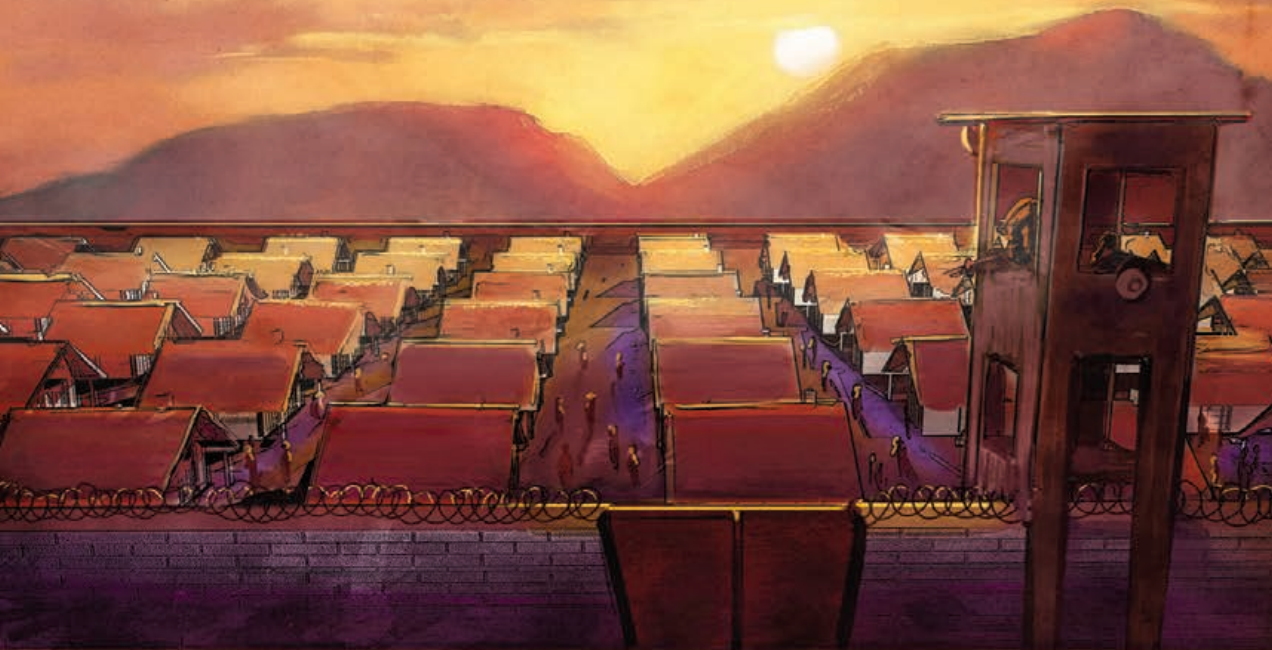


THE WALLA WALLA FAE RESERVATION HOLDS THE LARGEST CONCENTRATION OF MAGICAL BEINGS ON THE WEST COAST.



THE *GRAY LORDS*, RULERS OF THE FAE, SAW THE TIME OF HIDING WAS PAST. HUMAN SCIENCE WOULD SOON UNCOVER THEIR PRESENCE, SO THEY FORCED THEIR SUBJECTS TO *UNMASK*.



UNFORTUNATELY THEY FAILED TO ANTICIPATE HUMANITY'S REACTION.



OR PERHAPS, AS SOME SUSPECTED—

IT WAS JUST THE FIRST STEP IN THE GRAY LORDS' LARGER PLAN...

I WORK IN  
KENNEWICK, ONE  
OF THE TRI-CITIES  
IN WASHINGTON.  
IT'S ABOUT 40  
MILES AWAY--

BUT WE HAVE NO  
SHORTAGE OF  
THINGS THAT  
GO BUMP IN  
THE NIGHT.



I'M PACKING  
*SILVER*  
BULLETS.



GET IN  
THE CAR,  
KID--

OR  
YOU'RE  
DEAD.

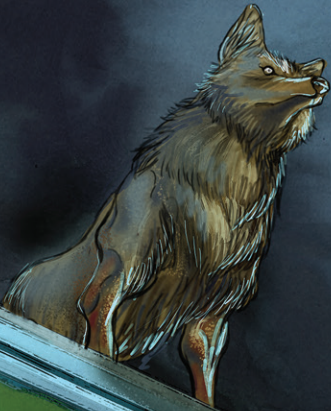


MY NAME IS *MERCY THOMPSON*.  
I'M NOT FAE, STRICTLY SPEAKING,  
AND FREE FROM THE *WHIMS*  
OF THE GRAY LORDS--



THOUGH I HAVE A  
MAGIC OF MY OWN.

# CHAPTER ONE: FIRST BLOOD



AND IF I  
GET IN, I'M  
DEAD  
ANYWAY--

JUST LIKE  
MEG AND THE  
POOR PEOPLE  
YOU KEPT IN THE  
CAGES.



CAGES???

MAYBE THIS  
WAS TOO BIG  
FOR ME.

MAYBE I  
SHOULD  
HAVE GONE  
TO ADAM.



I KNEW THE BOY  
AS MAC, NOT HIS  
REAL NAME I  
WAS CERTAIN.

A RUNAWAY,  
HE'D BEEN  
WORKING AT THE  
GARAGE FOR  
A FEW DAYS.



BUT NOT  
JUST A  
RUNAWAY--

A RUNAWAY  
WITH A  
SECRET.



YOU SEE,  
MAC'S A  
WEREWOLF.

A WEREWOLF  
ON THE RUN.




I **KNEW** FROM THE  
START HE WAS  
IN TROUBLE--

BUT NOT  
TROUBLE  
LIKE **THIS**.



WE  
WERE TRYING  
TO **HELP**  
THEM--



BUT WE'VE  
**LEARNED**  
A LOT.  
ENOUGH  
TO **CURE**  
YOU.



I DON'T  
**BELIEVE**  
YOU.

NO MORE  
CAGES.  
NO MORE  
**DRUGS**.

NOT  
**EVER**.