He opened the safe and it was gone. Where were the Pokémon cards? Derek cursed and slammed his fist against the wall. The search couldn’t end like this. Not after all this time.

“Derek!” Ben called. Derek could hear him enter through the doorway behind, heavy footsteps falling against the wooden floor. “Sirens! Cops are coming!” Ben’s eyes settled on the empty safe. He took a deep breath. “Derek, we *have* to go while we still can.”

Derek trembled, and his vision blurred wet with tears. “I can’t, Ben. We were almost there!” Derek cried. He moved to slam his fist against the wall again but stopped just before. “We were almost there,” he whispered. “We almost saved her.” His tears fell to the floor, pattering softly. A strong hand clasped Derek’s shoulder.

“And it’s not over yet. It’s somewhere around – we know this. We can still save her.” Ben grasped Derek with his other hand and stared into his eyes. “Let’s go. The search continues.”

Derek nodded slowly and wiped his eyes with the cuff of his sweatshirt.

Four blue and white cars pulled up to the Scofield Mansion, tires screeching against the pavement, sirens blaring. Officers poured out of them bearing rifles that blended into the pitch-black night. Derek watched them from down the street. Only the old man would have this much sway. Derek grimaced.

“Derek, come over here,” Ben whispered, his broad figure curling over a small laptop. They were in between two houses, laying atop a thin strip of grass. “One more location we haven’t gone to - the warehouse.”

“And we didn’t go to it for a reason,” Derek replied as he crouched onto the grass, shaking his head. “The place is loaded with security. We’d be lucky to step onto the property.”

“Derek, this is the only option left.” Ben met Derek’s eyes. “The cards have to be in there. We’ve gone through every single other place.”

“We could have missed something in the mansion, or his office. Or even my father’s villa.”

“We *checked* through them already,” Ben gritted his teeth. “We did. And thoroughly. The warehouse. It has them.”

“They could be anywhere, Ben!” Derek got on his feet. “Anywhere! And my father will slam my fugitive sister into jail and never look back. Go home, Ben. Go home.”

“I’m going. With or without you.” Ben stared at Derek.

Derek cursed, gripping a piece of his hair and groaning. “Then I’m going with you.”

Ben nodded as if he knew Derek would come with him. “Let’s go.”

The eastern part of town, where the waves of the Atlantic Ocean met rocky shores, was a busy trading port. Identical warehouses spanned like a complex labyrinth, surrounded by metal fences, and huge mountains of shipping crates lay by them, rising into the fearless all-blue sky. Derek and Ben crouched near one corner of the fence, Ben holding a cable cutter in his right hand. The fence had been pried open large enough to fit the two of them crawling but small enough to hopefully remain unnoticed for at least a little while.

The cards needed to be found*.* They were irrefutable evidence that would incriminate Derek’s father, holding blood from *that* day... Derek crawled through the fence opening. The rough, cut ends grazed his skin, leaving a mark like an ice skate does to ice – sharp yet on the surface. It didn’t manage to cut deep.

The Maine Company’s warehouse loomed before them. As grey and full of concrete as any other, it seemed to fit in - until one noticed the lack of shipping containers around it. No, this wasn’t the company’s main warehouse. It was officially, though, according to Derek’s father, hiding his secrets.

Ben and Derek waited by a side door, ears close to the wall as though to hear inside. After a few more moments, Ben carefully positioned his cutters onto a lock resting on the door and snapped the bolt away. It clattered onto the concrete below. Slowly, Derek opened the door.

It was completely dark. They could see nothing as they tip-toed through the door. Ben turned on his phone’s flashlight, and it revealed… nothing. Ben put his flashlight in every direction but met only concrete and a single table placed in the middle. On it rested five Pokémon cards, the red and white logo clearly on the back along with another color that wasn’t printed along with the cards. It was the stain of a liquid and dark red. Derek moved towards the table.

“It can’t be them,” Ben hissed at Derek, grabbing his forearm with a sudden urgency. “He wouldn’t just leave them on a table. And if it is, it’s a trap. We have to run.”

Derek glared at Ben. “I know you don’t want to see this through because it’s not *your* sister who’s on the run or mother who was *slaughtered*. But I’m going to.” Derek ran towards the table, his own flashlight dancing on the concrete.

“Derek!” Ben called from behind, his voice fading as Derek approached. “Don’t do it –“

The Pokémon cards were sprawled over the wooden table. His mother’s blood stained them along with a few drops of dearest father’s on the day of her death, when she had found out something that she shouldn’t have. Derek snatched them and began to turn back when the lights turned on.

“It’s good to see you, son,” a chilling voice echoed through the empty warehouse. Father - James stood by the door with his two bodyguards and had his hand on Ben’s shoulder. “Has your little chase been fun? These are the cards you wanted so much, after all.”

Derek cursed at James. “Ben, run!”

Ben didn’t move. His mouth hung open, like he was trying to get words out, but no sound came.

“Ben…”

“Is with me,” James finished.

Ben stared at the floor. “I tried, Derek, but – “

“I’ll make this easy for you, son,” James interrupted. “Put the cards down. And go back to school. It doesn’t look good for me to have two missing children.”

Derek curled his right hand into a fist, trembling slightly.