed he was of not being informed of the situation. To have to find out about the kidnapping and raid from Giles when he had called to inform them of their flight plans back to the states.

"I can't believe you didn't call me!" John yelled at his sire.

Nick shrugged slightly, "We're not used to you being available."

"They were able to reach me in Atlantis when you were kidnapped." John cringed when he got hit on the back of his head.

"Secret government project is secret." Rodney glared at his Mate.

"Please." Lucien rolled his eyes. "It's not that big of secret when everyone in the Council knows and gossips about it to Clan Leaders."

"Really?" Shep shook his head and continued glaring at Nick. "I'm now reachable by you know phone and you couldn't call?"

"Didn't cross my mind, honestly. Normally in situations like these we would send information to Jack after the fact." Nick informed him. "It's not personal Shep, I'm not used to having you around yet."

"Wait." He paused when the door opened and he could see Tony wheeling Speed into the conference room. "How many times does this happen?"

Speed looked up at the screen, "John how was Australia?"

"Fine, but your brother probably told you that already." Shep gave him a look. "And was anyone going to tell me about that?"

"I recall stating to you when you were in Australia to give James a book of mine." Timothy commented. He turned away from the screen and grinned at Horatio, who leaned over and gave him a kiss.

"Great they are in the honeymoon stage again." House rolled his eyes, but couldn't keep the smile off his face.

"They never left the honeymoon stage." Tony commented taking his seat next to Jethro. "The rest of the kids say hello, dad."

Nick nodded absently as he checked his phone, frowning at the missed calls and text messages. He put it back in his pocket and looked up at his two kids. "Where did the others head to?"

"James went to hunt down Dean." Speed held up his hand. "Don't ask. Sam is with him, and Danny went to find Mac, who was last I checked talking with Riddick, since Van Helsing is unavailable."

"Where's Van Helsing?" Billy asked curiously.

"Hunting Balthazar." Nick informed him. "Along with Bauer." They had kept Sam and Dean busy with Gerard, and out of Balthazar's grasp, especially after the incident the previous summer.

"So the big guy won't be helping us." Billy said.

Jimmy just glared at his fellow Hunter.

"Not that your badass Wild Bill."

"No you can't shoot him." Warrick answered before Nick could. "Now that everyone is here, what is this book and code that we're looking for?"

"Right before the situation in Egypt I had started getting recruitment folders." Neville grabbed his bag and pulled up on the table. "Normally this isn't a big deal, but once I started researching the company I ran into familiar names."

"What names?" Giles asked.

"Names I worked with back in the Seventies." He pulled out a thick book of paper and tossed it onto the table.

Warrick grabbed the bound paper and handed it to Nick, who started going through it. "This looks like a manuscript for some really bad lifetime movie."

"Suspicious of the situation I began investigating the names and company." Robert continued on his story. "When Jack Carter, my Mate, yeah I know we have too many Jacks. He actually took apart the folder, seeing if he could trace the elements to find out where it was made."

"How very CSI." Lucien commented eyes on the back of Nick's head.

"Don't diss the profession Lucien." Nico answered not looking up from the manuscript.

"While cutting the folder, 100's of tiny discs fell out of the seam, it looked like confetti." Neville pulled a bag up and tossed it on to the table. Speed reached over and grabbed the bag to study the discs. "Out of all those, one had information on it." He pointed to the manuscript. "That is everything that was encoded on that disc."

"How is the book related?" Tony asked.

"It's the key." Yev answered. "While investigating Frankenstein over the past few decades, I discovered he had built himself a thriving business. The cooperation's board members were fellow Rogues and Vampires wanted by the Council. He's got it secured and we've only been

able to get small amounts of information."

"Frankenstein sends everything out in code." Craig took over the explanation. "We have someone who can pretty much find any of Frankenstein's messages in public printings, it's how he gets the information to his people. Our guy scans papers, finds them and translates them, we were able to break the code for them decades ago."

"Recently we discovered that a book we've been holding for decades was used to code all of his personal files." Yev looked over at Speed. "When I obtained the book I knew it was important but not to the extent of its importance. I had sent it to Speed to hide in his library."

"Since everyone knows not to touch Speed's library without paying the deadly price." Warrick looked over at his kid grinning at him.

"Didn't stop dumb ass rogues from threatening to torch it." He grumbled.

"And they were killed..." Warrick pointed out.

"With blood splatter all over the Russian Literature section!" Giles glared at Warrick.

"How ironic." Tony smirked. "The book Yev sent was one we're well acquainted with." Nick gestured for him to continue. "Plantain by Anna Akhmatova."

Warrick groaned.

Nick resisted the urge to slam his head into the table.

"Isn't that the book that got Nick arrested and investigated as a sodomite?" John asked.

"Yes. That book." Yev growled his Russian accent thickening. "We have come to the understanding that Senator McCarthy and his merry men of social reform were closeted asshats."

"In the end we need the book if we're going to decode this manuscript." Craig nodded towards the thick bound of paper on the desk.

"I'll get the book." Giles stood up and headed for the back of the library. He passed by Willow who gave him a soft smile before getting up and heading out of the room taking her phone.

"I'll bring the book with me to New Jersey." John crossed his arms over his chest.

"What about Torren?" Nick asked.

"Rodney will stay here to watch him, besides he's getting along with the twins nicely. I'll be there by tomorrow with the book." Shep turned around just as the camera went out.

"Well that was odd." Horatio frowned. It wasn't normal for the systems to just cut off, Jethro..."

"Already calling Artemus." He said standing up putting the phone to his ear.

"Mr. Clan Leader toss that manuscript down here, I want to take a look at it." Nick tossed the book towards House.

Speed leaned back in the wheelchair with a heavy sigh.

"Are you tired?" Horatio asked reaching out taking Speed's hand in his.

"I'm fine..." He squeezed the redhead's hand. "Though a nap later would be nice."

Tony snorted. "Get a room. Wait."

"No I'm not doing the Blackbird... Fine. A Blackbird flies at night." Craig rolled his eyes then moved away from the wall cradling his phone. "Are you sure? Of course you're sure. Yes I know you're the best... Thank You." He hung up and looked over at Nick. "Those codes we were just talking about."

"The ones found in public papers that are usually orders." Warrick answered.

"He just discovered one. There's an order to hit Tracy Island." Craig informed them.

"Get Sam and Dean in here now!" Nick bellowed. "I want them packed and on a flight to Tracy Island within the hour."

Tony stood up and headed for the door in search of the two Hunters. He had his phone out and was already dialing the pilot who was at standby at Newark.

"Who is this guy?" Horatio asked standing up. He needed to get to his laptop and pull as much information together for Sam and Dean.

"Mozzie." Nick answered.

"Who?" Horatio looked over at Speed.

Speed looked over at his Sire, who was checking his phone again frowning. "Papa?"

Nick held up his hand and dialed a few numbers only to get voicemail. He sent out a text to find out what the hell was going on, only to be floored when he got a reply.

'He had an episode. It's being taken care of. Will contact later.'

He replied back to Albus then pocketed his phone. "There seems to be rash of not answering phones." He sighed. "I and the Council has worked with Mozzie for years, he's good. Very good."

"And you were going to tell us when?" Speed asked. The shock of Nick not telling them things should be fading, but lately Tony and him have been discovering Papa had a lot of secrets.

"When it was information that needed to be known." Nick stood up and gestured toward Jimmy and Noah. "Let's go we need if we're going to crack this code, we're going to need a code breaker."

"We're picking up this Mozzie?" Jimmy asked.

"No, someone else." Nick headed for the door.

"Who and why us?" Noah asked following their Clan Leader.

"I need you two to cut off his engagement ring." He commented as they exited the room.

~ Crimson Moon: Board Meeting ~

There were days Frankenstein wondered how the idiots he worked with survived without him. He snapped his fingers, then looked up when his assistance wasn't at his side in seconds.

"Royce."

Royce looked up from his files over to his boss, he sighed before setting down the files and standing up to see what he wanted.

"Where is the file on Longworth?" He demanded. "And the one on Balthazar."

Royce simply leaned over and pulled a file from under the stack and handed it to him, then pulled two others that correspond with it and also put it down next to him. He moved to the smaller table against the wall and filled a cup of tea setting it close by but not close enough to be knocked over.

Frankenstein shooed him away with a gesture. Royce went back to his small table and went through the files he was working on. Ignoring the members of the Council as they came into the Conference room and settled into their seats.

Victor looked up to see portions of the Council not in attendance. Angela Petrelli was in New York hosting Fund Raisers to educate the people about the threats against their children. Frankenstein couldn't help the inward chuckle.

Humans were so ignorant of the real threats. Magneto and his bunch were nothing compared to what he could release on to the population.

Adrian was in hiding, when he had heard that the Comedian was spotted on US soil. While Fitzgerald was in New York, supposedly dealing with the Sonny situation.

He sat back and listened to the conversation on around the table. Edward Vogler was grumbling about the books, sending glares to Paul Messer Jr., who was arguing back. Jon was in a quiet discussion with Van Doome, while Victoria just worked on her nails.

"Messer."

Paul paused then looked over to Frankenstein. "What?"

"There is no use going after the money, especially with Specter involved. You screwed up and waited too long, and Daniel outsmarted you." He smirked over at him. "Maybe I recruited the wrong Messer."

Paul's eyes narrowed.

"Remember Paul you are nothing to us but a snack." He disregarded Paul's stuttering and moved the discussion for more pressing matters. "Magneto has made quite the splash on the Political scene. The Gallop polls show that Stillson is gaining in on Bartlett."

"Well someone has got to think of the poor children." Victoria held up her hand and checked her nails. "I mean how horrid that the government hasn't done anything to protect our children."

"Your motherly instinct astounds me." Van Doome drawled.

"We do have a situation." Jon tossed a file towards Victor. "Sonny is planning something in effort to bring Daniel Messer back to New York."

Frankenstein looked through the photos. Sonny was talking to known criminals, one of them a mutant that worked with Magneto. "Find out what he's up to..." He paused on one of the pictures. "Who's the cop?"

"Detective Robert Goren of Major Crimes." Jon answered. "After Sonny shot Detective Taylor and DA McCoy, Major Crimes has been tracking him."

"Why haven't we just killed him?" Van Doome looked quite bored at the whole meeting.

"When this Goren arrests him, he could end up following a trail back to us," Vogler pointed out.

Victor gave Vogler a look. "If Goren arrests him, the DA will be contacted. The DA that Sonny shot."

Van Doome smirked, "You know I kinda want to watch McCoy rip into the idiot."

"Dr. Rowan Chase, what word do we have on Magneto?" Frankenstein turned to the quieter man.

"He's hiding out at his secret location." He answered. "The 'cure' is coming around nicely. So far the prototype has cured every Mutation."

Victoria sighed and set down her nail file. "Okay explain to me again why Magneto is actually helping you with the cure?"

"He thinks he's being sneaky." Van Doome answered with a bored expression. "He is helping 'us' on the condition the world finds out about Mutants."

"And when we're not looking he's going to take over." Frankenstein chuckled.

"The idiot has no idea about who we are." Van Doome continued the conversation. "By the time he realizes, we'll take him down saving the humans."

"But did we have to use Stillson?" She asked. "He's creepy and stupid."

"But he's pretty." Dr. Chase added with a smirk.

"And politics is all about who looks good on camera and can say the right things to appease the public. Like making sure they feel safe from evil Mutants who are going to destroy their Apple Pie life." Frankenstein looked over at the woman. "Now that we are done spelling out our evil doings, I would like someone here to explain what happened at the detention center?"

"Banner escaped is what happened!" Rowan looked pointedly at John. "You know your security teams suck. First Alyc now Banner."

"I had nothing to do with security for either of your secret labs." Jon growled back. "From the sources I've been able to pull, it was the husband."

"And here I thought it was the butler who did it." Van Doome smirked at his colleague.

"Care to explain why we lost a multi-million dollar facility?" Victor demanded.

"The husband." He repeated as if they were all five. "The one Magneto brought when he took the kid. Yeah well, the husband is Dexter Morgan."

"Shit." Vogler looked at Jon with a shocked expression.

"How did our intelligence miss the fact the kid and his mother were protected by Knight's resident psychopath?" Victor looked over at Royce.

"Because it wasn't our intelligence that was running the operation." He pointed out without looking up from taking notes. "If you might recall Magneto doesn't know about Vampires, so how would he know the husband was Knights' very own psychopath."

"Well he escaped his cell, killed almost everyone there." Jon continued with the story. "Since most had died either at Dexter's hands or the explosion, it's not sure exactly how Banner got out. But it was him in his Mutated form that set off the explosions."

"I just realized how quiet it was, where the hell is Stane?" Vogler asked.

"Attacking Tracey Island." Van Doome answered with an eyeroll. "This time it's going to work. No really!" His voice held that hyper positive tone.

Victor ignored the sniping as he grabbed his files. "Stane is set to raid the Island in a few days. He's taking some of the best of our Hunters, and the only ones at the Island are Stark and his Mate, plus a handful of humans."

"It's a fools run." Van Doome looked over at the other Vampire. "But if Stane wants to get his ass kicked by the short dude with the goatee by all means."

"Stark isn't that handy in a fight." Jon pointed out. "Scott Tracy on the other hand is military trained."

He shook his head and stood up and headed for the door. "Well history doesn't give me much faith in Stane's abilities to take Stark down, he's failed at every attempt including killing him when he was seven."

"Well we all have to have our arch rivals." Victor followed him to the door. "How's that beef with Arthur going?" He patted Van Doome on the shoulder and exited the room.

Van Doome tensed, but kept his cool. He exited the room, and headed to his office. He had his own plans to figure out.

~ New York - Petrelli Residence ~

Peter stepped into the penthouse and watched his brother pacing back and forth. Ever since Stillson's bombshell, his brother had been on edge. Peter had talked with the Professor for a few moments, and then talked to his niece. Hearing both their voices had settled the fear that had been ripping through him.

"Claire is safe."

Nathan stopped pacing, slumped into a chair with a sigh of relief. "What about the school?"

"Security is tight." He tossed his coat onto the chair and sat across from his brother. "What the hell is going on Nate?"

"Stillson is insane." Nathan answered shaking his head. "I... I mean I knew he wasn't all stable, but this... He's threatening children."

"He's saving us from the unnatural." Peter rolled his eyes.

"Does Professor Xavier know how he got footage?" He asked curiously. "If we can find out who's supplying him with information."

"His staff is looking into it." He watched his brother for a few moments. "Nathan. What are you

going to do?"

He opened his mouth and closed it a few times then shook his head. "I don't know. I can't. I just can't stand by him." He stood up and began to pace again. "Mom knows."

"Knows what?" Peter stood up sudden spike of fear going through him.

"About Claire."

"Fuck. Nate." He ran his hand through his hair. "How?"

"No fucking clue." Nathan shrugged then walked over to the bar and poured himself a drink. He reached up to take a sip when the glass was taken out of his hand. "Peter."

"Don't Peter me. I will not allow them to break years of sobriety." He dumped the drink and handed his brother a bottle of water.

Nathan opened it and downed half of it. "Doesn't quite do the same thing."

"That's the point." He smiled at him. "Any ideas?"

"Well mom won't say anything about Claire since I have those photos and evidence that will get her arrested." Nathan sat back down and leaned his head back, eyes closed.

"And what about Stillson?"

Nathan lifted his head, and looked at his brother. "I need to talk with the President."

"And how the hell do you plan on doing that?" Peter asked suddenly wanting the drink he just poured down the drain.

"I have no clue."

~ New Jersey - Next Day - House's Private Office ~

Timothy smiled as Elizabeth chatted away flipping between three languages. She was content in her uncle's lap jabbering away, while playing with her stuffed animal. Dino held her close, making sure she kept her focus on the camera and the screen.

"Did you understand anything she said?" Terry asked with a grin while he held Sean who was

holding his stuffed Koala, head on his uncle's shoulder.

"Something about one of the puppies." Horatio grinned at his kids. "I think."

"She was talking about her new stuffed bear." Speed translated for them. "She really picks up other languages, I don't think I taught her a few of those words."

"Well Dean had a conference call yesterday." Terry chuckled. "I swear no one understand any of their conversation, except Sean who added a few words. Though this time even Sam looked confused as hell."

"God help anyone on this planet, if they ever hurt Lizzy." Dino kissed her temple. "Her parents are bad enough, add the grandparent and many uncles... but all of that will be tame compared to what Dean would do them."

Horatio chuckled, "There's a sheet somewhere in the manor of what Dean will do to her first boyfriend. There's a second sheet of what I'll do to the first guy who breaks her heart, and a third of what Speed will do when she wrecks the Ducati."

Terry leaned over to his Mate. "We need to get in on that bet."

"Ahead of you, mate." Dino grinned back at him. He turned serious and looked at his brother. "You two want to tell us what happened?"

Horatio shivered at just the thought of how close he came to losing everything. "Not now."

Dino just stared at his brother, but nodded in understanding. "Later we can do the whole brother bonding thing. I'm just glad to see you both, alright."

"We're doing better." Speed took Horatio's hand. It was going to be a while before either of them is settled again. Not feeling that bond was worse than the physical pain he had felt through the whole ordeal. Speed has no idea how Will and Sparrow survived Davy Jones' Locker. "After this is over and we spend some time with our kids, how would you like to babysit?"

"These two, monsters?" Terry looked down at a now sleeping Sean. "We would need hazard pay, and at least two weeks with them."

Horatio leaned over and kissed Speed's temple. "Actually we're thinking of taking time off and go to Caine Manor, and would like if you came with us."

Dino nodded, "I would like to see it."

Terry shook his head. "Been there, but this time will be much better." His Mate looked over at him, "Don't ask."

Dino's eyebrow went up. "Oh." Suddenly remember why Terry had been at Caine Manor. "I'm so going to..." Horatio coughed. "Make sure every room has a new set of memories."

Terry just shook his head. "Good save, mate."

He just smirked.

"Papa? Home?" Elizabeth asked.

"Soon baby." Horatio bit back the tears. He hated being away from the kids. "Soon."

~ Hospital Conference Room ~

John Sheppard leaned against the conference table, arms crossed and glaring at his Clan's co-leader and Second in Command.

They just smirked back.

"I'm still pissed I wasn't called!" He dropped his arms and grabbed the bag he had next to him.

"That the book?" Tony asked.

"The one and only. Can't believe this little thing that got so many in trouble could be Frankenstein's downfall." Shep handed the poetry book to Warrick.

Warrick flipped through the pages, reading through a few of the poems before closing it. Tony quickly snagged the book from Warrick. "I wonder why he picked this book?"

"Not many of them around." Warrick answered. "Only one who would have the book would be Catherine, since she collects all Russian Literature."

"He should have known Speed would have it or the Council. I'm not sure who's library rivals who." Tony flipped through the pages.

"Council has the space." Warrick smirked. "Speed through has the storage facilities."

Shep paused, "You know I should have known that. Considering the trunks of books while we traveled."

Tony snickered. "Such a little book and so much trouble."

"Well for once good for us. Once Nick gets back with our code breaker..." Warrick said.

"Speaking of, where is Nick?" Shep asked looking around.

"New York." Warrick answered.

~ New York - FBI Headquarters ~

James opened the door of the Federal Building letting his Clan Leader then Mate into the building. He flashed his badge along with Noah, quickly going through security procedures. The Security Guard eyed Jimmy's hat and boots, but didn't comment. Both US Marshal's had their guns checked and continued on through security escorting their Clan Leader to the fourteenth floor.

The three entered the elevator. After a few growls from Jimmy, his badge hanging around his neck, and the double glock shoulder holster most were discouraged from joining them. Noah just shook his head and grinned at his Mate's protective stance.

"You could have told us where were coming here." Jimmy looked over at Nick.

"And ruin the surprise." He grinned at his Hunters. He trusted all of his Hunters, but he only trusted Noah and Jimmy with Neal. "Besides I actually do need the services of the US Marshal's to get him released."

"What did he do now?" Noah asked curiously. "I admit it's been a while since I've heard from him. Now that I think about I haven't heard from him before everything started to go haywire." Nick just looked at him eyebrow raised. "You know Richelieu's attack, then Sabine, Rome, and then there was the whole Egypt thing." Noah pointed out.

The doors opened and the three stepped out. "That's because he was only released from jail last year."

Jimmy looked over at his Mate. "Ten to one odds it was over a girl."

"So not taking that bet." Noah shook his head as they followed their Clan Leader through the office area and up the stairs into one of the offices.

"Special Agent Peter Burke?" Nico asked as he stepped into the room, leaving Jimmy and Noah guarding the door.

Peter set the coffee cup down and stood up quickly. "Yes."

"Do you know who I am?" He asked with a smile.

"I've seen you around, Mr. Meridius." Peter's mind was working over time trying to figure out why Sylum's Clan Leader was standing in his office, with two of his Hunters taking guard.

He knew who Nick was, seen him on occasion while at the Tallikut Cabin, talking with Benton. Even talked with him once... no wait that was his Mate, Warrick. Overall though Peter hadn't been privy or apart of any Sylum's dealings.

There had been incidents he worked with McCoy, even Blade a few times, dealing with Rogues that were discovered by one of his investigations. He wasn't a high enough ranking Tallikut Clan Member to be kept in the loop of any major operation. Two years ago when there was the major situation, that had brought Benton to New York, he didn't know about it until after the fact.

So needless to say Peter Burke wasn't a high ranking well known Vampire. And surely hadn't warranted a visit from Nicolaus Meridius.

"How can I help you?" He asked pointing at one of the chairs and taking a seat himself.

"I need to borrow Neal." Nick sat down in the chair, his manner and posture very much business like.

"Caffrey? Neal Caffrey?" Peter asked shocked.

Nick gave him a small smile. "You do realize he's a Vampire?"

Burke frowned. "Yeah figured that out when he didn't have to breathe in an airless chamber." And that was only the beginning of revelations. "You must know that... well..."

"He's your and your wife's Mate." Nick nodded. "Yeah I know, and I'm not sure if I'm enjoying your blushing or the idea that it really takes two people to keep an eye on Neal."

Peter snorted. "Yeah well the tracker is never coming off."

"Well." Nick gave him a shrug. "Speaking of trackers."

"You need it off." Peter leaned back in his chair. "As much as I would like to hand him over, there are..."

"The two men outside work for the US Marshal's service, they know Neal and his reputation." Nick looked over to Jimmy and Noah. "Also Neal won't run."

"I know he won't." Peter smiled. "El would kill him."

Nick laughed gently. "I need to meet her."

"She would love to meet you." Burke could see his wife gushing then asking if he needed anything catered. "Can I ask why you need Neal? I'm guessing it's extremely important if you're sitting in my office."

"Did you see the news?" Nick asked.

"You mean the whole Mutant thing?" He scoffed while he said then paused at Nick's serious expression. "Really?"

"That isn't the problem. It's who's behind it, and we have information in code, and the book to break the code." The Clan Leader explained.

"You need a code breaker." Peter nodded before picking up the phone. "I'll need to call El and tell her we won't be home for dinner."

Nick didn't say anything, but wasn't surprised that Peter wouldn't let Neal too far off his leash. He had Peter Burke and his wife checked out when Neal had informed him about them being his Mates. They would be good for the kid, about as much as he would be good for them.

The commotion coming from the offices below, along with the chuckling laced with aspirated sighs from his Hunters; was enough to warn Nick that Neal had returned.

"Jimmy. Noah!" Neal smiled at the two Hunters. "How are my favorite Marshals?"

"Jail?" Jimmy looked at him. "Really?"

Neal gave him a smile and a pat on the shoulder. "These things happen." He turned to Noah. "Keeping the gunfighter in line?"

"Always." Noah stepped aside to let him into the office.

Neal slipped into Peter's office then stopped when he saw Nick sitting quietly. He grinned and took off his hat.

"Uncle Nico!"

Peter stared at Neal. "Uncle?"

~ New Jersey: Hospital Conference Room - Two Days Later -

Peter took off his glasses and tossed them onto the table. They had been coming through the hundreds of pages of coded text. He looked around the table, astonished at who he was working with.

Timothy Quinn was sitting with the book going through each poem taking notes, working through the Russian text, translations into English, and labeling words and codes that they had discovered so far.

Antonio Crisafi was taking what his brother was translating and uploading the info into a program that had been created by other Sylum Clan Members. Peter had watched him for a few moments realizing how careful Tony had been with each line of information, sometimes pausing or having Tim take a look. It had been a familiar sight, it had taken him to realize he had seen one of his Agents do the same, an Agent that was dyslexic. The idea had shocked him, he had gotten a look from Neal, Peter had promptly blushed and looked away.

He couldn't help it. He was in the presence of some of the most famous Vampires, or at least in his mind. Everyone knew of Nico and his kids. To see them human, so to speak, was just weird.

Peter glanced at Neal.

Neal Caffrey.

The man he hunted for four years.

Caught.

Threw in Jail.

Caught again and threw back in jail.

It was after he figured out Neal was their Mate and a big crisis moment with El, that he had decided to take Neal up on his offer.

Only to find out. Neal Caffrey.

Vampire.

Neal still hadn't explained how he faked the heartbeat.

And just when Peter was getting used to the idea of Neal Caffrey Vampire, Mate. Nicolaus Meridius, Sylum Clan Leader, shows up and demands Neal's skills.

Neal Caffrey had some seriously explaining to do, and Peter wasn't above siccing El on him. Oh no he would enjoy watching Neal squirm.

He shook his head and got back to work on the section of code he had in front of him. Peter had to give this Frankenstein credit. The code was complicated, confusing and was making Neal frustrated as hell. The two days they had worked on the code and manuscript they had only figured out a few words.

Those few words were enough for Neal. He had been working with a section of the manuscript with the few code words they had. Peter looked up to watch Neal at work. He was beautiful when he got lost in the puzzle. The jacket was off, sleeves rolled up, hat on the table, hair disarray.

The yell and slap against the table startled everyone in the room.

"You got something?" Speed asked curiously glancing up then back down to his book.

"Where's Uncle Nico?" Neal asked looking around the room. "I swore he was just here."

"He left five hours ago, to talk to Albus." Tony grinned at him. "You were a bit distracted."

Peter pulled one of Neal's tricks and raised his hand.

Neville just gave him a look, and shook his head. "We're not that formal."

Peter rolled his eyes, "Well considering no one has answered me. Nick is your Uncle?" He gave a pointed look at Neal.

Tony chuckled. "He's always called Nick, Uncle Nico."

Peter looked between the two siblings then back at Neal. "Well?" Neal just shrugged as he grabbed his phone texting Nick. "Come on. I chased him for four years and had no idea he was a Vampire, sneaky bastard."

"Fake heart beat on medical medallion." Neal leaned back in his chair smiling at his future Mate.

Peter just gave him the infamous 'I'm annoyed with you glare'. "Which explains the Medallion since you had no medical condition."

"Besides being dead." Neal smirked.

Speed and Tony chuckled and watched the play between the two. "Really how did you not know he was your Mate?" Tony gave a pointed look to Neal.

"There was a girl wasn't there?" Speed asked.

"Kate Monroe." Peter answered for Neal, he knew it was still sore subject, especially after her death. "She was killed a few months back."

"I figured it out in jail." Neal answered with a small grin. "He still thinks I escaped because of Kate... I was just pulling his pigtailed."

Peter stared at him, with the patented 'I'm going to yell at you later' stare.

"To answer the question." Tony looked over at the glaring FBI Agent. "Neal's been around long before Speed, and long before me."

"How old are you?!" Peter demanded.

"He was born in 432 AD." Nick answered as he walked into the room with Jimmy and Noah.

Peter just stared at his future Mate. "I'm telling El."

Neal cursed, he knew he was in trouble.

"What did you find?" Nick asked seriously.

Neal grabbed his notes off the table and pulled up the white board. "With the few words we were able to figure out, I was able to put together some of the less detailed notes." He began writing on the white board. "This section is a prefix or to do list."

* Anger Mutation

"That's got to be about Dr. Banner." Neville commented. Neal went back to the table and pulled up some extra sheets. He scribbled a few words down then handed it to Neville. "Add Banner for the word I just took out, with the additional info we have. This list..." He held up his first set of notes. "Indicates they want to replicate that particular mutation."

"But it isn't a mutation." Neville added. "It has something to do with gamma radiation. I've been talking intensely with Bruce and seeing how we can get it under control."

"We'll have to find the rest of the notes, but it would seem they didn't realize that Dr. Banner wasn't a mutant." Neal said.

"Yeah well they also thought I was, so I'm not going on Magneto being the brains on the operation." Speed muttered.

"Considering Obediah Stane is part of this," Neville waved his hand around the papers. "He's the one that did the research on the gamma radiation for biological warfare that Dr. Banner got infected. It was the incident that had Tony Stark finding out about Stane's secret department, and subsequent shutting it down."

"Leading to Afghanistan." Nick added. "So Frankenstein knows it's not a mutation, what they are looking is to make it into a mutation."

"That is not a pleasant idea." Neville shook his head.

"What's next on the, to do list?" Peter asked.

* Lycan/Lyca

"Lyca is Alyc." Neville commented again. "Lycan was the code name of the man they were experimenting on in the lab I worked for back in the seventies."

"What does he want with these two?" Tony asked.

"They were infusing metal into Lyca." Neville added. "He had claws, and when he escaped he had metal claws. If Lyca is like him... they would be a formidable enemy or Allie."

"I will contact Imenand and find out any information that we can. I have a feeling Alyc would love to know the name of the men who held her captive." Nico had a small evil smirk on his face. "What else we got?"

* Gregory Stillson

"I'm killing the asshole!" Timothy growled. "I don't give a shite what Frankenstein is using him for, he will die before November 4th."

"I think that's settled." Tony looked over at Neal indicating them to move on.

* Magento/Mutants

"There are a lot of notes on this." Neal shoved pages at Nick. "I don't have enough code to get all of the information."

"We've been able to piece enough together," Nick said. "Yev and Craig are working to get as much information down they have on what Frankenstein is up to with regards to Mutants. Warrick is on the phone with the White House putting together real information and now the crap that Stillson is spewing all over Fox News."

"Conclusion?" Peter asked curiously. "What does either gain working with the other?"

"Give the Mutants the power they need to break free and show the world who they are. Frankenstein sets up Stillson to show how evil the Mutants are..." Speed commented.

"Humans will not sit back and allow these inhuman ungodly things be near their kids, in their schools, in their lives." Tony added.

"War will break out between Humans and Mutants." Neville continued the thread of thought.

"If this happened there is no way the Clans could stay out of it," Nick added.

"In swoops Frankenstein when the Clans are at their weakest and he takes over." Neal concluded. "The key to this whole thing." He writes the last thing on the board.

* John Connor: The Cure

"He's a mutant." Neal tossed the pen onto the table. "His Mutation cures other mutations. Basically if you were a Mutant and were sitting next to John your mutation wouldn't work. They are taking his DNA and making a cure. "

"This is what Stillson was talking about." Neville flipped through his own notes. "By having a cure, the Humans will demand that all Mutants get cured."

"Pissing off Magneto." Tony looked over at Nick. "Since he's out and proud."

Speed looked at his Sire. "Stillsons footage was of one of the kids from Charles' school."

"He's going after the school." Nick continued the thought.

"Taking out the only person who could counter Magneto." Timothy pointed out.

Nick grabbed his phone and quickly dialed out. "Charles we gotta talk."

Title: Stage Four: Homo Sapiens

Dean was never going to get used to flying. He had been lucky since Egypt that he had to fly only a few times, and short distances. He preferred his car, hell if desperate a train, there was just something wrong with getting into a metal tube and flying.

The only good thing about flying was Sam's distraction techniques.

And Sam had gotten good at distracting Dean for hours, especially since he was still making it up to his Mate for getting held hostage.

Twice.

They stepped off the jet onto the small runway. Dean had never met Tony Stark, heard about him, hell, who hadn't. He had worked with some of the weapons Tony had sent while they were in Egypt; even had a few of them in his personal armory.

It's the hidden engineering geek that was trying hard not to squee at the thought of talking with Tony Stark. Charlie was the only person in the world, who knows about his hidden talents. Though Dean had a feeling Charlie had told Don, who may have mentioned it to Bauer. He had gotten a few odd licks from both men, when he and Charlie would start talking. And if either of those men knew, he had a feeling Sammy would learn. He wasn't sure why he didn't want his brother to know, maybe it was the years of hiding the geek behind the good little soldier his dad trained.

Sam stepped up behind him, his hand resting on Dean's lower back. Dean wasn't sure if it was a reminder to Sam that Dean was there, or to remind Dean that Sam was there. Either way, he didn't mind it. It gave him comfort and stability that he wasn't trapped in a dark room at the mercy of Balthazar and his bitches. Not that he would admit it, after all he was Dean Winchester.

And Winchesters do not have chick flick moments.

"Mr. Winchester." Pepper walked up to the pair of Hunters. "I hope you had a pleasant journey to the Island?"

"I'm not a big flyer." Dean gave her a bright smile. "But you make it worth the effort."

Pepper rolled her eyes. "Mr. Winchester..."

"Dean. There are too many of us Winchesters to choose from, though if you're looking for the handsome one, you got him." He stepped closer to her, voice dropping into a low growl.

"Mr. Winchester, I've spent many years with Mr. Stark, and he prides himself on being cute and charming. It hasn't worked on me yet." She waved her hand towards the entrance to the Island. "Besides, I've been around Vampires and I know how protective Mates can get." She glanced over to Sam.

Dean looked over at his brother, who was silent with a slight frown. "Dude. You fucked me into the mattress on that plane; your claim has been staked."

Happy bit back a smile.

Jeff Tracy just shook his head, "You should meet my son Scott, he has a tendency to do similar claiming anytime Tony makes any public appearance."

"Colonel Scott Tracy." Dean glanced over to the older gentleman. "I've read about his work with Stark Industries and his skills as a test pilot, much like his old man."

Jeff grinned and held out his hand, "Jeff Tracy."

"Dean, and my brother Sam."

Tracy paused. He hadn't known the two Hunters were brothers and Mates. It threw him for a moment, wondering how that worked and the consequences of the fact siblings could be Mates. He focused back on the conversation on hand and noticed Dean's shoulders stiffening as he watched him. Jeff shook his head and gave them a warm smile.

"Welcome to Tracy Island." He shook Dean's hand and held his eyes. Dean seemed to relax and held his hand firmly as he shook it. Jeff was impressed with the strong grip the young man had, he also knew no doubt that there was more to the kid, than the killer smile.

"Gentleman if you'll follow me." Pepper motioned towards the entrance doors into the side of the mountain.

From the plane Sam hadn't been able to get a gauge of how large the island was. All he could see that the Island on one side was dominated by a volcano. While the rest of the island held buildings that were built into the sides of the mountains. There were plenty of open green areas, but everything was connected by walkways, and he had a feeling there was much more to see that couldn't be viewed from the air or sea.

They walked into an open garage area, there were variety of vehicles from a small plane, boats, and even a few cars. As they made their way towards one of the side doors, Sam had to physically grab Dean who was reaching out touch.

"Dude." Dean gave his mate a glare. "I'm not five."

"No touching." Sam gave him a pointed look.

Pepper and Jeff both explained a few things of what they were seeing, but both Hunters had a feeling they were seeing and being told about ten percent of what was really going on at the Island.

They continued to walk through a variety of corridors, with paths leading off in different directions. Sam had no idea where they were in proportion to the runway or the rest of the Island, and if he had to find his way back to the plane he would probably get lost. He paused as they walked down another corridor and through a few more doors, making that he would definitely get lost.

Which was the obvious object of the variety of corridors and doorways. Let alone, he had a feeling Ms. Potts was winding them around on purpose.

He had no doubt that Mr. Stark and Colonel Tracy trusted the fact Sam and Dean were Hunters for Nico, but that didn't stop them from protecting themselves and those around them. It was a concept Sam could get behind.

The lengths he would go to protect Dean, were extreme. He also knew his brother was the same way, case in point with the recent hostage situations. Sam had always known Dean was a bad ass. He knew that despite all of John's military training, Dean had surpassed him in abilities as a Hunter. Dean proved that point when he had walked into the Bank, with just a gun and a smile. The robbers had no idea what hit them, afterwards they lay out bleeding on the bank floor, wondering what demon had walked into the bank.

Then two days later Dean scared the crap out of some poor teenager who was trying to be a bad ass gangbanger. Sam wouldn't be surprised if the kid had found religion after that hour with Dean.

Though Dean is and will always be the bad ass in the family. They still don't talk about the wrath Sam had brought down on one Jessica Moore when he had found out she was working with Balthazar and was one of the bitches that had tortured his brother.

So yeah the two were protective of each other, and completely understood the need and desire for extreme security procedures, a decent amount of weapons, and extra guards.

Happy was not at Tracy Island for the scenery.

Sam came out of his thoughts as they entered what seemed to be the center of the facilities. They were standing on the second floor of what looked to be a very large and comprehensive workshop. There were benches filled with tools, machinery, computer displays, and variety of other things Sam didn't recognize.

As Pepper continued to point a few things out, it didn't take long for Sam to realize he was losing Dean, Mr. I'm hiding my inner geek, to all the geeky toys. Dean was trying not to show it, since Sam 'didn't know' about his inner geek.

Well know now.

Sam had been cut down to size by Don and Bauer about Dean's education levels. He still felt guilty for all those years at Stanford where he would try to hide his grease monkey of a brother, making himself out to be the smart one of the family.

After all he was the one that got out.

There were days he really wished he could go back in time and smack the shit out of his angsty teenage self.

Sam stopped and watched as Dean ran his fingers over what looked like strips of metal, it was attached to a long pole, that went all the way down to the first floor. The strips of metal filtered and soft chimes echoed through the area.

"We think it's a lawn ornament." Jeff ran his own hand over it. They had no idea where it came from, it's always been at the Island since they had built the place.

Dean looked at it a few more moments then ran his hand over the strips of metal. "I've never seen metal like this..." He laid his palm along the pole, shuddered suddenly then pulled his hand back.

"Dean?" Sam stepped towards him.

"Fine Sammy." He pulled his hand back and gave him a smile. "Got a slight shock from it that's all."

He walked away from the 'lawn ornament' then paused at one of the smart boards reading the equations on the board. Sam leaned back against the railing and waited. He knew his brother wouldn't pass by an equation without reading or drawing. How Dean still thought he didn't know, he had no idea. Sometimes he really hated John for making Dean think he couldn't be a geek, and himself for reminding Dean he couldn't be a geek. But then he wanted to smack Dean for not...

He ran a hand over his face; this wasn't the time to get into old regrets. They weren't the same boys that John raised. Balthazar had changed them. Sam will never regret being turned, but when he gets his hands on Balthazar, he'll make the Vampire pay for what he did to Dean.

And there's that whole protective thing again.

Instead of reflecting back Sam focused on watching Dean. He enjoyed watching him lose himself in a puzzle, and got more of a thrill watching others see the bad ass turn into a geek.

Jeff and Pepper both paused turning to watch the young man, when he suddenly moved to the side of the equation and started to draw. Neither were expecting a Hunter to not only read the equation but understood it.

Sam just smiled and leaned closer to Happy, "He thinks he's hiding the geek."

Happy snorted, "It would be interesting to see him and Mr. Stark."

"Oh God no." Sam looked at him in horror. "It's bad enough I have to set up play dates with Charlie, and they end up locked up in the garage for hours. Mainly because Charlie has the whole absent minded shy geek thing going for him; put him and Stark together they would end up in Vegas or something..."

Happy chuckled then frowned at the sudden realization of what the trouble the two Vampires could get into. "That would be bad."

"Very bad." Sam agreed.

Jeff stared at the drawing, then shook his head and looked back at the Hunter. He really wanted to know who this Dean Winchester was, and where he had been hiding. Someone with this caliber to view equations would have been snatched up by MIT, and then coincidentally by Stark Industries. He really needed to learn more about the Winchesters.

Jeff stepped up to the smart board, added a few calculations. Dean looked over to him, and stepped back blushing slightly. "Sorry..."

"Don't be. I've been working on this for a while; this gives me a few ideas." Jeff stepped back. "Jarvis make sure to save this."

"Already have sir."

Dean and Sam both startled. "What the hell was that?"

"Jarvis say hello to Sam and Dean Winchester." Pepper spoke up from her spot by the door.

"Hello Sam and Dean Winchester." A very distinguished British accent replied.

"Jarvis runs the computers, house, and all of our lives." Jeff said with a certain fondness.

"Cool." Dean smiled brightly.

"If you would follow me." Pepper opened the door that lead outside, and a walkway up to a balcony. "You can explain why Mr. Meridius sent two of his Hunters."

Sam and Dean followed her outside, and up the walkway. The moment they stepped out onto the balcony, Dean gave a low whistle. The view was spectacular. "I can see why you live out here."

"It's beautiful." Sam agreed then added. "And you can see anyone coming miles away."

"We have better view from further up the mountain, let alone satellite feed." Jeff said. "Do we have a security risk?"

Dean turned and looked at the small group. "I'm not sure if you've been following what's going on in the States..."

"I've seen Stillson's speeches." Jeff voice turned cold. The man was an idiot and spoke in riddles and scare tactics, nothing based in fact all of it purely science fiction, and what was even scarier was the fact people were listening. "What game is he playing?"

"He's working with Frankenstein." Dean informed them.

Jeff blinked at them a few times, he really need to have a conversation with his son about the deeper world of Vampires.

"While investigating Stillson and Frankenstein's plan we came across a coded message about another situation." Sam added to the conversation.

"Stane has discovered where Tracy Island is located; he's on his way here. His objective is simply Tony Stark." Dean finished.

"You were sent to protect him?" Pepper asked curiously. She knew Tony was important to the Clan but didn't realize that Nick would send out Hunters specifically for him.

"Nick would prefer we got Tony off the Island, but looking around I'm not seeing that happening." Dean surveyed the surroundings, already figuring out best defense areas. They would not only be protecting Tony and his Mate. There were more people here who included the workers, staff, and the Tracy family.

It was then he realized who he hadn't seen since they had arrived. "Speaking of where is Mr. Stark."

The three looked at each other then back to the two Hunters.

"Out." Pepper answered.

~ Somewhere over the Middle East ~

Tony dipped down, then rotated full circle before shooting upwards, stopping suddenly then heading back down.

It was a rush.

He was flying.

He bit back a squeal; he was after all Tony Stark.

"What the hell are you doing?" Scott's demanding voice came over the comms.

"I'm flying." Tony replied as he visually checked over the systems.

Everything was working in good order. It had been a while since he had taken the Suit out for a test drive. He had been around Tracy Island and even made a few hops to surrounding Islands. Crashed into the garage once, Virgil still wasn't speaking to him after he had landed on his car.

"The Suit's holding up, going to try to go faster." He pushed the Suit a bit more, seeing how fast he could get it to go. After all if he crashed it wasn't going to kill him. The Ten Rings had already seen to that.

"You're flying into a no fly zone. You're going to get a missile up your ass if you're not careful." Scott growled into his ear.

"Is that what you're calling it?" He grinned when he heard his Mate cursing at him. He really did enjoy riling up Scott; the subsequent claiming outweighed the lectures. "I'm under the radar."

"While you're trying to break the sound barrier, scan the surrounding areas, let's see if we can get any information we can use." Scott knew that arguing was pointless.

"So far Jarvis isn't reporting any suspicious activities." Tony started to say when he felt a shudder, the readouts blinked on the screen, before he dropped a few hundred feet.

"Tony?" Scott's voice came over the line worried. "I'm getting readings that your stabilizer is offline."

"It's nothing..." He checked the readouts and grimaced. He shouldn't have pushed that last bit, "Jarvis, I'm losing power in the filters..."

Tony dropped a few more hundred feet. Concentrating on trying to get his systems back online, he didn't see the approaching projectile. The actual missile explosion missed him, but the subsequent sound wave knocked the last of his thrusters offline.

"Jarvis!" He tried to keep the panic out of his voice, last thing he needed was Scott to send in the Air Force.

Or worse.

Clay and his merry band of Losers. Though he wouldn't mind talking to Jensen, especially after the latest hack into JARVIS.

"Working on it sir."

"That missile came from the ground." Scott's voice entered the conversation. Tony could hear him slip into Colonel mode. "Where the hell are you?!"

"Afghanistan..." Tony answered knowing Scott wouldn't like his answer.

"Fuck!" Scott yelled. "Jarvis get his systems online, and send me his coordinates."

"Thrusters at forty percent, sir."

Tony fired them up, just in time to slow his descent. So instead of crashing full speed into the ground, it was only at half speed.

Tony didn't move for a few moments, the Suit absorbed most of the impact lessening, still hurt like a son of a bitch. He might be a Vampire, but broken bones were still broken bones.

Systems slowly started to come online. He could hear Jarvis and Scott arguing over the comms, but his mind couldn't quite get around what they were saying...

"Sir, hostiles in your area."

"Get the FUCK up Tony!!"

Tony shook his head, his own senses and the suit coming on line. He looked over to see hostiles heading his way. Carefully he pulled himself out of the crater he had made and stood up, looking around to see where he had landed.

He realized quickly that he was in the middle of a small village. It was almost in full ruins. Buildings had been destroyed, streets torn to shreds, cars blown to pieces. No one could be seen in the streets, except men with guns. It looked as if the village was a war zone and Tony had just landed in the middle of it.

He quickly surveyed the area. There were gunmen. Civilians screaming. Then he saw what shot him down. A tank slowly turned the corner, its large gun adjusting its aim towards him.

It was the Ten Rings.

He recognized a few of the bastards.

Four of them had stopped and turned to look at him. They pulled the hostages towards them, using them as shields. The silver Suit had to be alien to the gunmen, and quite literally had fallen out of the sky.

They raised guns and pointed them at Tony.

"Jarvis, get the thrusters back online." Tony was sure the Suit would shield him from the bullets. A tank shell though was another matter. The rest of the Suit's systems were slowly coming up, including the small weapons and targeting systems.

"Working on it, sir."

"What the hell is going on Tony?" Scott demanded.

He ignored his Mate, and used the Suits targeting system to calculate where exactly each gunman, hostage, and their weapons were. Then with precise precision he fired four bullets taking out each of the gunmen, letting the hostages flee back into the destroyed buildings.

He only had fifteen more bullets on the arm gun.

And one missile on the other arm.

Tony turned towards the tank as it lined up a shot. He targeted the shot, raised his right arm, stayed calm and took aim. He didn't need to watch, the missile wouldn't miss its mark, instead he turned and started to walk away as the tank blew.

"Scott, take a note." Tony muttered as he began his walk out of the village. "The next generation on the Suit needs more weapons."

"Are you planning on going into hostile territories often?" Scott demanded a low growl in his voice that indicated to Tony he was in serious trouble when he got home.

"If I can use the Suit to take down the Ten Rings, yeah." Tony answered determination and dedication in his voice. He walked away from the Ten Rings a Vampire and with a purpose. He wasn't going to let Obediah Stane destroy his company or use his company to destroy the world.

"Then we're going to need a second suit."

That got him to pause, mid step. "What?"

"I'm not letting you go out there by yourself!" Tracy stated. "You're not a soldier."

"I gave them these weapons!" Tony growled back into the microphone.

"No Stane did!" Scott yelled back.

"But my name is on them!" He argued back.

It was an old argument, one that Scott was determined to keep arguing until Tony saw the truth. He was not responsible for Stane. "I will not let you do this by yourself. You are my Mate. And that means you're stuck with me, better or worse."

"When did we get married?" Tony quipped back trying to ease the tension that was going through his body.

"Pepper arranged it a while back, it was that black tie affair... remember." Scott's voice held some humor. "You were drunk."

"I'm never that drunk." Tony replied dead panned.

"I swear your half pirate."

"I prefer aged brandy not cheap rum...." Tony stopped when a figure ran out in front of him, gun raised. He raised his own weapon, ready to return fire. The facial recognition program flared up. Tony lowered his weapon when he saw the name of the person who was standing in front of him. "What the fuck?"

Tony could feel's Scott's shock, hell he could feel Jarvis' shock. Anthony Edwards Stark doesn't use crude language.

But sometimes.

Sometimes it was called for.

"Tony what the fuck is going on!?" Scott's voice screamed in his comms, again.

Tony cringed he was really going to have to figure out how to lower or turn off communications; especially when he had both of them yelling at him.

"You're getting me out of here." The person demanded gun not wavering.

"Henry Thorne?" A part of Tony thought he should have been more in shocked than he was, but then he had met Terry and the whole Meridii clan, and stubborn was only one word he would use to describe the lot of them.

"We can do introductions later." He snarled as he shifted to the right and began firing. He jerked back in front of Tony, "You're flying us out of here, mate."

"Not a plane kid." Tony grumbled. "Jarvis make sure all systems are up and running. I'm going to be carrying extra baggage."

"That's okay, 'cause I can fly anything." He grinned then flipped the weapon onto his back, before climbing onto Tony's back. "Get us the fuck out of here."

"All systems online sir. I suggest you and Mr. Thorne should leave the area, there are more trucks and second tank heading this way." Jarvis informed him as he started up the thrusters.

"Hold on kid." Tony looked upward and boosted the thrusters at full speed and took off away from the destroyed village.

They were at least twenty miles away from the Village when the thrusters started to go sputter, then just die. Tony growled, as they began to fall. "Jarvis divert power to the thrusters!"

"On it sir."

Tony was able to get them straight, and managed not to drop the kid to his untimely death. He really didn't want to explain to Terry, that 'hey found your kid, then dropped him, sorry my bad'.

"Jarvis track where I'm at and send help."

"Already on it! I've been tracking you since you fell out of the sky the first time." Tony could tell his Mate wasn't happy, but the low tone in his voice. "When you get home..."

"Going to spank me?" Tony asked with a light tease.

"No I'm letting Pepper do the punishment." He could hear the grin in Scott's voice, so at least he knew he wasn't going to get locked down at Tracy Island for the near able future.

Tony didn't have time to reply as they crashed into the desert floor. Again. He had made sure to cushion Henry Thorne's fall. The kid groaned and rolled off of him, and stared up at the blue sky.

"Ouch."

Tony knew the feeling. He laid there for a few moments, letting Jarvis do a systems check.

"I've shut down some smaller systems, this should get the thruster systems working soon. Enough to get you back to Tracy Island, sir."

"Thank you Jarvis."

Tony sat up and flipped up the face plate to see Henry Thorne sit up then shift until he was sitting Indian style in the desert. He looked calm for a man who had just fell out of the sky. "Do a scan on our guest."

"Already did sir, he's technically dead."

"Fuck." Scott responded. It was a statement Tony completely agreed with. "I've contacted Rick, you're close to one of the Medjai outposts ..."

"I'm not leaving him here..." Tony wondered when he suddenly became the responsible person.

"Rick informed me that there is someone close by, he's on his way to pick up Henry so you can limp your way home. I didn't think you wanted Dirk or Al to fly you home..." Tony rolled his eyes at Scott's comments.

He stood up and looked down at the kid. "Henry Thorne."

Henry looked up at him suspicion on his face. "How do you know who I am?"

"You're father." Tony grinned at him.

Thorne stood up, "Dad? He's okay? They said he was killed along with his Mate."

"Who?" Stark asked.

"Raza." Henry growled. "As he bled me dry, he took the pleasure of telling me that during the battle Dad was killed..."

"He's alive...well as alive as us Vampires can be." Tony rolled his eyes. "Him and the crazy bastard he's Mated to, have not stopped looking for you. I've been working with him, since I had a unique perspective of the Ten Rings."

"And what would that be?" He demanded.

"Raza Turned me." Tony answered honestly.

Henry's head dropped, "You're Tony Stark."

"Didn't recognize my rugged good looks?" Stark tried to ease the moment, but even he felt the weight of the situation. He still had nightmares of that night, in the cave alone with Raza. If it wasn't his Turning that had him working late in the lab, it was seeing Yenson's death.

It was why he worked so hard on the Suit, on making his company one of the best in defensive armor, to help the soldiers. Those like Yensen who almost died to protect him. The only weapons he created were ones he gave to the Council or to Nick for his Hunters. He will not let death and destruction, be his legacy.

"Well the Silver Armor kinda threw me off..." He waved at the outfit. "Raza talked about you..."

"Ah does dad miss me?" He snarked.

"More like pissed at sneaking out and hanging out with those hooligans from Sylum." Henry grinned. "I'm honored to meet the man who annoyed the shit out of him."

"How did you get out?" Tony asked curiously.

"Snuck out the back window. They were moving me to another hide out. They were in Gulmira, when they were attacked. No idea who attacked, but I took the opportunity. One of the villagers hid me and gave me a weapon, was making my way out of the area when you crashed landed...." Thorne turned suddenly his gun raised.

The face shield dropped as Tony brought up his own weapon. "Jarvis scan the area."

"Vehicle fast approaching, sir." Jarvis answered. "Also detecting a low flying object..."

"Missile." Tony stepped closer to Henry, intent to pull him behind him.

"No, sir."

"Jarvis?" Scott's voice entered the line.

"I'm not quite sure what it is, to be honest." The AI sounded frustrated. "For all intense purposes it has a heartbeat."

Both Vampires kept their weapons up, until the jeep came over the ridge. A young man stepped out and walked towards them, hands raised. He was wearing the clothes of the Medjai, but instead of the normal scimitars on his back, he had a smaller sword at his side, and shoulder holsters caring 9mms.

He un-wrapped the black cloth from and let it drop from his face. Tony lowered his guns and lifted his faceplate. He recognized the man, or he thought he had.

"He's a vampire, sir." Jarvis informed him. "I'm running him through the database Mr. Caine sent, he isn't an enemy but I do not recognize the Clan he is from."

"Medjai?" Tony asked. He had not been at the Egypt battle, and hadn't met anyone from the Clan. He had only met Ardeth and Rick, along with their Lead Hunter Aragorn, over video feed while working with Terry in finding his son.

"Not quite." The man replied. "I'm Perseus."

Henry lowered his own rifle. "As in Perseus?"

"Yes." He smiled as he looked over his shoulder and gave a quick whistle. There was a screech, ruffle of feathers, then the largest bird either Vampire had ever seen settled in front of them. They both had to look up at the pure white bird. "This is Roc."

"Wait." Tony stared up at the bird, who tilted his head and chirped back at him. "I wasn't hallucinating?!"

Perseus grinned, "Not that time."

Stark glared at him.

The bird just looked at Perseus, than back at the other two, tilted its head again as if trying to visualize the two Vampires from a different angle. He chirped, and screeched before lifting his head and taking a few steps closer. He stopped in front of Tony, looked down at him then pecked at the Suit.

"Hey!" Tony yelled shooving his hands at the bird.

Roc stepped back and squawked, before pecking at him again.

"Roc." Perseus pointed towards the jeep. He chirped, squeaked and then pointedly looked between Tony and Perseus. "Yes I know it's odd to see a human in metal covering, but that doesn't mean you can poke at it."

Roc looked back at Tony pecked at him again before he turned and hopped over to the jeep and settled down. His eyes never left the small group, though his head would cock slightly as if listening to something in the distance.

"He does that again, he's being cooked for Thanksgiving." Tony glared at the bird.

"Roc means no harm, he's just curious. Not every day he sees a human fly. Which I'm sure you want that piece of information kept silent." Perseus replied.

Tony nodded, "It's not something that needs to get out."

He glanced back at Roc, "I can relate." Perseus focused on Henry. "Are you ready to go home? I've got some anxious people who would like to see you."

"My dad?" He asked.

"And a young pilot named Chris." Henry smiled when he heard that. Many times through his ordeal he had thought of the brash American pilot. Perseus moved back towards the jeep. "I'll take you to the Medjai compound. Rick's already called Sanctuary, to let everyone know we found you."

Henry turned towards Tony. "Thanks."

"Stay out of trouble, kid." Tony watched as Henry Thorne made his way over to the jeep and got into the passenger seat. Perseus gave a low whistle, Roc glancing over at Tony once more before lifted up into the air and began flying the way he came, staying low to the ground.

Tony stood there and watched as they drove off. Henry Thorne had been found. He couldn't help the smile that spread across his face. The kid was definitely a Meridius with that stubborn streak.

It was time for him to go home, he lowered the face shield. "Jarvis?"

"Thrusts working at seventy percent capacity, if you avoid getting shot out of the air you should make it home in thirty minutes, sir." The AI replied. "Ms. Potts would like me to inform you that you have guests."

"Guests?" He questioned slightly shocked.

"Sam and Dean Winchester, Hunters from Sylum. Master Nico sent them." Jarvis answered.

"Where's Scott?" Tony demanded as he lifted off the ground and set a course for home.

"Talking with the Hunters, sir."

"Let them know I'm on my way home." Tony couldn't help but wonder why Nick would send Hunters to Tracy Island. Let alone the Winchesters, he knew of their reputation despite the fact they had only been Hunters for a couple of years.

Something had scared Nick.

Tony couldn't help but wonder if he had left one war zone for another.

~ New York: Traveling ~

Nick sat back in the passenger seat in quiet contemplation. He knew both his kids were pissed at him, and had been for a while. They were discovering that there were many things he hadn't told them. Not just elements that it took to run a Clan, but personal relationships and connections that neither knew about.

When they had headed to the vehicles, Tony had just glared at his Sire before he took a seat in the back of the first SUV. He had made it clear, he wasn't being left behind. Jethro just sipped his coffee, and climbed in next to his Mate.

Warrick's eyebrow had raised, but he didn't say anything as he got behind the wheel. Nick had turned to his bodyguard...

"Don't even think about it." Jimmy gave him a pointed look. "I put Mac and Danny on Neal watch, and Peter hasn't left his side; which frees us up to make sure you don't do anything stupid. Remember the conversation last year about glue and your ass?"

He tipped his hat and moved to the second SUV.

Nick watched as Horatio, helped Speed into the second SUV. The redhead ignored all the glares and comments in Gaelic, instead he just leaned over and kissed his Mate and snapped the seatbelt into place.

Horatio closed the door, glancing over to Nick, "How many more surprises should we expect?"

Nico actually grinned, "More than you actually think you know."

He nodded as he slipped on his sunglasses before moving to the other side of the vehicle. Noah watched the whole exchange, and glanced over at his Clan Leader, waiting for instruction.

"Follow us." Nick said before getting into the passenger seat of the waiting SUV. Noah moved to get into his own vehicle.

The two SUVs had headed out of New Jersey towards upstate New York. The Council had helped Charles set up the school, funding him the money and also added security. The only ones who knew where the school was physically located were Imenand, Minerva, and Clan Leaders.

Everyone felt safer that the less who knew the better. It wasn't just Charles safety but the children he sheltered, educated and trained.

"It wasn't personal." Nick said breaking the tense silence permeating from the backseat.

"Speed knows." Tony commented back.

Nick turned in his seat and looked back at his Child. He could see the hurt and anger in his eyes. "He needed Charles' help with dealing with the dreams, to understand when it was warning versus just nightmares."

"Another thing you never mentioned." He pointedly looked at him.

"That was Timothy's story to tell. There are things I have not told him, that you have told me in confidence." His tone dropped slightly. "There are a lot of decisions and situations I deal with that I do not consult either of you about."

"And we've seen how that bites us in the ass." He argued.

"You really haven't taken much interest in running the Clan," He held up his hand to stop the tirade that he knew was coming. "Until now. I've been leading this Clan for over two hundred years. Before that I was on the Medjai Council, and kept our family together. So you'll have to pardon me for doing what is necessary to protect my family, my loved ones, and my Clan."

Tony startled not used to Nick snapping back at him. Even after all the years of traveling together, there were times that beneath the calm exterior was a Vampire that was a sight to behold when pissed off.

Warrick looked in the review mirror clearly warning Jethro from getting involved in the conversation. He knew the instinct to defend ones Mate, but this was something both of them needed to stay out of, Sire and Childe needed to fight it out.

"None of this is a reflection of your ability to lead." Nick continued. "You more than proved that you can run this Clan, when I was indisposed. But you need to remember I've been taking care of things long before you and Timothy showed up in my life. I've got connections and alliances that date back to Rome. As you have connections from the Templars."

Tony leaned back in the seat, arms crossed over his chest. "I hate being reminded that I had no idea what was going on for so long. Every time something happens and I'm clueless; it reminds me that I neglected my responsibility for a long time."

Nick reached out and laid his hand on his knee. "You never neglected your responsibility. You've always been there when I needed you."

"Have I?" Tony blinked back tears in his eyes. "I ran every time I lost my Mate, leaving you with the aftermath. And when you lost Warren I wasn't there... I didn't stop them. I didn't know how to help you..."

"The situation with Warren was beyond anyone's control." Nick took a deep breath calming his own nerves. He felt Warrick's love through their Bond; he glanced over just to remind himself his Mate was next to him. "And you did what you could, and what I would allow. You took him home to Italy."

"Egypt scared the shit out of me, Papa." Tony reverted into Italian without even realizing it. "And each surprise that shows up, just reminds me how unprepared I was, how unprepared I still am."

"Be patient with me." Nico responded back in his native tongue. "There is so much in my life that I forget to explain. There still things Warrick doesn't know."

"Yeah but I can tie you up to the bed and get information out of you." Warrick replied in English pulling them both back into the present. He glanced in the mirror to look at Tony. "And there will be many things you will forget to tell Jethro, Timothy, and even Nick."

"Not mutants." Tony smirked trying to ease the conversation.

"No, but you probably forgot to mention the whole being arrested in the 20's, leading to the turning of Munch." Warrick smirked when Nick turned to look at his kid, a questioning expression.

"Thanks, mom." He glared at the back of Warrick's head. "But point made."

"So is there anything that will be coming up in this meeting that will shock both your kids?" Jethro asked easily in between sips of coffee.

Nick smiled, "Guarantee it."

"Nicolaus." Tony's eyes narrowed. "Do not make me call your mother."

Warrick snickered, "You have no idea how ironic that statement is."

Tony looked over at Warrick, then back at his Sire. "Do I want to know?"

Nick turned towards the front and settled back into his seat, just watching the scenery go by before answering. "There's one thing you need to know about Charles Xavier."

"What?" He leaned forward, watching Nick closely.

"You can't hide anything from him."

Tony leaned back in his seat. If that didn't sound forbidding he didn't know what did. He glanced over to Jethro. His Mate had small frown on his face, he reached over and took Jethro's hand and squeezed it.

The Bond breaking between Horatio and Speed, hadn't only affected them.

The wild fear hidden deep in his own Mate's eyes had enhanced Tony's own nightmares. He had watched and lived through Jethro's death, too many times for the thought that even as a Vampire he could be separated from him, from the Bond...

They were also not the only Vampires affirming their Bonds.

Jethro had pinned Tony down, and hadn't let him back up until the next morning. Tony had no doubt he wouldn't have let him out of the bed that morning, if it wasn't for the fact Tony was desperate to see Timothy.

Despite the unadulterated fear for Nico that had surfaced during Egypt, there had been so much good that had come out of the situation. His relationship with Speed had grown stronger by the day. They had always had a good relationship, though at times volatile when it came to their backgrounds and beliefs. Boxing Day was always interesting around Sylum Manor.

All of them had known about the infamous stories of how the three would kill for the other, and they were true, every single one of them.

Now.

Now they would be a hell of a lot more vindictive and evil.

Tony knew that Nick had plans on what he would do to Magneto.

Tony had a few ideas of his own.

And none of those probably compared to what one Horatio Caine was planning, and he knew that Jethro was helping.

In the end Magneto had made one hell of a mistake messing with Tony's brother, and he was going to make sure the mutant paid for that mistake.

Jethro squeezed his hand pulling him away from his vindictive thoughts, giving him a soft smile. Tony smiled when he saw those same thoughts reflected in his Mate's eyes.

He laid his head back against the headrest. The car had fallen into a comfortable silence, his eyes closed and he let the soothing stroke of Jethro's thumb over his hand lure him into a comfortable sleep.

Nick glanced back to see Tony asleep, he gave Jethro a small smile before turning back in his own seat.

"Get some rest, General." Warrick reached over and squeezed his knee. "You've been on the go since our kid was taken from Miami."

For once Nick did what he was ordered, he closed his eyes and drifted off. He bit back a chuckle when he felt a familiar presence in his head. He took comfort his family was once again whole, and fell into a soft slumber, letting Warrick and Jethro watch over them.

"I'm not a child." Speed looked over at his Mate. He was tired of being treated like an invalid. He was fine. "And if anyone in the front seat makes a comment..."

Jimmy just looked back at him through the review mirror, "What? I wasn't going to say a thing about the lack of control all of his felt watching you die in front of us. Or that this whole thing brought back some painful reminders of times when everything had gone to shit."

"Emotional blackmail?!" Timothy's eyebrow went up as he looked at his friend in the mirror slightly in shock and admiration "You've improved over the years."

"He's learned from the best." Noah added, from his seat. "You're Sire if I'm not mistaken."

Horatio leaned over and ran his hand through the thick black locks trying to calm down his Mate. He knew the coddling was annoying Speed, but that feeling of emptiness...

"Remember how I was when you were shot..." He pulled his attention towards him.

"Because you didn't clean your gun." Jimmy added. Yeah that was something that wasn't going to go away anytime soon.

"Really?!" Speed glared at him.

"Face it Quinn." The Hunter responded not looking ashamed or repented. "You're getting a bodyguard as much as Nico. So this wasn't your fault, but it still scared the shit out of us." He paused then purposely caught Timothy's eyes and held them. "Think about how you felt when Nick was missing and you'll know how the rest of us felt. Then remember how you feel now when he's out of sight, and you'll know what we're feeling."

All the occupants of the car looked at James Hickok in slight shock. It was rare for the Hunter to say so much, let alone that forceful. Noah reached over and laid a hand on his Mate's thigh, keeping it there until he felt the tension start to drain away.

Horatio unhooked his seatbelt and slid next to his Mate, his hand still running through his thick hair. Speed was in shock, but he could see what Jimmy had said was sinking in. Speed turned towards him, his dark eyes full of emotion. He reached through the Bond, feeling the conflicting emotions, Timothy settled at Horatio's touch, the act alone a reminder of what had transpired.

"I would rather die, than feel that again."

Timothy closed his eyes and leaned against Horatio, revealing in his physical touch. "So would I." And he meant it. The physical pain was excruciating, but it was nothing compared to the moment when he awoke from being Turned, and not feeling his Mate. He buried his face into Horatio's chest, inhaling the familiar scent that he always associated with the redhead, "I didn't do anything stupid this time."

"I know." H sighed, which was what scared him more than anything. The very idea that Speed was picked up and almost killed for a war that wasn't even their own. That this could happen to any Mated pair. "It won't stop me from being slightly over protective for the next century or two."

"Well you can't assign Jimmy or Noah to me, as they are Papa's bodyguards." He looked up at the mirror, giving his Childe a soft smile. He knew Jimmy had not just relived his own Turning, but also the loss of Bulldog. Hickok held those he considered family close to his heart, and was viscusly protective of them. To have sat and watched Speed dying and not able to do a thing, or Hunt anyone down, had to screw with his mind. Speed held his eyes in the mirror, when Jimmy nodded he knew the two would be okay. Though he had a bad feeling there would be 'training' in his future.

Noah glanced back at the two and gave them a small wicked smile. "Jimmy is assigned to Nick. I've been assigned to you."

Speed frowned.

Jimmy chuckled.

If everyone thought Jimmy was a Hunter one could not ditch, they hadn't met Noah.

"And you can blame dear old brother for that one." Noah smirked as he settled back in his seat. Tony had made it clear, he was Second-in-Command, and his orders were that Noah was to stick to Speed's ass.

"Fuck." He continued cursing and grumbling in Gaelic, but didn't move from his place curled up next to Horatio. When he felt his Mate chuckle, "I will seek revenge, the moment you do something stupid at work." He glanced up at his Mate. "And you know that is just inevitable."

"Which is why we have Dwight on speed dial." Noah commented, turning once again to give a pointed look at the Clan's Head of Security. "Though with Jim and now Shep...." He paused and looked at his Mate. "We need more Hunters."

"Think Scurlock would send Holiday?" Jimmy grinned over at his Mate.

Noah contemplated ignoring the twin glares from the two Vampires. "Yeah, but do we want Holiday near Longworth?"

"Good point." Jimmy frowned. "Just means we'll have to get Riddick to move to New Orleans."

"I hate all of you." Speed muttered as he closed his eyes and just enjoyed the comfort of his Mate. "Just wait until we get to Charles'."

"Is there anything you want to tell me before hand?" Horatio asked kissing the top of his head.

"He helped me with the nightmares." Speed yawned eyes closing. Despite the ranting about being fine, he was still very tired. It was going to take a while for him to come back to full health and strength.

He had no doubt Nick, Tony and Horatio had some wicked plans for Magneto. He personally was looking forward to dealing with Mystique.

After all she had shot him. Twice.

And don't get him started on the whole trying to act like him. Which had failed miserably.

Yeah he had a bone to pick with her. Or two.

"Get some sleep." Horatio's voice dropped soothing his Mate.

"You should also get some rest." Jimmy looked back at him, with a look that wouldn't be argued with. "You got about as much sleep as the rest of us."

"And when will you rest?" H asked.

"When I'm dead." Jimmy gave him a grin before he focused back on driving.

Horatio took the Hunters advice and settled into the seat, getting comfortable. He pulled Speed closer to him, and with his Mate in his arm he drifted off into a light slumber.

~ Charles School for the Gifted ~

Charles was waiting for his guest to arrive.

He had made sure that both Nick and Timothy had rested peacefully on the route to the school. By making sure they were resting, their sibling and Mates would also rest. He would have to get Warrick to lie down for a while once he arrived. The pirate was tense, had been for a while now, his focus being on Nick and not himself.

It was a unique situation when he was able to go into the mind of Vampires, he could follow their Bond to their Mate. The Bond between Nick and Warrick was strong, even during the situation with Egypt, it had never wavered. Charles had seen many bonds throughout the years, a few were fragmented, others strong and pulsed with power, some soft and warm, but he always enjoyed the strength in Nick and Warrick's Bond. He was curious to see and feel Timothy and his Mate's Bond, after everything that had transpired.

Charles sighed; once again Magento's determination to be recognized had caused much pain. A part of him ached for the loss of what could have been, but a larger part was determined to make sure Magento could not hurt anyone – Mutant, Human or Vampire.

After the past week, especially the past few days he knew all of them needed rest, especially if they were going to face what was to come. What had already taken place was only the beginning. Magento never did anything in small doses.

Then there was the situation with Timothy. His mind was now open, reaching out and searching for something that had been blocked for centuries. He had felt the ability when he had first met Timothy Quinn, but it was tightly controlled. As they had learned more about the Vampire gene over the years, it was discovered that it was the dominant gene and would suppress other Mutations.

When the Vampire gene had disappeared, the original genes surfaced including his abilities. Charles would need to sit down with his grandson, and teach him control.

Charles smiled to himself.

He couldn't wait to be introduced to his grandchildren.

It was a regret he had always lived with, not being able to show himself to them. When he had made the decision to open the school, he agreed to be well hidden even from the Vampire community, which included his family.

Charles reflected back to when he had first met Nicolaus Meridius.

He had heard the name a few times, but had never met the Clan Leader. It wasn't until after the Second World War, he finally met the man. He had been walking down the corridor, looking tired and worn, then again at the time everyone looked tired and worn. Charles was talking to Minerva about setting up the school, when he noticed Nick and everything around him changed.

He was no longer sitting in his chair in a hallway, but instead on a wooden bench looking out towards a dirt road. There was soft breeze and the smell of lavender tickled his nose. A young man road up the path, he dismounted his horse with grace and ease that came with youth.

'Papa.'

'Nicolaus.'

Charles shook his head and found himself back in the hallway in Geneva. He looked up to see that same man, older and wiser.

"Nick." He introduced himself holding out his hand.

He reached up and took it; an influx of so many emotions ran through him. Charles let go concentrating on what he was seeing, feeling, and just trying to get everything under control. "I'm fine..." He muttered softly.

Nick squatted down in front of him, making sure to be even with his line of sight. Something that Charles instantly respected. "I didn't ask if you were, but I had thought it."

"An old gift that has come to term after such tragedy within the world." He answered honestly not sure why he was telling a complete stranger. Nick didn't flinch or look away, instead he held his gaze. And he truly saw and understood; Charles reached out and cupped his cheek. "Nicolaus."

He smiled softly, "Papa."

"You've grown into a strong man." Charles answered his mind reaching out easily to the man in front of him.

His gift had developed late in life, not during puberty like most of the others he was starting to discover. Many discussions with Plato, had them theorizing that his weakened body do to the onset of Polio as a child, had pushed back the normal timeline.

"Much from the benefits of your teachings, sir." He answered.

"I guess formal introductions are not needed." Minerva grinned at the two of them. "But as you both know, I am a stickler to protocol. Charles, this is Nicolaus Meridius Sylum's Clan Leader. Nico, this is Charles Xavier, the Council's tutor."

Nick stood back up, to give Minerva a quick hug. "It's good to see you Minerva, I take all is well?"

"As can be expected." She sighed, turning to Charles, "I'll let you to talk. I'm sure you have much to talk about."

"Come, I'll walk with you." Charles maneuvered his chair and began pushing it down the hallway. Nick walked next to him, both quiet and contemplative of what had just happened. "I'm still young compared to most of the residences of the Castle."

Nick chuckled, "Many of us are."

He stopped, Nick turned to face him. "I'm not sure the protocol."

"There really isn't any." He shrugged.

"Minerva and I have had many discussions on old souls and connections." Charles looked up at the Vampire who back in Rome was his youngest son. "Never thought I would experience it."

Nico easily responded, "It doesn't change who you are, or your relationships with those you know now. My daughter returned as a Templar Knight, my son a Celt. You may have the soul of my father back in Rome, but you are not him."

"No, I'm not." Charles nodded in understanding. "Doesn't mean I don't want to know the man you've become."

Nick nodded as they continued down the hallway. "Now Mr. Xavier, why don't you tell me what exactly you and Minerva are plotting, and why I've been summoned to Geneva."

"Have you met those few people who are just slightly different? Abilities that can't be explained whether human or vampire?" He asked with all seriousness.

Nico thought back to his slave back in Rome, one that stayed by his side for centuries, yet hasn't been turned. One that has claimed New Orleans as his city. "Yes."

"Then you'll understand that there needs to be a place for these people to go, to study, to train." Charles once again stopped to make his point.

"To hide." Nick nodded in agreement.

"I want to open a school."

It wasn't long after, that the school was established. It had taken the work of a few Clan Leaders to get the property secured and buildings established.

Charles had worked little with Lucien La Croix; he knew his presence disturbed the Knight Clan Leader. But it was his influence that gave them the land they needed, and he had made sure that it was secured through the Canadian and United States Governments.

Malcolm Montgomery had always made sure Hunters were available. They never asked questions, just did what had to be done. Charles knew that Mal's Clan Members were very unique themselves, so seeing a kid who shot ice through his fingers, probably wasn't nearly as shocking as one would think.

Josiah Scurlock hasn't had much contact over the years. There had been only a few incidents when Doc had contacted him about potential students, and had harbored one or two who was fleeing their homes, before sending them to Charles. Doc had a way of picking up strays.

Most of his local contact was with Nick. After the initial meeting in Geneva, Nick had been part of the establishing of the school, and was one of the few Clan Leaders who had visited the school regularly.

Soon after it was established he had brought Timothy Quinn, introducing Charles as someone who could explain the dreams and premonitions. The two had talked for hours, soon after Timothy had stayed at the school for a few weeks, learning what he could from Charles.

He also became Nick's back up if anything was needed. If Charles couldn't get a hold of any of the Clan Leaders, his next contact was Timothy. After that his call went to the Council. Charles had never told Timothy his connection to the Vampire. It was something he regretted, but his life had many regrets and sacrifices all for the protection of those in his school.

Charles was looking forward to meeting Antonio, his oldest grandchild... Well not so much anymore. He wondered if he would get to meet all his grandchildren, along with their Mates.

Charles Xavier smiled as the two SUV's drove up the driveway. He maneuvered his chair slightly, waiting patiently for his guests. He heard the door open behind him, Scott and Jean stepping out onto the entryway.

As many Vampires didn't know about the Mutants.

Many Mutants didn't know about the Vampires.

It was going to be an interesting meeting.

He smiled the moment Nick stepped out of the vehicle. "Nicolaus." He pushed his chair forward, and sighed with contentment when Nick leaned down and embraced him. "I wish your visit was under different circumstances."

He nodded then looked behind him, motioning for, who undoubtedly was Antonio. "Antonio this is Charles Xavier, he runs the school. Charles this is my Second-in-Command."

Charles moved in front of the taller man, and held out his hand. "It is a pleasure to finally meet you, Antonio."

"Tony." He shook his hand and smiled.

"Timothy." Charles looked over to see the other man walk towards them. "I'm glad to see you well."

"As well as can be." He answered honestly; there was always something about Charles that had him dropping the pretense and walls. "The redhead behind me is my Mate, Horatio. The coffee drinking one next to him is Tony's Mate, Jethro."

"The two in cheap suits leaning against the SUV, are two of my best Hunters, James Hickok and Noah Dixon." Nick continued the introductions. "And you know Warrick."

Charles nodded, he brushed across the minds of the two Hunters. His main focus will always be the protection of the students, and he was cautious with new people when they arrived at the school. Scanning to see what their intentions were. With Jimmy he ran instantly into a visual reference of barbed wire fencing, he would have to push if he wanted to see anything, and that was something Charles just wouldn't do to anyone, and since he hadn't felt any hostility he backed off. He glanced over to Noah, to see him watching intently. Charles gave a slight nod to the Hunter, who relaxed while shifting closer to his Mate.

He turned his chair slightly and indicated for the two on the porch, both of them walked down the stairs to stand next to Charles. "I would like to introduce you to Jean, who I would be lost without, and her husband Scott, he runs our security. Scott, Jean these people are welcome at the school and know what we do here."

Scott looked over to Jimmy and Noah frowning slightly at the obvious government agents. He opened his mouth to say something, but was cut off when Jean took his hand and squeezed giving him a quick look before addressing the group.

"Welcome to Xavier School for the gifted, I'll have rooms set up for everyone..." Jean smiled at them, keeping a firm grip on her husband's hand.

"Only four rooms will be needed." Charles informed her with a smile. "All of them are Bonded pairs, and separating them is not advisable."

"I'll make sure they are secured in the guest wing." Scott glanced at the small group.

Jimmy didn't budge, but his eyebrow rose slightly at the word, secured.

"I'll let everyone get settled." Charles moved his chair to head back up the ramp to the front door. "Nicolaus I expect to see you in my office, in an hour."

"Yes sir." Nico smiled up at him.

Charles turned back around, "Oh and son I suggest you explain how we met to my grandchildren."

Nick shook his head, muttering curses in Latin under his breath as Charles gave him a pointed look before heading back into the main building, followed by Scott and Jean.

He turned to look at his two kids, who were both giving him identical looks.

"Charles has the soul of my father from Rome, who had died before any of you were born, and considering the secrecy that was needed to protect him and this school, it was decided not to tell anyone." He held up his hand cutting off the tirades that he knew was coming. "It was his decision, and I respected that. Now instead of yelling at me, take this moment and get to know Charles the man he is today, and afterwards you can learn of the man that made me who I am today."

Tony looked over to his Sire, "Any more surprises?"

"Of course there is, why ruin the fun." Nick smirked as he headed up the ramp to the front door. "Wait until you meet Logan."

Speed glanced at his sibling, "I hate it when he does that."

"You think we would be used to it by now." Tony grumbled as the two kids followed their Sire into the building.

Jethro glanced over at Horatio, "Should we worry about this Logan?"

The redhead nodded, looking at the door over his sunglasses, "Yes and everything else that we're going to get blindsided with the moment we step through that door."

"I remember a day when dealing with thieves, drug dealers, and serial killers were the worst that could happen." Jethro smirked over at his friend.

"Then Speed rose off the autopsy table and changed everything." H shook his head, hands on his hips.

"Wouldn't change a thing."

"Nope."

The two followed their Mates into the building, leaving the Hunters leaning against the SUV. Warrick glanced over to the two Vampires.

"What is the story with the glasses?" Noah asked glancing over at him.

"He can shoot lasers from his eyes. The glasses protect those around him, and give him the ability to see. He's very loyal to Charles, since he was the one to save him, and give him sight." Warrick informed them.

"Laser's or not, I'll be doing rounds. Magneto had mercenaries and if Frankenstein is involved we're talking highly trained Rogues. I doubt laser eye boy is prepared for that." Jimmy muttered.

That was when Warrick knew James Hickok would get along easily with Logan. "Both of you seem to be taking this calmly."

Jimmy pushed off the SUV. "I've gotten used to the crazy things both of you have asked us to deal with, hunt down, and keep secret."

Warrick laughed openly as they followed the rest of the group.

~ Tracy Island ~

Dean and Sam stood back on the small runway and watched in wonder as Tony Stark landed somewhat gracefully. For Sam it was like watching a sci-fi movie, for Dean his mind was working overtime on the engineering feats that Tony had accomplished in not just making the suit but getting it to work.

The moment Tony had landed Scott had stalked up to him. Tony had flipped up the face plate and stepped back, wondering if the suit would save him from an irate Mate.

Scott stopped in front of him, shook his head then gripped his head and kissed him. He just needed the moment, to know and feel that his Mate was safe. He stepped back, seeing the rare softness that Tony gets in his eyes when it is just the two of them.

"Later you and I are having a long conversation about appropriate flying zones." Scott gave him a look before turning back towards their guests.

Tony shifted his focus to the two Hunters, his expression taking on a professional bored expression. "Who the hell are you two again?"

"Dean." He didn't move from his spot. "This is my brother Sam. Nick sent us."

"Why?" Tony demanded.

"Stane has found the location to the Island, he's on his way." Dean informed him not mincing his words. "We were ordered to get you to safety, but obviously you will not leave the Island."

Tony eyed the Hunter in front of him. He had heard about the Winchesters. There was mention about the oldest being turned violently, something he could understand. He glanced back at the silent tall one, noticing how he was watching everything that was near his brother.

They were obvious Mates.

He wondered how Jeff took the idea of brothers being Mates.

"So what now?" Tony asked. He didn't like the idea of Stane anywhere near Tracy Island. He didn't like the idea of Stane being anywhere near him or his Mate. There was a part of him that was terrified of his old Mentor, another part of them that hated him enough to kill him.

Dean had a plan.

It was a good plan.

But Fate hated the Winchesters.

Alarms screamed across the Island, indicating that intruders had breached their perimeter.

Tony turned his towards the water, trying to see where the boats were located; only to be shocked to see them, pulling up to the docks and onto the beach. There were four in total, all small, dark, heavily armored, and camouflaged. They must have had anti-radar equipment on board, it was the only they could get this close to the Island and not have set off alarms thirty miles out to sea, let alone get under Jeff's sophisticated radar net.

Stane stepped out of the lead boat and onto the dock. He looked upwards at the runway. His eyes narrowed on Stark.

Tony growled as he slammed the face shield down.

"Jarvis prep for battle."

~ Charles' Office ~

Exactly one hour on the dot, Nicolaus Meridius was sitting comfortable in a chair across from Charles Xavier. He had left Warrick in bed, resting peacefully. The moment they had got into their rooms, Warrick had pushed him against the wall and kissed him soundly. Nick retaliated by shoving him towards the in-suite bathroom, stripping both of them as they went.

The water was hot. Their bodies slick. Warrick had Nick pinned to the shower wall, hands gripping the slim hips as he pushed into him. Needing to be close to him. Needing to claim him. Neither lasted long, both came with a muted cry, barely heard over the rushing water of the shower.

Afterwards Nick had cleaned both of them up, and got Warrick laid down in the bed. The moment his head had hit the pillow he was out. Nick changed into some clean clothes and head out of the room, intent to explore the school for a few moments.

Though he had been at the school a few times, he never really wandered around. Now that it was possible that there would be an attack he wanted to get a lay of the land. The corridor of rooms, was tricky enough that it would be difficult to storm the rooms, but not enough that it was impossible.

He made his way down the stairs, when a group of kids rushed past him. A few stopped and stared at him, trying to figure out who he was. He just gave them a smile. A tall black woman that was strikingly beautiful, walked by ushering them away, but stopped for a few moments to study Nick. He didn't move and held her gaze, she gave him a nod then followed the kids down the hallway.

Nick made his way to the office easily, having been in it a few times. As he reached to knock Charles called him, he hated when he did that. Charles just smiled.

"Everyone settled?" Charles asked sipping his tea.

"Warrick is taking a nap." Nick said. "He really needed the rest; none of us have slept well since this began."

"Jean has kidnapped Horatio and Timothy to discuss what happened, and started working up comparisons." He shook his head slightly.

"Jean knows that we're Vampires?" He asked slightly in shock.

"She does now." Charles smiled.

"How exactly did that conversation go?"

~ Flashback ~

"What is going on exactly, Charles?" Jean asked her tone indicating she wanted answers. "Who are these people?"

"Nico is one of those that helped set up this school, he's also one of those who helps hide it." Charles turned towards her, looking up at his protégé.

"You started the school in the fifties, there is no way he was around then." Scott commented from his place near the wall. "And I don't like the idea of Feds walking around, how do we know they won't do anything to the kids."

Charles looked over at Scott, "Do you trust me?"

"Yes." He answered without thought.

"Then trust me when I say those men would die before hurting a child." He answered firmly then moving the subject back at hand. "As for the answer to all your other questions, Nico and the rest of them, are Vampires."

The two stared at him for a few moments, both gauging if Charles would joke with them on something so serious. Jean looked over at her husband, then back at the Professor. "Vampires?"

"Yes. You two of all people should respect the idea that there is more out there than we know." He gave them a pointed look.

"Is it a mutation?" Jean asked her curiosity spiking.

"No." Charles shook his head. "They've had scientist studying the Vampire gene now for decades. From a few of the reports I have read, the Vampire gene dominates all other genes. It looks to wrap itself around a person's DNA, making them into a Vampire."

"Are they the cure?" Scott asked with a sense of trepidation.

"The Vampire gene can mask or block a Mutant gene." He explained, though he knew there was more to the studies than he had read. He would need to talk to Nick about getting a few of the scientist to the school so they could work with Jean. "More importantly, they have samples of the cure, and have faced it."

"What?!" Jean stared at him in shock. "What do you mean they have samples?"

"Timothy was attacked by Magneto, he was given the cure." Charles started to explain when Jean left the room, in search of one Timothy Quinn.

"Why was he attacked?" Scott asked.

"Why do you think?" Charles countered the question.

"Magneto mistook him for a Mutant, because he doesn't know about Vampires." He answered a small grin appearing. It was advantage they could use.

"I'm not sure if I should feel sorry for Speed or Jean... maybe Horatio." Nick grinned at his father. "They seemed to have accepted the Vampire thing quickly."

"Jean is all about the science one she sees how it works, she'll just accept that Vampires are just another facet of human evolution." Charles sipped his tea. "I was wondering if it would be possible to bring some of your scientist to the school. With Stillson threatening to save the world by forcing Mutants to take the cure, and Magneto using it as a weapon against Mutants that don't follow him, we need our best scientific minds to work together."

"You're also going to need more security." A voice commented from the doorway.

Nick looked over to see Jimmy standing in the doorway, with an agitated Scott next to him. "There are weak links on all perimeters; any good rogue would be in this school before any alarm would go off."

"We have heat sensors throughout the forest." Scott looked over at the Hunter challenging his assessment.

"Vampires don't give off heat." Jimmy countered.

"Why would Magneto be using Vampires?" He asked. "He doesn't know you exists, hell I'm still not sure you exist."

"Really, laser eye boy?"

Scott growled and looked behind him. "Logan."

Jimmy chuckled as he turned, which quickly turned into a cough before he looked over at Nick. "Really? Does Gabriel know? Or anyone for that matter?"

"Oh you mean great grandpappy, or is that great grandson?" Logan patted Scott on the shoulder than entered the room. "Charles. Nicolaus."

"He knows about Vampires?" Scott asked Charles. "Why do I not know about this?"

"He knows about Gabriel?" Jimmy asked Nick. "Why do I not know about this?"

The two looked at each other then back at their respective leaders, both wearing their infamous 'We want answers and the rest of the secrets you're keeping from us. Now.' expressions.

"To answer both of you, when I found Logan I knew he was special." Charles began to inform them.

"Well that's accurate." Scott smirked over at his fellow Mutant.

"Ahh Scotty I'm special, that's why Jean likes me better." Logan grinned back, mainly to annoy him.

"Leave my wife out of this."

"As I was saying." Both shut up and looked back at Charles. "Logan doesn't have any memory of his life before the 1960's. We have no idea his history, or how long he's lived."

"No heartbeat." Jimmy commented.

"That explains a few things." Scott smirked.

One steel claw rose from his hand.

Jimmy startled slightly, before a few things he had read came back to him. "He's the one Neville helped escape."

Everyone in the room paused, Scott and Logan stared at the Hunter in shock while the other two men, just grinned.

"I read." Hickok smirked. "I read some of his reports, especially since Noah and I were helping Mal out at the time. There's no way to kill you."

"Yeah I know." Scott grumbled with a slight smile on his face.

"He's right." Logan looked over at his teammate. "Vampires can get through our defense system."

"You're assuming Magneto is using Vampires..." Scott pointed out.

"Why wouldn't he?" Nick asked casually.

"He doesn't know about them..." Scott looked over at Jimmy then Logan, before back at the man sitting across from Charles. "Doesn't mean though that they aren't working for him."

"There's a man influencing all of this." Charles looked around the room. "Stillson. Magneto. He's the one we need to prepare for."

"Who?" Logan asked.

"Frankenstein." Nick answered.

~ Outside on School Grounds ~

Noah sat on the grass and watched in fascination as a few of the kids ran around the grass. They were all laughing and having fun. Each and everyone one of them had no worries about being laughed or stared at as they used or showed their mutations.

When Nick had explained Mutants to them, Noah had taken the time to hunt Banner down and ask as many questions as he could. Banner himself wasn't a mutant but he had seen a few while in the detention cells and knew more than the Clan Scientists, who had been busy trying to save Speed.

Noah had tried to find Remy, but Mr. Orleans was nowhere to be found. At least for him. He had a feeling if Nick called, Remy would walk around the corner.

Noah glanced behind him and leaned slightly to check the side of the building.

Just in case.

"Looking for something?"

Noah turned back around and looked upwards. She was beautiful, and very tall. "Ever have one of those moments, when you think of someone and they end up standing right in front of you."

"Where you think of a beautiful dark skinned woman?" She smiled at him.

"More like a tall, long dark haired man with a thick Nawlin's accent." He answered back.

"Remy?" She sat down next to him, and then took a moment to look behind her leaning slightly like Noah had.

He chuckled. "He has that way about him."

"Yes, he does." She held out her hand. "Storm."

"Noah." He shook her hand. "I saw you teaching earlier."

"I teach history and culture here at the school." She answered. "I saw you checking our security."

"I'm one of Nick's Hunters. It's what we do."

"We?" Storm smiled sweetly.

Noah blushed lightly, then looked up to see Jimmy heading their way. "Me and my Mate." He pointed towards the Hunter. "James Hickok."

"You must be Storm." Jimmy asked looking down at the two. He could feel the tension from his Mate, knowing full well what it looked like. He would make Noah pay later, right now there was too many security leaks that needed to be fixed.

She stood up startled, stepping back into a defensive posture. "Who are you two again?"

Jimmy held up his hands trying to show that they meant no harm or threats. He could see what Scott meant earlier that Mutants can and will defend themselves, but he maintained that they had not dealt with Vampires. "Charles said to ask if you would show us the security rooms, and weapons area."

Noah looked around as the sky suddenly grew grey and cloudy, the kids stopped playing all looking at their teacher. Some with worry, others watching waiting to get the clues of what they had to do from what she did.

He realized that the weather was reflecting her emotions.

"They're good, Storm." She turned to see Scott walking towards them. "I'll explain more as we head inside. It's time for the kids next lesson anyways." He was answered by a chorus of whines and moans.

The sky cleared as the tension lessened.

"Into the school!" She clapped her hands and shooed the kids towards the doors. A few ran, one flew, and another just disappeared only to reappear at the door.

"That takes a bit to get used to." Noah commented shaking his head.

"Wait 'till you meet Logan." Jimmy grinned wickedly.

Tony had walked quietly next to his Sire as they had made their way to their rooms. Jethro was a few steps ahead of them, taking position as guard for both Vampires. Nick had informed them that neither of them were needed at the moment, and that they should just take the time to relax. He promised to explain everything, later that evening, while they had dinner with grandpa.

Which was something Tony was going to make Nick explain in detail.

"Regroup with your Mate, my Elena." He smiled at Tony. "It's been rough on all of us."

"I want details, explanations, and power point presentations." Tony pointed a finger at him, before pulling him into an embrace.

"I'll make Warrick do the charades later." Nick held him close then let him go before moving down to his room.

Warrick had just eyed him as he walked up to them, "Charades. You aren't allowed to hang out with Guin anymore."

Tony chuckled as the two bickered softly, only to roll his eyes when he heard the distinct thud against the bedroom door. Part of him wondered who did the pouncing; the other part still got crept out over the thought of his parents having sex.

The moment their own door closed Jethro had Tony laid out on the bed, shirt open, his mouth attached to one of the already hard nipples. They were keyed up, and it didn't take them long to get rid of their clothes.

There was little foreplay.

Jethro pushed in two fingers, stretching and searching. The moment his fingers rubbed against that one spot, Tony keened with pained pleasure. He looked at his Mate and saw nothing but need, want, lust and love.

Jethro didn't make either of them wait long. He slicked himself up, and in one hard thrust he seated himself inside his Mate. Tony wrapped his long legs around his waist pulling him closer. They stilled for a single moment, eyes locked on the other.

With a saucy grin, Jethro pulled out until only the head of his cock was at Tony's entrance. He stilled, reigning in all of his control. He loved pushing his Mate, seeing what Tony would do when he was teased. He wasn't disappointed. Tony growled, and in a move that still caught Jethro by surprise after being together for a few years, he had his Mate on his back, arms pinned above his head.

Tony let go of his Mate's hands, leaned back, as he took hold of Jethro's hard cock and with deliberate ease he slowly sunk down onto it. Jethro gripped Tony's hips tightly enough that it would leave bruises to remind them of this moment.

Each thrust downward slid over that one spot.

Each pull upwards sent pleasures down his spine.

He was hard, leaking, and it would only take a simple touch from his Mate to have Tony slide over the edge. He could feel the Bond between them, feel it call to him. Tony leaned down his fangs slid across his Mate's exposed neck, just before he bit down.

Blood flowed into his mouth; the Bond flared embracing them both. He relished the feel of being so close to his love, never wanting to know what it would feel like to lose this, to lose Jethro.

He woke up to Jethro cleaning the both of them up, and maneuvering both of them under the covers.

"Pushy." He muttered as he wiggled until he was under the blanket.

"Will if you hadn't passed out." Jethro smiled down at him. "God your beautiful when you ride me like that."

"Hey I got good ridin' skills." Tony grinned pulling him close, kissing him softly. "By the way, not that I'm complaining, but where did the lube come from?"

"Our bags." Jethro settled down next to his Mate.

"How did our bags get here?" Tony couldn't even remember packing bags let alone getting them to the SUV, and then into the rooms.

"From the bag fairy." Jethro rolled his eyes. "I packed them when Nick said we were heading to Charles, and Jimmy made sure they weren't left behind."

"So Jimmy is the bag fairy?" Tony grinned.

"I'm telling him you said that."

~ Charles' Office ~

"You're Hunters are well trained, and very loyal." Charles picked up his tea and sipped it.

"Jimmy and Noah have been with me on some sensitive missions." Nick replied easily. "Van Helsing, has mentioned the possibility of moving Jimmy up to Lead Hunter."

"And what does he plan on doing?" He asked curiously.

"Retire." Nico set his cup down on the table. "After Balthazar is dead."

"Old enemies never die they just fade into existence."

"Or they are reborn just to annoy the shit out of us." Nick grinned back at Charles. "I would like to bring in a few of our Hunters, along with the scientists and the other Clan Leaders. With Logan hunting down Dexter's trail, it leaves you a man down for protection. Now I know your kids can hold their own, but Rogues and Mercenaries can be too much for anyone to handle."

"I was going to ask if Dr. Neville could come to the school, I'm sure Jean and him would get along famously. Dr. Banner is also welcome, I would like to talk with the young man about his situation." He responded.

"He's not a mutant." Nick informed him, much to Charles' surprise and there wasn't much that could do that. "It was gamma radiation that altered his DNA, causing a mutation of his cells. Courtesy of one Obediah Stane."

"With Frankenstein behind all of this, I'm afraid of what will come of these attacks." Charles admitted. "Especially with him using Stillson. The man has been a nuisance for far too long."

"Stillson will not become President." Nick assured him, even if he had to send out someone to remove him from the equation.

"It doesn't matter if he does. He's already exposed Mutants to the world, and as you know humans lash out at things they do not understand." He rested his hands in his lap.

He has dealt with frightened parents on a weekly bases. Some just abandoned their child on his doorstep to freaked out over what their child is, instead of trying to understand. Now that Stillson has alerted the media, rampant fear will take over. In time, it's possible that slowly humans would learn that mutants are a natural process of Evolution. Then again, humans have a tendency to hide in their beliefs and faith. It's been fifty years since the Civil Rights movement, and there are still lynching's. "This could do exactly what Magneto wants."

Start a war with the humans.

Nick stood up and made his way to his father, and knelt down in front of him. "I will do all in my power to make sure that these things will not happen."

"You are good my son," He cupped Nick's cheek. "But not that good. Stillson has already spread the word."

"And many times has the world screamed about the Supernatural. Vampires. Werewolves. Yet the masses do not believe or know we walk among them." Nico grinned as he stood back up. "You take care of your students, Charles. I'll take care of everything else."

Xavier looked up at the man, and saw the Roman General that many centuries ago he raised. He gave him a quick nod, "While you bring your war council to us, make sure to include all of your family."

Nick nodded as he pulled out his cell phone; too start calling the local Clan Leaders. He couldn't help but wonder if this was how Imenand felt when he called everyone two years ago. "Out of the kids, Sam is mostly likely to be the only other to show up. Abby is pig-tails deep in cases, and Greg is doing that DNA study in France."

"Nicolaus..." Nick turned to look at him, he saw the look Charles was giving him, he could only shake his head and nod.

Like he told Tony you can't hide anything from Charles Xavier.

~ Tracy Island ~

Tony lifted off the runway and swooped towards the beach. He had a few bullets left in his arsenal, and he planned to use them. He hovered slightly and let them fly taking out two of the boats.

He shifted slightly watching Stane, watch him.

"Get out of there sir." Jarvis tone was demanding.

Tony turned and flew back up into one of the bays dug into the side of the mountain. He landed quickly flipping up his face plate. He could hear the alarms blaring as Jarvis alerted the rest of the Island of the pending threat. The Tracy family had spent years on this Island, making sure security was tight, and that was before Scott had brought one Tony Stark home.

"Shut down all areas to labs and living quarters. I want all civilians on lock down. Now." Tony stalked towards one of the terminals pulling up feed from the security cameras.

Rogues were moving all over the Island.

"How the hell did they get this close without us knowing?" Tony demanded as his fingers flew over the computer terminal shutting down areas of the Island.

"I'm running a check on the systems now sir." Jarvis answered his rhetorical question.

"How many are there?" He asked eyes scanning the terminal.

"Two dozen, Rogues. Plus Stane."

There were too many Rogues in too many areas. His eyes caught a situation on the screen. There were Rogues, moving in towards Pepper. He growled low in his throat, as his mind formulated a plan to deal with the Rogues. His eyes tracked the situation figuring quickly the best location he could corner them.

The Rogues were distraction. He knew that. Stane knew he knew that. There was one thing Stane was after; Tony's lab. After Tony had taken back Stark Industries, Stane had tried to start his own business to run against him, but he couldn't compete against Tony's genius.

Stane would do as much damage as he could, to cover up the simple fact that he was stealing all of Tony's work. "Jarvis protect the lab at all costs."

"What are you going to do sir?" He asked.

"Kick some Rogue ass." He flipped down the face mask and stalked towards the adjoining bay.

First he would deal with the idiot Rogues who dared touch Miss Virginia Potts. Then he would deal with one Obediah Stane.

The moment Tony had flown off, Dean had turned to the rest of those waiting on the runway.
"Get back inside. We'll hold as many as we can."

"I'm here to protect Mr. Stark..." Happy pulled his own gun intent on moving towards the beach to back his employer.

Dean looked at Pepper then back at Happy, "Protect her. We'll protect Stark."

Happy nodded, grabbed Pepper's hand and pulled her towards the open bay. He needed to get her into a secured location, away from the main threat. Then he would see about making sure Mr. Stark was safe and secured.

The moment Happy had got Pepper out of the area, Dean turned back towards the approaching Rogues. His grin turned wicked.

"You have no weapons, Hunter." One mouthed off.

"Sammy?" Dean held out his hand and in seconds he felt the smooth handle of his favorite sawed off shotgun. He pulled it up and took a moment to aim, then fired. The head of the Rogue that had mouthed off came clean off, dust falling to the earth.

The others paused and looked back at the two Hunters.

Dean pulled the empty shells, putting two more in, flipping the gun shut before pulling it back up.

Next to him Sammy stood holding a sword loosely in his hand, he glanced at Dean and asked casually, "Which one do you want next?"

"The moron on the left." Dean smirked as the remaining Rogues fled the area leaving the moron on the left standing alone. "Sammy make sure the civilians are safe. I've got this one, and will take care of the cowards that ran off."

Sam hated leaving his brother, but he knew that Dean could take care of himself. He was the badass in the family after all.

Dean grabbed his brother's arm and pulled him close giving him a quick kiss. Dean melted into the kiss, before pulling back with a grin, "Don't get yourself shot, princess."

"Fuck off, Dean." Sam laughed as he turned and headed into the hanger bay. He heard Dean's shotgun go off, indicating the moron on the left had just bit the dust. His brother had always loved guns, and despite being well trained in the past two years in using a sword, he still preferred his shotgun. He had worked with Artemus and came up with a way to load the shotgun shells with sharp shredded metal, so when fired at full velocity, and aimed directly at a Rogue's neck it would slice clean through, decapitating the Vampire.

And Dean thinks he's hiding the 'geek' from him

Sam let the thoughts of his brother fade to the background as he focused on the hunt. He paused for a moment, letting the skills his father taught him, enhanced by his Vampire sense locate the Rogues. With a small grin, he took off down the corridor, following their trail. He turned the corridor, finding his prey; four Rogues and what he guessed to be a Mutant.

Proving beyond doubt that they were working together.

"Hey. Assholes." They turned around to face the new threat only for one of them to get beheaded from behind. Another rushed Sam; he easily avoided the clumsy attack and brought the sword around taking his head. Before the dust settled he started to move towards the remaining threats.

He noticed instantly that the last of the Rogues were nothing but dust. All that was remaining was the Mutant.

Sam glanced at the two other Vampires, he had no idea who they were, but at the moment they were working with him not against him.

He wasn't sure what the policy was going to be on dealing with Mutants. As far as he was concerned they were a threat to those he was sent to protect, leaving them open to being killed.

But they weren't Vampires, and the oath he swore to Nico was not to kill humans.

Which lead to the question that was rampant through the media; are Mutants human?

"You can surrender, or you can die." Sam pulled the sword forward. "It's that simple."

"I know you're rules Vampire." The Mutant snarled. "You can't kill me."

"Why not?" One of the two behind him asked, with a small smile. "You attacked our home. Human. Vampire. It doesn't matter in the eyes of the law. We were defending our lives and family against intruders."

The Mutant frowned slightly, golden eyes narrowing. "Then I call upon Clan law, and demand to be brought in front of the Council."

Sam chuckled. "Not a Vampire, our laws do not protect you."

"It doesn't matter if you kill me, damage is already done. Everyone knows we exist." He laughed just as he turned and made a move to the two Vampires.

Sam pulled the small dagger out from behind his back, and threw it with deadly accurate aim. The Mutant fell to his knees, he snarled as he fell to the ground.

The two Vampires looked up at the Sam. "You know it's so much easier to clean up the mess after killing Vampires."

Sam walked over and pulled his dagger out of the Mutant's back, using the attacker's jacket to clean his knife before putting it back into its case. He rolled the body over, sighing at the loss of life. The Mutation was obvious, and had to be difficult to live with. The scales and yellow eyes had made it impossible to live openly in society.

"How many more lives will be wasted because people can't accept what's different." Sam asked as he stood up.

"Maybe the question is how many has already been wasted." One of the Vampires said with a shrug. He held out his hand. "Virgil Tracy, this is my Mate John Tracy."

Sam took his hand and shook it. "How many Tracy's are there?"

"Five brothers." John answered watching Sam intently. "You don't seem surprised that he's my brother."

Sam snorted, "By slightly hypocritical of me, as my own Mate is my brother. Speaking of – I suggest we find out what's going on with the rest."

Virgil nodded, "Jarvis."

"Yes sir?" Jarvis answered easily.

"When security lockdown is lifted, make sure that our guest here is taken care of." Virgil looked down at the body.

"Where is everyone else?" John asked.

"There are Rogues in bay three; Mister Scott Tracy is trying to hold them off. Mr. Stane is heading for Mr. Stark's lab. I've got it locked down; there is no way he is getting in, sirs." Jarvis informed them.

"Go to bay three, I'm heading towards the lab..." Sam instructed the two brothers, then paused. "Which way to the lab?"

"I'll lead you sir." Jarvis flashed the lights down at the end of the corridor.

Sam gave the two brothers a nod then headed back down the corridor. He just hoped Dean was not doing anything stupid.

~ Tony's Lab ~

It didn't take long for Stane to find the Tony's lab. His main goal was to get the arc reactor back; the power unit alone would fund his company for decades. Plus give Frankenstein something to play with, leaving him a lone for a while.

He looked through the glass panels to see the chaos that was typical for Tony Stark. There were work tables covered with projects, boards and screens displaying equation and figures, and it looked like Butterfingers even made it out to Tracy Island.

He pulled on the handle, not shocked that it was locked. He looked for a control unit but didn't find on either side. Stane shrugged, sometimes violence was the answer, he pulled his gun and shot at the door, the bullet's ricocheted, one barely missing him by a few inches. He growled, kicked at the door handle putting his Vampire strength behind it.

"Kicking it isn't going to help." A voice spoke from the intercom box.

"Well if it isn't the Anthony's cute AI he created when he had no friends." Stane stepped back trying to figure out how to get into the lab. How hard could it be? They already broke through the Island's security, of course the information they had from an insider helped.

"And if it isn't the backstabbing murdering bastard." Jarvis replied with a snotty tone.

That actually got Obadiah's attention. "What the hell..."

"This area is secured, Mr. Stane. So I suggest you take your looting pirates someplace else." Jarvis slammed down a third layer of security over the center lab, metal walls slamming with a loud clank as they fell behind the security doors.

Stane growled. He wasn't stupid, and knew he there was no way he was getting into that lab. He moved down the hallway, the Island was filled with labs, hosting government projects, Stark Industry designs, and Tony's personal projects. He might not be able to get into the Tony's personal lab, but didn't mean there weren't other areas to access.

As he turned the corner an opportunity rose in front of him. He couldn't have planned it better, himself. "Ms. Potts."

Pepper turned around, getting jerked back by Jeff Tracy, who pulled a weapon. "Don't come any closer Stane."

"That's not going to stop me, old man." Stane moved towards the two humans, intent on taking out his revenge on Tony, through their blood.

"No, but I will." Tony called out from behind him.

"Tony." Stane turned towards him, arms opened in a greeting. "You never call. You never write. One would think you don't like me anymore."

"Leave." He simply stated. "Or I will kill you."

Obadiah shook his head. "I made you. Everything you have is because of me, and this is how you repay me?"

"My father built Stark Industries." Tony growled back. "And you killed him."

He walked slowly up to Tony. "You just won't die will you."

"I'm stubborn that way." Stark smirked back.

"If I can't kill you, how about I take everything you love away from you." Stane turned as he pulled his gun up and shot Jeff Tracy in the chest, then turned it towards Pepper.

"NO!" Tony screamed as moved down the hall. He grabbed Stane's arm and slammed him against the wall, hand wrapping around his neck, squeezing.

Stane laughed as pulled a small device and clicked it on. Tony stumbled back, pain coursing through his body. The heavy armor fell into the wall, as he lost control over the suit.

"Remember this?" He asked showing it off with a little wave. "Still hurts doesn't it."

Tony looked up at him, "I will kill you."

"You can try." He patted him on the cheek and walked off stepping over the body of Jeff Tracy.

Tony Stark could only watch as his once mentor walked off, leaving behind the bodies of two he cared deeply for.

"Scott's on his way sir."

He was never so thankful for Jarvis at that moment as he crashed down onto his knees, as his body gave into the pain.

Dean slammed the head of a Mutant into the wall before throwing him over the railing into the bay area below. He shot the second without a second glance, reloading his glocks, he slipped the weapons into the holsters strapped onto his lower back. He grabbed his fallen sword, vaulted over the railing to the floor below, and turned towards the entrance of the small bay.

He had been following Stane as he made his way through the Island. He had spotted him after he had come out of one of the side labs, pocketing something that obviously didn't belong to him. Each time he had gotten close; he had been distracted by Rogues and Mutants.

So far he wasn't impressed.

The Rogues were easily dusted and the Mutants were easily killed.

He had no idea what the rule was going to be for dealing with Mutants, but at this moment he didn't give a shit. They were trying to kill innocent people, and Dean wouldn't stand for it.

Stane stood at the bay doors, watching as Dean approached him. The Hunter paused, something was off. His body tensed when he saw the Rogues moving towards him. He was surrounded, not that he couldn't take them all on, but it wasn't going to be easy.

Fuck.

Stane gave Dean a predatorily smile, as he pulled up his walkie talkie, "Have package, need help securing it."

Dean gripped the sword in his hand, and looked at Stane. "What the fuck are you playing at?" he demanded.

Stane stepped closer to him, a sly smirk on his face. "Balthazar would pay good money for your brother." He reached up, as Dean stepped back only to run into a few Rogues. "But someone is willing to pay way more for you."

He clicked on the nerve device sending Dean down to his knees. The sword crashed to the ground, the clank of the metal hitting the concrete floors echoing through the hanger bay. Dean bowed his head, every inch of his body screaming in pain.

He could hear Sammy scream his name, and then the loud echo of gunfire through the building. His nerves were on fire. The pain sliced through his body.

It was dark.

He had no idea how long he had been at the hands of his captor.

Hours felt like days. Days felt like hours.

He blinked the pouring water out of his eyes, staring at cold crystal blue eyes.

"What couldn't get enough of us Winchester boys?" He snarled, feeling his fangs length. It was the first thing they had done to him.

Torture was so much more fun, if the person couldn't die.

She grinned and laid the electric charge on his chest, his scream of pain echoed in the baron room.

Dean blinked a few times, focused on the pain that ran through his body. He took a few deep breaths, and slowly stood back up.

His eyes flashed dark green, as his fangs dropped down.

Two of the Rogues backed up slightly, not sure how the hell the Hunter was standing. They had seen what the torture device could do, hell had felt the effects of it.

"That all you got fucker?" He growled low and deep.

Both hands reached behind his back, pulling out his two glocks. In merely seconds he had shot the two guards next to him, and aimed the guns at Stane.

"Balthazar did a hell of a lot worse, you fucking asshole."

"I'm impressed." Stane stepped back with a smirk on his face, clicking off the device. He hadn't expected the Hunter to stand against the device. He was truly impressed, which says a lot coming from him. It's something he would have to let Frankenstein know, Balthazar had truly underestimated the Winchester Brothers.

"Who the fuck sent you?" Dean demanded. He really had no problem shooting Stane, then handing his ass over to Stark.

Stane tossed something at Dean, who automatically lowered his weapons to catch it. He looked down noticing it was similar to what he saw in the center of the suit that Stark was wearing.

He looked up, and Stane was gone.

"FUCK!"

Scott Tracy leaned up against the wall, trying to take calm deep breaths. He heard gunshots fired throughout the corridors, but the sound was bouncing off the metal walls, making it difficult to distinguish where it was coming from.

The moment Stane had landed he had turned to protect his father. He knew Tony could take care of himself against Obadiah, plus Jarvis would keep his eye out on the billionaire. Jeff Tracy had disappeared into the hanger bay, along with Pepper and Happy.

The Winchester brothers had split up, moving after the Rogues and also what looked to be Mutants. Scott was thankful that Nico had sent the two Hunters, this way he could focus on protecting his family, while they protected the Island.

He had found two Rogues in one of the small labs, they had ransacked it searching for anything that was valuable. He dispatched them quickly enough, a small smile on his face as the wireless vacuum cleaner emerged from the wall and started sweeping up the dust.

Scott exited the lab, stopping short when he found Happy leaning up against the wall, bleeding. He knelt down next to the bodyguard. "Happy."

"Mr. Stark?" He asked head falling back against the wall, his breathing labored.

"Jarvis..." Scott asked quickly.

"He's with Ms. Pepper." Jarvis answered simply.

Scott looked up toward the speakers, there was something off about how the AI was acting, but at the moment he had to focus on what was in front of him.

"I can turn you." Scott knelt down in front of the boxer.

Happy looked up at him. They had never discussed turning Happy or Pepper, or even his father. It was something that will be discussed, once they get the situation under control.

Happy nodded as his eyes closed.

Scott didn't hesitate.

The suit was the only reason he was able to get back up and down the hallway. Every nerve ending was screaming in pain, but he was determined to save the one person in his life who gave a shit about him.

Tony Stark fell down onto his knees next to Pepper, pulling her into his arms. She had loved him unconditionally. She held her own when he was bouncing off the walls with energy and ideas. And at the same time was able to pull him out of his melancholy.

He soothed back the strawberry blonde hair. "I can't lose you."

She smiled up at him. "You just don't want to train someone else."

"Who else would take care of me, Ms. Potts." He looked down at her, not ashamed to show her his own tears.

"I'm honored, Mr. Stark." She reached up and cupped his cheek, wiping away his tears, her own sliding down her cheeks.

He gripped her small hand in his, pulling her closer, letting instinct take over.

One day, he'll hunt down Stane.

And on that day, he will kill him.

Slowly.

It was how Scott had found his Mate.

Sitting on a cold metal floor, Virginia Potts cradled in his arms.

Jeff Tracy laid out on the floor. Dead.

Scott leaned against the wall emotions overwhelming him. He was relieved to find his Mate unharmed, and devastated to find his father, gone.

"I'm sorry." Tony looked up at him. How do you apologize for not saving your Mate's father.
"I..."

Scott moved towards his Mate, dropping down on his knees in front of him. He looked down at how peaceful Pepper looked laying in Tony's arms. He knew, now that he was right to Turn Happy. His Mate could not have handle losing the two most important people in his life.

The two that have stood by him through everything. Including death.

"It's not your fault." Scott cupped his cheek. "This is Stane's fault."

"But he wouldn't have attacked if it wasn't for me." Tony pointed out.

"How do you know?" Scott asked. "Stane has always butted into dad's..." He choked up but held his composure. "Dad's projects, looking to see if he could steal his ideas."

Tony Stark loved his Mate for trying to take the fault away from where it should lie, at his feet. He had been ignorant to what Stane had done in his family's name for years.

Leading to Afghanistan, to his own death.

And now the death of others.

"Scott..."

"You will fucking listen to me, Stark!" Scott leaned over and kissed him soundly. "All of this lies at Stane's feet. You will not blame yourself for his crimes. Instead we will keep going, and show him exactly what we are capable of."

"Mr. Stark." Jarvis spoke up over the speakers. "Stane has left the Island with only a few of those who came with him. There has been little damage to the facilities, and the civilians were not harmed."

"Thank you, Jarvis." Tony looked down at Pepper in his arms.

"Dad!" Virgil's voice rang out through the hallway.

Scott turned to see his brother's run down the hall, falling to their knees next to their father. They looked at him, tears in their eyes. "What happened?" Virgil asked, his voice cracking at the devastation of the loss.

"Stane shot him." Tony answered as he moved to stand up, lifting Pepper as he did. "He also shot Ms. Potts, I was able to Turn her..."

"Thank God." John said softly, he like his brother knew that Tony couldn't handle losing her or his bodyguard. "Where is Happy?"

Scott paused then turned towards his Mate. "I found him protecting the server room, I had to turn him..."

Tony had never been so thankful for the suit, which was the only thing at the moment keeping him standing. "Thank You." He wanted to continue but Scott laid a finger over his mouth.

"Let's get her and Happy into a quieter area, and let them recover. Then get you out of the suit, and find what damage has been done." Scott turned towards his brothers. "Take Dad down to the medical bay..."

Virgil nodded, he pulled his father into his arms and stood cradling him close to his chest. As a Vampire he knew one day he would outlive his father, unless they had convinced him to be Turned. He had never expected to bury his father so soon, though.

"I'll call Alan and Gordon." John said as he followed his brother down the hall. "Scott... take care of your Mate, along with Pepper and Happy. They are family."

Scott nodded, he would thank his brother later for those simple words. He knew hearing that from John, would help ease Tony over time.

He turned back to face his Mate. "Take Pepper to our guest area, I'll bring Happy."

Tony didn't say anything just held her close as he walked down the hallway towards their private living area.

Scott sighed, letting the overwhelming emotion of the loss of his father slide through him. He let the tears fall, and just as quickly wiped them away. He would have his revenge, come hell or high water.

Obadiah Stane didn't stand a chance against Tony Stark and the Tracy brothers.

~ New York ~

Nathan Petrelli shook his head, sickened by the frenzy of reporters. He glanced at his brother, who gave him a small shrug. After Gregory Stillson had announced to the world about Mutants, they had nothing but demands for interviews and speculative questions.

Nathan had refused to answer any questions, and had hid himself away in his penthouse. His mother had stormed in a few times, demanding he do his job. It had been the rare occasion he had politely told her to go fuck herself.

He had talked with his own lawyers at Pearson and Hardman, trying to figure out how to pull out of the race. He wanted nothing to do with Stillson, his mother, or games they were playing.

But at the moment he needed to play along, to keep his daughter Claire safe. Spector had told him to keep up a good front, and he'll do the rest of the work.

So he stood on the sidelines of the latest press conference that Stillson was ready to give, playing the part. If it wasn't for his brother, Nathan would have lost it by now and probably started drinking again.

Peter was the one who had contacted Charles, to keep updated on Claire. He also was the one meeting with Specter, trying to figure out if Nathan could get in to see Bartlett. There were so many ways this situation could go, at the moment all they could do was face what was in front of them.

Nathan sighed, but kept a neutral look on his face as Gregory Stillson stepped up to the platform. It was a good thing he hadn't eaten, he doubted he would be able to keep it down.

Stillson smiled that caring, concerned smile to the reporters. He waited a few moments, making sure they were all focused on him, before he raised his hand and quieted them all down.

The room was quiet with anticipation; he could feel how hungry they were. How they waited on baited breath for the shocking revelations.

"Fellow Americans! The past few days we've learned more about these Mutants. Learned how they have had detentions centers, one of them was destroyed by one of their own. A Mutant, when angry destroys everything around him. Can you imagine? What if that was your child's teacher? That co-worker next to you? He could kill hundreds, and no one would be prepared."

He paused to let the words sink in, as his eyes swept the room.

"The Bartlett Administration had done nothing about these Mutants. They have ignored the threat, and even worse hid it from the American People! The People they work for! You, my friends. They hid it from you. And yet even with undeniable proof in front of them, they deny it. They are putting our children in danger!"

He bit back the grin.

He had them exactly where he wanted them.

"But we don't need them." His voice softened as his body relaxed. "Why? Because what makes this country great, are those few people who stand up and do what is right. Gen-Cris, a leading pharmaceutical company that is owned and ran by Americans, has found and developed a cure."

Stillson looked out past the reporters to the concerned parents, loved ones, families. He made sure to hold their gazes, as he spoke the next few lines.

"And they are offering it to the American People... for free."

Murmurs went through the room. He could see the tears in parent's eyes. Their children were safe.

"I give to you, proof that your children will be saved..." Stillson stepped to the side as the image on the screen behind him came into focus.

Everyone watched in rapt attention as Scientist with the 'Gen-Cris' logo embroidered over the breast pocket, worked with a young child; a child with scales and yellow eyes. Horrified gasps spread around the room, prayers went up for the child and his parents.

Then in amazement, they watched as the Scientists injected the kid with the 'vaccine'. It didn't take long to see the feathers disappear, showing beautiful smooth white skin. The yellow eyes fading into a soft blue. Blond curly locks bounced as he smiled and ran towards his grateful parents.

Stillson turned back to the crowd, wiping tears from his eyes. "It's beautiful. The child will now have a full life. Once the cure is given, the Mutation is destroyed, never to come back. And Gen-Cris is willing to make this available to all Americans."

"How can they do this?" A reporter asked her voice in awe of what they had just seen.

"By the strength of this teenager." He turned back to the screen to show teenage boy, wearing white sterile scrubs sitting alone in a room. "This is a live feed. His name is John Connor, and he is the cure..."

John looked up, his eyes staring directly at the camera.

"John is so brave. He volunteered his services so they can test his DNA, find out why his rejects Mutations. It's because of him, that we now..."

"It's all a Fake!" John stood up walking towards the camera, screaming. "All of it. Fake! There is no Mutations! There is no Threat! ALL LIES!!!"

The screen went black.

~ Washington DC: White House ~

"Well that was interesting." Claudia Jean commented as she turned off the TV, turning to look at their guest. Dr. Hank McCoy, who was in no doubt a Mutant, his soft blue fur that covered his body was a clear indicator. She glanced down at her ivory suit wondering how long it was going to take to get the blue fur off her clothes.

"John Connor was taken from his home, along with his mother, who is a Vampire." McCoy looked at the President. "From what we can tell, he himself is a Mutant, his mutation is the ability to block other mutations."

"So there is a cure?" President Bartlett asked curiously.

"In theory yes." Hank nodded. "But we do not need to be cured."

"Do all Mutants accept their mutation?" He leaned against the desk, taking off his glasses. "If there is a cure available for those who don't want their Mutation, we can't take that option from them."

Dr. Frank McCoy frowned but nodded, "Having a cure available gives scared parents a chance to 'fix' them before they even had a chance to develop and accept their Mutations."

Jed nodded then smiled at the doctor. "We could debate philosophically for hours on the rights of all men, mutants, and vampires. Before we can even consider the moral rights and wrongs of dealing with Mutants, we need to deal with the situation at hand. Gregory Stillson."

Hank smiled, "I've always admired you Mr. President, and one day I would love to sit and talk philosophy and the rights of man."

"I think I would enjoy that, but do know I take pride in being a stubborn debater." Bartlett glanced past McCoy towards his staff. "What do we know? What do we need to know? And how do we use what just happened to our advantage?"

"The fact that Mr. Connor screamed out that it's fake, will plant a seed of doubt." Leo spoke up from his position on one of the couches. "I think the main thing is to ignore the whole Mutant situation."

"So what would you suggest, Dr. McCoy?" Cj asked with a smile. "Considering your position."

"I would like to see the world understand and accept Mutants." He looked over at the Press Secretary. "But I'm a realist, and know that things people can't explain or understand they fear. My parents dealt with the fear of people, every time they stepped outside the home. But they taught me to accept who I am and to remember that most people are afraid at first but once they get past the fear they are mostly good."

"Sounds like you had good parents." Sam said. "Wish more were like that."

"We're seeing the effect of what society would do if they discovered there was something more than Humans. There is no way, to acknowledge the Mutant community, without the Vampire community also being pulled into it." Frank continued his speech. "And that would be too much for society to handle. War would be inevitable."

"This is the one time that you'll hear me say these words – we can't tell the truth. It would do more damage." Toby looked over at Jed. "The people can't handle the reality of the full situation. There would be riots, lynching... History has shown what we can do to fellow humans when we feel threatened, we don't need to start a species war."

Jed sighed as his own thoughts running around his head.

He couldn't help thinking about when he first learned about the Stargate Program.

When he was introduced to the likes of Maximus and Nico.

Seen what had happened to Toby and Sam with his own eyes.

And even with all of that, there are moments he still was overwhelmed with the concepts. And if he, President of the United States, a man who has privileged information about Vampires, Aliens and Mutants, had doubts and fears. What would the common citizen think or feel? Let alone do in response to finding out, they aren't alone in this world.

"We need to focus on the real issues." Jed put his glasses back on and looked down at the files on his desk. "Toby, Sam I want a speech about the Economy, Defense, Education, and all the normal

debates surrounding elections, not some Sci-fi movie. CJ set me up a time to speak to the people, make sure it's when everyone will be listening. Doctor McCoy, I've been in contact with Nico, who is now at the Charles' School for the Gifted. I will do all in my power to support those who can handle this situation better than I."

Hank McCoy nodded, "It's all we can ask, Mr. President."

"After all of this is over, and Sam is writing my Memories after I've retired, I would like to meet this Professor Xavier." Jed stood up and held out his hand. "I have a feeling we would have a lot in common."

"I'm sure he would like to meet you, Mr. President." McCoy shook his hand then bowed his head in respect. "If you need anything else, you have my number, plus others you can talk with."

"Thank You for coming Dr. McCoy, I'll see you out." Cj walked Hank out of the office through a back entrance.

"I suggest after the Press Conference, that we head to Camp David." Leo looked over at the President. "We can formulate and regroup, plus it would be easier to get Nico to see you there, than here."

"When we started this adventure, did you expect Vampires, Aliens, and Mutants to be normal conversation?" Jed asked his longtime friend.

"Of course I did, sir." Leo deadpanned.

~ Tracy Island ~

The moment Pepper had woken up she had yelled at Tony for apologizing, and told him under no circumstance was he to feel guilty for anything that had happened.

He had given her a look, and she smacked him then cursed him since he was still wearing the suit.

She had been in the process of shoeing him out of the room, so she could clean up and find food, there was work to be done and she didn't have time to lie around like a damsel in distress, when Happy had stormed into the room demanding to see Mr. Stark.

The two had looked at each other, eyes went wide, and a small gasp on Pepper's lips.

Tony wasn't an idiot and quickly got out of the way of the new Mates. As he closed the door he couldn't help the smile on his face. They were a good match, and he was glad to see his two friends find the one thing that had brought him some peace.

He stepped back into the sub-section of the lab below his main working area, letting Jarvis and the machines get the suit off. The suit itself had held up considering the abuse it had taken the past few hours, but it would need some serious repairs.

Or better yet just a whole new suit. With better weapons and a new color, because silver was just boring.

He quickly showered, slipped on some jeans and a t-shirt before heading up to his main lab. The moment he stepped into it, he paused.

The oldest Winchester was at one of the boards, drawing. Tony walked closer, eyes going wide when he was seeing the calculations of a new weapons design for the suit was being brought to life.

Who the hell was this kid?

Scott sat at his father's desk and looked at the open file. They all had one, the 'if something were to happen' file. His father was a decorated military man, and burial at Arlington National Cemetery came with it. Virgil and John both agreed that he should be buried next to their mother at the National Cemetery.

Scott had called those who needed to be called, and everything was already in motion.

There would be no investigation.

They lived on a private Island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, there were no authorities.

John and made sure that Alan was safe and secure. Their second to youngest brother had informed them that he was near Hunters from Sylum and Tallikut and was safe in case Stane had decided to go after the rest of the Tracy family.

Gordon was in boarding school in Geneva, one phone call to the council had Hunters checking the school and area out.

Their youngest brother hadn't taken the news well, not that any of them were taking the death of their father well. He had demanded to come home, help them with their projects. It had taken all of John's abilities to calm Gordon down, and keep him at school.

They would send a plane for him, when the funeral was set.

Virgil had stayed in the medical bay, taking care of their dad's body...

Scott leaned back in the chair, trying to get his emotions in check. He could feel Tony, putting up the walls to their Bond, but he had learned early to be sneaky and already snuck past them. Right now Tony was focused on figuring out what Stane was after; determined to beat the older Vampire at his game.

Scott would be by his side every step of the way, whether Tony liked it or not.

He reached out to his Mate...

Scott stood up and headed for the lab, usually when his Mate is feeling that giddy, something was bound to blow up.

Sam leaned against the railing and looked out towards the ocean. It was peaceful, and right now he needed to calm down.

He had witnessed the incident with Stane, and fear like no other was coursing through him. The fact that Stane knew Dean would be at Tracy Island, and had set up a trap to take his brother...

The implications weren't something he wanted to think about.

He picked up the phone, and hit a now familiar number.

'Hello.'

"Nick, its Sam." He answered taking a deep breath. "We have a situation."

'Scott has contacted me about the loss of Jeff Tracy.' Nico informed him. Sam wasn't shocked that Nick already knew what was going on the Island. 'He also mentioned that Pepper and Happy were both Turned.'

"Seems Happy and Pepper are Mates, so we're all kinda leaving them alone at the moment." Sam couldn't help the smile. The two were met for each other, and the little he had seen about the small family. Tony Stark didn't stand a chance against the two of them working together.

'That does not surprise me. What can I do for you?'

"Stane." Sam reached out through the Bond to feel Dean concentrating on something; he was calm at the moment, more like distracted. His brother was famous for burying anything remotely uncomfortable down deep, refusing to talk about it.

'What about him?'

"He set a trap for Dean." He said with a pause. "Stated that someone had paid good money for him."

Sam pulled the phone away from his ear and looked at it, he knew Latin but hadn't realized it could be used in quite that way.

'Get back here, now.' Nick's tone indicated there would be no argument.

"We'll be heading back in a few hours." Sam sighed, wondering what the hell was going on. "Do you have any idea who would want Dean?"

'No, and that is what's scaring me. The plane will land in upper New York, the Impala will be waiting for you, along with directions. Strength and Honor.'

"Strength and Honor." He hung up the phone, slipped into his pockets, and rubbed his hands over his face. "What the hell is going on? And why Dean?"

Sam steadied his own feelings and headed back into the lab, he needed to find his wayward brother.

"What are you doing?" Tony asked as he approached the Hunter.

Dean turned with a grin on his face. "Sorry, didn't mean to mess up your boards, but I saw the equation and wanted to draw it out. The weapon design is fascinating, but I would suggest a smaller caliber, it would fit in the compact area and less likely to jam."

Tony glanced over at the board, "Where have you been all my life?"

"Hunting." Dean pulled out the reactor from his pocket. "I think this belongs to you." He tossed it at Stark who caught it.

"Where did you get this?" He asked looking it over.

"Stane had it, tossed at me as he ran off." Dean shrugged as he put down the marker pen. "We were able to get most of his men, but a few escaped with him. I have no idea if they got anything."

"Jarvis is checking into the systems and doing inventories to see if anything is missing." Tony set down the Mark 1 and walked back over to the drawings. "So you just draw?"

"I can see the math as a picture." He shrugged.

Tony grabbed a marker and moved the board down the railing and grabbed a fresh one. He started writing out calculation he had come up with while he was test flying the suit. It wasn't long before Dean grabbed a second board and started to draw out the figures.

"Isn't it cute." Sam whispered to Scott as he walked up to him, leaning against the railing watching their Mates geek out.

"It's adorable." Scott grinned, enjoying the sight of his Mate lost in the math and science. "Should we start setting up play dates?"

"His schedule is pretty full, with his play dates with Charlie." Sam pulled out a small black planner. "He's free mid January..."

Dean flipped his brother off.

Tony ignored all of them as he worked the figures. He stepped back and grinned, "I don't care what you're doing for Nico, but you are working for me now."

Dean set the marker down with a chuckle. "I'm just a high school dropout..."

"Bull Shit!" Sam yelled out glaring at his Mate. "You are not going to stand there and degrade your abilities."

Dean's eyebrow went up as Sam stalked towards him. "I didn't graduate..."

"Cause you took your GED, when you were sixteen." Sam turned towards Stark. "Don't let him lie to you, he also had a perfect score on his SATs and got a full ride to MIT, but didn't take it because of his undying loyalty to me." He looked back at his Mate. "Not that I thank him for all that he's done, but no more. You are a geek so it's time to admit it."

"Dude, your inner girl is coming out." Dean glared at his brother, hiding his blush at the compliment.

Tony Stark looked at the older Winchester. "Wait. You're Dean Winchester?"

"Yeah." He responded with a 'well duh look'.

"You're the one who turned down the Stark Scholarship?" He stared at the kid in shock. "As far as I'm concerned you're now property of Stark Industries, so you can tell whoever you work for that you quit."

Dean looked at Sam, then back at Tony. "Dude, have you met Gerard?"

~ Washington D.C. – Press Conference ~

Jed looked out to the Press Room, there were more reporters jammed into the tiny area, than he had ever seen. He glanced over to Abbey, she gave him a small smile, then kissed him on the cheek. Her faith in him always kept him going.

Leo handed him the speech.

"Any last minute advice?" Jed asked his Chief of Staff.

"Show them how a President of the United States is supposed to act."

President Jed Bartlett stepped out onto the stage, and over to the small podium. He set down the few pieces of papers, that contained what he had no doubt was a well thought out speech. It discussed the rising issues concerning the war in Iraq and Afghanistan, Education, Healthcare, and all the other issues that this Country is dealing with at any given moment.

He slips his hand into his pockets and smiled out towards the sea of reporters.

"There have been some interesting things on TV this past week. Shark Week always seems to bring the out the best and worst in people."

There were chuckles throughout the room.

"This week we lost thirty-six soldiers in the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. The stock market plummeted five hundred and thirteen points due to the housing market crashing. Over a hundred teenager girls, throughout the country have dropped out of school, because of an unwanted pregnancy. Four hundred and two people were laid off in Missouri, when the factory they worked in for decades closed and moved out of the country for cheaper wages."

Toby looked over at Sam and sighed, "Why do we write these speeches if he doesn't read them?"

"These are the issues that the American people need to think about. These are the issues that this Administration deal with on a daily bases, and will continue to deal with each day. This is the facts that we as a Nation need to talk about, not the latest Sci-fi movie."

Jed looked out at the reporters, noticing that they were actually paying attention.

"I could stand here and give a long drawn out speech, about what this Administration is doing to help the American people. Instead, I want to hear from the American people. So ask your questions and as always I'll give you an honest answer."

"This can't be good." Sam shook his head as he glanced over to his Mate. "This is your fault you know."

"Mine." He glared back.

"Never tell a lie." Sam growled slightly.

Cj stepped out next to the President. "Let's keep this orderly, and civil." She made sure to look a few of them in the eyes. "Let's start with, Thomas from the Washington Post."

"What do you have to say about Republican Nominee Stillson's allegations?"

"I see where going straight for the jugular," Cj gave him a pointed look.

Jed laid his hand on Cj's gave her a small nod, and then turned to the reporter. "Which allegations are you referring to?"

"That you've lied to the American people." Thomas answered.

"I've made it my goal during this Presidency to always tell the truth when all possible." Jed answered simply, none repulsed by the questions that he knows are going to head his way. "Gregory Stillson, has given quiet the show, but he has no bases of facts to back his claims."

"Maria from New York Times." Cj pointed to one of the reporters in the back.

"So you're saying that Mutant's do not exist." She stated.

"I believe we can't understand all the things on this earth. That as much as science has progressed by leaps and bounds over the past centuries, that there is so much more in this world that we as humans have yet to learn."

"So mutants do exist." She pushed the President.

"The question you need to ask is what exactly is mutant? Cancer cells are a form of mutation. Physical disabilities can be seen a mutation. Multiple Scoliosis is a mutation of the nerve cells. Hundreds of years ago, red hair was considered a mutation. So what exactly is a mutant?"

"Keith from Fox News." Cj cringed inwardly.

"Stillson has proved beyond a shadow of doubt that these Mutants exist and your administration has done nothing to stop it." Keith's tone was condescending and it was obvious he was trying to pick a fight.

"Proved beyond a shadow of a doubt?" Jed asked back at the reporter. "Tell me Mr. James have you met a Mutant?"

"No."

"Have you seen any of these Detention Centers?" His face was neutral, but for all those watching they knew that the reporter didn't stand a chance.

"No."

"Have you been to Gen-Cris' laboratories? Talked to anyone at Gen-Cris? Done any research on the company itself?"

"No."

"So as a reporter you're going to believe beyond a shadow of a doubt what one man said, without any evidence to support said claims." Jed looked around the room at the rest of the reporters.

Then he dropped the bombshell.

"Gen-Cris is a front company for Crimson International, a company that sells 'vaccines' here in the US and around the world. They made a profit of half a billion dollars last year selling 'Swine Flu vaccines'."

Cj looked over at the President and smiled, it was these moments that reminded her, why she followed him through his elections and into the White House.

"Stillson's biggest campaign contributor?" Jed grinned knowing that he had them eating out of his hand, and that what he was about to say was going to fuel the fires of doubt. "Crimson International. So Mr. James you tell me, who's been lying to the American People."

Cj moved behind the podium as Jed stepped down and headed out of the room. "This conference is over, if you have other questions please feel free to leave them, and we'll make further statement at a later date."

She turned and followed Jed out the door, ignoring the calls and questions being fired at them as they left.

Jed walked up with a grin to his team. He glanced at Toby, "Always tell the truth."

"Yes Mr. President." Toby grinned back at him. "So where did you get the info on Gen-Cris?"

"I have my sources, good sources, all the information should be in your inboxes as we speak." Jed walked past them, down the hallway. "I'll be heading out to Camp David, so if anyone needs me..."

"Sir." Leo handed him a note, his eyes not leaving the President.

Jed looked down at the note then back up to Leo. "Is this legit?"

"I had it confirmed, it's coming from his lawyers at Pearce and Hardman," Leo informed him.

"Nathan Petrelli wants to meet with me?" Jed asked out loud just to confirm that he wasn't going insane in his old age.

"He wants to tell all." Leo smiled.

~ New Orleans: Sylum Manor ~

Dino held Elizabeth in his arms, rocking her back and forth as the conference call connected. He glanced up to see his brother, still in a suit. He wondered if there was anything else in H's closet, even contemplated checking said closet to find out, but decided not to provoke Speed's wrath by going into their private rooms.

He held up Elizabeth and waved her arm at her daddy. She smiled and called out to Daddy, then frowned when he didn't come to her.

Dino held her up to the screen, and her little fingers went over the image of Horatio. She frowned as she settled against Dino.

Horatio ached to reach out and run his hand over his daughter's head, "I hate being away from them."

"They miss you, but it seems were a good stand in." Dino bounced her slightly. He glanced at the room behind his brother, not recognizing the room. It wasn't the hospital, he had talked with Horatio a few times since the incident with Speed. He had been tempted to fly up and be by his side, but he knew Horatio would feel more comfortable, with him taking care of the kids. "Where are you mate?"

"At the moment, it's a secure location." H informed him. "How's the kids?"

"Lucas and Joe are fine... Oh you mean the two year olds?" Dino smirked holding up the little one. "Elizabeth here was playing with her cars, until Torren tried to take away the Impala and she threw a fit, so she's having a time out. Sean is talking up a storm with Lucas."

Horatio sighed, they were so going to be handful when they get older.

"Though let me tell you, they are starting to figure out how to escape their jail cells." Dino warned him. "And I think they may start plotting with Torren..." Dino chuckled at the serious expression on his brother's face. "So while you contemplate better security on the little ones, I've called because of good news."

"We could use some." Horatio said honestly.

"They found Henry." Dino couldn't keep the grin off his face. Seeing his Mate's expression when he laid eyes on his son, it had actually brought tears to his own eyes. "Seems Stark found him wandering Afghanistan, and was able to get him to the Medjai Compound."

"I'm sure there are a dozen questions that need answers, but the most important thing is he's safe." H would make sure to let everyone else know the good news. He wasn't kidding when he said they could use some.

"He has been turned." Dino informed him. "But he's alive...ish. Safe and secure with Ardeth, so Terry is heading out to Egypt."

"As you are." Horatio gave him a pointed look. He knew his brother that he would stay to take care of the kids, making sure Horatio and Speed felt secure, even though he wanted and needed to be with his Mate. "Don't argue with me, the kids have plenty of uncles, aunts, bodyguards, trainers, co-conspirators...."

Dino chuckled. "H I'm not going ..."

"Go. Speed himself will smack you if you don't." Horatio shook his head and pointed at his brother. "Thomas will take care of the kids, and it's not like I can't call up Border for more Hunters."

"Not Sands, guy creeps me out, and they say I'm crazy." Dino nodded. "We'll make sure everything is secure then head out, Chris and Leslie are also on their way."

"Keep us informed." Horatio waved at his daughter, smiling at her cooing and laughter.

"Back at you, bro." Dino gave him a pointed look. "Need anything we're there."

"I know." Horatio gave him a quick nod and turned off the connection.

Dino turned off the system and held Elizabeth up, "You're going to be a handful aren't you?" She cooed. "I'm so handing you off to Dean when you turn sixteen."

"Mate." Terry walked in carrying Sean. "Thomas is already five steps ahead of us and called Nico."

"This is my shocked face." Dino stared at him blankly.

Thomas ignored the both of them as he walked in and took Elizabeth into his arms. "Plane is ready for your departure, the children are secured so please go and see your son."

"Thank You." Terry held out his hand.

"It's my job, Master Terry." He took his hand and shook it. "Now go, before I arrange Murdock to fly the two of you."

Terry shivered.

"I'm not sure why everyone runs screaming. Murdock is cool and is damn fine pilot." Dino leaned over and kissed Elizabeth and then Sean. "You need to give him up so we can leave."

"I'll take him!" Lucas walked into the room, snagging his little Nephew. "Hey guy you want come play with me?"

Sean smiled and clapped his hands.

Kermit walked in along with his Mate, "Let me help you there Thomas." He reached for Elizabeth who started to cry. Before he could take her she was snatched out of Thomas' hands and held up high.

Joe blew a raspberry on her stomach then brought her down into his arms, humming Metallica. "Trick I learned from Dean."

Peter leaned over and took her hands playing peek-a-boo, she giggled.

Kermit smiled softly at his Mate. "You are much better with children than I am."

"She's a hard one to warm up to." Joe said. "Took her months to let Lucas pick her up, and even longer before she let me."

"It's the Metallica..." Lucas shook his head. "Dean has already got her addicted."

"Master Terry and Dino, your car awaits." Thomas motioned towards the door and escorted them out of the room, through the Manor and out the front where there was a car waiting. "Please let us know when you arrive in Egypt."

"Thank you, Thomas." Terry gave him a quick wave as he got into the back of the town car.

Thomas waited a few moments before he turned and headed back into the Manor. He headed into the kitchen to check on preparations for dinner. He came to a full stop, when he saw someone sitting at the island in the middle of the kitchen, with a fork eating one of cooks' pies.

"Who are you?" Thomas asked not moving from his spot, calculating where the nearest weapons were located.

"Don't worry, not here to kill you." He stood up, grabbed a bottle of whiskey and the pie. "The old man sent me, to watch over the kids." Thomas nodded as he walked by him and out of the kitchen. "By the way, this is good pie."

Thomas watched him until he disappeared into the Security area. He grabbed his phone and hit speed dial.

'Thomas.' Nico answered.

"We're secured." He informed him looking back at where the Hunter had gone. "Imenand sent a Watchman."

Title: Stage Five: Intelligent Design

~ Charles School for the Gifted ~

Nick stood at the bottom of the main stairs to the school's front entrance. He had wondered for a moment if this was what Albus had felt while he waited for all the Clan Leaders to arrive when he had been kidnapped. The sense of anticipation mixed in with fear and determination. Though at this time no Clan Leader was in grave danger, in some ways it was worse. The whole community could be exposed and subsequently destroyed if Frankenstein was able to pull off his plan.

He heard the door open, turning back he saw Jimmy and Noah flanking the doors guarding over him as they have been since he returned from Egypt. He had asked Jimmy one late night after he had returned from Italy, why he was taking it so seriously to guard him.

If it wasn't for the fact, he was the Clan Leader, Jimmy would have hit him.

James Hickok in a few words informed Nick that his Clan had needed him along with his family. It was Jimmy's job to make sure he doesn't do something stupid again and get himself kidnapped.

It was then Nick realized Jimmy held himself responsible for the kidnapping...

~ Flashback ~

"It wasn't your fault." Nick moved out from behind his desk and stood in front of the Hunter.

"It was my job to protect you." Jimmy pointed out. "I failed at that."

"You couldn't be at all my crime scenes." He made sure he held the Hunter's eyes. "I've been told enough times myself that I can't save the world, neither can you."

"I'm not saving the world." Jimmy gave him a small smile. "Just you."

Nico was amazed at the loyalty Hickok had shown him, especially since he was Timothy's Childe, and his soul was connected to his kid's life in Ireland.

"You've entrusted me to take care of situations and people that you care about. I feel now that..." Jimmy slipped off his hat and ran his hand through his hair.

"I trust you." Nico reached out and squeezed his shoulder. "It wasn't your fault..." He gave him a look, took a deep breath then showed him how much he trusted him. "I was betrayed from within the Clan."

Jimmy's eyes narrowed, if there was one thing he wouldn't stand for was betraying ones family. "Who the fuck do I need to kill?"

"I'm dealing with it, just accept the fact there was nothing you could have done to stop what happened." Nick stepped back and moved back towards his desk. "I've trusted with you things that are more precious to me than my own life."

Jimmy nodded.

"I'm now entrusting you my own life."

The two held each others gazes.

Jimmy slipped his hat back on, "I'm not sure if I'm worthy of it, but I will die protecting it."

"I expect you to live." Nick sat back down at his desk and gave him a small smile.

Jimmy nodded, turned and left the room. Nick watched him leave and knew that Van Helsing was right, Jimmy would make a fine Lead Hunter.

"Should I start fixing cookies?" Warrick asked as he walked down the stairs to stand next to his Mate.

"You never told me what it was like?" Nick looked up at him.

Dilios had set him a small book, with his thoughts and observations of that day. He had called it the grandest moment in Vampire History. To see the most noblest, strongest, and devious of historical figures sitting around a conference table discussing one thing.

Taking war to Meela's door step.

It was humbling even to this day, that all had gathered to save him. Nick never thought himself as special, he was just a Roman General who lived for his family. He would never have asked any of them to go to war...

"It was breathtaking." Warrick reached over and cupped his Mate's cheek. "Seeing the power of the Vampire Community come together..." He paused as an SUV pulled up into the driveway.

"In the next few moments, you'll see what others are willing to do when you ask them. After-wards, you will begin to understand what that moment was like."

"I didn't ask them." Nick whispered.

"And that is why they will follow you." Warrick leaned down and kissed him deeply.

"How very public affectionate."

Nick smiled as he turned towards Lucien La Croix. "You know I've seen more of you in the past few years than centuries before."

"I preferred it when you were quaking in fear at the near mention of my name." Lucien looked over Nick's shoulder to the school. "Professor Xavier has done a decent job building an adequate school for the 'children'."

"I'll make sure to let him know you approve." Nick rolled his eyes at his fellow Clan Leader. He would be the first to admit that he still didn't get along with Lucien, but after the Egypt situation he had learned more about his fellow Clan Leader and he had earned some of Nick's respect. Still wouldn't sit down and have tea with him, there was still too much bad blood between them. "And I've never quaked in fear at the near mention of your name."

"Why does this seem familiar?" Claudio stepped up to the group, his forefinger tapping his chin. The large piece of gaudy jewelry shining bright in the sun, as the lace from his cuffs filtered down over his velvet jacket.

"You do realize it's the Twenty-first Century, right?" Warrick shook his head looking at Claudio's outfit. "Lace and velvet went out a few centuries ago."

"Proper attire and accessories never go out of fashion." Claudio pointed out. "Besides of that hideous pirate can get away with wearing that god awful mishmash of scarves, leathers and linen, I at least can pull off a well-tailored suit."

"A suit from the Seventeenth century." Warrick pointed out.

"Besides insulting my wardrobe is there any reason for us to be standing out in the driveway?" He pulled out a lace handkerchief and wiped his brow.

Nick just shook his head and looked over at Lucien, who was smiling fondly at his Mate. It was these moments that had shown the human under the annoying Vampire. "You are the first to arrive, I hear there are cookies."

"Minerva's?" Claudio was suddenly interested.

"No." Charles called out as he maneuvered his chair onto the terrace. "But I can state with a certainty that Mrs. Fredericks are just as good."

"Professor." Lucien bowed his head slightly, showing the respect he had for the Vampire.

"Lucien I'm sorry it has taken such a situation for you to bring your Mate by to see me." Charles looked at the Mated pair, feeling their walls slam into his own mind. "I welcome you, and appreciate all that you have done for the school."

Claudio stepped back out from his Mate. Lucien had talked with nothing but respect for the Professor, but he always heard the underlining fear in his words. There was something about dealing with someone who could read your mind.

He gave an exaggerated bow, hiding his nervousness at being around the Professor. "Knight Clan at your service."

Charles bowed his head, smiling at both of them. "If we need any teachings on underhanded dealings we'll make sure to call."

Nico chuckled, then tried to curtail it when he got glared at both Lucien and Charles. "If it means anything Lucien, I do thank you for coming."

"I'm here to make sure that idiot kid of Timothy's doesn't end up President and try to invade Canada." La Croix turned towards the SUV. "We brought Billy and Garrett since they've been working with your Hunters through this whole situation."

"Wild Bill!" Billy waved up at the two Hunters.

"No you can't shoot him."

Jimmy looked down at Charles with a grin on his face. "One day..."

"One day you can shoot him." Charles moved out of their way as Lucien, Claudio and the two Hunters made their way into the school. "A staff member will show you to your rooms. There will be meeting later this evening after Josiah show's up."

"Maybe he'll just shoot you." Jimmy grinned at Billy as he passed by.

"Ah come on, you know you love me!" Billy ran back and hugged the gunfighter.

Hickok stood there arms crossed in front of his chest as Billy hugged him. "Get it off me!"

Noah did what any good Mate would do, took a picture. He didn't even glance at the other Hunter as he emailed the photo, "Billy off my Mate, before I kill you."

Garrett grabbed his Mate and dragged him into the house. "I blamed the m&ms he's been mainstreaming since we left New Jersey."

The door closed behind them, but not before they could hear someone yelling at Billy for touching something he wasn't supposed to.

The tension in the air was less, William Bonny was smarter than most people gave him credit for, and Charles would have to talk to the Hunter when things calmed down. He had read the history of the famed outlaw, but he didn't know much on the Vampire or his Mate.

Jimmy grumbled as he brushed off his suit, "It's like dealing with Cody."

"Just shorter and more hyper." Noah slipped his phone back into his pocket. "I'll clean you later."

"I'm holding you to that." Jimmy smirked. "And who the hell did you email that photo to?"

"Just a few friends..."

"Ahh Jimmy I see you made a new friend." Tony grinned walked out onto the terrace holding up his phone to show the Hunter.

"Him you can shoot." Warrick called up from his position by Nick.

Tony flipped off his mother, then glanced at Charles who just gave him a look. He bowed his head and moved down the stairs, barely ducking in time to miss being smacked by Warrick only to get it from Nick.

"Is it always like this?" Scott asked from the open door. He had heard the commotion as he had stepped out of the communications room.

"Yes." Jimmy just shook his head.

"It's weird." He leaned against the door, watching Tony and Warrick banter back and forth. "It's so normal..."

"We also eat at the breakfast table and fight over the last of the milk." Hickok glanced back at him. "Kinda like how your kids here still tease, pull on pigtails, and talk about the cute boy/girl in class."

Scott chuckled, he saw Jimmy's point, with a quick salute and he headed back to the communications room. Jimmy had been right about the school needing to be updated, and after talking with Caine and Sylum Manor, he had started to form a few new good ideas.

Nick glanced up, it was good to see Scott and Jimmy working together, building a friendship. With all that was going on, Mutants and Vampires would need to work together. He turned back to see the next SUV pull up.

"Is Speed still being held hostage by Jean?" Warrick asked glancing over at Tony.

"Yes." Tony grinned back at him. "Jethro is with Horatio talking security, they've tapped into the School's systems and hooking them up with Artemus back at the Manor."

"Scott isn't throwing a fit?" Warrick asked slightly shocked.

"Oh he threw one, but once he saw some of upgrades he demanded to see more and I got bored listening to him and Artemus geek out over surveillance equipment. So I wandered out, toured the school and the outer grounds. There is a lot of wilderness that can be used against us."

"Jimmy has been working on making the perimeters more secure." Nick informed his Second. "I'll make sure he updates you on the schematics."

Tony nodded as he moved out of Nick's way and leaned against the stairs railing, to watch the proceedings. He himself hadn't seen all the Clan Leaders arrive into Geneva that day, but he had read what Dilios had sent, it must have been breathtaking to watch.

Even now as he watched Benton walk up with Ray and Seeley Booth, one of Tallikut's Hunters, Tony could easily imagine seeing all of them talking softly to Albus, determined to get the job done.

The moment he had looked up into the Nick's eyes as he lay dying he knew Nick was special.

It wasn't until the moment he stepped off the plane in Geneva that he understood how much. He was man enough to admit, not nearly as many would show up for him. He knew Nick and Timothy would go to the ends of the earth for him, and the Council would let them, but they personally wouldn't do it themselves.

And he was good with that.

Antonio knew where his place was, by Nick's side. He had learned a lot of what Nick does for the Clan, the decisions he's had to make over the years, the secrets, the truths and even the lies. He didn't think he could run the Clan as well as Nick. Don't get him wrong he could run it, but it wouldn't be the same.

'It's not supposed to be.'

Crisafi shook his head and looked around; he glanced over his shoulder and caught Charles' staring at him.

'You were projecting.'

Tony glanced at his Sire.

Nick looked over at him, questioning look on his face. Tony nodded towards Charles. Nick glanced up at his father, then back at his Childe. "Remember I said you can't hide anything?" Tony's eyebrow rose. "Besides even I could hear you, Antonio."

Tony just crossed his arms over his chest. "And what was I thinking?" He looked up at Charles eyes narrowing...

"No one expects you to run the Clan as I would, you are your own person." Nick smiled at him. "And with that comes your own ways of doing things, as it should be."

"Is it a family trait?" Tony demanded to know staring at his Sire.

"I just know you, my Elena." Nick assured him. "Never doubt that Tony. I didn't put anyone into their positions because I didn't think they could do the job."

Tony smiled as he leaned back against the railing. "Hey Benton."

Nick turned back towards the Tallikut's Clan Leader, "I'm glad you could make it."

"You called so here I am." Benton looked up at Charles giving him a quick wave. "Professor Xavier, Tallikut Clan is at your service."

"Thank you, it's been to long since we've talked Benoit." Charles looked over at the young man standing next to the Clan Leader. "You must be Ray."

"Ray Kolwaski." He waved up at the older man. Benton had told him what was going on, as Booth had drove them towards the school. He was surprised, yet not, to discover that the Republican idiot was actually telling the truth about Mutants. "It's cool what you're doing here. I mean I got picked on as a kid for my glasses I can't imagine what these kids have gone through. It's a cause worth fighting for, I'm still learning but I'm good in a scrape."

Charles felt Ray's sincerity, "I appreciate it. If you would like I could give you a tour of the school, introduce you to a few of the students." He knew Scott had plans in place in case the

school was invaded, but he knew it wouldn't hurt to have others watching and protecting the children.

"Thank you, sir." Ray glanced at Benton who was smiling at him. He knew he did the right thing. Since Egypt he had been learning more on his role in the Clan. Ray had hounded Ellison, demanding he teach him about the Clan, the community, the Council, anything and everything.

"Hickok." Booth nodded up towards the gunfighter.

"Booth." Jimmy acknowledged. "When you get them settled come find us, we'll update you on the security of the area."

He nodded giving the two Clan Leaders a pointed look. "Are you two going to be good and do what we say?"

"No." Tony answered from the sidelines ignoring twin glares from the Clan Leaders.

"That's what I thought." Seeley shook his head then motioned towards the stairs. "What I don't have all day."

Ray looked at Benton. "And why did we bring the bossy one?"

"Because Peter, Poe and Larkin are in New York, there's that situation we're not discussing that deals with someone who got himself arrested to save his Mate..." Booth pointed out to two of them.

"Oh yeah." Ray scooted past Booth and moved up the stairs stopping in front of the Charles and held out his hand.

"Thank you for coming." Charles took it, feeling the warmth and openness coming from Ray.

"Josiah and Malcolm on their way?" Benton asked Nico.

"It's a race to see which one gets here first." He responded with a shrug. "Mal does have Wash flying so that is in his advantage."

"Josiah has his speed demon drivers though." Benton pointed out.

"Good point." Nick looked past Benton to see another SUV pulling up. "Looks like Mal won."

"I'll get unpacked and make sure Ray is settled, then we can talk." Benton headed for the stairs stopping for a moment to give Mal a quick wave.

Mal grinned and returned with a swift salute. He slammed the car door shut and walked up to Nick pulling him into his arms and giving him a quick hug. Nick held him for a few moments then let go, stepping back.

"No kidnappings?" He asked.

Nick shook his head.

"Just Stillson trying to what..." Mal waved his hand around trying to find the right words.

"Rule the world?" Neville answered as he walked by his Clan Leader towards Charles.

"I was going for something more..." Mal hesitated.

"He's got writer's block." Jayne informed Nick.

"That explains it." Warrick glanced towards the terrace to see Neville chatting with Charles, the two already lost in conversation. He glanced back at the SUV to see Jack Carter step out of the vehicle with Sam, the dog. "You left Dean behind?"

Jack rolled his eyes as he held the door open, a tomcat jumped out and strutted up the stairs, jumping into Charles' lap. He turned a few times, kneaded for a few moments then promptly flopped down and went to sleep.

Charles stroked the cat's fur as he talked to Neville about Dr. Banner. Sam easily made it up the stairs, sitting down next to her Master waiting patiently. Her tongue flopped out, when Neville reached down and gave her a good scratch behind the ears.

"You brought the pets?" Tony looked over at Serenity's Clan Leader.

"Where Neville goes, Sam goes." Jayne shook his head. "Getting the dog to settle down after Neville ran off to New Jersey was a nightmare."

"And where Sam goes..." Carter added as he walked past them, and up the stairs to stand by his Mate. He shifted the two laptop bags on his shoulder, kissed Neville's temple. Robert turned to look at him and smiled. "You need to rest."

"Your rooms are set up, we can talk more later, Dr. Neville." Charles assured him. He was looking forward to talking more with the scientist that is if Jean doesn't kidnap him first.

"Dean follows." Tony finished the Hunter's thought as he had walked by. He glanced back at Jayne, "It works the same with our Sam and Dean."

"Does your Dean flop into people's lap and demanded petting?" He asked with a straight face. He hadn't met the Hunter, though he had heard about his talents from Selene who had seen him action, before he had been turned.

"Only on Sam." Tony returned the grin.

"Professor X!" Mal waved up at Charles. "Read any good minds lately?"

He looked down at Mal, "Not today."

Warrick slapped the back of Mal's shoulder. "Oh that hurt."

"I feel the love." He ignored the snickering and headed up the stairs, giving a quick nod to Robert and Jack who were talking quietly with Jimmy. "Charles, as you know anything I can offer."

"Thank you, Malcolm." He continued to pet the cat. "Have you thought of killing off Derek Storm?"

Mal paused, then reached over and grabbed his laptop bag from Carter, who stumbled from the sudden lighter load, and ran into the school, "Move aside I need space."

"I'm not sure I should thank you, or hurt you." Jayne stated as he walked up the stairs watching the manic flailing coming from his Mate. He doubted it would take long until... with a snort he grabbed his phone. "No Simon, he hasn't killed anyone... well not yet." Jayne shook his head and moved into the school following Castle. What could he say; his Mate was hot when he was in creative mode.

Neville followed him into the School, Carter only a few steps behind him. Jack was determined to get his Mate to rest; he had been working nonstop since the phone call concerning Speed had come into the farm.

Warrick watched the door close behind Serenity's Clan Leader, then turned to look at his own Mate. "So does this mean he's retiring?"

"More important..." Tony pointed at the SUV that had just pulled up. "Should we hide Dean from him?"

James Harrison stepped out of the vehicle and looked around. The school looked like an old style mansion. One he would have never had thought he would see, let alone be invited to. Though it looked old and pretentious, it felt warm, and welcoming.

He moved away from the SUV, as Danny and Mac exited the vehicle. He took a few steps towards Nick, when he paused. His eyes focusing on the striped ball of fluff that laid in the old man's lap.

The cat that had defiled his Mrs. Chippy.

Charles leaned down, scratched the cat's ears as he whispered into it. The cat looked up, saw Harrison, stilled, then jumped off the comfy lap and ran into the school.

"What is that doing here?" He glanced over at the small group demanding answers.

"Where Sam goes Dean goes." Tony answered biting back the laughter that was trying to escape. He wondered if Albus had to deal with these types of moments. If he did, how the hell did he keep a straight face?

"Speed is with Jean, discussing what happened. I'm sure he would like to be rescued." Nick suggested, looking over at Danny and James. The two men nodded then headed up the stairs. James gave the older man a smile as he paused. "James Harrison."

Charles took his hand. "Professor Charles Xavier I run this school."

"That's pretty cool, if you ask me." James gave him a nod looking around the area.

"The library is in the back, I'll make sure Timothy shows it to you." Xavier grinned at James startled expression.

Harrison chuckled, his smile wide. "There's more here than meets the eye. I of all people should know not to judge a book by its cover."

"We all have our facades." Charles smiled as he turned towards Danny. "Welcome to the school."

"Jimmy." Mac walked up, his hand resting against the small of his Mate's back. "Professor."

"Detective." Charles nodded. "Horatio is in the Security room, Scott is roaming between here and there, if you can catch him he'll take you to Horatio."

"How will I know him?" Mac asked curiously.

"Look for the dude wearing the sunglasses inside." Jimmy informed him. "He's prickly but good at what he does."

"Mean time the staff has setup rooms for everyone. I've made sure to have your rooms near Timothy and Horatio." Charles informed them as they moved towards the entrance. "Mr. Harrison, Dean wanted you to know he thinks Mrs. Chippy is special."

Harrison paused and studied the older man for a few moments, he had a feeling the man doesn't kid around. "Still neutering the bastard."

Charles chuckled and looked back down the stairs to see that another vehicle had arrived. The occupants were talking quietly to Nick and Warrick. His focus centered on Nicolaus, who instantly turned towards him. Sylum's Clan Leader shook his head, took Neal's arm and led him up the stairs.

"Neal, this is Professor Charles Xavier. Charles this is Neal Caffrey, renowned Art Thief." Nico introduced the two of them.

"Alleged." Neal smiled, showcasing his charm as he took the outstretched hand. "It's an honor..." The moment their eyes locked, the façade dropped, for the first time in a long while, Neal wasn't the conman. He was laid bare to the man before him.

Peter had chased Neal for four years, worked with him for a year, and had been dating him for the past six months. He knew the arsenal of Neal's smiles. The sly little boy. The debonair playboy. The soft sad smile when he remembered things he shouldn't. The tiny one he gets when he knows he's doing the right thing. The grin when he's teasing. It had only been recently he'd seen the one he had just witnessed. The real smile. The one that Neal only showed when his guard was down, the one Peter and El had recently started to see, but only in private.

He walked up the stairs, held out his hand to the older gentleman. Nick had mentioned that he was the man they were helping. A professor, that was taking care of Mutant children that no one wanted. He could admire that, and Peter had no doubt that El would love the Professor instantly.

"Peter Burke, this is Professor Charles Xavier..." Nick began the introduction.

Peter took his offered hand, and realized why Neal had dropped the facades. Professor Xavier wasn't a man you could hide from, "It's an honor."

"After all this is over, bring your wife, and we can all have dinner."

Burke nodded, glanced over at Neal and Nick, trying to figure out what exactly was going on.

"I'll explain it later." Neal smiled at Peter.

He recognized that one also. It was the 'I can't handle this at the moment, but later I will tell you the truth'. Peter moved next to Neal, his hand resting softly on Neal's lower back. He felt the tension drain away.

Charles motioned towards the doors, and the two men entered quietly, the door closing softly behind them. Nick glanced back down at Charles, who had just given him a pointed look. "In time."

"I'll hold you to that, Nicolaus."

Nick had no doubt he would. It was time. He knew it. It was just convincing everyone else.

John watched the exchange, and then glanced over at Warrick, who just held Shep's gaze, "Sometimes you really don't want to know."

Shep glanced around seeing the warning in Tony's eyes. He knew when to drop things, and when to change the subject, "Is everyone here?"

"We're waiting on Josiah and Chavez." Tony answered quickly noticing Warrick was more in tuned to what was going on up on the Terrace. He had a feeling that whatever was going on, he had no clue about it and wouldn't for a long time to come.

Warrick kept half an ear on the conversation around him, as he watched his Mate talk with Charles for a few moments.

A lot had changed since Egypt.

He knew he was seeing the warrior he knew in Rome, and the man who had stepped into a blacksmith shop so long ago.

He also knew that things from the past were starting to come into the light. He learned early on, that Nicolaus came with a lot of history, some of it he was privy to, others he was still learning. There were times even he forgot that Nick lived a long time before he claimed his Pirate.

Nick headed back down the steps; he shook his head at Warrick's raised eyebrow. "He's got questions, I'm not sure I'm ready to answer."

He didn't say anything, instead he just pulled his Mate close to him. If there was one thing he learned from the whole kidnapping nightmare, he didn't care what others thought he never missed an opportunity to hold his Mate.

"Ahhh, that is so beautiful."

Nick pulled out of Warrick's arms. "Brisco."

"Just wanted you to know we're here." The Hunter acknowledged his Clan Leaders. "Place got any good Mojitos? Grandpappy introduced them to me a couple of years ago."

"It's a school." Chavez pointed out giving his Hunter a look.

"So's Harvard, and they have open bar policy." Brisco grinned back.

"Speaking of how's Harvey?" Nick grinned at County's groan.

"Does he not get the point I'm not a lawyer?" He rolled his eyes. "Hunter. Not lawyer. Hunter."

"Isn't it the same thing?" Josiah questioned smiling softly riling him up.

"No." Brisco crossed his arms and sighed.

"Yet you keep up your degree and bar exams." Chavez added to the conversation.

"You know. I'm going to go see Jimmy. He's nicer to me." Brisco walked up the stairs, tipped his hat at Charles, and grinned at his Sire. "I'm a Hunter, right."

"When you take cases and win, it's not hard to see why Harvey keeps sending them to you." Jimmy pointed out.

"You know, I'm just leaving you all to Frankenstein and his minions, when you end up in jail call me..." He turned and stopped when a beautiful black woman opened the door started that someone was on the other side. "Ma'am."

"I thought everyone had arrived." She glanced past him to Charles.

"Storm, the last of our guests has just arrived." He answered her question. "Brisco, is another Hunter."

He took off his hat, running a hand through his hair, "Brisco County Jr."

"Storm." She smiled up at him. "Come in."

"Thanks." He entered the room, turning back towards her. "Would you mind showing me around."

"I was going..."

"Go ahead, Storm, he'll need to know where everything is." Charles gave her an encouraging nod.

Jimmy's eyebrow went up as the door closed. He glanced at his Mate, then down to Border's Clan Leaders. "No..."

Warrick shook his head, "Speaking of, how is his Grandpappy?"

"Annoyed, but he's happy he's got his Mate in full view." Nick informed him. "Just needs to do something about it."

"So you want to explain what we're all doing here?" Josiah asked the million-dollar question.

"To stop a war between Humans and Mutants." Charles answered.

Nick stepped out of Charles' office door not surprised to see Ray waiting. Charles moved past Nick, stopping in front of Benton's Mate. The two chatted, before heading towards the classrooms, so Ray could be introduced to the teachers and students.

Nick had talked with Charles for a few moments, getting a game plan together. There were two major situations that needed to be dealt with. The most important was Stillson. Making sure his accusations were shown as false, and take the pressure off Mutants and especially the school.

Second was finding where they had hid John Connor. Dexter was still out there hunting down those who had taken his Mate and child. Logan was following Dexter's trail. He had checked in a few times, indicating it wasn't hard to follow Dexter.

He just followed the bodies.

Nick wasn't sure if he was sickened or fascinated at the length Dexter would go to protect what was his, despite the fact he hadn't even Mated with Sarah.

After discovering the conference room empty, it had taken asking a variety of Hunters a few questions to find out that most of the Clan Leaders were in the kitchen.

Seems planning war was to be conducted while making cookies.

He blamed Minerva.

Nick made sure that Lucien had been notified, and headed outside for a few moments to contact one other person who needed to be kept up on the situation.

'Nico.'

"Arthur." He stepped outside and watched as Brisco talked with Storm, while they watched the children play in the grass.

Jimmy was working with Scott, checking perimeters and with the help with Booth was adding infrared sensors to the cameras so that they would pick up movement even in the dark.

'How is Timothy?' He asked concern in his voice.

"Better." Nick answered glancing upward to see Speed on a lounge on the patio, curled up with Horatio with Danny sitting nearby. He snorted when he saw James with Dean in his lap being petted, while he was telling some grand tale to some of the kids. "He's healed physically; everything else is going to take a while."

'I can't even imagine, and I'm not sure I want to.' Arthur's voice turned serious. 'I'm taking this isn't a social call?'

"Stillson." Nick answered turning away from the view and walking down one of the smaller paths towards the back of the school. "I can't allow him to even get close to winning this election."

'You've always strived to stay out of politics in your Country.' He pointed out, helping Nick work out all the angels.

"I've never had a known Rogue try to manipulate the voting people to get into office." He argued.

'What is your plan?' He asked.

"I have no doubt Bartlett could easily win this election. People can be only fooled for so long before they demand the truth." Well at least that was what Nick had hoped, sometimes people's narrow-mindedness and inability to ask beyond what they are being shown frustrates him to no end. "But I can't rely on the intelligence of the masses."

He paused for a few moments.

"I'm asking your permission to contact Connor and Murphy..."

Arthur chuckled, 'Connor has already left England. He's annoyed with the twat that has his face and is going to deal with it.'

Nick sighed in relief. "I've got plans in the works to discredit him..."

'I'd hunt the man down myself if I could get away with it.' Arthur's voice was hard, very much the warrior. Nick blinked and looked at the phone for a few moments. 'He hurt you worse than anything Meela did, and now he threatens those you fight to protect...'

Nick closed his eyes not wanting to think back to those dark years. Let alone those moments he still has no memory of, those few moments when he had destroyed a village.

'I've heard through the Clan Leader grapevine, nothing but a bunch of gossiping hens if you ask me.' He changed the subject to pull Nick away from the dark thoughts he knew was creeping up. 'Kermit and Peter showed up at the Manor.'

"Yes, they have information about the spy within in Sylum." Nick answered focusing on the now and not the past.

'What does Takamori have to say?' He asked curiously.

"That is conversation for another time, right now I need to keep Charles' School safe and hidden, discredit Stillson, and find a secret enemy hideout and destroy it." Nick shook his head sometimes he wondered how he got here...

Oh yeah Albus thought he would make a good Clan Leader.

'Let Connor do what he needs to do, the rest you should have no problem taking care of.' Arthur paused. 'Call me before you talk to Kermit and Peter.'

"I will. Thank you."

'Take care, Nico.'

"Same to you, my King." Nico hung up the phone and stepped back into the school. He made his way down the hallway towards the kitchen.

Nick entered the kitchen to find Mal typing away at his laptop, Josiah eating a cut up apple, Lucien was reading through some papers, and Benton was standing at the counter.

"I'm surprised there are no cookies." Nick commented as he sat across from Josiah, taking an offered piece of apple.

Benton turned around, apron over his jeans and button down shirt. "In a few moments there should be some fresh chocolate chip cookies."

Lucien rolled his eyes, "Is this what we've come to?"

Nick smirked, "How's the editing going on Claudio's new book series?"

La Croix looked up from his papers, pulling off his glasses and setting them down. There were moments that Nick even surprised him. "How the hell did you know?"

Mal looked up from his laptop. "Wait. Claudio is writing a book?"

"Written." Nick smirked over at Lucien.

"What book?" Mal demanded. How did he not know about this?

Nick smirked over at the Knight Clan Leader, "It's not important."

"It is to me!" He looked over at Lucien, eyes narrowing. "I need to know if I have competition."

"There's no competition." La Croix muttered as he slipped back on his glasses. "Claudio is a much better writer than Richard Castle."

Castle glared...

"I think we have more important things to discuss, then juvenile writers." Josiah bit down on a slice of apple. "What are we going to do about Stillson?"

"I'm taking care of that situation." Nick stated ignoring all the looks he was getting from his fellow Clan Leaders. "The main thing we need to focus is on protecting the school."

"Do we want to know what you have planned for Stillson?" Mal looked over at him.

"No." He knew he would be getting cornered by each and everyone one of them to find out what was going on. Lucien probably demanding how he was going to assassinate the moron and if he didn't he had a few Members who would be willing to do the job.

"Is the school in danger?" Benton asked is main concern for the children. Later he would mention to Nick the phone call he had received from Arthur.

"At the moment, it's safe." Lucien commented. "Magneto wants to make a big statement. Taking out a school of children, which no one knows about isn't a big statement."

Josiah looked over at La Croix, "So what would you do?"

He glared over his glasses before sighing and taking them back off. "I would do something big. Something that would be seen worldwide..."

Scott entered the kitchen, with Jimmy and Seeley behind him. "Charles was able to locate where they are going to attack."

The Clan Leaders looked up, "Where?"

"New York." Jimmy informed them. "We've got the vehicles ready..."

"Where in New York city?" Mal demanded as he stood up with the rest of them heading towards the front entrance.

"Grand Central Station." Seeley answered. "I've already sent word out to Hunters in the area, they are moving towards the area now."

~ Grand Central Station – New York ~

Magneto looked across the street at New York's trademark Grand Central Station. People were moving about, so busy with their own lives and not paying attention to anything around them. He sneered as people pushed by him, going on with their daily commute.

"Why are we here?" Pyro asked curiously.

"To make a statement." Magneto answered him curtly.

He looked across the street at the clock. Seven o'clock. The train he was seeking would be arriving in at seven fifteen. She was everything he had been searching for. Ever since he had stolen the records from Frankenstein's idiot secretary, he had been hunting down every lead.

Finally all of it had paid off.

Lyca was on that train.

She was beautiful. Deadly. The carnage she had left behind in her escape from that facility was breathtaking.

The humans had tried to subdue her. Change her, make her normal.

He would show her the beauty of being who she is.

His Eve. The mother of Mutants.

And once she joined his forces they will find her Mate. Once the two are reunited, the Humans will have to listen. They will have to bow to the superiority of the Mutants. See that they are weaker. They are nothing. They will learn that Mutants will not be ignored or hunted down. They will not be hidden in schools or testing facilities.

Magneto stepped out onto the street, holding out his hand and pushing the cars out of his way. Horns blared as cars crashed into cars. People screamed as they ran, for once paying attention to what was going on around them.

He ripped the doors off their hinges, fling them into adjoining buildings.

Without a backwards glance he stepped into the building. Destiny awaited.

Nick stepped out of the SUV and looked at the carnage surrounding Grand Central Station. People were screaming, running away from the screeching of metal as it twisted and formed to Magneto's bidding.

Cops were setting up barricades, ushering people away from the attack.

"Malcolm!" A voice called out.

Mal turned stepping up to Nick as one of Benton's Hunters, moved through the barricades towards them.

"Javier." Mal sighed glad to see Espisto. Benton had lent him the Hunter, to keep an eye on the Castle family. He had liked the Hunter the moment they met, even thought about stealing him to Serenity.

"Before you even ask, the Castle family is at home. The moment Jayne called me, I told them to go home and stay there." Javier informed the Clan Leader. "They are safe, so you don't need to worry about them."

Mal nodded. "Thank you."

"What you asked me to do, boss." He turned and glanced back at the chaotic scene. "No one has any idea what is going on. The report that came in stated that bombs had gone off at Grand Central station, but this doesn't look like any bomb I've seen."

"It's not." Nick spoke up from next to Mal. "How much have you been told on what's going on with the Mutant situation?"

Javier glanced between the two Clan Leaders. He had met Nico on a few occasions, over the centuries. "Nothing. Most I know figured Stillson was a wack job."

"Stillson is a Vampire, and Mutants are very real, and the one in Grand Central Station is doing what he can to start a war." Nick informed him.

Esposito whistled he glanced between the two Clan Leaders. He gave his attention to Nick, "So what do you want me to do?"

"I need to know what New York's finest is doing." Nick glanced around the scene. "We need to get inside, and we need to keep the body count down."

"You want me to keep my fellow cops out?" He asked to make sure he was reading the situation right.

"Find the other Hunters," Nick said. "Do you know where Poe and Larkin are at?"

"They are on the other end of the station, Hannibal and Don are also nearby," Javier informed him.

"Good." Nico was glad to see the Hunters were already on the situation. "Find Don, between the two of your badges, you should be able to coordinate with the cops, and keep them and civilians out of harm's way."

Javier nodded. "On it. I'll get New York's finest to help evacuate keeping them away from the battle area." He gave a quick salute then turned and ran back into the crowds, searching out his fellow Hunters.

"Now what?" Mal asked.

"We go to war." Nick smirked as he moved towards Grand Central Station.

Alyc stepped off the train into chaos.

People were screaming and running down the platforms. She looked towards where they were running from, to see explosions rip through the station. Without a thought she turned and headed for the platforms, moving with ease through the throngs of people.

For the first time since she had escaped Eureka she had found a strong lead to where her Mate was located. She had returned to the United States to follow up on it, the Doctor wasn't happy she had gone on her own, but she needed to find Lyan. She refused to be apart from him.

She had sensed his presence but couldn't locate him.

Alyc walked up the stairs in a calm pace. She let her senses take in everything around her. She could hear metal twisting and turning. Smell smoke and fire. People were cowering against the wall, crying and praying to be rescued.

She stepped out from the platforms and looked around.

Everything stopped.

A man wearing the most ridiculous helmet she had ever seen turned towards her. His mouth moved, finger pointed at her.

If they thought she was going to make it easy for them, they were sadly mistaken.

She flipped back her trench coat and grabbed two 9mms, took aim and walked into the battle.

Tony wasn't leaving his brothers side. He didn't give a shit if Speed could take care of himself, he was not getting out of his sight.

Last time any of his family was out of his sight; one ended up buried, the other 'cured'.

On the way into the city, there was a quick discussion on phones about how they were going to fight the Mutants. The main steadfast rule Nick had enforced and followed was not to kill humans.

It was Horatio that had made a complex situation simple. They were all law enforcement at some point, and all of them had pulled the trigger to take down a suspect.

Mutants were no exception.

If they were threatening civilians, fellow officers, or anyone in the Clan, they had to be taken out of the equation.

Tony had been the one to suggest that they have others on standby as a cleanup crew. Nick agreed, last thing he needed was Mutants showing up in some hick cop's precinct and Stillson throwing a press conference showing how much danger the American People were in, because the Administration hadn't eradicated these animals.

McCoy and his team were on standby, ear out to all precincts to make sure nothing unusual was booked into holding. Sid Hammerback was to make sure if any Mutant ended up at the Morgue, he would make sure the body wasn't processed and was sent for destruction.

Once they had arrived on scene, Horatio and Jethro had ordered Tony and Speed to stay put then had taken off towards the back of the building. Leaving the two siblings standing there, both looked at each other and rolled their eyes.

One day their Mates will learn that you don't live as long as they had; travel with one Nico Meridius, and not learn a few tricks along the way.

Before Speed could order, his brothers to stay with the car; Danny quickly pointed out he was a Hunter, and with his Mate took off behind Horatio and Jethro.

When he had turned to find James, he was already gone. For a big man, he moved quickly and easily blended into the crowd.

Timothy had only shaken his head and without hesitation the two of them made their way through the rubble towards the epicenter of Magneto's destruction.

Both Vampires were on alert, the sounds of battle where everywhere.

Tony grabbed Speed's elbow when he stumbled, but instead of getting glared at, Tim's eyes flickered over Tony's shoulder for a moment. Tony stilled watching and waiting for Tim's lead. Before he could blink, Speed pulled his weapon and took out a Mutant that was trying to sneak up behind them. Tony turned around to see their attacker on the floor, bleeding from his shoulder.

The Mutation wasn't obvious, anyone would pass the guy by without a second thought. It was the odd color blood that was a clear indicator. Tony squatted down next to him, making sure to keep his designer shoes out of the mess, "You got one choice. Tell us everything or die."

"You humans all the same!" He growled. "Kill what is different from you."

Tony stood up slowly then casually he pushed his foot down onto the wounded shoulder. "You attack innocent humans, slaughtering anyone who came across your path because they weren't 'Mutants', sounds like you're doing the same damn thing you're accusing the rest of us of doing."

"Magneto will show the world how inferior you all are." He grabbed Tony's foot and twisted. Tony countered going with the movement, bracing his hand on the ground as he pulled his foot free following through with the motion, he pulled himself back up standing a few feet away from the Mutant.

He paused to see the Mutant dead on the floor, a second shot to the chest.

Speed's eyebrow was raised as he looked at his brother.

Tony shrugged, ready to comment when a familiar smell filtered through the air. Timothy snarled and turned, gun raised. Tony stood next to him, his own gun aimed at a little girl holding a teddy bear.

Danny backhanded one of the Mutants, then tossed his ass off over the railing onto the marble floor below. The fall wouldn't likely kill him, but it was going to hurt like a bitch. He turned to find another smirking at him, fire danced along the Mutants fingers.

"Let me guess you going to watch the world burn." Danny snarked at him.

"We'll start with you." Pyro threw his hands out, fire spreading from his fingers.

Danny caught the edge of the marble railing and launched himself over it, landing in a crouched position falling to his knees rolling into an alcove, letting the fireball move over head.

He heard a yell, and the sound of a fire extinguisher. Glancing up he was astonished to see Lindsay, spraying the area with foam.

"Lindsay!" He yelled at her. What the hell was she doing here...

A scream sounded across the walls, as a red lazar ripped through the ceiling causing it to collapse.

"LINDSAY!"

Scott knocked down one of Magento's men, while Storm pulled up a gust of air and tossed a few of them back down the stairs towards the trains.

He paused for a few moments, taking in the chaos around them.

Brisco was holding his own against the Mutants. Not once had he pulled his gun, instead fighting them as if he was in a bar brawl. He hadn't left Storm's side, almost as if he was determined to protect her.

Storm normally would have let anyone have it for 'protecting' her, but she seemed to accept it from Brisco. Scott was surprised at how well the two worked together, it was as if they had done it hundreds of times before.

Scott had to admit the Vampires were handy in a fight.

The moment Charles had informed them, that he had discovered that Magneto and his group was going to attack New York's Grand Central Station, he had prepped to get his team out to the city.

Only to discover that the Vampires were refusing to be left behind.

Storm had pointed out that they could use the help. Logan was out hunting the location of the facility, and Jean was too far engrossed in the lab work to be any help.

Scott had started to make his way towards the plane only to be stopped by Jimmy, who had grabbed his arm and pulled him towards the waiting SUVs.

"Less conspicuous if you show up in Federal Issued SUV, no one will blink as you walk by them wearing sunglasses." He pushed both Scott and Storm into the car, only sighing and glancing at his Mate when Brisco had climbed in after them.

Scott watched as the Hunter had pointed at Nicolaus, "Do NOT get yourself kidnapped!"

Nick just smirked and gave him a quick salute.

Hickok will deny it but Scott swore he saw him flip off the Clan Leader.

Battle plans had been down and dirty, discussed as they drove neck breaking speeds down the highway into New York City.

Charles had requested they not harm the Mutants, but Scott knew the inevitably would be that there were going to be casualties.

He had stepped out of the SUV, to see Nick with one of the other Clan Leaders, Mal, talking with a detective if the badge he was wearing around his neck said anything. Mal had forced his Mate to stay behind, and protect the school. Two other Clan Leaders had stayed behind to make sure the school was protected.

Scott didn't trust Lucien, but Hickok had told him Billy would never see a child hurt. He wasn't sure how much he had trusted that, but Charles had assured him he and the children would be safe.

Josiah and Chavez had stayed behind, making sure that the scientist were protected. Dr. Neville's Mate Carter, a Hunter from what Seeley had told him, wasn't leaving his Mate side. He could respect that, he had hated leaving Jean. Carter assured him while he kept an eye on Neville he would also watch Scott's wife.

Horatio and Jethro had moved quickly into the situation, both moving as if they had worked together for years. Danny and Mac had slipped out of their own SUV, and with a quick salute to Timothy they were also gone.

Timothy and Tony had just given each other a look as they had made their way into the building. Scott had to admit he was curious to see what either of them were capable of. Jimmy spoke with respect about all of those he protected, but not one looked like someone who could wade into battle.

Jimmy had been right. No one blinked as they made their way past the barricades. Hickok had stopped for a few moments to talk to another detective. Scott glanced at the man who stood behind the cop, he had to be a Hunter. He looked eager to get into the fray.

The detective nodded before he turned back to the man, who gave Jimmy a quick salute. The two jogged away from the scene towards the back of Grand Central Station.

"They are going to work with other Hunters to make sure the civilians are removed and NYPD isn't caught in the middle." Jimmy informed them.

"Last thing we need is Stillson on the Channel 9 News weeping for the loss of good cops at the hands of these demons." Brisco rolled his eyes.

"We're getting nothing down by standing around her gossiping." Noah looked at the small group. "I personally have some payback to release onto these asshats..."

Jimmy had pulled his 9mm glock, he glanced back at Scott and Storm. "I have no doubt you can do damage, but stick with us just in case a few Vampires got mixed in with the Mutants."

They had worked as a team, making their way into the main section of the battle. Scott could see Magneto coordinating the attack. He motioned towards Storm, when the fireball caught his attention.

Pryo.

"Take care of him, I'll see if we can get closer to Magneto." She began to move across the main area, Brisco right next to her.

Scott turned and headed for the teenager. It didn't take him long to notice that Hickok was next to him, guns out covering his advance.

Then all hell broke loose, at his very hands.

He hadn't seen it coming.

A toad like Mutant jumped down in front of him, crouched, ready to jump back. He grinned, tongue lashed out and ripped off Scott's glasses.

He yelled as they went flying, he glanced upwards helpless to watch as his own Mutation ripped through the ceiling of Grand Central Station. As he closed his eyes, he felt an impact against his body, pushing him to the ground.

"Stay down, I've got you covered."

He hunkered down his arms over his head, as he heard the rumble of concrete falling to the earth.

Neither Tony nor Speed lowered their weapons. The little girl sniffled, wiping the tears from her cheeks. "Have you seen my mommy?"

"Do you really think that disguise is fooling us?" Speed growled.

The little girl began to cry, then blinked and smiled wickedly. The girl morphed back into her natural body. Mystique looked at Speed, eyes narrowing. "How does it feel to be cured?"

Timothy Quinn chuckled. "You really have no idea."

She cocked her head, watching him intently not giving the one next to him much attention. She walked closer, a smile playing on her lips. "I admit I'm impressed, and that isn't an easy task."

"Oh goody, let me add that to my list of accomplishments." Speed snarked as he lowered his weapon to his side. "Tony do you want to kick her ass or should I?"

She glanced over to Tony, dismissing him immediately. "I would rather play with you."

"Oh I'm so kicking her ass now," Tony handed Speed his gun.

"You sure you're up to it?" Speed slid Tony's weapon into the back of his jeans.

"Fuck you, pagan." He slipped off his suit coat tossing it to the side, rolled his sleeves up and gestured for her to make the first move.

Mystique rolled her eyes before she moved to knock the child down a few pegs. She was caught off guard when Tony countered her move, grabbed her arm and slammed her into the wall. He moved back away from her, down the small corridor that was attached to the main area.

They could hear the commotion going on in the lobby, hear the screams and destruction. They had been trying to make their way down towards the trains, to pull out any civilians that were trapped.

Mystique growled and attacked.

Each move was countered.

Tony kept his eyes on her, watching and anticipating each move.

She got under one of his defenses and got a few good hits into his ribs, he pulled back twisting bring his foot around only to have it snagged. He huffed, leveled himself against her hands, kicking outwards, dislodging his foot as he flipped backwards and landed in a half crouch.

Mystique spat out blood and snarled at him.

She then moved towards Speed, only to have him snag her arm and use her own momentum and slam her into the wall. "Listen bitch..."

The building shook.

Mystique took the advantage pushed back against Speed, gave him a right hook, and then ran down the hallway towards the stairs.

The two quickly followed. As they slid to a stop at the top of the stairs, both looked out over the destruction of the station. The roof was gone, nothing but rubble laid out on the station floor.

"Fuck." Tony looked out over the debris to see Nick being pushed up against the railing, a large hand wrapped around his throat. "NICK!"

Warrick was going to kill his Mate.

He was pretty sure Booth was going to kill his Clan Leader.

Benton and Nick had ditched the both of them, the moment they had entered the building. Nick had said something about getting to Lyca before Magneto. Warrick had no idea what the hell he was talking about, and had no doubt it was something Charles had told him. Which Nick had promptly forgot to inform everyone else.

Benton had been two steps behind Nick.

"I can kill him right?" Booth asked as he carried a young child towards one of the exits. "Angel would take me in, we're family, and he likes me."

Warrick chuckled at Seeley's rant. They turned the corner to see Flack with Hannibal. Both Hunters were helping civilians out of the building, leading them to safety behind the blue barricades. Warrick handed Hannibal the small child he was caring.

"Where's Nick?" Hannibal asked as he handed the children off to NYPD Officers. His eyes went wide when Warrick growled. "So he ran into the thick of things leaving behind his bodyguards?"

"It wouldn't be Nick if he didn't." Warrick shrugged, he learned early on in his relationship that Nick was one stubborn Roman. He also knew Nick could take care of himself; so instead of

worrying, he focused on the task at hand. "This area is cleared, any word about civilians in the tunnels?"

"Jethro and Horatio were heading in that direction," Flack informed them. "I'm not sure where everyone is located. Esposito is working with Poe on the South Side, while Larkin and Peter are on the North Side."

"Are all exits covered?" Seeley asked.

"The front is the only exit at the moment." Hannibal informed them. "If this dude goes out the front we've got more issues than a destroyed Grand Central Station."

"News at Five." Booth was really beginning to despise this Magneto. "Can we push him towards the Tunnels?"

Warrick shook his head. "We need to make sure that the front is blocked. That his need to fight another day is more important than making a statement."

"Seriously what the hell does this guy want? So he had a crappy childhood so did the rest of us, get the fuck over it." Hannibal asked.

"He wants Action News at 5, to tell the world that he had a crappy childhood." Warrick replied.

"So we're screwed." Seeley threw his hands up pacing the small area. He stopped, snapped his fingers and looked over at Flack. "McCoy's around right." Don nodded. "Get him to ban the news. Remove the media from the area due to the danger..."

"No cameras, means..." Hannibal smiled at his fellow Hunter.

"No statement." Booth smirked.

"Now we just need to get Nick..." The explosion threw Warrick to the ground away from the side entrance of the station. He sat up, ignoring the pain in his side and looked back at the station. The entrance had collapsed; the whole area was nothing but concrete and rubble. He grunted as he stood up, looking around to locate the rest of the team. "Everyone okay?"

"Yeah." Hannibal helped Don. "You okay?"

"Fine." He gave him a small smile, then frowned when he smelled the blood smearing the concrete. Don glanced over to the Pirate, "Warrick!"

Seeley turned towards Sylum's Co-Leader, "Fuck. You are as bad as he is!" Don handed the Hunter his jacket, Booth pushed the material into the gash along Warrick's side. "We have Chosen in the area?"

"Alan is just around the corner." Hannibal informed him.

Nick stumbled as the building shook. Benton grabbed him, pulling him back up the stairs away from the collapsing ceiling. The two coughed as the dust settled around them. Benton moved away from his position of protecting Nick and looked down the hallway, there was no getting out that way. They would have to dive into the thick of the battle, to even contemplate getting out of the station.

"You know they are going to kill us." Nick stood up, brushing off the dust and debris.

"Seeley is just going to tell Ray." Benton had no doubt Ray would come up with some unique way of punishing him.

Nick fell back against the wall, hand gripping his side, a small groan escaping his lips

"Nick." Benton moved next to his friend's side, hand reaching out to check for wounds only to see nothing.

"Warrick." Nick bit out, taking a few calming breathes to calm his own nerves. He then closed his eyes for a few seconds and sent as much love and determination back through the bond. He swore Warrick had just replied with 'Damn Stubborn Roman'. Warrick needed to stop talking with Arthur.

He chuckled as he opened his eyes, only to see a beast coming straight towards them.

Nick pushed Benton out of the way and took the impact of the attack. The two of them slid across the terrace floor and down a few steps before slamming against the railing. Nick used all his strength to push the beast away from him.

He scrambled up then paused in shock at the person before him. "Keppler?"

"Wrong brother." He grinned as he moved fast, grabbing Nick by the throat and lifting him off the ground, slamming him into the stairs marble railing. Nick bit back a groan, feeling a few of the ribs give at the impact.

Nick gripped the hand around his neck, he dug his fingers into the hand as he pulled both feet up and kicked at the beast's chest, sending them down and away from the railing. The momentum caused the beast to let go of Nick's throat. He took the advantaged rolled away, standing quickly and moving back up the stairs, in full warrior mode.

"Who are you?" Nick demanded.

"They call me Sabertooth." He snarled teeth flashing as he attacked.

"Well they call me Nick." He countered Sabertooth's advance, using the railing as leverage he moved further up the stairs.

Sabertooth stopped; his eyes followed the smaller man. Nick was fast and agile; he showed strength that was a challenge to the Mutant. There was no way he was human. Sabertooth sniffed the air, eyes narrowing at Nick, "You are not human."

"Neither are you." Nick countered with a grin.

Sabertooth knew when to strategically retreat from a battle. Though he was looking forward to challenging the creature another day, "Another time, Nick."

"I'm looking forward to it." He replied with a salute.

Sabertooth moved quickly, jumping off the top of the stairs and landed easily on the bottom floor. He moved down the second set of stairs towards the trains, away from the battle.

Benton looked back up at Nick. "What the hell was that?"

"I have no idea." Nick ignored the pain in his ribs and moved past Benton down the stairs towards the center of the lobby.

He could see that Alyc was already in a hunting mode.

It was going to take everything he had to get her to calm down.

Especially if she confronts Magneto.

Nick sent a quick prayer to the gods, he wasn't sure who it was for: Alyc, Magneto or himself.

She was even more beautiful than he had dreamed. He had watched her stroll with such calm into the battle, her eyes sweeping the chaos and without a blink she entered the fray.

Magneto had told his army that she was not to be harmed. Though he shouldn't have worried, anyone that had got too close was removed from the equation. She moved with grace, her aim deadly accurate.

He stepped in front of her, ignoring the two weapons she held in front of her.

"Lyca."

Alyc lowered her weapons slightly as she took in the man in front of her.

"Is this your doing?" She asked simply.

"It's for you." He waved his arms around encompassing the destruction. She didn't respond, just a slight raised eyebrow. "I'm saving you."

"I don't need saving old man." She growled out.

"The humans need to be taught such beauty can't be controlled, they need to learn that Mutants are part of this world. They need to understand that we will not be tortured in labs or kept away in schools." Magneto stepped towards her convinced that she would see his way.

Alyc snorted, her head shaking. "Humans? You think humans stole my Mate from me? That they locked me away, experimented on me?"

Magneto paused, taking in the new information he was getting from her. "No Mutant would ever hurt their Eve."

Alyc laughed out loud. "I'm not your Eve. I'm not your Savior. I just want my Mate."

"I'll help you find him." Magneto took a step closer. "Come with me..."

He watched as she stilled, her head tilting slightly. He didn't see the attack coming. Magneto felt the impact of her foot into his chest as he was thrown back a few yards. He stood up quickly, hand reaching out pulling the guns out of her hands and tossing them to the side.

Alyc paused, and then crouched into a fighting stance. Bone claws emerged through her hands, as she snarled at the man in front of her. "Where is he? What have you done to my Mate!?" She could smell her beloved Lycan on this man. She would make him tell her where he is, or he would die slowly.

Suddenly everything came together in Magneto's head.

He knew who Lyca's Mate was.

More importantly he had him already locked away in their facility.

Magneto held up his hand, stopping her advance focusing on all the buckles and metal clasps on her clothing. He pushed her away from him, slamming her into one of Charles' X-Men.

"Mystique!" He yelled as he moved towards the front entrance. He would make sure this world knew they were here. He came to stop when Mystique and Pyro ran towards him. "What are you doing!"

"Exit is blocked, Charles sent in re-enforcements, we can't get past them." Pyro looked back towards the men he had encountered. He had no idea who they were, but they held their own with each Mutant. Something a human shouldn't be able to do.

Magneto looked over at Mystique, she glanced back to see the men she had fought. "For once I'm in agreement with the child. We need to make a hasty escape or we are going to lose more than we ever hoped to gain."

He growled turned, and in a fit of rage he manipulated the twisted steel beams that had been exposed when the roof was destroyed, he pulled them free with ease and threw them towards those who dared to stand in his way.

Without a backwards glance he stalked out towards the tunnels, there was an escape route with waiting transportation at the end of the line.

Storm closed her eyes and pulled the element of air around her. The wind whipped around her as she gripped the steel beams with in the wind and slowly lowered them to the ground. She stumbled, only to be caught in strong arms, she opened her eyes to see Brisco.

"Cool trick." He smiled at her.

"You should see what I can do when I'm really pissed." She laid a hand on his chest steadying herself. She kept it there for a few moments, realizing she wasn't feeling a heartbeat. "That is really weird."

Brisco covered her hand with his own, "Coming from a woman who just conjured up a wind storm to counter the attack from the dude who can manipulate metal."

"Well we all have our uniqueness." Storm turned and looked around. "Scott!"

"I got him." Jimmy called out. He had Scott sitting next to him, his handkerchief wrapped around the Mutants eyes. "He's banged up, but he'll be okay."

"What's the damage Storm?" He asked looking in the direction he heard her voice.

"The good guys are alright." Brisco answered. "Grand Central Station is looking at a much needed repair job."

Storm sat next to Scott, putting a hand on his knee. "Don't worry, let's get you home to Jean and we'll take care of the rest later."

Jimmy clapped the back of his friends shoulder. "Next hunt we'll make sure toad guy, gets his legs fried up for dinner."

Scott chuckled.

These Vampires weren't that bad after all.

Tony and Speed made their way down to the floor below. Easily moving over and threw the debris. Tony came to a stop throwing his arm out to stop his brother. Nick was standing to the side with Benton, both watching as Alyc paced and growled.

"She's the one Carter helped escape?" Tony asked glancing over to Tim who nodded in affirmation. "How the hell do we calm her down?"

"How would you be calmed if you just find out Magneto stole Jethro?" Speed glanced over at his brother.

"So killing rampage it is." He glanced over to Nick who was already on the phone, no doubt to Charles.

"James..." Speed took a step towards his brother who was coming up the stairs from the trains, picking his way through the debris.

James held up his hand to his brother then stopped in front of Alyc. "Hi."

Tony shook his head, "Yeah he's a Quinn."

Alyc stopped and stared at the man in front of her.

"I'm a friend of Jack's." He held out his hands, palms up showing he wasn't armed. "He was the one who helped you get out of Eureka."

She tilted her head slightly, "What did he say?"

"That Frankenstein is a son of a bitch, and that I was ever to meet you to say Hi and let you know that I was okay in his book." James shrugged. "I'm not much a threat, just a fisherman."

"Who saves kittens?" She relaxed and took a step towards him, reaching out and pulling out a small kitten from his jacket pocket.

"She was left alone in the chaos." James scratched her ears. "My name is James."

"Alyc." She held the kitten close. "I like you, James."

He smiled, a low chuckle escaping from the burly vampire.

"Would you come with me?" She asked. "I need to call a friend."

James nodded without hesitation. "Though warn you, I'm not that good in a fight. Oh I've seen a few bar brawls..."

Alyc handed him the kitten, "I'll protect the two of you." She turned and looked at Nick. "General."

Nick's eyebrow rose but he bowed his head as he answered, "I have no doubt you'll be fine on your own."

"I got James here." She nodded towards the fisherman. "I'll see you in a day's time."

With that she turned and headed towards the tunnels, James looked back at Speed who was giving him a 'what the fuck' look. He just shrugged and followed the woman down the stairs.

Speed stood there in shock.

It took Horatio snapping his fingers in front of him until he focused back on the situation at hand. "Where the fuck have you been!"

"Clearing out the tunnels, figuring what their escape route was, and then planting a tracking device on their escape vehicle." Horatio shrugged.

Timothy looked over at his sibling, who was giving him the 'what can you do look' back. "Me and you are having an argument later."

"I figured as much." Horatio leaned over and ran a hand through the dark hair. "I'm never not going to make sure you're safe."

"I can take care of myself." Speed stepped into H's embrace.

"I know." Horatio held him close. "Humor me for the next hundred or so years."

Tony smiled at the sight, and then turned on his own Mate. "Do we need to have a conversation about the fact I'm not an idiot child to be left behind? The whole I've seen more wars and then some speech?"

Jethro grinned back at his Mate, "Like you were going to leave Tim's side."

Antonio shook his head, and then turned towards their father. "Want to explain big dude who was choking you?"

"No not really." Nick smiled at his kids. "The main concern is getting everyone out of here, finding Warrick to make sure he's okay, get back to the School, and let McCoy do his thing."

Benton coughed next to him, "Don't forget to add, have doctor check your ribs, since I know a few of them are broken."

Nick glared at Benton, who just smirked back. "Payback is a bitch, Benoit."

"Booth's already called Ray." Benton shrugged. "Now let's get out of here, I do not want to be here when the New York Transportation Authority sees the damage."

Speed shook his head. "You know what, I'm not asking." He looked back at his Mate, "Where's Danny?"

"I'll go find out, you stay out of trouble." Horatio kissed his Mate quickly then wandered off, once again Jethro by his side.

"Should we be concerned they are working together all the time now?" Tony asked watching their two Mates walk off.

"Probably." He glanced towards his sibling as they headed back out towards the waiting SUVs. "So what was with all the moves?"

"Moves?" Tony asked curiously glancing down at his ruined suit. "There's a few grand down the drain."

"With Mystique." Speed rolled his eyes at his brother's antics. "Which by the way is something we are not telling are Mates."

"No shit." Tony snorted. "I've been training with my Assassin kid. Figured get some training in while he kills me on a yearly base."

Speed stopped. Tony turned and looked at him. "What?"

"After how many years, you're now training with the Assassin." He crossed his arms and stared at his brother.

"Well figured if I was going to have to step up and run a Clan someday." Antonio shrugged nonchalantly.

Timothy smiled, "How very grown up."

"Fuck off, Pagan."

"Do you really want to go there?" He poked at him.

"Come Boxing Day I'm so kicking your ass!" Tony smirked at him.

Mac stood quietly a few steps behind his Mate, guarding him. Danny was sitting on a pile of debris, glasses in hand, tears streaming down his cheek. He knew now wasn't the moment to comfort him, Danny needed to work out a few things in his own head. Later alone in their bed, he would hold him close, soothing the sorrow and pain.

He looked up to see Horatio approaching a concerned look on his face. Mac squeezed his Mate's shoulder then walked over to the Head of Security.

"We lost Lindsay."

Horatio stared in shock, he hadn't heard about any casualties. "What was she doing here?"

"She was actually catching the train." Mac shook his head. "When all went to hell, she started helping people get out of the building."

"What happened?" Jethro asked as he looked back to see Danny sitting quietly.

Mac couldn't help the small grin escaping at remembering what Lindsay had done. "That Pyro kid was throwing fire balls at Danny, I was making my way from behind, to get a shot off when Lindsay pulled up a fire extinguisher, covering Danny and the kid."

"Sounds like her." Horatio said with a smile. The young woman had attitude, and was very protective of her friends. In the past year, she and Danny had become close, and she would not stand by and see him harmed.

"Then the roof collapsed." Mac looked around. "It was one of those freak moments, the way the debris crashed it knocked her down, took her head..."

They all had seen it in their fields. That weird no one could explain moments in time.

"Marisol was lost with her Mate." Mac looked over at Horatio.

The redhead nodded, stepped past Mac and squeezed his shoulder. Taylor knew it was good. There would be no questions.

The moment the dust had settled, Danny had stared at the scene in shock. He didn't know quite what to do. Lindsay had been annoying when she had first joined the team, but she had been by his side through the issues with Sonny, and after Aiden's death.

She had planned to come down to Miami for a few weeks.

He looked up to see Marisol crouched down behind the newsstand, tears running down her cheeks.

"Wait." He stared at her for a few moments. "Why are you standing?"

She stood up, dress torn and dirty, shoe heel broken. "We never..." She wiped the tears from her face. "I couldn't..."

Mac moved next to his Mate, having seen Lindsay die.

"You couldn't what?" Danny demanded.

"I still love Horatio, he's My husband." She looked at the two Hunters. "Lindsay was okay with it..." She tried to justify.

"She was your Mate!" Danny's voice dropped. "A Mate is everything to you. You don't walk away pinning over someone else's fucking Mate!"

Before Mac could blink Danny reached around and grabbed the Samari sword out of Mac's hand and swung. The dust settled alongside Lindsay's.

"I pray that when you both return you will find happiness in each other." Danny turned around and looked at his Mate.

"As far as anyone is concerned, she died when Lindsay died." Mac took the sword and cleaned it. He knew Horatio would sooner or later learn the truth as would Speed.

Marisol had made one too many enemies within Sylum with her instance that Horatio was her husband.

Mac would always stand by his Mate, even if it met taking Nick on, it is what Mate's do.

Jethro leaned against one of the SUVs sipping a coffee, watching as NYPD started to sweep the area. He could hear the rumors on rumors flying around the area already. It seemed the Hunters in the area were already spreading that this was a major Terrorist attack, and that suspects were being hunted down.

It was taking a while for them to get clear of the area. All three SUVs they had arrived in were now locked behind a few dozen police cars, rescue vehicles and barricades.

Nick was sitting inside one of the ambulance making sure Warrick was resting; the wound he had received was already starting to heal. Warrick was gladly yelling at Nick for taking on Sabertooth, how he knew, Jethro wasn't sure but then Warrick was as good as Nick about knowing everything that goes on in the Clan.

Jimmy, Noah, and Brisco had been able to commandeer a vehicle and were taking Scott and Storm back to the school. They were going to take the information they did have and work out a security plan.

No one had any doubted that Magneto was going to hit the school at some point.

Speed was talking with Danny, holding him close while Mac watched silently. Protecting his Mate. Jethro sipped more of his coffee, he wasn't sure if Mac thought he was fooling Horatio and Jethro, but the secret would stay with them.

Horatio had told him about the emails and phone calls he was still getting from Marisol.

The fact that he knew she hadn't Mated with Lindsay.

Jethro didn't blame Danny. Hell he would gladly buy the man a drink. But he knew Danny would need to come clean to Speed at least. Who would likely throw Danny a party, his contempt towards the bitch was well known.

He wasn't sure how Nick would take it.

But they will deal with that when the day came.

Horatio settled next to him with his own coffee.

God bless the Starbuck workers, a few dozen of them were wandering the area bringing coffee and food to the rescue workers and personal. It's the one they thing about New York. Someone attacks their city; they come together and help each other.

"So Nick already knows." H glanced over at him.

"How?" Shocked yet not that the Clan Leader already knew.

"He actually saw it." The redhead replied. "He'll talk to Danny and Mac, to let them know he's not thrilled..."

"But?" Jethro was wondering if they were going to have a revolt with in Sylum.

"He knows about Marisol's emails and phone calls, he was ready to take action against her. It seems it's a big no no in the Vampire Community to going after someone else's Mate. He pointed out that if Speed had known about the letters..."

"She would have been dead a long ass time ago." Jethro looked at the redhead. "You should have told him."

"Yeah. Would have kept Danny from living with this." Horatio glanced over to see Danny and Speed talking. He watched as Tim's eyebrow rose and he suddenly looked over at Horatio.

Jethro moved away from the SUV. "Do you really think Danny gives a shit? He's a Quinn and he's a Hunter. He took out a potential threat. Unlike you or me who tend to forget that our Mates aren't children who we need to protect, Mac actually tells him what's going on ... so he knew full well what Marisol was doing."

"Horatio Caine!" Speed's voice boomed across the area.

"I'm going to go find Tony." Jethro gave a quick salute to his friend. "Good luck."

"Thanks."

Warrick looked over at Nick. He nodded towards their kid yelling at their Head of Security. "What is that about?"

"I'll tell you later." Nick leaned his head back against the Ambulance side. He was suddenly very tired. "I'll be right back."

"Nick..." Warrick sighed when his Mate left the ambulance and headed towards Mac and Danny. "What the hell is going on?"

Benton shifted slightly, "He'll tell you later."

"What can you tell me?" He demanded.

Tallikut's Clan Leader contemplated for a few moments, opened his mouth a few times then closed it. "Magneto escaped, Alyc took off taking James with her, Nick got into a fight with someone called Sabertooth which you already know, and Horatio was able to put a tracker on the Mutants escape vehicles."

"James?" Warrick blinked a few times. "Well that proves he's a Quinn has someone called Hurley?"

"I don't think so." Benton shrugged. "I'll see about Booth contacting McGarret in Oceania to see about checking in on Hurley."

"And don't think for a second Nick's weaseling out of a discussion about Sabertooth." Warrick grumbled.

"Watch his ribs," he informed him. "Sabertooth did some damage."

"Nicolaus!"

Nick ignored his Mate as he stepped in front of Danny and Mac. Both watched him carefully, he could see that either would do anything to protect the other. Danny took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes, looking back at Nick. For a moment he was taken back to Rome, to another face he squared off in a burning church – Santa Maria Della Vittoria.

He needed to talk to Tony's Assassin Childe, again.

"Just answer a few questions." Nick said. "Did Horatio tell you what was going on?"

"Yes."

"As a Hunter, what would you have done?" He looked at both of them. "Be honest."

"She was a threat to our Head of Security and Clan Advisor." Mac answered easily. "If she continued with what she was doing, how do we know she wouldn't have gone after him or the kids."

Nick agreed. "I had seen the threat and was watching the situation, even had McCoy keeping an eye on her along with Parker."

Danny looked at him. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"You weren't in New York." He informed them. "Lindsay knew what was going on, even helped by sending information to Parker." His hand reached out and gripped Danny's shoulder, feeling the coiled tension. "Lindsay was a good woman, she'll be missed dearly. I'll see to a marker being made on the Manor grounds."

"And Marisol?" Danny asked.

"Will be left where she is, I'll contact the Delkos but I seriously doubt they'll be heartbroken. Marisol was Turned Without Consent, but that doesn't excuse anything. She had decided to live as a Vampire, but wouldn't stand by our rules. Honestly she was closing to coming up to trial."

"So there will be no consequences?" Mac asked stepping closer to Mac.

Nick dropped his hand, "I'm going to ask you to train with a few Medjai and Camelot hunters. These guys know about dealing with anger and a kill urge." He held up his hand stopping both of them. "I'm not saying you didn't have every right, and you acted on instinct as a Hunter but you also acted as a friend to Lindsay and Horatio. That isn't bad, but it can't be your first thought. You need to learn to listen to your instincts as a Vampire, not the mind of a Human."

"Who will be training us?" Mac asked.

"I'll talk to Arthur and Ardeth. Believe it or not this has happened before, and will again. Both of you are damn good Hunters. I won't lose that." Nick stepped back. "Get back to the school and get some rest, and later I want both of you to talk to Rossi."

Mac gave him a quick nod, as he held out his hand. "It's these moments when I realize what the others are talking about."

"What's that?" Nick took it giving the Hunter a smile.

"The willing to die for you," Danny finished. "Would you mind, if we could later talk more..."

"Sure." Nick nodded distracted at the answer Danny had given him. "When we get this Mutant thing settled."

"I'm going to go save Horatio from your irate Childe." Mac smiled as he headed away from the group to save the redhead from the pissed off Irishman.

Danny chuckled, "I'll go find McCoy we'll need to deal with Lindsay's things..." He just gave him a tight smile and wandered off.

Nick turned around shocked to see Mal standing behind him. "Where the hell have you been?"

"Talking to one Harvey Specter." He glanced back over his shoulder. Harvey stepped up to the two Clan Leaders.

"You've made quite the mess Nicolaus." Harvey brushed off dust from his five thousand dollar suit.

"What have you two been conspiring about?" Nick wasn't sure he wanted to know.

Harvey grinned. "A client that I can't mention has asked me if there was a way he could speak to the President of the United States. I told him I had a friend."

~ White House – Press Room ~

Cj stood in front of the reporters, waiting for them to stop screaming out questions and sit down. She might be a while. Ever since Toby had invaded her office and flicked on the news to show the destruction in New York City, she had been fielding phone calls, emails, and questions.

As the reporters finally began to settle down, her thoughts drifted back to her office when Toby had broken the news. Part of her couldn't believe that had only been two hours ago.

"Terrorists?" She asked and not sure if she was hoping he would say yes or no. Bartlett was trying to bring the troops home, if there was another Terrorist attack, there was more of a chance of more troops heading out instead of coming home.

"In a way." He sat on the edge of her desk. "Feedback from sources that can't be revealed in any press conference says, that in theory it is a terrorist just not the ones the world is envisioning."

"So Mutants." Cj looked over at him, whispering softly.

When did her life become about Aliens, Vampires and now Mutants? Seriously. When she joined Bartlett's campaign she envisioned discussions and press releases for Health Care, Education, and Environmental Policies.

Not covering up Mutant attacks.

Toby nodded. "Officially, it's plain old terrorists seeking to destroy America and our way of life."

She leaned back in her chair. "Really how is that any different than this?"

He opened his mouth then closed it. "Nothing. Run with that. Leo informed us that Ron's got Jed and Abbey already at Camp David. So the President is secure."

"Do we know if the President will be briefed on the situation in New York?" She asked as she started to write down notes for the upcoming Press Conference.

"He's already been briefed by his advisers. He will be re-briefed in a few days by his other advisers." Toby stood up and gave her an encouraging smile. "It could be worse, could be giant aliens from space."

Cj glared over her glasses at him and pointed at the door.

Toby just gave a quick wave and closed the door shut behind him.

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the press, as you know and have seen there has been a Terrorist attack on New York City. A group of individuals, that have not yet been identified, attacked Grand Central Station in an attempt to disrupt and destroy transportation in the city. At the moment, there has been no claim or statements from known terrorist organizations."

She paused for a few seconds taking a deep breath, prepping herself for the barrage of questions.

"Now for questions, let's start with Mr. Sampson, CNN."

"Has the President been briefed about the attacks?"

Sometimes it didn't pay to get out of bed.

"Yes, the President has been in communication with the Mayor of New York, and New York's Governor. At the moment the President has been moved to a secured location. Mr. Harold, from Fox News."

"What does the President have to say about Stillson's statement that this was an attack by Mutants."

Seriously?!

Cj was going to hunt down Stillson herself and strangle him with her bare hands.

"As stated previously. There have been no statements or claims by any known Terrorist organization for this attack. I'm not sure where Mr. Stillson is getting his information, but the White House relies on real leads and lines of communication with the people involved in the situation. Next question Mr. Ford, Washington Post."

"Will this hurt the President's plans to remove troops from Afghanistan and Iraq?"

Finally, a real question.

"It's too early to tell." She held up her hand as more questions were fired at her. "At the moment what we need to remember, is the victims of his horrendous attack. Our hearts go out to those who have lost loved ones. Please remember as rumors flood the internet, that New York has suffered another attack, they've lost loved ones, and they dealing with a blow only years after 9/11. Keep them in your prayers and your hearts this evening and in the coming days."

She turned and left the podium. Now she needed to find the President's Roman friend and find out what the hell was going on.

~ Crimson Moon: Board Meeting ~

Royce turned off the news footage of the attack on Grand Central Station in New York. He had to admit Magneto did a grand job of pissing off New York. It was obvious that McCoy had kept the news reporters at bay. While the White House kept the focus on the citizens not the Terrorists.

He sighed as he pinched his nose trying to curtail the headache that was coming on.

Frankenstein was pissed.

His ranting and raving had been heard throughout the compound. Royce himself had felt the brunt of it, when he didn't move fast enough and got backhanded for being in the way. He wasn't paid enough for this shit.

Royce focused back on the job at hand.

He set folders down at each of the chairs for the meeting. Honestly he had no idea why there was even a meeting.

Magneto had gone off reservation.

Stillson was out of his mind.

Nico had Xavier's School protected.

And the President's approval rating was going up.

But it wasn't Royce's job to point out the stupidity of the Board Members actions. It was his job to get their coffee, and keep his mouth shut. Some days he wondered what it would take to get the hell out.

Sam Gerard after all was once his best friend...

"Royce!"

But that was a long time ago, and now he was paying the price for his mistakes. Royce looked over to see Victor at the door. He silently moved towards him taking the files that were in his hands, and walking a few steps behind him.

"Where the hell is everyone?" He demanded.

"One would think that you run this joint." Van Doome commented as he walked into the conference room, sitting down at the table. "Remember Victor, just because we're here doesn't mean you're the boss."

"Yet I've kept you safe, and handed out money for you to use." Frankenstein pointed out.

Van Doome rolled his eyes. "That only works for the pathetic humans on this board."

Victor was ready to argue when the rest of the group started to filter into the room. Van Doome looked over at Obediah Stane.

"How did that plan to take out Stark 'again' work out for you?" He asked with a smirk. "Did you get your ass kicked by the baby Hunters? I heard the eldest Winchester withstood your 'nerve device'."

Stane growled at the condescending tone, he wanted to reach over and smack the crap out of the smirking idiot, but instead he sat down graciously and held up his head, holding his gaze. "The mission was a success."

"Really?" Victoria looked over at him as she took a seat next to Van Doome. "So it's Stark's death all over the news, instead of the fact Magneto got his ass kicked by Nico's merry gang of Vampires."

"Shut up bitch." Stane glared at her. "Considering you can't even take out Benton..."

"Children!" Frankenstein glared at everyone. "There are more important things to discuss, than the fact you're all pathetic losers."

"Coming from the man who can't step foot in England." Van Doome snarked back.

Victor ignored him and focused on back the situation on hand. "Stane what if anything were you able to salvage from the raid on Tracy Island?"

Stane tossed Frankenstein a flash drive. "This."

"What is this?" He picked it up looking at the non-script flash drive.

"The early program of J.A.R.V.I.S." Stane smirked at Van Doome.

Royce looked up from his spot at the end of the table, "The famous AI his father built, then he enhanced it when he was like, two?"

"I pay you to take notes, not to talk." Frankenstein said without glancing over at his secretary.

Royce wrote down in detailed notes how much Stane was an asshole.

"We have the basic programming, and the scientists who can make it work for us." Stane leaned back in his chair, with a satisfied smirk.

"Anything else?" Victor asked setting the flash drive down next to his papers. "What exactly happened with Dean Winchester?"

"He was able to withstand the device." Stane frowned slightly. "I admit I may have underestimated him."

As many seem to do. Royce couldn't help but think. There wasn't much of a file yet for either Winchester brother. The fact alone that he withstood Balthazar, and came out relative sane was an accomplishment few could claim.

Actually only one.

Constantine.

"How did you even know he was there?" Victoria asked curiously as she filed her nails.

"As much as Nicolaus thinks he's got spies within in our organization we have them within his." Victor said easily.

"Yet he knew you were coming." Van Doome pointed out. "As he knew where Magneto was going to attack."

"Speaking of..." Stane looked over at their 'boss'. "He's getting way out of control. He attacked Grand Central Station for god sake."

"The problem with Magneto is he thinks he knows what's going on." Frankenstein looked at the few board members that were in the room.

"He went after Alyc." Van Doome argued. "How did he know where she would be?"

"I made sure he would find out." Victor shrugged not inclined to detail out his plans to the rest of the children. "I got everything under control."

"Really?" Angela Petrelli stated as she walked into the room. "You call this under control? Stillson has gone off the deep end; he's losing points as we speak. It also didn't help that

someone found his connection to Gen-Cris, leading them back to Crimson International. And this was announced to the world by Jed Bartlett, himself. It won't take long until someone finds out that the Petrelli name is on the board of directors. "

All the Vampires turned and looked at Frankenstein who was staring at Royce.

"I have no idea how the hell Jed Bartlett found any information about Crimson International. It's you're 'friend' who has the ability to hide corporations under corporations." He refused to back down from Frankenstein's stare. He was not in the wrong, the only information he had leaked was Lyca's travel plans and that was intentional.

"Find the leak." Royce just nodded, stood up and left the room. Victor leaned back in his chair, his anger showing for all.

Van Doome sat back and watched silently. It was rare to see Frankenstein loose it publically. It was kinda fun to watch, whoever leaked the information, was going to die a painful death. "Now what?"

"It's not like we attended for him to win the election." Stane spoke up.

"What?" Petrelli stared at them in shock.

"Really?" Victoria looked over at her. "Stillson, President, that's like a bad joke. Though watching Nico and Timothy flail over the prospects has been entertaining."

"I gave you my son!" She glared at Victor. "You said he would be President."

"You're son, hate's you." Victoria shook her head. "Hell he's probably the one that told Bartlett."

"He wouldn't do that." Angela sneered at the other woman. "He wouldn't jeopardize his daughter, by doing something that drastic."

Van Doome looked over at the older woman who was obviously delusional on how much she controlled her precious Nathan. "Are you sure? I mean really sure?"

"He didn't know about the connection, but he does know the family connection to Crimson International." She pulled out a seat and sat down. "But he wouldn't jeopardize his own name, just to get even with me."

"I somehow doubt that." Stane commented before he turned back to Frankenstein. "So now what?"

"Lose all ties to Stillson, pull funding and just let Nico deal with the moron." Victor sighed with frustration. The situation was getting out of control, the best thing he could do was pull out and wait for a better opportunity. Hopefully Magneto would do enough damage, that the clans will be vulnerable from another direction. The main thing was that they needed to find out how anyone found the connection to Crimson International. "We need to find out how anyone found that connection and deal with the situation."

"And my son?" Angela demanded.

"He's useless if you can't control him." He said with a deadly calm. "If you can't get him back under control, I'll deal with him."

"How dare you!" She slammed her fist against the table. "I will not be threatened. I'm Angela..."

"You're nothing." Victor said simply. "Victoria please remove her from the office and the building."

"Gladly!" She stood up and moved quickly around the table pulling Angela up out of the chair. Angela tried to slap her, but was slammed face first into the table. "I'm sorry did that hurt?" Angela looked up at her, nose bleeding, there were tears but her eyes were defiant.

Victoria pushed her out of the room, slamming the door behind them.

"What are we going to do about her?" Van Doome asked causally.

"Nathan hate's her." Stane shook his head. "He's got evidence of her involvement of some Senator's death. We don't need to do anything."

"It was a mistake letting her in, after her husband died." Victor sighed. "But the money was needed. I didn't count on the fact Nathan would actually get sober, and Peter would be able to persuade his brother away from her."

"So just let family politics take its course?" Van Doome asked.

"Easier than some elaborate set up." Frankenstein chuckled. "Angela really has no idea how vindictive Peter Petrelli can be."

"And what about Magneto?" Stane asked. "He's still a problem, and now that the connection between Gen-Cris and Crimson International is public knowledge, this project with the Mutants is falling apart."

"Pull all ties. Let Magneto deal with Nico and his group." Victor stood up and grabbed his folders and headed for the door.

"One last thing." Van Doome smirked at Frankenstein's glare. "Sonny."

"Now what?" He demanded with a growl, he really hated that kid.

"He's been arrested. Again." He answered. "What do you want to do?"

"Nothing. Let McCoy deal with him." Victor turned and left the conference room. He had some major situations that needed to be fixed or he was going to get his own ass handed to him.

~ New York City ~

Jack McCoy stood in front of City Hall staring down the mass of Press. He should be used to having microphones shoved into his face, but this wasn't a trial. Instead he was trying to calm an irate press, over the destruction of Grand Central Station.

As far as McCoy is concerned this Magneto person better hope Nico gets to him first, because he wasn't in a charitable mood and would personally bring back the Death Penalty to New York just for the bastard.

"New York Police Department is collaborating with the FBI and other government agencies in the investigation into the terrorist attack on Grand Central Station." He looked out to the sea of reporters. "The Transit Authority has already set about in checking the subways lines through the city, and will have updates on the hour of which stations and lines are open or closed."

He could hear the barrage of idiotic questions.

"At this moment this office has no statement regarding Stillson's allegations that this was a Mutant attack. Last time I checked we didn't live in a Stan Lee Comic book. Next you'll be asking if I should call Batman for help, or send out Blade the Vampire Hunter. Though I do hear there is a reporter actually named Peter Parker..."

Peter grinned from the news crowd and snapped a few pictures, getting a few chuckles from the reporter around him.

McCoy smiled when he felt the crowd's tension ease.

"At the moment the best we can do is let the NYPD and FBI do their job. New York will not let this attack stop her, she's a tough ol' gal and her citizens will not be scared by this attack."

There was a round of applause when he stepped away from the microphone and headed back into the District Attorney Offices. Janet settled next to him, taking his hand into hers giving him the support she knew he needed.

After Nick and the rest of them had left for Charles' school, she had come back to the city to be with her own Mate. She needed some time to calm down after almost losing Speed, and need just to be in Jack's presence.

He had just held her close, and listened to her ramble about what had happened and the fears she will carry with her long after Magneto stopped being a threat. She came to close to losing someone she cared about, and felt so helpless despite all of her skills as a doctor and knowledge of things beyond this world.

When the call came in about Grand Central Station, she had felt the need to go to the hospitals and help as much as she could. Only to stop and stay with Jack, knowing he was going to need her like she had needed him.

Besides there were a few Vampires and Chosen running around that were helping with the situation and they would need a doctor. So she stayed put and let them come to her.

Most of them were now upstairs in Jack's offices, waiting.

Nothing was said until they stepped inside the elevator.

"Good ploy with the Stan Lee thing." Poe said easily looking over at them. Benton had sent him over the moment the train station had been cleared. No one was sure what Magneto's targets would be so the Clan Leaders wanted to make sure that McCoy was secure, especially since he was such a public figure. He didn't think the Mutant had any clue who McCoy really was, but they weren't taking any chances after Jack had been shot a few years ago. "Though Parker may smack you later."

"It diverts attention, and gets people thinking. Or I hope they will think instead of listen to the drivel Stillson is spewing." Jack rolled his eyes, if he could get away with it, he would arrest the annoying twit.

"At the moment I'm not trusting the mass public, some of the things I've heard around town is insane." Poe shook his head. "And I'm talking about normal people in Starbucks, just yesterday two moms were discussing how they were pulling their kids from school because there might be a Mutant. Even though there is no proof or evidence supporting any of Stillson's claims."

Janet growled low in her throat. "Oh yes someone must think of the children!"

Jack leaned over and kissed the top of her head to calm her down. "I've already got criminals saying they were acting in self-defense against a Mutant."

The elevator door pinged and opened up to show the rest of McCoy's crew or so Poe had taken to calling a few of them.

Janet let go of her husband's hand when her phone began to ring. Jack gave her a quick nod as she moved down the hall, into one of the offices to take the call.

"Logan what is the word on the street?" He asked those who had been assembled. "Malone anything on your end?"

Malone shook his head. "FBI is focusing on all known terrorist organizations."

"Their view on Stillson?" He asked as they made their way towards his office.

The moment he had got the call from Nico, stating that Magneto was attacking Grand Central Station, he had sent any of his remaining staff home. He then proceeded to issue a media lockdown around the Station, until he was sure there were no Mutants in the area.

Seriously he was getting too old for this.

First he had a Speed look alike show up in the morgue, which led to having a psychotic Council Hunter running through his city destroying property.

Second he finds out that Stillson isn't fully insane and that there were actual Mutants.

And now said Mutants were trying to ruin his city. Well not on his watch.

"Where the hell is Marisol." He demanded looking for his assistant.

"Dust." Janet answered leaning against the door.

"What?" Martin asked shocked.

"Along with Lindsay." She informed them. "They were killed in the attack."

McCoy's eyebrow rose but the look his wife was giving him, meant they would discuss it later. "Has anyone talked to Danny?" He asked concerned. McCoy knew how much Lindsay had meant to the young Vampire, and after losing Blade and Aiden only two years ago, he wasn't going to take this well.

"He was there." She said softly. Janet knew there was more to the story, but now wasn't the time to dig for it. Once they got everything situated, then she would deal with the consequences of the situation.

On a personal note she wasn't too unhappy about Marisol, and she hadn't known Lindsay well. She knew it would hurt Danny, and the kid had grown on her over the past few years. But she also knew his Mate would take good care of him.

"One thing at a time." Jack turned his attention back to the subject at hand. "What is the FBI's position concerning Stillson's idiocracy?"

"That he's an idiot." Malone said easily. "An inside source states that they are looking into his allegations in case he's telling the truth, while at the same time they are investigating Gen-Cris and their role in this scheme."

"Who's running the investigation?" Jack asked concerned.

"Mulder." Malone smirked. "So far he's found more evidence of fraud then real Mutants."

"Logan what do you have?" McCoy turned towards the detective.

"Good and bad news." He leaned against one of the desks.

"Give me the good news." The DA demanded.

"Sonny Sassone is sitting his dumb ass in a holding cell down at Riker." He said with a smirk, knowing how much Jack was going to enjoy that piece of information.

"The bad news?" McCoy asked though at the moment nothing could take away that Sonny was in his reach.

"Detective Robert Goren brought him in." Logan stated with ease. Major Case had received McCoy's case, most had thought they would never solve it as Sonny had disappeared out of New York soon after.

Of course not many had expected Goren's tenacious when it came to solving crimes. Eames had been told about the situation, and had tried to keep Goren off the track for this particular case. But he had found one clue in a stack full of papers, and it led him straight to Sonny.

Eames had contacted Logan said to let McCoy know what was going on and hung up just as quickly.

"How much time do I have before Goren interrogates him?" McCoy asked as he headed for the door.

"You got a few hours, Eames is distracting him as we speak. Of course the destruction of Grand Central Station helps." Logan gave him a smirk. "I would take your bike."

Jack McCoy grabbed his helmet, not really caring that he was in his suit. "Green call ahead and let them know I'm heading by to talk to Mr. Sassone. And make sure to have one of our own on duty."

"Yes sir." Detective Green gave him a quick salute. Too bad there won't be any video footage, because he had a feeling that there would be a few people who would want to see what was about to take place.

~ Charles Xavier School for the Gifted ~

Dr. Gregory House sat on one of the stools in a state of the art laboratory. He was man enough to admit he was impressed and wanted to come to visit Charles and play with the new toys. He actually liked Banner, even more impressed with the green rage thing he had going. The Doctor was smart, and new what the hell he was talking about.

He also didn't rise to House's snark or poking.

"I've worked with Tony Stark, Dr. House." He smiled over at him. "Your snark is good, but well Tony can hit every last nerve and all my buttons in one shot."

House smirked, "Well I'm just going to have to work harder."

Neville looked up from the microscope and at the doctor. "Wait you're going to work harder at being an asshole?"

Gregory just smirked. "Everyone needs to have goals to succeed."

"Are you like this all the time?" Jean asked curiously from her computer workstation.

"Yes he is." Wilson answered smiling over at his Mate. "Gregory can you hand me that slide."

House handed him the packet of slides that had Speed's blood work. Between him and Janet, the two had extensive medical histories of all the Vampires in the Clan. Which at the moment was coming in handy, in studying the affects of the 'cure'.

They had samples of Timothy Quinn's blood before, during and after. Neville was working with Jean to pull the DNA profiles on each set of blood samples. While Banner was studying the 'cure' itself pulling it apart to find the components that make it affective.

Jean sat back and looked at the computer screens. She then pulled up some of her own blood work. "Dr. Neville could you look at these two samples."

Neville walked over to the station, taking a seat she just gave up. He looked at the DNA composite and breakdown on each one. "What am I looking at?"

"The one on the right is from Mr. Quinn." She stated point at the screen and the line of DNA code that was listed on the side. "The one of the left is mine." She leaned over and clicked the mouse until a new screen came up comparing the two lines of DNA. "I was working with your theory that the Vampire Gene overlaps the human DNA strand making them into a Vampire. It simulates the Mutant Gene, hence the 'cure' worked at first. In time Dr. Wilson's theory was correct the Vampire Gene would overcome the cure but it would take to long."

"So re-Turning Speed forced the Vampire Gene to work quicker." Neville looked up at her then back at the screen.

"Right." Jean nodded. "I was curious to see what elements the Vampire and Mutant Gene had in common, to help with breaking down the components of the 'cure'."

Banner looked up from his own microscope. "Trying to find if there is a trigger in DNA itself?"

She looked up and nodded, "I did find something, but it's not anything I have ever seen. I've been studying Mutant Gene for over a decade."

Banner moved over towards the bank of computers and looked over Neville's shoulder. "What are we looking at?"

She highlighted a code in both DNA profiles. They were perfect matches. "This code is in the Mutant Gene and the Vampire Gene." She pulled up Neville's own blood work and also Banner's to show the comparison. "This is Neville's with in the Vampire Gene over his DNA is the same code, but we don't see it in Banner's."

"Because I'm not a Mutant." He pointed out.

"No, you're not but if I pull up Scott's blood work..." She pulled it up on the screen. "There it is."

"So we have a common code in the Mutant and Vampire Gene, but not in Humans." Neville said looking up at the two scientists.

House and Wilson both moved across the lab to look at the samples and data. House pushed Banner aside, then shoved Neville slightly over as he studied the code. "I've seen this before..."

Wilson looked at him pointedly. "When?"

"Janet's files. We were discussing hypothetically an illness that had swept through the personal at the Air Force Base." He poked at Neville until he got up out of the chair and he sat down. "Do we have Shep's blood work?"

"No." Neville shook his head.

"Get flyboy now. If I'm correct on this, we might have found our link between Vampire and Mutant." House grabbed his phone and dialed Janet's number. Wilson left the lab to go search for the other Vampire.

'Gregory.' She sounded tired.

"Who's the expert on the Ancient Gene?" He asked.

'I'm not going to even question how you know that, but Rodney and Radek were the ones doing the must studies on it.' She answered simply. 'What's going on?'

"That might be our connection." He filled her in and what Jean had discovered in the two Gene Codes.

'Shep has the Ancient Gene, one of the reasons he got sent.' She informed him. 'You have a secure connection?'

"Are these servers secure? Can we take information without it being hacked by the bad guys of the week?" He asked not really looking up from the data.

Jean took the phone from him, "Hi, I'm Jean Grey, do you have access to a secure system on your end."

Janet's chuckle echoed through the phone. 'You have no idea.'

Jean proceeded to tell her how to send data to their servers. They talked as they watched the files appear in their designated directories.

"Thank you." Jean handed the phone back to House.

Gregory talked with her for a few more minutes then hung up. He glanced at the files that Jean was pulling up, including blood samples of personal from the Stargate program. There were no names on the files, only numbers.

Jean began to run the program to see if they could find the same line of code, when Wilson returned with Johnathon D'Artagnian.

"Every time I get summoned to the lab it ends bad for me." Shep stood arms crossed over his chest in the middle of the lab, in jeans and a black t-shirt. He looked at the doctors who were all staring back at him. "This evil scientist stare is not helping the bad feeling."

"Need your blood." Neville moved around the table grabbing a kit to draw blood.

"Why?" Shep asked as he dropped his arms and held his right out for Neville to draw blood. Something he had done time and time again on Atlantis.

"Ancient Gene." Banner said. "Though I have no idea what that means, but supposedly you have it."

"Yes..." He hesitated. "Though maybe I should call Rodney."

Neville unhooked the tourniquet and walked over to one of the machines and began working to process the blood.

Jean smiled when the computer finished processing the samples that Janet had sent. House glanced over to the screen and also smiled. "Well looky here looks like we have a match."

Rodney looked at his Mate via the videoconference. "So you want me to drop everything and come explain simple DNA coding to supposed scientist who may have found the code to all things Vampire and Mutant?"

"Yes, Rodney." Shep smirked at his Mate. "You're the expert..."

"Of course I am. Why they thought they could it without me is unbelievable." He rolled his eyes. "Well you happen to be in luck, Ronon is on his way back from Mexico bring with him one of the Mates, not sure which one nor do I really care, but when he gets here I'll get on a plane."

"Thanks Rodney."

"You owe me, I had a fun filled day of educational games planned for Torren and the redhead's rugrats, I mean did you know they don't even know how to write yet? What is the educational system coming to..."

The screen went black.

Shep looked over to Josiah, who just shrugged. "Oh did I hang up on him? My bad. I seem to have lost my drawn diagram."

"You're going to hold that against him for a long time aren't you?" John said to the Border's Clan Leader.

"Yep." He answered easily as he put in the next call to General O'Neill. "By the way you do realize all the Clan Leaders know about the Stargate program."

"Yeah figured that out in Egypt, has it got through the Clans or still limited to the Ruling Councils." Shep asked curiously. He still hadn't told most of his Children about where he's been for the past few years.

"Just Clan Leaders and anyone who was fighting in Egypt. I know Neo hasn't mentioned it to Daniel, but someone may need to talk to Brian and Dom about where exactly Ronon is from." Josiah gave him a pointed look. He was thrilled that the two had found a third Mate, but at the same time concerned on how much more complicated it was going to make things.

"D'Artagnian." O'Neill called out from the screen. "Nick's not been kidnapped has he?"

"Not yet, give it a few more days." John smirked back. "I need a favor."

"Does it have anything to do with the rumors of Mutants running around?" Jack asked a grin on his face. "Because we all know nothing strange or untold happens without the government or the American People knowing about it."

"I might need Radek." He said.

"You want me to go through the hassle of pulling him from Atlantis so you can catch up on the latest gossip?" O'Neill grew serious.

"I'm not quite sure what the scientists here are going on about, but he may have some helpful information or insight that could help us deal with the rumors about Mutants." Shep explained.

"I'll get back to you." Jack said as he turned off the comm.

John looked over at Josiah, "So now we wait."

Both of them hated doing nothing, but at the moment the best thing they could do was stay put and keep watch over the school and the kids.

~ New York: Riker's Prison ~

McCoy walked into the prison, up to the guard on duty and set his briefcase down on the counter. "I'm here to see Sonny Sassone."

"It's a little late for visiting hours." The guard stated as he set the sign in sheet in front of the District Attorney.

"He has information vital to a few of my cases." He signed the sheet then grabbed his briefcase.

"How did you get here so fast? He was brought in a few hours ago, just before everything went to crap at Grand Central." The guard buzzed him through the first gate.

"Shoved papers I need into my bag, flipped it onto my back and grabbed my bike." He answered honestly. "Did I mention he was vital to a few of my cases? I figured get some one on one time before his lawyer showed up."

The guard smirked as he buzzed McCoy through the second gate. "Cause it's going to take a while before the attorney gets here, considering transportation in this town just came to a screeching halt."

McCoy gave him a quick wink and a salute. "They wife and kids safe at home?"

"They were visiting her parents out in Queens, they are going to stay there for a while." The guard answered.

He had always like McCoy as much as he was a hard ass he really did take the time to know those who worked for him and around him. He also fought hard for the victims to the point of exhaustion. He had seen him a few times, with bags under his eyes working hard to make sure to put the scumbag of the week away for good.

District Attorney Jack McCoy made his way down the corridors towards the holding cells. As he passed another guard, he paused for a second and set down his briefcase. The guard gave him a nod and smile, then set down his own bag down next to the briefcase. Jack picked up the duffle bag and headed down the corridor until he got to the end and turned left. He looked up to see the camera's red-light go off.

He moved to the last cell.

He opened the door and stepped inside.

This particular holding cell had no cameras, since it was illegal to record conversations between clients and their lawyers.

"Hello Sonny." Jack said as he set the duffle bag on the table.

"Well if it isn't Mr. District Attorney." Sonny sneered at him. "What brings you buy?"

"Carrying out your sentence." He pulled out a pair of gloves, slipped them on then unzipped the bag and pulled out the sword.

Sonny's eyes went wide before he smiled. "Nice try old man. But I know you can't do anything. It's against your precious laws."

"Actually, Mr. Sassone you were tried and found guilty of crimes against Sylum Clan. Since I'm a member of their Council I have the authority to carry out the sentence." Jack smiled as he let the sword settle into his grip. It was one of his favorite styles. Lennie had taught him sword fighting over the years, not that he had much need for it.

"I can give you information." Sonny tried to persuade the older man. "Got info on Frankenstein and that bitch Victoria."

"You mean that she's working with him?" Jack said as he moved around the table. "We know that. Or did you mean about the Mutants. We know that too."

Sonny scrambled back as much as he could, handcuffed to the chair. "How about that bitch Marisol you know she was sleeping with VanDoome? She was the one who told him Speedy boy was going to be at the docks..."

"Thanks for that piece of information; it clears a few things up." He said just before he swung the sword taking Sonny's head in a flash, dust settling along the floor.

McCoy put the sword away, then grabbed a paper clip and jimmied open the handcuffs that were not attached to the chair, leaving the clip inside the keyhole. He then pushed the table back, making it look like Sonny reached for the vent up on the wall. With some manipulation and creativity he pulled the Vent case out, letting it clatter to the ground.

He put the sword away, zipped up the bag, and then pulled off the gloves and put them in his suit pocket. He swiped the dust off his suit then made his way back down the corridor, pausing long enough next to the same guard, setting down the duffle bag and picking up his briefcase.

The guard would be transferred and out of the New York area by the next day, to a new location of his choosing.

McCoy stood in front of the entrance gates, a scowl on his face.

"That was fast." The guard who signed him in commented.

"He already lawyered up." Jack shook his head. "Refused to talk about anything until his lawyer showed up."

"Criminals getting to smart these days." He said as he buzzed the District Attorney through the gates. He handed him the sign out sheet. "It's those courtroom dramas they have on TV."

"I kinda like that one about the District Attorney in Los Angeles." McCoy gave a soft sigh. "You going home soon?"

"Ten minutes and I'm checking out, going to head out to the in-laws, then got a couple of days off." He took the sign in sheet and set it back under the counter. "Be careful out there."

"I will." Jack gave him a wave and stepped out of the prison and headed for his bike. If he timed it right he could be back in his office in less than an hour prepped to get the call that Sonny Sassone escaped.

~ Next Morning ~

Robert Goren fidgeted in his seat as Alexandria Eames drove them out to Rikers. The news was filled with stories about the terrorist attack on Grand Central Station. He shook his head and shut the radio off.

"Don't like the news this morning, Bobby?" Eames smiled over at him.

He rolled his eyes. "It's like listening to War of the Worlds."

"So you don't believe in Stillson's claim of Mutants." She asked focusing back on the road.

"Oh I think he's right about Mutants, I mean man evolves right, so why not Mutants. He's just sensationalizing all of it for the sound bytes." Goren shrugged trying to relax in his seat. He could see his partner's expression without even looking over at her. "You don't believe in Mutants?"

"I believe what I see." Eames shrugged. "It seems to sci-fi to me."

"Nothing weirder than we've dealt with." He pointed out. "We had that case with the Vampires, who said that was all fake."

Alexandria stopped at the red light and looked over at Goren. She had spent the past few years trying to figure out how to tell him the truth. About herself. About Vampires. That he was her Mate. But there was never a good moment.

The past year had been hard on both of them. Straining their professional and personal relationship. But she wasn't going to give up on him, even if at times he seemed to give up on himself.

"Eames."

She blinked and looked at him, "Yeah."

"Light is green." He pointed out.

Alex turned and focused back on the road. "So what information do you think this Sonny character has that can help us with McCoy's case." She sure as hell wasn't going to be telling him that Sonny was the one who actually shot Jack. Eames had no doubt that McCoy had already taken care of the situation. She had no idea how she was going to keep Goren off this case, if Sassone just disappeared.

"I found his name connected to attack on Detective Taylor and Detective Messer." He pulled open his notebook to look over his notes. "He was arrested then escaped. Then his name is in association with the kidnapping of a Detective Monroe..."

"Lindsay Monroe?" She asked curiously though she knew the full story. McCoy had kept her up-to-date on the happenings around New York. Even though she hadn't gone down to New Orleans for Blade's funeral instead she had flown out to Miami to see Sam and have drinks with him mourning those they had lost.

Then bitch about the fact their Mates were so close yet so far, while hold up in some seedy hotel letting off some tension.

"Yes." He gave her a look. It was his patented look demanding all information she had that he needed.

"Her name was on the casualty list." Eames informed him softly. "I saw it on the memo that went through Major Case."

"Oh." Goren looked out the window. "Maybe this Sonny knows something about the attack."

"He's just a thug doubt he has any info that we can use." Eames warned him as they pulled into the parking lot of Rikers.

"With his previous attacks on variety of NYPD officers, he knows something." He said getting out of the car. "And he's not the smartest one around so maybe we can get more information out of him before the lawyers get involved."

Alexandria Eames just nodded as she got out of the car. She sent a quick text message to McCoy, a few moments later she got her confirmation. Sassone had been taken care of, she sighed deleted the text then slipped her phone into the pocket.

They entered the prison and walked up to the waiting guard. "We're here to see Sonny Sassone."

The Morning Guard looked up from his paperwork. "You didn't hear?"

"Hear what?" Goren asked.

"Sassone disappeared last night. No one is sure how, but evidence shows that he broke out of the room through the vent." He informed them. "Detective Logan and Green is working the case."

"Did anyone come by and see him last night?" Goren set his notebook on the counter looking over the counter at the sign in sheet. "Who is that?"

"A Jack McCafferty, he came by to see his client," The guard looked at the sign in sheet.

"A little late to see a client." Eames said taking the sign in sheet.

The guard just shrugged. "I wasn't here."

"Who's the client?" Goren asked taking the sign in sheet from his partner. "Neal Caffrey? Wait. Wasn't he released a year ago, works with FBI?"

Alexandria Eames was going to smack McCoy, never give Goren something he will latch onto and obsess about until he figures out what was wrong.

"He's got a few clients." The Guard informed them. "Musta got them mixed up. I'll see who was on duty and ask him."

"Thanks." Goren put down the clipboard and looked at his Partner. "Something isn't right Eames."

She just nodded there was nothing she could say that was going to get Goren off this case. She only hoped that Logan didn't fuck this up and give Robert more fuel. In the meantime she was going to call Janet and let her smack her Mate.

Really Neal Caffrey!

~ Camp David – Evening ~

Charles looked around the simple yet elegant living room. The Presidential getaway was built between 1935 and 1938, then became an official Presidential escape in 1942 by Roosevelt. Since then all Presidents had used it as a place to conduct business with foreign diplomats, world summits, and a place for the President to get away yet fully secured.

President Jed Bartlett looked relaxed in a pair of navy blue pants and a simple Notre Dam sweatshirt. He sat in one of the leather armchairs, a stack of papers on the side table with his glasses lying on top of them.

Abbey Bartlett had left a glass of water and some pills on the coffee table in front of him, giving him a pointed look to take them. Charles bit back the smile when Nico gave him the same look, and didn't let up until the President took his pills.

Nicolaus had made sure that Charles was comfortable before settling into the couch across from Bartlett. It was obvious by the way the Vampire moved around the living space, that he had been to Camp David a few times.

Warrick had retreated to the kitchen to talk with Abbey and Leo, who was not happy about being asked to leave. Warrick had also shown his own displeasure, and Charles had no doubt he would be talking to his Mate later. Pretty much the same way Leo would be grilling Jed.

"Professor Xavier." President Bartlett smiled over at him. "Dr. McCoy has said great many things about you."

"All good I hope." Charles returned his smile, sensing nothing untold from the President.

"He speaks of you highly." Jed answered. "And it is always good to see you Nicolaus despite these trying times."

"Mr. President." Nico sat back in the couch relaxing into the soft leather.

"For the moment, it's just Jed." He said easily. "So why don't we get onto what we're really here to discuss so our significant others can stop talking about us behind our backs."

"Would that be Abbey or Leo?" Nick teased.

"Both, it's not fair when they team up against me." Jed shook his head but his voice showed how much both meant to him. "Professor Xavier..."

"Charles." He said simply.

"Charles, what threat is these Mutants?" He asked straight away.

"Mutants are no more a threat than Vampires. You didn't know of their existence until one was on your doorstep. Today is much the same, and like the Vampire there are good and bad." He informed him simply. "Magneto wants freedom to be who he is, and does not care who he hurts to get it."

Jed nodded in understanding. Considering the many talks with Maximus about Commodus he understood the good and bad, it was like that with any society. "As President I need to be kept informed of these things."

"No." Nick shook his head. "If Magneto and Stillson hadn't exposed the Mutants, you would have never known." He held up his hand seeing the argument unfold. "My own Second didn't know until the threat arose."

"Vampires are easily hidden in society." Charles continued with Nico's thoughts. "Not all Mutants can hide in plain sight. Plus unlike Vampires, children are involved. Parents, families, communities, are not as forgiving when they find their child isn't human."

"Which leads to the idea of a cure." He sat up in his seat and looked at the two men. "Is there one?"

"They tried to cure Timothy." Nico's voice dropped into a low growl. "Almost killed him, is it really a cure?"

"But he was a Vampire not a Mutant so it didn't work like it was supposed to..." He hesitated slightly. "Or am I wrong. This is all a bit sci-fi and science for me, to fully comprehend so you may have to explain in small words."

"Our scientists are studying the 'cure' and the difference between the Vampire and Mutant Gene." Nick informed him. "But from the little I've got out of Dr. Neville, that the two are connected to a much older Gene, and they are studying that now."

Jed nodded, "So in theory there is a 'cure' but having it in the hands of this Magneto makes it more of a threat."

"Yes. He will wield it as a weapon." Charles added into the conversation. "The 'cure' itself comes from a boy whose Mutation lies in the fact he can block the Mutant Gene."

"He was the one kidnapped with Speed." Nick spoke up. "Along with his parents." He wasn't quite sure explaining Dexter to Jed would be a good idea at the moment.

"So he takes the will away from one to cure others, but if Magneto is about wanting freedom why even bring up the cure?" Jed asked curiously.

"Stillson." Nico answered. "The 'cure' is his talking point."

"And what are we going to do about said talking point?" Bartlett didn't hide his contempt for his rival.

"He won't be President." The answer was firm and not to be argued with. He gave Jed a look, "Focus on the re-election. Do exactly what you are doing, and talk about the real politics. Trust the American people will see through the sci-fi bullshit and turn back to the real problems. Then let us deal with the sci-fi elements."

Jed leaned back in his chair and nodded, he knew there was really nothing he could do. He grabbed a flash drive that was sitting on the stack of papers and handed it to Nick. "Someone hacked into my computer, not the White House systems, but mine. Left me this information about Gen-Cris and Crimson International. I figured your guys could find out more and talk to whoever sent it to me."

Nick stood up and took the flash drive, "I'll get our guys on it."

Jed stood up and shook Nico's hand, then walked over to Charles and took his. "I would like to talk more with you, Professor. When we both have more time to focus on philosophy and ethics, instead of the politics of the day."

"I would like that, Mr. President." Charles gave him a nod. "Trust him." He looked over at Nick who was talking quietly with Warrick. "He's the one that will do the right thing when others will do nothing."

Jed glanced over to Nick. He had learned to trust the Vampire's instincts over the years. He knew Nick wouldn't let him down now. He smiled when he saw Abbey standing next to Leo, she gave him a nod before heading towards their room. Leo leaned against the wall, they had a lot to discuss and a plan of action to be figured out.

"Mr. President." Nick bowed his head. "I'll keep you informed as best as I can on the situation."

"Thank you, Nico." He walked over to the window watching as Warrick and Nick escorted Charles back out to the waiting Van, helping him into the vehicle. He stayed by the window until the van was out of sight. Turning he focused on Leo, "So what do you want to do?"

"I think we need to focus on the reality. Economics, the War, Healthcare..." Leo sat down on the couch, rubbing his chest. He popped a few more antacids and drank down some water. "We do not play in Stillson's game."

"So how do we not lie?" Jed asked seriously watching his friend closely. "Are you okay?"

"Well that's what we're going to figure out." He looked up at the President. "I'm fine, now let's get down to business."

The two sat for hours talking, arguing, and discussing theories, options and scenarios. They took all the information they had about Stillson from Timothy and Nick, what they've learned about the Mutants from Professor Xavier, and the data that had been sent to them by anonymous hacker.

Leo looked over at his friend and sighed. The late night and stress was starting to take a toll on his body. He knew telling him to go to bed would be useless, since Jed was stubborn to a fault. Instead he stood up and stretched. "I'm going for a walk."

"This late at night?" Jed snapped.

"We've been at this for hours and we're getting nowhere. You're too stubborn to call it quits for the night, and I need some fresh air before I do something stupid like hit the President of the United States." Leo said as he stalked out of the living room, heading straight for the French doors that lead out to the wooded area of Camp David.

He followed the path, across the wooden bridge and further into the small-forested area. He was lost in his thoughts, trying to get his own brain around everything that had happened these past years.

Toby and Sam.

Maximus Decimis Meridius.

Egypt.

And now Mutants.

He wasn't sure how his life came to this, but he had trusted Jed from the beginning and he wasn't going to stop now.

A sharp pain went down his arm...

He gripped his chest, eyes closing and his last thought was of Jed.

~ Next Morning ~

Nico groaned as he rolled over and grabbed his phone. Warrick muttered softly, as his Mate pulled out of his arms.

"Hello." He answered voice tired.

'Nicolaus.'

And he was suddenly awake.

Nick sat up in the bed and held the phone closer to his ear. "Maximus what's going on?" Or more of what has happened now, and he had to wonder how much more he could take.

'Leo's had a heart attack.' The Council Hunter informed him. 'Abbey called me as they were making their way to the hospital. Jed is upset that he had fallen asleep in the living room and hadn't noticed Leo return.'

"What hospital." He asked eyes closing as he sent a prayer up to the Gods.

'Georgetown University.' Maximus said. 'I'm on my way there now and will be staying in Washington until the election is over.'

"Thank you." Nick said as he started to get out of the bed. "Keep me updated on his condition and let Jed know if he needs me..."

'I will take care of the situation here Nicolaus, you take care of Stillson.' With that Maximus hung up.

Nick set the phone down on the nightstand and sunk his head into his hands. Part of him wondered what the hell more could go wrong, the other part of him knew better than to ask.

Warrick eased behind his Mate pulling him into his arms, sliding them both back into the warm bed. Nick shifted until he was encompassed fully into Warrick's arms inhaling his scent and just content to be close to him.

~ Charles' School for the Gifted ~

"So Mr. 'Mutant who wants to rule the world' cure isn't fool proof. Hell I'm not sure if it will even work long term." House rolled his eyes as he address the group that had gathered.

He glanced around the conference table to see some of the most devious, intelligent, and vindictive individuals. Gregory really wanted a front row seat to watch what they were going to do to this Magneto, personally wanted his own pot shot.

No one tries to kill one of his under his nose. Not that he would ever tell Speedy was considered one of his, he had a reputation to uphold.

Nick and Warrick sat near Charles, and Gregory was still trying to figure that relationship out, but at the moment he wasn't high enough on the food chain for that privy piece of gossip. Sitting next to Charles was laser-eye boy. Jean was a smart sophisticated woman, her husband was the typical jock, much like his new found friend Jimmy Hickok.

Not that he would say that to either of... oh he's kidding he enjoys riving both of them up. Jimmy rarely responds, though occasionally he snarks back. House blames Speed.

Actually he blames Speed for a lot of things.

Scattered around the conference table was the other Clan Leaders, their Hunter were lined up against the wall, all in protective mode. So far they all seemed to be paying attention and shocking enough understanding.

Gregory shook his head, he really must be losing his touch.

"The 'cure' attacks an element of the Gene, the same one that is found both in Mutant and Vampire." He continued. "But it doesn't stick."

Tony looked over at the doctor. "But we saw Speed coming to life."

"It works." Neville glanced over at House then back to Tony. "If we had the time and knowledge when it infected Timothy we would been able to attack it better, but we were flying blind. When it comes to the Vampire Gene, in the end the Vampire Gene's healing abilities will win out."

"So by Turning him." Horatio spoke up. "It just made it work faster."

"And he has brains along with the flashy suits, good work with that one Speedy." House smirked over at the redhead. He knew full well Horatio was not a dumb cop that most seemed to label him as. He had a scientific mind, and had been asking a lot of questions of what happened with his Mate.

"The best solution is if the cure is given to a Vampire, get their Sire and have them start the process over again." Neville instructed them.

"And if their Sire is dead?" Mac asked.

They had gotten the call in the earlier hours of the morning, that Sonny was dust. He had thought Danny would want physical proof, but the fact Jack simply told him that he took his head for the crimes he committed, was enough to ease his Mate. Danny had hung up the phone, stared at the wall for a few moments, then looked at Mac. Taylor bit back tears, when he saw the light that had dulled after Sonny in Danny's eyes. They both grinned, Mac laughing openly when Danny pushed him down into the bed straddling him. That night they had connected on a deeper level, the Bond had felt strong.

Mac looked over at his Mate, Danny glanced at him and gave him a small smile. He glanced back at Neville, "Or a Sire you don't want near you?"

"Mate is the next best thing, if they don't have one, random stranger works." House shrugged. "There needs to be a bond, connection, touchy feely crap involved."

"Is that a scientific term?" Horatio smirked at the doctor.

"Yes, I invented it." Gregory nodded.

"Basically." Neville tried not to roll his eyes. "The Vampire Gene does the physical work, the stronger the connection the more pull on the soul to stay place, at least that's what we're seeing."

"So how does this affect the Mutant Gene?" Scott asked.

"That's where we come in." Jean stepped up front with Dr. Banner. "From studies and explanations provided by Dr. Neville, the main understanding that diverts the Vampire Gene from the Mutant Gene, is the fact the Mutant Gene is embedded in Human DNA, while the Vampire Gene wraps itself around the Human DNA, changing the person into a Vampire."

"The Cure attacks that particular code that is the same between the two. The Vampire Gene like they had stated is stronger and in turn its own codes wipes out the cure." Dr. Banner took over the lecture. "The Mutant Gene is not as lucky."

"So it could cure Mutants permanently." Oruro asked from her spot in the back.

Jean glanced over to her, slightly shocked to see the taller man next to her. Scott had mentioned a Hunter had seemed to take interest in their teammate, but nothing much about it.

"Depends on the strength of the Mutant Gene." Jean said. "Dr. House is right."

"Ha!" He gave a pointed look at those in attendance. "I want that written in the minutes. Proof of my genius."

"The cure is not that strong." Jean continued ignoring the doctor. "The stronger the mutation the less likely it will stick. For example if given to Scott, he would be able to see normally, how long it depends on the metabolism and strength of the mutation. In some cases the Mutation will be cured in others it will inevitably come back."

"So the cure attacks this same code in both Genes?" Nick studied the images and information that the doctors had shown on the wall and in packets of material in front of everyone. The scientist in him was reading the code and patterns, but he wasn't the DNA specialist. He should send this to Greg and let him talk it over with the rest of the group.

"The Ancient Gene." Rodney spoke up. "It's the parent to both of these Genes. Basically when the Ancients made Vampires they also made Mutants."

Speed looked over at him. "I've read some of the findings from Atlantis, there is no mention of them experimenting with Mutations."

"They didn't, it was a hapless accident." Rodney shrugged. "When they made the Vampire Gene to keep them from being snack foods, an element within it was their own DNA. When they fled and ended up here, that DNA in time mixed in with Humans. Evolution took its course. It's how we have humans with the Ancient Gene but they're not Mutants. More studies would need to be done to see if any Mutants have the separate Ancient Gene just not an element in the code."

"Do Vampires all have the Ancient Gene?" Scott asked.

"No." Neville spoke up. "I only know of one at the moment."

"Who?" Charles asked.

"Shep." House answered looking over at the Vampire.

"What does this Ancient Gene do?" Oruro looked over to the one they were referring to.

"It allows you to use Ancient Devices." Rodney answered with a roll of his eyes. "But you don't know about that cause it's a super-secret government program."

"It's the origins of mankind as we know it today." A voice rung out from the entrance.

Guns were out in seconds, Hunters moved to protect their Clan Leaders, just as much as the Clan Leaders moved to protect those from the School. The man who spoke held up his hands in surrender format, only to look to his side to see his companion holding weapons on everyone else.

"Weapons down." Nico's voice rang out. "Jimmy." He laid a hand on the Hunters arm, who cautiously lowered the gun. "Alyc."

She nodded then lowered her own weapons.

"Who the hell are you?" House demanded.

"He's the Doctor." Shep answered.

"Doctor Who?" Neville sighed and shook his head when he realized what he said.

"Exactly." Rodney shrugged. "We were just explaining your experiments on Ancients."

The Doctor nodded and moved to address the room. "I was assigned to help the citizens of Atlantis..."

"The what?" Scott asked still standing staring at the intruder. He glanced at the woman at the doorway, her weapons strapped to her thighs and looking as deadly as he was imagining. And he was imagining pretty vividly.

Nick sighed feeling the headache coming on. "First off everyone sit." He chuckled when everyone did just that, including the Doctor who sat on one of the stools that was in the front of the room. "There is a project that the government as funded, it's called a Stargate and through wormhole technology that is beyond my understanding..."

"It's not that hard of a concept..."

"Rodney." Shep gave a look to his Mate who shut up.

"That can open a portal from one end of the galaxy to another." Nick continued without missing a beat. "They discovered a city called Atlantis, come to find out they were these Ancients that set up the Gates around the universe. They were attacked by the Wraith that sucked the living force out of their enemies."

"Hence the snack food comment." Banner muttered from the corner not sure if he fully believed what he was hearing. But then he had met a woman who can manipulate the weather, a real Roman General, and he turned into a big green rage monster when he was pissed.

"Yes I was asked to help them be immune to the Wraith." The Doctor spoke up. "The experiments failed numerous of times."

"You experimented on Humans?" Jean asked horrified.

"No. No. The first subjects were animals." The Doctor assured her. "It was only until the last moments of Atlantis it worked, the first Vampire was Turned."

"I was able to get through the Gate along with a few survivors." Another voice entered the room. They all looked to see a young looking man leaning in the doorway next to Alyc. "I'm Viduus."

"MacGyver, really?" Rodney rolled his eyes then paused. "Actually it explains O'Neil."

"I blame Bruce for that show and him convincing me to play the part." Viduus smirked. "When I arrived on Earth with a few of the Ancients, it was a fight for survival. All of us learned to blend into the societies that were developing. My companions in time found mates had families, and the Ancient Gene passed onto the human race."

"And Vampires?" Malcolm asked astonished at what he was hearing. He had known about the Stargate in theory, seen its affects in Egypt, but listening to the explanations was like seeing a sci-fi book come to life, and part of him was squeeing like a little girl at the idea that the Vampires came from an Alien Race.

"I accidently discovered how to Turn another, then figured out quickly how to kill one." Viduus shook his head not wanting to think about the Horde he had run into in those early years.

"Ahmet was my first Childe."

"I have not been able to do more research but in time the children that came from the Ancients and Humans, developed the Mutant Gene. Hence not all Humans have the Ancient or Mutant Gene." The Doctor continued explaining how all of this is tied together. "This 'cure' is simply another mutation and is really only a diversion."

"Diversion for what?" Benton asked having kept quiet through the meeting. The science was overwhelming and he wasn't understanding all of what they had explained. He would talk to Blair later to see if he could make head or tails of all the jargon.

"Magneto is a sound byte for Stillson." Tony added into the conversation. "Is he trying to divert us from the election?"

"No." The Doctor shook his head. "From what he really wants. This Stillson is using the fears of the unknown to help his campaign. Frankenstein is using it to weaken the Vampire Community. Magneto is looking for his Adam and Eve."

"The first Mutants?" Josiah asked as his mind raced with the information. "It was the Ancients mating with Humans that started the Mutant Gene. And I'm going to take the wild guess here and assume that Viduus here is the only real living Ancient, along with you, Doctor."

"I'm not an Ancient, but yes there are no 'Living' Ancients on earth. But Magneto isn't looking for Ancients or their descendants." Doctor smiled at him. "He somehow found reports of a study

scientist were doing in Eureka, and that is when he decided to set his plan in motion. To save and free Mutant's Adam and Eve."

Jack Carter's head whipped around as he looked at Alyc. "He wants you."

She just nodded. "And my Mate."

"Who the hell is her Mate?" Neville looked between his Mate and the woman Jack had helped escape or more like drove her out of the area. "And why would he want her? Magneto doesn't know about Vampires."

"No he doesn't." Charles said easily watching the young woman. "But you're older than that aren't you?"

Alyc gave a soft smile at Charles, she had felt his presence and knew he was no threat. She opened up to him, and let him see who she really was. "My Mate and I were the first to be experimented on, the first for it to work. When we arrived on Earth, we began to change and evolve. Now we are what we are."

"Wait." Rodney shook his head as he grabbed his laptop clicking through files he had been researching since he discovered them. "Viduus was the first success."

"Human success." The Doctor glanced quickly at Viduus than looked away. Nick's eyebrow rose seeing the silent communication and wondered what more they didn't know. "There was another who helped me in my research. He was a sociologist, researcher, and later guard. He was quiet, very smart, and understood cultures and diplomacy in ways I have no comprehension. When he was assigned to me, he took on the role of bodyguard. Along with him were two well trained..." He paused trying to come up with the words. "Best description is a wolf mixed with those jackal things in Egypt."

The room stilled.

Some were looking at the Doctor with a confused expression.

Others were slowly putting the pieces together exactly what the Doctor had said.

"Fucking hell!" Rodney's Canadian accent slipped in as he said it. His mind racing over information he had read over the years. He remembered some notes about the tests working on the 'guards' he had thought they were discussing the Ancients. "They are... I mean. She was the wolf/jackal thing?"

"Yes." The Doctor smiled at Alyc. He was amazed to see how the Mated pair had evolved into such beautiful deadly creatures. He had studied her blood work, and the mix of species DNA was unbelievable and he knows there will be no way to recreate it. "They are Evolution at its finest. She and her Mate, evolved from wolf, to human, to Vampire."

"Holy Shit." Neville just stared.

"Wait who's her Mate?" Banner asked trying to wrap his mind at the fact the woman standing before them at one time was a wolf.

Nick thought back to what Neville had said about the man they had experimented on back in the seventies. He looked over at Charles, who just gave him a small nod.

"Logan." Nico said out loud.

"Magneto has him." Alyc growled low in her throat, "I smelled my Lycan all over that bastard."

"If Magneto has him, then he must have Dexter." Warrick glanced at his Mate. He had a feeling the two of them would be shifting through huge amounts of reports, information, and diagrams to figure all of this out. Warrick wasn't an idiot, but DNA wasn't his specialty. He had glanced over to Horatio who was reading through everything as he half listened to the situation. Even Tony and Speed were shifting through papers. He couldn't wait until they told Gil. "Since it was his blood trail Logan was following. When was the last time we heard from either?"

Scott shook his head. "Logan hasn't checked in but that isn't shocking."

"Dexter checked in last night." Billy commented from his spot behind his Clan Leader. "He said he was close and would contact us when he knew for sure."

"Magneto didn't know Logan was Lycan until Grand Central Station." The Doctor informed them.

"Which means he captured him as one of my X-men." Charles frowned. "Jean I need to go to Cerebro."

"Yes Charles." She headed for the door, just as Scott stood up and started to make sure people got out of Charles' way.

"Nico." Charles looked over at his son as he headed out of the conference room. "Find Magneto he's going to use this somehow."

"He plans on starting a war." Mal said easily, he could easily see it unfold like a plot in a book. "You got all these Mutants who are pissed off over having to hide who they are. Then Stillson is talking about curing them, and humans are ready to lynch them. Magneto steps up with their version of Adam/Eve it's a rally point. Fight to the end to save our race."

"He's going to need more than Mercenaries." Jimmy spoke up. "The mutants we fought at the Station were a small number, and in the end they easily could be outnumbered by the military."

"He's recruiting."

Nick looked over to see Neal and Peter standing in the doorway.

"I saw the big guy leave figured it was safe for us non-important personal to stop by." Neal smirked at Nick. "Though I do have information you need to know."

"What?" Nico asked.

Peter glanced over to his future Mate, he was proud and surprised to see how serious Neal was when he talked with Nick. He would need to get that story out of him one day. Actually there were a lot of stories he needed to get out of him, but right now they needed to save the world.

"I was able to decode a few more things in the book. There are details on what he's planning on doing with the research Magneto is providing with this cure. But more importantly, another Ad came out in the paper and Mozzie just sent it to me." Neal took the piece of paper out of his pocket and handed it to Nick. "He's aiming for two specific targets. One is in Portland, Oregon. Seems someone hacked into his files and he's sending Magneto personally to go get him. The other is in Vegas."

Warrick felt the shock and fear shoot through the bond. "Nick."

"A small child is the target." Neal continued watching his Uncle as his face went pale. "I checked twice, and Mozzie did a double check on top of it. They are after Keppler's son, and they are sending someone called Sabertooth."

"Catherine!"

Title: Stage Six: Rise of the Machines

~ Las Vegas, Nevada: Caesar's Palace ~

Catherine looked out of the Penthouse windows across the street to The Bellagio. For the first time in a long time, she had felt settled. After the birth of her son, Sabos Nicholas Willows, she had moved into the Penthouse.

It wasn't the typical high roller Penthouse.

Nick had the two-bedroom suite redecorated, making it into a more comfortable living space for a mom and child. The large master bedroom was next to the equally large second bedroom, which was being used as a nursery. The living room was comfortable and well lived in. There were baby toys and blankets scattered around the floor and couches. The whole suite had been baby proofed. Sabos was a curious child and the moment he figured out how to crawl he was into everything.

The Penthouse had provided the small family with security.

The moment Nick had discovered whose soul young Sabos was carrying; he demanded they move to a safer location, knowing full well that Catherine and the baby would be targeted.

The few who had known Spartacus had returned were not shocked about the speed or the family line he showed up in.

Imenand had agreed with Nick that only a select few would know about him and even fewer would know the location of Catherine and the baby.

The Las Vegas City Center was the ideal place for the mother and child. It was a functioning city within the city. The problem was the fact it wasn't going to be completed for another few years. Due to the housing market crash, Mr. Banks strain on the Vegas construction community, and the one too many bodies found in the old foundations.

You can take the Mob out of Vegas, but not Vegas out of the Mob.

Until the City Center was finished, they had agreed to put Catherine and Sabos up in the Caesar's Penthouse in the Augustus Tower. It was Forty-Six stories high, perpendicular to the famed Las Vegas Strip. Nick had requested that Terry Benedict had at least two camera's trained on the building from his hotel, The Bellagio, across the street.

Basher had security enhanced in the Augustus Tower by adding extra cameras in the hallway, elevators and stairwells, plus anyone who wanted to get to the Penthouse floor needed a special key card.

Danny and Rusty both stopped by to check on Catherine at least once a day. And the Babysitter had been vetted by a few dozen people, including Ed Deline.

So when Danny had got the call from Nick that there was a threat on the way to Vegas, the last thing they had expected was a Mutant scaling the Tower.

It had been Benedict's Security Team that had called Basher warning them, that there was an intruder on the outside wall. The alarm had sounded, and security swarmed the area. But none of them had been prepared to deal with Sabertooth.

Catherine had turned back from the windows and smiled at her guest. Stella was holding the baby, singing a Greek lullaby trying to settle him down.

"He's usually not this fussy." Catherine walked over her hand lying on the dark hair that he had inherited from his father. "He's been an angel, compared to Lindsey who kept everyone in the neighborhood up with her screams."

She smiled softly at the memory, it had taken a while but she had finally been able to remember the good moments with her daughter, and not get choked by the emotion of losing her. Catherine couldn't imagine losing Sabos, it was one of the reasons she agreed wholeheartedly about the protection and living at the Penthouse.

She never regretted entering Nicolaus' world. At times she wondered what her life would be if she had never known. Would she still be at the lab or hell maybe she would be working for the FBI. Lindsey would be starting High School. She shook her head, it didn't matter. This was her life and she had moments of regret, but she never regretted the decision to get on the plane those few years ago. And she knew neither had Lindsey.

Catherine glanced over to the buzzing phone.

She moved to grab it off the coffee table, when the windows shattered, scattering the living room with glass. She screamed, turning away from the flying debris, the impact knocking her down to the ground. She heard the distinct sound of metal against leather, and when she looked up Stella was holding Sabos close to her with one hand, while the other held her weapon towards the intruder.

"Get away from me." Stella took a few steps back. She knew the master bedroom was not far behind her, and there was a second exit that had lead into the main hallway. She had been prepped on security procedures as much as Catherine had.

"I just want my nephew." Sabertooth assured her, his voice softer than one would expect. "Put the weapon down and I won't hurt you."

"You're an idiot if you think I'm going to let you take this child." Stella kept the man/creature's focus on her.

"I'm family." He snarled his anger showing through. "He needs to be with his true family."

"That's us." A hard voice came from behind Stella.

She didn't move to look, instead just kept stepping backwards until the two men now stood in front of her. The moment the man's focus was on them, she turned and fled. She heard shooting and snarling, and didn't stick around to see how the two Council Members were fairing. She cringed at the sound of an impact, and wasn't sure who had just got thrown into the wall.

She stumbled through the emergency exit to find Catherine standing in the hallway with Danny and Rusty. Stella sighed in relief, handing over the crying infant to his mother. Rusty and Danny turned on their heel and pushed Catherine behind them, when the Penthouse doors crashed open with Attila being tossed out into the hallway.

"I think we need to leave." Rusty knew their strengths were in the con not brute strength. No matter how well Seth had worked to train the both of them, they would not stand a chance against anything that tossed Attila the Hun out the door.

"I agree." Catherine stepped backwards focus on getting to the elevator, and crashed into a solid mass of muscle. She stiffened then slowly turned around, gasping at the sight in front of her. "Keppler..."

"My brother, he wasn't as lucky as I was in the gene pool." Sabertooth grinned, showing off his teeth. "I'm hoping his son will continue the line of Mutants."

Catherine pulled Sabos close to her, shaking her head. "Look you son of a bitch. I've lost one child, I will not lose another."

"I had heard of your loss." Sabertooth fur bristled and the tragic death of any child. "It's never easy to lose family. My heart broke when I heard the death of my brother. When I had discovered he had a child, I could not stay away."

Stella pulled her gun up and aimed it at the man. "Step back."

"That will not harm me, though I do admire your spirit." He said as he focused on the crying infant. He reached out and gently brushed his finger through the dark hair. Sabos' crying settled, a small hiccup escaped before he laid his head down on his mother's shoulder. "He knows I'm safe."

Danny reached forward and took Catherine's arm pulling her back. "You could have called to ask to visit your nephew, crawling up the wall and destroying the Penthouse is a bit excessive, and really isn't showing us that you're stable enough to be around him."

Stella stepped in front of Catherine, gun raised.

Rusty held up his hand and gave a big smile. "Look the family thing we get it. Let's just sit down and get to know each other..."

Sabertooth growled as he turned on his heel, hand swinging around to block the attack coming from behind, knocking Stella into the wall with a loud crash. He snarled as he faced the threat, shattering the sword with ease, then grabbed the throat of his attacker and pushed him against the wall.

"Stella!" Catherine yelled as Danny didn't hesitate and grabbed her pushing her into his mother's arms.

"Rusty get them out of here." He yelled as he moved towards Stella.

"Danny! Damn it!" Rusty rolled his eyes as he scooped Catherine into his arms and moved her back towards the end of the hallway, towards the stairs. He yelled at the cameras, demanding Basher to summon cops, SWAT, and medical to the hotel. And then hoped to God Danny didn't do anything stupid, cause he sure as hell didn't want to deal with a pissed off Terry Benedict.

Danny Ocean wasn't a hero. He was far from it, but he refused to leave anyone in the path of the creature that was doing all that he could to destroy his hotel.

He slid down next to Stella, cringing when he saw the blood pooling around her head. He leaned down, straining desperately to hear a heartbeat. "No. No... Stella come on."

Danny startled when he suddenly felt a body over his, his own instincts kicking in to cover Stella. He then heard gunshots echo in the hallway, followed by a roar and a crash. When he looked up he saw Ed and his Mate Danny standing there in complete shock. Terry shifted looking down at him, a look that told Ocean they were having a discussion later about his reckless behavior.

"What the fuck was that?" Danny McCoy looked around the devastation. "And did it just go out the wall?"

"That was Sabertooth." Benedict said as he stepped back leaning on his cane. He gave his Mate a pointed look. "And what were you doing in the middle of this?"

"Not now. Stella is injured." Ocean looked back down at the young woman he held in his arms.

McCoy slid down next to the other Vampire; he reached over and checked her pulse. With a curse he gently cupped her head then laid her down on the floor. Leaning down to check if she was breathing, when he sat back up his hand was covered in blood.

He looked up at his Mate and shook his head.

Ed cursed as he holstered his gun. "Someone needs to call Nick."

"Fuck." Ocean stood up and moved away from Terry's out stretched hand, as he fell against the wall. He had liked Stella. She had sass, and was damn good at cards. Many times she had come by Caesars and played a few hands with him and Rusty. She made them laugh and had taught them Greek. Enough to get some good food, curse at the taxi drivers, and find a bathroom.

Catherine and Stella had become close friends, both woman relying on the other when things just got too much. Catherine understood the life of a CSI, and would listen to Stella's rants. While Stella would watch Sabos so Catherine could get some rest.

Benedict looked at the two men who stood at the end of the hall. "Now I know you two weren't supposed to know about Sabos, so what are you doing here?"

"Protecting our Mate." Methos said without regret.

"Well you just got someone killed." Danny McCoy looked over at them. They had no idea the two Council Members were in Vegas, and that said a lot about how well they were hiding. "And I'm pretty sure Nick's going to be pissed."

"Oh you have no idea." Benedict snorted. He was actually looking forward to watching Nico take on the most 'feared' Council Members. He's seen the Roman pissed, also seen him work a con, so he knows how devious the Vampire can be. "I put house odds that he'll take you both on and not give a rat's ass."

~ Portland, Oregon: Angel Detective Agency ~

The small building was unassuming, which was how the occupants liked it. There were two other business in the small complex. A dentist was on the far corner, next to it was an Accountant services. There was an empty office between them and the Angel Detective Agency, which took up two sections.

The front lobby looked simple, but in truth it was rigged with the best high tech security system, cameras, motions and heat sensors, along with infrared. The windows and door was fitted with bullet proof glass, and there was a metal security door that would drop over the full front area if there was a serious emergency.

But none of the clients saw this; all they saw was a few ratty old chairs and a worn leather couch. A coffee table filled with out of date People and Time Magazines. There was a small table and chairs in the corner, with coloring books and some wooden toys for kids when their parent came in looking for information that will help them in the custody hearing.

In the middle was a simple receptionist desk. The main desk was filled with computer screens and keyboards, along with a liter bottle of Orange Soda and half empty package of Oreo cookies. The top half of the desk that sat higher than the work station had pamphlets on Angel Detective Agency, their mission statement and hourly prices. There was a sign-in sheet and a half dead plant sitting on the far corner.

At the moment the Receptionist was hunkered down behind his computer screens whispering heatedly into his Bluetooth.

Alexander Hardison was in deep shit.

He had been following Stillson and his Mutant frenzy closely. He had friends to protect, and he was not going to let some government lackey waltz and takes his family. So he used his mad skills to find out what Republican Nominee was really up to.

And it wasn't pretty. The connections between Stillson, Gen-Cris Pharmaceutical, and Crimson International were thick and tight, and highly illegal.

So Hardison had sent the information to the only one he knew could use it.

Bartlett.

Yes as in Jed Bartlett - President of the United States.

He knew he got it, by the kick ass press conference he had issued calling out Stillson's connections to Gen-Cris Pharmaceutical and Crimson International.

The only problem, someone had hacked him back.

Hardison had tried to block the trace, but even after pulling every technique and trick he had, they still got into his system. Leading them directly back to his family. He knew it would only be time before some thugs showed up at the office door looking for to take care of the situation.

So he swallowed his pride and called the only man he knew could help him.

"Count dude. I seriously need your help." Hardison was not above begging. "I'm in deep here."

'Lucy baby.' The Count replied voice light and soft.

"I hacked into something I shouldn't have. Well it was the right thing to do as Stillson is a serious threat and I got family to protect. But those working for Crimson International hacked me back..."

'Lay it on the line. How bad?' The voice grew serious.

"Bad." Alex closed his eyes trying to take a deep breath. "The things I saw on their servers. If they got a hold of my boys. I can't let that happen."

'Fuck. Hardison.' There was some heated discussion and whispering on the other line.

Hardison didn't want to know how 'The Count' knew his real name. Not that it surprised him. The Count was the best hacker in the world. Rumors around said that The Count had ties to Stark, which wouldn't be much of surprise for Hardison. Hell even with his mad skills he couldn't get into anything The Count had set up, unless he worked with Scotty and then maybe the two of them could get close. Maybe.

'Listen closely. I'm going to send you some help...'

"Oh fuck." Hardison looked up to see two men walk into the office. They were both tall, well-built men; wearing jeans, t-shirts with some type of jacket or over shirt. Alex could tell both were packing, and the way they took in the office, they had located all exits and cased out any threats. The taller one had noticed at least three of the four cameras that were scattered around the room. They were good, and there was no way they were looking for a private eye. "Hold on."

Alex Hardison put on his best smile and stood up behind the Receptionist desk, "Gentlemen how may I help you?"

"I'm Dean this is my brother Sam..." Dean acknowledged the taller man with his head, his eyes not leaving Hardison.

'Winchester?' The Count asked with a chuckle. Hardison didn't respond just focused on the two men in front of him.

"... Winchester."

'Hardison. Listen closely, since it's obvious I know your real name you need to trust me. Trust them. They are good guys.' The Count's voice was firm and there was a sense of relief deep inside it. 'They are Hunters for a good guy, and will do what they have to protect you and your boys.'

Alex looked at the two brothers, wondering what The Count meant by Hunters. He took a deep breath and trusted his own instinct. The Count had never let him down, and if he knew these boys were good, he was going to trust him.

If he was killed. He'll come back and find The Count and haunt his ass.

'Keep me posted. If you still need help, my boys are on standby.' With that The Count hung up. Alex couldn't help but wonder who The Count's boys were, he wondered if one of them was the dude with the sexy Spanish accent.

"Welcome to Angels Detective Agency." Hardison took the Bluetooth out of his ear and set it down on the desk, then reached under it to buzz the backroom. He may trust the hacker, but it didn't help to have back up. Besides he would feel safer if Eliot was in the room.

Sam stepped up to the desk, hand out. "I'm not sure how to explain this, but we were sent here to help, looks like trouble is heading in your direction."

Alex shook the hand, trying to laugh off his nervousness. "Not sure what you heard, but Angel Detective service is a reputable..."

"So were you the one who hacked into Crimson International." Dean glanced over to him as he walked around the room, looking at the photos of clients, community awards and art that hung on the walls.

Hardison gave a wide grin hands up in the air. "I'm not sure what you're implying."

"Dude." Dean looked over at him with his eyebrow raised. "You goin' to deny it?" He glanced over to Sam who held up the flash drive that Nick had given them before sending them out to Portland. "Our boss got it from the President."

"Shit." Hardison snagged the flash drive out of Sam's hand. "How?"

Dean went to make a smart ass comment, when he saw a man move quickly into the room from one of the side doors. He was quiet and moved fast. "Sam down."

Sam moved without hesitation, dropping to his knee, then tucked into a roll moving back onto his feet his back now to his brother, facing the oncoming threat. Dean was next to him in seconds, "Sam?"

"Fine, Dean." He noticed his brother didn't have any of his weapons drawn so kept his own weapons holstered.

"What Clan?" The man stood in front of the Reception desk perfectly still, arms crossed over his chest. Dean had no doubt he was figuring how fast he could take both of them down.

"Sylum." Dean answered watched him carefully. He was sure the man was a Vampire but was hearing a heartbeat.

"Nico." He replied showing no emotion or what his intentions were.

"Sent us here." Sam took in the situation. The Hacker was still behind the counter, but he had no doubt that he had used the distraction to pull a weapon. He could smell two others just behind the side door.

He had no idea how the man knew about Clans or Nico, but Dean hadn't moved into his fight stance, so he would follow his brother's lead. Dean had an uncanny knack in reading any situation.

"Why?" The other asked still not moving.

"Because your friend here," Dean motioned towards Hardison. "Hacked into an evil cooperation that is trying to bring war between Humans and Mutants. We got word that the big baddies were sending some thugs here to deal with the situation."

"Hardison." He growled out but didn't take his eyes off Dean.

"I was protecting our family." He defended himself glaring at the back of his protector's head. "I didn't count on them hacking back."

"Do they know?" An angry sounding voice echoed in the small room, as the two others walked into the room; one of them glaring at Hardison

"No!" Alex looked offended. "I'm not that stupid. Nothing on this system has information about that..." His mouth snapped shut when he glanced over at the two men by the door.

"Which one is the Mutant?" Dean asked curiously trying not to roll his eyes.

"I am." The voice was soft but firm. He stepped out from behind the taller man, who reminded Dean of Hannibal in more than just looks. He was shorter than the others, but there was something about him, that made you listen to what he had to say. The dark hair was messy and the beige trench coat was bulky and hung on his slim frame. "My name is Castiel."

"Well Cas." Dean took a few steps ignoring the growling from the Hannibal clone. "I'm Dean. I and my brother, Sam, are here to help."

"We don't need your help." The taller one growled at him.

"Wade." Cas laid a hand on his friends arm.

"Castiel we know nothing about them." He turned and looked down at his friend. "They could be here to..."

"Cure me. Are you here to cure me?" Castiel looked over to the Hunters, his blue eyes bearing into theirs.

Sam shook his head. "We've seen the effects of the 'cure' I would not subject anyone to that."

Cas took a step closer to Dean. "You've seen it haven't you."

Dean stiffened but held the man's eyes. "Hell? Then yeah I've been there."

He laid a hand on Dean's shoulder, and then turned towards the rest of the room. "I trust them."

"Of course you do." Wade rolled his eyes then looked at the one who was still standing perfectly still arms crossed over his chest. "Eliot?!"

"Hunters for Nico?" His arms dropping were the only indication before he moved towards Sam.

Dean stepped quickly in front of his brother grabbing Eliot's arm, using his own momentum to push him back into the reception desk.

Eliot grinned as he head butted the Hunter, knocking him away. "Quick reflex."

"Don't touch my Mate." Dean snarled at him his hand itching for his gun. "I don't care how pretty you are."

"Mated Pair." He whistled appreciatively. "Nick picked you well."

"Who are you?" Sam asked calmly not fazed by Dean's actions, his eyes never leaving Eliot. Cas was the one who saw the knife that had slid into the Hunters hand, the two protected each other fiercely, much as his small family protected each other. He didn't move or say anything instead preferred to watch and wait.

"Eliot Spencer." He smiled brightly at both of them. "I've known Nick for a long time."

"Never heard of you." Dean hadn't shifted from his protective stance near his brother. He could now clearly distinguish that the heartbeat he had been hearing was a simulator. It was something they had ran into once before, it was pretty effect unless you knew what to listen for.

"I've been out of the loop for a while." Eliot shrugged. "You can call Nick give him my name."

"Already did." Sam held up his phone to show the text messages, and then turned it around reading the text. "Nick says and I quote, 'tell the long haired ruffian to get his ass back to the Manor, Neal got himself thrown in jail... again'."

"What?!" Eliot rolled his eyes. "Stupid impulsive kid can't stay out of trouble for five minutes. Did it have something to do with a woman?"

"Gee that sounds familiar." Hardison looked pointedly at Wade, who just flipped him off.

"Seriously are you related to Hannibal?" Dean smirked at the guy's attitude.

"Who?" Wade asked curiously.

"No." Eliot gave a look to Wade then back at Dean. "The two can't meet."

"Eliot?" Cas' voice grabbed their attention. "Do you want to share with the rest of the class?"

"They don't know?" Sam asked incredulously.

"It never came up." Eliot started to explain when he heard the bell to the door ding softly. They all turned to see the three men walk into the office. Well two men and no one was exactly sure what the third was, the best description any of them would have been able to come up with was a Toad.

Dean snarled barely able to keep his fangs concealed. The one advantage they had was the fact the Mutants had no idea about Vampires. "Well look what the cat dragged in."

Sam moved in next to his brother, watching the three carefully. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Wade step in front of Cas, while Eliot took position in front of the reception desk protecting Hardison.

"Welcome to Angels Detective Agency, how can I help you?" Hardison gave a big smile to the three intruders.

"Are you the one who stole our information?" Pyro stepped forward aiming for Alex, only to stop when Eliot slid in front of him. "Goin' to take me on?"

Spencer didn't say much, just reached out grabbed the kid by his hair and slammed his knee straight into his face, then tossed him to the floor. He looked over at the older man, "Hard to find good help these days."

"You have no idea." Magneto chuckled. "We can make this easy, just hand over the geek."

"Not going to happen." Wade said.

Magneto sighed, "I can make this difficult."

"Look old man, last time we wiped the floor with your Mutants." Dean smirked over at him. "So I would suggest you just leave..."

"Dean. Sam." John Winchester stepped into the room and looked at his two boys. "It's okay. They are here to help."

Dean and Sam both paused and stared at their father. Dean glanced back at the older man, his eyebrow rose slightly. His hand gestured towards John, "Really?"

"Wow." Sam actually took a step forward and peered at their dad. "That's really good likeness. I mean even got that scar on his hand."

"I know the truth." Magneto looked between the brothers. Frankenstein had sent him their file. They were both Mutants, and their father had kept them hidden all their lives to protect them. Now they traveled under the radar helping Mutants. He admired them. The only thing not listed in the file was their Mutations. There was a small note that there had been rumors of the youngest being Psychic, but nothing substantial. John Winchester had done a good job of keeping his boys off grid. "You shouldn't have to hide your Mutations. Your father did good by protecting you, but now you must see that now is the time for us to show the world."

Sam and Dean blinked, and then glanced at each other then back at Magneto. He smiled at the silent communication he could see between them. All he needed was one, the other would follow.

Dean pulled his gun and aimed it at 'John Winchester'. Only to have it fly out of his hands. He looked at his empty hand then at the Magneto. "You can rant on about freedoms and liberties for all but you're not touching anyone in this room."

"Dean." John looked at his son. "Have I not taught you anything, soldier. You must protect Sam..."

Sam growled and before anyone could blink he had John Winchester up against the wall, his hand wrapped around his neck. John quickly morphed into Jessica Moore, "Sam honey..." and when the hand tightened around her neck, Mystique realized she had made a mistake.

She let go of the disguise and reverted back to her natural form, her arms came down on Sam's knocking his hand loose. She pulled her legs up and kicked him in the chest, sending him backwards.

Dean's hand came out to steady him. "Oh bitch it's on."

Mystique just smiled before she made a move towards the brothers. Both dove away from her, Dean coming back around his hand gripping the back of her neck to use her moment to slam her into the wall. She ran up the wall and back flipped over him, slamming Dean into the wall.

Sam grabbed her arm, tossing her backwards away from his brother. He pulled his favorite knife only to have it ripped out of his hand leaving a cut along his palm. He ignored the pain, and circled the shape shifter. She was stronger and better trained than the ones he had went against on Tracy Island.

Eliot rolled his shoulders and moved easily into position as the Toad looking Mutant squatted down. His tongue shot out towards Spencer, who easily dodged it only to counter his move to snag the leg of the Mutant as he flew over him towards Hardison.

The body hit the far wall, stumbled down to the ground before easily getting back up.

Eliot watched the Mutant carefully waiting for his move.

"Eliot!" Alex called out as a ball of fire swept towards them.

Both men dived away from the Receptionist desk. Hardison slid into the wall. "Damn!" He cried out when he saw his equipment on fire. "Oh you are goin' down." He stood up and glared at the kid who was playing with fire dancing along his fingers.

"Come on let's see what the geek's got." Pyro lifted his hand and made a gesture of 'come hither'.

Hardison rolled his eyes as he brought up the fire extinguisher and dispersed the foam on the Mutant. When he was distracted, he gripped it and slammed it into the kid's face knocking him out for the count.

"Don't underestimate the geek baby." Hardison threw down the canister only to be tackled to the ground by the Toad Mutant.

Magneto moved for the side door, Pyro's rash actions took out the computer systems at the front desk. Though he doubted a hacker of this caliber would keep any valuable information on the office computer accessible by anyone who came in the front door.

Mystique was taking care of the Winchester boys. He hoped she wouldn't damage them too much, he would like to recruit them to his side. They had potential as front line soldiers. Especially if there was truth in the rumors on the youngest being Psychic, he could use him against Charles.

What Magneto wanted to know was who were the brothers protecting? Who was the hacker protecting? One didn't just randomly hack into Crimson International in hopes of find out information. He had gone straight to all of the files on Mutants and the studies conducted on John Conner and the cure.

He stopped trying not to roll his eyes at the feeble attempt of one of the inhabitants trying to stop him from going into the back areas. The man pulled a gun, only to have it thrown across the room. He took a step forward only to stop when in the blink of an eye, the man had moved to the wall and grabbed two Samurai swords off the wall and was back in front of Magneto.

The swords danced moving faster than the eye could follow.

He had found his Mutant.

The swords went flying out of Wade's hand embedding into the wall. He frowned and looked at the older man in front of him. "I don't care what you can do old man, you're not getting through me."

Magneto reached out, the filing cabinets that lined the wall ratted until they broke away from their brackets and flew towards the man in front of him. He didn't want to kill him, just let him understand who had the power.

"Wade!" Cas grabbed his friend and pulled him back as the cabinets flew across the room crashing through the windows out onto the sidewalk.

Magneto paused at the sight before him. The smaller man stood still, head slightly cocked to the right, blue eyes staring at him intently. A beautiful set of white wings were unfurled behind him shielding his friend.

"You're beautiful." Magneto wanted to reach out to touch the wings.

"Step away from him." It was the only warning Magneto got before he was slammed into from behind, and found himself sailing out of the broken window.

Dean spat blood onto the floor as he leaned against the wall to steady himself. Sam was slowly standing up from the shattered remains of the coffee table.

"I'm seriously starting to hate this bitch." Dean wiped the blood from his lips.

"Can we just kill her?" Sam asked as he moved next to his brother.

"We don't kill humans." He pointed out.

"That's the debate isn't it?" Sam glared at Mystique as she rocked on the balls of her feet waiting for the next go around.

Dean looked over at her, then back at his brother. "Dude we're bad ass Hunters we should be able to take her down."

"Yeah well maybe if we had backup." Sam muttered.

Hardison dodged the Toad, and then jumped back as the fire started to spread from the desk to the back wall. He scrambled towards one of the remaining file cabinets and pulled open the bottom drawer, yelling with triumphant as he grabbed his backpack. Hardison yelped when Toad landed on top of the cabinet.

"That's just not right!" Alex reached into his bag and grabbed the taser just as Toad jumped into the air. He tracked the Mutant and as he passed over Hardison he pulled the trigger. Hitting his mark dead in the chest, Toad convulsed mid air and flew out the window just behind Eliot and Magneto.

Hardison lay on the floor breathing heavily. "And nana said video games were a useless waste of time."

Eliot jumped up shaking off the glass and debris. He bent back to avoid being hit by the flying Toad. "No one hurts my family."

"I'm trying to protect your family." Magneto snapped at the hick in front of him.

"No you're using them for your war." Eliot fired back. "You don't care about any of them, just what they can do for you. I've seen men like you throughout the ages, and it always ends the same. Everyone dies."

"You rather have the humans cure what you are naturally!" Magneto argued.

"The problem with you." The sound of sirens could be heard in the distance as smoke bellowed out of the office building. "You have no faith in humanity. Theirs or yours."

Magneto looked up to see Pyro shuffling out of the burning building. "You idiot get Toad, it's obvious these Mutants are too human."

Pyro wiped the blood from his eyes as he moved to help a convulsing Toad off the front lawn. They stumbled to the van, sliding open the door and falling into the back with an undignified heap.

"Mystique!" Magneto called out as he stalked towards the van.

Mystique pushed open the front door, the small bell ringing softly. She looked over her shoulder as she easily made her way to the van. "It was nice playing with you boys."

"Bitch!" Dean growled out as they stumbled out of the now smoke filled building.

"Everyone accounted for?" Eliot yelled looking for his small family.

Hardison stepped out of the window, shoving a laptop into his backpack. While Wade pulled Cas out of the building helping him back into the beige trench coat covering the massive wings.

"We're here." Cas called out softly.

They all ended up standing in the parking lot watching the firefighters put out the fire. Their offices were destroyed, along with their client records and computers. They had explained to the cops that a disgruntle client had come in and threatened them, and ended up setting the place on fire.

As the firefighters and cops left, leaving behind a wet and ruined building, they all looked at each other, not sure what was next.

"Now what?" Hardison looked over at Eliot. "It's all gone, man."

Dean looked over at Eliot, "It's not safe for any of you."

"It's time for me to take you home." Eliot turned his back on the building and started walking towards the black van that was parked at the back of the parking lot.

"Eliot." Dean called out to him. "Nick is in New York along with someone who can help them." His head motioned towards Wade and Castiel.

He nodded. "We'll follow you."

Sam and Dean made their way towards the Impala. His hand ran over the hood then roof. "Hey girl, missed you."

Sam just smirked at his brother. "We were only in the building for an hour."

"Dude." He gave him a look. "We were sent to Tracy Island, then diverted to Los Angeles so we could come here. I don't even want to know how she even got from New York to Los Angeles." He leaned his body against her, petting her softly. "I'm just giving her a true hello, since we didn't have time when we landed."

"This is your car?" Wade whistled appreciatively over the sleek black car. "She's beautiful."

"See someone who understands the importance of a man's relationship with their car." Dean smiled over at Wade as he opened the door. "You riding with the geek or in a classic?"

"Like you have to ask." Wade didn't hesitate easily sliding into the backseat.

Dean and Sam shook their heads as they climbed into their respective seats. Dean looked into the review mirror and jumped when he saw Castiel. He turned and looked at him. "How the hell?"

Cas just smiled. "I too appreciate a classic."

"Okay Angel boy." Dean turned back in his seat and started up the car smiling at the low growl of the engine. "I have to ask, why Castiel? Out of all the Angels listed why that one?"

Cas held Dean's eyes in the review mirror. "Thursday was the day my Mutation appeared. When my family threw me out, I left behind my birth name and took Castiel."

"The Angel of Thursday." Sam turned in his seat. "And you?"

"He wade's into trouble." Cas smiled at his friend. "He's never left my side."

"And I don't plan on it." Wade gave a small soft smile to his friend. "Now what about you two? I saw it you know."

"Saw what?" Sam asked as Dean pulled out of the parking lot onto the highway.

"The fangs." Wade motioned at his mouth. "I don't think that scaly bitch saw them, but I did."

"It started when I was six months old..." Sam started the story. They had at least a three day drive ahead of them, a long time to be cooped up with a stranger.

~ Las Vegas: Caesars Palace: Security Room ~

Catherine wasn't in the room. She was back at the Las Vegas Lab, with Al as he performed Stella's autopsy. The preliminary cause of death was blunt force trauma to the head. When Sabertooth had turned, his large paw clipped her just perfectly that it slammed her head into the wall, killing her instantly.

Not wanting to take the baby to the Morgue she left him with the Vampires knowing he would be safe. When Methos had reached for the young child, Terry Benedict had scooped him up. Sabos was now curled up asleep in his arms, much to the surprise of everyone in the room. He had scoffed and rolled his eyes.

"I had two children." He pointedly looked at Danny.

"Can you change diapers also?" Ocean smirked at his Mate.

Benedict gave him a pointed look. "That was what nurses were for."

Danny's smile softened. "You just look so adorable with a baby in your arms."

Terry shook his head, moving the baby up onto his shoulder so he could rest easier. Sabos small hand grabbed the gold pocket chain he always wore. At least the kid had good taste.

"Okay that is kinda adorable." Rusty admitted looking over his Mate's shoulder.

"I feel so much better as a person that you approve of my baby holding skills." Benedict tried to ignore his Mate's Mate. Even after all these years, he still was trying to process that idea.

Ed ignored the bickering between the triad. Well triad...ish. It was an unusual situation, but it was working for the three of them. Danny kept Benedict calm. Benedict kept Danny from being to manic. And Rusty gave Danny is freedom, while forcing Terry to give up some of his control.

He glanced over to his own Mate, who looked tired and run down. McCoy had been running ragged over the security at The Montecito. Add on this situation, his Mate seriously needed a break.

Basher's fingers flew over the keyboard and with a few more clicks they had connection to Nick in New York, along with Albus and Lamont in Geneva.

"Someone want to explain how a Chosen One is dead?" Nick looked past everyone and stared directly at Methos and Attila.

"Sabertooth killed her." Methos informed him, his voice tight and clipped. "I want to know why we weren't told about Spartacus."

"This is why!" Nick tone dropped a few octaves. "You shouldn't have been near him and because of your interference we now have a Chosen One dead."

"If we had interfered, he would have killed everyone." Attila defended his Mate's actions. "And Spartacus would be gone."

"His name is Sabos." Imenand spoke up. "And I agreed with Nico that telling the two of you of the young baby's soul would not be wise. Considering only my Mate and Lamont knew of Sabos and his location, I'm curious as to how it is that you found out."

"We have are resources." Methos informed him.

"Sources?" Even in a digital world, Lamont was still in the shadows. "You mean broke into my office and hacked into my system."

"We should have been told." Methos growled. "We had a right."

"No you didn't." Nico stood straight arms behind his back, the very figure of a pissed off Roman General. "You have no say in how Sabos is to be raised. You have no say in his decisions. You

have no say in what he wants to do in his life. You have no say in anything until he comes to you and asks."

"He is our Mate!" Attila growled out. "We will do anything to protect him."

"And what if he does not want to be Turned!" Nick argued back. "He's human. He's a barely sixteen months old. He doesn't need you influencing his life."

"How could you possibly understand?" Attila snarled at Nick.

"You did not just say that to me." At this moment everyone was thankful that there was at least three thousand miles separating the two Vampires. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that Nick would have physically gone after Attila.

"The situation is different." Methos added into the conversation. "We were with Spartacus for over a thousand years then lost him during a war to save you."

No one was more surprised than Danny Ocean himself when he hit Methos. "Spartacus and everyone else who fought in Egypt went because it was the right thing to do. How dare you throw his death into my Clan Leader's face, when Nick's own brother was also lost in that battle."

"Along with a fellow Council Member." Imenand's tone was one rarely heard. "Do not disgrace Spartacus' death or anyone who we lost that day by trying to hide your own selfish acts behind those who acted unselfishly."

"I will not apologizing for defending my future Mate from that creature!" Methos stood his ground. "Are you going to tell me that your con men could have faced him? He would have killed them all and stole my Mate."

"He's not your Mate." Lamont spoke up his voice calm and holding little of the emotion he was truly feeling. "He's a sixteen month old baby."

"He's ours!" Attila snapped.

"No he's not." Benedict looked over the sleeping baby's head at the two Vampires. "He's his own person and until he decides that he wants to be with you, and with the way you're both going you would only be so lucky. Only then can you claim that he is yours."

"That's rich coming from you Benedict." Methos looked over at Danny then back at him.

"Danny was in his thirties. Sabos is sixteen months old. Big difference." Rusty added. "And the fact I'm defending Benedict should point out how fucked up this situation has become."

"Ah Russell who knew you cared." Terry smirked over at him.

"You're not getting an extra weekend out of this." Rusty smirked back.

"I had the ability to walk away." Danny looked over at the Council Members. "I also had the ability to come back. I was an adult who was able to make those decisions. What you're doing right this moment is influencing his decisions before he can come to terms with who he is."

"You can't stop us from protecting him." Methos looked around the room assessing the real threats. His eyes paused on Ed and McCoy. They were the best trained, though Benedict wasn't one to turn your back on.

"I can and am ordering you back to Geneva." Imenand said. "If you are not in my office in forty-eight hours I will send out our best Hunters to bring you back."

"We trained your best Hunters." Attila pointed out.

"I have other means, gentlemen." Lamont spoke up. "And at this moment I'm not above giving him the orders dead or alive."

"I suggest you leave Vegas." Nick held up his hand before the two could interrupt him. "Mac and Danny are on their way to bring Stella back to New Orleans so she can be buried next to Lindsay. They've lost two close friends in less than three days. They are hurt and angry. If they see you, I will not hold them accountable for their actions as you didn't hold yourself accountable for you own."

"Methos. Attila." Imenand looked at both of them. "I want you in my office sooner than later. Right now Sabos is well protected and the threat is gone."

"How do we know Sabertooth won't come back?" Methos demanded.

"You don't." Ed spoke up. "It's not your place to know. We got it covered. If you think for a second that any man here wouldn't lay their life down to protect that child then your faith in your fellow Vampires is lacking."

"A good woman is dead because of the situation." Danny McCoy spoke up. "Leave before more innocent blood is shed."

Attila growled and stormed out of the room. Methos watched his Mate leave, and then turned back to the Vampire Council Leader. "We'll be in Geneva as you requested, but you will not keep us from our Mate." He stormed out of the room following his Mate.

"If he shows up near Sabos I'll hunt him myself." Nico informed Imenand.

"I will make sure they stay in Geneva, my friend." Albus sighed suddenly feeling every year of his long life. "Lamont come to my office there are things we need to discuss."

Lamont nodded and turned off his connection.

"Nico..." Albus called out to his friend.

"I will do what I need to." Nick informed him.

"I wouldn't expect anything less from you." Imenand gave a small bow to the rest of the participants and shut off his own connection.

"Ed can you make sure Mac and Danny are taken care of?" Nick asked his fellow Casino owner. "I can talk to Josiah once I step out of this room."

"No need. I'll put them up at the Montecito, and we'll make sure everything is taken care of." Ed assured Sylum's Clan Leader. "Also if you need to move Catherine and Sabos, there's a penthouse on the top floor we can convert over."

Nick glanced at Danny and Rusty. "How's our security?"

"It's in good order." Basher answered. "But the tower needs repair and the kitty destroyed the Penthouse."

"I would move them to The Montecito." Terry suggested moving the sleeping child in his arms. "Your two Hunters could stay with Catherine until you move them to an undisclosed location."

"Would I do that?" Nick's grin was devious.

"I would be disappointed if you didn't." Nick had held Benedict's respect since the moment he waltzed into his home demanding his intentions towards Danny. Then he sent his mother. The man had no problem getting his hands dirty, and no qualms letting someone else get their hands dirty.

"Is there anything we need to know about this Sabertooth?" McCoy asked his mind racing with security features at their hotel and what would needed to be upgraded.

"The one thing you need to know." Nick said. "Is that he'll try again. We just need to hold him off until I can get them to safety."

Basher glanced over to Danny. "I can come by the Montecito we'll hash out some scenarios; we got footage and information this time around."

"Sounds good." McCoy nodded.

"After he gets some rest." Ed looked at his Mate. "Don't argue with me. You keep this up you'll be ranting at the turtle."

"I have to ask." Rusty looked over at the Mated pair. "Why are their sharks? We're in the desert and you have an aquarium with sharks."

"Ed's a romantic." Danny grinned at his Mate.

"I'm not touching that one." Rusty commented under his breath to his Mate.

"You and me both." Ocean replied.

"I'm trusting you to take care of my family." Nick looked at everyone in the room.

"We got your back." Ed assured him. "Now go deal with your situation, make sure to keep an eye on Josiah. He's the only thing keeping our group of renegades, rebels and rogues sane."

Nick gave them a quick salute the turned off his connection.

"So twenty-five to one odds that Catherine and Sabos disappears within the week." Rusty called the bet. "I can start a pool of where he is going to stash them, and how soon before Methos starts gunning for Nick."

"Twenty-five to one?" Benedict rolled his eyes. "No wonder Caesar is losing money. If anything it's at least in the hundreds, and if we're putting down bets I want a ten grand riding on Nicolaus kicking Methos' ass."

"House isn't taking that bet." Rusty smirked.

~ New York: Charles' School for the Gifted ~

Nick stalked out of the communications room only to run into Tony and Speed. They both looked at him, indicating they wanted full information on what the hell was going on. He glanced up to see Josiah and Chavez leaning up against the wall.

He gave a look to his kids then walked past them to his fellow Clan Leader. "I need Ed and Danny to do a few things for me in Vegas."

Josiah nodded, "That's fine. Do I need to know?"

Nick hesitated for a moment then sighed as he pinched the bridge of nose to curtail the headache that was setting in. "Sabertooth went after Catherine. Methos and Attila showed up and a Chosen One was killed."

"What the fuck?!" Josiah shook his head not quite sure if he heard right. "Why were they even there?"

"How did they find out about Sabos?" Tony asked from behind his Sire. When Sabos had been born the three of them along with Warrick had sat down for hours discussing what they should do with the information that Spartacus had returned. The four had been in agreement that the less who knew the better, when Albus agreed they had worked in making sure Catherine and Sabos were well protected. "And I'm taking from the long conversation you had in there, Albus is about as happy as you are."

"Who is Sabos?" Chavez asked curiously.

"Catherine's son." Nick informed them. "He's got Spartacus soul. We've kept it quiet but considering Ed and Danny are taking the risk to hide them, you should know."

Josiah nodded, seeing the need for protection. "Do you need me to send other Hunters?"

"Mac and Danny are on their way." Speed spoke up from next to his brother. When they find out how Stella was killed, he wasn't sure how either of them were going to react. The fact Danny took out Marisol without thought or guilt, showed that either would have no qualms going against Methos or Attila. "It's possible they'll go after them."

"I know." Nick wondered how the hell this situation had gotten out of control.

"Is Sabertooth still a threat?" Josiah asked when he saw Nick nod he continued. "Then they will focus on protecting Catherine and the baby, hoping he'll return to dish out their own revenge."

"Then go after Methos and Attila." Timothy glanced to his Sire. "Speaking of where are they now? Having them in Vegas is just asking for trouble."

"Called back to Geneva." Tony opened his mouth. "Don't ask I have no idea how they found out about Sabos or where he was located. Lamont is pissed so that should keep them occupied for a while, while we figure out where to hide Catherine."

"Border would be too obvious." Josiah glanced up at his Mate.

"That and Catherine would stand out." Chavez frowned trying to figure where to hide them. "What about Vachon? He's hidden a few people over the past years."

"Even more obvious." Tony pointed out. "Methos and Attila would have a hard time getting to Camelot."

"Arthur is dealing with protecting..." Timothy paused for a moment eyes shifted to Border's Clan Leaders.

"I don't want to know." Josiah held up his hands. "I got my own clan issues to deal with." He still had the information Doc and Marty told him before they sent them into hiding, and let alone the newest addition, Ronon.

"The irony would be hiding them at the Council." Chavez chuckled then paused when he saw Brisco standing at the end of the hallway. The Hunter gave him a look, Chavez turned to the small group, "Looks like Ed's has gotten a hold of Brisco, we'll deal with what we can on our end."

"Thanks." Nick watched as Josiah and Chavez walked down the hall before turning back to his Second and Advisor. "Ideas."

"Yeah I got the perfect place to hide them." Speed smirked. "No one would dare try to get past the security."

Tony gestured with his hands towards his sibling. "Where?"

"The Vatican." Timothy gave a small grin to his father. "No one is getting past Olivetti."

Warrick walked out of the Mansion onto the back lawn, he followed the small path to find his Mate standing quietly looking out over the forest. He stepped up behind him and wrapped his arms around his waist. For a moment they two stood quietly in each other's arms watching dusk settle over the trees.

Warrick broke the silence, "Just got a call from Dean, their about a day and half out."

Nick leaned back into his embrace. "Am I doing the right thing?"

"Hiding Catherine?" Warrick kissed the top of Nick's head. "Yes. She'll be safe in Italy with Lucretia, and with Ernesto working security not even Methos is getting to her. Though someone needs to give him the Mutant speech, and by someone I mean you."

Nick chuckled. "Thanks."

Warrick could still feel the tension through the bond; he turned Nick around and kissed him hard and deep. "Let it go General."

"I'm having a hard time with this one." Nico's head dropped thoughts and emotions running rampant. "Was I any different pushing the issue with you..."

"Oh hell no!" Warrick cupped Nick's chin and forced him to look at him. "We buried this I will not let you wallow in guilt. The situation is different. I was an adult. Sabos is a baby."

Nico pulled him down into a deep kiss, enjoying the feel of his Mate against him. "We have some time before everyone arrives."

"Good. Cause I plan on having my wicked way with you." Warrick took Nick's hand and pulled him towards their Mansion.

He had no doubt in the years to come; there would be a confrontation with Methos and Attila. But at the moment there were more pressing matters. First he needed his Mate naked. Second they had a corrupt politician to take down. Third a Mutant war to stop, and if they could take out Frankenstein while they were at it, that would be a bonus.

~ Two Days Later ~

Charles heard the commotion from his office. He looked over at Nick, both frowning as they headed for the door. What they saw in the school's entry hall was chaos.

Scott was yelling at Sam and Dean, demanding to know who the hell they were; causing Dean to slide into protective mode. Sam had a hand on his shoulder trying to calm him down, but the closer Scott got the more irritated Dean became.

Wade was keeping Cas behind him, eyeing a few of the others that were standing on the staircase. Not trusting anyone at the moment. Cas was trying to push past him, but kept getting shoved back.

Hardison stood in the doorway, clutching his backpack trying to blend into the walls.

While Peter Burke flailed manically at the sight before him.

Suddenly everyone stopped, turned and watched the spectacle that was before them. Neal had been suddenly pinned to the wall, his legs wrapped around Eliot, hands clutching the long hair, moaning deeply into the kiss.

The sound of a ringing phone echoed in the area, pulling Peter out of his flail. He grabbed it off his build and accidentally hit the speaker button in his panicked state. "El!"

'What the hell, Peter? I can feel the flail from here!' Elizabeth Burke's voice sound exasperated.

"Our Mate is making out with some long haired thug!" Peter's hand flailed at the two against the wall.

'Is he hot?' El asked curiously.

"What?" Peter stopped and looked down at his phone, he blushed and clicked the talk button taking it off of speaker phone. "He's handsome..." He nodded, his blush getting deeper. "I will not... El! Don't... fine." He hung up from his wife then held up the phone and snapped a picture, sending it to her.

Neal untangled himself from Eliot, righting his clothes as he turned to his Mate. "Peter this is Eliot. Eliot this is Peter one of my Mates."

He looked at Neal. "You could have mentioned that before I said hello."

"I haven't seen you in decades. I missed you." He ran his hand through Eliot's hair soothing it down.

Peter held his hand out. "Hi. I'm Peter. The woman sending me text messages demanding more photos is Elizabeth my wife, his other Mate. And we have no idea who you are."

Eliot took the hand firmly then grinned. "I've been keeping Neal out of trouble since I caught him shoplifting in the Marketplace."

Burke's eyebrow rose, since a possible alley in his reach. "Any tips?"

"Chain him to a bed." Eliot smiled over at Neal. "A well fucked Neal doesn't get into trouble."

Neal preened, "Alleged trouble."

Nick wasn't sure who to yell at first; instead he just gave a not so subtle cough. Everyone turned to look at him. Eliot smiled then moved towards Nick.

"Is he going to kiss him to?" Wade asked shocked to see Eliot so open with his emotions. He had always shown his compassion to him and Cas, and when Hardison became part of the group he slowly opened up to the geek. But they had never seen him this comfortable. Eliot was always looking over his shoulder, making sure they were safe. Here it was as if he trusted those in the room to watch his back. Wade wasn't sure how to respond to the situation.

"Not unless he wants Warrick to smack him one." Neal commented walking over to Wade. "Hi I'm Neal, and you are?"

"Wade." He took the offered hand. "This is Castiel."

Neal smiled at them both. "Welcome to Charles' school for the Gifted."

"Oh man." Hardison's shoulders sagged in relief when he heard the name. He stepped forward entering the conversation. "Charles Xavier? He's the one helping the Mutants."

"Yes." Charles moved his wheel chair over to the small group. "That would be me."

Alex shifted his backpack and held out his hand. "I'm Alex Hardison, these are my friends and well we need your help."

Eliot walked up to Nick and pulled him into a tight embrace. "I'm sorry."

Nick held onto him for a few moments, he had been shocked when he had read Sam's text. He hadn't heard from Eliot in twenty-years. He had been worried, but knew the man had a tendency to disappear and lay low for a while, especially after difficult times. It had started with that fateful voyage in 1912, then two world wars, and the POW camp during Vietnam. So he hadn't been surprised when he dropped off the face of the earth.

When Sam had called and explained they were bringing some Mutants with him, Nick had realized that Eliot had found someone who needed him. Nick pulled away making sure he had Eliot's attention. "No reason to be sorry."

"I should have been there." He shook his head. He had kept an eye on the Vampire world, but his focus had been on his 'kids'. It wasn't until last year he had heard about Egypt. He had been tempted to get in touch with Nick, but Cas had gotten sick.

"You were needed elsewhere." Nico looked over his shoulder to the three men talking with Charles. "What happened?"

"I found Wade trying to steal some food, he was maybe fifteen." Eliot shook his head remembering how small and frightened he was. "He ran away from me, and let me say the kid was fast. It took a few weeks but I was able to track him down and discovered him protecting Castiel. They were just kids way over their head, desperate and hungry."

"So you took them in." Nick smiled at his old friend.

"Well Wade was a rebellious smart ass." Eliot grinned as he remembered the running commentary Wade had kept up for days after he had brought them to the small cabin he owned. "I had been tempted to leave them, but Castiel looked me up with his blue eyes and there was no way I couldn't take them in."

"You made them your family." Nico smiled softly, he knew Eliot. "The other?"

"Hardison?" He chuckled. "Castiel brought him home. One day while Wade was at classes, Cas dragged Hardison into the house we were renting close to the University. It took a while to get the story out, but somehow Alex had found out who Cas really was. Needless to say he freaked and kidnapped him, and brought him to me. I had a long sit down conversation with Hardison, putting the fear of God in him." Nick chuckled envisioning the conversation. "I didn't expect him to show his face again, but a week later he showed up with full IDs and a complete new

background for everyone. He wiped out Wade and Cas' real names. As far as anyone was concerned they never existed."

"He's the one who hacked into Crimson International." The Clan Leader looked over to the man seeing him talking animatedly to Charles.

"Once he was part of the family, he does what he can to protect. He just got in over his head." Eliot said.

"Well your home now." Nick reached over and gripped his shoulder. "And so are they."

Eliot placed his fist over his heart then moved it outward. An old salute that had once been about honor, and now represented bigotry and fear; destroyed by a man desperate for power.

"I am at your service, General."

"Introduce me to your friends, Laelius."

~ Charles' School for the Gifted: Conference/Security Rooms ~

Alex Hardison eyes went wide at the layout of the Conference Room as he entered the heavy oak double doors. There was a long mahogany table that faced a wall of screens and panels. Along the far wall was another table, both were packed with people sitting in the leather back chairs.

He looked to his right to see a computer workstation that faced the screens. He couldn't help the small whistle; the amount of technology in one area was a geek orgasm. He had slid behind into one of the shockingly comfortable chairs, taking in the variety of programs and systems being used.

Hardison looked up when a man with unruly dark hair sat down next to him. He wasn't sure who it was, but it was obvious he was in the military. The man had flipped open one of the laptops and began typing codes into what looked to be a secured server.

'Damn!' He blinked a few times watching the encryption code play across the screen. He had never seen anything like it, wondered if even The Count could hack it.

"Okay who's the geek that hacked into Frankenstein's systems?"

Hardison startled and looked up at one of the screens at the front of the room, his mouth dropped open. "You're Tony Fucking Stark!"

"That's Mr. Stark to you; I only allow the fucking part to be used by people who know me." Tony replied.

Hardison tried to lean back in his chair and look cool and calm, but he inclined too far and fell out of the chair. He stood up, fixed his seat and sat back down.

"He's adorable." Tony glanced over to where Nick was sitting. "Where did you find him Geeks-R-Us?"

"Hey! He hacked into Crimson International!" Hardison spoke up defending his geek honor. "And into the White House I might add."

"Mr. Hardison the only reason you're not getting arrested is because that information is helping." A voice came over the speakers.

Hardison looked around the room, looking at the other blank screens.

"Conference call." He could hear the smirk in the voice. "Later after all this is taken care of, I would like to talk to you about a possible job."

Alex leaned over to the guy next to him. "Who is that?"

"Harvey Specter."

Hardison nodded a few times then looked back at him. "Who?"

"Eliot where did you pick up this guy up?" Harvey commented then paused for a moment. "I can see you rolling your eyes, Mr. Hardison."

Hardison froze in his spot; he looked around the room picking out all the cameras. He threw his hands up. "You're all insane!"

"Welcome to the family." The guy next to him said with a grin. "I'm John Sheppard by the way, most just call me Shep."

"Alex." He held out his hand. "Just to be safe, is everyone Vampires?"

Yeah. Vampires.

Now that was a long drawn out conversation that took at least two states and a few pit stops to get out of one Eliot Spencer. By the time they had arrived at the school, Hardison had learned that a) Vampires did exist b) Eliot was one, which didn't surprise him, 'cause really has anyone met Eliot? c) there was this whole network of clans d) the Republican Nominee was a vampire trying to take over the world, which also wasn't that shocking – Republican's just weren't normal in his book e) there were Mutants which he knew, hello Wade and Cas f) Mutants didn't know about Vampires and vice versa g) this whole fiasco was caused by Victor fucking Frankenstein – as in Frankenstein h) come to find out it was Frankenstein who owned Crimson International and was now gunning for Hardison i) he was in deeper shit than he thought.

"Most." Shep answered. "Charles and his team are Mutants." He wasn't sure the poor kid was ready to learn about Aliens yet.

"So you're a Vampire?" Hardison asked just to make sure.

"Yep." He just smiled.

"Okay anything weird I should know about?" He asked looking around the room. Most were lost in their own conversations; it seemed they were waiting for another person to hook up via Video Conference. "Besides the Vampire and or Mutant part."

"Lucien..." He pointed out La Croix and his Mate who were sitting a few seats down from Nico. "He's Knight Clan's Leader."

"That's important?" Alex asked curiously eyeing the two, wondering how much lace did the smaller one have on and if Liberachie knew his wardrobe had been stolen. "Eliot explained Clans and they each have a leader, which makes sense and all."

"Knight is famous for stepping around that fine line that makes shows the difference between respect Clan Member and a Rogue." John informed him. "Though I have to admit after Egypt and now this, I can't say I trust him, but I know he's got the good of the Vampire Community at heart or at least his Clan."

"Who's the cowboy?" Alex pointed out the Vampire that had got Scott to back off from Sam and Dean, which he learned were Hunters for Nikolaus. Eliot had introduced him to Nico, soon after they had arrived. It was obvious, that Eliot had respected the man and Hardison could see why.

"James Hickok, Nick's bodyguard." Shep grinned at Hardison's expression. "Yes as in Wild Bill, the short guy next to Lucien, is Billy the Kid."

"Dude!" He glanced over then back to the Vampire. "Really? So all those history classes..."

"You'll never look at history books the same again. Ever." John looked back at his computer clicked a few of the boxes and typed some passwords. "I normally don't do this, but my Mate couldn't be pulled out of the lab."

"Mate?" Alex asked then stopped when the second screen came online.

"At least you haven't been kidnapped." O'Neil smirked over at Nico. "I had Radek but he got distracted by the shiny in the conference call with the geeks."

"We can just pull their call into here." Shep suggested.

"How's civilian life?" O'Neil asked.

"What civilian life. So far I've said hello to the kids, then got pulled into a Mutant war it's like being back in Atlantis." John said as he keyed in a few more codes then grinned when the last screen came online. The view was split between Radek at Stargate Command and the Scientist down in the lab at the school.

"I don't care what 'The Doctor' said, there are more elements within the Ancient Gene than we first realized." Radek pulled off his glasses and glared at his computer.

"One of them being the Mutant Gene?" Banner asked as he pulled out his own notes going through them as if looking for something.

"One of many," Radek sighed. "If it's true that these wolves evolved this could be a whole new discovery..."

He looked up at the screen, "Why do I suddenly have two conference screens?"

"Because you're connected to both conferences." Shep said with a smile.

Rodney looked up from his own research. "We don't have time for this."

"Make time." Nick said easily. "Have you found anything new since our last discussion?"

"No." Rodney shrugged. "The doctor ran off with his pet wolf and fisherman so we've been on our own."

"Wait." Speed looked up from his own readings and paperwork. "James left?"

"The fisherman dude. Yeah. They took off a while ago." Rodney didn't look up from his paperwork. "Wasn't really paying attention. We're trying to figure out if there's a cure for the cure."

"Bruce?" Tony spoke up from his own workshop on Tracy Island. He had been half listening to the conversation; it wasn't until he heard a familiar voice that he started to pay attention.

"Tony." Bruce looked up startled, glasses falling off his nose as he focused on the screens in front of him.

"You don't return my calls or emails, one would think you didn't want to talk to me." Tony gave him a grin.

Banner hesitated, "I needed to get away."

"I found the files." He had recruited the scientist for Stark Industries the moment they had met at a symposium. The man was brilliant and his work in Gamma Radiation was promising towards a cure for Cancer. He had left him to his own accord knowing the Scientist didn't need supervision. He then received a quick almost panicky message from Dr. Banner, right before he disappeared. When he couldn't find Bruce even with the help from Scott, he had looked into his research to find that all of it had been destroyed and anything on the servers were wiped clean. The farther he dug, the more unease he had become, especially when he had heard about there were casualties when the lab had been destroyed by a 'monster'. By the time he had put it all together and shut down Stane's biological weapon department, he had flown out to Afghanistan.

"So you know why." Bruce pushed the glasses up his face.

"We need to talk." Tony gave him a pointed look. "Without the kids."

He nodded a small smile on his face, he had read about what happened to Tony and what Stane had done. He had wanted to reach out to his friend then, but his own fears stopped him. "That would be good, Tony."

Stark nodded, "So now that we have the best scientist on board what do we know?"

Rodney scoffed.

Tony ignored him.

"The only real way to stop Magneto from producing the cure is to get the cure." Jean informed them. "John Conner's mutation is what they are using. We need to find where they have him."

"Any word from Dexter?" Nick looked over at La Croix.

"He's in the Pacific Northwest." Lucien informed them. "He hasn't found the lab, but he knows he's in the right area, by all the Mutants."

"So the moment we know the location, we'll be raiding." Nick looked back at the screens. "Any look on curing the cure?"

"No." Banner shook his head. "There might not be any need for it. Dr. Neville and I have been testing it on blood samples from variety of Mutants. In some it doesn't even work, in others it cures instantly but as time passes the cure fades."

"Connor isn't really a cure he's a suppressor." Jean added into the conversation. "If you're near him your Mutation is suppressed you walk away, it starts coming back."

"Like a dampening field." Radek said. "The interesting thing isn't the cure it's the connections between the three Genes and the possibilities that can be studied."

"If we raid the lab Connor is at, are any of the X-Men going to be affected?" Scott asked.

"If we get to close the Mutation will be blocked. So we'll need to make sure those who go can fight without their Mutations." Jean informed them.

"Or let us Vampires go." Jimmy commented from his spot behind Nick.

"We may have an issue with that." Dean spoke up from his corner. "When we faced this Magneto he pulled our weapons from our hands."

"Telekinesis?" Mal asked looking over at Charles.

"He can manipulate metal." The Professor informed them. "No matter how small the amount he can bend it to his will."

"So our guns, swords, any of our weapons are useless." Hickok sighed trying to figure out how to raid a very likely heavily armed facility with no weapons.

"Plastic." Radek added.

"Porcelain." Tony spoke at the same time.

"Or you can polarize the metal." Radek started to write out a few formulas then held them up to the camera.

Tony took the image and began working on it, the two suddenly lost in schematics and scientific babble. At one point when Radek responded in Czech and when Tony answered back they lost everyone else that was trying to follow the discussion.

"Okay so moving on." Nick smiled at the two arguing back and forth. He then looked over at Hardison. "You're up."

"What?" Alex looked at him eyes wide.

"You're the one who hacked into Crimson International." Harvey spoke up.

"Show them what you found, Hardison." Eliot encouraged him. He had been standing between Hickok and Warrick through the meeting just behind Nick.

Alex glanced over to Shep, and with a small shrug he took the laptop and pulled up the screen shots and files he had found on the server he had hacked into.

"After Stillson's speech I decided to do some research into Gen-Cris Pharmaceutical." He began to explain. "There servers weren't difficult to get into and most of it was formulas and files concerning their drugs. When I did a prelim search on the company itself I found out that a certain Angela Petrelli was on the board." He clicked a button showing her as a board member for the company. "She inherited the seat from her late husband."

He then flicked through some financials. "I followed her paper trail and discovered an offshore account that had Crimson International listed as a beneficiary, leading me to dig some more."

He pulled up a picture of a screen that showed files and directories. "It took me a while to get into their system, which pretty much told me I was on the right path." He clicked on another photo to show the board of directors of Crimson International. "What got me interested was the fact the list of Board Directors didn't have any photos, but one of the names caught my eye. Especially considering he was supposed to have died a few years back."

"Stane." Tony's voice held an edge to it.

"It was then I realized that the main board at Crimson International all had ties to Gen-Cris." Hardison continued. "This was when I started to pull all the information together trying to figure out whom to send it to."

"So you picked the President of the United States." Nick glanced over at the hacker, impressed with his skills. He looked back to see Eliot grinning with pride.

"Considering it showed Stillson's main campaign contributor was also the backer of Gen-Cris which was selling the hogwash, I figured he needed it the most." Hardison shrugged. "If the Prez had the information and back-up documents, his statement would hold more weight than an anonymous hacker."

"Is this when they hacked you back?" Nick asked.

"I was looking for the smoking gun. I found this image in the top right corner, when I clicked on it, the system started shutting down and that was when I noticed a tracer going through all of my set up accounts and IP Addresses. As I got out I got a screen cap of the image just in case, but obviously it was too late."

He clicked on the last slide.

Nick stared at the image shown on the screen.

"I have no idea what it means..." Hardison tilted his head still trying to figure it out.

He had only seen it once before. Branded into the chest of Camerlingo Patrick McKenna. Nick glanced over to Speed whose eyes were glued to the screen so he knew his kid also recognized it. Horatio had reached over and took his Mate's hand feeling the emotions through the bond. Nick had reached up and took Warrick's hand that was suddenly resting on his shoulder. He took a few deep breaths, and then focused back on the job at hand.

One thing was for sure, Hardison was going to have to go into hiding.

"It's the Illuminati." Nick said simply.

"Wait as in the secret society Illuminati?" Alex stared at him in shock. "No way, that was just bullshit from the news... I mean... Really?" He stared at the Clan Leader. "They really did all that shit in Rome?"

"Yes." Nico looked over at him. "And they now know who you are."

Hardison sat down heavily in the chair. He was way beyond deep shit, this was Dinosaur shit pile like in that movie. "Fuck."

"Couldn't have said it better." Nick held back the urge to headdesk against the table.

~ Next Day ~

Nick sat quietly on the patio wall, looking over the lush green grounds that lead to the thick forest beyond the school property. He glanced over to see Warrick playing with the kids, along with the two guys Eliot had brought home.

Castiel wasn't wearing his trench coat. He looked happy and content to have his wings freed from the confines of the materials. The kids were swarming around him, reaching out and touch the white feathers.

Wade had stood nearby watching.

He turned to see Charles had settled behind him.

"I've contacted Imenand, something's happened." Nick looked back out towards the kids. "They had to sedate him."

The Professor nodded, "You worry for him."

"From the moment I met him." Nico sighed then turned back to Charles. "You think it will work?"

Charles nodded. "I had sensed turmoil within him, but I was not in a good place and not able to reach out at that time."

"When this is over, I'll arrange a meeting." He said as he pulled his phone off from his belt. He frowned slightly when he saw who was calling. "Maximus."

'Nicolaus.'

"You know the moment anyone says my full name I know its bad news." Nick felt the soothing touch of his father, his mind calming enough to deal with the latest situation.

'There's been a situation.' Maximus paused. 'Leo's been Turned...'

~ Washington D.C. – Hospital ~

Jed had stayed by his friend's bedside for two days. It had taken his staff, Maximus and Leo himself to force him back to the White House to do his job. He was in the middle of a re-election dealing with the most insane of accusations.

Leo had told him who to step in as Chief of Staff.

Jed had refused saying the job would be there when he returned. Leo had just given him a pointed look, one that Jed knew he couldn't argue with. So he did what Leo had suggested and named Josh as his new Chief of Staff.

He had stared at him for a few moments, gave him a nod then went straight to work.

His first goal, taking all the information they had received from the hacker and figure out how to use it against Stillson .

Jed looked up from his desk to see his bodyguard sitting casually on one of the sofas. "I would like to go visit Leo today."

"Ron has already cleared security at the hospital." Maximus informed him. "Charlie is pulling up the car."

Jed just stared at the Hunter over his glasses. "That should worry me."

Maximus stood up and buttoned his suit coat, covering the shoulder holster and weapon he was carrying. He held out his hand to the side door, "Mr. President."

Jed buttoned his own suit coat as he stood up and walked out of the office. He was followed by Maximus, along with Debbie who was demanding some forms to be signed. Toby had slid in next to him for a few moments, talking about a speech that was planned for the next day. They went over a few facts, before Toby slipped away and Josh slid into his place. They talked about election strategy for a few moments, tossing around the idea of a Town Hall Tour to discuss the real issues.

Josh nodded then headed down one of the hallways.

Jed glanced back at Maximus. "One day I'm waiting for a massive staff pile up at the corner of the Lincoln Room and White House Hallway One."

He chuckled softly, watching Jed deal with staff members as they came and went, reminded him of the days back in Rome. Marcus Aurelius could conduct at least three conversations, deal with military strategy and find out what was for dinner all while moving from one end of the palace to the other.

Seems the skill runs soul deep.

The two were quiet on the way to the hospital. Jed stared out the window, watching the citizens moving about their day. He had a hard time remembering ever being that carefree. He wondered what another term would do to his health, and if it was worth it. But he loved this country, and he wasn't going to let it fall into the hands of someone like Stillson.

And if anything Nick and Maximus had told him about Frankenstein and this Crimson International he would fight until his dying breath to make sure his country doesn't become a pawn in their games.

They pulled into the back, away from the public access. Jed stepped out of the limo, pausing for Maximus and Ron to take their positions as they entered the hospital. He had to admit it was a bit odd coming into the building through the Morgue.

When they exited the elevator onto Leo's floor, Jed knew instantly something was wrong. He looked down the hall to see a tall dark haired man in a doctor's coat coming out of Leo's room. When the doctor looked up he stopped. He gave them a self-satisfied grin, and with a salute he dodged into one of the other rooms.

Maximus was down the hall in seconds.

Ron pushed Jed into a secure corner, gun drawn making sure there was no viable threat.

Alarms started to go off, the blaring Code Blue screeching over the intercoms. Jed pushed past Ron and started moving towards Leo's room. His head shook a mantra of no on his lips, as he pushed open the door.

The IV stand was knocked over.

The heart monitor wailed as a flat line crossed its screen.

The oxygen mask was dangling over the railing.

The bed was covered in blood.

Jed stood still, his eyes not able to leave his friend.

The room was suddenly filled with people. Doctors. Security. He felt a hand on his arm, he looked up to see Maximus. He pulled him out of the room, and handed him over to Quintus. The other Hunter looked off, but he couldn't place it at the moment. All Jed knew was he had just lost his best friend.

He heard Abbey's voice scream at the doctors telling them to get out, that she was Leo's doctor and would take care of him. Jed couldn't help but smile that was the woman he loved. He wasn't sure how long he sat in the hallway, with Quintus and Ron standing over him, but in that moment he felt as if he had aged twenty years.

"Jed."

"Josiah."

"Mr. President."

"Josiah Edward Bartlett!"

"Jethro!"

"I hate it when you call me that." He lifted his head to see Abbey looking down at him.

"Now that I got your attention." She reached out and touched his face. "It's okay." She took his hand and pulled him into the room, which was now quiet, no machines were beeping. The blood had been cleaned up. The IV stand had been pushed into the corner.

Jed took a deep breath and looked at the bed.

Leo was staring back at him.

"Leo!" Jed moved across the room and took his friend's hand. He didn't care if he had tears in his eyes, or that he may have even leaned over and kissed him. "I thought you were gone."

"He's been Turned." Maximus said from behind.

Jed looked over his shoulder then back at Leo. "Why? And by Who?"

"It was a known Rogue, goes by Don Jon." Quintus spoke up from the other side of the bed. "I'm not sure why, but if he did it there was a reason."

"To distract Jed from the election?" Abbey spoke up from the end of the bed, scribbling notes on the chart to explain in medical terms the situation they were now in.

Jed straightened up and looked at his wife. "That would more likely piss me off."

"Yes it would." She agreed giving him a smile. "Obviously they don't know you as well as they think they do."

"He did it because he could." Leo spoke up. "No reason but to cause chaos."

"Now what do we do?" Jed asked not leaving his friends side.

"You win an election. Leo miraculous heals and will become one of your advisors." Abbey informed both of them, and her tone indicated there would be no argument.

"I'll be training you." Quintus added. "He got past me and for that I will forever be asking for your forgiveness."

"Do not go there Quintus." Maximus gave a look to his Mate. "You saved someone's life, and we know Don Jon is not above killing others to get to what he wants."

"What did he do?" Jed demanded not liking this Don Jon. He would talk with Maximus later and Nico about what needs to be done to find the man and have him dealt with.

"There was a threat in the hospital." Quintus explained. "I went to check it out, come to find out there was a Rogue in the Emergency Room, he had a gun and was intent to use it. I took him out easily, but then realized it was a diversion. By the time I got back up to the floor Maximus had already gone after Don Jon."

"You did the right thing." Leo looked over at the Hunter. "That Rogue would have killed someone, in the end I'm still here."

"Do you plan on staying here?" Jed asked. He had talked with Nick on many occasions about the history and laws of the Vampire community.

Leo snorted. "You think for a second I'm going to let some European trash stop me from living my life." He smiled a small chuckle escaping. "At least I don't have to worry about you giving me any more heart attacks with some crazy scheme you come up with."

Abbey watched the two men closely. Jed took a seat next to the bed, talking animatedly with Leo. Neither of them realized that they were still holding hands. She wasn't blind to what she was seeing; her husband may have to be hit upside the head.

She was looking forward to that conversation.

'Leo's been released and will spend a few weeks in recovery.' Maximus informed Nick. 'Quintus is going to take the time to train him.'

"Do we think Don Jon will come back?" He asked.

'No.' The Council Hunter answered. 'He did his damage, he won't be back.'

"What do you think is his plan in all of this?" Nick looked up to see Speed walking towards him with James Harrison towering behind him.

'Nothing.' Maximus said. 'He did it because he can and if it hurt Jed in his re-election that's just bonus.'

"Are you staying in DC?"

'Yes through the election. Quintus has taken Leo under his wing, and Jed will need to have a few things pointed out to him. I'm going to let Abbey give him the Mate speech, should be entertaining to watch. Though my own talk with Leo may be as uncomfortable.'

"Maximus?" Nick chuckled.

'Later, right now we have more things to worry about.' Maximus assured him. 'Speaking of what information do you have on your end?'

Speed stopped in front of him, James handed him a sheet of paper. Nick opened it up; all that was written was a set of coordinates.

"We have the location of the facility."

"Excuse me?"

Brisco paused in what he was doing and looked over at Storm. "Jean said that the Connor kid can curtail the Mutations."

"And?" She stood there with her hands on her hips.

"You fight with your Mutation." Brisco realized quickly he was in serious trouble. "So if you can't use them..."

"Are you saying I can't fight?" Her voice dropped into a deadly growl.

"Look." He held up his hands in a surrender fashion. "We talked about the whole Mate thing."

"Yes and you're going to have to get used to the fact that I will not stand down. Magneto is hurting my people, and I will not stay behind because you think I can't fight." Storm's voice softened slightly though still held an edge.

"I'm not saying you can't fight. Vampires don't do well when they lose their Mate." Brisco sighed.

"You won't lose me." She stepped up to him and cupped his cheek. "I promise you that Brisco."

He leaned down and kissed her softly. The skies above them cleared, letting the fullness of the moon shine down.

"Why can't I go?" Jean demanded.

"I think it would be unwise." Charles held his ground.

"Why?" She asked confused.

"Jean there are things we do not know about your Mutation." He moved his chair closer to her taking her hand. "Between Connor's ability and Magneto's desperation I need you here."

"Besides someone has to watch over your new playmates." Scott slipped an arm around her waist and kissed her neck. "Though I think Dr. Banner has a crush on you."

"Bruce is a sweet guy and he knows I'm married." Jean turned in her husband's arms and kissed him. "Come home to me."

Horatio sat back in the lounge, content to hold his Mate close to him. After everything was over, he was taking Speed back to Ireland. Alone. Without kids. After a week of quality time, Dino and Terry could bring the kids. Maybe.

"How's Danny?" He asked softly.

"Pissed." Speed replied. "Though he's calmer than Mac."

"I talked with Mac, he's going to take care of Catherine and Sabos because he knows that is what Stella would want. But he's not guaranteeing his actions if he sees Sabertooth, Methos or Attila." He said.

"Don't blame them." Timothy shifted until he looked at his Mate. "So where you going to tell me about Marisol?"

"Yes when I had enough evidence to go to Nick." Horatio knew lying to Speed never worked. "I didn't realize that he was already investigating her."

"Yeah well McCoy called me." Timothy sat up and looked at him. He was surprised when Jack had called him over talking to Nick, until he heard what he had to say. Speed knew that once he got off the phone with the District Attorney that he would be contacting Nick. "She was sleeping with Van Doome."

Horatio sat up, shock clear on his face. "What the hell?"

"It's how they found out about the meeting with Yev." Speed watched as the realization hit his Mate.

Horatio stood up and began pacing slightly, anger seething through him. "I..."

Speed slipped his arms around Horatio from behind, calming him down. "She paid for her crimes."

"She got Yev shot, hoping it was you." He sighed suddenly feeling old. "Why? I mean did she think that you being shot would make me suddenly run into her arms?"

"Rational thought wasn't part of her plans." Tim turned H around, pulling him into a soft deep kiss. "It's done and we don't have to worry about her."

"I'm sorry, my love." Horatio whispered.

"I love you." Speed pulled him close kissing him deeply.

Horatio grinned into the kiss, pushing his Mate into their room. Taking the full advantage of not having rambunctious two-year-old ready to raid their parents' bedroom.

~ Conference Room: Late Night ~

Nick sat down and looked at the four men that were seated around the table. These were men he had trusted for over a thousand years. They helped him in his worst moments, been there during his best, and when he asked they did things without question.

He trusted them with his life.

He trusted them with his secrets.

Harvey Specter had driven up from New York, intent to be at the meeting in person. He had talked with Nathan Petrelli early that morning, arranging for him to meet with the President. Nathan had wanted to make sure he was protected, along with his brother and daughter. That had come as a slight shock to the lawyer, but it then answered many questions.

Eliot Spencer set down some appetizers onto the table then took his own seat. He had been out of the loop for far too long. He held no regrets being there for his 'kids', but it was now time for him to do what he did best.

Neal Caffrey tossed his hat onto the table, ignoring Eliot's comments. He reached over and snagged on of the appetizers moaning in pleasure. He had really missed Eliot's cooking over the past few years. He had spent most of the afternoon talking with Peter, telling him things that the man would need to understand being his Mate.

Remy LeBeau leaned back in his chair playing with a deck of cards. He twirled them around his fingers and up in the air. He had just got back from his reconnaissance mission, helping locate Crimson International's facility. They had it hid it well, deep within the vast forest of the Pacific Northwest. Much like the research facility under Eureka where they had kept Alyc, this facility was tied into the local city, hiding in the public population.

Nick smiled when he saw the appetizers, then placed the good bottle of scotch down along with some plastic cups.

"Ah Nico." Harvey grabbed the alcohol. "You're ruining a very fine expensive scotch with such cheap cups."

"You goin' to say no?" Eliot grabbed one of the cups and held it out towards Harvey.

"No." He poured everyone a glass then held up his cup. "May our lives never be boring."

"Boring isn't that bad." Nick pointed out downing the Scotch.

"How is being a stay at home grandpa?" Harvey asked curiously.

"Boring." He answered chuckling. "Though after the past few years, I'm taking advantage of the rest."

"Where the hell have you been Eliot?" The lawyer looked over at the other man.

"Raising some kids." He answered with a shrug. "I needed some time away."

"I can understand that." Remy reached over and snagged some of the food. "Though I have missed your cooking."

"Oh you have no idea how much I've missed his meals." Neal snagged a few for himself. "Prison food is awful."

"And why were you in prison? Again?" Eliot demanded.

"I allegedly stole a painting." Neal shrugged popping the treat into his mouth.

"And why didn't you get him out?" Remy asked Harvey.

"He didn't call and by the time I saw it, he was already sentenced." Specter gave a pointed look towards the thief. "Though I could have argued that technically it wasn't stealing since you painted it originally."

"Allegedly stole." Neal gave him a smile.

"So that St. George sitting in Arthur's study, wasn't from you?" Nick asked with a smirk.

Caffrey chuckled lightly. "I've been meaning to ask, how did you get the call through?"

"What call?" Remy asked.

"When Nico was running around Rome, he needed information about Raphael and some of my contemporaries." Neal explained. "So how did you?"

"Jed had me patched through." Nick answered easily.

"And how are you friends with the President?" Eliot grabbed the Scotch and poured everyone another round.

"Commodus." He glanced over to Harvey whose face went blank. "Sam Seaborne is Lucilla. Maximus has been keeping an eye on the White House since then."

"Son of a bitch." Specter growled low and deep. The thought of Commodus being even in the area was enough to put him in defense and attack mode all at the same time.

"Moving on." Remy reached over and laid a hand on Harvey's getting him to un-ball his fist and relax. "Is the hacker your Mate?"

"What?" Harvey looked at Remy confused.

"Not you, Eliot." He glanced over to him.

"No." Spencer shook his head. "Good kid, go to the ends of the earth for his family."

"Speaking of Mates." Harvey glanced over at Neal. "Mr. FBI?"

"He looks good in his cheap black suits and ties." Caffrey defended his Mate. "El at least has taste and sophistication, so I won't have to live on beer and peanuts."

"What's wrong with beer and peanuts?" Eliot and Nick said at the same time.

Neal ignored them. "He's the one who caught me." He smiled at the memory. "Peter is a good man, and El is beautiful I'm really not worthy of either of them let alone both."

"You're worth both of them." Eliot said softly leaning over to smack him upside the head.

Remy chuckled at Neal's yelp then grew serious as he looked over at Nick. "Rumor has it that you have a traitor in your Clan."

"I do." He nodded. "I'm dealing with it."

"You know who it is?" Eliot asked eyes narrowing. "I can take care of the situation."

"Like I said I'm dealing with it." He gave him a look.

"Shall we get down to business." Harvey suggested. "What do you know about the Illuminati?"

"That Galileo better not show his face near me, or the Vatican." Nick said with a growl. "Though I would pay to see him try and take on Ernesto."

"The Italian I've heard so much about?" Neal asked. "So what is your deal with him?"

"He's close to me; let's leave it at that for the moment." They all knew that tone, and not to push. Well at least not at the moment.

"Any word on where Galileo is?" Eliot asked.

Nick shook his head. "Nothing since that day."

"So the fact Hardison hacked into a front company of theirs, is going to have them gunning for him." Spencer sighed. "We're going to have to hide him."

"Right now let's focus on what's in front of us then deal with Galileo and his secret society." Harvey leaned back in his chair. "Are main threat is Stillson."

"We do not need to worry about him." Nick assured him. "Connor is already in New York, with Johnny Smith."

"So he takes him out, we still have his name and his accusations." Specter commented. "We need to ruin him before he disappears or at least make his disappearance look like he ran."

"How much information has Petrelli given?" Neal questioned.

"Financials concerning the campaign and where Stillson is getting his money, which leads directly to Gen-Cris and Crimson International," Harvey explained.

"Does he have access to Stillson's penthouse?" Caffrey's eyes held that fire in them, everyone in that room knew he was plotting a con.

"Yes. He's only got samples of the financials but can access the rest of them." Harvey's eyebrow went up at Neal's grin. "What are you planning?"

"I may have a painting that may be missing from a very respectable location. And if say the White Collar Division of the FBI was to get a tip that it may be in said Penthouse and while searching found the rest of the financials." Neal suggested.

"Even if his lawyers are good enough to take me on and try to put the blame on Petrelli the images of the FBI pulling out boxes of paperwork would ruin Stillson's name." Harvey smirked.

"Which painting?" Remy asked curiously.

"The St. Jerome in the Wilderness." Neal shrugged. "I keep getting calls from Da Vinci, figured might be good idea to return it."

Nick's chuckle turned into a full laugh. "So you did steal it!"

"Allegedly." Neal smiled brightly. "It took them years to figure out the one on the wall is a fake, I was just testing their security and observations skills."

"You realize the Vatican is going to swoop down and take it." Harvey added into the conversation.

"How else are we going to meet Nick's famed Italian?" Neal smirked.

"Neal you are an evil mastermind." Eliot laughed as he leaned over and kissed him on the lips.

"I hate you all." Nick shook his head laughing with the rest of them. It was good to have them all back, he had missed them. There was too many years and history between them to ever be part for long, but it's these moments that he cherished the most.

"You love us." Remy leaned over and kissed Nick on the cheek.

Nick held up his finger and thumb pushing them close together. "Harvey can you take Neal and Peter back into New York and help arrange everything?" Harvey nodded. "I'll be heading out to the facility..."

"Hell no!" Eliot yelled sitting up in his chair.

"That is not an option." Remy voiced his own disagreement with the plan.

"Okay you do realize I can take care of myself." They both just glared at him. "Fine then you can come."

"Damn right." Eliot leaned back arms crossed. "I have a few bones to pick with a few Mutants. One of them burned down my business."

"You will need all the help you can get." Remy informed them. "Raccoon city has civilians and it's heavily protected. The facility itself is in the middle, meaning we have to get through the city first leaving us exposed and potential human casualties."

"Then I suggest we drop in on them." Nick sat back in his chair, Magneto wouldn't see it coming.

Title: Stage Seven: Artificial Life

~ Raccoon City: Gen-Cris Pharmaceutical Company ~

It was a city within a city.

The main entrance was the Front Gate, which had a single Guard Shack. Along the left hand wall was storage and fuel tanks. On the right was a small road that led employees and visitors to a parking garage.

There were walkways leading from the garage to variety of buildings. The largest building was in the center of the small compound. It was ten stories high, and four stories underground. There were two buildings attached to the main office, one on each side slightly set back. They

were smaller in stature only three stories high, but had seven stories underground, with a tunnel that connected the two.

The second entrance was in the back leading directly to a loading dock for the smaller building on the right of the main offices. It was heavily guarded, and the gate was made of re-enforced steal.

Gen-Cris employed about a fourth of the town for their office positions, drivers, janitorial staff, cooks, everything but the scientist and guards, all working in the main building.

The scientist were had been handpicked by Dr. Frankenstein and Dr. Rowan and were the only ones who had clearance for the two side buildings, where the labs and detention cells were located.

The guards had been contracted out to Blackmoon Security, which was ran and funded by Don Jon.

Dexter had easily made his way into the city and found himself a nice room to rent. He had wandered around the outside Gen-Cris compound, searching access points and took notes of their security details, looked for weak areas that could be manipulated.

So far he had found very little. Dexter was slightly impressed, just slightly because the main access point was their weakest, and that had made it far too easy.

He wasn't shocked when he found Remy who had come up with the same conclusion as he had. He gave the other man his notes on guard placements then preceded to head into the facility.

"Where are you going?" Remy asked as Dexter walked away.

"To work." He held up the badge that had belonged to a Janitor that now laid dead under a pile of trash at the local landfill. "It wasn't his cleanest work, but there were time constraints. "Do not give me that look. He was an abusive asshole who had molested his nieces; I only did us all a favor."

Remy just gave him a nod. "What are your plans?"

"Find my Mate and son." He said simply before he turned and headed towards the employee entrance. He gave the guard a smile, commented on the weather and moved through the gate like any normal human being.

Remy took the notes that had been collected, and made his way out of town. The sooner Nico received the information the better. As he exited the town, a woman stepped into the middle of the road, forcing him to slam on his brakes, skidding to a stop a few inches from her. She looked to her left and in seconds the truck door opened and a burly man sat next to him.

"James Harrison." He held out his hand.

Remy knew who the man was; he had taken to knowing all those who are close to Nico and his family. He took the hand. "Need a ride back to New York, James?"

"Yes." He said simply not at all shocked that Remy hadn't yelled or panicked. "You're not a Vampire."

"No. No I am not." Remy looked back out towards the road only to see the woman gone. "We have a few hours until the nearest airport, so we can swap stories."

It hadn't taken long for Dexter to figure out where the top security area was located. He would accidently started cleaning outside his assigned area, and waited to see how many guards showed up.

When he found himself surrounded at gunpoint, he knew he had found the right area.

It wasn't long until he had received a message from Billy that they were inbound and that there would be a coordinated attack at midnight.

Dexter had put away his cart, in its pre-assigned closet, grabbed his gear and slowly made his way towards the secure area. All he had to do was wait for the loud explosion.

~Gen-Cris Pharmaceutical: Detention Cell ~

Logan snarled as the doctors approached him. He chuckled when one startled jumping away from him.

They had captured him a week ago, and been experimenting on him since.

He had destroyed one of their labs the first day, scared off three doctors by the second, and by the third they had him strapped to a table. He had felt a sense of accomplishment.

Scott may call him uncouth, unsavory, and a few other choice names, but he had learned a few things over the years working with Charles. He took in as much information as he could, the layout of labs, patrols of the guards, the different doctors, and more importantly where they were keeping the kid and his mother.

Then it all changed.

Logan had been strapped down on the table when he smelled the bitch. He growled and before anyone could blink he snapped the leather straps, had his claws out as he attacked Mystique. He had got one good hit in, when his body flew across the room and slammed into the wall.

He bit back the snarl.

"Logan."

"Magneto." He didn't even try to move; he knew there was no way with the Mutant in the room. "And what do I owe for this pleasure?"

"I met your Mate." Magneto reached up and patted him on the cheek.

Logan's eyebrow went up; he knew Magneto had no clue about Vampires or the concept of Mates, which included the fact Logan didn't actually have one. "Well that's nice since I have no idea what you're talkin' about."

"You don't remember that beautiful creature." He stepped back; head tilted slightly watching him carefully. "No, you actually don't."

"I think I would remember if I had gotten married." Logan retorted.

"How do you not know, she is your perfect beta." Magneto stepped back then turned towards the doctors. "What studies have you ran on his memory?"

"None." The doctor stammered. "We've conducted experiments on his re-growth and healing rates."

"Run some tests!" He yelled as he left the room, leaving Logan to drop to the floor. He slowly stood up, and then smirked over at the doctors. They yelled for the guards, who rushed the room and unleashed enough tasers to take down an elephant.

Logan just laughed.

They had spent the past few days, trying to get him into a Cat scan, the metal in his body fried the machine. They had tried an MRI only for it to end up with the same fate.

It had gotten to a point they had brought in a psychologist to discuss his mental block. Logan had only laughed and then stared at the Doc until he left.

Now he found himself once again trapped against the detention wall.

He watched Magneto read over a file then set it down. "So you escaped the facility up in Canada back in the Sixties, but you have no memories before that."

"Are we starting an episode of This is My Life?" He snarked.

Magneto held out his hand and focused on a single piece of metal that had been embedded into Logan's skull.

Logan grunted as he felt something pull against his brain. His muscles contracted. Sweat slid down his skin. His body shook. He gritted his teeth to keep from screaming as Magneto ripped through his brain and skull.

Images poured into his mind. Slowly at first.

A forest.

A man. No his Pack.

A Lab. New Pack Members.

Alarms. Defend. Protect.

A circle.

Blue. Liquid. Like Water.

Cold.

Ice.

Survival.

Then the images began to become scenes. Memories.

Hunting with his pack.

Watching and protecting the Man from a distance.

Standing. Walking. Learning.

The cry of a baby.

Years became Decades. Decades became Centuries. Centuries turned into Millenniums.

Traveling the world.

Living within Civilization.

The hunter becoming the hunted.

His Mate. His Lyca. His Alyc.

Ripped from his arms.

The sound of metal pinging echoed in the room as the Adamantium bullet bounced on the floor.

Logan's eyes snapped open. "My name is Lycan and I remember everything. And you stole my Mate." He snarled as he launched himself from the wall, his claws extended as he swiped at Magneto's slicing through the helmet and across his chest.

Mystique moved to defend him only to be hit and sent flying across the room into the opposite wall.

He stood over the older Mutant, eyes flashing. "Thank you for giving back my memories. But now I will kill you for taking Alyc from me."

"No!" Magneto scrambled away to shocked at the fact Logan broke through his control. "I tried to save her. She is our Eve, your beta."

Logan snorted. "You haven't met her obviously. She is an Alpha just as me, don't let the small stature fool you."

"Don't you see?!" Magneto tried to reason. "I can let you be who you are. All Mutants will follow the two of you."

"You don't get to let us be who we are, we don't need your or anyone else's permission." Logan arm raised for the killing blow, when a sent caught his attention. He lifted his head up and sniffed. "She's here."

The building shook suddenly. The lights dimmed as the alarms began screeching throughout the complex. 'There's been a security breach. Repeat there's been a security breach. All security personal report to the main entrance.'

Lycan didn't give Magneto a second look as he moved for the door. He ripped it off its hinges and tossed it into the room.

He had a Mate to find.

~ Raccoon City: Midnight ~

Warrick and Storm easily landed the jet on the small airfield just outside the town. He taxied to the end of one of the smaller runways, making sure it was in position in case they had to leave suddenly.

Nick unhooked his belt and moved to the back of the jet where everyone was gathering in preparation to raid the Pharmaceutical Company. He watched for a few moments, as they strapped on weapons and mentally prepared themselves for what was too come.

As they exited the plane Nick began to give them orders. The labs weren't far from the airport and everyone on board could easily make their way through the town without aid of transportation.

"Everyone listen up!" Nick called out to the small group. "Horatio and Jethro are already in town, once they blow the gates we will have a short opportunity to get in and get Connor and his Mother. Our secondary mission is to free as many Mutants that are being held captive. There is no exact number but Charles is putting the figure around twenty."

"Hickok take Billy and Scott and find as many of them as you can. They will feel safer with a fellow Mutant." He glanced from Scott to Storm. "Storm I would like you to stay close to the airport. When the Mutants come running up those roads they are going to need a focal point of someone they know."

She nodded in understanding not liking the idea of being left behind but saw the advantage. "I can cause some weather disturbances that can hide and cover our tracks."

Nick nodded. "Brisco I need you to take Hickok's US Marshal Badge and go play Federal Agent. The moment Horatio sets off the explosions the local cops will be getting called."

Brisco gave him a salute. "I'll let them know that good ol' Uncle Sam is on the case."

"Isn't he your grandfather?" Jimmy asked with a smile handing over his badge.

"Grandpappy would convince them it was War of the Worlds." Brisco clipped on the badge, he looked down at it for a few moments. "Been a while since I wore one of these."

"Looks good on you." Storm squeezed his hand.

"Speed, Tony I know you have a beef with Mystique, but I want you to find Magneto and see if you can get any information out of him." They had discussed this before they had left Charles' school. Both men wanted revenge against the shifty bitch, but they were also the strongest in hand to hand combat. Tony was resilient and had been studying with his Assassin kid the past couple of years, while Speed had always been able to use his surroundings to his advantage. "I'm sending Noah with you for back up."

Noah slid next to the two siblings, taking point.

"How are we supposed to find him?" Tony asked curiously.

"Look for flying metal." Speed commented dryly.

"Lucien, you and I will be heading for the server rooms." Nick glanced over at Knight's Clan Leader. "We need to get as much information as we can."

La Croix's eyebrow rose. "And how do you suppose we hack into high security servers?"

Nick held up his phone and wiggled it. "I'm not, Stark is."

"What about Sarah and John?" The only reason La Croix had even come on the mission was to make sure that his Clan Member was safe and reunited with his Mate. No one, not even him, wanted to see what Dexter would do if Magneto killed Sarah Connor.

"Follow the bodies." Billy commented with a shrug. "Dexter should lead you right to them."

"Eliot is going to make sure Dexter doesn't do too much damage." Nico knew that Eliot was one of the few that could subdue Dexter if need be, and he wouldn't be affected by John's Mutation.

"I'm supposed to be guarding you." Spencer pointed out.

"I can take care of myself." Nick looked up at the stairs of the plane where his Mate had scoffed then coughed innocently. He knew Warrick was pissed he was stuck watching the plane, but they needed someone to keep eyes on comms and get everyone out of the area quickly. "Why does everyone forget that I am a Roman General and have fought more wars than some of you can imagine?"

"Preaching to the choir." Tony gave his dad a grin. Speed nodded in agreement. Both had Mates who seemed to forget they had centuries of experience in dealing with dangerous situation.

"I will keep an eye on Mon General." Remy bowed slightly towards Warrick.

Nick didn't hide his eyeroll.

"If this all goes to plan we'll be back here in an hour." He looked around his team. "You know the rules. Only use excessive force if necessary. I do not want Fox's opening tagline to be Mutants attacked and killed innocent God fearing townsfolk."

Billy chuckled.

"Horatio and Jethro should be in position." Nick looked down at his watch. "Let's go say hello."

Horatio rigged a few blocks of C4, holding the small flashlight in his mouth as he twisted the wires together in the trigger mechanism. When he had retired from the Miami Bomb Squad he had thought his days working with explosions had been over.

Little did he know that he would use his skills to wire one to blow the gate of a Pharmaceutical company that was holding Mutants as hostages. While Dr. Frankenstein manipulated the situation so he could start a war with the Vampires.

He handed the charge to Jethro, before removing the flashlight from his mouth. "So when you thought about retirement, this is totally what you had in mind."

Jethro chuckled low, "It was set right between finishing my boat and taking over a small country."

"You still have time for that." H commented as they moved through the shadows towards the gates.

There were only two guards on duty. One walked along the gate, the other stayed in the booth keeping an eye on the security cameras.

Jethro looked down at the simple looking device. It looked like an epee pen, but according to Hardison if he got close enough it would knock out the security cameras by the gate. Jethro eased around the corner and aimed the pen towards the guard shack.

The man in the booth sat up in his chair and started typing away on the keyboard, he hit the monitors a few times before he stood up and leaned out the shack calling for the other guard.

"That's our cue." Jethro and Horatio moved quietly and fast, securing the charge at the base of the gate. They were back down the street behind a wall, before either guard even noticed there was something amiss.

Horatio flipped open his phone. "We ready?"

'Ready.' Nick answered.

Horatio slipped the phone back into his pocket and looked around the building; the two guards were still focused on the faulty equipment. He grinned and with little flare pushed the button.

The gate exploded inward, twisting the metal off the hinges and landing a few yards into the facility. Alarms began to blare across the quiet evening.

"I'll never, not enjoy that." H grinned as he pulled his gun and with ease the two Vampires stepped away the building and took point as the rest of their team moved up the road towards the entrance.

They had their own assignment. Find Mystique. Nick had simply requested that she pay for what she had done to his son.

Hickok, Billy and Scott were the first group through the gates, moving quickly down the front path into the main building. Billy grabbed the first guard and slammed him into the receptionist desk, then grabbed his keycard. Hickok took care of the rest easily, both Hunters turned to look at Scott. He had his head down for a few moments, and then snapped to attention. He turned on his heel and ran towards the back doors, slamming through them; he turned left and ran down the path towards the facility.

Without stopping he bent down and used his shoulder to take out one of the guards flipping him over his shoulder, before kicking the gun out of his hand. He blocked the second attack easily, his hand reaching out and grabbed the guard's wrist and snapped it. He screamed in pain as the gun clattered to the ground.

He looked up to see three guards moving towards him.

He heard three shots.

All three men went down.

Scott glanced over his shoulder to see Jimmy standing there gun out. He shrugged and holstered it once again. "Didn't kill them."

Billy patted Wild Bill on the shoulder. "Fine shootin'." He stepped over the guards and slid the guard's key, smiling when it beeped and showed green.

There was a crack followed by a scream. One of the guards gripped his hand as his gun skidded across the floor away from him. Noah kicked it back, before swinging his whip around again, snagging the second guard around his neck and pulled him off his feet.

The third guard took aim only to scramble when an arm closed in around his neck, he flailed trying to fight off his attacker, only to succumb and pass out from the lack of oxygen. Tony let go, dropping the guard down to the ground.

He grabbed the security ID, then picked up the weapon, along with a second and tossed it to his brother. "We'll ditch them when we find Magneto."

Speed nodded, "Nice move. Your kid, teach you that?"

"No you did." Tony smirked over at his brother. "Well Antonio did. We were fighting like mad, you stole my necklace, I stole your book and it was out right war. I thought Papa was going to let Momma kill us. He forced you to give me my necklace but I wouldn't give you the book. You came out of nowhere, next thing I knew I woke up and Momma was screaming at you and Papa was half impressed and horrified."

"I remember that." Speed chuckled. "I had seen Razi and Papa wrestling..."

"Is that what they called it?" Noah asked with a chuckle, he enjoyed hearing the two talk about their lives back in Rome, and how much it still connected them in the now.

Timothy shook his head, "They were working through some maneuvers and Razi talked about the right pressure... Hey it worked."

"Papa was ready to skin you alive." Tony said as they moved down the corridors, towards the laboratories. Figuring if they were to find Magneto it was going to be where they were keeping Logan.

"You never stole my book after that." Speed commented. "Or since."

~ Raccoon City: Sheriff's Department ~

"Gentleman!" Brisco walked into the main office, badge in hand. "I need to speak to your Captain."

"Who the hell are you?" One of the cops asked as he strapped on his gear. "You may have noticed there is an emergency at the Gen-Cris Facility."

"Not an emergency." County said easily. "It's a raid."

"What!?" An older gentleman stepped out from the back area of the small precinct.

"FDA." Brisco informed them. "There's some question about a few of the vaccines and drugs that Gen-Cris has been putting out. Side effects that we've been receiving calls about do not match the testing parameters that they issued with the drug. After testing a few of the samples in our own facilities, we've discovered inconsistencies and requested permission to view their labs and distributions to make sure they are making the drugs that have been approved and not some untested version."

A few of the cops looked a little dazed on the explanation.

"You can call our offices and they will verify the raid. We do apologize for not letting you know sooner, but well as you know this is a delicate situation do to the press and media surrounding the allegations." Brisco used as much vague legality sounding words to run circles around anyone questioning what was really going on at the Gen-Cris Facility.

"We heard an explosion." The Captain looked concern for his town and the people he had been sworn to protect.

Brisco shook his head. "The FDA doesn't go around blowing up buildings and hurting innocent people. I've been in contact with the head of the raid and they had mentioned that one of the guards had set off an explosion at their transportation depot."

"Fucking Blackmoon Security." One of the cops shook his head. "Nothing but hot heads with guns."

"There is something you can do for us, Captain." Brisco reached out and squeezed his shoulder. "Help me keep your town safe." He leaned in voice dropping. "I'm not supposed to tell you but Homeland Security is involved with the raid, due to some allegations on Blackmoon Security. I need you and your men to make sure that no civilians are hurt."

The Captain shook his head. "We'll keep civilians away from the area."

"Thank you." Brisco patted him on the shoulder then headed out of the precinct. "And God Bless America."

He stepped out of the Station, grabbed his phone and headed down the stairs. "Local cops are secured."

'Good. Get back to the plane.' Nick ordered.

"Already on my way, General." Brisco whistled softly as he headed back to the small airport.

Nick slipped his phone into his pocket. "We don't have to worry about local cops."

"That's good." La Croix rolled his eyes. "Do you even know where you're going?"

"Hardison hacked into the system and downloaded the blueprints, finding where the server room is located." Nick informed him as they entered the main building. "They are four floors beneath us."

Remy stepped over the bodies as he moved towards the door leading to the stairwell. He flicked his wrist, gripping an Ace of Hearts between his fingers. Energy sizzled before he swiped the card through the card reader frying the system unlocking the door.

"Nice." Nick commented as they made their way down the stairs to Basement Level Four.

Remy easily opened the next door, leading them into the hallway where there were four guards protecting the Server Room.

They pulled their weapons and aimed at the intruders. Remy flicked his wrist the cards moving fast through the air, taking out two of the guards in quick succession. He then pulled a collapsible walking stick from inside his coat, a few twirls through his fingers before he slammed it into the ground, sending energy across the floor taking out the last two.

"Well let's hope that energy show didn't fry the servers." Lucien rolled his eyes as they made their way to the entrance. He came to a sudden stop when the door at the opposite end of the hallway opened. "What the hell is that?"

"Sabertooth." Nick growled instantly going into battle mode.

"Nick." Sabertooth's smile showed his canines. "I've been thinking about you."

"You've also been on my mind." The General watched the Mutant carefully. He held up his hand, when he saw Remy moving to step in front of him. "Remy stay out of this."

"I cannot do, General. I promised Warrick." He looked over at his friend.

"It's personal." Nick stepped past Remy only a few feet from Sabertooth. "You killed a friend of mine."

Sabertooth stopped in his tracks, head tilted questioning.

"Catherine and her baby are under my protection," Nick continued. "Stella was also a friend."

He bowed his head, "Her death was not my intent. I meant her no harm, she protected fiercely and her death is an honor of a warrior."

"Her death was unnecessary." He replied, with a snarl his fangs showing.

Sabertooth focused on the fangs, and then sniffed the air, eyes narrowing. "What are you?"

"Not human." The General growled and in the blink of the eye he attacked.

Horatio and Jethro made their way down to the labs with ease. Their instincts were screaming that it was a trap, especially as they had yet to run into any guards.

"Last time we moved down hallways with the lights flickering and bodies on the floor." Horatio said as they made their way down the corridor. "I half expected zombies."

"Is it sad that I wouldn't be shocked if we ran into any?" Jethro replied.

"Just shows that our perception of normal has greatly changed." H smirked over at him.

"Do you think we need to worry about Lycan and Lyca?" Gibbs asked. "If anything this Doctor said was true, not only is Magneto going to be interested but so will Frankenstein."

They both looked up when they heard a growl, and a body flew past them further up the hallway. Both gripped their guns, only to lower them when Logan came around the corner. He gave them both a nod, before he continued down the path he was following.

"I think they'll be just fine." Jethro answered his own question.

Eliot swiped the ID card, that he had taken off the bodies that were lying in the lobby. So far he hadn't been impressed with Blackmoon security. Any good security team would have had the place on lockdown. The fact the teams were roaming around with ease, only met two things.

Blackmoon was really incompetent.

They wanted them roaming around.

He had been following Dexter's trail through a few corridors and into the lower depths of the building on the left-hand side.

Then again the trail of bodies could also explain why there had been no lockdown. Dexter was efficient with his killing. Eliot was horrified and impressed all at the same time.

He heard the yelling from the end of the hall. Spencer made his way down the corridor to the open door and stepped into the room, he then knew why there was no lockdown.

Dexter had the Head of Blackmoon Security in a headlock, a scalpel to his throat. "I'll make this simple. Release my wife and child, or I'll kill him slowly."

Eliot held up his hands up in surrender when the guards turned towards the new threat. "Dexter threatening to kill your hostage doesn't give them the motivation to actually do what you request."

"It shouldn't matter if I kill him or not, he'll live." The sociopath didn't take his eyes off the guards. "This scalpel isn't enough to take his head."

The guards looked confused.

They re-adjusted their grips on their guns trying to figure out what to do.

This was Eliot's cue.

He moved in for the attack.

He gave the first guard a left hook, grabbing the second by his wrist and tossing him behind him, before pivoting on his foot and taking out the third guy with his foot. He ducked slamming his elbow back into the second then shoved his shoulder up and back knocking him out. He swept out the fourth guys feet, while taking the fifth guy out with a right hook followed by a left. With a half turn he leaned back missing the hit from the first guy, only to grab him by the neck and

slam him face first into the wall. He paused and looked at the sixth, who gave him a smile before rushing him.

He dropped the last guard and looked back at Dexter and his hostage. "Well if it isn't Colonel Stryker."

"Spencer." He snarled.

"And here I thought I got rid of you back in Germany." He nodded to Dexter who pushed the Colonel away from him. "Go get your wife and son."

Dexter turned towards the door, when Stryker pulled his gun.

Eliot was across the room in less than a second. His hand gripped Stryker's wrist pushing it down, as the gun went off. He slammed his elbow into the Colonel's face before twisting around, arm wrapping around his neck.

Dexter looked back when he heard the bone snap. "He's working with Frankenstein."

"I know." Eliot nodded as he knelt down and slipped a small disc under Stryker's clothes. "After he hears about the raid, he'll drop all contact with Magneto and disappear."

Dexter nodded as he slid the blood soaked keycard through the reader and stepped through the door into his son's cell.

John Connor looked up from the corner; he cried out in relief as he jumped up and ran towards Dexter.

Eliot watched as the cold sociopath held his teenage son close to his chest. He didn't give him any platitudes or pat him softly. There was no emotion in Dexter's face, but Eliot could see the tension drop off the Vampire's shoulders.

"Mom's next door." John stepped back wiping the tears from his face. "They had thought she was a Mutant from her healing abilities, except they noticed she healed even next to me."

John moved across the room, pulling at the door handle. Dexter swiped the card, and frowned when it didn't work. He tossed it to the ground, gripped the door handle and pulled. Ripping it off its hinges.

Sarah Connor was sitting on her cot looking calm and collected. "Took you long enough."

Dexter chuckled, a rare emotion shown. "We still need to get out of here."

Sarah walked out of the room pausing when she saw Eliot. He flipped the weapon he had in his hands, offering her the gun. "I'm just the back up."

She took the gun, checked the clip then slipped it into her pants. "Let's get out of here shall we."

They had found the Mutants with ease.

There were few guards on duty and they were easily taken care of by the two Hunters.

Billy swiped the keycard frowning when it didn't work. He glanced over to Hickok who pulled his gun, only to be stopped by Scott. The Mutant lowered his glasses just enough to fry the locking mechanism, snapping the door open.

"Now that was cool," Billy smirked.

The three entered the room. The smirk on Billy the Kid's face faded at the sight of the cages and the Mutants locked within them. He looked back at Hickok to see the anger simmering under the calm exterior. Everyone knew how the Hunter felt about abused children.

"We get them all out." Jimmy's tone held no argument. He walked down the middle of the corridor and started to unlock the cages. He paused at one in the back, he knelt down to see a young girl curled up in the corner of the cage. "Hey."

She looked up at him, eyes bright and fearful.

"I'm not going to hurt you. We're here to get you out of here." He stood up and used his Vampire strength to break the lock. The door swung open, he held out his hand. "Name's Jimmy."

She hesitantly stood up and took the offered hand, with ease he swooped her up in his arms holding her close. "What's your name?"

"Jubilee." She answered her accent familiar to Hickok's ears.

"You from New Orleans?" He asked as Billy and Scott herded the rest of the prisoners towards the door.

She shook her head. "Momma didn't want me. Men came and gave her money, she let them take me."

Hickok had to take a few calming breathes, and he noticed that Scott and Billy looked to be controlling their own anger. Scott reached over to the young girl. "Hey."

She looked at him then at Jimmy. "It's okay he's like you."

"Yeah special and really cool." Billy added easing the tension of the kids around him.

The older Mutants watched intently, but most had calmed when they saw Scott. Most Mutants knew of Charles' X-Men, including Cyclops.

"Let's get out of here and I'll take you some place safe." Scott assured her.

She looked over at Jimmy. "You coming?"

"Sure thing." He assured her, before turning to everyone else. "Okay everyone out. We have transportation at the end of town."

"Cyclops will Charles take the kids?" One of the older Mutants asked.

He nodded. "No one will be turned away."

Billy paused looked at the X-Men. "Cyclops? They call you Cyclops?"

"Yes." He turned to face the Hunter. "Problem with that Billy the Kid?"

"No man. Kinda cool." He grinned then jogged ahead of the small group. They ended freeing fourteen prisoners, five adults, six teenagers and four children. Jimmy was caring the youngest Jubilee, while the other three were being protected by the teenagers. "Listen up. We have five flights a stairs, and a few miles until safety. We may run into guards if we do – feel free to do whatever you need to do to stay safe." Billy checked his own gun, and then slid it back into his shoulder holster. "Any questions."

"Are you really Billy the Kid?" One of the teenagers asked.

"Yep. And that one is Wild Bill Hickok." Billy smirked. "We're not Mutants but we friends and allies."

"Cool." The kid shrugged.

"What's your name?" Scott asked curiously.

"They call me Forge." He answered. "Now are we going to stand around asking questions or get the fuck out of here?"

"Language!" Jimmy snapped. "Scott take point, along with two others who can handle themselves in a fight." He watched as Scott and two other men stepped forward. "Forge since you seem to know how to handle yourself, get the rest of your group together to protect the children. The rest of the adults with me, make sure our rear is covered."

"Let's get the hell out of here." Billy moved in with Forge and the teenagers, his eyes roaming over all of them trying to assess who would need the most protection. Though the week he had spent at Charles' school had taught him one thing.

Don't judge the Mutant by the package.

Lucien slipped into the chair at the main terminal. He grabbed Nick's phone and hit speed dial.

'Finally get into the server room?' Stark answered the phone

"It's Lucien." He answered setting it down next to the terminal. "Nick's fighting the big ruffian with claws, so I'm doing the Ethan Hunt section of this little adventure."

'Are you hanging from the ceiling in a secure vault in the CIA Headquarters?'

"I should ask Vachon if he actually did that." Lucien plugged the phone into the terminal. "Okay do your thing."

'My thing?' La Croix could hear the eyeroll. 'Wait. There is a real Ethan Hunt?'

"Hunter for Sanctuary Clan." He answered. "We don't have all day. Nick's still playing with the kitty so at the moment we're free of distractions."

'Why is Nick fighting a cat?' Tony asked as he clicked through his own computers starting the download sequence. 'Jarvis run diagnostics on the files, and make sure nothing sneaky comes through.'

'On it sir.'

'Doesn't he have Hunters to fight the local wildlife?' Tony continued the conversation.

"It's personal." Lucien answered. He wasn't exactly sure what had happened in Vegas, but he knew Nicolaus was pissed. The Roman had been pissed for the past few weeks, taking it out on the big Neanderthal was probably a good thing.

'Sir there are files in referring to a project from CERN.'

'In relation to?'

'Anti-Matter.'

'Get all the information you can Jarvis.'

La Croix just leaned back in the chair and let Tony Stark do his thing. He wasn't part of the situation that went down in Rome, but he was part of the big ass meeting that took place after they dug Nico up in Egypt.

One of the topic of discussions: CERN and Anti-Matter and how to get it the hell off the planet before someone did something really stupid. Like take out a few world governments.

He turned in his chair when he heard a loud crash.

Remy was standing between him and the door; he could see the energy flickering through his fingers. Mr. Orleans was itching to get into the fight but was respecting Nick's orders.

Sabertooth had hit the glass wall. A visible crack moved across the panel. He stood up and staggered back into the middle of the hallway.

La Croix was impressed.

Though Nick didn't look much better.

'Got it.' Stark's voice startled him slightly. 'Tell Nick the information is secured and that I sent a virus back into the system. In about one minute all their servers are going to be wiped clean and self-destruct. I would leave if I were you.'

"Don't have to be told twice." Lucien stood up grabbed the phone disconnecting from Stark and unplugging it from the servers. "We need to get out of here."

Remy nodded and opened the door. He looked to the left to see Sabertooth bent over panting, as blood dripped onto the floor from what looked to be a cut to the face. He then looked to the right to see Nick with his hand against the wall, steadying himself. There were long gashes in his arm up to his shoulder; blood was starting to pool on the floor.

"You are a worthy opponent." Sabertooth declared as he stood and looked down the hall at Nick. "But now is not the time to finish this."

"We will finish this." Nick didn't move from his spot.

"I will look forward to that day." With that he turned and fled the area.

Remy shook his head and slipped an arm around his friend. "Warrick is going to be pissed."

"Not nearly as pissed as Eliot." Nick groaned in pain as he leaned against Remy. "Did you get the information?"

"Stark has it secured. He'll likely call you later when he's done analyzing it." Lucien moved onto Nick's other side. "You look like shit."

"Thank you, Lucien." He was too tired to roll his eyes, though he was grateful for the help.

Tony and Speed had watched in morbid fascination as Logan worked his way through the hallway taking out the guards as he went. They were ready to step in when the guards had him surrounded with their guns drawn, when there was a yep that came from the other end of the hallway.

Everyone except Logan had leaned slightly to the left or looked behind them to see who was standing there.

For some it was their last mistake.

The few guards, who had lived, ran for it.

Logan turned around, a smirk on his face. "Honey."

"Don't you honey me, you asshole!" Alyc smacked his arm then shook her hand from the pain that shot up. Then she saw the metal blades protruding from where his claws were once, "What the fuck, Lycan?"

"Stryker." He answered easily. "My memories were blocked until now."

"As were mine." She ran a hand down the blades, and then looked at her Mate. "They will pay for taking you from me."

Logan nodded then shifted to look down the hallway towards Tony and Speed. "We'll take care of the labs, you take care of Magneto. I was able to get out of his control once, I doubt I will be able to do it again."

Tony waved as the two ran off together. "Have fun raiding the castle."

Speed just snorted.

"What?" He grinned at his brother. "You going to tell me it wasn't appropriate."

"Remind me to never get on either of their bad side." Noah commented as he stepped up to the two Vampires. "I'm not sure which one scares me more."

"Alyc." They both replied at the same time.

Horatio turned the corner gun drawn, only to have his arm grabbed with enough force to fling him down the hallway. When he looked up he saw Jethro slammed into the wall. He scrambled to his feet and looked at the security guard.

"Really think that will fool us?" H asked as he walked towards the Mutant.

The guard lifted his head, then with a blink transformed into another form. "My dear Horatio." She flipped her black hair back. "You wouldn't hit your wife now would you?"

The redhead didn't even hesitate.

The right hook felt way too good, the kick to the stomach just added to the pleasure.

Mystique picked herself up off the floor, then cracked her neck as she let go of the disguise.
"Issues in the marriage?"

"That bitch wasn't my wife." He shrugged.

The Mutant paused for a second, but it was enough for Jethro to get close enough to put his gun to her temple. "The question is can you survive a gunshot to the head?"

She bent back, hands taking her weight as she flipped backwards. Her foot caught Jethro's wrist sending the gun flying, as she landed on her feet she reached out and snagged the gun out of the air turning it onto him.

Jethro tried to dodge the shot, cringing as the bullet slid across his shoulder.

She turned the gun towards the redhead, only to see an empty hallway.

Mystique stiffened then turned on her heel, bring to bear the weapon. Horatio blocked her movement, knocking the gun to the floor, and using her momentum he flipped her over his shoulder. He kicked the gun away from her, towards Jethro.

"Not bad for an old man." She wiped the blood from her lips as she stood up. "I would love to continue this but I have other plans."

She backed up a few paces gave them a wave, and then ran down the hall. Jethro got off a few shots before she disappeared around the corner. "So how do we kill the bitch?"

"Beheading seems to work pretty well." Horatio walked over and helped his friend up onto his feet. "Tony's going to be pissed."

"Yeah well don't tell him I said this, but we may want to train with Gabriel." Jethro slipped the gun into his holster.

Horatio chuckled. "I was thinking more of calling Mac."

"Then Danny would tell Speed, who would tell Tony..." Jethro glanced over at the redhead.

"Good point. Gabriel it is."

"Was that Mystique that just ran by?" Tony asked. "And are we going in circles?"

"Yes and no." Speed answered as they jogged down the corridor turning at the hallway where they saw Mystique. They tracked her, into a stairwell and up a few flights of stairs. They slammed through the door finding themselves on the dock at the back of the building.

There were SUVs waiting, with Blackmoon Security guarding.

Both dove back into the stairwell when the guards open fired.

"Well now we know where she was going." Tony commented as they ducked down, away from the hail of bullets.

"If she's nearby so is Magneto." Speed pulled up the weapon he was carrying, checked the clip. He took a deep breath, and with a slight nod the two siblings moved. Tony ripped open the door, while Speed laid the area down with bullets. At this moment, he wasn't aiming to hit anyone, but if anyone got in the way it wasn't his fault.

Tony and Noah moved in behind him, covering the two sides as they made their way across the docks to a section of stacked crates. Tony yelled as the gun was suddenly pulled from his hands. In seconds Speed and Noah were also unarmed.

"Well if it isn't the non-mutant." Magneto called out to them from next to the SUV. "How does it feel to be cured?"

"Not a mutant." Timothy shook his head. "I've told you this a few dozen times, not my fault you can't comprehend small sentences when you're wearing that bowling ball on your head. By the way did you get into a fight with a cat, might big scratch you got there." He pointed at the damage Logan had done earlier.

Tony choked back the snort.

"I do not know who you are." His eyes narrowed. "But this will not end in your favor. You can't stop progress."

"No we can't." Speed replied. "But we can top terrorism."

Magneto's hand reached out, pulling at the metal support beams holding up the roof of the dock area. Tony was grabbed and pulled, while Noah tackled and pushed Speed into the open door, as the roof collapsed behind them.

Tony and Speed coughed from the dust in the air. They rolled over on to their backs to see Eliot looking down at him. "You're just as bad as your father."

"Thank you?" Tony sat up cringing at the aches and pains. He had at least a few ribs cracked, maybe even broken.

"That wasn't a compliment." He pointed his finger at both of them before he started down the hallway muttering about idiots who get into trouble without even trying.

Noah chuckled as he helped both of them up. "We're not mentioning this to any Mates right?"

"Nope. Not one word." Tony looked up to see Jethro and Horatio standing at the end of the hall. "Shit." He paused. "Is that blood? Have you been shot?!"

Tony stalked over to his Mate, pulling at the material checking the gunshot wound. Jethro's hand slipped into Tony's hair, pulling him into a passionate kiss. "We can compare battle scars later, let's go home."

Speed checked out his Mate, making sure he didn't have any obvious wounds. "I'm fine." The redhead smiled at him. Timothy just took his hand and gave it a squeeze before they followed the others out.

"Where is Dexter?" Tony asked.

"Him and the family are finding their own way home. John doesn't want to jeopardize any Mutants and Sarah isn't very trusting of anyone but Dexter. Which if you ask me is not right." Eliot informed him.

"Everyone secured?" Horatio asked as they made their way out of the facility.

"All is safe and back at the plane," he said. "The facility looks to be completely evacuated."

The redhead paused as they exited the facility, and then pulled a small device from his pocket and with a devious grin flicked the switch.

Behind them a series of explosions rocked the Gen-Cris Facility.

"What you thought we were just wandering the halls for fun?" Caine grinned as he slipped the trigger device back into his pocket. "That will never stop being fun."

"Remind me not to introduce you to Sherman." Speed commented as they made their way down the streets towards safety.

"Met him. Who do you think sent me the supplies?" H chuckled at his Mate's terrified expression.

~ Airport Outside of Town ~

Brisco cringed when he saw them come through the gates. "Well you at least don't look as bad as Nick."

"What happened to Nick?" Eliot demanded.

Brisco pointed at the airplane gesturing slightly, "He had a fight."

"WHAT?!" Spencer growled and stalked off towards the plane muttering about 'God damn Meridii and their tendencies to do stupid ass stuff and get themselves into trouble'.

"Do we want to know?" Jethro asked.

"He got into it with Sabertooth." Brisco informed them. "Warrick's already yelling and making him feed. House is on standby when we get back to the school. Though looks like he'll have more than one patient. Now if everyone will get on board, so we can get out of here."

Warrick looked up when they boarded the plane. "What the hell happened to you?" He demanded glaring at Jethro.

"Mystique." He answered sitting down carefully. "I'm fine."

"This was supposed to be a simple snatch and grab." The Pirate commented as he tossed the medic bag towards Brisco. "Take care of the idiot's children, I'm sure they're wounded."

"I hope Sabertooth looks worse." Timothy commented as he sat down cringing at the sore muscles and ribs.

"He made him bleed." Remy replied with pride from his seat behind Nick.

"Damn." Scott couldn't help the whistle of admiration the General. "If anyone goes against him it's usually Logan. Which speaking of, where is he?"

"He found Lyca." Tony informed them. "They'll show up when they want."

"Does he have his memories back?" Storm asked curiously.

"The two need time to reconnect," Timothy said.

She nodded. "Now that we're all here, let's go home."

Warrick stood up and looked down at his Mate. "Sit. Stay. If you move. I'm calling Ernesto." He turned and walked through the plane towards the cockpit.

"Damn." Nick's children chuckled at their father's expression.

"I really need to meet this guy." Eliot took Warrick's seat. "So what possessed you to go against Sabertooth?"

"He killed one of mine." Nick shrugged then cringed as pain shot through his dislocated shoulder.

Noah sat down next to his Mate, smiling at the sight of Jimmy holding the small child in his arms. He returned the smile, shifting slightly so Noah could lean against him. Neither said anything, the fact they were together and relatively fine was enough at the moment.

The plane taxied down the runway, and in minutes they were in the air making their way back towards Charles' school. As they flew over the forest, there were two howls to the rising moon.

Mates had found each other once again.

~ Next Morning – White House: Press Conference Room ~

Cj bit back the yawn and drank down more of her coffee.

She had been woken up by a phone call from Josh, informing her that Gen-Cris' main facility had gone up in smoke. A few harsh words left her mouth, but she was up and prepping the statement that the press was going to demand.

On her way to the White House she contacted Toby and demanded answers. He informed her that he had no idea what was going on, she knew about as much as he did. The moment she hit her office she yelled for updates and analysis of the situation before closing the door and leaning against it trying to catch her breath. She really missed the days when she would have to answer questions about Healthcare, Education, the War in Afghanistan, and the sexual exploits of Vice President Hoyt.

Toby stepped into the office a few moments later giving her the run down on what the media was already saying about the situation.

Fox – stated that this was proof of Stillson's allegations of Mutants.

ABC – stated that Gen-Cris was under investigation by the FDA and had destroyed their labs to hide the evidence of a drug that was pending a recall with a potential lawsuit on their hands.

CNN – stated that it was an environmentalist group that had commented a terrorist attack.

WNN – stated that there was an accident on the set for an upcoming Wayne Studios movie about genetically enhanced humans created by an evil cooperation.

"Movie?" She stared incredulously at Toby. "Movie?"

Toby shrugged, "I have no idea. It's coming from their top news network. You know the one that won awards for their work at the Vatican two years ago."

She blinked a few times. "Isn't Mr. Wayne you know..." She waved her hand at him. Toby just nodded. "You don't think this is how..." He shrugged. "Really?"

"At this moment we have no idea what happened in Raccoon City." He answered. "So let's go with an update on Leo's health take a few questions, and then focus on the President's Educational program."

"I miss the days of normal scandal. My life would be easier if we were dealing with the President's view on abortion or the death penalty. Mutants should not be in my morning press notes." She shoved her notes into her folder and threw open her door only to stop for a second so Josh could catch up and give her any information she could use.

Her assistant handed her a mirror to touch up her make-up, she then ran a hand threw her hair, and then shoved it all back into the assistants hands. With a calming breath she stepped out onto the small platform and set her notebook down on the podium.

"Ladies and Gentleman of the Press we have a few things to discuss this morning so let's get the pleasantries over with and focus on the real issues."

Hands and questions were already being raised.

"For those who are actually interested, Leo McGarry has been released from the hospital and will be continuing his recovering at his townhome." She looked around the room, searching for a few reporters that were actually concerned for the news and not the rumor mills. "He is expected to have a full recovery, and from what I've heard is already chomping at the bits to get back to work."

"Well he return as Chief of Staff?"

"No, Leo will be serving as a Consultant, once he has fully recovered from his health issues." Cj answered easily. "Josh has stepped into the role with ease, working with the President on a variety of issues at the moment."

"What does the White House have to say about the attack on Gen-Cris Pharmaceutical?"

"At this moment the President has nothing to say about Gen-Cris Pharmaceutical." She glanced around the room, pointing towards one of the reporters in the back.

"It was said that President Bartlett has evidence against Gen-Cris and their dealings with Presidential Nominee Greg Stillson."

"Is that a question?" Cj asked with a smirk.

The reporter frowned. "Does he have evidence?"

"We will make a formal announcement at a later date about any investigations concerning Stillson and his connections to Gen-Cris and Crimson International." She replied simply.

"What about the fact they found secret labs and cells at the destroyed Gen-Cris facility. Isn't that enough proof that there are Mutants?" A reporter asked.

"It proves they are a Pharmaceutical Company that has a R&D department." Cj answered.

It was going to be a long morning.

~ Morning: New York City ~

Nathan Petrelli made his way down the streets of New York City, after he slipped the Secret Service guards they had on him. Ever since he was officially nominated at Republican Vice President, he had been working to get rid of his tail. Needless to say they weren't happy when he returned. At this moment he didn't care, he needed time alone to think. So he had gone out for a coffee and a newspaper. When he got back to the penthouse, Peter and he needed to sit down and discuss their next step, concerning Stillson and this joke of a campaign.

His lawyer Harvey Specter had requested that he come into the office later that day to go over what his meeting with President Bartlett would entail. He would also be helping Nathan step down from the Vice President Nomination, along with resigning from the GOP.

Nathan paused at the corner, watching the footage from Raccoon City being shown on the TV in the window of one of the shops; a second TV showed the live Press Conference from the White House. Petrelli wondered if he should personally apologize to the Press Secretary for this nightmare.

Nathan speculated if this would hurt or help Stillson. If rumors started flying around about secret facilities, people might start to believe they were experimenting on Mutants.

He stepped off the curb to cross the street when the light turned green. Not really paying attention to what was going on, instead focused on the newspaper in his hand skimming the article to see if anything jumped out at him that he would need to talk to Harvey about. Nathan cringed when he felt a shoulder hit his own, he looked back to see a man wearing a dark suit and a hat.

"Thanks pal!" Nathan rolled his eyes as he continued on his journey. He was a block from home, when he heard the ringing. He stopped and listened for a few moments, the ringing continued.

Petrelli set his coffee cup down on a newsstand and dug around his pockets. He pulled out the ringing phone, giving it a once over before flipping it open and putting it up to his ear.

'Mr. Petrelli.'

"Who is this?" He demanded.

'A friend. One who is going to help you get out of this mess.'

"Look pal, I'm not sure what you think is going on..."

'This afternoon you have a meeting with Harvey Specter, Senior Partner at Hardman and Pearce. You will be discussing your upcoming meeting with the President of the United States, and how to resign from the VP nomination and the GOP without too much of a backlash.'

Petrelli stood perfectly still, "You have my attention."

'Good. This is what you're going to do...'

~ Next Day – Charles' School for the Gifted: Conference Room ~

"Is there a particular reason you wanted to speak to me?" Speed asked sitting down on the conference table. "Specifically without my Mate?"

Everyone at the school had been working around the clock since the moment they had landed. The teachers had ushered the kids into the school quickly. They made sure to get them examined, fed, cleaned and settled into rooms to rest. Jubilee hadn't wanted to leave Jimmy's side, so the Hunter had her settled in his and Noah's room for now. Other staff members were calling the kids parents trying to determine which were taken and which were given away. Much to the relief of everyone there were more parents crying with joy that their children had been found, than the opposite.

Charles had talked with all the parents, setting up meetings to discuss their children's educations. While Jean had already begun to start arrangements to take in the kids whose parents wanted nothing to do with the 'freaks'.

Warrick had locked Nick in their room, making him rest and recover from his fight with Sabertooth. Tony had snickered when he heard the irate Italian coming from the phone as Nick was ushered into the room.

Booth, Billy and Brisco started setting up security around the school; there was no doubt in anyone's mind that Magneto was not going to let this finish. Scott was working with Ray to set up evacuations routes for the children.

Eliot had taken Remy to follow the tracker he had placed on Stryker. They had found his coat outside a burned out office building, with a small note 'better luck next time'.

The information that Stark had downloaded was being analyzed by the scientists that were present plus adding in specialist from the Council. There was a meeting set up for the morning with the Clan Leaders, Imenand, and Lamont to discuss a few of the findings.

"I have a proposition to discuss and didn't need the redhead to go all father like." Eddie Black answered easily.

Timothy's instinct told him he wasn't going to like this conversation. "I'm not going to like what you're suggesting."

"We both know you have a spy, why you haven't killed the piss ant is beyond me." The Hunter chewed on his cigar.

Speed bit back the growl. "There's this thing called evidence."

"Yeah what helps you sleep at night." He continued. "You and I both know there is one way to get rid of Ripper."

He shook his head. "No way in fucking hell."

"You think that cute little baby is going to grow up innocent to the fact he's after her?" Eddie pulled out his cigar and looked at Sylum's Clan Advisor. "Why not pull him out of the wood work now."

"Because I'm not putting my two year old in harm's way. There are too many variables that could make this go sideways in seconds." Speed stood up his voice dropping into a low growl. "What happens if it fails and he gets her? He raises her? Does God knows what..."

"So it's better idea to sit and wait for the sick fuck to come knockin'." Eddie countered. "We can set up surveillance get him before he gets her, she wouldn't even know."

"No." He shook his head. "And the fact you're suggesting this without Horatio..."

"Of course not he's the brat's father." Eddie gave him a 'duh' expression.

"I'm also her father!" Quinn snapped back. "I failed Ellis I will not do it again."

Eddie held up his hands to placate the irate Irishman, he knew how fiery the blood runs. His sire is a Quinn after all. "And what happens when she starts to remember."

"We deal with it." He crossed his arms over his chest, trying to calm himself down before Horatio comes into the room. "I get it Eddie, and in a logical insane way it makes sense, but she's my daughter and I won't do it."

Blake nodded. "I respect that decision. But..." gave Speed a look. "When the time comes and you know it will, call me."

Timothy Quinn dropped his arms and nodded. He wasn't stupid nor naïve to live unprepared. They all know one day Ripper would come searching for what was his. It wouldn't hurt to have one of the most psychotic of Council Hunters on their side.

"Why are you so concerned?" He asked curiously.

Eddie shrugged. "She's a good kid. Now about that piss ant."

Speed gave him a warning look. "Nick's taking care of it."

"Once done playing with the freaks, have the General give me a call I have information." He put the cigar back in his mouth and gave him a nod before signing off.

Timothy stood there for a few moments trying to collect his thoughts. He felt a hand on his shoulder; he smiled when he saw Tony standing next to him. "You heard it all?"

He nodded. "He's considered insane for a reason."

Speed snorted. "But he has a point."

"Yeah, but the difference between us and him; besides personal hygiene and better taste in clothes. Is the fact we understand that this time the ends does not justify the means." Tony leaned against the conference table. "He's right though about the piss ant."

"When this is over with, we need to deal with it." Speed glanced over at his brother, a question in his eyes.

"Every step of the way bro." Tony didn't have to hear the question to know what his sibling was asking. He wasn't leaving his, Nicks or any member of his family side. Not now. Not ever.

~ Next Morning: Conference Room ~

"Well you look better than the last time I saw you." Lucien smiled at Nico who was leaning back in his chair drinking a cup of coffee.

"Thanks for the help, Lucien." He shifted in his chair to look at Imenand and Lamont. "Albus how are you this morning?"

"I'm good dinner will be ready in a few hours, Minerva is trying a new desert." He grinned as he grabbed a lemon drop from the dish on his desk. "Just so you know the two are back at the castle."

"Thanks." Nico nodded. "Did you get the info Stark sent?"

"Yes." The Vampire Council Leader turned serious. "I'm fairly worried that Frankenstein has information on the Anti-Matter."

"You and everyone else on the planet." Mal spoke up. "Is there any way to find out if he has working anti-matter?"

"CERN is the only place capable of producing it, and Hector now sits on their board and has limited their abilities to do just that." Imenand informed them.

"Any reports of theft?" Josiah asked. They all had seen the footage of the explosion and no one wanted to see what that would do on land.

"Hector is having a full security check, so far everything has been accounted for." He assured them.

"Stark wiped out the information on the servers and sent virus along the path to wipe it out on any remote servers." Lucien added to the conversation.

"The problem is as long as CERN is making it, there is always the chance of someone getting a hold of it." Benton spoke up. "There is no place safe..."

"On earth." Nico glanced over to his friend.

"Send it onto another world where it can destroy another civilization!" Benton argued shocked Nico would even suggest.

He shook his head. "O'Neil has mentioned there are many planets they found that are dead, destroyed from either the Gou'ld or the Wraith. It can be moved there."

"The government owns the Stargate." Mal pointed out. "Yeah we got an in with the President at the moment, but what about four or eight years from now."

"And we're not in the business of buying Presidents." Imenand spoke up. "Until we can truly deal with this in a safe and orderly fashion we'll just keep our eyes on CERN, making sure that this material never gets in the wrong hands."

"Back to the most immediate threat." Lucien looked around the room. "Magneto."

"Information has come to me that Frankenstein has left him high and dry." Lamont entered the conversation. "Eliot was able to track Stryker to a location, but there was nothing to salvage."

"So any ditch effort Magneto is going to pull is on his own." Benton glanced over to Nick. "He's not likely to have Vampires."

"Probably not. I don't think he's caught onto that part of the story." Nico frowned slightly trying to figure out the best way to handle the situation. "He's going to have Mutants who will in essence be fighting for their lives, along with mercenaries Stryker left behind."

"Any chance Stryker will show up?" Josiah asked. "He could bring Rogues into the fight."

"We'll need to prepare for anything." Tallikut's Clan Leader pulled up a map. "While everyone was out I went exploring in the woods. If we can move the fight into these areas, it will keep them away from the school and the children."

He didn't like not being useful.

The science about the Mutants, where they came from, and this concept of the cure had been above his head. He had Neville contact Blair and get him up to speed on the situation, later he could sit down and explain everything in laymen terms to him and Jessica.

Benton wasn't an idiot he got the gist of what they were saying; he just needed more time to review the data and information. In the meantime he did what he does best, scout location. The forest behind the school led into a ravine. There was a mountain range on one side, river on the other. If they could get the Mutants into that area, they would have them boxed in, and the ability to handle the situation without endangering the children.

"If we can back them to this river, we should be able to subdue them." He continued with his idea. "But I'm not sure what we're going to do with them once we got them. It's not like we can throw them in jail."

"Charles is working on an idea of giving the Mutants options to study at the school." Nick looked over the map liking Benton's plan.

"What about the kids?" Josiah asked concerned.

"Not here, but someplace that would be more designed for adults." He glanced over at the Border Clan Leader.

"He needs a location?" Mal asked his mind racing with ideas. "I have land further inland in Alaska, close enough to civilization to get supplies but private."

"Talk to Charles." Nick smiled at him. "And thanks."

"Well he's your papa so..." He rolled his eyes at Nick's shocked expression. "Dude I'm not an idiot, wouldn't be running a Clan if I was."

"Well I don't know, they gave the role to just anyone." Lucien sighed dramatically.

"Yeah I know." Benton looked directly at La Croix.

"Wow dissed by the Mountie!" Mal held out his fist and bumped it with Josiah.

Imenand watched from the screen, grinning at the antics and teamwork. Since Egypt all the Clan Leaders had taken more of an initiative to talk and discuss ongoing situations they were all facing. Even Lucien had started working more with his neighboring Clan Leaders.

"It seems that the five of you have it under control." Albus smiled at them. "Nick when you have time, I need to talk to you about the other situation." Nick just nodded. "Gentleman may the gods smile upon you this day, and be with you in battle."

"Mal, Josiah I need to talk to Boone and Nate but neither are getting back to me." Lamont spoke up. "I've already contacted Vecchio and Alec is already working on something for me."

"I take Bruce is up to speed." Nick questioned.

"He's working on something at the moment." The Spy Master signed off from the conference without a goodbye.

Josiah frowned as he grabbed his phone and headed out of the conference room, with Mal following behind with his own phone up to his ear. It was never a good idea when the assigned spies were out of contact.

"Should we be worried on what Alec is up to?" Lucien glanced over to Nick.

"About as much as not knowing what Bruce is up to," He agreed.

~ Evening: Small Airport ~

Dean leaned against the car waiting for the small plane to taxi up the runway. Sam was back at the school, having been kidnapped by Charles to talk about his gift. Dean hadn't wanted to leave his brother, but this was something he couldn't help him with. He trusted Charles, which was not something he could say about many people.

It was also good that Sam was getting to know his 'Meridius' family. Nick had admitted that Charles had the soul of his father, making him Sam's grandfather. Considering at the moment, Dean was out numbering Sam in past parents, he was glad his brother could find family in the older man.

"Lennox!" Dean called out as the small Ranger Unit walked towards him. "How's my girl!"

"Deanna is running around getting into trouble, and seems to have a love affair with AC/DC." Lennox held out his hand, a smile on his face.

Dean took a hold of it and didn't hesitate to embrace the soldier. "That's my namesake!" He stepped back with a grin.

After they had returned from Egypt, Nick had sat them down to explain that they had family alive on their mother's side. Mary Ann Lennox was their mother's second cousin. They were hesitant at first about meeting anyone from their Mom's side of the family, especially since at the time they still were in hiding from John Winchester.

Nick had convinced them to meet Lennox's wife, it had been a very emotional moment for Dean. Mary Ann had looked so much like his mother it was like seeing her again. Sam wasn't sure to do with his brother when he had walked up and held Mary Ann and just cried. Will and Sam just

stood back and waited. Dean apologized but she just wiped his tears and took his hand, and started to talk about everything and nothing.

Since then they stop by and check on Mary Ann and little Deanna when they were in the area, making sure she was alright. They knew it was hard on her with William stationed overseas.

"So when exactly did Nick call you?" Dean asked as he leaned back against the Impala.

"After Grand Central Station." He moved to the trunk of the car and dumped his bags. He glanced at the weapons, shifting through a few admiring them before slamming it shut. "So what happens if you get pulled over?"

"Flash my badge." He grinned still not used to the idea that he had a legit US Marshal's badge. "I see you brought the gang."

Epps walked up and dropped his bag, "Tell me I get to go in the cool car."

"Nope." Lennox leaned against the side of the car. "You can ride with the others in the SUV."

He flipped him off and grabbed his gear. "Nice to see you Dean."

"Robert." He waved over at Witwicky and Bay. "You bring explosives?"

Bay gave him a thumbs up.

Dean turned to look at Will, "Did he tell you what we're up against."

"As long as it isn't Special OP Doggies I'm good." He said as he opened the passenger door, sliding inside.

Dean moved behind the wheel, glancing over at the soldier before slipping on his sunglasses. "How about a Toad?"

~ Evening: Three Days after Raccoon City ~

Charles rolled his chair into Cerebro, took a deep breath and put on the helmet. Jean stood behind him, giving him the need strength. It was tricky, and if Scott or Nick knew what he had planned both men would be dragging him out.

The idea was to get the Mutants that were siding with Magneto a glimpse of a life without fear and hiding. He just needed them to stop fighting, and understand that this wasn't a war between Mutants and Humans, but one that was manipulated by a madman for his own gains.

Charles had hoped he could reach Erik but he knew his old friend would not listen to him. He should have told him the truth so many years ago, about who he was and the world out there that could help people like them. But that was his mistake and regret, but Magneto's actions are not his to be held responsible for, it doesn't stop him from trying to help or feel responsible.

Warrick and Mal stood outside the door where Charles was located. Nick knew his father was up to something, so he asked them to make sure he was safe. Warrick was simply armed with his 9mm and his sword was attached at the hip, they weren't sure if Vampires would be amidst the Mutants but a sword can do as much damage as a gun.

Mal was actually sitting down, leaning against the door. He had a laptop in his lap typing furiously away, when inspiration hit one just had to go with it. There was a shotgun next to him, he was wearing shoulder holster, with two 9mms and the hand gun that Jayne had shoved down the back of his pants. He also had a taser in his coat pocket.

Though all those who were defending the school, were armed and most of them had worked to make sure there was no metal on clothing that could be used against them. Weapons could be discarded; metal belts can be used against you when dealing with someone who can manipulate metal.

Warrick glanced over at Mal and chuckled. "Are you really going to kill of Derek Storm?"

"Yep." He continued typing away. "Jayne and Simon should be happy I can now retire from writing."

"Famous last words." Warrick commented as he focused on the empty hallway. He hated being away from Nick, but he knew how important Charles was not just to Nick but to all Mutants.

Josiah and Chavez were just up the next hallway.

If anyone were going to get to Charles they would have to get through four Vampires.

Josiah was wearing his holsters from his Regulator days, only with modern weapons. The rifle he held in his hands, was the one he had used in the day, it was comfortable in his hands and he never missed a shot.

Chavez had leaned against the wall, a knife in his hand, with two guns in the shoulder holsters. His long hair was pulled back, eyes watching everything like a hawk. He glanced back at his Mate and smiled, all Josiah need was the hat and it would be as if they were fighting back in New Mexico.

Billy running around didn't help the weird sense of déjà vu.

There were sounds of a helicopters flying over the school follow by a loud crash. Doc cocked his rifle looked at his Mate and grinned.

Jayne stood guard by the door where the scientist had set up shop. Jack Carter was inside, making sure none of them did anything stupid, like try to fight. He turned gun raised when the door opened suddenly.

"Dr. Banner."

"Let me pass." He stared directly at the Hunter not backing down.

"It's not safe." Jayne holstered his weapon.

"It's not safe with me here." Banner looked back at Neville, and the other scientists. "Everyone has been kind and helpful, but I will not stay here and endanger everyone."

The Hunter studied the scientist for a few moments. He was sweating, breathe was ragged, his skin a twinge of green. Hickok had told most of them what he had seen when they had first met, Dr. Banner. Jayne looked past him at Carter who gave him a nod, he stepped aside. "We'll be here afterwards."

"I'm not sure that's a good idea." Bruce shook his head only to pause when Jayne laid a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"I will send out Sam and Dean to find you." The Hunter made sure he understood, that they had accepted him, all of him.

"The Hunters?" Bruce asked confused having only met the brothers recently.

"No the dog and cat." Neville spoke up from behind him. "Then the Hunters."

Banner smiled as he pushed up his glasses. "Thanks. If worst case scenario happens someone bring me some pants when you come looking."

And with that, Bruce Banner left the school and ran into the forest. He wasn't sure what would happen, but he knew being locked away would just send his heart rate up, and that was never a good idea. He glanced back at the school, they had taken him in and not feared him, and as he ran into the forest he swore to protect them in any way he could.

Ray smiled at the kids, "Okay remember that game of Sneak and Hide we played yesterday?"

The younger ones nodded, while some of the older ones rolled their eyes. Ray gave them a pointed look, making sure they played along. They nodded and moved closer to the smaller kids.

"We're going to play that game tonight. Team A, you're going to be with James, while Team B is with me." He continued, making sure his voice was calm and soothing.

While the others had planned war, spied on the enemies, and set up security he had stayed close to the children. He had helped with the classes, learned the layout of the school and the surrounding areas. Ray had gone out with Benton when he scouted out the wooded areas in the back of the school. Then later discussed with Scott about which routes would be best for the kids

He had made sure he had a plan, a back-up plan, and a back-up plan of the back-up plan on how to get the kids out of the school without any harm.

James Harrison once he had returned from where ever he had disappeared to had helped him with the kids. Once Ray had shown him the escape routes, the two had worked up a game so the smaller children won't be scared.

"The goal is to get through the obstacle course without being seen by anyone." Ray glanced over at one of the older boys. "Going invisible is totally legal." The boy smirked, while a few of the other kids groaned. "What are the rules?"

"No sound." One of the girls said shyly smiling at Ray.

"Stay with your team." Another answered.

"Always listen to you or Mr. James." One of the older boys commented glancing at all the kids then at the two adults.

"Most important." James looked over all the kids, including the older ones. "If Mr. Ray or I say run. You run. You make a mad dash for that finish line. Do I make myself clear?"

They all nodded.

"Now who's got Mr. Dean?" James looked over to Claire who had a backpack with the cat inside. "And Ms. Sam?" The dog barked softly from her spot between two of the smaller kids. Both animals had GPS in the collars, so if they kids were separated from the adults they could track them via the animals.

James looked at the two animals, "Take care of them."

"Is something bad going to happen, Mr. James?" One of the girls asked her voice quivering.

"Bad men come." Jubilee spoke up for the first time, she didn't like being away from her rescuer, but he had told her she needed to help him keep the kids safe.

"Yes. Bad men come." Ray wasn't going to lie to the children; most of them had already seen the best and worst of mankind. "That's why we're going to play Sneak and Hide."

The sound of a helicopter alerted the adults to the pending raid. James and Ray looked at the group of twenty or so kids. "Everyone on your marks..."

Sam and Dean, the non-animal variety, moved parallel with Captain Lennox and his team. The forest was quiet, even the normal sound of insects were silent. Will held up his hand, and then knelt down onto one knee. The rest of the team followed suit, along with the two Hunters.

Benton had given them maps of the area, showing the area the Mutants were likely to come through. Their job was to block the path, and divert them towards the ravine. Bay had brought some C4 enough to knock a line of trees to make them turn left towards the river.

"Sergeant." Lennox pointed at a few of the taller trees. The explosions expert nodded and grabbed his gear.

William looked into the tree line, reaching out with his senses to see if he could locate the Mutants. He wasn't used to working in dense terrain, having spent most of his military career in the desert. He was having a difficult time distinguishing the natural sounds from the forest from the manmade, or in this case Mutant made. It was something later he would talk to Hugh and Cadfael about, so he could get better training in variety of climates and terrains.

Lennox held up his hand signaling everyone to freeze.

Footsteps.

He gave a few more signals then pulled up his gun and prepared for the attack.

None of them was prepared for what emerged from the forest.

Scott stood at the edge of the school grounds between James 'Wild Bill' Hickok and William 'Billy the Kid' Bonney, and for the kid in him that wasn't going to get old. Storm turned and smiled at Brisco who was taking a protective stance next to her. He wasn't sure what was going on between the two, and when this was over he had plans to find out.

He didn't like leaving Jean, but she was needed with Charles. He wouldn't admit it out loud but he was thankful she was safe behind the school walls, and deep underground.

"What are the rules of hurting Mutants?" Billy asked curiously.

"We try not to." Noah glanced over towards Knight's Hunter.

"And if they try and kill us?" Bonney pushed.

"Try not to kill them," Jimmy checked his weapons before holstering them. "If the life of someone is in jeopardy, take the necessary action."

"You know I'm not a cold blooded killer." Billy pointed out. "I only became who I am because they killed Tunstall."

"Which is why I know you will protect the children to any means necessary." Hickok gave him a sideways look. "And protect the Mutants from themselves."

"Damn I'm going to have to work on my image." William Bonney chuckled, as he performed a few tricks with his gun before holstering it. "The kids will be protected."

"They can protect themselves." Booth walked up to them. "We got inbound."

They all looked up to see three helicopters moving towards the house. Jimmy's eyes narrowed when he saw the logo on the side. "It's Blackmoon."

"Stryker." Storm stepped away from the group, hands held out eyes going white. The weather began to change, winds picked up around them.

Jimmy ducked his head down, hand to his hat to keep it on. To his side he could see Scott standing still, letting the wind whip around him. Hickok looked up, when he heard the sound of metal ripping through metal. One of the three helicopters had lost control slipping into a tail spin. The chopper banked hard to the left, then crashed into the forest, setting off an explosion and the schools alarms.

"They know we know they are here." Noah commented as the second and third helicopter landed on school grounds.

"Billy." Jimmy yelled as he pulled his weapons. "Them you can shoot."

"Reap the Whirlwind!" He yelled as he pulled his guns and opened fired.

"We got Blackmoon on premises!" Claudio called out as he watched from the Security Room. "Two choppers landed on the back lawn, Hunters have engaged them into a gunfight."

"Mutants?" Shep asked glancing over the monitors. He wasn't happy to be grounded in the fight, stuck in the security room along with Claudio and the kids Eliot had brought with them.

"Not with Blackmoon." He glanced over the security monitors. "Flyboy..."

Shep glanced over at him, only to see him pointing at the images. "There's a few non heat signature from Blackmoon's raid team."

"Stryker brought Vampires." Shep cursed as he grabbed the intercom for the school. "We have Rogues in the building. Repeat Rogues in the building."

"Now what?" Wade asked.

Shep grabbed his weapons, "You stay here. I'm going to take out some Rogues."

Jimmy dumped the empty clips as he dove behind the brick wall. Noah was a few seconds behind him, both of them leaning against the wall accessing the situation while reloading their weapons.

"They've got us pinned." Booth yelled from a few feet down. "We can't get past them into the school."

"That's not the only problem!" Billy shouted over the spray of automatic weapons. "There's Vampires in the group."

"Storm?" Brisco looked over at his future Mate. "Honey can you strike them with lightening."

She shook her head. "Do I look like the God of Thunder?"

"Much prettier, honey." County smirked at her.

"Flattery will get you far Brisco." She stood and turned towards the school.

"I didn't mean for you to become a target!" He yelled scrambling to his own feet, giving her cover. Hickok moved just as quickly, laying down cover to keep the Rogues and Mercenaries away from Storm.

Billy watched as the clouds rolled in, the electricity in the air made the ends of his hair stand on end. He shook his head amazed at the raw power the woman controlled in her hands. In other areas of the world, she could be considered a god with her abilities.

The air sizzled just as lightening slammed down taking out the parked helicopter.

Brisco grabbed her, throwing her to the ground as a piece of the rotary flew overhead. He was going to have to Turn her soon, his heart couldn't take much more of this.

"What are our orders, sir?" One of the Blackmoon security officers asked. All of them were wearing body armor; their faces covered, eyes the only thing showing. The man's rank showed him as a Captain.

"Distract as many of the X-Men away from the forest. Magneto wants to recapture his Adam and Eve." Stryker yelled over the noise.

The Captain nodded and gave out orders to his men. Five from the first helicopter focused on the attack coming from the edge of the school grounds. Five others spread out, making their way into the school.

"And what is your plan, sir?" The Captain asked knowing full well Stryker had his own agenda.

"There are a few kids Frankenstein wants, we're going to grab them." He motioned with his head, moving towards the patio doors. "And take out as many protectors as we can."

"The X-men as you call them?" The soldier asked.

"The Vampires." Stryker stopped and looked directly at the officer. "Is that going to be a problem?"

"No sir."

The first wave of Mutants passed right over Lennox and his team. Without the use of lethal force, there was no way to stop them. Instead Will ordered that they divert them like they had planned.

Bay had grabbed his C4 and with the help from Sam, planted the charges. The two ran back towards the group, sliding behind the make shift cover before setting them off. The shockwave slammed through the forest knocking down trees and Mutants.

Witwicky looked up from his spot and whistled, "Nice work Bay."

"After I leave the army I'm thinking of going into special effects." He said as he pulled out another trigger setting off a second set of explosives that sent dirt and debris up into the air. "Made a few ditches also."

"Good work, Sergeant." Lennox looked over to Bay's handy work seeing the downed trees, and deep ditches behind them. So even if you did climb over the trees, you were going straight into a ditch. "That should get them moving towards the ravine."

"What are our orders on engaging?" Witwicky asked gripping his weapon.

"Keep them moving, only engage if necessary. No casualties unless your own life is threatened." Will answered. "Let's go."

The small Ranger team moved along the tree line, keeping the Mutants on their left, not interacting with the enemy. They stopped short when they entered a clearing. There was a small group of Mutants on the far edge, waiting for them.

Dean moved in front of Lennox and his team, Sam next to his side. "Lennox get out of here, keep with the plan we'll deal with these guys."

"You sure?" Will asked eyeing the small group; he now understood Dean's earlier comment about Toads. He wasn't worried about the older man, the teenager, or the woman, well it reminded him a woman; it was the large animal looking creature behind them.

"You're weapons will be useless." Dean motioned his head towards the forest. "Go now. I'm sure the others will need back up."

Lennox signaled his men, and they moved back into the forest, letting the Hunters take care of the threat.

Magneto watched as the small military unit exited the clearing. He let them go; there weren't much of a threat to his people. His attention was on the two men in front of him. "This is your last chance."

"Look helmet dude." Dean rolled his eyes. "Not Mutants. Not sure what Frankie baby told you, but we're not Mutants. Well Sammy here well he's a bit odd, but then I've always known that."

"Thanks Dean." Sam huffed at his brother.

"Dude, I call it like I see it." The older brother focused on Mystique. "Now the bitch, we have a beef with."

"Ahh did you want to play." She smirked at them moving a few steps closer.

"Mystique, not now." Magneto held her back. "Why if you claim not to be Mutants do you fight for Charles?"

"Because we hate bullies." Sam answered pulling up his shotgun. "And you're just a bully."

The gun was ripped out of his hands, flown into the forest.

Dean pulled two 9mms out from behind his back. "You know we've been nice." Magneto flicked his hand, but the guns didn't move. Dean looked down at the guns then back at the Mutant. "Oh I'm sorry these aren't metal. I learned my lesson the first time."

When he had returned from Portland, Dean had contacted Stark about Magneto's ability to manipulate metal. The two had discussed, along with Radek, about variety of weapons that could be used. Three days later Dean had received a package from Stark Industries. Porcelain weapons using gas instead of gun powder.

It was test model.

Dean had no qualms testing it on Magneto or his lackeys.

He took a few shots, missing them as they dove for cover. He growled slightly, as he slid behind one of the larger trees. "Aim sucks."

"Weight and coil too different?" Sam asked as he ducked behind his own tree across from Dean.

"Lighter, I'll have to counter for it." Dean glanced down at the weapons checking the feel of them in his hands. He had not had time to test the weapons before they had set out into the forest. What better to run some tests then in battle situations? "Not bad though, they could have come in handy to sneak past metal detectors."

"We can plan illegal activities later." Sam commented just before he was grabbed from the side and thrown into the clearing.

"Sam!" Dean yelled for his brother, moving from behind the tree guns raised. He didn't have time to duck or shoot as a paw slammed into his chest.

Tony and Speed watched the battle between the Hunters and the Mutants. Sabertooth slammed Dean into a tree, and then tossed the weapons into the forest.

Both cringed, a new found respect for their father as he had fought with Sabertooth.

Twice.

They glanced behind them to see their Mates. Jethro was carrying a modified sniper rifle, while Horatio was going through materials in his bag. He had sat down with Sergeant Bay before the battle, fixing chargers and homemade grenades that they could use against the Mutants. None of the chargers were large enough to kill anyone, just enough to distract.

"When this is over, I'm going to really admire you in that outfit." Tony winked at Jethro before focusing back on the situation.

"And we're having a discussion about your bomb making friends." Speed gave his Mate a pointed glare.

"What are we doing about Magneto?" Horatio asked ignoring the comment.

"Dad's got plans for him." Tim answered as he turned his focus on Mystique. "We have one goal."

"Dean is doing a damn good job distracting Sabertooth." Tony winced at the sound of the body impacting one of the trees. "We just need to get the other three away from Magneto."

"I have an idea."

"I'm not going to like this..." Horatio cringed when Speed stood up and let out a loud whistle instantly getting the attention of Mystique and the others.

"Remember me!" He smirked at her.

Mystique coolly turned towards him, "Well if it isn't my favorite play thing."

"Now isn't the time Mystique." Magneto warned her, again. He still wasn't sure what exactly was going on with the dark haired Mutant, but he didn't like that he was always showing up. Something was going on, deeper than anything he had been privy. Now that Frankenstein had left him high and dry, they needed to focus on Mutants and the future, not engage in useless battles with delusional children.

Tony stood up next to his brother; "We'll discuss this later."

Speed just grinned over at him. "You complained dad didn't take you on the Vatican adventure. Admit it you haven't had this much fun in years."

"We will for sure be discussing this later." They looked over their shoulders to see Jethro and Horatio glaring at the both of them.

Timothy focused his attention back on Mystique. "Is your Papa going to let you come out to play?"

That was enough to get her moving.

Followed closely by Pyro and Toad.

Speed and Tony ducked back into the undergrowth. "We'll get her further into the forest. Jethro you have two shots. The moment its clear take them."

Jethro gripped his weapon, moving back and into the shadows; deep enough to be hidden but close enough to watch over the two siblings.

Speed grabbed his Mate and kissed him hard. "Go have fun blowing things up."

Horatio grabbed his bag and took off into the forest.

The three Mutants broke through the brush into their small area. Pryo kept running past chasing after Horatio, while the other two stood on the edge.

Tony pulled out a taser and smirked at Toad.

Shep knocked the first soldier off his feet, grabbed his weapon and slammed it into his face knocking him out. He dropped the automatic, not wanting to use such a high powerful weapon in a small area, where children could still be present.

He easily tracked the other three soldiers up the stairs into the resident section of the school. He grabbed one from behind, slammed him into the wall, and then tossed him down the stairs. A second soldier pulled up his weapon and began firing. He ducked into one of the rooms slamming the door shut.

He scrambled away as the two soldiers shot the hell out of the doorway and wall. He gritted his teeth and made a run for the inner wall, using his Vampire strength he slammed through it, tripping slightly and landing on the floor. Taking a quick breath to bite back the pain, he got up and ripped open the door stepping back out in the hallway, pulled his Glock he dropped both of them.

With a sigh he moved back down the hall towards the stairs. His head snapped up when he heard a yell followed by a short burst of gunfire.

He was down the stairs and towards the Security Room in seconds.

"How many got into the school?" Scott asked as they took out the remaining guards surrounding the helicopters.

"Looked to be about seven or eight." Jimmy answered. "Do we know how many Mutants are in the forest heading this way?"

"No." Storm moved towards the remaining chopper. "Scott leave the Blackmoon guys to them, we're going to be needed out there going against Magneto's Mutants."

Cyclops nodded following her. "Hickok take care of my school."

"On it." The Hunter gave him a two finger salute as he moved towards the school.

As the chopper lifted off Brisco slid into the back, "Think you were going to leave without me."

Storm just smiled at him, as she piloted the helicopter towards the Ravine. If the Ranger unit had done their job, most of the Mutants should be diverted to that area.

Scott glanced down at the forest to see the trees moving. "There is something very large moving through the forest."

Lennox slid to a stop when a really big tree went flying overhead. Epps ran into his back, the two struggling to stay on their feet.

"What the fuck is that?" Epps took an involuntary step back pulling his friend with him. "Is it a Mutant?"

"I have no idea, but we're not engaging." Lennox turned towards his team. "The river is just through there..."

"What happens when we get there and there are all these Mutants?" Witwicky asked curiously.

"We talk to them nicely." Epps smirked at his teammate.

"Or we can shoot them." Bay suggested.

"We'll figure that out when we get there. Now move!" He yelled at his team to get their asses in gear.

Sam helped his brother up, pulling him close shielding him from further injury. They had no weapons to counter the beast. At this moment their best option would be to get the hell out of the area and hope to God their distraction had been enough.

He had seen Mystique and the other Mutants take off after Speed and Tony. Now he only hoped Nick was in the area to deal with Magneto, because at this moment he and his brother were done.

"We're going to have to up our training." Dean leaned slightly against Sam. "We've got our asses kicked by a girl and a cat."

"Well to be fair the girl is psychotic." Sabertooth gave them a cheeky grin.

"Done playing with your cat toys."

The Mutant's attention snapped to the edge of clearing. He glanced back at Magneto who was now focused on Logan.

"The small one squeaks in the middle." Sabertooth took a few steps towards his old friend. "I heard you have your memories, Lycan."

"And the only reason I'm not killing you at this moment, is the centuries of friendship." Logan countered. "That and you're the godfather to my kids."

"When did that happen? Your kids are a menace." Sabertooth stepped back hands up when Alyc stepped into the clearing. "Lyca I had nothing to do with Stryker; I even looked for you my friends."

Magneto watched the interaction between the three; it was obvious that Sabertooth had been keeping information from him. Now that he thought about it, there was a lot of information being kept from him. "Sabertooth..." His tone demanded answers.

He looked over at him. "I will not take part in capturing them. You want them you take them." With that he turned and disappeared into the forest.

"Go." Logan looked towards the two Hunters.

"Don't need to tell us twice." Sam grabbed his brother and fled into the forest. They needed to find Lennox and help him set up a perimeter to keep Magneto's army controlled.

Tony stopped and looked up when the sound of a helicopter filtered through the trees. He tried to focus his eyes to see who was piloting but the darkening sky and dense of the forest had made it difficult.

He focused back on the situation on hand.

Toad had fled the moment the taser had come out, not that he blamed him. The poor thing had been fried twice. Once from Storm another from Hardison. Another shock and there could be frog legs on the menu.

Speed glanced upward then over to his brother. "How long we going to keep up this cat and mouse game?"

They had been giving Mystique a merry chase through the forest, pulling her further away from Magneto and any support from other Mutants.

"Now is good." Tony bent over looking like he was trying to catch his breath.

"Too much exercise?" Mystique asked as she sauntered closer to them. "I can take fifteen seconds if you need to catch your breath."

Tony straightened up, turning to stand next to his brother.

"This ends now." Speed gave the signal.

Two darts came out from the dense foliage, one hitting her in the neck the other in the shoulder. She pulled one of them out and looked down at it, eyes widening in fear as she focused back on to the two.

"What did you do!?" She yelled moving towards them, only to collapse to her knees.

"Pay back is a bitch." Speed snarled at her. "You almost killed me and my Mate. I thought of killing you, but this is so much worse. Welcome to humanity."

"No. I'll do anything. Don't make me human." She begged.

"It's the least we can do." Tony knelt down next to her. "Maybe now you'll understand that it doesn't matter if you're human or mutant, we're all the same."

"No Mutants are better than you pathetic humans!" She snarled at them, her face contorting in pain.

"That's the crux of this whole thing." He leaned closer. "We're not human." She stared up at him, confusion and anger mixed in her eyes. "We're Vampires."

Antonio Crisafi stood up gave her a final salute then walked away.

No one looked back.

Shep turned the corner to see Wade on the floor, gunshot wound to the stomach. Cas stood over him, wings spread protecting his friend. In front of them were more men from Blackmoon security.

At the moment Cas' wings blocked any of the soldiers from seeing him, and he used the cover to his advantage searching for a location to take the shot. He eased to his left, only to stop short when he saw James Harrison with a half a dozen kids behind him. Shep followed James gaze to the door, which lead into the kitchen and out the side of the school.

He knew that Ray had worked out an escape route, and had been getting all the kids out of the school.

He held up his hand, and then pointed towards the door.

James nodded.

Shep took a few calming breathes, gripped his gun and slowly crept towards the kitchen door. He was a few steps away, when one of the Blackmoon Officers looked directly at him.

The two froze.

It took a moment, before John realized that the Officer was a Vampire. Claudio had stated a few of the guards were Vampires, but so far the ones he had run into were human.

Shep gripped his gun cursing under his breath. Cas was calmly threatening anyone that came near Wade or himself. Wade was trying to tell him to shut up, but Cas told him to be quiet. He wasn't sure where Claudio was, and James and the kids were too close for him to take the chance of a shootout.

The Captain gave a small motion with his hand, and then shifted enough to block anyone else's view of what was going on in the hallway.

Johnathon D'Artagnian sent a quick prayer up to the heavens, before he motioned for James and the last of the children to move quickly. They were through the door and out of harms way in seconds.

Once the door was closed behind them, Shep quickly put himself between Cas and Blackmoon. He raised his gun, pointing at the one who was obviously in charge.

"Step away." He ordered.

"And why would I do that?" Stryker replied.

"Or we'll make you." Scurlock's voice came from behind the security force. Claudio had got word to them, that there was a man down, and they needed back up.

Stryker turned to see two others with guns, blocking his exit. "Doesn't matter. I know your rules. You can't kill me."

A gunshot went off.

Everyone in the room stared in shock as Stryker fell to the ground.

All eyes and guns focused on the Captain.

He laid down his automatic weapon, pulled out a 9mm setting it next to the other, before unsheathing two knives and putting them with the pile. He straightened up and yanked off his mask, and held up his hands.

"Ardeth..." Josiah muttered quietly.

Magneto easily subdued his Adam, the Adamantium in his body made him easily manipulated and controlled, which meant he also had power over Eve; she wouldn't do anything to jeopardize her Mate.

"Logan." He walked a few steps forward only to jump back when Eve moved in front of him, her bone claws out and ready for battle. "Now Eve is that the way to act towards the man who brought the two of you back together. Who saved you from the humans?"

"Listen Bub, it wasn't the humans that did this. And if you think the humans are your main threat you got another thing coming." Logan snarled.

Alyc stood in close by her Mate a snarl on her lips. "Step away from him."

"Or you'll kill me." Magneto gave her a look. "Do you know what I can do? I can manipulate the metal fused to his bones." He closed his fist, watching her reaction to Logan's distress. "I can rip it out of his body, with his Mutation he might survive."

"Baby..." Logan bit back the pain as Magneto stretched the metal on his claws, pulling apart the bones, tendons and ligaments up the arms. "You're faster than him."

"Is she?" He began to rip the metal off the bones.

Lycan's scream of pain echoed through the forest. Alyc shook her head, claws out as she screamed and ran for Magneto.

Only to skid to a halt when something landed in front of her.

She turned back to see her Mate suddenly sitting on the forest floor, slumped against the tree. She ran back to him, soothing a hand over his face. His claws had retracted and the wounds were already healing. It was the sound of metal, gears and joints shifting that got her attention.

She looked back over her shoulder to see a man in a suit of metal.

It wasn't difficult to keep out of the way of the Mutants who were in the area. Horatio had kept to a simple path that led directly to the ravine. He just hoped Lennox and his team was waiting for him.

Getting them the Mutants to the ravine was one thing, keep them there was another.

He had no idea what Charles' plan was exactly. They couldn't arrest any of the Mutants, and killing them was just as wrong as Magneto and Frankenstein's plan. Right now he couldn't think about the next step, he needed to focus on the task on hand.

And hope Speed hadn't got into any more trouble.

He hadn't felt any pain or worry from his Mate, so he figured the two siblings had Mystique under control. Besides he knew Jethro would watch over Tim for him, and let him know if he needed to be punished.

He slowed down as he got closer, staying hidden in the dense foliage. He opened his sense to examine what was around him, searching out familiar sounds and scents. He could hear Pyro coming up from behind; he had to give the kid some credit for keeping up.

A familiar whistle.

Horatio jerked his head, eyes searched the forest to his left. He heard the whistle again, and saw the signal. He grabbed his bag and made his way over to Lennox and his team.

"I got a kid who is pyromaniac behind me. If we're not careful he'll burn down the forest." Horatio whispered. "There are at least a dozen or so Mutants at the far end."

"Another half a dozen are heading this way." Lennox answered. "We ran into something big and green, and it seemed to have scared off a good portion of the Mutants."

"Dr. Banner?" H looked up from his bag.

"Who?" Epps asked curiously. "You're saying that wasn't a Mutant."

"No he's not. Gamma Radiation gone really bad. When he's pissed. He's pissed." Horatio pulled out a few of the C4 charges and tossed one to Bay. "How many do you have?"

"One left, plus the small detonations." He answered looking over the small bomb. "What are you thinking?"

"Charles wants to try and talk to these guys or at least that's what I think he wants to do." The redhead answered.

"Really?" Witwicky shook his head his hands gripping his weapon tighter. "I've come to learn that these types don't take well to talking."

"We can't kill them." Will pointed out. "So talking is going to have to work."

"Fine, what's the big plan?" Epps asked looking between the two explosive experts.

"Block them in." Horatio motioned towards two different areas.

"Captive audience, so they have to listen." Epps shrugged.

"Or they get really pissed and rip things apart." Lennox sighed. "Okay. Witwicky, Epps, and Bay take the left flank. Caine you're with me..."

There was a loud roar.

The team looked up to see one scary ass looking Mutant charging in their direction.

Tony Stark stood up, assessing the area on the screens inside the helmet of the suit. He turned his head slightly taking in all the information on Magneto. The Mark III had just gotten it's new red and gold facelift a few hours ago; he had been tracking the Mutant situation and figured this was a good testing ground as any.

Magneto stared at the beautiful red and gold work of art in front of him. The lines were clean and sleek, very regal and sophisticated yet showed power and control. As much as he admired the workmanship behind it, it stood between him and his prize.

"And who the hell are you?" He demanded.

Tony answered through the helmet. "You can call me Iron Man."

"Well Iron Man I suggest you take your little toy and go away." Magneto hated to damage the work of art, but he had important things to do. He flicked his wrist intending to send the man in the metal suit into the forest.

Except nothing happened.

Magneto held out his hands, focused all his attention onto the metal suit. He threw his hands to the side, tossing the annoyance out of his way.

Except nothing happened.

Tony Stark shifted from one foot to another. "Would you like one more try? They say third time is the charm."

Magneto glared and with all his anger and frustration called the metal to him and then banished it from his sight.

Except nothing happened.

"It's okay. I heard these things happen to men of your age. They have pills for that now a days." Tony turned around and focused on the two Mutants. "Jarvis scan Mr. Big Bad Wolf."

'His skeleton structure is covered with Adamantium, sir.'

"Run tests and send me data concerning the properties of the metal. Something that heavy and durable can come in handy."

'Right away, sir. Would you like me to run scenarios on how to polarize the metal making him unacceptable to Mr. Magneto?'

"Yes." Stark looked at Logan reading the equations and scans Jarvis was conducting. He could see how Magneto was easily manipulating him. "I can fix that for you."

"I'm fine." Logan stood up making sure he stood behind the iron man.

"Sure you are." Tony shifted his focus on Magneto. "Now as much fun it would be to stay and watch you helplessly keep trying to move me, I'm only here to bring the puppies back to their rightful owner. There is someone who is a hell of a lot more interested in talking with you."

Alyc looked around the clearing, a familiar scent filling her nose. She pulled away from her Mate, desperately searching. "Logan..."

"I know I smell him too." Lyca took her hand pulling her back towards him. "We'll find him when this is over."

"What if?" She argued as he picked her up and moved away from the clearing. "Lyca! I have to make sure he's okay!"

"Trust him!" He argued back putting her down. He cupped her cheek gently, "Hell we raised him."

Instinct was screaming for her to go back, but she nodded and then ran staying next to her Mate.

Stark smirked when he saw the man of the hour just on the edge of the clearing. He glanced around the rest of the clearing, seeing his two body guards. One on each side.

"He's all yours." Tony shifted enough to let Magneto see the new arrival.

"Get to the school, check to make sure the kids are safe." Nico ordered as he stepped into the clearing. His eyes never leaving Magneto.

Stark was ready to argue about not being a babysitter, but figured it would be best to get out of the area. He fired up the repulsors, the sound shaking the forest ground. He shot upwards out of the forest and changed his course towards Charles' school.

"Who are you?" Magneto asked curious to see someone so calm standing in front of him.

"Nicolaus." He answered easily as his Phoenix Meridius was ripped out of his hand and implanted in a nearby tree. Nick's focus didn't waver, his eyes stayed on the Mutant in front of him.

The plan had been simple.

They had used Benton's maps and routes, to set up a perimeter pushing Magneto's army towards the ravine, far enough away from the school. They would trap them there, and hopefully talk some sense into a few of them.

This was to be Lennox and his men's main task.

Tony and Timothy were charged with removing any guards from around Magneto. What they did with Mystique was entirely up to them, he just wanted details later.

Sam and Dean were their distraction and backup.

The other Hunters had been stationed to protect the school. By all means necessary.

James and Ray were tasked in protecting the children.

Josiah, Chavez, Mal and Warrick protected Charles, who had thought his son had no idea what he was doing. He knew Charles would be weakened from the strain of trying to talk sense into the Magneto's army. Nick only hoped his father succeeded, it would make the X-Men's job easier to round them up.

Magneto was Nicks.

The man had caused his family enough pain.

He almost killed his son.

Almost destroyed his father.

He had seen the pain and regret in Charles' eyes when he had talked about Erik. He knew what Erik was to him, and knew that Charles could never tell him. Instead he would watch as he destroyed himself, and pray to the gods that when the soul returned it would be healed.

"Is the trick supposed to scare me?" Nick asked easily as he took a few steps closer to Magneto. "I've seen things much scarier than that."

"Who are you?" Erik demanded.

When Dean and Sam cleared the forest into the ravine the sight before them was chaos.

Witwicky was down, he was propped up against a tree to keep himself up as he loaded his weapon. Epps and Bay stood in front and to the side, protecting their wounded friend.

"What is going on?!" Dean demanded.

"That!" Epps yelled keeping his weapon trained on the thing.

Dean watched as the tall, lanky, grayish creature that was over eight foot tall. It had facial hair that would rival ZZ top, and the body was hard lines and angles. The creature threw Lennox into another tree, without breaking a sweat. "Why haven't you shot it?"

"I did!" He snapped back. "It just pissed it off, tossed Ron here into a tree, breaking his leg."

"It's a Wenidago." Sam commented as he knelt down next to Witwicky. "How bad?"

"Enough that I'll be retiring after this." He grimaced through the pain. "Judy will be happy. We can finally get married, settle down have a kid."

"How the hell do you know that?" Bay asked keeping his attention focused on his Captain and also an eye out on Caine. Once the creature had attacked Horatio had taken the charges to set them, letting them distract the Mutant.

"Read about it." Sam said as he stood back up.

Epps looked at Dean. "Don't look at me do I look like a walking encyclopedia of all things Mutants, weird shit and the supernatural?"

"Well the flannel kinda gives you that weird hunter vibe." Epps shrugged. "Just sayin'."

Horatio set the last two charges. He tossed the bag to the side and grabbed the remote detonator. The shift in the air alerted him to the threat. Without thought he rolled to his right, moving quickly onto his feet.

Pyro stood in front of him, a lighter in his hand as he clicked the lid open and close.

"Look kid, you really don't want to start a forest fire." Horatio tried to reason with him.

"Why not?" He asked flicking the lighter.

They both watched the simple flame.

"You're a kid playing in an adult game, and you're only going to get yourself hurt." Horatio took a step towards him. "Now give me the lighter."

"Ah are you going to give me a lecture on how I have daddy issues. That you understand what it's like to be thrown out because you're a freak." Pyro flicked the lighter again, letting the fire dance.

"I can tell you my father was an abusive asshole who murdered my mother in front of me." H took another step closer. "I can tell you my idiotic of a brother decided to use that as an excuse and start dealing, while he was a cop. That he walked away from his wife and son, because he was too much of a coward to man up."

"And you did?" He challenged.

"I hid behind a pair of shiny sunglasses and a fancy suit, saving the world from criminals." H moved fast grabbing Pyro's hand closing it around the lighter and gripping it tight. "Then I met Speed."

Pyro struggled but couldn't pull his hand away from the redhead. "So you did drugs."

Horatio chuckled, his Mate was quite addictive. "Speed is a nickname for my Mate." His eyes glowed and fangs dropped. "And there is more in this world than Mutants. More than Magneto's thirst for power. More than yours and mine loser of a father."

He stopped struggling and in a moment of fear and awe he listened.

Lennox groaned as he stood back up. He was going to have to call Noah and thank him for the lessons, only reason he hadn't succumb to the pain was one too many sparring sessions with the psychos lovingly known as the MacManus'.

All three of them.

He stopped and stood perfectly still, clearing his mind. He needed to be smarter about this, brute strength wasn't going to win against the Mutant.

Everything he had learned from Cadfael. Hugh. Noah. Patrick. Had rushed back into his mind. He opened his eyes and didn't move. Instead he watched as the creature ran for him, his rage and pain screamed out to the world.

Will reached down into his boots and pulled out two silver knitting needles. He twirled them in his hands. The moment the Mutant was on him he flipped them around, and slammed them upwards into the creature's chest.

He followed the Mutants momentum, bracing himself with his legs he tapped into his Vampire strength and tossed him over his head into the tree. His grip held firm on the knitting needles, keeping them in his hands.

Lennox panted as he turned waiting for a second attack.

The Mutant slumped down onto the ground, dead.

Will looked down at the knitting needles, only to see the things heart stuck on the end of it.

"Ewee!" He flicked it off scurrying away from the scene.

"Well Damn!"

Lennox turned to see his team watching him in awe.

"You will be cleaning those before you knit Judy a scarf right?" Ron asked slightly impressed and disgusted.

"You knit?" Dean asked with a smirk.

"Don't start with me." Lennox pointed the needles at him, chunks of flesh flying off the end.
"Ewe."

"Who are you?" Josiah demanded stepping closer to the Blackmoon security officer. At first he had thought it was Ardeth, but at second glance he could see the differences. This man was a few inches taller, hair military short, clipped and neatly trimmed goatee, and no tattoos. "Who the hell are you?"

He stepped to the side watching as the Mutant with the wings, the soldier, and the man who stepped out of Eighteenth Century France, moved the wounded man out of the hallway. The shot was mortal; he had seen it one too many times in his many years. There was only way they were saving him; he just hoped the man wanted the life they were offering.

"I will only speak with Charles or Nico." He answered easily, his accent giving them no clue of where he was from.

"I'm Charles." Charles rolled his chair up to the situation, with Jean by his side and Warrick and Mal behind him. "How can I help you?"

He glanced around the room.

"You are among friends." Charles assured him.

"Am I?" He asked. "I know nothing of your ways."

"Who is your Sire?" Warrick asked from behind Charles. He was going to have to contact Rick, about finding out where Ardeth's bloodline was located. They hadn't seen any of his family line since Donovan.

He just looked down at Stryker.

"I take it, it wasn't consensual." Mal frowned.

"No." He lowered his hands and sighed. "My name is Carlos Oliveira, I was sent undercover into Blackmoon for Interpol."

Charles reached out finding nothing but sincerity coming from the soldier. He nodded indicating him to continue.

"Blackmoon as a record a few file cabinets deep with accusations of murder, kidnapping, theft, you name it they have done it." Carlos explained his situation as best as he could, just hoping at the end of it they could help him. "My unique family history made it easy to work up a dossier they would like."

"Family history?" Mal asked curiously wondering if the man had known about his family line to Ardeth.

Carlos smiled softly; Charles was amazed at how much the smile changed the man.

"My mother is Irish, my father from Israel, both Diplomats, it is how they met." He answered. "So you can see how my heritage would make it easy to infiltrate Blackmoon. I knew something was wrong when a few weeks into my assignment; they called me into the lab. Most of the soldiers didn't go into the labs; it was reserved for the scientists. They took more blood work, started questioning me about my family, and the next thing I know Stryker had me pinned down onto one of the tables, his fangs showing."

"What was in your blood work?" Jean asked horrified yet curious to what would make Blackmoon go after one of their own.

He hesitated, already telling more than he had attended. "We will do everything in our power to protect you." Warrick moved from behind Charles. "I'm Warrick, Nico's Mate."

"Mate?" He questioned.

"A Vampire's other half of their soul." Warrick answered simply.

"Sounds like one thing that could be good out of this whole thing." Carlos took a deep breath, hands on his hips he finished the story. "They turned me into this Vampire, when I woke up I was stuck in the lab, they were constantly running tests. When I had infiltrated Blackmoon it hadn't taken me long to figure there was more going on than a bunch of mercenaries. But I really knew I was in over my head when I was introduced to Victor Frankenstein."

The helicopter landed at the edge of the Ravine. Storm and Cyclops got out and walked towards the center, where most of Magneto's army had been pushed into. There was about half of what they were expecting, yet more than twenty stood their ground.

Scott could see Lennox and his team to his right.

Tony, Speed and their Mates were to his left.

"Listen up." He called out to them. "I'm sure Magneto has offered you the world, but that isn't going to happen."

"What do you care, you live in a shiny mansion protected from the evil of humanity." One yelled out from the back of the crowd.

"I didn't always." Scott answered. "We're offering you a life."

"A life hidden away!" Another yelled.

"Yes." He refused to lie. "Humans are not going to accept Mutants. A few will, a few have. We have allies and friends from Humans and the governments, but the mass is persuaded by their emotions. As we saw how they were manipulated by Stillson."

There were murmurs but most were listening.

"Working with others, Charles is establishing a location in the wilds of Alaska where Mutants like you who don't want or can't be in society can live a life." Scott continued on. He hoped what he was saying was getting through, it was an idea that Charles had been thinking for a while.

"And if we refuse?" Someone asked.

"You can walk out of this ravine." Scott informed them.

"After we remove some trees." Brisco added with a smile.

"This land is protected; no one can come in and out of here except for Park Rangers and Mounties." A voice spoke up from the sidelines. Everyone turned to see a RCMP Officer standing on top of one of the downed trees. "I have talked to the very nice RCMP Officers that protect the border; they understand the situation and will protect all that is in this land."

Benton stepped down and walked over to Scott. He tipped his hat at the Mutant, and then turned back to the crowd, his red Surge standing out against the darkening sky.

"No one will find you here, if you choose to live wild. But know that if you intend to harm Charles' or anyone at his school, the wrath that will be brought down on you will be swift." He informed them. "Charles is working with a fellow friend of mine, to set up a living arrangement in Alaska. Those lands are as well protected, the only difference is the town it's near doesn't ask question and accepts what they see. You can live, work and have a life."

"If you want to walk away. Go." Storm spoke up her hand towards the tree lines. "If you want to see what life can be working with Charles. Stay."

Only a few left.

"My name is Nicolaus Valerious Meridius." He answered easily.

"How very Roman." Magneto drawled. "What is it that you want?"

Nick smirked slightly at the comment, if he had only known how accurate the statement was. "I want you to walk away."

He looked shocked then confused. "Just walk away."

"Yes." Nick nodded. "There will be no Mutant war. Your funding has dried up. At this moment your army is being dismantled. You have nothing, Erik."

"I have truth on my side." Magneto took a few steps towards the man in front of him. He stopped when two other men stepped out from the forest line. He recognized Remy instantly. The Mutant had a card twirling through his fingers, energy cackling and sizzling. It didn't take him long to also recognize the long haired ruffian he had confronted in Portland.

"Do you?" Nick asked not having moved from his spot. "Do you even know the truth?"

"The world must know about Mutants." He argued with all righteous indignation.

"It's not the truth that you are trying to preach, as a matter of fact you don't care about any of the Mutants you have recruited." Nick easily countered his argument. "You want power, you want the humans to pay for what they did to you. You are no different than any other criminal, terrorist, sociopath, dictator. You want the world to pay for the atrocities it has committed to you."

"Humans must pay for what they have done to Mutants." Magneto snapped back. "You have no idea what I went through in the camps..."

"No. I don't. I can't comprehend what you, your family, and millions of others went through." Nick agreed. "But you are not the only one that has seen horrors of life. But instead of helping, educating, fighting for all of mankind, because Mutants weren't the only ones in those camps, you want to rule the humans, show them you're better than they are, and in the end you are no different than those humans who destroyed your family."

"And who are you to judge me?" He stepped closer, daring the man in front of him to challenge him.

"I'm not judging you. I'm asking you to leave. The war is over, go home Erik." Nick held his eyes, not looking away. "The man you sought help from is dangerous and will kill you without thought. You played a game with the wrong men, and if you want to survive walk away now."

"Or you're going to kill me?" Magneto asked glancing towards the two guards.

"I'm not going to kill you." Nick informed him. "I've said what needed to be said, if you don't want to take the advice that is your decision, but know this, if you go after Charles or his school again, the wrath I'll bring down on your head will be fast and hard."

"I will not cower in the dark corners so society can live with their delusions." He shook his head, he would not walk away.

Nico glanced to his left and right, and without another word he walked to where his sword was planted in the tree and pulled it out. He had not expected to bring the famed sword, but since there was rumors that Rogues were still working with in Magneto's group they all had felt it was a good idea to carry a weapon while searching for Magneto.

He dusted off the debris then slid the sword into the scabbard he carried on his back. He glanced back at Magneto, "The choice is yours."

And with that he turned his back on the Mutant and walked away.

~ Charles' School for the Gifted ~

The moment James and Ray had gotten the all clear, and had begun herding the kids back up to the school. Most of them ran around smiling and playing, only a few were quiet. Jubilee had stayed close to James, at one point he leaned down and picked her up.

Sam would run after one of the kids if they had veered off the path and push them back to where they belonged. Dean had escaped his backpack and was trotting next to Sam. James shook his head at the cat; he was still neutering the bastard.

They were met by the Hunters, Jubilee struggling to get down and run to her hero. Harrison couldn't help the big grin, when he saw the gunfighter bend down and sweep her up. A few of the other kids ran off towards the house only to be chased down by the teenagers. They needed to keep the kids outside until they could check the premises for damage.

Shep came out of the destroyed French doors, with his Mate trailing behind him. He walked over to Ray and James giving them a small smile as one of the kids zipped between them.

"There's been some damage to a few of the rooms, but mostly it was the adult section. The kid's area is safe and secure. So once they come down off their adrenalin rush we can see about getting them to bed."

"Benton?" Ray asked concerned.

"He's with Scott and Storm, seems he was making deals with the RCMP." Shep assured him.

"Oh that means he's got the Surge on..." Ray grinned slyly.

"Yeah there is something about that..." John yelped slightly then turned to look at his Mate.
"What?"

"No fantasizing about anyone but me." Rodney gave him a pointed look. "And I'm not wearing that uniform."

"Really I can put on my Musketeer one." He smirked.

Rodney paused blinked a few times. "You have it!"

They were pulled out of their conversation when they heard a loud bang. They looked up to see a man in an iron suit landed down on one knee in the school's back yard. It stood, looked around then walked towards the school.

The Hunters began to scramble.

Ray yelled for the kids to come to him.

The man stopped and turned, the faceplate flipped open, and they all came to a sudden stop at the sight of Tony Stark.

"What the hell is that?" Billy demanded.

"Too complicated for you to understand. Now Nick sent me to make sure that everything was standing." He glanced around to see the school pretty much intact. "Where's the Professor?"

The helicopter landed in the front area of the school. Speed shut down the controls, then with a tired sigh eased out of the cockpit. House and Wilson had been waiting at the front doors. They had radioed ahead to let them know they had an injured party.

Horatio and Jethro eased Ron Witwicky out of the chopper and carried him up the stairs. House shook his head, "You Rangers are as bad as Vampires."

Ron grinned feeling the drugs that had been administered in the field. "So what about a Ranger Vampire?"

"God help us all." House nodded towards the medical area. "Take him in there so we can fix him up, not sure how we're going to list this in your medical records. 'Taken out by Mutant' or 'tripped over his own two feet'."

Speed and Tony were about to follow their Mates, and find a quiet location for some much needed rest, when they heard the commotion from the back of the school.

He glanced to his sibling, and with a simple nod the two ran towards the back of the school. They came to a halt when they saw Stark standing on the patio, with a few kids attached to his legs trying to climb him.

Crisafi did what any good person would do, he grabbed his phone and took a picture and emailed it to Scott Tracy.

"I will destroy you for that." Tony glared over at Sylum's Second-in-Command. "Look kid I'm not a multi-billion dollar jungle gym. If you need one I'll buy you one, just get off."

"Can you fly?" One asked.

"Are those weapons?" Another pulled on Tony's arm.

"I think you need stickers!"

Tony Stark was not going to live this down. This was worse than any of the tabloid photos that grace the internet. He sighed, "Jarvis get them off."

'I can send an electric current through the suit, sir.'

Two of the kids jumped back, the last one giggled. "That tickled."

"Children please let go of Mr. Stark, Jean is going to take you inside." Charles' voice came from behind him.

"Come on kids." Jean clapped her hands together. "Buddy system. Good. Now we're going to have a quick checkup then some dinner." The kids lined up and passed by Charles' giving him a nod and some a quick hug.

Ray and James stayed behind the kids, followed closely by Jimmy who was carrying Jubilee. As they passed by Jubilee smiled at Tony and clapped her hands red and gold fireworks going off, "Pretty colors."

"Now that one I like." Tony waved at her giving her.

"Sorry about the children, Mr. Stark." Charles' looked up at the billionaire.

"Nick asked for me to make sure everything was still standing, it is so I'm leaving now." Tony turned to head home only to pause when Charles leaned forward and touched his hand.

Charles brushed across the billionaire's mind and instantly reeled back, it was chaotic and running on levels even he couldn't follow.

It reminded him of someone else.

But what was more fascinating was feeling a third presence. It wasn't hard for him to find Stark's Bond with his Mate, it was the one constant in the chaotic mind.

"Mr. Stark I sense another presence." He usually didn't ask about things he saw or felt, but the third presence was unique. It wasn't associated with Stark's bond with his Mate to indicate a third Mate. It had its own presence, yet not fully.

Tony looked down at the professor for a few moments, "I'm not entirely sure what you're asking."

"With your suit I can feel another presence, another mind so to speak." He clarified what he was sensing within the suit and his own mind.

"That's JARVIS, he helps me run the suit." Tony smiled.

"What exactly is that?" A new voice added into the conversation.

Stark turned to see Bruce Banner walking up to them, he was holding up his pants looking worse for wear. "Bruce nice pants, the extra-large looks good on you."

"The red and gold iron suit new fashion statement?" He gestured towards him.

"Picked it up in Milan during fashion week." Tony smirked back.

"Who is Jarvis?" Charles asked curiously.

Stark hesitated slightly. "He's my AI."

A very loud squeak interrupted them.

"Well if it isn't Mr. I hacked into Crimson International and got caught." Tony looked over Charles to see Hardison who was trying hard not to geek out at the sight before him. "Breathe."

"A real AI? As in Artificial Intelligence? Has it been tested? What can it do? Does it talk? What are its parameters?"

'If Mr. Hardison doesn't take a breath soon it's likely he'll pass out, sir.'

"I need to sit down." Hardison sat down on one of the tipped over loungers, he put his head between his legs and took a few deep breaths.

"Jarvis is Jarvis, let's leave it that." Tony glanced over at Bruce. "We need to talk, should come out to Tracy Island. I have cool toys you can play with."

"We'll talk." Bruce agreed.

Charles just watched the interaction; Tony Stark had a reputation of not being someone easy to be around. But the man before him had smiled, and was honestly open with Dr. Banner. There was more to the man than just being a genius, billionaire, ex-playboy and philanthropist. He wondered if he could talk with him more, he was curious if his mind worked as fast as the other.

The Professor felt a familiar presence moving towards to him. He smiled as Nico turned the corner and came up to the small gathering. He stopped next to Tony and Speed, his hands resting on their shoulders. Both turned and embraced their father. If they held on for a few extra seconds to each other none were saying.

Remy stayed back in the shadows, his eye taking in the damage.

Eliot moved across the lawn, stopping in front of Hardison. "What is your problem?"

"Dude!" He pointed at Stark. "It's every geeks wet dream."

"Did not need to know that," Tony commented.

'Sir incoming call from Colonel Tracy.'

"I'll take it." He walked off away from the thinning crowd. The Hunters he had seen earlier had wandered off, most looking for their Clan Leaders to make sure everything and everyone was safe. "Scott."

'This picture is too adorable it's my new wallpaper for the phone.' Scott teased his Mate.

"Antonio will pay for this." He would first go after his finances, then work his way down.

'I sent it on to our friends and family.'

Tony could hear the affection in Tracy's tone. "Wait I have friends and family?"

'Well you might remember my four brothers, and then there's Pepper and Happy. Plus your facebook/hacker buddy 'The Count', which by the way he tried to hack in again got to level four this time and then there are his Mates.' Scott chuckled softly. 'And let's not forget the Winchester you just adopted... shall I go on?'

Tony stood there on the destroyed lawn looking out over the dark forest. He wasn't sure what to say, he had no idea so many people snuck into his life.

'Tony...' Scott called out to his Mate. 'This is a good thing.'

"We're buried your father two days ago because of me, how is that a good thing." Tony sighed.

'Come home now. Obviously you haven't been listening when I'm telling you, that you are not to blame' His tone became firm, the Colonel slipping in.

"Gordon made it quite clear."

'Gordon is a whiny teenager who has no idea what's going on.' Scott growled. 'Home now. That's an order Tony.'

'I've inputted the best and fast route back to home, sir.' Jarvis spoke up after Scott had hung up.

"I should say goodbye." He turned to see Nico standing quietly not far off. He thought back to when he first met the Vampire. They had sat and talked, laughed, and played a mean hand of cards, all the time Nico was very unassuming. It was made him swear loyalty to the man.

"Thank You." Nick gave him an easy smile.

The faceplate slid down into place with a nod.

Nick watched as Stark took off in the suit, the scientist in him was marveled at the technology and advancements to get something like that to work let alone fly. He waited a few more moments before he turned back around to only see Charles sitting on the patio.

"Eliot went to see Wade." Charles informed him. "The young man is resting peacefully after his Turning."

"Good. Casualties?" He asked leaning against the wall.

"No. Scott checked in, they are bringing a little under twenty back here to work out what's next." He looked past Nick out towards the forest. "Mal has already got Zoe and Nate working on permits and land grants. Lucien is on his way back from the meetings he had with local government officials."

"The secret of Mutants is out among the Vampires." Nick looked over at him.

"It's out to the world, but many won't believe it." Charles countered.

He nodded in understanding. "Erik won't leave it alone."

"I know." He sighed suddenly feeling every year of his age. "I will deal with him when the time comes."

"We'll deal with him." Nick stood up and leaned over and kissed him on the forehead. "Do not stay out here too late, I'll sick House on you."

Charles chuckled. "Go be with your Mate." He waited a few moments. "Nicolaus." Nick turned and looked back at his father. "I need to meet him."

"As soon as all of this is cleared up, I'll bring him here."

~ The Forest ~

Magneto made his way through the forest, heading back to the waiting vehicle. This wasn't going to be the end, far from it. He just needed to regroup, find Mystique and start again.

A cry caught his attention.

He moved through the foliage coming up to a small clearing. He was surprised to see a naked woman with dark black hair, lying in the grass.

"Magneto." She called out hand reaching out to him.

He gasped when he realized it was his beautiful Mystique. "What have they done to you?" He knelt down next to her staring at her in horror.

"Help me." She reached out to him only to startle when he pulled away from her. "Magneto!"

"My dear Mystique, you were so beautiful and now you're just human." He stood up and without looking back he walked away ignoring her cries, pleads and yells.

First order of business was to find a new right hand Mutant. Second hunt down Sabertooth and discover what he knows. Third find out exactly who Victor Frankenstein is and seek his revenge.

Title: Stage Eight: Home Sanguinis

~ Bathsheba Naval Hospital: Washington DC ~

William Lennox sat next to the hospital bed of his one of his closest friends. At the moment Ron Witwicky was resting peacefully. He had come through the first of yet to be many surgeries to repair the damage that was caused by the Mutant.

General Grant had worked up the paperwork, to indicate that Ron had been injured on assignment. Everything had been filed, giving him a Medical Discharge, with full benefits to cover his injuries. The doctors had estimated that it would take six months to recover from the injury, and at least another six months of physical therapy.

Once Ron was able to move around on a full leg cast, he would be shipped back to Los Angeles, and transferred to a VA Hospital for the rest of his treatment. At the moment he was looking to stay in DC for at least six weeks.

Mary Ann had taken Judy back to the hotel, for both of them could rest. Deanna was with Uncle Skinner and Mulder at the moment. When Lennox had called earlier to check on his daughter, Mulder was telling her about Aliens that were frozen in the North Pole...

There were days his life was just that weird.

Will was grateful for his wife getting Judy out of the hospital to rest. She had not left Ron's side since Will had called her to inform her of the injury. When she had arrived in DC, he had sat her down and explained to her that first off, Ron was going to be fine. His leg had been broken in three places, but he was expected to make a full recovery.

She had demanded to know how it happened. Lennox had only shook his head, and told her it was classified. Ron had not talked to Judy about Vampires, and he wasn't going to put his friend in that awkward situation.

Mary Ann had given him a look, but he shut down the argument that was on the brink, by pointing out that Judy was too emotional at the moment to handle Vampires. She had only nodded, and took a seat next to her friend.

"I asked her to marry me." Ron's voice pulled Will out of his thoughts. "She said yes."

"Wow, and here I thought Judy had more taste," Lennox teased.

"Screw you." He laughed lightly. "So what am I going to do now?"

William shrugged, he had talked with Grant a few times since the Mutant incident. It was likely at the end of this tour, Lennox was also going to be sent home. He wasn't sure what to feel about that. He had no idea what to do with his life, or how to be a husband and father.

"I always wanted to run my own business," Ron continued.

His attention focused back on his friend. "What kind of business?"

"Not sure."

William Lennox gave him an easy smile, "I may have an idea."

~ SGC: Stargate Command (Cheyenne Mountain) – Colorado Springs, Colorado ~

Jack O'Neill looked at his inbox, blinked, read the email a fifth time. "Daniel!" He looked up from his computer to an empty office. He frowned as he stood up and stalked out of his office, in search of his Mate.

It had been three years since Daniel was let in on the secret that Jack new about Vampires, and soon after Daniel had Turned him. Two years ago he ended up running the SGC. O'Neill was still wondering who had come up with that bright idea.

He was guessing Nick, especially since he had an in with the President.

And it was obvious Nick was evil, and for some reason hated him.

It was the only reason Jack could think of for promoting him, making him sit behind a desk, and do paperwork.

But this.

He seriously was contemplating sending a fruit basket to Nick and beg for forgiveness. This was insane, ludicrous, and seriously could not work.

"DANIEL!!" He bellowed.

"General O'Neill." Tea'lc stepped up to his commander. "Is there a reason you are yelling for Daniel?"

"Yeah, we have a situation and he needs to be here." Jack kept moving down the hallway. "Find him!"

Military personal jumped out of his way, as he stalked through the corridors. He had hoped to get to the surface before all hell broke loose. With a last trot down the hall, thank god for knee replacement before being Turned, he stopped in front of the main section of elevators.

"Jack!?" Daniel ran up to him. "What's going on?"

Daniel had felt his Mate's shock and dismay, while he was down in one of the research labs. He had been working with some archeological finds they had found on one of the planets. The team

of archeologist and historians weren't quite sure what to make of the finds, until Marty who had been walking by and commented about the unique trumpet design.

Not to kick a gift horse in the mouth, Daniel dragged him into the lab to discuss Music Theory and Instruments. Marty had normally stayed close by his Mate, who rarely left the labs, so amazed and lost in the science and discoveries. Jackson hadn't given the 'kid' much thought, he wasn't a scientist and though he tried to keep up with what Emmett had rambled on about, it was obvious he had no clue.

But he knew music: the history, the instruments, theory and sound.

Since then the two have been discussing the use of music in variety of cultures and their histories. Finding patterns from civilizations they had found off world and their connections to earth. They were in a middle of discussing Renaissance transformation of music, when a sharp spike of shock slammed into him.

He had left Marty in mid-sentence and ran to find his Mate.

Not a lot shocked Jack.

Daniel caught up with him at the elevators that took the staff up to the surface. Jack opened his mouth to answer when the familiar ding echoed in the hallway. Both men turned towards the open elevator door.

Jack just gestured towards the man inside. "That is what's wrong."

Tony Stark barely glanced at either man as he waltzed past them. Scott Tracy gestured for them to follow, while Pepper kept up with her boss.

"What is going on?" Daniel asked following behind, barely keeping step with a burly who followed Stark.

Tony stopped and turned back around. "I'm your new boss."

"What?!"

General Jack O'Neill sighed, his fingers pinching the bridge of his nose. "That is what I've been trying to tell you, Tony Stark just bought the SGC from the US Government."

"Can you do that?" Daniel asked as his mind tried to process the situation.

"I did." Tony looked around the corridor. "First thing is a complete overhaul, what is this crap?" He reached over and pulled at a junction box, ripping open the lid. "Well that explains how I was able to get into the building, down to the 'secure' level, and no one stopped me. You're using Hammer tech."

"He came under bid." Jack sighed. "Most of our own scientists have been replacing it."

Tony started walking back down the hall. "I want to see the Stargate, after all I forked out billions for it."

Daniel stepped close to his Mate. "I'm not sure if this is good or bad."

"Gentleman."

They both startled and turned to see two men in prime suits standing behind them. "The US Government has just sold the biggest secret outside Vampires to a Vampire. One who is a billionaire and can actually fund it, bring in the best scientists and make a profit."

"Who are you?" O'Neill asked briskly.

"Harvey Specter, Mr. Stark's Attorney. I helped broker the deal. And this is my colleague, Thomas David McLaughlin, he's working the Canadian side of this deal."

"So it's now private?" The Archeologist couldn't get his head around it. "What about the military missions, the military itself?" He started to flail, worried about his Mate.

"Mr. Stark has always been friends with the military, and despite a few old geezers screaming that they don't get weapons anymore, he still has strong connections. While he now owns everything, he's set up a contract with the US Military to supply personal, at the discretion of the Commander he will put in charge."

"And what do they get in return?" Daniel demanded.

"First dibs on any weapons Stark Industries will distribute from findings from the Stargate." Harvey answered simply, his eyes never leaving Daniel. "Of course there was a small clause that stated, that Stark Industries is not required to supply or make any weapons."

"Sneaky." O'Neill glanced over to Thomas, the second lawyer. "And why do they need you?"

"This is under NORAD." Thomas pointed out. "We had to set up a contract with the Canadian and US Government's to allow the facility to stay in its current location."

"Now gentleman, there is much we must discuss." Harvey held out his hand towards the open hallway.

~ Stargate Control Room ~

The Stargate stood silent in the other room.

At the moment all personal had been escorted out of the area, and only a few stood in the control room looking down at the Ancient Device.

Tony Stark's mind was working overtime. Considering it never stopped even while he slept, at this moment even he was having a hard time keeping up with the thoughts and equations running through it.

He fired off questions left and right.

Daniel had been able to keep up to an extent, and at the moment had given up and started to just pull up information for the Billionaire to read.

Tony took in all the information he was reading. "The energy levels on this are high."

"We look for ZPMS to power the Gate if we need to access Atlantis directly. Most of the time we gate out to Midway, which is the halfway point between the two locations, then dial from there to Atlantis." Daniel informed him. "If we send a ship, the ZPMS get it there in a few days instead of a few weeks."

"How do you get these ZPMS?" Stark asked running the figures through his head.

"We find them." O'Neill shrugged.

"That's efficient." Tony stood up from the consoles and looked back down at the Stargate. "I have a better solution for energy. It will be the first thing that will be changed." He paused. "Well, second thing, first thing we're going to do is get rid of the Hammer Tech."

O'Neill was about to explain exactly how long it takes for them to get with the forms, procedures and policies they have to go through. Only to snap his mouth shut. They don't work for the government anymore. "So now what? Are you going to bring in your own tech guys in?"

"I have guys." He leaned against the glass, arms across his chest. "The important question here is for you General O'Neill."

Jack couldn't just wait to hear what his new boss was going to say. So far the only thing he had really complained about was the Hammer Tech, which was completely justified since it was crap.

"This building, the contents in it, the technology, the future patents, the employees, all of it is now Stark Industries. I do not want any and I mean anything getting out to the public. As you already know everything here is sensitive materials, and there are people and organizations that would kill to get their hands on it. So the question I have for you is this, who do you trust?"

Jack's eyebrow went up, he knew exactly Stark was talking about. Nick had contacted him about Emmett and Marty, and he had hid them deep under a few tons of paperwork. The package that arrived with them was stashed beyond Atlantis, and even he didn't know exactly where.

"I can count a dozen or so people that I trust."

Tony nodded, "Fire everyone who isn't in that dozen."

"You can't do that!" Daniel stood up in shock arguing with the billionaire. "These are peoples jobs."

"I can and have."

"None of the employees at the SGC have signed a contract with Stark Industries that requires disclosure agreements, stating that if they were to leak information they would not only lose their job, but their reputation, and could be sued." Harvey added from his place in the corner.

He still couldn't believe they dug up the damn thing in the first place. He had a few choice words with Anok Sabe when he had found out he had re-opened the Gate. It had been bad enough that his sister had to pull him away.

The only good thing, was now it would be controlled by someone who knows the value of keeping secrets. And if Harvey caught one employee leaking information he would destroy their lives, drag them through the mud in the press, then skin them alive in court. That would be before he let lose a Hunter or two.

"They signed one with the government." Daniel pointed out. "One that would get them arrested for Treason."

"And yet the tech you've found somehow was distributed to the market, through Crimson International. You know the group that is run by Frankenstein. I don't think he's on the payroll. How exactly did he get it?" Harvey gave him a small cheeky grin.

Jackson paused for a moment, trying to formulate an argument.

He had been on the receiving end of Harvey's wrath. It was a blessing that he was ignoring Jack as his Mate at the time. The verbal and physical smack down, had been painful.

Daniel had no reason to why he opened the Stargate, except for curiosity.

He hadn't taken into account that they would actually find Ra again.

The same Ra, who had killed Harvey's family.

Killed Ra's Ghul family.

Shepsit Hemet Amun-Ra's son.

"So what do you suggest we do?" Daniel ignored his Mate's incredulous look. "We have thousands of employees, not including military personal. We can't kick them all out and run this place. Hiring new staff will take a while."

Stark looked back at O'Neil. "General Tracy will work with you on removing all military personal that you do not vouch for personally. There will be a standard procedure of who we bring into the SGC Program. I do not want the brass thinking they can sneak one of their guys in, to steal tech and weapon specs, when I'm not looking."

Scott gave a quick nod to Jack. "Any military you trust enough to want to keep?"

"Mitchell, Carter and Tea'lc, which since he is an Alien we can't quite fire him. There are a few other military personal scattered here at the SGC that are trustworthy. Then there's Loren and his team on Atlantis." O'Neil informed them. "What about the scientist?"

"Doctor Radek, yes, he we will be keeping. I have a few projects I would like to talk to him about." Stark moved towards the door. "He's in Atlantis right, how do I get there?"

"Tony." Scott moved in front of his Mate, grabbing his arm.

"Don't Tony me. He's the one of the few scientists I actually like." He pulled his arm out of Scott's hand backing a few steps away. "If I could I would have Banner working here, but he's not keen on enclosed spaces. Not that I blame him, with the whole green complex."

Not long after the battle with Magneto, or the childish romp through the forest as Tony liked to call it, he had hunted Doctor Bruce Banner down.

~ Flashback ~

Bruce had stepped out of Charles' School with his bags packed only to stop short when he saw Tony Stark leaning against his Audi, waiting for him.

"You weren't going to run off without saying goodbye." Tony asked him, hand over heart looking pained and hurt.

"It doesn't beat anymore." Bruce walked down the stairs and dropped his bag at his feet a grin on his face. "Though not sure if it ever did."

"You wound me." Tony laughed lightly. "I have a proposition for you."

Banner smirked, "Scott would kill me."

"I wouldn't cheat on..." Stark snapped his mouth shut, took a few moments before continuing. "I want you to work for me."

"I can't go back to Stark Industries." He took off his glasses and cleaned them, the repetitive action, keeping himself calm.

"I'm buying a new place. Lots of new alien technology, research, and biology you can play with." Tony stepped forward and wrapped his arm around the scientist's shoulders. "It will need some overhauling as it used to be owned by the government."

"You're not talking about the SGC?" Banner stared at Tony in shock. "You bought Stargate Command?" Tony just nodded. "How much did that cost? No, really I'm curious?"

"I got it at a discounted price, plus I can write it off on my taxes." Stark answered. "You will be well protected and can study whatever you need to."

Bruce stepped away from him, with a sigh he painfully shook his head no. The opportunity was amazing, "I can't risk being underground."

"We can work around that," he pointed out. Stark wasn't going to let Banner walk away from the opportunity just because of his green condition. He glanced down at the bags, then back at his friend. "Where are you heading?"

"Serenity Clan with Dr. Neville, he's the one who can work with me the best." Banner glanced back to see Neville and his Mate standing on the steps. Sam the dog trotted down and sat next to him demanding pets. He reached over and scratched her behind the ears, "Keeps me calm."

"Gives me hives." Stark brushed his suit as he stepped back. "Go play in the wild frontiers of Alaska, I hear they are advanced enough to have phones."

"Even have the internet it's really cool!" Carter snarked as he passed by, Dean the tomcat following on his heels.

Tony ignored him and the cat. "I'll make sure you have anything you need. Including secure line to the SGC."

"Ahh it's so cute."

Tony glared over at his Mate who was now out of the car and leaning against it.

"See it's good you're making friends."

Bruce chuckled at the look on Tony's face a mix between horror and pride. "I promise Tony not to drop off the grid if you promise to do the same."

Tony took off his sunglasses and held out his hand. "I promise to do my best."

"We can bring Radek here?" Scott asked pulling Tony out of his memories.

They had no idea how the Arc Reactor would handle the Stargate. They had too many discussions, arguments over Tony going through the Gate.

"Yeah..." He didn't want to ask what that was about, and had a feeling he didn't want or need to know. "Daniel dial out to Midway get a message that I need to see Lorne and Radek as soon as possible."

He sat down at the consul and started the sequence.

Whatever Tony Stark was going to snark back at his Mate, never came out. The moment the Gate began to work, he was enthralled. He stepped up to the glass and watched as each Chevron locked into place.

There was a woosh outward, then it settled into a blue pool of liquid.

Harvey stood up from his seat and walked over to the glass. It had been thousands of years since he had seen that round liquid pool. He had seen death walk through it so many times, never did he think he would be standing in and underground bunker in Colorado, watching it come alive again.

"Now that's cool." Stark smirked his eyes glued to the marvel of the Stargate.

Evan Lorne sat quietly in the corner and watched as his Mate talked excitedly in Czech with Tony Stark.

Who knew Tony Stark spoke Czech.

No really? Who?

He had no idea what the two were talking about, just that Radek expression showed fear, then anticipation, awe, and finally settled into a determined expression. It was these moments he really missed Shep, at least he would have someone to talk to when the Mates went off on science tangents.

Stark handed Radek a tablet of some sort, looked like one of those things seen on a Sci-fi show, and without so much as a word to Lorne was out the door.

"So what was that about?" Evan asked curiously easing away from the wall he had been leaning against.

"He has a few projects he wants me to work on." Radek answered smiling brightly. "He is also going to fund some of my own research in the meantime."

"That's good?"

Radek leaned over and kissed his Mate. "Very good! Finally someone who understands that science isn't about the next military advantage!!"

"You know he makes weapons..."

"Did."

"What?" Lorne shook his head.

"He stopped about two years ago." Radek explained simply. "There were rumors of Stark Industries was on the brink of bankruptcy, but lately SI has started to come out with high tech gear, like this Tablet." He held up the Tablet so Lorne could see it. "I'm going to be able to test out the new materials as they come out, see how good they hold up."

Evan took the Tablet from his Mate's hand and looked it over. It was sleek, smaller than a laptop, but still had some weight on it. It could come in handy when they went out on Missions.

"What project is he having you work on?" He asked handing the Tablet back.

Radek paused, then walked over to the door and closed it. "I'm only telling you because you are my Mate and need to know."

"Is this dangerous?" He demanded.

"Yes, but it has to be done." Radek took a deep breath to calm his nervous. "Remember two years ago, at the Vatican?"

"I saw the footage, why?"

"The explosion was caused by Anti-matter." He slowly began to explain the danger behind the element, and how they needed to know more about it.

"So a pen drop can wipe out Rome and you want to work with it?" Lorne shook his head. "Hell fucking no! Let alone the danger to anyone who is working with you, the station, hell all of Atlantis."

"Which is why the facility will be located on a dead planet." Radek looked over his glasses at his Mate. "I would never jeopardize others."

"Sorry." Evan ran his hands over his face. "So now what?"

"We find a dead planet."

Tony Stark walked through the facility, exploring when no one was around.

He had sent Pepper to be with her Mate, so she could get some rest. He smiled softly when he watched the two of them walk away, Happy holding her close taking care of her.

He had discovered some interesting Tech in variety of area. O'Neill had mentioned that the scientist had been upgrading and replacing the Hammer Tech. He had found on most of the hardware and some of the software the name Maverick Enterprises. He had done some research and discovered the owner was a Lucas Michaels. He would have Pepper and have Scott check the owner out.

Tony had paused at one of the labs to see Doc Brown working on an experiment. Nico had informed him, that one of the main priorities for the Stargate Program was to hide Emmett Brown and his Mate, Marty.

The man was a brilliant scientist one he would love to sit and talk with, the main questions he had were on his theatrical physics. Some of the ideas Emmett had published, had inspired Tony with energy research and lately potential uses for the Iron Man suit.

Marty looked to be barely out of high school.

Though he had seen the kid hold his own with some of the soldiers earlier in the day. While Doc was deep in his science, he had no idea his Mate had gone to great lengths to learn how to protect him.

It made Tony wonder if Marty knew what the threat against them was, and was prepping for it.

Mates had a tendency to protect each other, some more fiercely than others. He had no doubt Samuel Winchester would leave a trail of bodies behind him, if anything happened to Dean.

Clay and Cougar were crazy, so if anyone got to Jensen – it wouldn't be pretty. Entertaining maybe, but not pretty.

Thinking about Mates had him think of his own.

Scott had stood by him through everything.

Stark Industries restructure.

The suit.

Stane.

Tony was still having a hard time with the fact that if he lost the company, his money, his reputation... Scott would still be there.

And the hardest concept he was having a trouble wrapping his mind around - he wanted him there.

It was the kid that had stuck the concept in his head.

The bastard.

Dean Winchester the only person who had turned down the Stark Scholarship. After discovering some of his background, he could see how that happened. The kid was smart, given the right circumstances, Dean could have been working at Stark Industries.

The two had been working on variety of equations not really talking until Dean glanced over at him and had simply said 'it doesn't change the way they see us'.

~ Flashback ~

"What exactly are you babbling about?" Tony kept working on the sequence that was giving him more trouble than it was worth.

"Our Mates." Dean nodded upwards where Sam and Scott were talking softly. "Sam has never looked at me differently."

"Why would he?" Stark glanced over at his Mate, catching Scott's eyes for a second.

"I know my Turning is gossiped about, admitting the whole how thing was not cool. But being with Sammy forever is." He shrugged as if the conversation was about anything but the worst moment in both of the men's life and death.

"And you're good with the forever." Tony asked without thinking.

Dean glanced over at him, giving him a knowing look.

"You going to tell me you're not."

"Done playing?"

Tony looked over at the 'Blaster Doors' to see Scott leaning against the wall. He was out of his uniform, wearing jeans and a t-shirt.

Tony's sex life had all been one-night stands.

He didn't do second nights.

Yet now when he woke up every morning with Scott by his side.

And he still wanted him.

"No." Tony shook his head a small smile on his face as he sauntered up to his Mate. "I can think of a few things to play with."

"I'm sure you can." Scott chuckled. "I wanted to ask, why did you buy it?"

"Because I could."

Scott reached out, his hand slipping into the wild black hair. "Besides that." He knew there was a part of Tony that bought the SGC just because he could, but he also knew there was more to it than that.

"Because Nico asked me to."

He leaned down and kissed Tony softly, then slowly deepened it. He would never get enough of feeling Tony's surprise then delight through the Bond. Something he figured his Mate didn't know he was projecting, and he had no plans on telling him.

"I'll make you a family man yet." He whispered against Tony's lips.

"And for that, you are sleeping on the couch." He pulled back, glaring at his Mate, who was immune to the look.

"What?" Scott grinned. "Are you going to turn down sex?"

"I hate you."

"You love me, and all those kids you've picked up. Hell we're already paying for one's college education." Scott laughed as he took Tony's hand and lead him out of the room. "Now it's time for good genius, billionaires, playboys to get their sleep."

"I don't need sleep." Tony argued but didn't pull his hand out of Scott's.

Tracy looked down at the hand, emotion choking him up.

It was simple baby steps.

"By the way have you told Dean you're sending him to MIT?" He asked.

"Why? He's going whether he likes it or not."

~ Charles' School for the Gifted ~

"Sam!" Dean yelled as he ran down the stairs, a stack of papers clinched in his hand. "SAM!"

"Is there a reason you're bellowing in the halls?" Cas asked as he stepped up to Dean out of nowhere.

The Hunter jumped slightly then glared at the Mutant. "You need a bell."

Cas smiled.

"That's a good look on you." Dean commented as he looked around. "Have you seen Sam? He's about this high..." He held up his arm way over his head. "Long flowy hair like out of some shampoo commercial."

"He's out back with the kids and Wade." Cas pointed towards the French doors.

"Why aren't you out there with the kids, more importantly with Wade? Thought you two were joined at the hip, and were staying on to teach or something." Dean focused on the younger man

they had found in Portland. In the past few weeks since the Magneto's attack, Cas had thrived. He laughed and smiled, talked animatedly with the kids, and looked to have found a home.

"I am staying." He said softly. "Wade isn't."

"Ahhhh."

"It's his choice. I mean he's spent his whole life protecting me. It's good he now can explore the world, especially now being a Vampire. I'm safe here, he doesn't need to worry about me..."

"You believe any of that bullshit comin' out of your mouth?" Dean gave him a look. "Have you told loverboy you don't want him to go?"

"We're not lovers." Castiel's eyes hardened.

"And that is probably the problem. Find him and pounce, use the wings to pin him down. Hell that could be kinda hot. Like Angel sex." He gave him a saucy grin.

"He's a Vampire."

"And?" Dean held his hands out questioning. "Coming from experience – Vampire Sex is good."

"I'm not his Mate." Cas snapped at him. "I'm not going to give that bastard more of my heart, and then have to watch him happy and loving with some she vamp."

"Whoah dude calm down." He put his hands on Cas' shoulders. "How do you know you're not?"

"It's been weeks since he's been Turned and he hasn't said anything." All the energy deflated from the smaller man. "He's looking forward to getting away from me." He pulled out of Dean's grasp and headed up the stairs.

Dean tucked the papers into his pocket and stalked out through the French doors onto the back green. Wade was talking with Sam, while working through some defense maneuvers.

He made his way across the yard, and before either could say anything Dean slammed his fist into Wade's face, grinning when he heard the crunch as the Vampire fell to the ground.

"What the fuck?" Wade bellowed as he covered his now bleeding nose.

"Dean!" Sam stared at his brother in shock. All he could feel through the Bond was anger, Dean was pissed.

"Sonofabitch is hurting Cas." He glared down at Wade.

"I would never hurt Cas." Or at least that's what they thought he said. Wade stood back up wiping the blood off with his shirt, they both cringed when he reset his nose.

"Have you had a lot of practice doing that?" Sam asked still cringing.

"Have you met Elliot?" He asked then glared at Dean. "What the fuck do you mean I'm hurting Cas?"

"The boy is crying in his bedroom over the fact you're leaving him for better pastures." Dean snarled at him. "Fine he's not your Mate, but at least have the decency to talk to the boy..."

"He is my Mate."

"What?" Dean stopped mid-sentence. "Then why aren't you two having how really hot Angel/Vampire sex right now."

Sam just stared at his brother, then shook his head not wanting to really know.

"What?" Wade stared at him for a few moments. "What?"

"He thinks you're running off because you don't want to be responsible for him anymore." Dean rolled his eyes as he threw his hands up in the air, the papers he had been carrying falling out of his pockets. "When I'm the voice of relationship reason, you have a problem!"

Sam chuckled as he picked up the papers, pausing as his eyes went over the contents. He froze in shock as he read what they were.

"I was going to ask him to come with me." Wade stammered, then stopped when Dean just glared. "What do I do now?"

"Seriously?" The Hunter sighed. "Go claim your Mate you idjit!" If there was a time to channel Bobby, now was the time.

Wade ran off towards the house, looking for Cas.

Dean grinned, which slowly faded at his own Mate's expression. "What?"

Sam held up the papers. "You were accepted into MIT?"

"I have no idea how, I didn't apply." Dean shrugged reaching for the papers. "I thought you sent my application in."

"No, I didn't. This says they are accepting your application back from 1997." Sam quickly did the math in his head. It would have been a year after Dean 'dropped out' or better now known as graduated early. "It also states you've been awarded the Stark Scholarship. Dude this is a free ride to MIT!"

"We have jobs Sam." Dean tried for the papers again only to have Sam step back pulling them out of the way.

"Gerard would work with us. You have to do this, Dean."

"Why?" He shrugged. "I like our lives. Getting a degree at MIT isn't going to change that."

"So many opportunities can be opened up to you." Sam shook his head. "You could work for Stark or with Charlie."

"I like being a US Marshal." Dean pointed out.

Sam looked down at the papers then back at his brother. "Dean do you think MIT hunted you down after all these years to inform you that you've been re-accepted and the scholarship has been waiting for you?"

He blinked a few times.

"Tony Stark did this."

"And?"

"You're going to MIT whether you like or not." Sam chuckled at his brother's expression. "Which is good since I got a letter from Harvard a few days ago, stating that my application was approved and that I would be starting next fall. I never sent an application in, nor did I ever finish my degree at Stanford."

"That sneaky sonofabitch!"

~ Wayne Studios Press Conference ~

The lobby of the main office space of Wayne Studios was filled with reporters from over a dozen news agencies, domestic and international. Ever since Wayne News Network had started to broadcast information concerning the explosion at Gen-Cris Pharmaceutical as part of a movie stunt gone bad, speculation and conspiracy theories had invaded the networks.

Bruce Wayne had called a press-conference to answer the many questions that were circulating. There was a long table, with microphones, a black drop behind it the Wayne Studios Logo embroidered. The murmuring in the crowd of reporters quieted down when Bruce Wayne, along with Dirk Greyson stepped out from behind the curtain and sat down in the middle of the table.

They were soon joined by actors Kirk Lazarus, Kiera Knightly or known in some worlds as Elizabeth Norrington, Ralph Fiennes, and famed Cameraman Frank Hurley. They took seats to the left and right of the two Producers.

"I would like to thank everyone for coming," Bruce smiled at the sea of reporters.

Louis Lane, Wayne News Network's own reporter was seated in the front row. She had started to make a name for herself after That Night, while Jimmy Olsen had won countless awards for his camera work. The image used and seen to this day was a shot from the footage of, now St. Patrick going up in flames.

Lane had been given specific questions that she would need to ask during the interview. She screeched and demanded that she was a journalist and had integrity, but quickly shut up when Bruce asked her politely if she liked Alaska because that would be her nest gig if she kept it up.

Jimmy was within the throngs of cameraman, his credentials giving him the coveted spot in the middle. He was still her cameraman even with all of his awards, only because he was the only one who could handle her.

Bruce could see that Fox News was also center point. The reporter's eyes were glued to him, and the smirk she wore clearly stated she was ready to take them to the carpet. The reporter from CNN and the BBC were sitting behind them, waiting eagerly.

Bruce took a deep breath and sent a prayer up to the gods.

"I'm sure many of you have a few questions concerning Raccoon City." He held out his hand to stop the avalanche of questions that had already started. "Let's be civilized about this, it's a concept I'm sure some of you are away of."

Dick chuckled, "What he means to say be nice or we go home."

"Richard." Bruce didn't even look at his Mate, his tone was enough to get the younger man to be quiet.

"See what happens when you upset him?" Dick ignored the tone and sideways look.

He was known as the rebel bad boy, so he could get away with being snarky to the reporters. Besides he recognized the FOX Newswoman, Ms. Avino. She was the one that did an expose on him and Bruce and how their relationship was dangerous, because Dick was so much younger than Bruce. If she only knew.

"Let's get the simple things out of the way. Yes, that was us filming in Raccoon City. We do apologize for the confusion, but honestly we had no idea that Republican President Nominee had been promoting our script in such a fashion." Greyson gave the reporters a bright smile.

"How could you not know!?"

"Ahh Ms. Avino from FOX News, how are you doing this morning?" Bruce gave her a tight smile. He hadn't forgiven her for her article, and was still working to figure out if he could by FOX News just to fire her ass.

"I'm fine Mr. Wayne. The people of the United States are wondering how you couldn't know what was going on? That in reality this is some vast conspiracy to cover up of the truth!"

"Was there an intelligent question in there?" Kirk commented as he glanced over to Hurley who shrugged. "Well I can answer the stupid question. We were filming a much anticipated movie, one that was being held in secrecy for obviously good reason. So as much as there were no communications going out, none were coming in."

"You're trying to tell me that you had no idea President Elect Gregory Stillson..." She glared at Kirk, her contempt for the man showing through.

"Republican Presidential Nominee." Fiennes spoke up softly. "He wasn't elected and since he hasn't been seen since the news broke that his whole campaign was based off a Hollywood script, I think we can honestly state, he will not be using the title President Elect."

"So all of it was a script?" Louis Lane asked her tone curious and innocent. "Everything Mr. Stillson said in press conferences was part of your script."

"He ad-libbed most of it," Kirk answered. "Badly."

"Mr. Stillson had come to Hollywood to raise money for his campaign. Considering his views on gay marriage, I politely told him I wasn't interested." Bruce informed the set of reporters. "The script for Resident Mutants was in my office, as we were weeks away from closing the set and start filming in Raccoon City."

"What about the footage that was shown?" Ms. Avino asked her tone condescending and suspicious. "The footage that shows Mutants? The fact a boy could shoot ice from his fingers?! Was that in your script or some special affects work up?"

"I have no idea actually what that was. It wasn't in our script." Bruce replied trying not to reach over and slap the crap out of the woman. "What had finally caught our attention was one of the first scenes we had shot was airing all over the news."

"If it was a closed set how did you see it?" She clearly thought she had one up on them, and her proof all of it was fake.

"Wow you really are a moron." Kirk rolled his eyes and leaned back in his chair.

"Kirk." Elizabeth chaste him.

"Don't Kirk me, the woman is an idiot and obviously has a crush on Mr. Stillson and wants to desperately prove he was a true American Patriot and not the lying cheating con artist he really is." Lazarus Australian accent thickened slightly as he gave his passionate snarky speech.

"You don't have much to say Mr. Lazarus as you are an Australian Citizen and have no say in American politics." She sneered at him.

"World's small, your politics affects it." Hurley spoke up from his seat. "We might not vote in your elections, as you don't vote in ours, but each affects the other in the world theatre."

The BBC journalist looked over at her, "And considering an American Presidential Nominee went to great lengths to lie and cheat to secure the Presidency. We as the world do have a say considering he would have been leading a major world power."

"What my fellow Aussie and Brit is trying to say is you're a moron." Kirk's smirk was condescending at best.

"Bruce and I were not on the set, we had gone off on a much needed vacation. And the few rules we have are: no work, cell phones, or any outside influences." Dick's hand reached over and took Bruce's. "It's how we survive in this industry."

"When we were returning back to civilization, I caught Mr. Stillson's news conference and then saw the footage straight out of the script." Bruce didn't take his hand out from under Dick's noticing how uncomfortable a few of the reporters had become, specifically Ms. Avino. "I contacted our director, and he had no idea what was going on. We proceeded directly to the set, and when we arrived, the news media was all over it, demanding answers on Mutants."

"You haven't explained the footage of the Mutant; just that one of the 'clips' shown was from the supposed script..."

Bruce interrupted her, "Mr. Conner come out and say hello."

John Conner stepped out from the back area, and waved at the reporters.

Ralph stood up and held out his chair, taking a standing position behind Bruce. He had no idea fully yet was going on, but he had been friends with Bruce since filming Oskar Schindler's story. He was amazed at the resemblance between the two men, only to discover by accident Vampires. Wayne had been his friend over the years, so when he called and asked him to film in a new movie, but he needed him to play along. He did just that.

"Introducing John Conner, are upcoming star." Wayne stood up and gripped Conner's shoulders as they both smiled to the flashing cameras, then motioned for him to take a seat. "The scene you saw was one of the first we filmed."

"Mr. Conner how did you get the role?"

"Mr. Conner are you a Mutant?"

Lazarus rolled his eyes as he stood up. "That's it I'm done with these idiots. Call me when you have real questions." He stalked out of the conference, ignoring the questions and flashes of cameras. But he did what was needed, half the reports in the news cast would be about his abrupt exit and not on the 'Mutants'.

"I'm just a teenager from Miami," He shrugged shyly.

"How did you get the role?" Louis Lane asked smiling at him putting him at ease.

"Was approached at school after one of my performances in my drama class. Took a while to convince my mom, but dad backed me up." He answered easily. "I had no idea what was going on, until everything happened at Raccoon City."

"What happened?" A reporter from CNN asked speaking up before FOX News started berating the kid.

"We were working on this scene where my character's mom comes to save him from the scientists. There was to be all these explosions to make it look like some invasion, but something went wrong." He looked over at Bruce.

"No one was hurt, Thank God. But there was some major property damage. While investigating what had gone wrong, we had discovered that it was staff of Gen-Cris Pharmaceutical that had leaked the footage to Stillson, and was supporting his campaign. Our own lawyers are looking into liability and lawsuits, and I know the Federal Government is also looking into their business practices."

Bruce chuckled lightly.

"So when will we now see this movie?" A reporter from NBC asked.

"Well considering our script was stolen and used for a political campaign, the set will be shut down for a while, to re-work the script. Until then just keep an eye on the tabloids and gossip shows, they should let you know when we get back to filming." The reporters chuckled as he stood up. "As there are no further questions, I'll be closing this press conference..."

"Really!" Ms. Avino stood up and challenged Mr. Wayne. "You expect us to believe that this whole thing was a movie, that Presidential Republican Nominee..." She purposely looked at Fiennes who just coldly stared back. "Used a script to run his campaign?"

"I can't tell you what Mr. Stillson was thinking, but I can tell you that the footage shown, and plotline used was from our movie." Bruce looked down at her, not moving nor letting up on his intense glare. "Now if you excuse me, Ms. Avino I have a studio to run, and a movie to make."

He motioned for John to go first, nodding at Fiennes who escorted the boy off the stage and behind the curtain. Bruce's own hand slipped onto Dick's lower back, as they made their way for the exit.

"What about New York City!?" She yelled after him.

"What about it?" Dick turned back towards her. "That was a terrorist attack, had nothing to do with the movie."

"There's not a scene of Mutants attacking Grand Central Station?" She snarked.

"A little to cliché if you ask me." Bruce gave a lopsided grin.

The rest of the reporters chuckled, and started to break down their equipment. Ms. Avino was left standing alone in the front row.

"Let it go."

She turned to see Louis Lane standing there, with Jimmy right behind her. "Of course coming from WNN reporter you would do whatever your boss is telling you to do."

Jimmy rolled his eyes. "Stillson bribed, manipulated and conned his way into the Nomination. This had nothing to do with Mutants or genetically enhanced cures. This was about a man's greed that went too far. Hell his own Vice-President Nominee withdrew from the campaign and the Republican Party that should tell you how bad it was. Peter Petrelli comes from a long line of Red State Republicans."

"Yeah well coming from the man who believes that St. Patrick was Assumed into heaven I don't have much faith in your abilities to distinguish reality from fiction." She grabbed her bags and packed her gear.

"There's a difference." Jimmy said softly. "There's Faith then theirs blind ignorance. The key is knowing the difference."

~ Bruce Wayne's Office ~

The small group made their way out of the elevators and into Bruce's large furnished office. Mrs. Pennyworth set down some mugs of blood, food and alcohol on the bar, then closed the door on her way out, stating she would make sure they weren't disturbed.

Hurley grabbed a beer off the tray and settled into one of the chairs across from the bar near the large windows that looked out to the Wayne Studios lot. There was a couch, to his right another chair to his left, a large glass coffee table in front of him, with a larger chair facing towards him.

It was a comfortable sitting area, that business could be conducted. The large windows let in natural light, and gave a spectacular view of the famed Wayne Studio Water Tower.

"A little to cliché?" He chuckled as he sipped his drink. "Though I have to admit attacking Grand Central Station was a bit cliché. Even more so, the fact my Mate was right in the middle of it." He still haven't forgiven James for that stunt, or the kitten he had brought home. Lucky he dumped it off at Avery's.

Who promptly named it Greysmith.

"I can't believe anyone actually bought any of that." Elizabeth snagged her own beer and leaned against Hurley's seat. She gave him a look over, "And why were you there?"

"Famous Documentary/Cameraman." Dick informed her as he handed his Mate a cup of blood. "I know you haven't fed."

Bruce sat down in the large chair that sat diagonally across from Hurley, he was not shocked when Dick easily curled into his lap. It was one of the reasons they had bought the chair, it was big enough for the two of them to curl up in it, the couch was perfect height to bend Dick over and have his way with him.

He drank down the blood then set the mug to the side. "The problem is now we really have to make the movie."

"Who's idea was it to cover this whole thing with a movie?" Hurley asked curiously. The little James had told him was amazing, and seemed far-fetched.

Dick raised his hand, then shrugged. "Hey it worked for the train wreck on the 101, this was just a bit more complicated."

"So the Mutant thing?" Fiennes asked curiously. He like everyone else had watched Stillson's speeches, and read the reports. He hadn't really believed Stillson, it all seemed so 'wildly out there', but then one of his best friends was over 5000 years old. And he had actually met Oskar Schindler. He was prepared to believe in Mutants, but was not prepared to let Stillson deal with the situation.

They all just looked at him.

"Fine." He shook his head. "Though if there 'were' Mutants I vote it's Kirk."

"Actually it's the frozen bunny back at Max's vineyard." Lazarus stated as he waltzed into the room.

"Jack isn't a Mutant." Hurley said.

Jack Frost was another member of Oceania Clan that was will hidden from most Vampires outside the Clan, and even to new Oceania members. Except James who accidently ran into him, and made friends with the big kid, kinda like how he somehow made friends with Henry of all people.

"Who's Jack?" Elizabeth asked curiously.

"Bunny's Mate." Kirk sat down in Bruce's chair behind his desk, only to get up quickly when the older Vampire just gave him a look. He moved to the couch, grabbing a snack before settling down.

Elizabeth looked over at Hurley for an answer. "We normally don't talk about him..."

"For good reason," Kirk added.

Hurley ignored him. "But since you met his father..."

"Squid face," Kirk informed her.

"Davy Jones?" She asked. "Wait he has a kid? How?"

"Don't ask. Long story... that I'm still not too sure about. But basically Jack Frost isn't a Mutant he's a Water Sprite." Hurley finished.

"That conversation made no sense." Fiennes looked over at Bruce. "I think we need to have dinner."

"Gladly my friend," he gave him a true smile.

"Meantime, our writer is working up a script and we should be filming in a few months." Dick informed them. "Until then remember there is no such thing as Mutants."

"Or Vampires." John Conner added with a grin.

"You'll fit right in Mr. Conner." Kirk gave a sloppy salute towards the boy.

~ New York City: FBI Headquarters – White Collar Division ~

Peter leaned against the table in the conference room and watched with un-adulterated glee the news footage of the FBI: White Collar Division raiding Gregory Stillson's Penthouse. He flipped the channels only to see different angels of the same scene.

"Leave it on Channel Two, they show my best side." Neal Caffrey said as he walked into the Conference Room. "I do have to say you look very dashing in your FBI Windbreaker, Peter."

"Nothing you can say can ruin my good mood." Peter glanced over at his Mate.

Since the days spent at Charles' School for the Gifted, the two and three of them had talked. Peter was starting to see there was more to Neal Caffrey. Raphael Santi. And so many other personas he had been over the thousand years he had lived.

Neal was starting to learn the value of a Mate. He had only trusted a few people in all his life, and he was the first to admit it was taking him some time to trust El and Peter. Not because Peter caught him, that had made Neal respect him more. But because there were people and things in his past he had to protect. Things he couldn't talk about yet.

Peter had nodded, took a deep breath and said he trusted Neal to tell them one day.

That weekend they had completed the Bond.

"You're blushing." Neal teased him. "You are so thinking about that weekend in Upstate New York aren't you?"

"Yes." Peter grinned without shame.

"Too bad we have paperwork." Caffrey gave him a saucy wink before turning to look down at the bullpen. It should be empty, all personal had gone home for the night leaving Peter and Neal to finish up the last of the paperwork. Specifically the transfer of the St. Jerome of the Wilderness to the Vatican Museum.

"Have I told you about the storage room..." Peter followed Neal's glance to see a man standing near Caffrey's desk. "Who is that?"

The two walked out of the conference room, and down the stairs. Neal staying a few steps behind Peter, the man had an air about him that screamed Law Enforcement.

"I'm Peter Burke, is there anything I can help you with?" Peter asked easily.

"Ernesto Olivetti, Inspector General of the Vatican Police. I hear you have one of our paintings." He pulled back his suit coat showing the badge on his belt.

Neal stared at him in shock, this was the famed Inspector that Nico had been hiding in Italy, his plan had worked. Though he hadn't expected them to actually send the Head of Security, but Neal's always had a good relationship with Fate. "You have no idea how glad I am to meet you."

"I missed your name." Ernesto glanced over to Neal, his eyes assessing the man in seconds.

Neal couldn't help the shiver that ran down his spine. He would have to be careful, he doubted he could hide much from the Inspector. He wondered how much Olivetti had changed the security at the Vatican. If anything he had heard was true, it would now be much more difficult for him to sneak in, steal a painting and get out.

"This is my CI, Neal Caffrey." Peter gestured towards him.

"The Art Thief Neal Caffrey?" He asked with a small grin on his face.

Neal had a feeling things were not going in his favor.

"Alleged." He gave his best charming smile.

"Good. I have a warrant for your arrest." He pulled out the arrest warrant and handed it to Peter. "Neal Caffrey you are under arrest for stealing the St. Jerome in the Wilderness from the Vatican Museums. You will be extradited to the Holy See to stand trial for theft and transportation of illegal goods over the Vatican Border."

"Hey!!" He backed up hands in the air. "That was recently recovered, by our team I might add, from Gregory Stillson's Penthouse. You should talk to him about where he got it."

Ernesto pulled out his handcuffs and stepped towards Neal, taking his arm and turning him around. "That's for the courts to figure out. I suggest you get yourself a good attorney, Mr. Caffrey."

"Peter!" Neal looked over at his Mate, as he felt the cuffs close in around his wrist. "Do something."

He looked down at the papers then back up at his Mate, shrugging. "It's the Vatican."

"Aren't you going to read me my rights?" He looked over his shoulder surprised to see the Inspector grinning.

"Did you get a photo?" Ernesto asked as he unhooked the handcuffs and stepped back. "Make sure to send it to Nico."

Peter grinned as he sent the photo onward to El and Nico, and then slipped the phone into his pocket. He would send it out later to his team and others on his contact list.

Neal rubbed his wrists, glaring at both his Mate and the Inspector. "Haha."

"It is an honor to meet you Raphael Santi, and I thank you for your help That Night." Ernesto gave him a nod. "But if you are to step onto Vatican soil, I'll have guards on your arse in seconds."

"I can see why Nico likes you." Raphael held out his hands palms up. "Neal Caffrey, alleged Art Thief."

"Ernesto Olivetti." He took his hands and leaned over and kissed each cheek. When he stepped back he checked for his wallet, and then made sure his watch was still on his wrist. Neal smiled innocently. "By the way Leo says you're a lying stealing sonofabitch."

"Leo is just jealous I have more rooms named after me." Neal smoothed down his suit still slightly nervous around the Inspector. "Are you staying long in New York?"

"For a few days." Ernesto informed them. "Once I secure the St. Jerome, and have it prepped to send back to the Vatican Archive, I'll be spending some downtime with my Mate."

"You should come for dinner." Neal suggested brightly.

"El would love to meet you and your Mate." Peter nodded in agreement. "Are they here?"

Ernesto looked over his shoulder, gave a quick nod and then turned back towards the two men. "Dinner would be lovely, thank you for the invitation."

Andrew Kiernan stepped out of the shadows near the elevator. He wasn't sure what his Mate was up to, but he had been thoroughly entertained watching Santi getting handcuffed. He opened the doors to the offices and moved next to his Mate.

"Kiernan?" Neal glanced over at the Priest who at the moment was out of his collar, wearing simple jeans and a button down shirt. "I want to hear that story."

"And I want to hear how you got the St. Jerome out of the Museum," Ernesto countered.

"Do I have immunity?" Caffrey negotiated.

"This time." Olivetti gave him a pointed look. "I wasn't kidding about the guards."

"That I have no doubt." Raphael grabbed his hat off his desk, and flipped onto his head. "Shall we?"

"Paperwork can wait." Peter quickly went to his office to get his suit jacket and rain coat, turning out the lights as he went. "I'll make sure El knows we have company..." He glanced down at his phone to see El's number. "Hi Honey."

'Who's the cute guy arresting Neal?'

"Ernesto Olivetti, Inspector General of the Vatican Police." Peter glanced over to Neal. "I convinced him not to arrest him."

'Ah you fought for our love, that's so sweet. I'm sure Neal will award you later tonight. And I can watch.'

"I'm bringing guests for dinner." He blushed slightly imagining exactly what Neal could award him with. The man had gifted hands.

'Is it the cute Inspector? I'll make Italian!'

"Honey..." She hung up before he could convince her that Italians probably get Italian all the time. "She's expecting it, hope you like Italian."

"Love it." Kiernan deadpanned.

"That is not right coming from a Priest!" Neal stared at Kiernan, in shock and glee. He was happy to see Andrew smiling and content. "And you say I'm a bad influence."

"You never once broke into any Museum wearing a Cassock?" Kiernan just gave Neal a look. "And if I recall you are overdue for Confession."

Peter looked between the two, a confused expression on his face.

"My full title is Monseigneur Andrew Kiernan. I work in The Congregation for the Causes of Saints." Andrew held out his hand to Peter. "When we're away from the Vatican I don't wear my uniform."

"I apologize for anything my wife will ask, and my Mate will try and steal." Peter just smiled as he gestured towards the doors and elevators.

"He's good for you." Andrew stepped next to Neal.

"Yes he is, they both are." Caffrey looked at Peter, eyes filled with love and devotion. "It's a blessing I didn't deserve."

"Yes you do." Andrew patted his shoulder as they followed their Mates out of the FBI Offices.

~ Sylum Manor: Conference Security Room ~

Since they had gotten home, the twins hadn't left their side.

Speed sat at the conference table, with Elizabeth curled up in his lap. While Horatio had Sean in his, the toddler held onto the Koala that Uncle Terry had brought with him.

"They are so adorable." Terry smiled at the two from the video conference screen.

"The kids are cute too." Dino added with a smirk. "I take it's good to be home?"

"I felt like I haven't seen my own bed, in months." Speed shifted Elizabeth slightly, her legs falling over the edge of the chair. He had no idea how she was comfortable. "Wait I haven't."

Horatio leaned over and took Speed's hand and gave it a squeeze. "We're taking a vacation to Ireland at the beginning of the new year, figured you two could join us."

"You just want babysitters." Dino gave his brother a knowing look. "But that's okay 'cause we have two young men who would gladly babysit."

"Speak for yourself old man."

Terry laughed before turning to look behind him, "Henry come here. Introduce yourself to Uncle Dino's older brother."

Since Tony Stark had picked up Henry out of the desert, many things had changed for the young man. He had been informed that according to the British Military he had been declared dead, and at the moment Henry Thorne no longer existed. He wasn't sure how to handle that, but after spending two years as a prisoner of the Ten Rings, he really didn't want to go back to England to answer questions.

Instead he sat down with Aragorn, which took him a while to get his brain around, and a few of the Medjai Hunters to describe in detail where he had been, what the Ten Rings were stockpiling, and description of how many of the men he could remember.

He was able to look at the maps the Medjai had, which were more extensive than he had ever seen of the area, and was able to pinpoint locations. Henry had also been able to put a list of together of weapons he saw, and had them sent to Stark.

He had a feeling the man would find it useful and would want to do something about it.

Henry had finally let himself cry when his dad's strong arms were wrapped around him. He let it out, all of it – finally feel safe. He didn't remember much, just that he woke up still wrapped in his dad's arms. Uncle Dino was not too far, sitting in a chair watching over them. He had sat up and wiped his face, only to pause when he saw Chris the American Pilot standing in the doorway.

The moment their eyes locked, he remembered what he had said before they had left for the Mission.

Henry was his Mate.

'You still owe me a beer.'

Henry had just laughed.

They had slowly started working out a relationship, in between Henry trying to figure out what to do with his life, or undead life.

"I might get used to that one day." Henry blinked when he saw Horatio.

"It's taken a while, but you get used to see doubles, or triples in some cases." Speed couldn't believe how much Henry looked like his father, who in turn still held a more uncanny resemblance to Aubrey.

He chuckled, "Are those the twins I've heard and seen thousands of pictures?"

"I see the proud Uncle has been at work." H glanced over at his brother.

"I have a duty as the young sibling to promote the cuteness to all." Dino showed no shame.

Terry shook his head, "We'll be staying with the Medjai for a while."

"Make sure Henry and Chris here settle in," Dino added.

"Speak for yourself, a trip to Ireland sounds nice." Henry looked between them. "Nice romantic spot for Chris and I."

"Did not need to hear that." Terry groaned, head dropping down.

"It's less than I heard between you and Uncle Dino." Henry rolled his eyes. "So let us know when you're going and we'll all show up."

Speed chuckled at the snarking between the father and son. "We'll talk to you before that. There's Thanksgiving and Christmas coming up. Plus the annual tie dad to mom so he's not kidnapped. It's a new tradition seems to be working."

"Might want to try that out yourself, mate." Terry gave a look at Speed. "You're just as bad as Nick."

"I am not."

Horatio just looked at his Mate.

"Wait didn't I first meet you while rescuing you from being kidnapped?" Dino tapped his finger on his chin. "I do recall that moment pretty well."

"And we were just in New Orleans because..."

Speed glared at all of them.

Horatio leaned over and gave his Mate a kiss on the cheek, then got a wicked grin. "By the way you should ask Dino about Ellis."

Speed looked over at him with a confused expression.

H gave him a reassuring smile, then dropped a kiss on the sleeping Elizabeth's head. "It's okay I promise."

Timothy trusted his Mate, "So Dino you knew Ellis."

"SON OF A BITCH!" Dino glared at his brother. "You went and told him I had an affair with her?"

"WHAT?!"

Dino paused looked around quickly, "Oh look time's up gotta go." And clicked off the video conference call.

Speed stared at the blank screen. He blinked a few times, opened his mouth closed it. Then looked over at his Mate. "Really what are the odds that your brother would sleep with my sister?"

"About as good as Nick's Daughter sleeping with Van Helsing's son."

"God this family is so fucked up."

Horatio laughed as he stood up, shifting Sean in his arms, the boy dead weight in his arms. "Yeah but it's family."

~ Sylum Manor: Rose Gardens ~

Nick held up the cell phone to his ear as he wandered through the gardens. Even though it had been almost two years since Egypt, he still preferred the wide open spaces. That might never go away.

'How are you doing?'

He had called Jed to congratulate him on winning his Second Term as President of the United States. Not that he had much competition. After the story broke that Stillson had lied about the

Mutants, and the investigations into his connections to Gen-Cris Pharmaceutical and Crimson International, the Republican Nominee was pretty much done.

The fact Peter Petrelli had resigned from the Vice-Presidential Nomination and the Republican Party stating that he couldn't in good conscience stand by a man who was insane or the party that voted him in. He had been the one that had given information and access to all the campaign paperwork to the FBI, specifically one Special Agent Peter Burke.

Gregory Stillson had disappeared.

He wasn't ever to be seen again. Connor MacManus and Johnny Smith had made sure of that. But that was a story that he wasn't going to be telling the President of the United States.

"I'm doing fine. How is Abbey handling the idea of another four years?" He asked.

'I'm getting the cold shoulder, mixed in with moments of aspiration.' Jed answered with a chuckle. 'Sam is leaving us.'

"Yes I had heard he was going for a seat in Orange County, in California. How is that going to work?" Nick paused on the path smiling when he saw Sam and Dean by the 'Family Tree'.

They had just arrived at the Manor that morning.

Gerard was still pissed about their upcoming lack of free time to hunt down criminals. But he also was proud of both of them for going back to school. He was going to give them special status, to be contacted on emergency basis. Yet they will be able to keep their pay on the theory that they will return to the US Marshal services when they graduate.

Gerard might have to fight Tony Stark on that one.

Nick wasn't sure who would win.

'I have no idea,' the President answered. 'Do I want to know what happened?'

"No, Mr. President you don't."

'I trust you on that Nicolaus.' Jed's voice held conviction and Nick knew that the man understood the situation.

"Thank you."

'Now about Inauguration. I would like for you and Warrick to be there, along with your kids. This isn't a request, Nico. We've been through a lot this term, and I would like to have you at my side as a friend through the next.'

Nick smiled softly. "I would be honored Mr. President."

'Good, and tell Maximus that he can't weasel his way out of this. If need be tell him his Caesar requests it of him.'

There was a long silent pause on the phone.

'Yes I figured it out.' Nick was wondering if he was hearing Jed Bartlett, President of the United States or Marcus Aurelius, Caesar.

"You need to talk to him." Nick looked up from his wanderings to see Warrick standing on the Porch. He frowned at the look and emotion he was feeling through the Bond. "Jed, I hate to make this short, but something has come up."

'I understand, believe me I understand.' There was humor in his voice.

"Goodnight Mr. President." Nick hung up the phone and slipped it into his pocket without taking his eyes off Warrick.

He walked up the path to the back porch of the Manor. "What has happened?"

"I think it's time we deal with the spy issue." Warrick motioned towards the house. "There is someone waiting for you in your office."

Nick nodded and headed into the Manor, through the kitchen, and up the small staircase in the that lead directly to his rooms. He was not surprised to see Tony, Jethro, Horatio, Speed and Thomas waiting for him.

They had known there was a spy in their mist, since his kidnapping. They had suspicion on who it was a few months after he had returned from Egypt. The Ruling Council was made up of CSI Investigators and they had set out to find out who, and the proof they needed.

The proof had been elusive.

They had been hesitant to act, due to the fact there was a Mate in the equation.

Nick nodded at his family, and then stepped into the room. He wasn't surprised by who was sitting in front of his desk. He motioned for Warrick to follow him, while the rest spread around the room. Close enough to intervene, but enough space to make the person feel comfortable.

Nick slid into his chair, and studied the man in front of him. He admitted he didn't know that much about him, but his instinct had told him, that Peter Caine was a man he could trust.

"Peter." Nick smiled at the Vampire.

"Nick." He nodded eyes glancing around the room, acknowledging the others. "I wasn't sure how to approach this, but figured might as well just do it."

"Go on."

"Kermit wanted to come to you with the information, but we both realized that everything was looking like he was the one who betrayed you. Now I know you two have had your differences, but I know Kermit and he would never betray those he has sworn loyalty to. Ever."

"I talked with Takamori and Arthur and was assured from both of them that Kermit wasn't betraying me. Not that I didn't already know that, but it was good to have back up of my instinct." Nick assured him.

"More importantly." Speed spoke as he moved closer to Warrick. "He would never do anything to jeopardize his Mate."

Both Clan Leaders had called him, concerned how the evidence looked. He had talked with Takamori for a while, asking his opinion on the two Vampires. He assured Nick he would easily have both of them as Hunters. Strong recommendations from a man like Takamori.

Arthur had told him how Kermit had called him up and started asking questions about a few of Sylum's members. After a few hours, the King had noticed what Kermit was doing, he was isolating the few members he had suspected as the spy.

He had also seen how the circumstances could lead to others thinking it was Kermit. He had let the Vampire know that when the time came he would talk to Nick, and give him his word.

In the end Nick never needed it. He knew Kermit wouldn't betray him.

Peter visibly relaxed. "We came back here, hoping if it looked like it was Kermit that he could find out who it actually was..."

"We know who it is." Tony spoke up. "We had to take into consideration there is a Mate involved..."

"It's worse than you think." Peter sighed, slumping back in his chair. "He has the evidence to prove that he was the one who gave Meela Nick's information in Vegas. His schedule, hours, and more important travel information. This information was damning but Kermit just had a feeling there was more, and he was right there was."

"Where is Kermit?" Nick asked concerned.

"Doing what I do best." Kermit stepped into the room, closing the door behind him. He gave a nod to Thomas who was guarding the door on the inside. Horatio and Jethro were across from Thomas, and were the second line of defense.

Kermit looked over at Nick and grinned. "Good boy. You are learning."

Nick raised his eyebrow. "As much as I would love to say this was a social call."

"I would wish the same my dear friend." Griffin gave a quick nod to Tony and Speed both flanking Nick and Warrick. "As I told you, when I had heard you were betrayed my heart sunk, knowing I was not here for you."

"You needed that time with Peter, and I know we needed our cooling off period." The two were dear friends, but they also got on each other's nerves easily.

Kermit chuckled but it was short lived, he pulled out a recorder and set it on the desk.

"I recorded this a few days ago. I needed to verify some information, before bringing it to you. I'm sorry. I wish I had known sooner."

He clicked play.

~ Flashback to Recording ~

"Kermit!"

"Hey Joe."

Kermit walked into Empire Records looking around the store. He grinned at the music posters and memorabilia. There was a coffee shop in the back, with extra tables for the local kids to study and hang out. Joe had made a safe place for the local kids, and Kermit could respect him for that.

"Wish they had a place like this when I was growing up."

"So do I," he laughed as he worked through the cash registers. "What brings you by?"

Kermit looked around the store, then back at the door. "Where's Lucas?"

"Classes 'till ten, we're dead in the water today, so I sent the staff home and going to lock up early and head out to pick him up." Joe continued to close out the tills for the night.

"Good." He leaned against the counter. "I've been approached, and they said I should talk to you."

Joe stopped what he was doing. "I'm not sure I'm following you."

"Stillson."

Reaves held up his hand, getting Kermit to stop talking. Then proceeded to finish up what he was doing, close up the registers and grab the bank deposits in one hand. He motioned for Kermit to follow him into the back office.

He put the slips into the safe, closed it, and then slumped into his chair behind his desk. Joe grabbed a bottle of whiskey out of the desk drawer, along with glasses and poured them each a drink.

"What did he say?"

"That you know what I'm feeling." He took the glass and downed the whiskey.

"I had no intention of giving him information, but it slipped about Toby's kids and that Ellis chick. I had no idea he would kidnap them, or all that would go down." Joe downed his own whiskey. "I wasn't happy about how I was Turned, and suddenly everyone was so concerned for her and no one really cared that Maximus Turned me without Consent."

"Look I'm a mercenary so I get the very grey line we all live in." Kermit reached over and poured more of the whiskey. "I may have said a few things about Nick to Stillson, while I was pissed. And now he's using that against me..."

"Yeah Stillson's an asshole. He showed up six months later, going on about how I now worked for him, and that if I just told him small things, like what was going on with the search for him, then he'll make sure Speedy wouldn't find out about my 'accidental' slip about Ellis." He leaned back in his chair with a sigh. "I found out Nick was going to Speed's for Thansgiving, it was a family thing but we weren't invited. Lucas' is Speed's kid, but not Nico's so that left us here at the Manor."

He paused for a few seconds.

"So I told him Nick's schedule in Vegas, and when he was supposed to show up in Miami. I guess he told Meela." Joe shrugged. "I couldn't believe the whole Vampire Community went that nuts of Nick. I mean really? Him and his kids have no idea what the real world is like."

Kermit snorted. "Yeah he was a bit hypocritical when it came to my Mate, when he destroyed a town when his was killed."

"Yeah well Nick is an asshole. And now he's got that new kid, the Italian who thinks he's a hot shot Inspector. And everyone is concerned for Dean, okay he's good guy but they are all concerned about his Turning, and went after Balthazar, but no one went after Maximus for me."

"Any ideas of how I should handle Stillson?"

"Honestly. Who cares?" Joe leaned forward and looked Kermit in the eye. "You think Nick cares about you? Tell him what he wants to know. I've told him many things over the past years."

"Like what?"

"Elizabeth..." Joe poured more of the alcohol and downed it. "Cute kid, but there's a reason they are so protective of her."

"Well she was kidnapped when she was six weeks old along with Sean. Which is wrong, they are just babies." Kermit shook his head.

"Well if Ripper ever found out the truth... That Elizabeth is Ellis. Ray Caine would be the least of the worries. And I guarantee you that information was worth every penny."

"Stop it." Timothy growled as he turned and slammed his fist into the wall. "Fucking sonofabitch."

Horatio shook with anger, fear, and couldn't decide if he wanted to take Speed the kids and hide, or go kill Joe himself.

"Nico..." Antonio looked down at his father.

"I would have forgiven him if it was just me." Nicolaus took a deep breath and stood up from his seat. "I think we all would have."

"This can't be excused." Antonio continued looking between Nico and Timothy. "I know Lucas is an innocent in this, but he just sold our greatest secret to our greatest enemy."

Nico looked towards Timothy who just nodded, he felt Warrick's support through the squeeze on his shoulder and love over the Bond. "For crimes against Sylum, Joseph Reaves has forfeited his life and that of his Mate. I've contacted the Council earlier about this scenario, we have been cleared to deal with the situation as we see fit. I will contact Imenand to update him on the outcome."

Kermit looked at him in shock.

"Joe had been on our radar for a while, there were only a few who knew my schedule. Lucas was one of them. He had been invited to come to Miami, but wanted to surprise Joe with a small vacation. Timothy had told him our schedules so he could keep in contact." Nico informed him. "We had no real evidence, and we were able to look away for Lucas' sake. But this we cannot."

"What happens now?" Peter asked.

Nicolaus held Antonio's gaze. "Carry it out."

Crisafi nodded and left the room, Jethro a step behind him.

Nico then moved in front of his boy, took his hands in his. "I'm sorry."

Timothy shook his head, "Don't be. This isn't your fault. It's not Maximus' fault. Not mine. Not Lucas. Joe did this. And I will never forgive him for it."

"Go talk to Lucas."

Timothy nodded, wiped the tears from his eyes. As he walked to the door Thomas opened them for him, "He is a strong Quinn. Ellis returned to us quickly I have no doubt he will also."

Thomas held him tight, and then let him go.

Horatio and Speed made their way out of Nick's rooms and headed for the Underground where Joe and Lucas' apartment was located. Lucas had been there most of the day, working on his studies.

Nico sat heavily back down in his chair. "I have one more favor to ask of you my friend."

"Yes, My General." Kermit answered with ease, hearing the Roman General so very few ever faced and lived to tell the tale.

"Joe was only one, there is another maybe more. I have no doubt Galileo has someone in my midst." He looked over at Kermit who just nodded. "I need you to swear your loyalty to Shogun, removing yourself from Sylum. I need you to make it look like you are pissed that I have done this to Joe and Lucas. I need you to go deep and find who is working for the Illuminate. I know it's a lot to ask, especially concerning Peter." He glanced over to the young man. "But, we have a chance here, and you're in a good position to take it."

Kermit looked over at Peter, who just gave him a nod.

"We'll do it."

Nick sat quietly in the office for a few moments his mind racing with everything that had transpired and will take place in the next hour. Kermit and Peter had left, both needing to talk and be with the other, especially with the new assignment.

"Thomas."

"Yes Sir."

He looked across his office to see Thomas still standing studiously by the door. "Make sure Timothy has the support he needs. I have to make a few phone calls, and I do not want him or Horatio alone."

"I'll find Alexx and Abby, Master Timothy will need his family. I will also send Artemus to Giles, to inform him what is going on."

Nick nodded, "He should know what to expect, and the two are good friends."

"Yes sir." Thomas took a moment to compose himself and exited the office. The anger coursing through his own veins, would have to be dealt with but right now his family needed to be taken care of.

"Warrick, find Sam and Dean." He didn't even glance towards his Mate, as he picked up the phone to make the first of two very difficult phone calls, he knew Warrick would follow his lead.

'Nick it's late for you to be calling for the news to be good.' Imenand questioned as he answered the phone.

"This is concerning the spy. I've ordered his execution." Nick heard the door open and close as Warrick went in search of the two Hunters.

'Is the evidence is solid?' He asked for formality.

"There is a recording, it will be sent, marked for your eyes only." He paused biting back his own emotions. There was too much that needed to be done, he could break down later. Maybe some sparring with Timothy, the both of them would need to get some aggression out. "The evidence shows that Joe just didn't betray me, but also that he told Stillson that Elizabeth has Ellis soul."

'Fucking Hell!'

"That about sums it up." Nick smirked slightly. It was rare to see Imenand curse in such a crude manner. Someone was really dragging the Vampire Council Leader's vocabulary to the twenty-first century.

'Who is carrying out the sentence?'

"Antonio." In the past two years he had seen more of the true Templar Knight come back out. He wasn't the only one who changed since Egypt.

'And Timothy?' His voice dropped in concern. 'He's been through so much these past years. I can't imagine the fear for his daughter, while losing his son.'

"Family is by his side." Nico would ship Speed off to Camelot to talk to Patrick if he had to. Even if it meant Horatio would learn what really happened That Night.

'You're family is strong Nicolaus. After the new year, I will expect to see you at the Council for a full official report.'

"I'll make arrangements." Nick said his goodbyes and hung up the phone. He looked up to see Sam and Dean standing in front of his desk, both looked concerned.

"This is an official order."

The brothers straightened up.

"I need you to keep an eye on Elizabeth and Sean. I need you to keep your ears out for any murmuring about either of them." Nick had not planned on telling Dean who Elizabeth was, but if there was anyone right now that would lay his life down to protect the young child it was Dean.

"Is Raymond threatening?" Sam asked.

Dean just stared at Nick for a few moments. "It's Ripper."

Sam, Warrick and Nick looked at the Hunter in shock.

He shrugged, "I heard about Ellis. Asked around, found out how she was Turned and how she died. With the protection racket you got goin' on for Elizabeth, it wasn't hard to figure out. But I'm also close to the source, I'm not sure if random Rogue would figure it out."

"That particular piece of information was sold to Stillson." Warrick informed them. There was no doubt in his mind, choosing Sam and Dean to be Hunters was a good choice.

"Sonofabitch!" Dean cursed, a low growl in his throat. "Who is the bastard?"

"Joe."

Dean stared at him for a few moments, then turned and walked away. Sam quickly caught up with him, grabbing his arm. "Dean."

"No Sam, I don't give a shit. He sat there and held her. He talked Metallica with me, acting like he fucking cared..." Dean shook his head. "I'll kill him myself."

"His sentence has already been issued, and is being carried out." Nick spoke up now standing behind his desk. "We do not know for sure, if Stillson moved the information forward. Unfortunately he is now dust and can't tell us."

"I'll protect her with my life." Dean swore then turned and left the room, Sam a step behind them.

Nick wasn't going to be shocked to find them in the Nursery. He couldn't help a small smile, Elizabeth was going to have a hard time dating, when she got older.

Warrick took a seat across from Nick's desk, the weariness of the past hour settling into his shoulders. "Now what?"

"I need to call Benton and Maximus." He said sitting back down. "I need Benton to talk to Johnny Smith about going through Stillson's things, see if he can read or pick up anything."

"That's not going to be easy for him, considering their history." Warrick pointed out.

"No, but we need all the information we can get."

He grabbed his phone and looked at it, thumb running over the contacts. "He's going to be pissed."

"We're all pissed," Warrick said.

"Where did I go wrong..."

"OH hell no." The Pirate got up out of his chair, and moved around the desk. He sat down and took the phone out of Nick's hand before gripping the square jaw and forcing him to look up at him. "You will not take the blame on this."

"I'm not. Just how did I not see it sooner?" Nick turned his head slightly kissing Warrick's palm. "How do I find the others?"

"They will slip up, like Joe has, and we'll find them."

"In the meantime how much information is sold to Galileo? What if that bastard finds out about..." He couldn't even say it out loud.

"We let Ernesto off his leash." Warrick grinned at Nick's chuckle.

"I'm sure his kid will help, especially his history with Borgia." He reached over and took his phone from Warrick's hand. "I have to do this, can you call Benton?"

"Sure." He leaned over and kissed him softly before standing up and pulling his own phone, and heading out of the office to talk to Tallikut's Clan Leader.

Nick dialed the familiar number, as he stood up and moved across his office. He stopped in front of the roaring fireplace, found himself staring into the flames. His mind wander to the many times, the sight of flames had influenced his life. Good and Bad.

'Nick?' A very tired voice answered.

"Maximus Decimus Meridius."

There was a shuffle of bed cloth, and then a sound of a door opening and closing. 'Nicolaus.'

"I've already talked to Imenand, but you needed to hear it from me. Because soon you'll feel it."

There was a sigh on the other end of the phone. 'So it was Joe.'

"We have him on recording." Nick stepped away from the fire and moved towards the large window at the end of the office. He looked out towards the Manor grounds, his eyes focusing on the Meridii family tree.

'When is it to happen?'

"Antonio left about an hour ago, so it will be soon." He had no doubt the sentence would be carried out soon. After he talked with Maximus, he would go to Timothy's rooms and be there for his son.

Later they would arrange for burial of Lucas.

Joe would be left for the street sweepers.

'What of Lucas?' Maximus asked the anger seeping into his voice. 'I Turned the bastard to save him, and he does this and kills him.'

"He wasn't thinking of Lucas. He figured it would be Lucas' connection to Timothy that would save him. And he was right. It would have been." Nick looked up to see Warrick once again at the doorway, he gave a quick nod. They would talk later, and he would make sure to also call Benton the next day.

'But?' He asked with trepidation. 'What has he done to cause you to take Lucas?'

"He put the life of an innocent child at risk. Stillson knew who Elizabeth was, and we do not know how far that information goes."

There was a deep inhale, 'I will talk to you later.'

Nick hung up the phone and slipped into his pocket. Warrick wrapped his arms around his Mate, and the two just looked out to the family tree.

~ Empire Records ~

Joe was working on closing the tills. There was Metallica on the speakers, playing at full blast. He had sent the staff home about an hour ago, all that was left was for him was to make the deposit slips up, and then head home to Lucas.

The Thanksgiving Holiday was coming up, and the two had decided to go away like they had the previous years. It had started to become a tradition after Lucas surprised him with a trip back in 2006, which of course was ruined because Nick had been kidnapped.

The next year Joe had surprised Lucas.

This year they decided to go away, make it an official tradition just for the two of them.

He closed the register and turned around coming to a stop.

Tony was standing in the middle of the store, watching him. His suit was immaculate, not a wrinkle, the black trenchcoat hung easily off his shoulders, and down his slim body. Joe's eyes focused on Tony's side, wondering what he was hiding in the dark folds of the coat.

Joe took the image in, not sure why DiNozzo of all people would be in his store. The two rarely talked, he had found him a clown and never understood how he was Second in Command.

At the moment Tony had a sense of power and authority around him, but it was his eyes that got Joe's attention. They were cold and deadly serious.

Timothy had every intention to go down to Joe and Lucas' apartment straight off, but the urge to check on his children was too strong. He stood in the nursery looking down at their bed, for once they were sleeping peacefully. Since they had back, the two had found their way into their parent's bed during the night. It wasn't until the past few days they started sleeping through the night in their room.

Soon they would have to separate them into their own rooms.

He had a feeling that wasn't going to be easy.

Timothy wasn't sure how long he stood there, but when he turned around to leave, Dean was standing in the doorway. The Hunter just gave him a nod. Speed walked out of the room to see Sam standing in the hallway backing his brother.

His children were safe.

Horatio was silent next to him. He had been by his side, since they had heard the recording. The redhead had not uttered any words just stood firm by Speed's side. But he could feel the fear, anger, stubbornness, and love coming through the Bond, and he was sure H was feeling his very own mix of emotions.

The two of them made their way down to the Underground, the common area had been cleared out. Timothy didn't doubt it was Thomas' work.

He made his way up to the small apartment, and knocked on the door.

Horatio stepped back, knowing Speed needed to do this on his own.

The door opened to show a smiling Lucas. "Dad, what are you doing down here?"

"We need to talk."

"We need to talk." Tony said easily, his eyes boring into Joe's.

"About?" Joe asked stepped away from the registers, leaving the deposit slips and bags on the counter. He had never heard such a cold deadly tone come from DiNozzo. He wasn't sure what was going on, but his eyes searched out the exits.

"Did you think we wouldn't find out?" He asked taking slow purposeful steps closer. "Did you think you would get away with it?"

"I have no idea what the hell you're talking about." Joe pulled himself up to his full height. He wasn't a small man, and he had been trained the past year by a few of the Hunters.

"Really?" Antonio stalked around the traitor. "You have no idea about the information you sold to Stillson?"

Lucas looked at his ancestor, as he stood in the apartment. He could read Speed's body language, and suddenly knew why he was there. All the secrets had finally come to light.

"I had no idea how to tell you." His voice cracked as he blurted it out.

"You knew then?" Timothy looked over at him, tears in his eyes. "You knew he sold out Ellis? Nick? Elizabeth!?"

Lucas defended his Mate. "He didn't mean to!"

"Didn't mean to?!" Speed stepped towards his kid. "I get Ellis that was a fuck up. Stillson was a manipulative sonofabitch, and I would have got that. Especially considering Stillson is my fuck up. But Nick?"

"Stillson blackmailed him!" He yelled.

"Why didn't he come to any of us? Fine he doesn't like Nick, but he could have gone to Jethro, Van Helsing, Giles, Artemus, Lara... I can go on." Speed's voice was filled with pain. "Why didn't you?"

"Because you would have killed him." Lucas began to wipe the way the tears.

"You think Nick or I wouldn't have taken in consideration that Stillson was blackmailing him? You think so little of both of us?" He stepped closer to Lucas, taking his arms and holding him still. "And now because you kept silent, I'm going to lose you."

"You just said you would take it into consideration..." Lucas' eyes widened in fear.

"We would have, if that was the only thing he did."

"I have no idea what you're talking about..." Joe stopped when he heard his own voice come over the speakers.

"Honestly. Who cares? You think Nick cares about you? Tell him what he wants to know. I've told him many things over the past years."

"Like what?"

"Elizabeth...Cute kid, but there's a reason they are so protective of her."

"Joseph Reaves you have been found guilty of crimes against Sylum Clan. You have sold information to our Enemies. You have betrayed your Clan Leader, the one you swore an oath of loyalty. You have betrayed your Mate." Tony stood in front of him, pulling his Templar Sword from underneath his trenchcoat. "And the worst offense. You betrayed an innocent child who is under Sylum's protection."

Joe backed up away from Tony only stumble when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He spun around to see Jethro. The Marine pulled his weapon and pointed towards the ground. "Kneel."

"You can't do this." Joe looked between the two. "I demanded Council Sanctuary."

"The Council has denied Sanctuary and has granted Nicolaus permission to have the sentence carried out." Tony answered. "On your knees. Or you can run, but don't expect to get far. There are Hunters outside the building."

"What about Lucas? Speed isn't going to take to his kid being dusted." Joe pulled the last and only card he had remaining. There was no way the great Timothy Quinn would let them kill his only son.

"He wouldn't do that..." Lucas fell to his knees as tears fell down his cheeks. "Why would he betray little Elizabeth?"

"I don't know." Speed whispered as he pulled him into his arms. He had his theories. Looking back they should have let him go, and helped Lucas through the insanity. It would have saved a lot of heartache. But an interesting man he knows would tell him that God has a hand in all things, even in the darkest acts of man.

"I'm so sorry..." He cried. "Forgive me, papa."

The tears flowed freely.

"Nothing to forgive Mo Mhac." He kissed the top of his head, and held him close. "Promise me you'll return."

"You won't even realize I was gone."

Tony forced Joe to his knees.

Joe looked up in defiance. "Killing me isn't going to stop anything. I'm just a nobody, there is someone with far more ranking that will...."

Antonio swung the sword. As the dust settled around him, he crossed himself and looked heavenward saying a prayer to St. Michael.

"May God have Mercy on your soul."

Timothy barely noticed the door opening. It wasn't until a hand touched his shoulder that he shrugged away and looked up. Thomas was standing next to him, his hand held out.

"Collect the ashes." He stood up carefully as not to disturb the remains. He looked down at his clothes, a fine dust covered over the blue shirt and jeans. Thomas reached over and began to unbutton his shirt, Speed let him do it.

Carefully the clothes were removed and put into a bag. Any ashes would be removed, and the clothes burned. Thomas slipped a robe around him, and then escorted him out of the apartment into the waiting arms of his mother and sister.

Alexx took her boy into her arms and held him close, she let her own tears fall when she felt Speed's arm wrap around her waist. They were soon joined by Abby, who wrapped herself around both of them.

"Where's Horatio?" Speed asked softly.

"Making plans for Lucas' funeral." Alexx assured him. "He needed to keep busy."

Speed nodded, he could feel the love and support from his Mate. He knew Horatio would need his own time to deal with everything. Including figuring out how to boost security, though Timothy had no doubt that his kids had two suddenly overprotective Uncles in the form of the Winchester brothers.

They escorted him out of the Underground, and back up to his rooms. Alexx pulled off the robe and go him into the shower. She then stripped out of her own clothes and slipped into the shower behind her son and made sure that he was cleaned from head to foot.

Abby picked out jogging pants and a t-shirt, and once they had gotten him dried they put him into bed. Abby slipped off her shoes and crawled into the bed, wrapping her arms around her brother. She would break down later, and grieve for Lucas, but right now Timothy needed her.

Alexx dressed quickly, and watched over her son as he laid on the bed, fully awake.

She had gotten the call from Thomas, stating she might be needed at the Manor. She kissed Peter goodbye along with her kids, and set out. When she arrived, Jimmy had told her to go to the Underground. When she demanded to know what was going on, he informed her about the situation with Joe, and the affects it was going to have.

She had rarely seen the Hunter so angry. She had reached up and gave him a kiss on his cheek; Jimmy blushed lightly and told her Speed needed her. He was making sure Nick didn't do anything stupid, and would likely be on guard duty for a while.

The moment she had seen her boy step out of the apartment looking haggard and expression showing the devastation he was feeling, she could easily have kill Joe herself for what he did to her family.

She startled when a hand settled on her shoulder, only to feel a sense of calm wash over her. Alexx looked over her shoulder to see her husband. He kissed her forehead then pulled her into his arms. They would watch over their boy.

Ichabod walked into the room, grabbed a chair set it next to the bed, and settled into it. He opened the book and began to read.

Timothy chuckled softly, surprised yet not by his Childe. "Really you're reading that?"

"It's how we met." He answered honestly as he continued to read Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

Timothy settled into his sister's arm, and let the words flow over him.

~ St. Louis Cathedral ~

Jethro sat down in the front pew and watched as his Mate knelt in front of the Altar. Tony's Templar Sword sat on its tip in front of him, as he bowed his head and prayed. Father Kevin walked out from the back, and settled next to Tony.

In the distance he could hear the sirens.

Smoke was rising over the night sky, as Empire Records was engulfed in flames.

Sylum would make sure that the employees would have six months' severance pay plus insurance, and help them find new jobs.

Jethro sat back in the pew and did what he did best.

Protect those he loved.

~ Sylum Manor: Horatio and Timothy's Rooms ~

Timothy shifted in the bed, not surprised to see Peter curled up in one of the chairs, with Alexx in his lap. The two were talking softly, but keeping an eye on him. Abby moved slightly to give him some room. He sat up against the headboard, wanting nothing more at this moment to have his Mate, his kids, his papa.

The door opened to show a recently showered Tony, wearing silk pajamas. He padded across the room, then jumped into the bed, bouncing everyone easily.

Speed pushed him slightly, only to squeak slightly though he would deny he even did, when Tony pulled him into his arms and hugged him tightly. Timothy returned the embrace, then pushed him away. He paused his hand touching the pajamas. "Silk? Really?"

"I like the way it feels on my body." He gave him a sloppy grin.

"I like the way it falls on the floor." Jethro said and he and Horatio entered the room.

"Is this a pajama party?" H asked looking around the room. He had a feeling he wasn't getting alone time with his Mate at least not this night.

"I brought the cute." Dean walked by carrying Elizabeth. He was in simple pajama bottoms and a t-shirt. He laid the toddler onto the bed, who just flopped over and landed on her papa's legs not waking up.

"How the hell does she do that?" Sam asked coming behind them, wearing a nice set of pajamas and carrying Sean. He settled him next to his sister.

"Dude you should have seen you as a kid. You would fall off the bed, and just lay there butt in the air. I would toss a blanket over you and you were good to go." Dean found a spot on the bed, near Abby and settled down.

"Wow thanks for bring up my embarrassing childhood moments." Sam glared at his brother.

"I got more... Like that time you refused to let Dad give you bath and streaked out of the apartment and down the street." Sam hit him with a pillow.

"I was reading here." Ichabod looked up from his book giving the brothers a look.

Horatio slipped into the bathroom, shutting the noise of the room behind him. He looked in the mirror, wondering what he was doing wrong that he couldn't protect his own family. With a sigh he ripped off the tie, and tossed it into the basket his suit coat and shirt following soon after.

He turned when the door opened and closed.

Speed walked over to him and pulled him into a deep kiss. Horatio moaned into the kiss and hefted his Mate up onto the bathroom counter. They were soon lost in each other, needing the reassurance of touch, to feel the Bond pull and strengthen around them. Timothy pulled H's boxer shorts down, taking hold of the hard cock and stroking it firmly. The moan that escaped his Mate's mouth had shivers running up his own spine. His own jogging pants were tugged down, Horatio's hand wrapping around his own aching dick. They weren't going to last long, to wrapped up in each other, the feelings bouncing across the Bond. They both came with a muted moan, slumped against each other.

"I think we need a shower."

Horatio stripped them out of the clothes and got them into the shower. The touches were soft and caring, not meant to entice. They finished their shower, dried off and got dressed in their own set of pajamas to join the slumber party.

Timothy couldn't express how thankful he was for all of them being there.

"I've arranged for his funeral to be tomorrow." Horatio held him close before they walked back into their bedroom. "Nick sent out a notice to the Clan, stating that we had lost one of our own."

"Anyone noticed we're only having a funeral for Lucas?" Speed asked resting his head on his Mate's shoulder.

"If they ask we'll tell them the truth. Joe betrayed Nick, his Clan and everyone in it." He kissed the top of Speed's head. "By the way I called Ernesto."

He stepped back, "Why?"

"The man protects the Pope, figured if anyone knew sneaky ways of protecting, it would be him. If I hadn't called he sure would have, since he sensed Nick's distress." Horatio would tell Speed later what they discussed but the Inspector had some good ideas, that would protect the twins yet let them have a life. "I don't want to lock them away, but we need to act as if he knows."

Speed nodded. "Remind me to ask dad what's up with the Italian kid, because he's cool and pretty bad ass, but this protection racket on both sides is a little extreme."

There was a knock on the door. "Can you come out here and make sure Ichabod doesn't read Legend of Sleepy Hollow AGAIN!"

Speed chuckled and opened the bathroom door, to see Tony ripping the book out of Ichabod's hands. "Hey don't hurt the book."

"Feel the love there." Ichabod looked at his Sire.

"Move over." Horatio pushed his way onto his own bed, not surprised that the twins had curled up and around Dean. The boy had protective mamma bear all over him.

Speed followed him, curling up into his Mate's arm.

He looked over to see Nick in sleep pants and an old LVPD t-shirt. His feet were up on the bed, as he snuggled down in the chair. Warrick was sitting on the floor, head resting on Nick's thigh.

With the thought of his family surrounding him, Speed's eyes drifted closed.

He dreamt of Ireland.

Of family. Of home.

He heard a soft laugh in his ear, and a whispered. 'I promise I'll be home soon.'

~ Crimson Moon: Board Meeting ~

Victor Frankenstein sat at the head of the table, and looked out over the Board Members. There were a few short, but there were enough Humans desperate for power and money, that they will be able to manipulate.

"If I do so say myself, that whole Mutant thing worked out well." Victoria spoke up from further down the table. "Wayne Studios is putting out this now highly anticipated movie, about Mutants – I hear Kirk Lazarus is in it."

"Shut it, Victoria." Frankenstein warned her.

"Just stating that Stillson is dust. Magneto is on the run. All the Mutants are now in hiding or working with Charles. Oh and Stryker lost your pet Vampire. So where did they stash Carlos Olivera again?" She set her nail file down and refused to back down from Victor. "Oh that's right the Council."

"The Mutant wasn't really meant to succeed." He replied hands folded over the files on his desk. "It was meant as a distraction."

"Distraction from what?" Van Doome asked with an eyeroll. "Distraction for Stane to take control of Stark Industries? Yeah that worked, I heard that he bought the SGC, and stossed every single one of our guys out on their ass."

Stane growled at the other Vampire. "We were able to retrieve valuable information from Tracy Island."

"You couldn't even take out the Hunter." Van Doome snarked.

"Gentlemen." Frankenstein held up his hand to stop them from bickering. "For your information the item that was retrieved from Tracy Island has been put to good use. Our Stark Specialist is now working on updating and enhancing the early program of J.A.R.V.I.S. and make it more useful to our needs."

"Please tell me you're renaming it?" Victoria picked up her file and began working on her nails. "And a better voice, that haughty English Accent is annoying."

"SID. Sadistic, Intelligent and Dangerous." He informed her. "Now on to other projects."

Vogler tossed a file down the center of the table. "We've lost all funding from Petrelli. Her son released the evidence of the disappearance of her late husband's rival. She's been arrested and standing trial for murder. All her assets have been frozen and seized by the District Attorney's Office."

"And Nathan Petrelli?" Van Doome asked curiously. He liked the guy. Petrelli had shocked them all by quitting the campaign, the Republican Party, and then tossed his mother under the preverbal bus. Kid had balls.

"Has left New York, with his brother Peter. They are rumored to settle into Louisiana, specifically New Orleans." Vogler smirked at Victor's sudden interest.

"He's under Nick's protection?" Frankenstein demanded.

"Looks to be." He tossed some photos down the table. They showed Peter talking to Templeton Peck, one of Sylum's Members who works for the City Council. "There's rumors that Peck will run for office with Petrelli backing him."

Victor crumbled the photo in his hands, "Don Jon."

"Yes." He glanced over towards him, not really paying attention to much of the proceedings.

"I need someone who can get into New Orleans or lure those Nick is hiding out of the city." He looked at the Hunter. "Can you do that?"

"I know someone who could, but we'll have to do something for him." Jon shrugged simply.

"Do it." Frankenstein ordered. "I don't care how. I want Petrelli and Longworth taken care of."

"I'll give Larry a call." He nodded in understanding.

Don Jon would contact Larry see where the bastard was. He knew the spy had a thing for the now Burned Spy Michael Westen. He may be able to broker a deal with the sadistic bastard. He'll get Westen for Larry, Larry kills Longworth for him.

"Good." Victor looked through a few of his folders, refusing to show how much the setbacks were irritating the crap out of him. "Dr. Chase, how is the new drug development going?"

"It's going well, we're working to make the ashes into an addictive element. I brought in a Jack Napier, a chemist who is brilliant in his field. If this works we could start leaking the new drug out onto the streets. And the cost of manufacturing will be minimal compared to what we can get on the market."

"Stane." Victor looked over at the older businessman. "Now that Stark has bought the SGC, what is going on with Sector Seven?"

Stane refused to acknowledge Van Doom's smug look. "Sector Seven is still under our operation. It's so deep under layers of government that even the President doesn't know about it."

"Which is good considering the President is a friend of Nico's." Victoria pointed out. "And he was the one who sold the SGC, which anyone know how much that cost? Because I've got to hand it to Stark for pulling that off."

"The operation still works under Hoover Damn, and our resident Stark expert is working away on the new tech that SI is putting out. He should be able to have counter product quickly after anything Stark puts out." Stane continued ignoring Victoria.

"Anything else?" Frankenstein looked around the room then paused at the young woman at the end of the table. "Mystique, how are you settling in?"

"The Vampire thing is different, but I can work with it." She smirked, eyes flashing with determination and a promise to destroy those who took her life away from her. "Looking forward to working in this new form, see what damage I can cause."

Victor Frankenstein smiled, the plan may not have worked out exactly as he anticipated, but the outcomes were still in his favor.

"We're adjourned." He grabbed his files and headed out of the conference room, back to his personal quarters.

He entered the room, set the files down on an already cluttered desk, and then walked over to the fireplace, tossing in another log and stoking it until it started burning bright. He glanced around the room in search of his little one.

The room was a mixture of office, library, and science lab. There were bookshelves and books scattered all over the floor and tables. Off in one corner was a chemistry set, with a few science projects being studied. There was a door on the back wall, that lead to his personal bedroom, and a second door on the left hand wall, that lead to his little one's room.

"Papa."

Victor smiled down at the handsome boy. He stood at attention, hands clasped behind his back. The school uniform was pressed and cleaned, not a wrinkle in sight. The blondish hair was slicked back, making him look older than that of an eight year old child.

"How was your meeting Papa?"

"It was good." Victor patted him on the shoulder. "How was your day, Sidney?"

"I may have caused a scene at school. One of the boys was teasing me on the fact I'm adopted. I told him to stop, and he wouldn't. So I made him."

"Now Sidney I admire your forthright to take action, but you can't let the adults question you." Frankenstein knelt down in front of him. "What happened afterwards?"

"I had a meeting with the principle, stating that I didn't like being bullied and I was only defending myself, and if this was to escalate I was to contact my Papa and he would contact our lawyers." He smirked. "They decided to let boys be boys."

"That's my boy." Victor patted him on the shoulder. "You will always be my son, but never forget who you are."

"I know Papa. I'm Sydney Thorne."

Title: After the Credits

~ Sylum Manor: Horatio and Timothy's Rooms ~

Thomas walked into the room, smiling softly at the sight of the family gathered around. Tony and Jethro were curled up on the bed, Tony facing his brother. Elizabeth was half on them and half on her parents. Sean was stretched out in between them.

Abby had curled up under a warm blanket on the chair with Ichabod. Her head was resting on his shoulder, his arms holding her close.

Peter and Alexx were stretched out on the lounge chair.

Sam and Dean were stretched out on the rugs by the fire place. Faramir looked a little put out that he had lost his coveted spot by the fire, but he was resting along the edge of the bed. Close to his Master.

Nico had slipped down into the chair, head resting on his hand, elbow sat precariously on the arm of the chair. Warrick was leaning against his Mate's leg, covered under a blanket, while Nick still had issues being constrained.

Thomas stepped up to Nick and tapped him on the shoulder softly. "Master Nico."

He startled slightly, looking tiredly at his friend. "Thomas?"

"There is someone in your study, who is waiting to see you." He informed him stepping back to give him room.

Nico nodded and gently eased out of the chair not to disturb his Mate. He exited the room quietly, following Thomas out of Timothy's rooms and back to his. He hadn't been surprised to see Jimmy and Noah resting peacefully in the outer area of Speed's rooms.

"Who is it Thomas?" He asked. It was unusual for Thomas not to announce who had come to see him. Unless he wasn't sure how Nick would handle it, but knew he needed to take the meeting.

Thomas opened the door to Nick's office, but didn't step inside. "I'll make coffee and bring it up sir."

Nicolaus stepped into the room and looked towards his desk.

He had to admit he was shocked to see the man sitting in his chair. He hadn't stepped out of Switzerland in over fifty years. Nick walked over to his desk and sat down in the chair across from it.

"What are you doing here?"

"That's the greeting I get? I come all this way and no hello? No how are you? No I missed you brother?"

"I have missed you, my brother." Nick smiled over at him. The last time he had seen him, was right before the funerals at the Council. He had needed to see his brother, after all that had happened in Egypt. "But you have not left Switzerland for any reason, so why are you here?"

"I have news." He stood up and moved around the desk sliding into the chair next to Nick.

"About?"

"After Rome, you may remember it. You ran around trying to stop a madman with a bomb." He gave a pointed look at Nick. "Do you even take in consideration how the rest of us feel when you run off to do crazy things like that?"

"It had to be done. And I may recall a time when you ran around Europe trying to stop a madman from starting a World War." Nick countered.

"Which brings me to my point." He stood back up with flourish. "They are the same Madman."

Nick looked up at him. "What?"

"Your madman and my madman are the same madman." He looked down at his brother. "Follow along, Nico. Moriarty is Galileo."

"Fucking Hell!" Nick bolted out of his chair.

"That about sums it up." The second man who had been standing behind Nick's chair spoke up. "We were never in a position to meet Galileo, so never knew the connection."

Nick looked between them, "Are you sure? I need you to be sure."

He rolled his eyes, "Of course I'm sure."

"Sherlock."

"I'm sure." He glared at Nico. "You've never doubted anything I've told you before, brother."

The implication of what Sherlock had told him was massive. The very idea that Galileo had tried to start a world war, had a hand in torturing his brother, and then tried to destroy the Vatican. He took a deep breath, then glanced over at him. "How did he survive the Falls?"

"Probably similar to how Holmes did." The man stepped out from behind the chair, leaning on his cane slightly. "Since he was a Vampire..."

"And how did we miss that?" Nick looked back at his brother.

"I wasn't paying attention to heart beats." Sherlock shrugged as he settled back down into the chair. "The moment I discovered the connection, I knew I had to inform you. But that one..." He pointed at the other man, who just smirked back. "Drugged me. Three times."

"Three?" Nick looked over at him, eyebrow raised. "I'm sure Dr. Watson had a good reason."

"We couldn't get him to calm down once he made the discovery." Watson informed him. "Then once he woke up, you were already in the middle of dealing with the Mutants. He wouldn't listen to reason, so..."

"You're just trying to keep me drugged and pliant." Sherlock spat out, then stood up and walked away. He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down. He hated the dark moments of not trusting his own Mate, "I got angry after the second time."

Nick walked over to his brother, and ran a hand through his thick uncontrollable hair. "There's someone I need you to talk to."

Sherlock looked up at him, question expression on his face.

"He can help you." Nick glanced behind him to see Watson coming closer. "Get rid of this." He tapped Sherlock's head. "The darkness that is in there that is stopping you from connecting to your Mate. To me. To your son."

He stepped back from Nick. "What are you talking about?"

"Sitting in the dark sarcophagus, gave me a new insight." Nick stepped closer to him. "I put so much guilt, pain, misery, stupid idiotic stuff behind me. And through all of it, I realized that family was the most important thing. All of my family."

"So now after sixteen hundred years, you're finally going to tell the world I'm your illegitimate little brother." He snarked at him. "That your father tossed my mother out of the house because you demanded it."

"I was a twelve year old spoiled brat who just lost his mother!" Nicolaus yelled back. "I was afraid of losing my father too, so yes I threw a tempter tantrum of epic proportions. And I got my way. And when you did show up in my life, I had just worked to save the Meridius name, maybe it wasn't the best option to not claim you, but it was the decision I made at the time. Would hitting me make you feel better?"

Tears pricked his eyes, at the impact of Sherlock's fist hitting his jaw. He reached up and gently touched it, before straightening up and looking at him. "Feel better?"

He closed his eyes and worked through the pain that came from the second blow.

"Now I do." Sherlock shook his hand out.

"Good. Now that we got that out of the way. It's time I have my brother back." Nick bit back his own tears. "You and I both know something happened with Ripper."

Sherlock's eyes shifted towards Watson.

"You know he's not Ripper." Nico's voice was firm. "I've never lied to you in all these years."

"It's there. All the time." He snarled. "How do you expect to stop it? Ever consider I am insane and should have been dusted?"

"You're not insane." Watson spoke up moving next to Nico. "You are not a Rogue vampire that will threaten the society, turn someone without consent, or go on a killing spree."

"I don't know about that. Have you seen the crap they are airing on BBC that alone deserves a good killing spree." He looked between the two of them, a small smile on his face.

"Who is this person that can help?" Watson asked curiously. Over the past century, since his Turning and the subsequent Mating, then losing his Mate even though he was standing next to him. He had dived into the studies of Psychology, to better understand what was going on with

Sherlock. In time he had built a reputation for himself. So he would know any Psychologist who specialized in dealing with Post Traumatic Stress – especially in Vampires.

"Charles." Nick kept his eyes on Sherlock. "Charles Xavier."

"The weird creepy guy in the wheelchair." Sherlock looked at his brother incredulously.

"Yes our father."

There was a silent pause.

"Who is also telepathic. He was there for me during the time in Egypt. Helped me get through those dark moments in my memories. He's the one who can help you."

"Why didn't you tell me?" He demanded.

"He requested no one know who he was, especially with the school and the children he was hiding." Nick informed him. "It wasn't until the time in the Sarcophagus that the connections were made. And now it's time you meet him."

"What if I don't want to meet him? He did toss me out." Sherlock countered moving away from them towards the large window at the back of the office.

"He tossed your mom out, because of me. A few seconds ago you hit me, twice." Nick followed him across the room. "And as you know. Charles has the soul of our father, he's not him."

He took a deep breath and looked out at the Meridii tree. "Would you put my name on it."

"Gladly."

Sherlock turned sharply and studied his brother. "After all these years?"

"If it's what you want." Nicolaus answered honestly. "Laying in that dark Sarcphogus, left with only my thoughts, memories, fears. I should have acknowledge you long ago, but fear stopped me."

"Fear I would steal the Meridii name." He rolled his eyes.

"Commodus."

"I can take care of myself brother." Sherlock pointed out. "I'm not a wilting flower to be hidden away because of some lunatic."

"I know that." He had sparred enough times with him over the years to know his brother could defend himself easily. "But what of your son? Your descendants. It's bad enough Commodus hunts down every Meridius he can find. I did not want him hunting you down."

"And what makes you think he would come after me?" He asked. "I'm the illegitimate side."

"Because it would hurt me, which would hurt Maximus." Nico answered simply.

"And suddenly it's not a threat?" Sherlock challenged.

"Suddenly it just doesn't matter." He replied. "My family is now by my side. And I want the one missing part. You."

"All that's sweet..." He rolled his eyes then paused. "Wait? All your family? Including Sofya and Meridia? Which by the way your kids obviously didn't get the brains from the Meridius side of the family considering they never figured out there was a kid before them..."

"Samuel Winchester has Meridia's soul." Nick ignored the rant, he had heard it a few dozen times.

"Ahhh, I remember seeing him, when he was in Geneva. He's big." Sherlock then gave him an expectant look. "Do the kids know that the Italian is stepmom? No wait that's the Pirate..."

"No, they don't know Ernesto is Sofya." Nick answered. He had stopped being surprised at what Sherlock could figure out, a few centuries ago. Especially after he was the one who had found Nick buried in Warren's grave.

"Does he know?" He asked.

"Now isn't the time to tell him."

"Gee this sound familiar..."

Nico's look stopped him mid-sentence.

"When do I get to meet the wife, ex-wife... former wife?" Sherlock went through a few more adjectives. "And more importantly does he know about his grandpa?" He just looked at his brother. "Can I be there when he finds out?"

"Front row seats, I'll hide behind you." Nick bit back a yawn.

"Did I wake you up?" Sherlock asked with a smirk.

"It's two am." He pointed out, but then Sherlock inherited his inability to tell time zones. Plus the fact he never slept.

He pulled out his pocket watch and looked down at it, adjusting it for the proper time zone. "Some things are beyond waiting for decent hours."

"Yes they are." Nico agreed. "Do you have a bag packed?"

"Yes. I actually packed two of them." Watson called from the chair he had settled into. He knew this conversation had to happen between the two brothers, and he was happy to see they both were open to it. The two could be apart for years, but the moment you put them in a room together, they were back to being siblings.

He had always wondered why Nick had never acknowledged Sherlock. He knew the Clan Leader was not embarrassed by him, and loved his brother deeply. After the darkness descended onto Sherlock, and he got to know Nico better he realized it was about fear.

Not fear of Sherlock but for him.

The Meridii family attracted a lot of trouble. It may be a running joke that their all trouble magnets, but the truth is a power family name brings unwanted attention. Then there is Commodus.

Of course Sherlock never cared about Commodus he just wanted to be with Nick. He trusted Nick, even with the darkness he trusted Nick. Only Nick.

Mainly because Nick was always there.

Watson had seen him drop everything and come to his brother's side. He was there when Sherlock had his break down, took care of him for two years, leaving his Clan in the hands of Tony. Watson wondered if Tony recalled those two years, during the crisis in Egypt.

"Good we'll leave first light." Nick moved for the door to get Thomas to pack a bag for him. He would call those necessary, to be at Charles'.

"After Lucas funeral." Sherlock laid a hand on his brother's arm. "Timothy needs his Papa." Nico turned and looked at him. "You've always been there for me, to the point of dropping everything to take care of me." He glanced towards Watson giving him a small smile. "I can imagine a few times you've wanted to him me..."

Nick cupped his cheek. "You are the only thing left of my Roman Family. Yes all of them returned to me, but you never left me."

"If I'm to be introduced to the family... let's not start it by me stealing you away when they need you." Sherlock leaned into the touch. "Afterwards we'll go see dear ol' dad."

Nick leaned over and kissed him on the forehead. "I love you, my brother."

"And I you."

2nd Author's Note: #1 Myth in Sylum – Nick is the bases of Sherlock Holmes. Nick did in truth meet Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. But it was the stories of his own brother that inspired the detective series, Mycroft was based on Nick. Which he still wonders how that happened?

3rd Author's Note: Robert Downey Jr. – this Sherlock is based off the movie series starring Robert Downey Jr. and Jude Law.

4th Author's Note: This has no association with the BBC Sherlock.

