



© Cathy McQuillin

Note: This story is not complete. For more information about the subject matter, please read Eliza Brennan's fiction.

A Death in the Family.....	4
Changes	7
Glenn	8
Dreamwalking	9
Vengeance	11
Truth Revealed.....	15

BEGINNINGS

THIS WILL ALL FALL DOWN
LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE THAT WAS
LAST BEAUTIFUL GIRL – MATCHBOX TWENTY

Siofra Rosette Brennan was born in Galway, Ireland on December 29, 1960. Her family was an important one in the county, and a unique one as well.

Alaster and Noinen Brennan, her parents, were married in the early years of the century. They had always lived in Galway, and the Brennan family had been known for centuries as protectors of the area, something they were able to accomplish due to their magical abilities.

The Brennan's only child, a son, was killed early in World War II fighting the Get of Fenris in Germany. This prompted them to have another child, Cormac Alaster Brennan, in 1946.

Upon Cormac's birth, an old friend of Alaster prophesied that he would meet death one day. Unable to face once again losing their only son, the Brennans decided to have more children.

Angus-Dream-Warrior Brennan was born in the summer of 1950. He was much like their first son and Noinen's family rejoiced that another Garou had been born into their line.

The two boys grew strong together, and just when the Brennans despaired of having more children, Siofra was born. She was pampered by her family, and grew up knowing the truth about magic and werewolves. It was a strange childhood, but one she took for granted.

In fact, Siofra took much for granted. She grew up believing that she lived in a safe, happy world that would never change. She believed that pain and sorrow were things that happened to other people, never to her family. She believed that nothing was more important than having fun.

The only thing that frightened her was a recurring dream she had involving her brother Cormac, 'Mac' as everyone called him. During one of his visits home from America she tried to convince him to stay in Galway where her dream couldn't touch him.

"Mac?" she called from the doorway of his room.

He looked up with a smile then frowned when he saw the anxious look on her face. "What is it?"

"I had the dream again, Mac." Her voice shook with fear from the remnants of the dream in her mind.

Putting the book aside, he held out his hand to her. "Tell me about it," he urged her gently. He knew the dream frightened her, and he tried his best to calm her down.

She walked across the room and took his hand before sitting next to him on the bed. Her hand was trembling. "It's really hard to explain," she said hesitantly. She searched for different words than she'd used before, hoping to make him understand the horror of the dream. "You're in a cave with a wolf and a puppy. The puppy is on a leash, and you're holding it."

"Was the man in it this time too?" he asked softly.

"There were two this time, but I think one of them was dead," she said slowly, still trying to understand the images in her dream. "The other one was the same as before. He's your brother, but not my brother. I know he loves me, but he keeps looking at the puppy." She looks at her brother, her eyes haunted. "You're going to kill the dead man, but you're angry with me too, Mac. Really angry."

This part was new to both of them. "Why am I angry with you?"

"Because I killed the demon that murdered you," she whispered. "You're dead in my dream, Mac." She burst out crying and Mac pulled her into his arms.

"Maybe you should talk to Da about this," he suggests softly, her anxiety finally getting through to him. He didn't understand the dream any better than she did, but maybe their father could get something out of it.

"I can't," she sobs harder than before. "You promised you wouldn't tell anyone, Mac, you promised."

"I won't tell him, Siofra," he promised her. He hasn't seen her like this since James Murphy broke her heart when she was fifteen.

"Please don't go back to America, Mac," she pleaded almost hysterically. It was hard for him to make out what she was saying, but somehow he managed. "The man could hurt you, but the puppy will bite him if he does, Mac, her teeth are all wood and silver. She'll bite him and then you'll both be dead."

Mac held her while she cried and did his best to convince her that everything would be all right. He wondered though. He knew about the prophecy like everyone else in his family, but he didn't believe it. Siofra let herself be soothed because she didn't want to consider that anything would ever happen to her favorite brother.

The next day after his seeking, she still didn't want to believe it. The family was out on the point like they always were during one of the seekings. They sat in a circle and chanted while Mac took his spiritual journey with his avatar. When he gasped and opened his eyes, they knew it was over.

"How did it go?" Alaster asked his son when Mac didn't say anything.

Mac blinked and looked at his father in surprise. "I'm not sure," he said softly, still trying to come to grips with the vision he'd just had. "A lot of things were... different."

"Take your time and think about it," Alaster suggested. "Tell us when you're ready."

Mac wasn't sure he'd ever be ready to talk about the images he'd seen. Death and blood and a child had been prominent among them. Could the prophecy be true after all?

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

STEALING OUR INNOCENCE AWAY LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT
WHO TOOK AWAY OUR FAITH IN WHAT WE KNOW TO BE RIGHT?
SCENE OF A PERFECT CRIME — CONCRETE BLONDE

Siofra met Glenn when he came home with her brother for a visit. At the time she didn't think much of it, she was dating someone and her brother's friends had never interested her before.

She'd seen him a few times in the last year, enough to recognize exhaustion and grief in the lines of his face when he stepped into the courtyard of the farmhouse in late October of 1979. A young boy came through the portal behind the mage, and hurried to Glenn's side to support him.

Siofra ran over to them and quickly put Glenn's arm around her shoulders. She led them toward the house and called out to her mother while searching Glenn for injuries. What she found didn't surprise her.

Glenn wasn't hurt, not physically anyway. He had been injured recently, but had apparently healed himself. What was wrong with Glenn now was more in his spirit than anywhere else.

Noinen was there when they reached the stairs. She led them into the living room and helped get Glenn settled on the couch. At first Siofra didn't realize that her mother seemed to be looking for someone else, and when she did realize it, she wasn't shy about asking where her brother was.

"Where is Alaster?" Glenn asked instead of answering her question. "I need to speak with him now."

Noinen grew pale at that, but turned and called out to her husband in her mind. Within moments he was there beside her.

"What is it, my love?" he asked, his hand on her cheek.

She turned her face into his hand for a brief moment, trying to put off what she knew was coming. Finally she turned to the couch and her husband realized they had company.

The boy tried to keep his friend on the couch, but Glenn wouldn't have it. He rose painfully to his feet and bowed respectfully to the elder Dreamspeaker.

"I must speak with you," Glenn said hoarsely.

Alaster took a deep breath and closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them again they were filled with despair. Siofra didn't understand why until her father spoke.

"He's dead," Alaster whispered.

"He is," Glenn replied sadly.

"And the maiden?" There was a hint of hope in the older man's voice, but not much of one. He didn't know that Mac had found a lover in Baltimore, and so believed there was no hope of a child.

"My mother was mistaken," Glenn said softly.

Noinen cried out at the pain of what had been lost and Alaster turned just in time to catch her before she collapsed to the ground. He cradled her against his chest and ran his hands along her back to sooth her.

"You are certain?" he asked Glenn.

"I am," the younger man replied. "The vampires attacked. Most of us are dead."

"How can you be like this?" Siofra demanded.

They turned to look at her as if they didn't understand her outrage.

"Cormac is dead and all you care about is some prophecy!" she exclaimed. "He is dead!"

"We know, my child," Alaster whispered. "We have known for thirty two years that death would find him."

"No!" she cried. "I will not believe that some old woman made my brother die!" she ran from the house and across the yard until she reached the dark womb of the barn.

Siofra sank down on a bail of hay and buried her face in her hands, weeping harder than she had ever wept in her life. Her safe world was gone, shattered forever by a vampire's kiss in a country a world away. She felt defenseless, alone, but she wasn't alone.

Glenn had followed Siofra from the house and into the barn. He watched her for a moment, his heart going out to the girl whose brother he hadn't been able to protect.

He walked over and sat down beside her, leaning forward with his hands clasped together. "I'm sorry, Siofra," he whispered. "I tried to find him, but I couldn't." He didn't like lying to her, but he knew it was for the best.

Siofra turned and Glenn pulled her into his arms. She didn't see his agonized face, or the tears he was fighting even as he comforted her. Sometime later she pulled away and looked up at him.

"It's a lie, isn't it?" she demanded through her tears. "The prophecy is a lie."

He shook his head sadly. "It was not a lie," he said firmly.

"But there was not a girl," she protested.

"There was," he whispered.

She stopped crying and looked at him in shock.

"She was beautiful," he told her simply. "She was young and they loved each other so much—"

Glenn's voice broke and this time it was Siofra who reached out to comfort him, taking the man into her arms.

"I met her almost two years ago," he told her when he could speak again. "She was so angry, filled with rage. We helped her get control of it, helped her get on her feet. When Mac came to town it was like no one else existed for her, for either of them."

"Joyous rage," Siofra whispered.

"Yes," he agreed, pulling back a little to look down into her eyes. "She tried to stop him from hunting with us, but he wouldn't listen. They moved in together just a week ago. I kept waiting for her to conceive, but it never happened. Now they're both dead."

"So there is no maiden," she said sadly. "He died for nothing."

"He died because she wouldn't listen," he replied without thinking. "We told her Kate had to be destroyed, and she insisted she'd take care of it. Maybe if she had listened, we might have saved him."

In that instant Siofra took those words to heart. Now she had someone to blame for her brother's death, someone to point a finger at. Glenn saw it in her eyes and tried to stop it.

"If she had known, Eliza would have killed the vamp, I know it," he insisted. "She had no way of knowing that the vamps would attack us. She valued Mac's live more than her own, Siofra, she would have done anything possible to save him."

"But she didn't," Siofra said, her voice full of hate and venom. "She didn't and my brother is dead."

Nothing Glenn said would change Siofra's mind, now or in the years to come.

A few weeks later when Glenn came back to the farm with Mac's belongings, Siofra asked again about the girl who had caused Mac's death. She didn't like what she heard.

"She's alive," Glenn admitted. "She wouldn't tell me where she was, just that she was safe."

"Did she betray you?" Siofra demanded. "How could she have survived?"

"I don't know. All I know is that she still lives and she wouldn't let me help her." His voice was filled with sorrow, and it was then that Siofra knew Glenn loved this Eliza.

CHANGES

DON'T YOU MESS WITH A LITTLE GIRL'S DREAM
'CAUSE SHE'S LIABLE TO GROW UP MEAN
CONTROL - POE

In the weeks and months following Mac's death, Siofra changed. She broke up with her boyfriend and focused all her energies into studying magic. Her parents worried at the changes in their daughter. There was no joy left in life for Siofra, her main concern was punishing the people who had killed her brother.

It took weeks of study and an extremely difficult seeking for Siofra to learn what she needed to know in order to find Mac's joyous rage. It took even longer for her to find the girl's dreams among the millions of sleepers that populated the land of slumber. In fact, she never would have found Eliza if the girl's nightmares weren't as vivid as they were.

Siofra hovered on the edge of the dream, watching as the girl relived her last night with Mac. They ate dinner together in front of a lit fireplace, feeding each other and laughing. Afterward they danced barefoot to love songs, gradually shedding their clothes until their passion overcame them and they made love on the rug in front of the fire.

Sorrow filled Siofra as she watched them together. It was clear that her brother was enamored of the girl, but she wasn't convinced that what he felt was love. She told herself it was only passion that had kept Mac with Eliza, that if it had been love, the prophecy might have been realized. Instead, her brother was dead.

Then the vampires came, invading the apartment like the troops had stormed Normandy in the first world war. She watched them try to fight off the intruders, but nothing seemed to work. She watched with Eliza as Mac was bitten and killed by one of the creatures, a man who might otherwise have seemed kind.

Overcome by her emotions, Siofra pulled her consciousness back into her own body. She sat on her bed with her knees drawn up to her chest and wept for her brother's death.

Perhaps if the girl had been stronger, faster, she might have been able to save Mac. Perhaps she hadn't fought as hard as she could have, perhaps she'd wanted Mac to die.

Hardening her heart against the pain and grief that had been on Eliza's face, Siofra began to make plans of vengeance. She knew it would take time, but time was all she had left.

She vowed that night that would find out who the vampire was that had killed her brother and she would do whatever was necessary to see it destroyed. She also vowed that she would never let Eliza forget her failure to protect Mac. Siofra felt that the girl didn't deserve another chance at happiness since she'd been the cause of Mac's death.

Siofra redoubled her studies into her tradition's medicine and the occult. She read tomes that hadn't been opened in a hundred years searching for information on vampires and ways to kill them.

Her father applauded her newfound interest in medicine. He hoped that by learning more about the family's abilities she would be able to work through the grief she felt at her brother's death.

GLENN

YOU'RE THE CLOSEST TO HEAVEN THAT I'LL EVER BE
AND I DON'T WANT TO GO HOME RIGHT NOW
IRIS – GOO GOO DOLLS

Glenn came often to the family farm. He felt that because he had failed to ensure the prophecy, it was his obligation to fill Mac's place in the family. Alaster and Noinen grew fond of the mage and of the young Garou that was his constant companion.

Since the boy had no pack of his own to learn from, Angus and Cara took Bobby under their wing. They taught him much about spirits and the Garou way of life. They offered to take him in, but Bobby refused. He felt he owed his loyalty to Glenn and with Glenn was where he wanted to stay.

Siofra spent quite a bit of time with Glenn whenever he was at the farm. At first she did it only to learn the names of the vampires that had been in the apartment the night her brother had died. One night Glenn told her the name of the vampire who had killed Mac and Siofra never forgot it.

Over time Siofra realized that she enjoyed spending time with Glenn. He was older than she by several years, but that only made him more stable, more reliable than any man she'd ever had an interest in before.

It didn't take long for Glenn to realize that her feelings for him had changed. He wanted to discourage her, but there was something about his friend's sister that had always drawn his attention. When Siofra was twenty-four, Glenn let her manipulate him into taking her out on a date.

They went to New York that night, a simple feat when one of your abilities is making a portal from one location to another. He took her to a baseball game thinking it was a good test of her interest in him. To his surprise she loved the game.

Later they walked the beaches of some remote Caribbean Island hand in hand. The sun was setting and the air was warm, and it was the most romantic thing she'd ever seen.

DREAMWALKING

WAIT ANOTHER MINUTE CAN'T YOU SEE
WHAT THIS PAIN HAS FUCKING DONE TO ME?
AWAKE — GODSMACK

Siofra sat down on the floor of the hotel room with her back against the bed. She had just enough time for one more dreamwalk before she had to meet the assassin. She closed her eyes and fell into a trance that came as easy to her as breathing.

It only took a moment to find the girl's dream. Years of practice finding her among the millions of dreams out there made it second nature to the mage.

The girl was dreaming about her last night with Mac again and it pissed Siofra off, as it usually did. What right did the bitch have to remember the good times with her lover? She'd gotten him killed, hadn't she?

Siofra stepped into the dream and took control.

The girl noticed the change like she usually did. "No," she whispered as the scene shifted to events that had happened later that night. She looked toward the bedroom when a sound came from that direction and Mac rose quietly to his feet.

The girl edged toward the fireplace and the possible weapons there, reaching the iron poker just as the vampires burst into the room. It was dark in the apartment, but not too dark to see Mac stake the first vamp that reached him. It fell to the floor just as an ugly one went after his lover. The vamp tripped on the carpet and she shoved the fireplace poker through its stomach, but it just lay on the floor and laughed at her.

Siofra found the scene disturbing, even though she'd seen it too many times over the years. Each time she saw things the girl should have done that would have changed the outcome. If she'd been quicker to get to the fireplace, if she'd gotten a piece of wood instead of the poker, if she hadn't called out for Mac, things would have been different. She sighed in frustration and watched.

The ugly vamp got to its feet and grabbed the girl's shoulders, throwing her across the room where she hit the wall and fell to the floor. The vamp pulled the poker from its body and tossed it aside.

"Leave her alone!" Mac shouted, sending a large plant across the room toward the vampire. It hit him but didn't do much more than knock him back a step. "Eliza!"

Then the other vamp was on Mac, the one Siofra hated more than anything in the world. It had taken her a long time to find out his name was Dougal Galloway, longer to discover that he was Tremere.

She watched the girl kick the ugly vamp away from her and scramble to her feet. This was another point that the girl had failed, Siofra knew. If she had rolled to the left she might have gotten away.

Sometimes she pointed out to the girl what she was doing wrong, but the mage didn't have the patience for it tonight. Just a quick run through was all she wanted, one last look to see if there was anyone else the girl remembered. In all these years she never had, but Siofra had never given up hope that she might.

Another vamp grabbed the girl from behind and sunk its teeth into the skin of her neck. The girl's face contorted in pain and Siofra smiled as the vamp grabbed her hair to hold her in place. The bitch was only getting what she deserved.

Across the room Dougal was holding Mac to his chest, his head bent low over his neck. Mac struggled at first, but was quickly overcome by the bliss the vamp's bite caused. Siofra was counting on that bliss to get her through the night ahead.

The girl called out one last time before the dream faded away. Siofra hated the way her voice sounded, heartbroken and empty. It was the way the mage had felt when she'd heard of her brother's death and she didn't like to be reminded of it.

She opened her eyes and looked around the hotel room. It wasn't the nicest place, but she wasn't in town for a vacation. In fact, her husband Glenn didn't even know she was there. She prayed to Gaia that he'd never find out about this trip, but even if she knew he would, she had to go through with it. She had to avenge her brother's death. She stood and picked up a briefcase from the bed. It only took a moment to open a gateway and she stepped through it to the arranged meeting place.

VENGEANCE

HAPPY ENDING FAIRY TALES
CANNOT FOOL ME NOW
NOT A VIRGIN - POE

The warehouse was almost completely dark, but with her powers she could see as if the sun was shining down. She smiled ironically to herself; if the sun were shining, the assassin would be dead instead of lounging against a desk along the wall.

"Ah, the witch is a woman of her word," Earl Hardy drawled.

She grimaced and walked across the room toward him. "I told you I would uphold my part of the bargain." It was an effort to keep the disgust she felt from her voice.

He heard it anyway and grinned. He liked the way he made the woman feel, liked that she hated him but had to deal with him anyway. In fact, he'd made every effort to make her hate him even more. Her hate would make the conclusion of their transaction even better. For him.

"I have the Tremere," he told her. "I believe you have something for me in return." In the dim light he saw the shiver of revulsion that rippled through her body and it made the beast within him rise.

"You know the deal," she said coldly. "Where is it?"

"First what you owe me," he drawled, looking forward to his payment.

She shook her head and took a step back. "That is not our arrangements," she reminded him. "I watch you destroy it, then I pay you."

A deal was a deal, but they were going to do this his way, not hers. He turned to a large crate that was nearby and pulled off the lid.

She walked closer and peered over the side. Lying on the bottom of the crate with a stake through his heart was Dougal Galloway, her brother's murderer. She smiled grimly at his blank stare.

"This is who you wanted, isn't it?" Earl asked softly.

"Yes," she replied, satisfaction oozing from that one word.

The assassin reached into the crate for Dougal and picked him up, carrying his limp body easily to a chair and sitting him down in it.

"What are you doing?" Siofra asked, puzzled.

Earl turned to look at her. "I thought you'd want him to see how eager you were to have him dead," he drawled.

She hated the very sound of his voice, but she had to admit that he had a good idea. She sat the briefcase on the desk and opened it revealing stacks of bills.

"It's all there," she told him, stepping away from it. "Twenty thousand. You can count it if you want."

He ignored the money and stared at her. "The money ain't important," he replied with a lecherous smile. "Get 'em off."

For a moment she was surprised, but only for a moment. She knew this part of the payment would be the hardest for her, but she felt it must be paid. Anything to make sure Dougal never saw another moonrise. Her skin crawled with dread over what she knew she had to do, but she ignored it. She pulled her dark sweater over her head and laid it on the edge of the desk.

Earl watched her with a heated gaze in the dim light, enjoying every minute of her discomfort. The rest of her clothes quickly joined her sweater, a little too quickly for his tastes. He wanted this moment to last.

When she stood nude before him, he walked a close circle around her, studying every inch of her perfect mortal body. He'd had women like her before, but never under such circumstances. The fact that she hated vampires would only make his use of her sweeter.

"Does your husband know what you are doing here tonight?" he asked as he ran a finger down the silky smooth curve of her back. Her skin jumped under his touch.

She flushed in shame but refused to let this vamp see how much his question had affected her. "This is none of his concern," she said briskly. "Can we get on with this?"

He moved around to the front of her and put his cold hands on her warm waist. "The deal, my dear, was that your body was mine to do with what I wished," he reminded her, his fingers pushing into the skin of her sides. "You don't use any magic, and I don't kill you. I have three hours before the sun rises. That gives us about two and a half hours to play."

When he grinned, the sharp points of his fangs dug into his lower lip. Being this close to the woman made him hungry, in more ways than one. He took her hand and raised it to his lips. He ran his tongue down the palm of her hand, enjoying the way she shivered. The fact that she shivered in disgust only made it better.

He pulled her hard against his body, knowing that the buckles and snaps on his jacket would be digging into her skin. Her quick gasp of pain almost made him lose control, but he reined in his beast ruthlessly. It wouldn't do to have this over with so soon.

She felt sharp things digging into her chest and stomach and did her best to ignore the sting. She turned her head and looked toward Dougal, using the sight of her brother's murderer to strengthen her resolve. She was glad he was watching, glad he would know the lengths to which she would go in order to avenge her brother's death.

She knew that her feelings of disgust and hate for the vampire that held her only aroused him more. She could feel the brush of his fangs against her skin as he licked the side of her neck, and the hardness of his body pushing against her stomach.

She wanted to scream when his teeth sunk into her neck, but she refused to give him the satisfaction. For a moment all she felt was pain, then a blessed numbness shot through her system. Standing naked in the arms of a vampire, in a filthy warehouse, Siofra felt an intense thrill go through her body.

She'd been prepared for anything except this. She knew how to deal with pain, knew how to push past it and through it, but she had no defense for pleasure. She arched against him, rolling her head to the side to give him better access to her throat. He laughed and the sound was rich with her blood.

Her hands moved for the first time. They edged around him to clench at his back. She wanted to be closer to him, wanted him to do things to her she had never done, wanted him to touch her body in places that only her husband had ever touched.

She moaned in protest when his teeth left her flesh. He grabbed a fist full of her hair and pulled her head back while he ran his tongue along her neck to close the wound his fangs had left in her unblemished skin. With the pain in her scalp came sanity and she began to fight him.

It was the worst thing she could have done.

The beast flared up inside of him, pushing him to take her blood, take all of it. He tamped it down ruthlessly, knowing there would be more satisfaction in this night than that taken from blood.

"That's it," he murmured against her cheek as she tried to pull away. "You want it rough and that's the way I like it." He pulled away enough to throw her harshly to the ground.

"That wasn't part of the deal," she cried as she lay in the filth on the floor. She tried to get up but he was on her too quickly.

"The deal was I get to do whatever I want," he reminded her as he covered her body with his own, pressing her into the cold hard floor. "By the time I'm done you'll be begging me to fuck you."

She tried to bring her hands up to claw at his face, but he captured them easily and held them above her head. If he hadn't already warned her that magic would spoil the deal, she would have used it to get away. As it was, if she wanted Dougal dead by someone else's hand, she needed this creature.

"You fucking vampire!" she hissed at him helplessly.

"That's what I am, bitch," he drawled in that voice she hated so much. "I'm a fucking vampire, and tonight you are my prey."

He moved downward on her body and thrust a hand between her kicking legs at the same time he drove his teeth into her breasts. Like a beast with a will of its own, her body arched and bucked in an orgasm greater than she had ever felt.

Later when she thought back on the night, she knew that was the moment she lost control. The feel of his fangs in her flesh was like a drug that she couldn't get enough of. He bit her many times over the course of the next few hours, always just when she had regained her senses and started to fight him. He would laugh and point at Dougal.

"Have you forgotten your need for revenge?" he asked her again and again.

She would look at Dougal for a moment before pulling Earl close to her and offering a body part for his teeth. He never took very much blood, but the feel of his teeth inside of her brought her to orgasm every time.

A part of her mind was horrified by the things he was doing to her, the things he was making her do. She had hated vampires with a vengeance since Glenn had come to Galway to tell the family Mac was dead. How could she be so weak that this fiend had her begging within minutes of touching her?

But another part of her was thrilled with the sensations he was giving her. She'd never before understood why their human servants stayed with them and tolerated their deprivations, but now she understood all too well.

When Earl stood up exactly a half-hour before dawn, Siofra was a limp rag on the floor. Although her blood loss was minimal, the hours he'd spent hurting her had taken their toll on her mortal flesh. Earl didn't seem to be affected at all, he adjusted his clothes and walked over to Dougal like he'd forgotten that the woman he'd just spent hours manipulating even existed.

She used the edge of the desk to pull herself to her feet. It only took a moment of concentration to heal the soreness the last few hours had imposed on her body but she knew the marks he'd left on her soul were permanent. She dressed with swift sure motions while Earl took Dougal and threw him on the floor where they had mated.

"This is what you paid for, witch," Earl told her coldly. He took a knife from his belt and crouched at Dougal's side.

Siofra watched him kill the other vamp and wished she dared to kill Earl as well. Too many people had known about her meeting with the Brujah, even if they hadn't known the details of their agreement. If she killed him, she would likely be dead inside of a week. She hadn't put herself through hell in this filthy warehouse to lose control of her temper and die.

It was over quickly. Earl cut Dougal's head from his body and a few short minutes later he was reduced to a disgusting sludge on the floor of the warehouse. The assassin stood and looked at Siofra.

"It's done," he said needlessly. "Our bargain is over."

She hid a sigh of relief and nodded. "You have what you wanted."

He grinned and took a step closer to her, enjoying the panic in her eyes that she refused to give in to. "Any time you want to have a go again, you know how to reach me," he drawled reaching out to touch her cheek.

She moved away, but neither of them knew if the shudder that rocked her body was from disgust or remembered pleasure. "If I see you again, it will be to kill you," she said brusquely. "Our bargain is over." She quickly created a portal back to the hotel room and stepped through it, eager to be alone and away from the monster that had managed to soil her soul. Even though she had agreed to the bargain with Earl, she still felt that he had violated her. She felt so dirty she didn't think she'd ever come clean.

Once the portal had closed, she collapsed on the floor, her arms clutching her stomach. She thought she could control the nausea she felt, but she was wrong. She barely made it into the bathroom before she emptied her stomach. She threw up until she felt turned inside out and then she threw up some more.

She rinsed her mouth out in the sink, then stripped and stepped into the shower. Two hours later she was still there. Other guests at the hotel were amazed at the amount of hot water that was available, but Siofra was more interested in getting clean than hiding her magic.

She scrubbed her body over and over, but deep down she knew it wouldn't do any good. No matter what happened she would never be able to wash away what had happened tonight. For the rest of her life a part of her would always be on the floor of that warehouse beneath Earl Hardy, begging for his bite.

TRUTH REVEALED

CAN YOU REMEMBER YOUR NAME?
DID YOU FORGET YOU?
DID YOU FORGET YOUR IDENTITY?
IMMUNE — GODSMACK

One day Glenn got a phone call on his private line that surprised him. An old friend was looking for information about the raid that had killed her lover in Baltimore.

"It's me," she said softly, as if it hadn't been nearly twenty years since they had spoken.

"Eliza," he breathed, stunned at hearing her voice. Everything he'd felt for her those years ago surged to the front of his mind. "It's been forever."

"I need help," she told him.

Immediately he knew that no matter what she asked for he would give her. He'd heard from a friend that she'd been seen in Salem working for the Inquisition house there. He'd also heard that she was spying for the Tremere in that city, but he couldn't bring himself to believe it.

"I heard you turned against us, Eliza," he said finally.

"You should know better, Glenn," she replied in a hard voice. "I'm a spy, nothing more. I still help where ever and whenever I can."

"And whose spy are you?" he asked.

"I can't tell you that."

He knew from the tone of her voice that she wouldn't tell him anything more. He found himself wanting to arrange a meeting with her in the hopes that by reading her thought he could find out what the truth was.

"What is it you need?" he sighed.

"Mac didn't die in the raid," she told him.

That statement shocked him. "What?" He'd known for years that Mac Brennan had survived the raids as a vampire, watched from afar as he moved from city to city with his sire, Dougal Galloway. What surprised him was that Eliza had learned of his existence.

"Dougal embraced him." Her voice was emotionless, and if he didn't know her better he would have thought she didn't care.

"How did you find this out?"

"He walked up to me in a bar," she said flatly. "He has amnesia, he doesn't remember any of us. Look, he thinks that a vamp named Kate Hepburn or Prudence Gentry may have had something to do with the raids."

"Kate is the vamp who came to town a few weeks before the raid, isn't she? But Prudence Gentry?" he asked, confused at the name. "Isn't that—"

"Yeah, my name," she replied wryly. Elizabeth Prudence Gentry was the name she'd grown up with. Only Mac and Glenn had been privileged to learn that when they'd lived in Baltimore.

"Kate and Prudence are one and the same," the girl continued. "She hates Cormac, wants him dead. He thinks she wanted the same thing nineteen years ago."

"I hadn't heard of her being involved in the raid," Glenn murmured carefully. If Eliza was working with Kate, he didn't want her to know exactly how much he knew about her. "I still know people in Baltimore, I'll see what I can learn. What are you going to do if she was involved?"

"She doesn't have to have been involved," Eliza told him, her voice like steel. "If she so much as knew about the attack before it happened, her head is mine."

"You've changed, Eliza," he whispered, mourning for the loving girl that had once been hidden behind a façade of hate. Now he was afraid that the hate reached all the way to her soul. "What happened to you?"

"Too much to explain, Glenn," she replied sadly. "Too much to ever go back."

"I remember when I first saw you in Baltimore," he said, thinking about how he'd seen her fight off a drunk in an alleyway. "You were hard as a kitten, all teeth and claw when anyone tried to get too close to you. Mac Brennan overshadowed everyone else for you. Is it still the same?"

"He's a vampire," she coldly reminded him.

"That doesn't answer my question, Eliza," he replied softly. He remembered quite well how much Eliza had loved Mac. "Do the lights still dim when he walks into the room?"

"There are lights?" she asked dryly.

"Take care, Eliza," he warned her. "Remember that he's a monster now. You don't want to lose your life because a vamp was once the man you loved."

"I know," she whispered. "I wanted to destroy him, but...."

Once more he felt a stab of jealousy at her love for the man she'd lost. He wondered if she'd ever found anyone to replace him in her life. "I understand," he told her gently. "Those pesky lights."

She chuckled, a low sad sound that echoed across the wire. "I'll call you back in two hours. I need anything you can give me and I only have twelve hours."

"Of course, Eliza. I'll see what I can do," he promised. He knew he would promise her anything if it would just heal the wound in her soul he could feel that was still there.

"Thanks," was all she said, then she was gone.

He hung the phone up slowly and sat looking at it for a long time. It wasn't until a long time later when his wife entered the room that he looked up. Instantly Siofra knew something was wrong.

"What is it?" she asked softly. Her father's health had been failing lately, and she feared that it was bad news that had Glenn so upset, but he just shook his head.

"It's nothing," he told her, trying to shrug it off. "I have to check on a few things, babe. I'll be back."

Without a word she watched him create the gateway and walk through it. She felt as if her entire body was throbbing with hate. It had been a long time since Glenn had thought of Eliza, but she was all he'd been thinking of before he'd left.

Something had changed, something was different, and Siofra wasn't going to rest until she found out what it was.

It took her almost a week to find the girl's dreams and then when she did she had a difficult time entering them, almost as if she were in a warded building of some sort. Still, Siofra's perseverance paid off and she was able to step in and take control of the dream.

She walked the girl through the attack once, hoping to find something new but everything was the same. In frustration she brought the girl even further into the dream until the two of them were standing over the bodies of Mac and Eliza laying curled together on the floor.

"Let's go over this once more," Siofra said harshly from the kitchen doorway.

Eliza looked at her pleadingly. "Do we have to?"

"You know we do," Siofra replied calmly, having heard the question many times in the past. "If you'd been faster, he would have survived. Maybe this time you'll remember something that will tell us who did this."

The girl hesitated and for a moment Siofra knew she would refuse.

"We don't have to, I know who did this," the girl said irritably. "Kate Hepburn planned it with the prince, and Dougal embraced him."

"What?" Siofra demanded. She'd come to Eliza's dream looking for information, but she hadn't expected this.

Eliza glanced around and suddenly the scene changed to the lobby of a plush hotel. Mac and Eliza were standing by the desk, frozen in the middle of what looked like an argument.

"My God," Siofra whispered without realizing it. "Mac. He looks so alive."

"He's dead," Eliza replied coldly. "He's Kindred. Just listen."

Siofra hid her shock and watched.

The girl near the desk frowned. "Dougal's dead," she said, counting off on her fingers. "The bitch that bit me is dead, and the really ugly one is dead. I only remember one other one."

"The one that I staked, yes," Mac murmured.

She looked up at him suspiciously. "You're remembering quite a bit for having amnesia, aren't you?"

"As I said," he replied, returning her even look, "my memory is coming back."

"So who else was there?"

"Your mother."

"What are you talking about?" she demanded.

"Kate was there," he repeated.

The scene froze again and Eliza turned back to face Siofra. "Then there's the letter." Once again the girl changed the location of the dream.

This time they were standing in an airplane cabin. Eliza was sitting on the bed reading a letter while Mac looked on patiently.

Siofra glanced at her motionless brother, then went over to the girl on the bed and read the letter she held in her hands. After a moment, she looked up at Eliza.

"Who is she?" Siofra asked. She'd heard Kate's name before, but she wanted to be clear.

"A vampire," Eliza told her. "Tremere. My mother."

"She has to die," she said firmly.

"She will," the girl vowed. "The minute I see her."

The venom in her voice was enough to convince Siofra that she was sincere. Still, if she'd been mistaken about Mac being dead, perhaps there was more she'd been wrong about. "Who embraced him?" she asked softly.

"Dougal Galloway," Eliza stated, her voice cold and bitter. "I don't know exactly what happened, but Mac said it was the hardest decision of his life."

"And his last, it would seem." She took one last look at Mac and waived her hand, bringing them back to the apartment the night of the raid.

A glance showed that the Kindred Mac had staked was lying on the ground at his feet and Dougal was standing in front of him. Eliza was across the room shoving the fireplace poker through the stomach of the deformed vampire.

Siofra closed her eyes and concentrated on the area around where Eliza's physical body was. It took only moments for her to find the mind of her sleeping brother.

"Let's see what he remembers," She said as she reached into his dream and the memories stored in his mind. The scene started to move.

"We can do this the easy way, Cormac," Dougal said softly. "Just agree to this and neither of you will be hurt."

That seemed to piss Mac off. "I have not changed my mind," he said calmly, watching the vampire. At a sound across the room, Mac spun to see Eliza laying at the base of the wall near the doorway into the kitchen. She was stunned, and the ugly vamp started to come after her.

"Leave her alone!" Mac shouted. One of the large plants in the room slammed into the ugly vamp. He fell back a step and brushed himself off as Dougal grabbed Mac from behind.

"Eliza!" he yelled.

Siofra had to restrain the girl from moving to help him. Her pain was almost tangible, but there was nothing she could do to change the past.

"This is a dream," Siofra reminded her. "His memory."

"How did you do this?" she demanded.

She didn't bother to answer, just turned to see Mac hanging limp in Dougal's arms. The dream Eliza almost got away until Valerie grabbed her. They watched Mac's face as the vampire drained his love, the heartbreak and horror written there plain as day.

When Dougal lifted his head from Mac's neck, he was too weak to move. In the dim firelight they could see that his face was wet with tears as Dougal laid him down on the couch and walked over to where the vampire was still holding the girl's body. "Is she dead?" he asked, his voice hard.

"Yeah," the vamp replied in a frightened voice.

Dougal took the body gently and laid her down on the floor. That surprised both Siofra and Eliza because neither of them had expected him to have that much respect for the dead. Then he stood and hit the other vamp hard, sending her flying across the room. "The girl wasn't supposed to die, you fool," he growled harshly. "It wasn't supposed to happen like this!"

"Her blood was strong," she cried, wiping the blood from the side of her face. "I got carried away."

Dougal gave her a dangerous look that obviously terrified the other vamp. "Leave," he ordered her sternly. "If I see your face again I'll destroy you."

She took off as Dougal bent to check the girl's pulse. When he stood up it was clear that he really thought she was dead and didn't like it. He walked slowly back to the couch.

"Eliza," Mac whispered, his voice low and agonized.

"I'm sorry, boy," Dougal told him crouching at his side. Siofra had to believe he actually meant it and for a moment she felt a stab of guilt over being the cause of his death. "It wasn't supposed to happen like that, she wasn't supposed to die."

"Kill me," Mac begged.

"I can't do that, boy. Things weren't supposed to happen this way, I swear." In the dim light that filled the room it looked like Dougal was trying not to cry.

"Kill me," Mac pleaded again, his voice low and rough.

Dougal shook his head. "I can't. I know that you loved her, boy, and I'm sorry that she died." He bent to whisper something in his ear that neither woman could quite hear.

Siofra cursed softly and the scene froze for a moment, then changed a little before moving again.

Dougal shook his head. "I can't. I know that you loved her, boy, and I'm sorry that she died." He bent to whisper in Mac's ear. "I can make you forget the pain of losing her," they heard him say.

"Yes," Mac whispered, closing his eyes. "Forget."

They watched as Dougal called for fire then burned the Dreamspeaker tattoo from Mac's arm. The room filled with the smell of burning flesh. Dougal slit his wrist and poured his own blood over the wound, healing it into a horrible scar.

He bent to bite Mac again, and once more Siofra had to grab Eliza's arm to stop her from trying to interfere. They watched as Dougal fed Mac from his wrist and a moment later Mac took a hold of Dougal's arm to better feed.

Abruptly the scene faded to darkness. Just as Siofra was about to take them back to the apartment, the scene changed. Fading into view around them was a large Victorian style bedroom. Her eyes were immediately drawn to the bed where Mac and Eliza lay sleeping, wrapped in each others arms.

Siofra stared at the bed for a long moment before she spoke. "How can you do that?" she asked, her voice hoarse with pain.

"Do what?" Eliza replied, following her gaze. "Sleep with the man I love?"

"He's a vampire," she hissed fiercely.

The girl gave a painful laugh. "Don't you think I can feel that every second I'm with him?" she demanded in a voice hard. "I know he's a vampire, but I love him."

"And true love conquers all?" Siofra asked, staring at her brother's corpse on the bed.

"No," Eliza replied truthfully. "It can't. But at least we'll have tonight."

At that Siofra finally looked at the girl. "Will it be enough?"

"It will have to be," she whispered with tears in her eyes. "It's all we have."

Siofra nodded thoughtfully. If this girl who hated vampires more than Siofra ever did could love Mac now, she deserved a fair shot at making it work. "Sleep, Eliza," she told her, weaving magic to make her words truth. "Sleep and dream no more."