Teen Sorcerer

by G8rguy

Summary

Stiles Stilinski is tired. Tired of being ignored and forgotten once the research is done. After defeating Gerard and freeing Jackson from the Kanima he thought things would improve but somehow it got worse. Derek is focused on building his pack which includes the newly rescued Erica and Body, freed after Allison realized her grandfather was nutso, and the freed Jackson who narrowly avoided being shipped overseas by his parents. Scott is focused on his neverending relationship drama with Allison and his new best bud Isaac. Left alone more often than not, Stiles feels everyone is moving on without him so he looks for his own path.

When Deaton is unable to help him with his Spark he looks elsewhere and finds others who help him along until he finds himself meditating in his room and is surprised by an Astral form that shows up. Unknowing attracting the attention of the new Sorcerer Supreme, Stiles discovers that he might be able to not only help Dr. Strange, but he just might find out how he can protect both his home and those jerks in what he considers his pack - whether Mr. Hale or Mr. McCall consider him or not.
This is my first Teen Wolf fic and after reading so many great ones, I hope that I have something to offer readers. This story is set after season 2, but with some tweaks - chapters 1-2 describe what's happening before we get to the good parts. I have 16 chapters laid out, but more to come. I included Sterek because I think they are best ship, no offense to anyone else's ship, but it will be a very long time coming (not in first 16 chapters unless you count some pining and glances).

Please feel free to comment or ask questions - love to hear from people. I am writing this to give me a break from another writing project, it seems to make it easier somehow. That said, I hope you enjoy it! - G
Chapter 1

The last few weeks in Beacon Hills had been frustrating for Stiles and he had to admit that he didn’t see it getting better anytime soon. Ever since they had finally managed to defeat the Kanima and turn Jackson into a real live puppy, Derek’s pack had been focused pretty much on themselves. Defeating Gerard was good, phenomenal even, but the way Scott pulled it off still left a very bad taste in Stiles mouth even though he had nothing to do with it since he was left in the dark by his best friend. Derek had definitely not appreciated Scott’s betrayal and actions and the gulf between them had never been as large as it was now.

It would have been much worse if Allison hadn’t finally broken Gerard’s hold over her. She had taken her mother’s death badly and gone all ‘dark willow’ on them and turning into a crazy huntress. Stiles was tired of Scott’s angst over her breaking up with him and he seemed to not even care that Erica and Boyd had gone missing. It came to a head when Allison had pretty much threatened Isaac at school when Stiles had snapped.

*FLASHBACK*

“You made your choice and now you will have to deal with the monster you have become” Allison snarled at the curly haired boy in front of her. Isaac had tried to talk to her, to make some kind of gesture, but Allison was still too angry. “And we take care of monsters” she added in a threatening voice as she stalked off.

Stiles had followed after her to the parking lot but before he could catch up she turned around quickly pulling out a dagger and aiming it at him. “Gonna graduate to killing people now Ally?” Stiles challenged and he saw the brief flicker of surprise when she realized it was him.

“You hang with them Stiles, you are no better” she snarls and starts to turn around to leave.

“And I guess that makes you are no better than Kate” Stiles voice is icy and Allison turns, fury written on her face. “Spare me the outrage Allison” Stiles steps up to her “the only difference between the two of you is opportunity. I bet killing children and babies wouldn’t even make you hesitate. Got to run home to plan how to burn families alive?” his words were merciless and Allison looked like she had been slapped.

“Peter killed my Aunt and Derek killed my mother” Allison defended angrily but Stiles wasn’t having any of that.

“Bullshit!” he called. “Kate was a raving psychopath who deserved to suffer a hell of lot more than she did!” Stiles drove the words into Allison. “The only thing that gives me any satisfaction is the hope that the afterlife is real so that I can believe that if there is any justice in the universe that she is now rotting in some dark and terrifying corner of hell, suffering for the rest of eternity.” Allison eyes widen at the poison in his words. “And as for your mother, Derek didn’t kill her, he bit her. And that? That was her own damn fault!”

“How dare you!” Allison screamed. She couldn’t honestly defend Kate no matter how upset she was that her aunt was dead. Her crimes were monstrous and discovering that several of Derek’s family had been fully human had made it difficult to look at the man without feeling guilty. “Derek bit my mom knowing that the code would require her to take her own life!” she snarled.

“No” Stiles voice was flat and without mercy or emotion. “Derek was poisoned and disoriented by wolfsbane. An aerosolized version of wolfsbane that your mom was using to try and kill Scott!
Derek was trying to save your boyfriend from being murdered by your mother. “

Allison went pale as the blood drained from her face and she shook her head. No. It couldn’t be. Her mother would never have tried to really hurt Scott. Sure she didn’t like him, hated him even, but Scott was innocent and he had never done anything to anyone. The code protected him as well.

Stiles could see the conflict on the girls face and almost relented but this had to stop. “Ask Scott. Make him tell you the truth. Ask you dad about your mom’s real feelings. Whether she would do that. You don’t know her Ally, she successfully lied to you your whole life” Stiles voice was slightly gentler. “Stop being a puppet for your family, a weapon without a conscience” he told her.

Allison looked at Stiles and saw something in his eyes that she couldn’t exactly explain. Stiles was the comic relief, the geek, the nerd. He wasn’t a fighter or a hero or a real part of all of this. But there was something that caused her to pause.

“Because I promise you. If you cross that line. You violate the spirit of the code, then you are the monster Ally. You and your whole family” Stiles tells her without blinking and she suddenly realizes that she is feeling fear. “And when that happens” Stiles face turns hard “I will make sure you and every one of your family will be put down…permanently.” Stiles walks away from the dark haired girl who watched him walk away shaken by the sudden realization that out of everyone she had ever met, including Peter when he was crazy, Stiles was the one who was the most dangerous because once he saw you as a threat, your days would be numbered.

*END FLASHBACK*

Luckily Stiles had actually reached Allison that day and she had later cornered her father and demanded answers and he was honest. Finding out that her mother had in fact been trying to kill Scott when she was bitten was hard to hear but hearing that her father had begged his mother not to take her life, to stay and fight for their family, but had instead chosen to listen to Gerard and kill herself had nearly broken her.

The final straw had been a few days later after the Lacrosse game that Stiles had won when she came home and heard a strange sound from the basement. She had been prohibited from entering but she snuck around to get a view and saw her grandfather and his men beating Stiles while Erica and Boyd were hanging from electrified restraints. Allison trembled at seeing her classmates being tortured but she also knew that she couldn’t stop them. Thankfully Gerard decided they were through and sent Stiles off with his men to drop him off as a message to Scott! Hiding, she waited until Gerard had left for something before she broke in to the basement.

Walking in Allison had struggled to convince the two werewolves she was sincere, but she turned off the electricity and freed both of the exhausted wolves. “You need to get to Derek” she urged them and saw the doubt on their faces. “Werewolves heal faster when they are with their pack. You are too weak to run, Gerard will come after you with his men and this time he won’t hesitate to kill you” she explained.

Erica and Boyd had listened and ran to Derek who had been stunned by their return and what they told him. He had decided to move the pack to a safe house that Peter had set up to everyone’s surprise. They decided to hide out there and recover while Gerard raged and tried to find them without success.

Stiles found them by chance when he ran into Peter at the library of all places while the older werewolf was out one morning. He had been his usually irritating self but had relayed that Erica, Boyd, Isaac, and Derek were all safe and laying low. Stiles had tried to look disinterested but he wasn’t fooling the older werewolf.
Peter had taken a deep sniff as he leaned in towards Stiles causing the teen to rear back “Hey dude! Boundaries!” Stiles yelped.

“You smell of bruises and blood Stiles. Perhaps Lacrosse is not your game if you are this banged up from the game. Perhaps you should try a real sport like basketball” Peter teased but there was something off about the younger man.

Stiles had froze for a second when Peter had smelled his bruises but attributing them to Lacrosse gave him an out. “Hah. Lacrosse is so much better. Besides I would probably be as graceful in basketball as I am at Lacrosse” he mutters knowing that his heart won’t give him away since he didn’t actually lie.

As the school year ended, things began getting more complicated. Jackson was cured, Gerard was dead or as good as, Derek was training with his pack, and Scott was trailing puppy like after Allison who had started talking to him again after she confronted him about her mother’s attempted murder. Scott had told her he didn’t want to hurt her by telling her the truth, the dipshit!, and of course that just made their obnoxious love worse. However Chris managed to convince Allison to visit family in France for several weeks after school so she was gone and would be gone for several weeks leaving Scott to mope around missing her and waiting for facetime and texts.

Stiles had to deal with his whole world changing and he was confused to say the least. His best friend was pretty much AWOL and when he wasn’t pining over Allison he was hanging out with Isaac! What the hell?! Serious violation of the bro-code! Then Jackson and Lydia were suddenly being integrated into the Hale pack and dealing with their issues now that Lydia’s true love had saved Jackson, something that had been hard for Stiles to watch. But he had decided he could deal with it but he didn’t really get the chance since he rarely saw them.

Then there was the strange tension between Stiles, Erica, and Boyd. They had watched him get tortured by Gerard and as far as he could tell they hadn’t told anyone, not even Derek. Erica had sneaked into his room one night while he was still recovering and he woke up when he had a sudden realization that he wasn’t hurting. Finding Erica snuggled up to him absorbing his pain had been confusing but he saw the fear and uncertainty in her eyes so he just laid back down without commenting on it. She was gone when he woke up but she returned several other times, both alone and with Boyd, to snuggle with him without talking.

Now that things were settled and he was healed he hadn’t seen the two betas for a while but he had to confess it had been nice while it lasted. It felt like he belonged, like he was pack, even though he wasn’t. He was starting to think that Scott and Isaac’s bromance would mean that he might join Derek’s pack but since he was ignoring Stiles, it made Stiles wonder if Scott was planning to join without him.

One week after defeating Gerard Stiles had shown up at the vet clinic when he knew Scott wasn’t working. He confronted Deaton about his so called Spark. The druid had told him he had something and showed him the mountain ash which worked in the Jungle, but then nothing. “Stiles” Deaton was as unreadable as ever “what can I do for you?” he asked politely.

“I want to learn more about my Spark” he said simply. “I want to know what I can do with it and develop it.”

Deaton frowned. “Stiles, it is not that easy. Many people have the Spark which allows them to simply activate magic that is already there, like in mountain ash. Doing more is something different. I trained as a druid to use herbs and nature magic to heal and help others and to maintain the balance. I don’t detect the druidic mark in you” he finally adds.
“So that’s it? I can make dirt circles” Stiles voice is flat because being the son of the sheriff has given him some insights into human behavior and his every instinct is telling him that Deaton is lying.

“Making a mountain ash barrier is helpful Stiles. You are also the only one who can handle wolfsbane which can be critical to the pack” he reminds the teen.

Stiles left with two convictions. The first was that Alan Deaton wasn’t as good of a liar as he obviously thought that he was. He may have been honest about Stiles not having the ‘druidic mark’ but he was also not telling everything he knew. Big surprise there! The second was that Deaton truly did not understand or know Stiles Stilinski if he thought he was going to accept that crappy answer.
Soon after his meeting with Deaton, Stiles is in the middle of researching magic online, specifically anything about Sparks, when he finds mention of a book that discusses the different kinds of Sparks. That is a surprise to Stiles who didn’t know that there was more than one. Luckily, a used bookstore in San Francisco has the book so Stiles lets his dad know and he plans a day trip and drives to the coast to visit the bookstore. Arriving at the eclectic shop, he quickly realizes that this bookstore is more than it appears. He not only finds the book he was looking for, but he also spots mountain ash and wolfsbane sitting among the shelf of ‘magical ingredients’.

“Can I help you?” asks a woman who has an ageless quality that makes her look like she could be anywhere from mother to grandmother. There is still youth and fire in her appearance, suggesting she is on the younger side, but there is something in her eyes that scream wisdom and experience that says she is much older than she looks. That or she has seen some bad things. He can see the easy going and sweet nature she shows to the world but he can also tell that there is a core of strength there as well. Stiles likes her.

“Yes, I want to get this copy of Magic and it’s Sources by Dimond” Stiles says laying down the old book and noticing the woman’s slightly raised eyebrow.

“That’s a very unique book” she hums pleasantly. “Anything in particular that interested you in it?” she asks looking at the teen in front of her.

“It…sparked…my interest” Stiles says laughing inside at his own joke and noticing that the woman seemed to get it by the smile on her face.

“Well, it does that for some people. Is there anything else I can help you with?” she asks politely but still looking amused.

“Is that real mountain ash?” he asks as she pulls down a jar and nods.

“Yes it is. Do you know how to use it correctly?” she asks with a knowing smile. Stiles looks around the store and realizes that he is the only customer and the other employee is looking bored, staring at her phone, and ignoring them. Smirking, Stiles takes a handful of the ash and looks right at the woman and throws his hand up, tossing the ash into the air. Focusing on what he wants to happen, Stiles is unsurprised when the ash falls in a perfect circle surrounding him, creating a shield against supernatural harm.

The woman claps happily when she sees that. “Oh you are wonderful” she laughs. Waving her hand Stiles gasps as the ash surrounding him suddenly rushes towards her and basically jumps back in its jar. “I have some other books you might like?” she says it like there is any doubt but Stiles nods in excitement anyway.

The next two hours results in Stiles buying over a dozen books, plus the jar of ash, from the woman who he finds out is a witch named Martinique who has lived in San Francisco for over forty years. She tells him that she is a witch, a good one she adds with a smirk, that she has a small coven in town, and that she first thought he might be a witch too, but when she looks carefully, she cannot detect the witch mark. Disappointed at that, he was still happy with how open and helpful she was being.
Stiles returned with plenty to read and study, a new friend who is willing to help him, and suggestions for what to do next. The first book explained how magic manifested in different ways for people and the term ‘Spark’ refers to the general ability to work magic. There were some things that everyone could do, like making a mountain ash circle, but most things were limited to the different domains of magic. Martinique was a Witch while Deaton was a Druid and both of them were closely associated with nature though in different ways. There were also Necromancers, those who dealt with the dead and the spirits of those who have died. They often got a bad rep, but reading about them surprised Stiles who decided that power wasn’t evil, just complicated. There were also Alchemists who specialized in potions, herbology, and transfiguration and those in the domain of Magecraft who made magical artifacts and items like wands, amulets, and other tools to channel magic.

The last type of magic was sorcery and it was the most powerful and dangerous. Sorcerers messed with the fundamental forces of the universe and could do some serious shit. They were led by the Sorcerer Supreme, the most powerful sorcerer in the world. In the book the Sorcerer Supreme was also called ‘The Ancient One’, which Stiles determined was not a title but an actual person, but the book was written over a century ago so he wasn’t sure who the new Sorcerer Supreme was. The book mentioned Kamar-Taj as the home of the Ancient one which is really exciting because one of the other books Martinique got him to buy was apparently a book from the library at Kamar-Taj, or at least a copy of one.

Stiles tore through the books over the next two weeks before he was calling Martinique to ask for more, getting a laugh from the older woman. She told him that she had talked to a friend of hers about Stiles and he wanted to meet the teen. The man, Kiran, was a monk at a temple outside the city and Stiles went to visit the man on the next Saturday where he met and spent some time with the monk. Kiran had the gift of Magecraft and he sadly told Stiles that while he at first thought that Stiles might share that gift, he couldn’t actually detect the mark when he really looked for it.

Stiles was disappointed, but when Kiran offered to teach him meditation techniques as well as martial arts, he recovered his enthusiasm quickly. Stiles returned three more times for more lessons but Kiran was really smart and provided him with exercises that he could do at home and alone. He also gave Stiles several books to help him study independently and he found that after two weeks of meditation, he was needing less and less Adderall. His focus and clarity was loads better than ever before.

“Stiles?” his dad’s voice was a surprise but he didn’t let it interfere. Stiles was in his back yard, stripped to his sweatpants, going through the moves from the book on martial arts. The movements were very slow, but they were very deliberate to get his muscles used to the motion. He felt the stress and strain as he stretched, reached, and twisted. He continued through a few more poses before he returned to his ‘neutral’ stance and opened his eyes and looked at his father who was staring at him from the patio.

“Hey dad. You get off work early?” he asks walking towards the deck and reaching for the towel to wipe away the sweat he had worked up.

“No kiddo, it’s nearly seven” the Sheriff told him with a raised eyebrow that morphed into a laugh at Stiles startled expression.

“Sorry dad, I guess I lost track of the time. I meant to make dinner before you got home” he apologized and pulled on his shirt and walked in the house to the kitchen.

“Stiles…how long were you out there?” Sheriff Stilinski asks.

Stiles pauses and has to think. He had lunch, did about an hour or so of meditation before doing some reading before he felt the itch to go to the backyard and that was near…three? “I guess about
four hours” he figured adding it up.

“You were doing martial arts for four hours?” his dad’s voice and expression was one of disbelief. “You. Exercising. For four hours?” he repeated numbly.

Stiles was slightly offended. Sure he didn’t really like physical exertion, but that didn’t mean he was hopeless. He did play Lacrosse, including practices and suicide drills that Coach pushing them to their limits. “It’s something Kiran taught me to help me focus. Meditation and martial arts” Stiles added as he pulled out food to prepare them a healthy meal.

“Who’s Kiran. And you are now meditating?” his dad couldn’t keep the surprise out of his voice as he tried to figure out what had happened to his son.

“Kiran is a monk in San Francisco and yes I am meditating. It really helps me focus and relax” Stiles tells him. This leads to a long discussion, edited for any mentions of magic or the supernatural, where Stiles tells his dad about meeting Martinique and Kiran and how he has been following Kiran’s program and how much he was enjoying it. His dad, still rather surprised, then asks about Scott.

“Scott,” Stiles sighs heavily, “Scott is wrapped up in the whole Allison love thing and pretty much can’t focus on anything else” he finally explains and pretends not to see his father’s worried expression as he stares at his son.

On his next trip to San Francisco, Stiles has a great visit with Kiran and then Martinique when he realizes it is getting late and she offers to let him crash on her couch for the night. Calling his father, the sheriff approves him staying over and so he has a great dinner and evening with Martinique and several of the members of her coven that come over. He thoroughly enjoys himself before heading home the next morning.

Several days later he finds out that the pack and Scott had fought three ogres in the preserve that had wandered in and started causing trouble. Stiles frowned when Erica had mentioned it casually when he saw her at the coffee shop that morning but Stiles figures out that not only had they done it all without him, no one had even tried to call or talk to him about it. Stiles quickly leaves before he could give himself away to the female beta when he realized that they really didn’t need him anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for all the kudos and supportive comments. Chapter 3 will go up Saturday!
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

*Guess who finally arrives?*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Breathe in. Pause and hold. Breathe out. Repeat.** Stiles followed his training regimen and focused entirely on his breathing, working to block everything else out. He had learned to deal with all of the random thoughts that normally distracted him using the method Kiran suggested of visualizing wrapping them up in a bottle and putting them to the side to visit later. Right now he was focusing on ‘being’ not on ‘doing’. He had been able to reach his ‘quiet state’ much easier now compared to when he first started by following the book’s instructions on ‘grounding’ and ‘centering’ and allowing himself to be open to whatever the universe would bring him.

He put aside his frustration with his best friend and his never ending infatuation with the beauteous Allison. He put aside his nagging guilt over lying to his father about what was really gone on with the supernatural. He put aside his confusion about Derek Hale, that infuriating, brooding, jerk with his scruffy beard that was just perfect enough to give him enough mystery to be intriguing without being hipster annoying all wrapped up in some of the tightest jeans and…okay that was not working, Stiles shook his head to bottle up those feelings that he definitely did not want to deal with today. He put aside the feelings of isolation and separation from the others and his hurt at being excluded by them.

Scott had mentioned the ogres a few days after Stiles had heard about it from Erica and finding out that Scott had been asked to help the pack without him had really hurt. Even though Scott’s rather offhand account of the fight made it pretty clear there was nothing subtle or deep about the encounter. The ogres were brutes and the fight was just werewolf strength and claws versus the nearly mindless ogres so he grudgingly admitted that his Google skills were basically unnecessary to the fight. Didn’t mean that it didn’t hurt that no one even considered asking him to help out though.

Stiles shook himself and opened his eyes to focus on the candle in front of him as he went through the centering exercises again. He slowed his breathing and focused instead on his heartbeat. The book and Kiran had both mentioned trying to control his heart rate as a good meditation technique and Stiles had quickly thought that if could manage to do it effectively then he could use that skill to avoid being called out by the werewolves when he wasn’t being entirely honest.

Soon enough Stiles slipped into what he had taken to calling his trance state, which was exactly where he wanted to be. **Calm. Open. Steady.** Upon reaching this state, Stiles whispered the words that were supposed to help focus his Spark on his objective. The words were not important, not like a spell, but rather they were simply a rhythm that allowed Stiles to convince himself that his powers were strong and working and would give him what he needed. He slipped into a comfortable state and finally managed to let go of all of his stress and instead just ‘be’. It wasn’t five minutes after getting there that Stiles suddenly felt an itch on his skin, like someone was watching him. But he was in his room, his dad was working, and no one from the pack had been by in weeks.

Finally unable to resist he cracked open his eyes to look around and saw a translucent man hovering in the air in front of him shattering his focus. “WHAT THE HELL!” he yelped out falling
backwards as he scrambled to get away from the apparition. An apparition that looked almost as surprised to see him as Stiles.

“You can see me?” the man asked in surprise and Stiles remembered the domains of magic and wondered if this meant that he was a necromancer since he could see a ghost.

“Yes I can” Stiles stammered trying to look closer at the man. What was he wearing? Was that a cape and pajamas?

“That is unexpected” the man said as he sat down in the air, sitting crossed leg as he hovered over Stiles’ bed.

“Are you a ghost? Do you maybe see a light?” Stiles asked and the man looked almost as irritated as Derek does when Stiles does something that makes the Alpha extra grumpy. This man was older than Derek, closer to his dad’s age, with streaks of white hair along his temples, with a rather kick ass looking goatee to complete the look. Not the best facial hair he had…nope, not going there! But he didn’t seem dead somehow.

“No. I’m still very alive. This is my astral body” the man explained. “I was fighting a sorcerer and I needed to send my astral form to gather information and my physical body was attacked while I was away.”

“Is it okay….I mean are you okay” Stiles asked looking thoroughly confused.

“For now” he muttered. “I had cast a spell on my body to protect it, one that would prevent anyone from harming it with magic or any other means while I was ‘out’ but I was not expecting Mordo to attack how he did. He set up a spell that constantly attacks my shield, slowly draining my body’s energy. He has also set a trap around it so that if I try to return to my body, it will strike my astral form and I am not strong enough to overcome it in this form.”

“So what, you are going to just wait him out?” Stiles doesn’t think that makes any sense but he admits he didn’t follow everything the guy said, most of which was way beyond what he had read in his books.

“No. Normally my body could maintain the shield easily enough, but with my astral form also draining away that energy there is not enough to both maintain my astral form and power the spell protecting my body. I have some allies, but I am not sure that I am strong enough to reach them at the moment” the man admits regretfully.

“Okay. By the way, I am Stiles Stilinski” Stiles tells the floating man/sorcerer in his bedroom…wearing a cape…really?

The man looks and amused and snorts. “You were named Stiles? That’s very….unique. Not surprising since we are in California I suppose.”

“My real name is a nightmare to pronounce. Mom named me after her dad and he was born in Poland” Stiles says with a huff. “Everyone just calls me Stiles, it’s easier that way.”

“I see. Well I am Dr. Stephen Strange” the astral man said with a slight tilt of his head and Stiles snorted causing the man to look at Stiles with a bit of a glare.

”Really…your name is actually Strange and you are making fun of my name?” Stiles snarks and a chuckle though he can tell he scored a point.

“Anyways…I am trying to figure out how you can see me” Strange tells him. ”You appear to possess
some magic, but I can’t exactly sense what you are. I had felt your presence and followed it hoping you might be someone who could help, perhaps a fellow sorcerer who was trained. But upon seeing you I amended that thinking you might be a budding sorcerer instead just coming in to your power but now that I look closer at you, you do not have the mark of a sorcerer.”

Stiles sighs and crosses off another possibility on his mental list. “Yeah, I keep hearing that from people. They can sense my Spark, but can’t narrow it down. The only ones left that haven’t been eliminated are Alchemist or Necromancer” Stiles admits.

Stephen frowns. “That doesn’t fit. Usually I can tell with people, but you are something different. You don’t feel like either of those two, but you don’t feel like any of the other ones either. This is most definitely confounding and at any other occasion I would enjoy taking the time to investigate but I am afraid I do not have the leisure right now. If I don’t find a solution soon, Mordo will win.”

“If you can’t get back into your body...what about using another body?” Stiles asks looking at the man. “I mean, could you, I don’t know, rest?, inside someone else so that you aren’t being drained while you figure out what to do next?”

Stephen frowns thoughtfully. He looks at the teen and sees the magical potential he has and while he knows that the boy is not a strong sorcerer, there is something there. “Possibly” he finally admits. “The person would need to be willing as they would have to knowingly invite me in, possession would not work in this situation and I would not ever consider magic that dark. It would have to be someone with enough magical energy to sustain both of our spirits and finally, the person would have to understand that this kind of offer opens themselves up to me. I would be able to see their thoughts and memories as if they were my own, it can be very intimate and difficult, especially as I can control what I share, so it is definitely not an equal exchange.”

Stiles frowns but he has a feeling about this guy. “You said no possession so I assume that you can’t force someone” he asks carefully and Stephen nods, “well in that case, could you use me? It wouldn’t hurt or anything right?” he asks suddenly nervous.

“No it wouldn’t hurt. Since you would be a willing host, you would be able to expel me whenever you choose. Your body knows your spirit and it doesn’t like other astral forms, it will fight for you not me” Stephen assures him. “You have the necessary magic to sustain us and it would only be for a short while. I could take the time to help you identify your magic and maybe even teach you some things in exchange for your assistance.”

Stiles takes a few minutes to really think about this but there is something about Stephen that tells him to trust the man, that he is a good guy, and that there might never be a chance like this again for him. Finally he nods in agreement as the apparition drifts over and seems to dive into his body. The sensation is different from anything Stiles has ever felt before. It is both warm and cold, a feeling like light is flowing, entering his body by following the lines of his arteries and veins, but strangely enough it is not painful. It feels more like he is so much more aware of his body than he ever was before. He feels the tingle in every inch of his body as he waits to see what happens next.

“Interesting” Stephen’s voice sounds in his head. “You are truly unique my young friend. Your magic is like none I have ever seen or heard of before.”

“What do you mean?” Stiles asks excitedly. Maybe now he can finally figure out what he really is and what he can do.

“I cannot detect any marks within you. It is like your Spark isn’t for any form of magic. Normally a person has a single mark, for me it is Sorcery. If a person is strong enough with their gift, then they can recognize that mark in others. Then there are those very strong with the gifts that can sense
marks other than their own. That is why your friend Martinique could only discern that you were not a witch, she wasn’t strong enough to be able to recognize other marks. I have heard tales of some people having, in addition to their mark, a lesser or what some call a shadow mark, where a faint second mark is present that allows them to train and use that form of magic, though never as strong as their primary. I have even read of one woman several centuries ago who had three marks, all of them more like shadow marks than normal ones. You however are something different” Stephen says carefully as if he is working his way through it.

“So does that mean that I won’t be able to do magic, I mean real magic, of any kind?” Stiles asks trying not to sound bitter or disappointed.

“Quite the opposite actually” Stephen replies sounding impressed. “It appears that your Spark instead of being constant as with everyone else I have met, is fluid. It seems that your Spark is always shifting between the marks so anyone who looks at you would only see what you are not. It would appear that while you will never rise to the upper power levels like myself in any of the arts, you instead possess the unique ability to work magic in all six areas and your strength is not minor, just unique. Somehow you can shift your Spark’s energy around so that whichever magic you use is strong. For example, I would imagine that you will be a stronger witch than your friend, but not as strong as a High Witch or Warlock. The truth is that you are in fact a Witch, a Druid, an Enchanter (one gifted in Magecraft), a Necromancer, an Alchemist, and a Sorcerer. You my young friend, are something new as far as I can tell.”

Stiles is stunned. He doesn’t fully understand but he can sense the truth in Dr. Strange’s words. He can tell that the other man is not just intrigued, but excited about what Stiles can do and he can even feel the older man’s enthusiasm for what he found. “I want you to try and do this” he says and suddenly Stiles’ mind floods with images and thoughts that he knows are not his, but they feel so right. Holding his hands together he reaches out and twists, pulling his hands apart and leaving a line of light in the air. Moving his hands the line becomes a box, then a circle appears, strange symbols suddenly flare up around it and somehow he knows that this is a shield of magic, capable of preventing any harm directed at him, magical or natural.

“Whoa – this rocks!” Stiles laughs as he moves his hands around, not exactly knowing how or why he is doing it but knowing it is right. Suddenly the shield is now two shields centered on his hands, moving with them like he is Captain America.

“Except that the Captain only has one shield” Stephen says with a smirk and Stiles can suddenly see a vision of Dr. Strange talking with Captain America, Thor, and the Black Widow.

“You know the Avengers!” Stiles screams, not like a teen age girl at a boy band concert, no that is not how anyone would ever describe it, it was more of a manly bellow.

“While normally our paths do not cross that often, sometimes they do. I usually let them handle the more physical dangers while I deal with the metaphysical ones, but they do overlap sometimes” he says with a slight laugh. “The good news is that with how easily you picked up that first exercise, I think it will not take long for us to figure out how to disable the trap Mordo set. Shall we begin?”

Stiles smiled and adjust his stance. He was going to learn sorcery from someone who was almost an Avenger!
Next chapter goes up Wednesday! Stiles starts training and the pack finally makes an appearance after one of the pack gets taken down by a new threat posed by an unknown enemy.
Chapter 4

Stiles' training continues

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Stiles steps back into the proper form as Stephen allows his instructions to flow into Stiles’ mind like he is pouring water into a glass. The last three days have been amazing for Stiles, though he knows that Stephen is getting anxious to return to his own body. Stiles had been absorbing instructions like a sponge and Stephen was constantly amazed at how their situation accelerated the boy’s learning.

“You already seem to have years of experience in sorcery” Stephen told him. “I am sorry that I do not possess the skills in the other arts to share with you. I have only been practicing magic for a few years myself and sorcery has been my focus” he admits.

“What did you do before magic?” Stiles asks focusing on the energy fields he was tapping into to levitate the rocks in the back yard and move them around in the pattern he wanted. Elemental magic was awesome and was one of those areas that seemed to hover between the domains of magic. Witches, Druids, and Sorcerers could all use a form of elemental magic in different ways, but Stephen had discovered that Stiles’ unique gift meant that he could use all three simultaneously, creating what was essentially a new domain of magic. He hypothesized that Stiles would find that the magic that existed in the boundaries of the domains might be where he was the strongest.

“I was a neurosurgeon” Stephen replies to Stiles amazement. The sorcerer shares with the boy the story of his rise and fall, the car accident that mangled his hands sending him looking anywhere for a cure. Finally at rock bottom and desperate he went to Tibet where he met the Ancient One who taught him Sorcery and how she died in the fight with super bad demon guy and his disciples. He also shared how Mordo was a former ally, if not friend, and now they opposed each other.

“With how often I get hurt, I ought to get you to teach me some medical training” Stiles jokes but is surprised when he feels agreement from his ghostly roommate.

“That is not a bad idea. Since you seem to not only grasp but retain knowledge shared with you this way, I don’t see why I couldn’t give you some basic understanding and skills. Perhaps tonight while meditating?” he suggests.

Stiles nods happily and pulls on the energy around him causing flames to erupt on each floating stone turning them into hovering candles. This is so cool!

The next morning Stiles wakes early and finds Stephen hovering while reading one of the books Stiles got from Martinique. “This is a very interesting book on witchcraft” he tells the sleepy haired teen. They have worked out a good system over their time together. Stephen stays out of Stiles when he is in the bathroom and most of his sleep time as apparently the dreams of a teen aged boy are not something that Stephen wants to experience again.
“Yeah. The hardest part of teaching yourself anything is finding good sources, ones that are not complete garbage. You gotta go through a lot of trash to find anything worthwhile” Stiles sighs in resignation.

“There is another way” Stephen says with a smile. “Shower and get changed. We are going to San Francisco.”

Stiles looks surprised but quickly agrees and grabs his clothes and rushes through getting ready. He is pulling on his shoes when he sees a text alert on his phone from Scott. Hey! Can I borrow your roller skates? Isaac and I are going to the park. Stiles rolls his eyes and can’t believe this is his life. Grabbing his skates and pads he takes them downstairs and sets them on the porch by the door. Shooting Scott a text telling him where they are, he jumps in Roscoe, ignoring the comment from Stephen about his baby, and heads for the city by the bay.

“The trick is to know that your magic will draw you to what you are seeking” Stephen told him as he walked around in the used bookstore. “Touch the energy around you and feel for reflections as you concentrate on finding truth.” Luckily Stephen’s instructions came with enough additional mental information that Stiles was easily able understand what he was being told. He visualized sending out his magic much like a radar or sonar system and those books that were real and useful ‘pinged’ on his ‘magic radar’ and he was able to grab all three of the useful books in the store with very little effort or time spent searching.

“This is amazing” Stiles gushed as he walked back to the car with his newest purchases. They had been in three stores and Stiles had quickly found a dozen magic books and even an enchanted dagger. It was a very minor enchantment that made it unable to harm women, but Stiles thought it would be a great gift for Lydia or Allison - to have a weapon that couldn’t be turned against them.

“The same technique can be used in a slightly different manner to find magic in unexpected places” Stephen told him and he saw the variation that the sorcerer meant. Adjusting his ‘radar’ he learned how to shift his senses to passively search for any magic in the area without sending something out on his own. This was good to use, Stephen explained, if you didn’t want other magic users to know you were around or you were in a large area. Feeling a tug from the West, he let the feeling guide him along several roads until he found himself in front of an antique/curio shop.

“What do you think?” he asked his co-pilot feeling a tingle of danger.

“I think that you should not actively show your magic. Do this” he replied and Stiles moves his hands in the pattern and sensed what felt like a blanket coming down to lay over him, almost enveloping him. “This cloak will hide your own magic, difficult as it is to detect, from others. Now let’s explore.”

Stiles steps into the shop and is instantly enchanted by all the brick-a-bracks and knick-knacks on the shelves. He drifts around after nodding at the old man behind the counter who glanced at him before going back to his book. Stiles walked around and noticed that there were a number of items with minor enchantments, mostly spent or used up, spread around the normal stuff. He got a tingle on one book about creating Runes and Sigils that gave information about beneficial ones as well as some theories about their creation.

“Runes and sigils are the magic that rests between the domains of Magecraft and Necromancy. They are a magic user’s attempt to create and channel ancient wisdom. You seem to do best in the areas between the domains, those that are shared instead of clearly in one domain” Stephen advised.

Stiles decided to keep it even though it was a bit high priced. Maybe he could bargain…he froze, “what is that?” Stiles mentally whispered to his passenger.
"I am not sure, but it over there" Stephen instructed him and Stiles moved towards a locked display case. Looking inside he saw a number of unusual items; stones, strange metal sculptures, crystals, and other small tokens but none of these seem to be the source of the tingle. "There" Stiles looks and sees the leather case at the bottom of the cabinet. He tries to figure out what it is but he can't tell from outside.

"Excuse me?" Stiles stands up and looks at the man at the register who looks at him with an easy smile. "Can I see this?" he asks and the man gets up and comes over to the display case.

"Yes young man, what can I show you?" he asks before looking at the book in Stiles' hand. He raises and eyebrow but doesn't say anything else.

"Can I see that leather case?" he points in the cabinet and the man looks at him a lot more intently but he nods and pulling out a large ring of keys he opens it on the first key he pulls out and Stiles admits to being happily surprised after thinking it would take some time to find the right key.

"Ah, now this is a very special item. I bought it about ten years ago from a young woman who was selling her grandfather's belongings after the man passed away" he told Stiles. Laying down the case he unties it and unrolls it revealing a sleeve filled with what looks like pencils or paintbrushes. "This is an very old set of tattoo tools" he laughs and pulls one out. "Apparently he had bought it from someone when he was fighting in Europe in World War II. It is very old" he assures Stiles.

"They are not magical" Stephen says carefully "but they appear to be designed to channel it. I believe that they were used to create magical tattoos so each time they were used, the magic passed through the tools and left traces behind."

Stiles looked down at the book in his arms and got a sudden idea and smiled. "I'll take it" Stiles said happily and tried not to flinch at the cost of the case but he saw the old man staring at him thoughtfully.

He nodded and walked over to a bookshelf behind his desk and pulled one down and showed it to Stiles. Celtic & Norse Rune Magic was the title. "You might also find this interesting" the man suggested.

Stiles reached out and touched the cover and felt a jolt like an electric shock and smiles as he recognized the feel of magic. Looking up he saw the man was watching him closely. "I'll take it" he says.

"I am surprised that you chose these three items young man" he said slowly. "What interested you about them?" he asks watching Stiles for his reaction.

Stiles felt Dr. Strange slip out of him to the side and watched the old man eyes track the astral form and widen in surprise. "You see him?" Stiles confronted him and he nodded.

"You are the new Sorcerer Supreme?" he said clearly and with certainty as he spoke to Dr. Strange in a very respectful tone, bowing his head to the ghostly form while Stiles stared at his teacher.

"Yes, and you are far more than you appear" Stephen declared and the old man nods.

"I am but a humble merchant of items that find their way to their owners. I felt that this one" he points at Stiles "was special, but I can detect no magic from him which is most confusing."

Dr. Strange nods at Stiles who, still shocked, removes the 'blanket spell' that was concealing his magic and the old man suddenly looked ecstatic. "Oh Yes!" the man crows happily. "I have been seeing visions of you for some time" he added happily as he moved around his counter, unlocking a
drawer, and pulling out a polished wooden box. “This has been waiting for you!”

Stiles opens the box and sees the silver ring inside with the white, luminescent stone in the center that he is sure is a flawless moonstone. Picking up the ring he feels a coolness that seems to touch him and for some reason he feels he is being judged and he hopes he passes. Looking at the carvings on the ring he sees three hands holding the stone to the ring, acting as the setting as he turns in over to see carvings of the moon in all of it’s phases, what looks like a bow & arrow, two torches with flames atop them, and several symbols he doesn’t recognize. He looks at the man “what is it?” he asks.

“It is the Ring of Seartate also known as the ‘moon ring’. It was made long ago in ancient Greece and was blessed by the three moon goddesses; Hecate the goddess of magic, Artemis the goddess of the hunt, and Selene the goddess of the moon. The ring has been born by both men and women whose magic was moon touched. As to what it does exactly, I do not know to tell you” he said sadly.

Stiles was impressed and worried. He knew that he definitely couldn’t afford an artifact like this. “How much” he asked dreading the answer.

“There is no charge for that young Spark. I serve as the caretaker of items like that, my duty is to deliver them to their rightful owners. When an artifact chooses you, it is an honor to assist” he says smiling and nodding again at Dr. Strange as Stiles, daring to believe it’s true, slips the ring on. And…nothing. Doesn’t seem to do a damn thing. He waves it around, shakes it, rubs it, zilch. He looks at Dr. Strange who just shrugs.

“I have no idea” he admits. “It’s not a sorcerer’s artifact. You will have to study it and discover for yourself” he tells Stiles.

Stiles makes sure to thank the man, Edmund, profusely for everything and gets his contact information. Edmund promises to let Stiles knows if he finds anything he thinks he might like. After this Stiles decides to head home as his wallet is pretty much empty and he will be paying for this trip for some time to come. Dr. Strange is unusually quiet till they get home.

Boyd pounds on the loft door just as Isaac pulls it open with the joke dying on his lips when he sees the blonde beta lying unconscious in Boyd’s arms. “What happened to Erica?” Isaac yells startling the rest of the pack as Boyd carries in the beta as Derek and Peter both come rushing over.

“What happened Boyd” he says slightly softer, trying to reassure the teen and control his anger.

Boyd takes a deep breath. “We followed the smell for a bit, trying to figure out what it was as it didn’t seem dangerous or anything, but we couldn’t find the source. Then Erica spotted these things
hanging in a tree, kind of like dolls made out of twigs and leaves that were hanging all over the tree. There were at least a dozen of them and it was really freaky” he took another breath “but then Erica touched one and things went nuts. She screamed and reared back like she did when still had seizures and then collapsed.”

Isaac whimpers as he moves closer to Derek who reaches out to Boyd’s shoulder to give him a squeeze of support. “You didn’t know and you probably couldn’t have stopped her” Derek tells the young werewolf knowing where the boy’s mind was taking him. Guilt was a common feeling for Derek and he was able to sense it in others fairly easily.

“I pulled her away as fast I could but then all of sudden there were these cloaked figures around us, I hadn’t smelled or heard any of them before, and I wolfed out but they just laughed and one of them threw this bundle of sticks and leaves at me and all of a sudden it was like I was fighting a chainsaw. That damn thing was slicing and tearing at me and I couldn’t get a hand on it and then the others started attacking. One threw a fireball and another tossed a lightning bolt but I was able to dodge both. I knew I was outgunned so I grabbed Erica and ran” Boyd confessed, shame clear in his every gesture.

“Boyd, if you were facing a full coven of dark witches, then running is probably the only reason you and Erica are even alive” Peter said managing to sound annoyed. “Even an Alpha would struggle alone and those items probably cursed Erica so she would have been vulnerable and unable to protect herself if you had chosen to fight.”

“Peter’s right Boyd, you were smart” Derek said, his eyes flashing at his beta and Derek could sense some of the tension ease out of the teen. “We need to get Erica help. Peter, go to Deaton’s and let him know what happened and see if he can help. Isaac, let Scott know what’s going on and have him tell Allison and her father. Boyd, stay here with Erica and call Jackson and have him and Lydia come help you” Derek gave out orders as he stood up.

“And what will you be doing while we are all doing this, dear nephew?” Peter asked the alpha looking strangely smug and amused.

Derek growled. “I will go talk with Stiles to see what he can find out about this coven and Erica’s situation. Boyd, can you draw me a picture of what you saw?” he ignored his Uncle’s smirk.

“Better” Boyd said and sent Derek a text. Looking at the message, Derek saw several pictures attached of the strange dolls and of a symbol that had been carved into the tree. He nodded and pocketed the phone and ushered everyone out of the doors as Boyd started calling Jackson.

Stiles was sitting on his bed reading the book on Runes and seriously considering his idea of using the tattoo kit to create some permanent runes of protection, focus, and maybe a few others despite his fear of needles and blood. Stephen agreed that enhanced with Stiles’ own magics that the idea would probably be very effective as Runes were a form of in between magic. “You might want to try creating some runes and sigils on objects first. Perhaps here and at your father’s work” he suggests and Stiles wonders if his dad would let him in long enough put runes on one of the jail cells so that it would hold supernatural prisoners without him realizing it.

“I have some ideas of creating some new ones by combining different traditions from Celtic, Norse, and even Sumerian texts” Stiles says excitedly as he sketches out one that he was considering. He was really enjoying himself when he felt a pulse of something that caused him to look around for the cause. “What?” he muttered as he realized that his ‘magic senses’ were tingling just as he heard the
sound of something landing on the roof. Looking over at the window he wasn’t surprised to see it opening with a leather clad figure outside.

Derek slipped quietly into Stiles’ room, knowing that he was home alone from the singular heartbeat in the house. He was slightly surprised when he realized that Stiles was watching him enter the room instead of reading or on the computer. Usually Derek made it into the room before Stiles ever realized he was there. “Derek” Stiles acknowledged with a smirk like he had just caught him doing something.

“Witches” Derek growled shoving his phone at the teen with Boyd’s pictures already pulled up. “Tonight in the preserve.”

Stiles rolled his eyes at the stunted communication skills of the Alpha as he looked at the pictures. He went through them several times, making grunts and hums, before he pauses on the symbol carved on the tree. “Okay, the dolls appear to be some type of homunculus or totem, I will have to investigate a bit more to see if the materials have any particular relevance. I don’t suppose Boyd told you what they were made with?” he asks hopefully.

“Twigs and leaves” Derek tells him and then looks constipated by the look of exasperation that Stiles gives him.

“Yeah Derek, but what kinds? Did they use elm, cedar, oak, ash? Were the leaves special like ivy or willow or were they from the same tree as the twig? Was there any signs of corn husks or any unusual smells?” Stiles says trying not to show his frustration.

Derek frowns realizing that he has been smelling something off. “Mint” he growls looking at the teen. “Like in here” he looks suspicious.

Stiles frowns before picking up the cup on his desk and handing it to the werewolf. “Peppermint tea – eases digestion” he says and Derek is nearly bowled over by the strong smell. He scrunches his nose adorably, NO!, not adorable, bad Stiles!

“Boyd said it was burnt mint. Also apple, vinegar, and ozone” Derek added slowly and saw Stiles eyes widen.

“Apple, vinegar and mint? That sounds familiar. I will look into it and bring what I find to the loft. How did you find all of this?” he asks as he turns on his laptop.

“Erica and Boyd were attacked” Derek grunts and steps back when Stiles jumps up and flails his arms and yells.

“What? Are they okay? Why didn’t you say something?” he demands and Derek growls and his eyes flash red.

“Boyd’s fine, banged up but healing. Deaton was coming over to look at Erica. She touched one of those things, screamed and collapsed. We are handling it” he growled.

Stiles rolled his eyes and started muttering under his breath but it was still loud enough for Derek to make out the ‘bad dog’ and ‘dumbass’ that the teen snarled. “If she is out after touching one, she is probably cursed” he says absently. “I can probably come up with a counter for when we face them” he tells the Alpha.

“It’s too dangerous Stiles. Just get us the information and we will handle it” Derek demands and Stiles jumps back up. They argue for several minutes with Derek reminding Stiles that he is human and easily hurt and Stiles reminding Derek that he’s a dumbass, which probably isn’t very
convincing but does make Stiles feel better. Finally Derek snarls “Just get us the info Stiles” before jumping out the window and taking off before Stiles can respond.

“You butthead” he yells out the window at the retreating shadow before slamming the window shut and stalking back to his desk. “Fricking furry bastard” he grumbles and hears a chuckle behind him and turns to see Stephen floating there looking at him with a contemplative expression. “What’s so funny?” he demands.

“Nothing” Stephen says trying to look innocent. “Interesting relationship you have with the werewolf” he adds off-handedly.

Stiles turns back to his computer muttering about ‘stuck up alphas’ and ‘you’re too fragile Stiles’ before it turns into a steady stream of complaints about the Alpha’s fashion sense, house decorating skills, and the use of copious amounts of hair product not to mention those damn eyebrows. “It definitely sounds like he is...difficult” Stephen offers and that sets Stiles off again letting out a new stream of complaints. He doesn’t notice the amused and speculative look on the sorcerer’s face or the humor in the man’s expression that grows as he listens to Stiles rants.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter up on Saturday! More pack. More Witches. And guess who shows up to cause even more problems for our valiant pack of heroes?
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Erica cursed + Stiles Angry = bad news!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Stiles leans back in his chair and rubs his eyes to try and clear the fuzziness. He has been on a roll and between his new books, his old ones, and his online resources he has made some serious headway on the witch problem. He had found out that the dolls were probably part of a curse designed to ensnare the soul of a person, the person who touched it, so that the witch could draw on their power and werewolves would have more power than normal people. He also found a possible solution, a way to break the link between the curse and the victim by using a blend of Mistletoe, Holly, and Moly which he found in a text that referred to Odysseus using against Circe. He had also figured out that the symbol was associated with an old coven that had been suspected of several incidents in the south. He had even called a friend of Martinique’s in New Orleans who had confirmed that these were ‘bad juju’ and he warned Stiles to be careful.

Stiles picked up his phone to call Derek with the information he had so far but the Alpha didn’t answer so he called back. On the third try, Derek finally answered, obviously very annoyed as he answered “What?”

“Derek, I got some info for you about witches” Stiles starts off only to be cut off by the werewolf.

“Stiles, not now. Deaton is trying to help Erica but she is reacting badly to it, she’s having a major seizure” Derek snarls and Stiles can hear the struggle in the background.

“Put me on speaker!” Stiles yells and hears the click as he does so despite Derek’s growls. “Doc! I found a possible way to break the curse!” he yells out.

Stiles hears the older man voice, frustration clear despite his usual stoic demeanor “I am trying something now Mr. Stilinski” he grunts out just as Erica screams again.

“Did you include Mistletoe? Holly? Moly?” Stiles calls out and when he says the last item he hears the druid suddenly swear.

“Moly?” Deaton's voice is suddenly louder like he is closer to the phone.

“Yes, Moly was used by Odysseus to fight Circe. It is supposed to break the link between a witch and her target, preventing her magic from affecting the target if the person chews on it. Mixed with the other ingredients, it should break the link between the doll and Erica” Stiles explains quickly.

Suddenly Deaton is gone and Stiles can hear noises in the background when it suddenly goes quiet and he can’t hear anything. “What’s happening?! Someone say something dammit!” Stiles yells after the quiet goes on for too long for comfort.

“Deaton used your mixture and” Derek pauses and Stiles hears sounds of happiness and possibly someone crying “…it looks like it worked” Derek says. “The curse appears to be broken, Erica is conscious. She is still banged up as she wasn’t healing, but it looks like she will be okay” Derek says.
sounding relieved.

“Good work Mr. Stilinski” Dr. Deaton’s voice comes back. “I didn’t think of Moly as it is not used by Witches or Druids. I was lucky that I had some on hand in my bag that I was studying” he admits sheepishly. “I am sure Ms. Reyes will be very grateful you found it” he says sincerely.

“Glad I could help” Stiles says sincerely. “I also found some stuff on the sigil. I will email it to you Derek. Seems that it is associated with a coven of dark witches, the Comeau family from New Orleans. Really nasty. I will send you what I have” Stiles says and hears a slight grunt and a mumbled ‘thank you’ before the phone disconnects.

“Your friend is safe?” Stephen asks even though Stiles knows he was listening to the whole conversation.

“Looks like it” Stiles says slowly with a trace of heat in his voice “but I am not happy with them. Everything I read suggests that that doll was a trap designed to siphon powers from the victims to power something dark and definitely not friendly” Stiles said looking at the sorcerer.

“Agreed. I would also imagine that if they put that many at that tree, they expected to catch a group...maybe a pack even” Stiles felt his blood go cold at that thought. “They may have also put them in other places to catch other victims. Have you heard of any other people affected like your friend was?”

Stiles freezes at that thought. What if there were more victims? If they aren’t dead or injured, his dad probably wouldn’t be involved and may not even know. If the targets were not supernatural, Derek and the pack would also probably be out of the loop. The hospital! Picking up his phone he quickly dials Melissa McCall’s number.

“Stiles? What’s wrong?” she asks sounding tired. Ever since Melissa found out about the supernatural she had been doing good not to lose it and had adjusted pretty well to the craziness though he knew she would prefer not to have to deal with all of it. She was still arguing with Stiles about telling his father about all of it.

“We have a witch problem and just managed to get Erica uncursed. But it wanted to check to see if anyone else had showed up with similar symptoms. She was unconscious and unresponsive, but appeared to be having seizures” Stiles detailed how Erica had reacted.

“Stiles” Melissa’s voice was low and urgent. “We have had seven people admitted in the last two days in some kind of comatose or unconscious state. Two of them have died during convulsions and we can’t find any cause” she whispers.

“I’ll tell Deaton, he might be able to help” Stiles says and shoots Derek a text about the other victims at the hospital. “This is getting out of hand, we need to do something” he says looking at Stephen floating over his bed.

“I agree. These witches seem intent on causing harm. They are draining lives and energy to do something and breaking the link to the young werewolf will deprive them of enough power that they will probably act rashly to replace it. I think I saw something in one of your books that may help” Stephen moves to settle in Stiles’ body and they combined their thoughts and quickly Stiles found what the sorcerer had been thinking about. There was a treatise on the natural flows of energy in an area, the telluric currents, and how magic disrupted those flows.

Going to his back yard, Stiles sat on the ground and did his breathing to focus and center himself and he sent his awareness into the nearest current. One of the key things that Stiles had going for him that
the witches probably didn’t was the fact that Stiles was born and raised in Beacon Hills which meant that this was his home territory and the energy of the place recognized him and so his touching the currents caused almost no reaction. He let his awareness flow along the line until it branched and Stiles felt his mind branch as well. In a few minutes he was touching lines all over the county, connected to them like a spider sitting in his web, allowing the sensations and vibrations come to him.

“Now, imagine the currents like the water on a lake. See how it moves naturally, how it flows along its beds and channels that were created naturally? We are looking for something moving against that natural flow” Stephen instructed him.

Stiles was visualizing the whole of Beacon County in his mind, he felt calmed when he saw the comforting blue green flow of the telluric currents as they moved naturally when he spotted the aberration. A flash of red so dark it was nearly black, moving against the healthy flow. Stiles allows his senses to drift and he suddenly felt sick, nauseous, and repelled but he still forced himself to push closer. He could feel over a dozen of these dark wells, that sick energy pulsing like a sore and leaving a blight in his mind.

“That is it. You found the witches” Stephen confirmed Stiles’ suspicions and the teen pulled his senses back to normal and took a moment to deal with the rush of dizziness that overwhelmed him. “You should be able to ‘drink’ of the healthy telluric currents to recharge your energies” Stephen suggests and Stiles follows the man’s thoughts and reaches down, dipping a mental ‘hand’ to the clean energy and suddenly he feels a boost like he had just pounded a triple shot expresso!

“Oh!” Stiles exclaims happily “that was amazing!” He smiles and pulls out his phone and saw there were no new messages. He tried calling Derek again to advise the alpha but didn’t get an answer this time. “They must either still be dealing with Erica or going to the hospital” he mutters.

“If they break the other connections, the witches will be severely weakened. They probably tied their coven to the curse and any rebound will make them vulnerable” Stephen informed Stiles as he follows the teen’s thoughts.

“So if we were there when they got that backlash, we might be able to act” Stiles said with a slow, predatory smile. These witches hurt Erica and killed two people, driving them out would be a very good thing. He isn't going to wait for Derek!

Grabbing his bat and his keys, Stiles heads to the jeep when he feels a sigh from his passenger. “What?” he asks and Stephen just laughs and says he will explain later. Stiles nods and drives towards where he felt the witches were located. He drives for about twenty minutes before he realizes that they must be in the woods next to the abandoned meat plant that closed about ten years ago. “Why would they be here?” he wondered.

“With the number of animals that were killed in this place, the blood and residual life energy would have seeped into the very earth and could act as a foundation for their dark magic” Stephen tells him.

They get out of the car just as Stiles hears a scream of fury and pain and races around the building towards the noise. He moves through the trees until he comes upon a clearing, a large open area and Stiles rushes in, bat held up, and slams to a stop. Inside the large clearing he sees the dozen or so men and women, all wearing robes and feathered masks, in a circle with most of them either on the ground or looking unsteady. The last link must have been broken and the coven had just been caught in the backlash!

“Hey!” Stiles yelled out and saw several of the figure look at him in surprise. He spots one in the
center, surrounded by chalk drawings on the ground and a hell of a lot of candles, who looks at him while her hands twist on the dagger she’s holding. “Your coven is done for in this town. I’ll give you one chance to get the hell out” Stiles growls fiercely but apparently for naught as the woman in the center starts laughing.

“You stupid boy! I don’t know how you broke our curses but you have put yourself at our mercy. We can sacrifice you in this place and that will give us more than enough power to gather more victims and we will complete the summoning rite. Seize him!” she yells and several of the others move towards him, one who holds up his hands that are suddenly surrounded by sickly pale light that makes Stiles feel somehow both sick and offended.

“Protect yourself!” Stephen warns and Stiles holds up his hand to summon his shield when his ring, Seartate, suddenly glows with a blue white light. Stiles watches in shock as the man with the glowing hands shoots out a ray of light that is drawn down into the moonstone. As Stiles watches, he realizes that the light isn’t being sent to the ring, but rather the ring is pulling it out of the guy, draining him. He sees three others start to glow and all of a sudden beams of light are being pulled from them as well, being absorbed into the ring.

Just as quickly as it started, it ends with the four falling down looking utterly betrayed. “What did you do to us!” one of the men screams at Stiles. “You stole our magic!” he wails. Stiles is just as surprised by the turn of events and doesn’t know how to reply or what to say. The other witches look just as confused.

“Fascinating! Witches, while all sharing abilities, do not share the same power source. Like their affinity for trinities, there are three powers that give witches their abilities and covens, light and dark, tend to have a mix of all three to maximize their effectiveness. The Moon witches are powered by the moon and, like the moon, their power waxes and wanes. Some magics are more effective if they are cast during the correct phase of the moon. Star witches draw their power from the stars and while ever present and constant, they lack the strength and impact of the Moon witches. They are consistent though and have the benefit of being unaffected by things like eclipses. Finally there are Earth witches which draw their power from the earth itself. Their power is strong and powerful, but inflexible and often unyielding. They are not creative like the others but rather they are the muscle of the coven. Your ring apparently severed the connection of the coven’s moon witches, taking their magic from them” Stephen said sounding intrigued while Stiles wishes he would save the lesson for later.

“Kill him! The coven leader screamed and Stiles saw everyone pull out knives and daggers, no one appeared to want to risk their magic not realizing that Stiles probably couldn’t affect them the same way he did their brethren.

The first two witches rushed him and Stiles summoned his magical shields and slammed both of them, sending them sprawling across the field. “Sorcerer!” the leader screamed in fury and Stiles focused on a piles of rocks nearby and sent them flying towards two witches running at his side, braining both of them and sending them to the ground. The next few minutes the witches try just about everything to get close enough to Stiles to stab him but he keeps blocking them with the magic shield, as well as a whip of magic that Stephen explains easily enough that he is able to use it to great effect and he even manages to ‘convince’ several trees to send their roots to trip up the witches.

“You fools!” the leader screeches as her hood comes down and Stiles see the wealth of jet black hair on the woman’s face, a face twisted with hate and fury. She grabs one of her coven members and without warning, she drives her knife into the woman’s heart. Most of the other witches don’t see it, but two that do nod in agreement and each of them quickly grab another witch and stab them. Now all three of them are glowing with stolen power and the other witches are scrambling to get away
from not only Stiles but those three.

The leader sends a blast of smoke and fire at Stiles that he deflects with his magical shield only to barely get it back to block the green lightning that blast at him. The three witches keep hammering him with fire, lighting, and shadows when Stiles changes his strategy and, drawing on the telluric currents, he creates a globular shield surrounding him on all sides as the witches scream in frustration and step up their attacks. “Any advice would be welcome!” he asks his mentor and sees the astral form of the Sorcerer Supreme rise up and hover beside him.

“They are flush with power from sacrificing their own coven members. I believe that there is a way that you will can turn their power back on them, drawing it through yourself down to be cleansed in the telluric lines, and then channeling it back to the caster, pure and refined” Stephen says carefully.

“I can do that?” Stiles asks in disbelief but Stephen just nods and comes back inside and Stiles sees exactly what the man is suggesting. He also sees what Dr. Strange wasn’t telling him. He would be not only risking his own life by doing this. If he faltered, then their magic would overwhelm him, burning him from the inside out. And even if is successful so that he doesn’t die, when he channels it back, he is certain that there will be no way that the witches would survive that power coming back to them. If he does this, he would be killing them.

Stiles swallows nervously and is not sure he can do this. He knows if Scott were here he would refuse trying to find a peaceful solution. Peter wouldn’t hesitate to kill the whole coven for threatening the pack. Stiles remembers a passage he read in one of the books on necromancy about how people justified killing. The book didn’t give any answers, but it did make Stiles really think about it. He and Stephen had also discussed how Stephen had defeated his first foes by having them sucked into the dark dimension. Stephen was definitely pragmatic; they were a threat to the world, now they weren’t so it was a win.

Stiles had struggled with the idea of his magic killing anyone because he knew that his dad truly believed in his role as a law man. That brought him back to Scott and his view of the world in clear black and white terms. For him, there was no grays but that wasn’t really true was it? What did he do to Derek during the Gerard affair? His willingness to risk others for Ally? No, Scott might believe that he was acting in a morally superior manner, the truth was that he never really had to face the fact of evil. Stiles had seen the crime photos of the Hale fire that showed the few remains that didn’t burn as well as more than a few others that had shown Stiles that evil was real.

Peter? Derek? What would they do? Easy, they had killed before to protect and defend their pack and their territory. While most of their foes were supernatural, something that Scott seemed to have a lower standard of concern for protecting, they didn’t hesitate to deal with humans who were just as monstrous as any boogie man. Peter had killed from a mix of insanity and an overwhelming demand for revenge, but whiles Stiles didn’t agree, he also understood why the man had done it and couldn’t say that he wouldn’t have reacted the same if someone had killed everyone he loved. Killing Kate was definitely not a bad thing to Stiles, he was more certain than ever that she was a monster who was way worse than Peter ever was and that was when he realized his answer. He would fight for people, supernatural or human, but once he knew that they were monsters from their actions? Then he felt no qualms if it became necessary to end them.

These three witches had not only just killed their own coven members for power and to murder others, they also killed at least two people, hurt and almost killed five others and Erica. Stiles focused on Stephen’s instructions and dropped his shields and grabbed for the telluric lines tying him to them and was suddenly engulfed in a burning flow coming at him from the three witches attacks as well as the line of power from the lines that all slammed into him and all he could do was hold on and trust. He gritted his teeth as he struggled to tie all the magic together and suddenly the circuit snapped into
place and Stiles was almost knocked over by the sudden lack of pain and the frightening clarity he suddenly gained. He saw the three Comeau witches and got flashes of their lives and actions and they were nothing short of horrifying. Marie Comeau, the leader of the coven, was as dark a witch as she could be and had killed dozens on her quest for power. She planned to use the power of the curses to twist and control the nemeton to allow her to summon a shadow creature that would serve her like a pet as she fed it human lives and souls. Francis Comeau, her younger brother, was just as bad preferring to use his powers to overwhelm innocent victims, feeding on their pain and fear often sending them home unable to speak of their treatment at his hands if he didn’t kill them outright. Orville Comeau, a cousin of the siblings, was cruel, twisted, and just plain vicious. He enjoyed hurting and killing and was planning on killing his cousins to steal their power the first chance he got.

"Stiles, are you okay?" Stephen asks the teen, unable to touch his mind while the boy was in the magical loop.

"Yes. I’m ready” Stiles answered and then he completed the spell and cycled the energy between himself and the lines until it had built up and then he sent it back to the Comeau’s, now cleansed, without the darkness that infected every breath of the dark witches. Stiles watched as each of them realized what he had done and desperately tried to break free but it was far too late for any of them. The magic hit them full on and raced through every single cell in their bodies, lighting them up like a solar flare and when the light faded there was nothing left but three scorch marks and the faint smell of smoke.

Stiles dropped the magic and the clearing went dark. He looked around and saw the stunned faces of the remaining witches. Of their coven, three were now burned to ash, three were killed by their own coven members, and of the seven remaining witches three had been rendered powerless, the witch Francis killed was one of witches that Stiles had de-magicked.

"You will leave” Stiles voice cut through the clearing was as cold as ice as he surrounding himself with his shields. “Anywhere west of the Rockies is my territory and if you are still here in 24 hours, you will not live to see 25. GO!” he roared and the witches screamed and ran, every witch for themselves, dropping their daggers and other items in their haste to escape the terrifying figure before them.

“Impressive. Why didn’t you kill all of them?” Stephen asks him softly. Stiles can feel the curiosity and understanding from the other man but there is something else there. Like he is being tested.

“I killed the three because I didn’t have a choice though I wish I could have stripped their powers instead like the ring did to the others. But I am not going to kill unless I know it is the only option. I suppose I could have turned them in to the police but I am betting that with their coven’s power broken, the magic that they used to hide their crimes will also fade and maybe they will face mortal justice. Either way, it is not for me to play that role” he says with a sigh. “I’m just a teenager.”

Stiles feels Stephen’s satisfaction with that answer. “Let’s go home. I think that tomorrow I have some ideas for some spells that will be very useful for your pack. But you need to sleep first.” Stiles smiles and heads to his jeep determined to stay awake long enough to shower first!

Ricardo ducked the bottle that Deucalion had thrown at him with uncanny accuracy for a blind werewolf. He had joined the Alpha Pack when they had come to his old Alpha’s territory last year and the Alpha of Alphas had convinced him to kill his former alpha and take his power. Deucalion convinced him that he would be in a position of power and influence but it seemed that the Demon
Wolf already had his generals in the brutish Ennis and psychotic Kali. The twins were his secret weapons that he unleashed on packs unexpectedly. He and Lisa had both joined later, she had also overthrown her Alpha, but she seemed more than happy with the chance to kill and terrorize others, following Kali along eager for the other woman’s approval.

Then in Los Angeles, Kali and Ennis had bitten a half dozen thugs to become their betas for this trip. Deucalion liked having them create new betas for a fight and then kill them later to take that power. Ricardo was more and more convinced that he should have run instead of staying but it was too late now, his fate was tied to Deucalion. His old Alpha had been cruel and controlling, but some of the others in the pack had not been too bad. Deucalion didn’t care, he wanted only the strongest wolves in his pack and Ricardo was convinced that the man wanted to create an army for his war with some enemy that he never talked about.

“Where are they?” Deucalion demanded of his wolves and smiled fiercely at the quivering betas. They might be thugs, murderers, and criminals before, but they still trembled before the demon wolf and his fury.

“They are keeping their heads down. We heard that the Argents had captured two of the betas that were apparently deserting Hale, but that appears to be bad information” Kali told him. “They got free and as far as we can tell they are back with the Hale runt.”

“What about human members?” their leader asked looking towards the twins, his dark glasses reflecting their contorted faces.

“So far we identified three possibilities. The Argent girl appears to be the girlfriend of the omega” Aiden reports. “We aren’t sure what the connection between Hale and McCall is.”

“The three betas; Lahey, Boyd, and Reyes appear to be focused on pack and the other one Jackson has two humans that he hangs out with, but we are not sure whether they are in the know or not. Danny Mahealani appears normal and a friend but it’s Whittemore’s girlfriend that we are not sure about” Ethan tells him.

“Why? What makes her special?” Deucalion asks the young Alpha. He himself had gotten a strange sensation when he passed the girl in town a few days ago.

“As near as we can tell, she was bit by Peter Hale, but she isn’t a werewolf” Ethan explained, his confusion clear on his face.

“If she was bitten, she turned or died” Kali stated flatly. “Obvious she isn’t dead or a wolf, she wasn’t bitten.”

“We know” Aiden said sullenly. “But there is a lot of students at the high school that saw her after she was attacked and they all agree that it was a bite. She was in the hospital for a few days before she wandered off and was found walking in the woods naked. We smelled her and she definitely isn’t a wolf…but she doesn’t smell entirely human either.”

“We will have to get more information. Contact Peter Hale” Deucalion said looking at Kali “see if we can get any information from him. He was always desperate for power and now his nephew has the Hale Alpha power so let’s see if we can convince him to take it and become an alpha in his own right again.” Kali nodded and headed out.

“Were there any other possible pack members?” Deucalion asked the twins and sensed that they were holding something back. “Well?” he asked as his eyebrow rose in anticipation.
“There is one other possibility, but when we smelled him, we could only sense faint traces of the pack, barely more than he would have gotten passing them in school. The only reason we considered him is that he is McCall’s best friend. Kid’s name is Stilinski” Aiden tells him.

“The son of the sheriff?” Deucalion’s question surprises both alpha twins, they hadn’t realized that about the spaz they observed. “We will have to be cautious with that one, we do not want to involve the humans if we don’t have to, at least not yet. Pay special attention and see if anything changes.”

Deucalion looked at the beta cannon fodder and smiled wickedly. “I want you all to find out everything about the families of the other betas. Do not draw attention to yourselves, but we need to know how to pressure them and killing a parent or sibling will often motivate a young beta to obey” he ordered and Ricardo felt a bit sick at the enjoyment that came into the beta’s eyes though he was careful not to show it. “Ricardo, you and Lisa investigate the police in town, especially the sheriff. I want to know where he lives and if there is any sign that he knows about us.” The alphas nod and leave the demon wolf sitting in the warehouse that they had taken over to consider his plots and plans in the silent darkness.

Chapter End Notes

About time for a certain father/daughter duo to show up next chapter! See you Wednesday!
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

We get a couple of different perspectives in this chapter. The appearance of some of our missing characters as well as a bit of a showdown between Stiles and Scott over something that should have been dealt with long ago.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chris Argent did not like this. He had lost too much over the last year and he was tired of all of the shit that had descended on him since returning to Beacon Hills. This was supposed to be a simple job, come in and deal with some rogues and see if anything had filled the vacuum left by the Hales abandoning their ancestral territory, and then a nice few years waiting for Allison to graduate. Finding out that Derek Hale had returned had been a surprise, as much as the news of the death of Laura Hale shortly before the boy had arrived from New York. Chris had checked on that very carefully and found absolute evidence that the man hadn’t left New York before his sister had died.

That didn’t mean he was innocent, Chris had been too well trained to ever assume that of a werewolf, even the young ones, but it didn’t mean that he done something that had violated the code that would call for his extermination. Kate’s arrival had complicated things but it was discovering that his sister had been responsible for the mass murder of a stable and peaceful pack that had been the most difficult to accept, despite the evidence. Finding out how she had accomplished it was a massive blow to his sense of justice and pride in what he did. Not only breaking the code, but molesting a teen to get the information to do so and leaving the boy traumatized had left Christopher Argent with a massive guilt complex.

Adding to that, finding out his daughter was dating a werewolf, dealing with his father’s madness and corruption, and everything that led to Victoria’s suicide was the final blow. Seeing his father manipulate his family was enough to push him off the fence and Chris Argent began taking steps. He manipulated a few situations to give the edge to Hale’s pack against his father while Chris reached out to several other family members, including the Grande Matriarch of the Argents. Clarissant Margearey Argent was a formidable woman who ultimately commanded every branch of the Argents who were hunters on four continents and at her command, people died, horribly.

She had been trained to fight the supernatural since she was seven years old, assuming the matriarch role of her branch of the family at twenty three and from there she quickly established herself as a power in the hunting world. She destroyed rabid packs and established treaties with others that insured peace and safety for the people in her territory. Clarissant Argent had become Grande Matriarch at thirty eight and had held that illustrious position for over thirty years now and while she may no longer have the physical strength to hunt, she didn’t need it. At her command, hundreds of hunters would respond, and not a few non-humans who supported the woman.

Chris had written a report of everything happening in Beacon Hills and sent it to his Grande Matriarch right after Victoria had been bitten. The only acknowledgement he got was shortly before the Hale pack finally beat Gerard in that warehouse. Chris had suspected his father was connected to the killings but when he discovered that he was the kanima’s master, it was too much. He sent a follow up message with all the additional information from that night and shortly thereafter he received a summons to come to France. He and Allison left for France after Hale defeated his father
and freed the Whittemore boy from his father and right after the school year had ended.

Chris had come upon his father that night outside the warehouse, black goo pouring out every orifice as the man crawled on the ground trying to escape the pack. Disgusted at the sight of the man he once respected, even if he had lost that respect long ago, he still put his father in a car and drove him to a long-term care facility to monitor him. Finding out that McCall had betrayed him by poisoning the man with mountain ash so that when he received the bite it would stop or kill him was a major surprise. He had to admit he didn’t think that the kid had the guts and, unwillingly, the boy went up in his eyes for managing that feat.

Arriving in France with his daughter, who was struggling with everything she had done and learned, they faced the judgement of Clarissant Argent who questioned both of them mercilessly. After nearly a week of investigation she declared that both Kate and Gerard were to be stricken from the Argent family name and records and that no family member from this point forward would help them in any way and she even put out the word that their lives were forfeit. Chris thought that was overkill since Kate was dead but he didn't challenge the woman's edict.

Chris told the Grande Matriarch about the facility he had placed Gerard in when they arrived but when her team sent to deal with the eldest Argent arrived, they reported that the man was gone without a trace. She was furious but she believed Chris was not in fact involved when she discovered that several of the family accounts had been accessed and drained by Gerard so she sent a team to hunt down Gerard and end him. Clarissant also took an interest in Allison and took responsibility for her training not just in hunting, but in the politics of being both an Argent and a Matriarch.

“You lover is a werewolf?” Clarissant had asked with one elegant eyebrow raised just enough to cause Allison Argent to squirm in discomfort. Chris hadn’t held back in his report, making sure to tell her everything, good and bad, that had happened. Now it was Allison’s turn to face that most terrifying woman.

“We broke up” Allison mumbled “…sort of” she added grudgingly. Clarissant did not look either impressed or even that she believed the girl.

“First loves are full of passion and emotion and rarely do they end when the reason is the interference from the families” the old woman’s arch tone suggested that Allison was foolish but there was something else there. “I once knew a fae noble when I was a girl” she said surprising both Chris and Allison. “He was so beautiful it hurt to look at him” she sighed “and he was an amazing lover” she said with a wistful smile.

Chris was impressed that he managed not to drop his mouth at the admission that the Grande Matriarch had slept with a non-human. Allison was a lot more obvious based on the older woman’s laugh. “You look scandalized my dear” Clarissant smiled and grabbed Allison’s arm and led her off. “So tell me about your beast” she teased and Chris saw his daughter suddenly blush at the joke.

It turns out that more than a few hunters had loved, even married, supernaturals over the centuries so she wasn’t as outraged as Gerard had been or as twisted as Kate. The older woman also pushed both of them to expand their skills. Chris was officially named Argent regent until Allison was twenty one when she would be of age to claim the title of matriarch. She also released all of his branch of the family’s accounts and money to him instead of Gerard, who hadn't been able to access all of them to drain, which turned out to be substantially more money than he had ever suspected. Just more lies and secrets from Gerard. He also learned that Gerard was not an Argent, but rather he took his wife’s name when he married her as he was not from a hunting family. Chris wondered if that sense of inadequacy was part of Gerard’s problem.

But all of that was over and done with and now that he was back in Beacon Hills he had to deal with
Derek Hale and his pack, including the eldest Hale...the werewolf who killed his sister. Clarissant had ruled that Peter had paid for his crimes when Derek killed him. His return gave him a clean slate in the eyes of the code and despite their personal feelings, both he and Allison had accepted her decision. Chris raised his fist to the large door to Derek’s loft and banged, the sound resounding in the large space. The echo hadn’t finished sounding when the door opened and Chris saw the large, silent form of Derek’s beta Vernon Boyd standing there. The teen looked at Chris, trying to seem unconcerned but Chris could tell that he made the beta nervous. “Let him in” Chris heard Derek’s voice from inside the loft.

Boyd stepped back and Chris walked past and saw the werewolf’s nose flare as he smelled the wolfsbane on the bullets in Chris’ gun. Chris saw Derek, Peter, the Lahey kid and the Reyes girl all in the apartment. There was no sign of McCall or Stilinski. He also didn’t see the Whittemore boy or the Martin girl around either. “Hale” he grunted out.

“Appreciate you leaving your men outside” Peter drawled and Chris didn’t blink. He was sure that the pack knew that he came in three cars with eight men, all of them armed and trained. Chris ignored the older werewolf and focused on Derek.

“McCall, Mrs. McCall that is, told me about the witches’ curse on the people at the hospital” Chris said both a statement and a question.

“Erica was cursed first but we managed to break it” Derek told the hunter. “Deaton was able to come up with a cure for the others. We are planning how to deal with the witches now that people are no longer under their spells.”

“Not really an issue anymore” Chris smirks sarcastically and enjoys the looks of confusion on the pack’s faces as he realizes he definitely knows more than they do.

“What do you mean?” Derek growls.

“Appears that the coven managed to cross the wrong person…well, they crossed the wrong something. They were fleeing out of town like the fires of hell were after them and we tried to catch one to interrogate but we failed. It seems that whatever they encountered killed almost half of the coven and pretty much terrified the rest of them. A hunter colleague of mine in Texas managed to run into one of them who was fleeing for home in New Orleans and the man, drunk as a skunk, told him that they had faced a terror in Beacon Hills that tore them apart. And that in addition to killing their leaders, several of the witches were actually stripped of their powers. It seems they were also told that if any of them were still west of the Rockies after twenty-four hours then they were going to die, painfully. The coven are still running for the hills” Chris said as he dropped this problem on the alpha’s lap.

“What the hell did they run into?” Erica muttered loud enough that even Chris hear her. The others all look as confused though Derek looks constipated. Peter is frowning and Chris can tell that the oldest werewolf is suddenly feeling a whole lot less certain about what he knows. Turning to leave, Chris promises to let Derek know if he learns anything else and about halfway down the stairs he realizes that he is whistling a jaunty song and chuckles when he realizes that he is actually enjoying the discomfort of the Hale pack, even if he knows he ultimately have to help deal with this latest crisis.

Boyd stepped out of his parent’s house and sighed again as he walked away from his situation at home. Ever since his sister had disappeared, things with his mother and grandmother had been
strained but it seemed that once he took the Bite, he was more aware of the strain in the house. Even though Derek offered to help, even suggesting moving them to a safe place, Boyd knew his grandmother wouldn’t hear of it. The family had been in Beacon Hills for too long.

He felt his phone go off and saw it was Erica calling and he smiled slightly as he answered but before he could say anything the blonde cut him off “Boyd! Is Isaac with you?” she asked and he could hear the desperation in her voice.

“No. He was staying after school to work on some project so I went to see my mother” he replied “have you called him?”

“He’s not answering and he is over two hours late” she tells him and he can hear the panic building in her voice. Ever since their capture, she freaks out if she can’t account for any members of the pack.

“I’ll swing by the school to see if he is still there” Boyd says as he starts running. Erica tells him that Derek will meet him there and Boyd hangs up to run faster. By the time he gets to the school he sees Derek climbing out of his Camaro.

“Where did you see him last?” Derek demanded brusquely.

“We were in the locker room, after practice” Boyd told him as they walked in to the still open school doors. “He said he needed to do some work in the library.”

“We will start in the locker room and then track him” Derek ordered and Boyd nodded in agreement. They stepped into the locker room and both of their eyes flashed, Boyd’s golden and Derek’s Alpha red as they both let out growls as the coppery smell of blood hit their noses. Isaac’s blood. Derek tears through the room looking for any clues but there is nothing there. Derek is racing out of the room, following the scent trail and suddenly they are led to the Lacrosse field and Boyd shrinks back from the sudden furious roar coming from his Alpha.

Derek takes off and Boyd is startled but then he sees it, what set Derek off. The crumbled body of his packmate! Isaac was tied to the lightpost on the edge of the field, bleeding from dozens of cuts and tied with ropes stinking of wolfsbane. “Call the others” Derek growls as he starts ripping at the ropes, ignoring the burns the wolfsbane is giving him. In a few minutes Derek has freed the boy, his hands red and tore up from the burns, so Boyd jumps forward to grab Isaac and lift him up.

Derek nods and they race for the Camaro as Boyd tells his alpha that the others were meeting them at Deaton’s. They reached the car and Derek allowed Boyd to drive as his hands were still too tore up for him to drive safely. Boyd could hear the beta’s labored breathing even though Derek was pulling Isaac’s pain. The Alpha’s fury was tangible so Boyd drove as fast as he dared.

Pulling up at the vet clinic, Jackson and Lydia were standing outside and both of them looked annoyed and irritated until Boyd pulled Isaac’s bloody body from the car then Lydia paled as Jackson growled and his eyes flashed. “What the hell?” Jackson demanded as they brought the beta in and placed him on Deaton’s exam table.

“We found him on the Lacrosse field. The Alpha Pack attacked him” Derek told the others as Deaton began taking care of the wounded beta asking the others to wait outside.

“He is badly hurt, but he should recover” Deaton assures them as he walks out of the exam room a few minutes later. “His wounds were carefully inflicted to maximize his pain and suffering, but not bad enough to be fatal” the druid tells Derek. “He needs to stay tonight, but you should be able to take him home to finish recovering. Hopefully he can tell you what they wanted.”
Derek has Peter and Jackson stay at the clinic with Isaac and Deaton and then takes the rest of the pack back to his loft to try and rest and determine what they will do next. Derek is furious with the Alpha Pack but he doesn’t know how to anticipate their actions. He is certain his sister would not be in this position and would be handling things better.

“Stiles!” Scott yells startling Stiles and causing him to nearly fall over from where he is sitting at his desk studying a book on charms and amulets. Another ‘in between’ magic, Stiles found charms in both Witchcraft and in Magecraft so he is looking at how he can combine them maybe with a little rune work to enhance their powers.

“What the hell man!” Stiles yells as he looks at the frantic expression on his best friends face. Scott looks really worked up about something and it is way too early in the morning for this.

“Isaac was attacked and badly hurt. I called Dr. Deaton and he told me that Derek brought him in all bloody and tore up. Let’s go!” he demands and Stiles grabs his shoes all confused.

“That doesn’t make sense Scotty. Why isn’t Isaac healing?” he asks, confusion clear on his face at Scott’s explanation.

“Who knows what Derek is doing? Maybe he did something to prevent him from healing or something” Scott growls angrily and Stiles stops to look at his friend’s demeanor.

“Scott, you aren’t seriously thinking Derek is the one who hurt Isaac. That’s stupid!” he tells the other boy and he sees Scott getting ready to argue. “If he hurt Isaac, why bring him to Deaton?” he asks and Scott looks a lot less certain than before. Stiles sighs dramatically “You are such a dumbass Scotty. Did you even pause to think before you decided Derek was at fault?”

“It’s Derek!” Scott yells as if that explains everything. He flails his arms as he just seems to squirm under Stiles’ unimpressed glare. Stiles crosses his arms and just continues to stare.

“He seems rather worked up” Stephen dryly notes “and not very bright.” Stiles struggles to not smile or laugh at the sorcerer’s sarcastic commentary.

“Scotty, I love you man but you have got to let go of whatever this is that is making you see Derek as the source of everything bad in the world. The dude is not Darth Lupus” he tells Scott and sees the look of confusion on his friend’s face. “Dude, still? Just watch Star Wars already!” he wails.

"Seriously? He hasn't seen Star Wars? Stephen asks sounded astounded. Stiles just sighed glad someone agreed with him on this.

“I didn’t say he was” Scott tried to explain to his friend “but you have to admit that he has messed things up pretty badly.”

“Yeah. I mean he cured Erica’s epilepsy, gave Isaac the strength to escape from his father who was abusing him and locking him in a freezer and has saved both of our lives more than once at the risk of his own, but it’s not like he lied, manipulated the people closest to him, only to betray him to a geriatric psychopath who gets off on killing and torturing people” Stiles snarked and Stiles could see the moment when Scott realized what Stiles was saying.

“I had no choice Stiles! He was threatening my mom” Scott defended. “He actually came into our house, had Jackson grab her, and threatened to kill her!”
“Yes, I know what he was capable of Scott, I got that. But you still could have told Derek. You don’t think he would understand doing anything for family? And what about me? You could have come to me to help you, she has been like a second mom to me. Don’t you think I would have done anything to help?” Stiles pushed his friend. “You lied to Derek about being part of his pack, knowing how much it meant to him and then you used him, just like Kate did.”

Scott’s face pales as the blood rushes from him and Stiles can see the other teen’s eyes glistening from the words coming from his brother in all but name. “Haven’t you been just as guilty of making mistakes, screwing up, and hurting people as he is? How can you blame him for his mistakes but expect everyone to forgive yours?” Stiles voice is softer and that is somehow almost crueler.

“He cost me my chance to be normal!” Scott whined, he literally whined, and Stiles was done with this crap.

“Did he? Did he really Scott? I have looked and researched and there is absolutely no evidence that killing Peter would have ‘cured’ you. Instead it would have turned you into an Alpha and all that power and aggression? It would have messed you up bad! And in case you have forgotten, that ‘alpha-ness’ belonged to Derek’s mother and sister before Peter killed Laura. That power was Derek’s by right, not yours. And let’s be completely, totally honest…you would have failed” Stiles stated unequivocally.

“I could have…” Scott tried to protest but stopped at the glare Stiles was giving him and looked ashamed.

“No Scott. You couldn’t. I’m sorry man but if you couldn’t kill the old man who was terrorizing your family, the guy who used the Kanima, not Jackson, to threaten your mom, then you wouldn’t have been able to kill Peter. If you were that kind of person then you would have hunted that bastard down and the first moment he was alone or vulnerable, you would have ripped his throat out before he even knew you were there” Stiles told him and saw Scott blanch at the cold blooded description. “If killing someone that imminently dangerous to you and the people you love wasn’t possible, how on earth do you think you could have ripped the throat out of a wounded man, burned and bleeding, lying on the ground staring at you knowing you were going to kill him?”

Stiles shook his head sadly. “Scotty I love you, I do bro, but that is just not you. You always try and find another way, even when you would save so much more by ending the threat completely. It’s not a bad thing, you are a really good person. You want to find a better way and I am proud of you for that, but killing? No, you would have not been able to do it and Derek would have had to do it anyways. Or Chris would have and then the Alpha power would have passed to Derek anyways.”

Scott looks dejected but the fight has gone out of him. He looks at Stiles pitifully and the teen can’t resist those puppy dog eyes very long so they end up hugging. “So what do we do now?” Scott seems somehow smaller while Stiles feels that he has turned a corner.

“We go to Deaton’s and find out what is going on” Stiles replies easily. “Then, you work with Derek on figuring out what the pack should do and when you get the chance, you need to pull him aside apologize to him for what you did.” Stiles cuts off Scott’s reply before it starts. “Yes you will. Scott, you did him wrong, regardless of feeling that you had no choice. If you tell him everything that happened, really tell him, he will probably be more understanding than you might think. He understands being manipulated by the Argents” Stiles reminds him.

Scott nods but wisely doesn’t reply. Stiles finishes getting ready and they walk out and get in Stiles jeep and drive over to the vet clinic. Pulling up they see Derek’s Camaro, Jackson’s Porsche, and a black BMW that they don’t recognize. “The gang’s all here!” Stiles snorts and they head inside.
Walking in to the clinic Stiles is surprised that even he can smell the blood in the room as they spot the rest of the betas in the waiting room. Erica and Boyd are sitting close together and he can see them looking at him with guilt in their eyes as they quickly look away. Stiles sighs and wishes they would stop acting like he was a fragile, delicate thing that would break at the slightest noise. Jackson was sitting across the room looking more tired than annoyed, a first, while Lydia was typing on her phone with a thoughtful expression.

“What happened? How is Isaac?” Scott asked and the others all looked sad and concerned and glanced at the doors just as Scott barged ahead, Stiles trailing behind. Walking in to the exam room, Scott gasped when he saw the terrible state that Isaac was still in. Stiles’ eyes widened when he realized that if Isaac had been healing all night, how bad was it when they found him? “Who did this?” Scott growled but neither Derek nor Peter seemed to take offense though their eyes did flash.

“We are not certain but we think it was the Alpha Pack” Peter replies with a heavy voice and both Scott and Stiles look confused. This leads to elder wolves sharing what they knew about this pack of alphas who attack other packs and how they think they have come to Beacon Hills. They apparently got to Isaac which is why his wounds are taking so long to heal as they were inflicted by alphas. Deaton is quietly listening as the two Hales take turns explaining their belief that they are trying to force Derek’s hand.

“Wait a second” Scott finally says when they slow down. “You knew about this super pack of crazy alphas and you didn’t tell us? Don’t you think that we needed to know that we are being targeted?” he demands.

Derek frowns and looks more unhappy than usual. “We didn’t think that they would be interested in a stray omega and his sidekick. They were threatening my pack and I’m not your Alpha, remember?” he asks flatly.

Stiles is supportive enough of his best friend not to say ‘I told you so’ or something similar when he sees the other teen wince when Derek throws his words from that night back at him. Words that clearly said that Scott didn’t consider Derek or his pack worthy of Scott’s support. A part of Stiles, the more mature part, has to give the man some respect for delivering such a blistering bitch-slap so effectively.

“Fine, you and Scott are still fighting and you don’t want to talk to him, but why didn’t you tell me so I could help?” Stiles asked and he glared when Peter laughed. “Something funny ‘satan in a v-neck’?” Stiles directs that to the older Hale.

“You are so refreshing Stiles, I have to say again I really should have bitten you that night” he says with a leer. “And might I add, you smell…extra special this morning” he says oily and Stiles shivers.

“Irish spring perv-wolf” Stiles says with a glare “remember that No means No!” he adds and frowns when the older man just chuckles at him ignoring the slight growl coming from Derek.

“We don’t need you two involved. If you stay away from the pack, then the Alpha Pack will probably ignore you” Derek says with finality and stomps out of the exam room, Peter trailing after him and stopping to take a deep inhale as he walks by Stiles causing the teen to flail away and let out a disgusted peep.

“See, they don’t want our help” Scott tells his friend and Stiles rolls his eyes knowing the boy is using this as an excuse to avoid apologizing. “Will Isaac be okay?” he asks Deaton with concern clear in his voice.
“He will recover physically” Deaton assures them. “Derek is taking him home in a bit and being with his pack will help with the healing.”

They stay at the vet’s until the pack takes Isaac home and then Stiles agrees to take Scott to the mall where they spend nearly two hours as Scott desperately searches for the ‘perfect’ gift for Allison when she finally returns from France. He doesn’t find it, but is still determined. Scott spends the entire time going on about Allison’s everything and how her emails suggest that they might be able to fix things which means he has another chance. Seriously, after two hours of ‘everything Allison’, Stiles deserves the Nobel Peace Prize for not zapping the guy. He drops off Scott at home and just shakes his head as he drives away and blinks when Stephen appears in the passenger seat.

“I seriously thought all of that teenage drama and angst was exaggerated, guess I was wrong” he said sounding exhausted. “I think that I know a way to get us the help we need to find the spell that will allow me to stop Mordo. So, how do you feel about a trip to New York?”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter goes up Saturday where Stiles gets a shiny new toy, a new friend, and some more training. Note: several people are asking about how and when everyone will find out about Stiles - they will in different ways (Chapter 11 is when the first person(s) find out) - Love to hear your guesses! :)


Thank you to everyone for the kudos and comments. All of the enthusiasm and support is greatly appreciated. This chapter gives a bit more on the Scott and Stiles dynamic as well as Stiles getting a really shiny new toy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Stiles sighs as he listens to Scott go on about Allison, yet again, during one of the few times that they managed to get together to grab lunch at the diner. Scott was all excited as Allison was arriving home today and he was being all freaked out that she would not want to get back together, even though she had mentioned them as more than friends and being certain that he could win her back.

“She is supposed to be texting me once she is back home. Her dad was picking her up at the airport at ten” Scott said, for the fourth time, and Stiles rolled his eyes.

“That’s great Scott, but have you heard anything more about this so-called Alpha Pack” Stiles pressed and groaned internally at the stubborn look that appeared on Scott’s face.

“That’s not my problem or yours Stiles. Let Derek deal with it, he’s the alpha remember?” Scott complains.

Stiles was fairly sure that Scott still hadn’t manned up and apologized but there was only so much one guy could do.

“Scott, be smart. There is a pack of nutjob alphas in town who have already attacked Isaac, hurting him badly and you think that just because you are not part of Derek’s pack, they will leave you alone?” Stiles scoffed and glared at his friend. “How did that work with Argents not bothering you since you didn’t really want to be a werewolf? Let’s see…” Stiles sees Scott’s resistance building but doesn’t stop “your girlfriend kidnapped and repeatedly shot Boyd and Erica. She also freed them afterwards, so happy to give credit where it is due but it doesn’t erase her actions” he clarified as Scott was about to protest.

“Her mother tried to murder you. Her grandfather threatened to kill your mom unless you helped him force Derek to bite him, which I am betting you still haven’t apologized for, knowing that as soon as he did, Gerard was probably going to kill Derek to be an Alpha. Oh, and her dad shot you with an arrow and has threatened everyone, including me, multiple times. I am going be generous and not mention crazy Aunt Katie. Have I missed anything?”

Scott had the grace to look guilty, but Stiles knew that it wouldn’t be enough to budge him if Scott had dug in his heels. “I’m not saying you need to join the guy’s pack Scott or that he hasn’t made his own share of mistakes because that is a whole other conversation, I’m just saying you need to keep informed. Heck, the Argents might even have some info you could get from Allie and Chris that could help everyone, including me, multiple times. I am going be generous and not mention crazy Aunt Katie. Have I missed anything?”

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Scott looks annoyed, but Stiles can see his mind working and knows he made an impact so it is time to back off so, dreading what he knows will happen, he asks how long of a drive is it from the airport. Scott does a full 180 degree emotional shift and gets a huge smile on his face as he pulled up his phone to show Stiles the map he already had open. “I figure that she will get home in another hour or so but I’m not sure when she will be able to call” he says looking sad and Stiles groans at the teen’s pout.
He is about to try to say something reassuring when Scott gets a text that makes his face light up. "Allison wants me to come to her house for dinner!" he yells happily. He starts babbling and Stiles figures that he’s probably forgotten everything they talked about already. Seriously bro, you have to get the ability to think of something…anything…else when Allison is around.

“Great” Stile says weakly. But Scott doesn’t notice as he starts talking about what he will say and do. Stiles tunes out when he starts on what flowers to bring and then deciding to make his mom’s tres leches cake so he pulls out his phone calls her offering to make it himself but Stiles hears Momma McCall’s pleas not to do that. Rule number one – do not let Scott McCall cook. She offers to make it before her shift, she has been dealing with the angsty teen as much if not more than Stiles so she was just as happy to get him out of the house.

The rest of lunch passed in a blur and then Scott was out the door to get ready to see Allison. “He really is exhausting” Stephen mutters and Stiles laughs aloud at the sorcerer’s comment, having honestly forgotten that the man was still there.

“Do you think you can manage to get away for a day or so?” the sorcerer asks and Stiles nods before agreeing.

“Dad has two back to back doubles for the next three days. Bunch of the force are out with some bug” Stiles tells the sorcerer. “I told dad I was going to having a gaming marathon with Scott so I wouldn’t be around the house much and he won’t worry about me” he said with a sigh.

“At some point, it might be wise if you told him the truth. I understand that you want to protect him and that is a noble thought, but ignorance is rarely the safest course of action Stiles” Strange reminds him but Stiles refuses to discuss it. He doesn’t want his dad involved in this crap, especially with the Alpha Pack on the prowl. Maybe after that.

“The bigger issue is how you are going to pay me back for the cost of the ticket. I had to dip into my college savings account and when my dad discovers that, I am screwed” he instead sasses the sorcerer.

Stiles exits the cab, forking over the last of his cash with a sigh as the cab pulls away leaving him staring at the imposing building. 177A Bleeker Street reads the plaque by the doors and Stiles hefts his backpack and starts up the stairs. Stiles had caught the morning flight out of San Francisco to New York and after landing had caught the cab to Greenwich Village where Dr. Strange apparently lived. “I thought you were a mystic who lived in Tibet or something” Stiles asks as he walks.

“I did for a while but this is the New York Sanctum, one of three around the world that protects the Earth from the forces of darkness and I am its master” Stephen tells him. “Kamar-Taj is where I trained and there is a portal from here to there so we can use it to go there and find what we need. I will be right back” he says as he flies out of Stiles and dives through a giant round window with a strange design on it near the roof.

“Well I guess I will just wait down here then” Stiles mutters as he reaches for the door. Surprised to find it unlocked, he steps in looking around and is impressed by the place. Letting out a whistle he looks at the massive staircase, Stiles wonders if anyone is home.

“Who are you?” a voice demands and Stiles jumps in surprise as he spins around and sees an older man in robes glaring at him. “Intruders are not welcome!” he says in a dangerous voice and Stiles is about to explain when the guy suddenly lights up with power and tosses a mystic whip at him.
Jumping back, Stiles summons his shields and blocks the whip, causing the other man to look both surprised and even unhappier than before. He pulls out a stick with a strange end and points it at Stiles. With his shield up, Stiles is totally surprised when he finds himself flung into the far wall, smacking into it and sliding down to the floor. He looks up and sees the man gesturing with the wand and he concentrates on drawing runes in the air. The sigil he created blending fire and air glows and Stiles starts tossing fireballs at the guy who looks completely stunned, but he has shields too and is able to deflect Stiles attacks.

“Mordo will not claim this place” the guy yells and slams his hands into the ground unleashing a wave of force that sends Stiles flying into the wall. Before he can recover the guy has the stick, now several feet longer, pressing up against his throat. “Surrender boy!” he growls.

“Really Wong? That’s how you greet a guest?” Strange’s disembodied voice comes from behind them causing both of them to look over in surprise.

“Stephen? Is that you? Where have you been? Why are you astral projecting” the man, Wong apparently, asks the see through sorcerer.

“Yes it’s me Wong and please let my young friend up. He pretty much saved my life” Stephen smiles looking at Stiles.

Wong frowns but nods and reaches down to help Stiles stand up. “What is happening?” Wong asks. Stephen and Stiles take turns explaining the situation up to now to Wong who looks angry at Mordo’s spell, worried and relieved that Stephen is temporarily safe, and grateful and curious about Stiles, especially when Stephen describes the unique nature of Stiles’ spark.

“There are a number of books in Karam-Taj’s library about sparks that you probably did not get to read” he mutters to Stephen “but I have not heard of any spark acting that way. I wonder if the mystic field here on Earth has been affected by presence of the Infinity Stones?”

“What are the Infinity Stones?” Stiles asks because (1) they sound pretty amazing and (2) if they can explain his powers, he’s all for it.

“The Infinity Stones are the physical manifestation of the six fundamental forces in creation. Over the aeons since the universe formed, they have taken shape and been found in and around the universe, affecting life and creation” Wong tells him. “The Time stone has been on Earth for a number of years in the possession of the Sorcerer Supreme, but the others, well, all but two have been detected on Earth in the last few years.”

“Their presence may be tampering with things, but I am not sure how they would affect Stiles that way” Stephen says thinking about the stones. He admits he hasn’t spent any real time studying them beyond the Eye of Agamotto and the Time Stone.

“True, but the Space Stone was here and behind the attack on New York by those aliens. The Mind Stone was involved with Ultron and the Avengers and the Reality Stone was part of the Convergence when the dark elves attacked England” Wong reminded his fellow sorcerer.

“So only the Soul Stone and the Power Stone remain unaccounted for and I have heard that a human of Earth actually wielded the Power Stone for a bit” Stephen finished.

“So what does this have to do with anything?” Stiles asks totally confused by the path the other two have taken.

“There are some suggestions that the six disciplines of magic are in fact associated with the six
Infinity Stones somehow. There is no real evidence, it is just a theory that several sorcerers have developed” Wong confesses sheepishly but Stiles still doesn’t see it and tells them that.

“The Soul Stone aligns with Necromancy obviously, as it is associated with spirits and what exists beyond the corporeal. The Reality Stone aligns with Sorcery since we reshape reality to our desires. The Space Stone aligns with Druids as it is about connections within the physical world. The Mind Stone aligns with Witches as their magics are imposed by will. Magecraft is Power harnessed into a physical form, much like the Power Stone while the Time Stone aligns with Alchemy’s connection with change, or alteration, through entropy” Stephen explains to Stiles.

“That’s really stretching things” Stiles finally comments with a skeptical glance after considering Stephen’s explanation. “I mean how would rocks on the other side of the universe affect us?”

“Indirectly at best” Wong tells him with a smile. “As I said, it could mean nothing or at least nothing that would help us today, but it might be worth checking out. But more importantly, how do we stop Mordo and get you in your body?” he asks looking at Stephen.

“We go to Kamar-Taj and research” Stephen says simply and Wong nods leading them to a set of massive doors. Stiles watches the man manipulate a globe by the doors that then open and Stiles can feel the hum of power that flows over him when they do and he shudders. They step through, Stephen hovering alongside and suddenly Stiles feels the temperature drop.

“Welcome to Kamar-Taj” Wong says leading them from the room and Stiles can see out a window at what must be Himalayas in the distance. He is halfway around the world! “The Majestic Library is over here” he says to Stiles who stumbles after him until they walk into a library of magic tomes, grimoires, spellbooks, and journals and Stiles almost squeals in delight. Stephen takes off down one row while Wong looks at Stiles and smiles. “So…books about sparks” he says and leads the teen on.

Stiles was surprised when Wong came back and told him that he needed to eat and rest. Blinking at the man Stiles was confused before he looked at his phone and realized that he had been reading for over eight hours straight, and that was after the flight to New York and his body was definitely reaching the end of its reserves. Nodding slowly, Stiles pulled himself up and followed the other man to a small room where a bowl of rice and vegetables were waiting for him along with a pot of fragrant tea. Stiles wolfed down the food and after his second cup of tea, he found that he could barely keep his eyes open and he crawled onto the bed before passing out.

Waking up Stiles was surprised by two things; one he felt really good, surprisingly good, and his mind was clear and he was eager to get up and get back to the library. He stood up as the door opened and a young man walked in with a tray with some more tea and food. The man nodded pleasantly and left quickly without saying a word. Lifting the lid he saw a porridge, several pieces of fruit, and a piece of bread with honey. Smiling he ate quickly and had finished just as his door opened again and he smiled seeing Wong. “Morning!” he said happily. “I found some great stuff that is amazing and some more that I haven’t got to yet, so I am ready to get back!”

“Come. You need to spend some time outside the library” Wong told him and walked out leaving Stiles with no choice but to follow after the man trying to protest.

“Stiles, you need to take care of your body as much as your mind” Stephen said surprising the teen who hadn’t realized he was back. “Besides, I asked Wong to teach you something I think you will really enjoy” he said and Stiles could hear the repressed amusement. So he straightened his shoulders and followed Wong into a courtyard that was filled with others all doing a mix of martial arts and
meditation. Wong got him positioned and the two of them spent nearly an hour going through the poses and Stiles realized that this was what his books were trying to teach him and Wong was a much better teacher about this than Stephen was.

“You pick it up quickly” Wong told the teen as they drank fresh water after taking a pause from the training.

“I have a friend who was trying to teach me, but I couldn’t really focus too well or very easily, but you are a great teacher” he said sincerely. “I feel like I made more progress in the last hour than I have in weeks on my own” he admitted.

“That is why the teacher exists” Wong says ponderously and Stiles refrains from laughing when Stephen suggests it was more pompous than ponderous. “But I believe you will enjoy this” he smiles and pulls out a box and opening it Stiles looks in and sees a number of strange rings and confirming with Wong, he takes one.

“This is a sling ring. It allows you to manipulate space by creating portals or doors” Wong begins as Stiles’ mind is flooded with information from Stephen and Stiles realizes that this is one of the things they came for and when he sees what it can do, he is totally psyched about it.

Wong appears slightly annoyed when Stiles creates a portal on his first try, surprising several of the others before Wong narrows his eyes. “Perhaps you should allow the youth to find his own path Master Strange” he says and Stiles feels the sorcerer laugh as he leaves Stiles’ body.

“Just trying to help” he says unashamedly. “But if you don’t need me, I will continue my research” he says before disappearing.

“Try again” Wong instructed and Stiles found that while he remembered what Stephen showed him, it was definitely harder without the Sorcerer guiding his hands.

About two hours later and Stiles was dancing around like his feet were on fire he was so excited. He was managing to make portals on his own and he had even gone with Wong to Hong Kong, and then to the Taj Mahal before they returned to the courtyard. “Enjoying yourself?” Stephen asked sounding smug.

“This is amazing. Wong said he is willing to continue working with me and that I can keep the ring so I can visit him in New York and from there I can visit the library!” he told the sorcerer with enthusiasm.

"Very good. I have the basic elements for what we need to break Mordo’s spell, I just need to contemplate and work out how to bring it all together. Shall we return to your home?” Stephen asks and Stiles realizes that he has been gone for a while.

“Only problem is I don’t have enough cash to get my car out of airport parking. Could I create a portal and drive it out?” he asks looking very mischievous as he is obviously thinking of other uses for that spell.

“Actually we need to go to New York first. I need to grab something from the sanctum and then you can portal us to the airport to grab your jeep” Stephen tells him and Stiles sighs in agreement. He guesses he can use the ‘emergency credit card’ his dad gave him though that will raise more questions. They go through the sanctum doors, and Stiles learns from Wong that the London sanctum was destroyed by some bad guys a bit ago but is currently being rebuilt. They are back in
New York when Stephen and Wong leave Stiles to explore the artifact display room. He is walking around and notices three windows that appear to all look out at different locations even though they are next to each other so he thinks they must be like video screens but when he sticks his hand out towards the one showing icebergs he can feel the freezing air and he pulls back quickly.

“We can also use these to travel” Stephen startles Stiles pointing at the windows as Wong walks up and hands Stiles an envelope. “This should cover the plane ticket, parking and then some.”

Stiles opens the envelope and gasps at the amount of money in there. It is easily four times what he spent. He starts sputtering when Stephen cuts him off and says to consider it a donation to his college fund and his continued magical education and as a thank you for all the help. He also suggests that the teen get some work done on the jeep but Stiles pretends not to hear any disparagement about his beloved Roscoe.

It is amazing how fast time flies as Stiles drives past the ‘Welcome to Beacon Hills’ sign as he heads for home. In the last few hours he has been in India, Hong Kong, Nepal, New York, and is now back in Beacon Hills. He is so loving magic!

“Stiles, I need to focus on creating this spell, but I am worried about you” Stephen says causing Stiles to look up from his book with a confused expression.

“What do you mean? I thought I had been doing pretty well with all of this” Stiles asks his mentor feeling a hint of betrayal.

“You have my young friend and that’s the problem” Stephen smiles at the confused look on the teen’s face. “You have been picking things up very quickly and I am concerned that you will attract the wrong kind of attention, attention you are not ready to deal with quite yet. We are almost ready with the spell that will allow me to reclaim my body and then I will have to leave deal with other situations and I won’t be there to help you” Stephen explains and Stiles relaxes at the man’s words.

“So what should I do? I haven’t seen anything in my readings. Although I have to admit most of my studying has been about Sorcery, Witchcraft, and a bit of Alchemy. Wong had some suggestions for finding materials about Necromancy and Magecraft but I haven’t found much yet” Stiles admits.

“The problem is that you are developing well with Sorcery and the other domains Stiles, you are becoming stronger daily especially in the in-between magics and it is becoming more and more evident in your aura and others who are gifted will be able to sense it and you will be a target. Normally this probably would not be an issue if you were anywhere else, but Beacon Hills seems to draw some powerful forces here and I am concerned that once here, they will be drawn to you. You and those close to you” Stephen adds cautiously.

It only takes Stiles a few moments to get what he means “You mean my dad?” he asks and sees the serious expression on the sorcerer’s face.

“If your father’s life or well-being was at risk, would you be able to resist either sacrificing yourself or submitting to another in order to save him?” Stephen tries to take it easy on the teen but with his father still ignorant, he knows he has to push.

“So what do we do?” Stiles says finally giving in to the inevitable.

“I have a few ideas” Stephen says happily and Stiles looks at the man suspiciously. The first thing that they do is rework the ‘blanket’ spell he used to hide his magic when they went into that shop.
Stiles enchants his watch to not only create the blanket around him, but to also diffuse the appearance of his magic by blending his aura with the natural magical ambiance of the area. The result is that Stiles appears simply to have a very minor gift, barely useful for anything other than using basic magics like mountain ash. One annoying side effect is that in order to do that, everywhere he goes becomes a bit more magical than before so it will be noticeable to others. Stephen hopes that Beacon Hills’ naturally magical atmosphere will help with this as will Stiles not using active magics without taking precautions to mask the effects.

Next they place wards on the Stilinski house to protect Stiles and his father. He inscribes runes and sigils that sink his magic into the very earth where it joins with the ley lines running through the town. Unlike other places, his house will not appear any different than anywhere else in town even though he is there. Since the lines are already quite potent in Beacon Hills, the addition of Stiles magic becomes basically undetectable to others, kind of like someone trying to use a flashlight at high noon. While warding the house to hide his magic, Stiles adds a several additional protections including those against fire and physical damage. He considers adding ones to prevent supernaturals but that would keep out the pack if they ever show up. Also if someone like Peter tried to get in and failed, he would definitely know it was Stiles’ handiwork and the teen was not ready to deal with that quite yet. Strange assures him that with some time and study, he should be able to create more complex sigils that will recognize friends versus foes and protect them accordingly.

Stiles also manages to get his dad’s badge for long enough to to weave some protections on it as well. He adds a protection spell as well as one that should make it difficult for him to be targeted to hopefully keep him from being shot. Stiles then decides to add a rune to protect the core of father’s identity, he is so tied in to his role as sheriff, that the rune should prevent anything like a wolf bite from taking effect as well as warding off any kind of possession. He can’t make it so his dad is invulnerable, but his work should turn something fatal into merely a wound instead. Stiles also decides to start preparing some weapons for his dad once he is in the know. Wolfsbane bullets are great against werewolves, but there are other things out there and if have to face them too then they will need other tools so he starts creating a list of ideas and starts by using some of his dad’s extra bullets to make ‘special’ ammo.

The last thing he does is a suggestion Wong gave him during his training and that is the one he likes the best. It’s a spell that covers him and amplifies what a person already expects to see/sense when they encounter Stiles. If someone believes that he is weak and useless, then they are ‘encouraged’ to ingore any evidence that counters that idea. It won’t hold up if someone sees him using his magic, but in a general encounter? It should work. Wong suggests that Stiles place the charm on a leather wrist band to keep anyone from figuring it out and it’s unlikely someone would remove it like they would a phone or jewelry. Camouflage is his goal and he thinks he’s got it down.

“Stiles! I’ve got it!” Stephen yells excitedly startling Stiles. They have been back for nearly two days after their visit to Kamar-Taj and the sorcerer has been consumed by the spell he was working on whenever he and Stiles were not working on the wards and sigils. “I know how to break Mordo’s spell” he says as he slips inside Stiles who suddenly sees the spell and smiles.

“Time to get your body back!” Stiles grins and focuses on his ring and opens a portal and steps through.

Chapter End Notes

Next update is Wednesday! Stiles helps Stephen before continuing his training with
I got something that I wanted to address. One of the most glaring errors in the show, in my humble opinion, was the idea of Scott killing Peter to be cured thing. Derek had said it was a long shot when Scott asked, but the way Scott's character is, was, and developed over the show, killing someone, especially someone in that position, wounded and helpless, just was so out of character for him. He was the hero in the show and was always shown trying to do right and even when he faltered, it was more allowing others to act than doing it himself. Maybe he didn't see that in himself, but I think Stiles definitely would have. Stiles kept asking Scott to let people die (okay, mostly Derek) but I think he knew that Scott would never do it so it just allowed him to be snarky without any real consequence. In this story, Stiles is a able to be a bit more brutally honest with his brother because he is seeing the bigger picture. He never says that Derek was right or didn't make mistakes, but instead he is trying to get everyone to work together to deal with the bigger problems. Hope that explains my take on this! Thanks for listening!
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

SURPRISE! Posted early because hits were so high already. Stiles continues his training and discovers a questionable use of his powers.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stiles stepped through the portal and found himself in the hills near what looks like a temple of some kind. Stiles looked around and saw several road signs in English but the temple definitely looked closer to Kamar-Taj than California. “Where are we?” Stiles asked his passenger.

“We are about two hours north of San Francisco at the temple of a friend and colleague. My body is inside. Cast this spell” Stephen tells him and Stiles is already halfway through the spell before he realizes that is a variation on the true seeing spell. Suddenly the temple is surrounded by a shimmering curtain of colors and energy.

“What is that?!” Stiles gasps at the incredible display that he sees with his new vision.

“That is Mordo’s trap. It is designed to prevent any Astral travel and act like a spider web, trapping any spirits. You will need to tap into the telluric currents and once you have that power conduit you will be able to bleed off the spell. Imagine the currents are like sponges sucking up the energies of the trap” Stephen’s words came with images and understanding and Stiles grinned at the barrage of information even though it was way more complicated than any he had tried before.

“Got it!” Stiles replied happily and reached out. He found there were two lines that crossed under the temple which meant there was four lines radiating from the temple and Stiles got a wicked grin. He reached out, guided by the Sorcerer Supreme, and imagined dozens of ‘fingers’ reaching up from the lines and touching the trap spell. Once they made contact, he watched the magic draining away from the trap and felt Stephen’s satisfaction. It takes about five minutes but the trap finally drains enough energy until it pops like a soap bubble and Stiles quickly opens a portal to take them inside.

Stepping through the fiery door, Stiles sees the corporeal form of the sorcerer lying on a table, a golden shell shimmering around the body in his magic vision. There are several monks surrounding it and looking at Stiles like they are going to attack and he throws his hands up in a show of peace. “Hey! Good guy here!” he yells as Stephen leaves his body and dives into his own.

“Who are you?” one of the monks demands but then they all jump back and look shocked when Stephen sits up and groans.

“Remind me not to stay out of my body for that long ever again” Stephen mutters. He looks up and sees the monks and Stiles all still looking nervous. “Li, it is okay. He is a friend who took down Mordo’s spell so I could return.”

The monks relax and Stephen starts explaining what had happened over the last days since he was tricked by Mordo. Stiles wasn’t sure why, but he was glad that Stephen kept most of Stiles’ involvement to a minimum beyond saying he was a young sorcerer who had assisted him. The monks shared several messages with Stephen that caused him to look very concerned.
“Stiles” Stephen said looking unhappy. “I need to deal with this situation and several others that have arisen in my absence. I am afraid I will need to leave you for a bit, but I want you to continue your lessons.” They walk out of the room into the temple’s courtyard. “Keep up with Wong, he is a great teacher” Stephen starts when the entire building shakes as a loud explosion rocks the place.

Stiles ducks just as Stephen flies up and Stiles is awestruck as he watches the man spin lights and energy around the temple right before he unleashes a barrage of magic against a figure on the hillside, someone who is sending almost as much magic at the flying sorcerer. Stephen takes off after him just as the guy opens a portal and jumps through with Stephen hot on his heels.

“That was the sorcerer Mordo” one of the monks tells Stiles who is really glad he is gone. If that guy was as powerful as Stephen, he definitely did not want to be in his crosshairs. Stiles thanks the monks and opens a portal and steps through.

Stepping onto the sidewalk in Greenwich Village, Stiles does a small happy dance at doing it without any help or guidance, he did it all on his own. He walks up to the Sanctum door and knocks, deciding not to risk angering Wong again. The man opens the door and smiles at Stiles before getting a sudden frown. “Where is Master Strange?” he asks sounding concerned.

“We broke the spell, he got his body back, Mordo attacked, and Stephen chased after him” Stiles listed rapidly causing the man to look at Stiles like he was a little crazy. Sighing Wong directed Stiles inside and to a small room where he made up a pot of nasty smelling tea before sitting down across from Stiles.

“Tell me everything, from the beginning” he raised his finger as Stiles opened his mouth to speak “and slowly. Thoughtfully. Tell me not just the facts, but the feelings, the things you sensed, everything” Wong instructs the teen.

Stiles pauses and looks at the patient face and swallows nervously. He starts talking and Stiles is surprised by the number of details that he remembers. He starts from when Stephen found the spell up to the moment he decided to come to tell Wong what was going on. Wong asks a number of questions to get Stiles to expand on one point or another until Stiles realizes that they have been talking for nearly an hour.

“Very good. I think we will have to wait for Stephen to return but I will inform the other sanctums about what happened so that they can be on alert.” Stiles asks for advice for what he should do now and Wong offers to continue his training both in New York and Nepal and Stiles eagerly accepts. “Do you like pizza?” Wong suddenly asks and Stiles gets a huge smile on his face.

“Stiles?” Sheriff Stilinski calls out stepping into the house dreading whatever healthy meal his son is going to force on him today. He sniffs and smells…is that pizza? It can’t be. No place in Beacon Hills makes pizza that smells like that.

“Surprise Dad!” Stiles says smiling happily from the couch where the Sheriff sees that it is indeed an unfamiliar looking pizza box that is the source of that amazing smell.

He frowns at the salad bowl next to it and is weighing the trap when Stiles opens the box and he sees the cheesy goodness that totally fails to capture the amazing aroma of the pizza that now overwhelms
him. Falling into the couch he stares in disbelief as Stiles hands him a slice that appears to be mostly vegetables, but it looks so good! He takes a bite and almost moans in pleasure at the combination of flavors and tastes.

“Pretty good huh? And you would never believe there’s no meat, only healthy cheese, and a whole wheat crust” Stiles says happily as he takes another bite.

“Where did you find this?” the sheriff asks casually but Stiles just snorts in laughter at the attempt.

“Not a chance old man. I don’t want you sneaking off for pizza when I’m not watching. It’s only for special occasions” he says smugly. Noah seriously considers grounding his son until he breaks but then he takes another bite and decides he is about ready to forgive his son anything.

“Oh god” he suddenly goes pale “what did you do?” he asks desperately hoping that the answer won’t involve the Whittemores or the FBI.

Stiles takes on a totally hurt expression. “I am hurt dad, truly hurt, that you think that I would have an ulterior motive for this” he begins but the Sheriff puts on his cop face and glares like he would at someone in interrogation.

Stiles resists for a bit before he finally caves. “Fine. I took some money out of my college fund without telling you. I met this guy and he needed some help and promised he would pay me back, but I didn’t think you would approve” he adds in a mutter but Noah hears it anyway.

“Stiles!” he says in exasperation and stares at his kid trying to restrain his emotions on this. “How much?”

“Twelve hundred” Stiles says and Noah’s eyes go wide in shock. What the hell did he need that much money for? Stiles scrambles to pull out an envelope “but I got it all back, and then some!” he says handing his dad the envelope.

Noah looks inside and sees nearly four thousand in there and looks at his son worriedly. “Son, if this was from anything illegal…” he says in a weak voice.

“It’s not like that” Stiles rushes to say. “This guy needed my help and I got the money for him and he promised to pay me back once he got to New York. I felt he was a good risk so I did it and he gave me that. I told him it was too much but he insisted. He was a doctor and said I should just add it to my college fund” Stiles explains “or replace Roscoe” he mutters.

“I want to talk to him” Noah says slowly but now wondering if this is possibly legit.

“He is traveling but his assistant is around. Wong. I have his number if you want to talk to him” Stiles offers and at his father’s nod he dials Wong’s number and when the other man gets on he explains the situation. Of course, he and Wong had already worked all of this out when they went for the pizza in New York so the man was primed so when he handed his father the phone, Wong told the story of his friend Stephen, a doctor, who was stranded in San Francisco with no phone or money and Stiles helped him out. He assured him it was nothing illegal and the extra was a reward for being a good kid.

After they talked for a bit, Noah hung up and shook his head at Stiles’ luck. “Okay, I am not grounding you but you do realize that you could just have easily been scammed?” he says with a sigh.

“I know dad, but I thought that helping him was a good risk as he said he would pay me back, and there is enough in there that we could use some of it take care of some of the overdue bills” Stiles
says softly and Noah looks at his son’s face and realizes that the boy had been noticing that their expenses were becoming a problem. “I know what you are going to say, but even if I put back in twice what I took out, there is enough left that could really help” he added sincerely.

Noah pulled his son in for a hug and held on tightly to the boy. There had been strains and distance between them for the last year and Noah still didn’t understand everything that was going on that was making his son lie to him so much but he still wonders how he managed to get a kid this good in his life with all the mistakes he made after Claudia died. They talk a bit and argue some but eventually Noah agrees to use the extra money to pay off some bills when Stiles offers to pick up that pizza once a week as part of the deal. He needs to find that place…if they can make vegetables taste that good, imagine what they could do with a meat lovers?

“Focus!” Wong’s voice cuts through the courtyard as he whacks the back of Stiles’ legs causing the teen to yelp.

“That hurts!” Stiles wails trying to hold some really uncomfortable poses for several minutes each and whenever he gets out of position, that damn stick comes outta nowhere to whack him. Stiles seriously considered setting the damn thing on fire but he is pretty sure that would only result in Wong using magic to do the same thing.

“You must master the forms Stiles. Each position is a step in the meditative process. Your mind is the master, not your body. Tell it to obey and it will do so” Wong repeats in a tired voice. “Cold, hot, itchy, tired, sore…these are all things your body tells you, but you decide whether or not to listen. Monks can swim in ice water or remain in a position for hours at a time ignoring all discomforts to focus on their thoughts. The only reason you cannot is that you do not choose to do so” Wong reminds him.

“It’s not much of a choice!” Stiles complains. “My muscles, what there are of them, are sore and exhausted.”

Wong snorts. “So you think you won’t have to do magic or fight when you are tired? Will you only face darkness on a schedule? Will your pack only be threatened when it’s convenient? Well, if that’s the case, then I guess we can train only when you are well rested, well fed, and fully prepared for your enemies” Stiles glares at the man’s sarcastic tone while mentally giving him credit for the sass.

“You are really annoying ya know?” Stiles mutters. He hears the other man laugh but misses the sound of the bamboo cane whistling towards him right before it strikes his shoulders. “Jesus!” he screams in shock.

“Keep your shoulders back” Wong tells him with no sympathy in his voice.

Stiles mutters as he corrects his posture as the other man walks around him watching. Things have been pretty good for the last two weeks but he knows his free time is quickly running out. School starts next week so he won’t be able to keep up with his daily trips…he laughs at the fact that every day he is traveling to New York and often Nepal before he returns home. His dad’s schedule is as erratic as ever so Stiles trains when he can. Wong has even introduced him to several other teachers who have been working with him when Wong is busy. The best part however is the access to the Majestic Library in Kamar-Taj that Stiles can now read whenever he wants.

Stephen had shown up a few days after he got his body back, visited for a bit, and was then off again
dealing with other issues. They had talked a few times, but it seems that he was content to leave Stiles in Wong’s capable, though really annoying, hands. Stiles had to admit that he was enjoying this as every so often he managed to convince Wong to let him play hooky and he would get time to explore New York. Using his magic radar, he even found several other books he bought with some of the money that Stephen had given him including a really good one on necromancy and another on alchemy that had really helped him understand both magics better.

“Now!” Wong yelled and suddenly three of the other trainees all turned and shifted into attack positions and Stiles’ quickly moved to take a defensive stance, calling forth magic shields to both of his hands. Marti struck first as she usually did with her energy whip but Stiles was prepared. Instead of deflecting it, he shoved downward and pinned it to the ground with his foot while focusing on his connection with the element of Earth. He had learned a neat trick when using his Earth magic and that was to connect him firmly to the ground which enabled him to magnify his own strength temporarily. He imagined that it would probably take someone way stronger than Marti to free the whip at this moment.

Pei and Marcus moved to flanking positions before they attacked and Stiles smirked. Illusion casting was another one of the in-between magics resting between sorcery, witchcraft, and necromancy and once Stiles had realized that he had spent a good chunk of time figuring out how to use it. The trick with illusions was that you didn’t want to just make something appear so unbelievably as people would figure out pretty quickly it wasn’t real. No, Stiles really preferred to use illusions to hide things that were actually there which could be almost more effective.

Stiles dodged both of the guys’ attacks and then cast three quick illusions, the first being the illusion of darkness. The entire courtyard blacked out for a moment before Marcus dispelled it. The next few seconds were some of the best in Stiles’ life. He had laid illusions on them that caused total chaos. Pei and Marti blasted Stiles knocking him into a wall to crumble into a heap on the ground and both of them smirked right up to the moment that the illusion that had cloaked Marcus and had made him look like Stiles dissolved. Both of them looked stunned at their friend right before Stiles blasted both of them from behind, covered in an illusion that had made him look like Wong so they had totally ignored him.

Wong’s laughter rang out as the three other trainees all looked over and saw the ‘second’ Wong and Marti groaned in realization of what had happened. Stiles dropped the illusion on himself, smiling hugely, as Wong checked on Marcus who was still unconscious. “That was a very ingenious use of your illusions Stiles” Wong nodded at the teen with a smile. “So what did you learn?” he asked Marti and Pei and Stiles was still smiling when that damned bamboo stick hit the back of his knees sending him crashing to the ground. Wong leaned over Stiles’ groaning form with an expectant eyebrow.

“Don’t lose focus” Stiles groaned and Wong laughed again. Stiles grimaced at his teacher and sat up to begin the next lesson.

Stiles parked his jeep and got out and dragged himself inside the coffee shop. He knew he was going to miss his daily visits with Wong, but with all the time zones, he was getting loopy and now that school started on Monday, he had decided to spend the next few free days at home but first he seriously needed to take care of some of his neglected chores. First on his list is grocery shopping since he woke up this morning and discovered that they were out of coffee and he almost cried. Sure Wong had tried to wean him off the stuff, but there was no way he would make it without his java fix.

Stepping into the coffee shop Stiles feels a wave of nausea come over him and he pauses and tries to
calm his suddenly rebellious stomach. It feels like he ate some really bad street food and his body was about to protest in the most violent way. Stiles looks around the shop and sees that there is a small crowd in the place with only three people in line ahead of him for coffee. He recognizes Cindy and Michael working behind the counter, both of them go to BHHS and are seniors this year if he remembers correctly. Mr. Johanson is at the front and is ordering and there is a familiar looking blonde woman standing behind him talking to a curly haired brunette woman that Stiles doesn’t recognize at all. He frowns at that, Beacon Hills isn’t that big and with all his time at the station, he knows most people in town at least by sight. Stiles guesses that she must be new to town.

“I think you will like working there, it’s a really great school” the woman tells the brunette with a big smile. “The students are good kids and the Lacrosse team and swim teams both did really well last year. We got a new principal last year but he didn't last and left unexpectedly right before the end of the school year, very strange I tell you. I haven’t personally met the new Principal yet, but between you and me, I am kind of glad the old one left. His daughter was discovered to have murdered an entire family here in town a number of years ago, very bad news, and I admit, he weirded me out” she whispered as she glanced around the shop.

“Oh my, that is terrible. I mean, I would never blame someone for another person's actions, but I think I am glad that he is gone and I won’t have to deal with any of that. I am looking for a nice quiet place to teach. My last relationship ended badly and I can use a fresh start” the brunette tells the woman who nods in sympathy.

Stiles looks closer at the brunette who is apparently a new teacher at the high school. He wonders what she is teaching. Suddenly she is ordering and Stiles listens to Cindy take her order for a chai tea and learns that her name is Jennifer. “Well I am really looking forward to teaching this year and in being here. It seems like such a great town with such welcoming people and I love teaching English” Jennifer says and Stiles suddenly realizes that she is probably replacing Mr. Horton which means that he will actually be in her class if she teaches the advanced English sections.

“Well Ms. Blake, I am sure that the students will love you” the woman assures her and Jennifer laughs softly as they step away from the cashier to wait for their orders and Stiles moves up to order.

Stiles decides to drink his coffee in the shop and the fact that he sits close enough to eavesdrop on his new teacher has no impact on that decision. Besides, he still feels sick and trying to drive is probably not the best thing at the moment. He listens for a bit and learns that the blonde woman is Ms. Blake’s neighbor and is showing the new woman around. They mostly talk about Ms. Blake’s new job and Stiles thinks that the woman seems okay but after Harris, he isn’t going to trust appearances. No, she make look nice and sweet, but until he sees her in action, he will withhold judgement. The woman could be the embodiment of evil and could end up making his life miserable over the next year.

Stiles finishes his coffee he still feels pretty off but he figures that some fresh air might help so he makes sure to drive to the store with the windows down and it helps immensely. By the time he pulls into the parking lot of the grocery store, his stomach has settled and he is feeling completely normal much to his relief. He moves through the market and shakes his head at the number of unhealthy options that he would usually buy. Over the last few weeks of eating with Wong, Stiles has figured out that his magical sensitivities has affected the way he tastes food and he can really taste the difference in foods with more chemicals and preservatives in them. So for the last few weeks, he has been reading up on recipes and ideas to improve their diet without making his dad revolt so on this trip he focuses on getting fresh fruits, vegetables, some lean meats, and some whole grains to replace the starches and white breads they normally eat. He figures that he can make their meals taste pretty good with what he learned so far and he never would have guessed that Wong was such a foodie!. Plus there's the benefit that if it tastes good then maybe his dad won’t cheat too much.
Turning on the snack aisle he groans sadly. Just because he knows better doesn’t mean that he doesn’t still like salty and sweet snacks but his father is like a dang bloodhound who manages to find any junk food that Stiles brings home, no matter how good a job of hiding it he does. Stiles pauses and gets a truly evil grin on his face, he grabs packs of Oreos, some chips, and a few Reese’s cups to put in the cart after realizing that he can hide all of the junk food from his dad with his illusion spells! Even if his dad spots the cookies, Stiles can make it appear to be a box of wheat germ. Stiles cackles to himself as he heads off to the freezer section whistling as he thinks about what kind of ice cream he should get.

Chapter End Notes

Up next: Stiles decides to do something permanent that moves him significantly closer to his goal of being more useful to the pack.

Just wanted to tell everyone, I just finished Chapter 11 and it was a blast. Longest chapter so far with 7,000 words so there is a lot happening. Hope you all enjoy reading it as much I did writing it!"
Chapter 9

Okay, I wasn't sure I was going to be able to pull this off so I said it was just an early posting, but the reality was I wanted to see if I could post three times this week and I have enough ready to go to do so, so YAY! Chapter 9 is posting today and Chapter 10 will be up on Saturday! Enjoy!

Stiles pulls his jeep into the spot in front of the school and grabs his bag, ready for the first day of junior year. Scott had told him not to pick him up as he had a surprise and he smiled when he saw the crooked jawed teen pull up on the used motor bike. “Your mom let you get it?” Stiles asks as Scott takes off his helmet.

“Yeah!” the shaggy haired teen said with a huge smile. “I got it yesterday after saving up all summer and mom finally agreeing. Isn’t it awesome?” he asks his friend smiling down at the bike.

“It’s amazing” Stiles assures him without a tremor in his voice and luckily Scott is too enamored with the bike to listen to Stiles heart.

“And news on the Allison front?” Stiles asks as they walk into the school heading for the lockers.

“It was great. She said she learned a lot this summer from her family in France and is willing to give us a try” his smile was huge. “We are going to go slow, start with friends and maybe a date or two, but she smiled at me and kissed me on the cheek” the teen gushed and Stiles tried to avoid sighing.

“Did you hear they replaced Mr. Horton?” Lydia asks from behind them causing Stiles to spin around and see the petite redhead standing there looking fabulous as usual.

“Yeah” Stiles nods with a happy smile “they hired a woman, Ms. Blake, to replace him. I have her for AP English 3rd period.”

Lydia narrows her eyes a bit before nodding. “Me too” she says and Stiles sighs as he watches her turn to smile at Jackson who is coming down the hall with Danny. Stiles watched Lydia’s love for the douche save him from being a Kanima so he knew that they were ‘destined to be’ or something, but it still stuck a little when he thought about it. He nodded at Danny as the three joined up and headed out and he wondered how long it would take him to be told about everything. As Jackson’s best friend and Lydia’s friend by association, Danny would probably figure it out if they don’t tell him.

Stiles looks over for Scott but he is already gone and when Stiles looks around he sees his friend already talking to Allison and figures that he is as good as gone. “Ugh, that again?” Stiles turns and sees Erica staring at Scott and Allison standing by Allison’s locker.

“Did you ever doubt it?” Stiles snorted. “Romeo and Juliet got nothing on those two” he snarks and smiles at Erica’s chuckle.

“You have history first period?” she asks cautiously and when Stiles nods she smiles her now usual
grin “Good. Then you can sit with me” she says grabbing his arm.

“You aren’t going to get in trouble with Derek for talking to me?” even to him his voice sounds a bit whiney but it slips out.

Erica doesn’t look at him but her grip tightens. “He has lightened up you know” she whispers in a conspiratorial voice and she watches as he gives her a patented ‘you’ve got to be kidding me’ look that shows he doesn’t believe her for a second.

“Okay, he hasn’t but he’ll get over it” she finally confesses and the both laugh honestly for probably the first time since the Argent basement. They have an unstated agreement where no one talks about their shared abuse at Gerard’s hand. God knows what Derek would do if he found out that Stiles had been injured…again. They sit down and Stiles sighs as he realizes that instead of studying the history of magic or something as interesting, he is stuck here in BHHS learning this boring stuff. He sighs and opens his notebook and tries to focus.

As he walks in to English class just ahead of Lydia, Stiles nearly stumbles from the wave of nausea that hits him like a ton of bricks. He stops and looks around and sees Matt talking to Ms. Blake at her desk. He takes a deep breath just as Lydia comes up behind him “Any day” she says curtly, but with significantly less real animosity than she would have last year. He nods and grabs and seat trying to regain control of his stomach.

Ms. Blake starts the lesson after the bell and Stiles is somehow able to focus on her lesson even through the ill feeling that hangs over him. Dammit. He just realized that Wong was right about needing to be able to focus even when your body was betraying you. Stiles refused to admit to the man that he was able to use his meditation and training to focus through the nausea to listen to the teacher’s surprisingly interesting lecture.

By the time class ends, Stiles is about ready to head to the nurses office and if it wasn’t lunch time, ugh no food, he would have seriously considered it. Instead he follows along listening to Lydia talk about how surprised she is that Beacon Hills managed to attract as competent a teacher as Ms. Blake. Fortunately by the time they reach the cafeteria, Stiles is feeling better so he grabs something to drink and some crackers to help settle his stomach.

Spotting Scott, he heads over and they are soon joined by Jackson, Danny, Lydia, and Allison along with several other members of the Lacrosse team. Stiles looks around and spots Isaac, Boyd, and Erica sitting together at another table and sees Boyd nod when their eyes meet. Stiles wishes they would come over but the lines between the pack and Scott/Jackson are to unclear right now for the three betas to feel comfortable over here. He’s got to get Scotty to take that first step.

About halfway through lunch, Stiles realizes he is starving so he grabs a couple pieces of fruit but just the smell of the cafeteria food turns him off so that he decides he is going to start bringing his lunch. The bell rings and the rest of the day passes uneventfully and he is finally able to go home. His dad is getting off today in time for dinner so he decides he will make something that will double as dinner tonight and lunch for both of them tomorrow.

The next few days pass fairly normally until Thursday when things start getting really weird. First of all, Stiles is still getting sick in English class…everyday. He wonders if it is his magical senses or something since no one else seems affected so he decides to create a protection spell inside his ‘cloak’ which has helped significantly today. Which means that this classroom is being affected somehow. He hesitates to use any magic in the classroom itself when there is a sudden loud cracking
sound and everyone jumps and stares at the window the the spiderweb of cracks right where a crow has smashed into the glass window killing itself.

Stiles and several other students stare out the window until Ms. Blake tries to get everyone refocused when one of the girls in class screams just as another crow hits the window. Stiles looks up and sees a black cloud heading for them and realizes it is an entire flock, all aiming right at the windows. “Get down!” Stiles yells and pulls several of the other students away from the windows just as the crows start hitting in greater numbers. The pops are so loud and close together that Stiles is reminded of gunfire. People are yelling and screaming and then one of the windows shatter and now the crows are in the classroom, screaming and flying around.

Stiles drops to ground, throwing himself over Lydia and Michelle and spots his classmates trying to cover themselves from the screaming crows. Stiles feels an overwhelming sense of wrongness and death and knows that this attack is magical in nature. Remembering Stephen’s warning, Stiles restrains himself from acting but he calls to mind several spells just in case and then it suddenly goes quiet.

Looking up carefully, Stiles doesn’t see or hear anything flying around and he slowly stands up, shocked at the scene before him. Almost all the windows are broken in some way, glass scattered around the room amongst the dead bodies of crows and feathers that litter the classroom. Several of the students have gashes and cuts on them and Stiles belatedly realizes that he has a few on his arms. He looks at Lydia but she appears unharmed though she is definitely not happy.

“Was this?” she whispered grasping his hand in a fierce grip that conveyed how ‘not happy’ she was.

Stiles nodded with a grim expression and stepped over to help up several of his classmates who were still on the ground. The Vice-Principal came running in along with several others before he turned and yelled for the nurse. Stiles wondered if any other classes were hit when he spotted Ms. Blake still on the ground. He moved to give her a hand and was worried about the look of total confusion on her face. He gently reached up and pulled a crow feather from her hair causing her to startle a bit just as Mr. White ordered all of them to grab their things and leave the room.

They were marched to the nurse first and got attended to and by the time Stiles was done, lunch had already started so he walked in and spotted his normal group, Lydia whispering to Allison while Scott and Jackson were obviously listening in to her take on what happened. Stiles frowned and wondered again if he should have used his magic to stop the crows but he remembered the look of fear and confusion on Ms. Blake’s face and got a dark thought. Her classroom was being targeted by something nasty and he felt he had to seriously consider whether she might be being targeted by something. Sending those crows would seriously spook her and the traces of magic on her classroom might be another form of attack. He would need to be extra careful not to draw any attention to himself so that whoever was responsible wouldn’t be tipped off, but Stiles was going to be watching.

Stiles focuses his energy, summoning a mystic circle and then adding layers to the conjuring that add greater and greater complexity to his spell. “Every symbol has a purpose, a meaning, a reason” master Lyra told him as he tried to focus on the six rings of symbols floating in the air. “Good, now use it” she instructed and Stiles shoved both hands forward, connected at the wrist, fingers splayed, like he was pushing the magic away and watched as the rings shot forward connecting to the section of the stone wall causing it glow slightly.

Stiles watched at the stones turned to sand and a giant hole melted away without causing any damage
to the rest of the wall. “Very good” master Lyra nodded in satisfaction. She had been trying to get him to understand that the simple way was rarely the right way. His spell was pretty complex for making a hole which he could have done by simply blasting the wall, but this was about finesse. His hole was perfect – a circle with smoothed edges the exact size the Stiles intended. The stones were weathered to sand by his spell so that there had been no sound or noise and except for the pile of sand, there was no evidence of what he did. Finally the wall’s integrity wasn’t compromised so no risk of it falling down attracting attention.

“Do you understand why I asked this?” Lyra asked him after he had sat down across from her on the ground and taking a drink of the tea. Stiles had quickly learned to restrain his impulse to blurt out or babble till he got it. While Wong was pretty tolerant of his talking, Master Lyra could give Derek lessons in the art of talking less. But he organized his thoughts and told her about the differences and that her way combined control over both the act and the outcome differed from brute force.

“And?” she prompted not indicating whether or not he was on the right track or not.

“And it’s good practice for casting more complex spells. Having to hold so many layers to the spell in your mind was really hard and these were all connected and made sense. Some of the spells I’ve seen in the books are like casting totally different spells all at the same time” Stiles fumbled to explain.

Lyra smiled at the teen. “You are doing well Stiles” she finally says and he smiles brightly at the encouragement. “Magic can be a distraction when it becomes more interesting than what you are supposed to be doing. Magic for magic’s sake is waste. When you find your purpose, the purpose for your magic, then you will be able to better know how magic can serve that purpose.”

Stiles smiles and knows the lesson is officially over. Taking the chance he tells her about the situation at school with the ill feeling and the crows killing themselves. There had also been a situation with a deer flinging itself through Lydia and Allison’s windshield and several other incidents around the county where animals behaved uncharacteristically ending in their deaths.

Lyra is thoughtful and quiet while she considers what he said. “I am not skilled in the other forms of magic, but this does not sound like sorcery. Honestly, if not for the deaths, I would guess it was Druidic magic. Since you are tied to the magic of your home, the sickness you feel may be the land trying to warn you of something dangerous and you would be wise to listen.”

“Should I cast a seeking when I feel it?” he asks slowly knowing that it doesn’t feel exactly right even as he says it.

Lyra frowns and shakes her head. “I would not. The sickness may indicate a malevolent presence and your magic blanket would not protect you if you actively use your magic. But there may be something you can do” she says with a considerate pause. “A spell of true sight might allow you to see through deceptions and illusions without breaking them. It is not easy to do, outside your skill at the moment, but you could practice it and master it soon enough” she assures him.

They go to the library and Lyra shows him the spell and they spend some time going over it and Stiles grimaces at the details of the spell. She is right, it is not quick or easy. There are preparations and other issues that will take Stiles a ways to manage and it will not be simple to do, especially in a place like school. And it will draw his energy rapidly so he will only be able to use it for short periods of time, but the spell should allow him to see through illusions, glamours, and even to see the true nature of those touched by magic. Stiles thanks Master Lyra and goes back to the New York sanctuary so he can pick up a pizza for his dad to celebrate the first week of school.
The next few days pass without anything new or out of the ordinary happening. Stiles doesn’t feel the ‘icky-ness’ in Ms. Blake’s classroom as much as before but he isn’t sure if that is because he has built up a block against it or if whatever was causing it has passed. The good news was that there appeared to be a drop in the animal suicides so at least something was better. Stiles had also begun to work on his sigils and runecraft and had made pretty good progress. He had designed an elemental tattoo for each of the five elements; earth, air, fire, water, and spirit. After studying the book he got in San Francisco he managed to meld a number of different styles and techniques and he was about ready. After talking with Martinique he even had the name of a tattoo artist who was also an enchantress who lived two towns over which was perfect since it was close enough to get to easy but far enough to be out of his dad’s jurisdiction.

Stiles had called and made an appointment with Kelsey, the tattoo artist/enchantress, and he was now pulled up in front of her store and he stared at the window. Swallowing nervously he remembered passing out when Scott got his tattoos and he knew that he couldn’t do that this time, he would need to be awake and focused to help weave the spells into the tattoos. Taking a deep breath, he stepped out of the jeep and walked into the store and looked around but no one was inside. A woman, not too much older than Derek stepped through a curtain and Stiles blinked in surprise. To be honest, he was expecting someone significantly more tattooed but Kelsey was rather restrained. He could see several on her arms and one on her neck, but it was rather understated if he was being honest. “Stiles?” she asks with a smile “I’m Kelsey. Sorry about the store but this is not exactly a busy time so normally it’s just one or two of us working” she explained as she locked the door and turned the sign to ‘closed’. “Back here and we can talk” she led them to a rather pleasant room with lots of pictures of tattoos on the walls.

“Now” she said as they sat down. “What are you looking for in a tattoo?” she asked casually as she grabbed some notebooks from a shelf.

“Martinique said you might be able to help me with doing some original ones” Stiles said and watched as the young froze before looking back at him in surprise. “She said that you were quite… enchanting” Stiles couldn’t hold back the smirk at the woman’s look of surprised amusement.

“Did she?” Kelsey said putting the notebooks down. “And why would she say something like that do you think?” Stiles smiled at the woman and remembered Martinique’s description of the woman. She was gifted, but not particularly skilled. She dabbled in her domain, but she was a talented artist and Martinique had been certain that with the right support, Kelsey could be a good ally.

“I have been designing some sigils, runes, and tattoos all blended together and I think if I focus on my magic while you work, they will be effective” Stiles said deciding to lay his cards on the table.

Kelsey sighed deeply and leaned back in her chair. “Look kid, I don’t know what you are expecting from this, but if you have some grand ideas about magical tattoos making you some kind of bad ass…you need to let that go. I do tattoos and sure, I have some skills but I have not managed to do anything like that.”

Stiles smiles knowingly and reaches into his bag and pulls out the tattoo kit and lays it out in front of her. “Ever thought about using these?” Stiles asks and watches as the enchantress reaches out a trembling hand to touch the tools, her hand jumping back like it was electrocuted.

“What are these?” she whispers reverently as she traces her fingers over each tool in the leather case with a rapt expression.
“They were a tattoo set from an old family that ended up in a friend’s shop” Stiles told her watching her near stroking of the tools. "I believe that they were used to create magical tattoos for many years and while they are not magic themselves” Stiles chuckled at the woman’s look of disbelief “they channeled a great deal of magic making them formidable tools.”

Kelsey leaned back and considered the teen in front of her much more carefully. “You are under 18 and I am betting you don’t have your parents’ permission do you?” she stated flatly.

“And my dad is a sheriff to boot” Stiles added and saw the woman’s face harden with resolve despite her obvious want.

“Look kid, I could lose my license and shop” she says slowly, like the words are being pulled out against her will.

“Here’s the offer” Stiles says cutting her off. He pulls out the sketches of the tattoos for both legs, his arms, his back, hips, and the ones on his chest and lays them down before her and smirks as she gasps and looks at each of them carefully. She finally looks up at him with a bewildered expression.

“Kid, these are some serious tats and I have to be honest, I don’t recognize most of them but I can tell they are impressive. Unfortunately I am not that good” she says with a disappointed sigh.

“Maybe not magically” Stiles concedes “but you are a gifted artist. Your skill, combined with those tools, and me weaving my own magic into it as you work, should be enough” he tells her and he can tell that she is on the edge. She wants to see what would happen but the risks are high. “And my payment is this…if you do this…the tools are yours to keep” Stiles says and watches her eyes suddenly light up with want.

“You will just give them to me?” she whispers and then clears her throat. “Seriously?” she demands sounding much more forcefully.

“You may not be able to create tattoos like this without a magical partner” Stiles concedes “but runes and other standard sigils would definitely be possible with your own skill and these tools. In time, you could probably create some pretty impressive work” Stiles offers and he sees the temptation in her eyes. “Take a look at this one, I want it on my right hip” he suggests and she picks up the picture.

Kelsey stares at the picture and frowns. She recognized the all-seeing eye with the rays of light extending from it in the center and the shadowy orb behind it reminded her of the moon for some reason though why it would be black instead of white was beyond her. There were several smaller symbols both inside and outside that sphere but she couldn’t decipher their meaning. She shook her head, she didn’t know what it was but she could feel that it would be magical.

“How about this? You tattoo this one on my hip as a test of everything. If I can avoid passing out, if you like the tools, if it even works and then you can decide. It will be hidden so my dad won’t spot it so you don’t have to worry about that even though I would never tell him” Stiles offers.

Kelsey wavers. This kid is probably sixteen or seventeen and the risk from giving him the rather simple tattoo. It was actually really well done and she was pretty sure she could do it in one sitting even with the tools. Almost without thought, her hand drifted to the case and she picked up one of the needles and she felt her own power react to them. She had to have these tools!

“Okay, but I get the tools after this one no matter what” she offers trying to push him but she grimaces at his bark of laughter.

“Not a chance” Stiles says after he stops laughing. “After this one, we can negotiate, but I am not
giving you the case for one tattoo.”

Kelsey frowns but she isn’t really upset as she didn’t think that the kid was gullible enough to go for that. “Okay, let’s get on with it and then we will talk” she says and starts getting her supplies out when Stiles pulls out a packet of his bag and hands it to her. “What’s this?” she asks shaking it and feeling like it is some kind of powder.

“It needs to be mixed in with the ink” Stiles tells her and she starts to shake her head. “It’s okay, trust me I have had it checked. It is a mix of herbs and ingredients that will enhance the ink. There should be enough to do all the tattoos in that bag” he tells her and he can see the doubt. “It is, it only takes about a ¼ of a teaspoon per vial of ink, I checked.”

“I don’t like using unknown stuff” she tells him unhappily.

“Trust me” Stiles smirks and Kelsey thinks that she is going to have a long talk with Martinique the next time she is in San Francisco.

“All done” Kelsey says with a final wipe on Stiles’ hip. She stares at the tattoo and admits that whatever he added to the black ink had a very interesting effect on the tattoo. She was about 50% sure that the eye had winked at her at one point. Another first, she had never had a customer chanting the entire time. Praying? Screaming? Passing out? Sure, all of those, but chanting was new. “What was the point of all that chanting and while we are on it, what language was that anyway?”

“Several” Stiles answered as he stared at the tattoo in the mirror across from his chair. The skin was red and irritated, the tattoo shiny from the gel Kelsey had put on it. “Tibetan, Celtic, Summerian, Norse, Latin, and a few others. It was a set of spells designed to empower your work” he explains.

“Whatever” she mutters and puts down the needle she had used back in the kit and sighed knowingly. Using manual tools to do the tattoo was much harder than she thought, but it was so much better than her gun. She knew that she had to have these tools so she would agree to do the rest no matter what the risk. “What's it supposed to do?”

Stiles smiled and she startled when the tattoo started glowing with a dark green light, so dark it might have been black but then it faded away and she looked up in surprise as she watched Stiles fade away like a mirage that was never there. “Stiles?” she yelped looking around.

The teen's laughter sounded out and Kelsey spun around trying to locate the source. “I’m still here” he told her and faded back into sight with a beaming expression. “The sigil confuses people’s sight by drawing on the shadow power of the new moon. It won’t work during the day time unless there are plenty of shadows, but at night? Instant invisibility” Stiles boasts and Kelsey just shakes her head in admiration. “Even better?” Stiles expression has definitely crossed over to smug now “It hides things from sight besides me.” He laughs at her confusion “Unless the magic is flowing through them, it will hide any other tattoos you do” he tells her.

Stiles smiles as he watches the look of comprehension come over Kelsey’s face. “So you can use that one to hide the other tattoos? From your father?” at his nods she bursts out in laughter. “You sneaky bastard” she laughs, admiration clear in her voice. “Okay, we have a deal. I will do all the tattoos you want in exchange for the tools and an agreement that you will sell me the stuff for the ink at a reasonable price” she adds with a glare.

Stiles smiles happily and agrees. They agree to meet every three days until they are done and Stiles
figures it will take a while to finish the others as they are more complicated so he leaves the drawings with Kelsey and heads back home, proud of himself for not passing out during the process. They agreed to start working on his back next as it would take the most time. His design of an immense tree had been haunting his dreams for some time and within its branches were runes and symbols that would focus on protecting and aiding Stiles the most. He had even designed a healing rune that should help him recover significantly faster from any injuries when activated not to mention speeding up the healing of the tattoos. At least he wouldn’t have to use a blowtorch!

“Are you bleeding?” Scott asks sniffing as he leans closer to Stiles who yelps and pushes the other teen back into the lockers.

“Personal space dude!” Stiles yelps and looks around to see their classmates staring at them with resigned expressions used to their antics by now.

“Sorry man, but I smell blood. Are you okay? Did something happen?” Scott’s voice dropped to a whisper as he looked around the halls. Ever since they had spotted the psycho twins at the school, everyone had been on edge.

“I cut myself shaving okay?” Stiles muttered hoping that would be that but he saw the look of pure disbelief on his best friend’s face. “I do shave” he whispers in outrage.

“Dude” Scott looks at him in obvious pity before his face suddenly screws up in fear “where were you shaving?” he asks looking as if he is afraid of the answer but he can't really hide the smirk or the sparkle in his eyes.

Stiles is fairly sure that he came as close as he has ever managed to duplicate the ‘derek-hale-glare-of-death’ (patent pending) as he muttered "Asshole" as he stomped off with Scott following behind and laughing at each new quip.

The next three weeks are brutal. Stiles has spent way too much time at Kelsey’s tender mercies and as she has gotten used to the tools, apparently she has ‘bonded with them’ or something, she is able to do a lot of work when she figured out how to combine the kit with her modern tools somehow. His back is covered by the tree with runes and symbols throughout the branches. Runes for Healing, general health, protection, family, and the sigils six domains of magic. Kelsey also suggested a personal totem so he meditated on that and surprise, he came up with a wolf. A jet black wolf that appeared during one of his meditations and he knew immediately it was his spirit animal.

Kelsey had originally tattooed the wolf at the base of Stiles’ tree not long after she had done the tree’s branches and trunk. That was when they both discovered that the combination of Stiles’ magic, the tools, and the ink had some unexpected side effects. The first being that wolf had a mind of its own and would wander around his body without rhyme or reason. The first night he woke up and found it sleeping over his heart had nearly caused a freak out that only got worse when it woke up, glared at him, and then went back to sleep. After that it was almost a game to figure out where it would show up next. He also found out that the tattoo that was supposed to hide the others didn't always work on the wolf...apparently he was as contrary as Stiles himself.

Kelsey had been amused at the wolf’s antics, but when she finished the tree she really freaked out. First, the entire thing stared moving, the leaves and branches swaying like there was a breeze. She also noted that some of the tree’s leaves had started changing colors. She had done them in the deep
green Stiles had agreed to using when he rejected the idea of a full color tattoo. They figured that Stiles’ tree would probably reflect the seasons so its leaves would fall, change color, and bud at different times. It was funny because Stiles liked that idea and thought it was right while Kelsey freaked for quite some time but then she loved the wolf, especially when it annoyed Stiles.

After his back had come his arms. Stiles and Kelsey had worked his drawings a bit and she had inked both his arms and legs. On his right arm, between his elbow and hand, she had put the runes and sigils for the element of fire. His left arm had the tattoo he created for air while his right leg had Earth and his left leg had water. After getting them, Stiles found his control and strength in using elemental magic was massively increased. He could summon fireballs with little to no effort and the same went with the other elements. He had been so proud the first time he showed off for Wong who had been thoroughly impressed with his mastery.

Wong and Lyra had been so enthusiastic about his progress and even though they didn’t use tattoos, runes, or sigils in their sorcery, they did come up with some great suggestions. Lyra suggested getting a Japanese rune for self behind his ear. She had studied in Japan for a while and discovered that the symbol was often associated with protection from possession. Stiles had that one placed behind his left ear while behind his right he had Wong’s suggestion. A sigil for understanding that allowed Stiles to learn languages like nothing before. He actually managed to learn Tibetan in three days after getting it and totally shocked both of his teachers.

Over his heart, Stiles had the sigil for the final element of spirit and he had decided to combine it with some elements of Necromancy which he felt blended well. The sigil had shifted in colors from black to white and back again as Kelsey had worked, much to her concern, but when she finished the entire thing had flared for the briefest of moments before disappearing entirely. Stiles could still feel it, but he got the impression that he wasn’t ready for what it represented so it was hiding, even from him.

But now he is finally finished as he stands in Kelsey’s shop trying not to be too embarrassed to have her see him standing there in nothing but his boxers. He focuses for a moment and all of the tattoos suddenly flare up, giving off different colors. He had wondered about that and when he asked Lyra and Wong they were both clueless but Stiles had begun to think that maybe color was also tied to the different domains of magic. He remembered how he had been dreaming of the tree off and on for quite some time, but once Kelsey had finished it, they had definitely intensified in regularity and intensity. And now last night he woke up from a sheer panic when the normally easy dream suddenly turned dark and the tree he had been seeing for so long was suddenly and violently cut down. He didn’t know what it meant, but he hadn’t been able to get back to sleep without checking his back. Seeing the wolf guarding his tree definitely made Stiles feel better even though he didn’t get back to sleep even after seeing everything was okay.

Now he had to admit that he looked pretty rad. He knew that Scott and the others had detected something but after that first time when he smelled the tattoo, Stiles had added a ‘smell me normal’ spell to his morning routine and the wolves only smelled normal Stiles. He had limited the smell to hiding the smell of blood because he knew that if suddenly disappeared from their noses they would freak.

“Okay, I admit it” Kelsey said staring at Stiles back and his front in the reflection in the mirror he was standing in front of “you look bad ass.”

Stiles glared but she held up her hands in the universal sign of surrender. “No pity comments from the gallery” Stiles mutters.

“Dude” Kelsey looks flabbergasted. “You are kidding right? You look fierce kid. Your tattoos are
not only amazing to look at, they are powerful, more than I ever thought they could be. Sure they are not going to make you into Thor or the Hulk, but they definitely will make you someone to watch out for in the magic world. You know I had a girl with fae blood come in a few days ago saying she wanted a glamor rune on her shoulder, she was going to college and wanted to make sure her appearance didn’t slip so I used your tools and ink and it was amazing. She was very impressed and paid me really well. I have had almost a dozen calls since then asking for appointments from our kind of people.”

“Wow…that’s really great Kelsey. You are really doing amazing work” Stiles said and the girl almost threw up her hands in exasperation.

“Stiles, it is all thanks to you” she told him as she glared. “Your ink, your tools, and don’t think I haven’t noticed that you have been warding the shop each time you come in” she said and smirked when Stiles had the grace to blush at getting caught. “You are setting yourself up to be a real player in the magic world even if no one knows exactly who you are yet.” She stared at the teen for a bit while he got dressed, his tattoos fading away again except for the wolf who apparently really did have a mind of its own.

“I appreciate you saying that Kelsey, but you did the tattooing and the kit channeled the magic. I mean I know I am getting better, but…” his voice trailed off as he realized he truly didn’t know what he wanted to say.

“So I guess you are not the sorcerer who declared that everything west of the Rockies was his territory and obliterated a coven of dark witches and sent the survivors running for the hills?” Kelsey hummed in question and then snorted at Stiles’ astounded look. “Oh, I didn’t know that was you when you first came in, if I had I probably would have run for the hills myself” she laughs softly. “You really put the fear of god into that group and they were telling just about everyone who would listen about the terrifying Sorcerer of California. Of course, several of the coven’s enemies caught them returning to New Orleans weakened and tattered and decided to take revenge and wiped out the survivors, but word has still gotten around.”

“It wasn’t exactly like that” Stiles stammered blushing even redder at the look of admiration Kelsey was giving him. “I had serious help from a friend” he explained.

“Whatever” she acknowledged with a shrug. “All I know is that fae girl, she told me that there are whispers among the magic folk of an Arcanist rising in Beacon Hills and I am pretty sure that she was talking about you even if she didn’t know it.”

“A what?” Stiles was truly surprised at the word, he hadn’t come across it yet.

“Really?” Kelsey snorts in surprise but looks surprisingly smug. “You babble on about the most esoteric things but you don’t know what an Arcanist is? Oh, that is funny, but I am so not going to be the one to explain to you. You are just going to have to figure out for yourself whether or not that is you but whatever happens, I hope that you will consider me a friend whenever you need something.”

Stiles nodded and thanked the woman before he left but he fretted about what Kelsey had said during his drive home. What exactly was an ‘Arcanist’ and why did Stiles detect a real hint of fear in her eyes when he confirmed that he had gotten rid of the coven. He needed to call Martinique, Wong, or even Stephen.

Chapter End Notes
Chapter 10 posts on Saturday - coming up? Heather's party, Stiles meets an Alpha by the yogurt, Stiles needs sexing...right now!
**Chapter 10**

Chapter Notes

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*Hey all, hope everyone enjoyed the three chapters this week. Probably not going to happen again - it was too much stress! Thank you again for all the wonderful comments, kudos, and hits. It is amazingly motivating to get such a response!*  

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Stepping into the high school, Stiles took a deep breath and tried to relax knowing that his tension would be obvious normally to the werewolves. Now that he had his tattoos finished he felt significantly better. He knew that unless he did something to break the spell, his hip sigil would make it seem that everyone would see what they expected to see when they looked at him. That means that they shouldn’t detect anything new or unusual, but the wolves had a lot of senses and he wasn’t 100% sure if it would work against their hearing and noses as well as their eyes.

“Bro” Scott said causing Stiles to jump at the unexpected sound as Scott smiled and laughed at the teen’s reaction.

“Scott! I swear I am going to buy a bunch of bells for all of you until you stop that sneaking up crap!” Stiles complained to the completely unrepentant werewolf.

“Dude, you need to relax” Scott said with a smirk and Stiles groaned at the look dancing in his eyes. “So…Allison and I met up yesterday” he started and Stiles had to physically restrain himself from rolling his eyes as the newest chapter of ‘Scott & Allison’ was detailed as they walked to first period even though he was happy that things seem to be working out. Happy Scott was way better than mopey Scott!

The rest of the morning passed fairly quickly and soon Stiles was leaving English class where Ms. Blake was still managing to impress Lydia and most of the class. Even Stiles had to admit that she was one of the better teachers in BHHS and made their English class enjoyable even for the less than committed students. There had been no other signs beyond the general uneasiness that Stiles still felt, but he noticed that he was detecting it in other places as well including the library and outside the teacher’s lounge. Whoever was responsible was very subtle. Stiles had tried to cast the ‘true seeing’ spell once when he had detected something in the library but it was only partially successful and he couldn’t find anything and then a crowd had come in and he had to end the spell prematurely.

Walking in to the cafeteria he spotted the unholy trio sitting at a table off to the side and Stiles steeled himself and made a rash decision and headed right for them ignoring the look on Scott’s face as he saw Stiles walk past. Sliding into a seat next to Isaac and across from Erica Stiles smirked at the looks of surprise on the leather club. “So, how is everyone? Everyone feeling better?” he glanced at Isaac and ignored the annoyed expression. “Any new information?”

“What are you doing here Stiles?” Isaac said sounding way more annoyed than he had any real reason to in Stiles’ estimation.

“Since Scotty seems to be avoiding things, I thought I would see if you had any updates about the… situation we are having” he looked at the betas and all three shifted their eyes away. “Guys, I can’t help if I don’t have good information.”
“And how can you help?” Boyd asks looking amused at the smaller teen’s look of outrage and fake hurt.

Stiles instead looks at each of the betas in turn before sighing. “Dude. Are you seriously putting your lives in Derek’s planning abilities?” he asks with a snort.

Boyd turns to hide his smile but Erica frowns while Isaac looks offended but Stiles can tell the mark hit home. “Look, I get it that Derek is the Alpha and all, but that doesn’t automatically mean he got a brain boost with all those new muscles” Stiles mutters and sees Erica’s eyebrow go up in amusement.

“Derek doesn’t want you involved” Boyd finally tells him and ignores the looks from the other two betas. “And after the last incident, we are inclined to agree” he finishes and Stiles sees Erica flinch while Isaac looks confused.

Stiles rolls his eyes at the beta’s explanation. “You know that I would have been targeted because of Scott no matter what. Is this situation different? Is being Scott’s best friend not a risk?” he prodded.

“Then maybe you should put some distance there” Erica suggested sadly and Stiles looked at her like she was nuts.

“I don’t abandon my friends” Stiles says standing up before he said or did something he would later regret. “Any of them” he adds as he turns to rejoin Scott’s table as he notices the twins walk into the cafeteria.

“What was that?” Scott whispered and Stiles glared over at the betas who were now steadfastly ignoring them.

Stiles shakes his head. “They are not in the mood to share” Stiles mutters “so it looks like I will be talking to you-know-who directly” he declared and saw the concerned looks from Scott and Lydia and the condescending one from Jackson.

Scott turned off the car’s engine as the two of them got out and looked up at the home of Stiles’ childhood friend Heather. Her mom and Stiles’ mom had been good friends so the two of them had spent a lot of time together growing up but since she when to the private Beacon Hills Prep Stiles hadn’t seen her much in the last few years. “Are you sure about this?” Scott asks looking at the crowd going in to the girl’s house.

“Trust me Scott. Heather and I go way back and she made a point of calling me to ask me to come to her birthday party. She is turning seventeen and even said it was fine if you came too” Stiles assures him. “Besides, it has been nearly a year since I last saw her” he adds.

“Heather?” a girl’s voice rings out and Stiles turns just in time to catch the body that was flying towards him and all of a sudden he is being kissed and kissed well.

“Heather?” Stiles gasps when she pulls back. Stiles can hear Scott snickering behind him “Happy Birthday” he remembers to say.

“I’m so glad you were able to come” Heather gushes. “Hey, come help me get some wine for the party, k?” she says grabbing his arm. “Have fun!” she yells at Scott as the girl she was with comes over to talk to the laughing teen.

“Heather?” Stiles says with a laugh as she pulls him down the stairs into the cellar.
“Remember that agreement we made when we were twelve?” she asks with a daring look and Stiles blushes.

“You mean about being virgins?” Stile stammers but Heather cuts him off with another kiss and he feels her hands grabbing onto his neck.

“Well I am seventeen and I am tired of waiting so guess what you can give me for my birthday?” she asks with a wink and Stiles feels his eyes widen but he nods quickly and she smiles.

Heather presses him against the wine rack, kissing him, and Stiles isn’t exactly sure if this is a good idea or not but he is definitely enjoying it and decides that it wouldn’t necessarily be the worst idea until all of a sudden he feels a wave of intense ‘wrongness’ that almost puts him on his ass. He pulls back gasping for breath.

“Stiles?” Heather asks him looking scared. “You look pale” she presses a hand to his face “and you feel really hot.”

She pulls back and stares into his dazed eyes and her expression hardens. “Okay, go upstairs to my room and I have some medicine that might help and then lay down. I will be up with some Gatorade and crackers after I get the wine for the party” she assures him.

Stiles was going to make some protest but he barely opens his mouth before she cuts him off and sends him stumbling to the stairs. He has a flash remembering when they both were stuck together at her house long ago when they both came down with chicken pox and Stiles feels guilty for ruining her party and plans. Once he was out of the cellar his head started clearing so he continued up the stairs until he got to her bathroom and was able to splash some water on his face. Looking into the mirror he was feeling a whole lot better and he took in a deep breath and realized that his stomach, which had been having sharp pains, was now fine.

“What the hell?” he muttered before he remembered the crows! Frowning Stiles headed back downstairs and looked around but didn’t see Heather anywhere but he did see her friend who had been talking to Scott. “Have you seen Heather? Or Scott?” he asked the girl.

She looked at him surprised. “I thought she was with you? And your friend is by the pool. I left when he started showing all the photos of his girlfriend” she said with a disgusted sigh and Stiles almost laughed. He looked around but didn’t see her in the kitchen either so he wondered if she was still in the cellar so he headed down there.

Stepping off the stairs Stiles looked around but didn’t see any sign of Heather, nor did he feel anything strange in the place. Making sure no one was around he reached out with his magic but he didn’t sense anything unusual. Shaking his head he left and just as he stepped out of the kitchen he ran into Scott. “Dude! Where have you been?” Scott asked him.

Stiles told his friend about Heather grabbing him and her suggestion but he got ill and had to come upstairs and now he couldn’t find her and was about to express his worry when he saw the slightly sick look his friend was giving him. “What?” Stiles demanded.

“Bro. She wanted to hook up and you got sick and ran. Maybe she is embarrassed and is avoiding you” Scott gently suggested and Stiles smacked his face at the thought. He had been so overwhelmed by the feeling that he never considered that Heather might interpret as something against her. He flushed with shame and embarrassment for his friend and just wanted to reassure her that it wasn’t about her but he started to think that Scott might be right. And if they hung around then she might avoid her own birthday party so he decided that he should head out. He alerted Heather’s friend that they had to leave and dragged Scott out and he hoped that she would be able to salvage her night. Stiles decided he would call her tomorrow to clear things up.
Stiles was feeling determined and not very happy. After the fiasco at Heather’s party last night, combined with Derek’s orders to the pack to keep him out of the loop, Stiles was stewing in frustration on multiple levels. Derek’s decision was beyond stupid, it was dangerous. Sure Stiles realized that he was the human and as far as the Alpha knew, Stiles was fragile and weak, but things were changing and while he didn’t have the world’s Sorcerer Supreme in his head giving him advice and instruction any more which meant that he wasn’t anywhere near as powerful without Stephen augmenting his powers, he was hardly helpless. Even without his magic, Stiles was smart and had proved his intelligence was useful to their success and keeping information away from him was not just dumb, it was reckless. Stiles realized that until the pack knew the truth this coddling wouldn’t stop and yet he still wasn’t quite ready to let them know.

Stiles pulled into the bakery parking lot and spotted Derek’s Camaro and grinned evilly. The Alpha was seriously going to regret stopping today at his favorite place. Stiles had seen the box from Celeste’s bakery at Derek’s before and figured that the guy had a bit of a sweet tooth even if he would never admit it so he had made it his mission to get to know Celeste and her husband. It didn’t take long and he managed to kill two birds with one stone. First he was able to cut his dad off from her pastries when he caught him with one of her tarts and second, to discover that Derek usually came by to pick up an assortment of cookies.

Stepping in to the shop he spotted Derek’s leather jacket still in line as the man was at the register talking to Celeste as she filled a box with cookies. Stiles watched as the guy suddenly tensed up and then his shoulders sagged in defeat as he turned around and glared at Stiles. “No” he grunted but Stiles didn’t reply, just started whistling as he stood behind Derek as he turned back around in an attempt to ignore the teen.

Normally Stiles couldn’t keep quiet if it killed him, but today he knew that his silence, discounting the whistling, was probably doing more to drive the Alpha crazy than anything he could have said. Stiles knew he was winning when he heard the low growls were coming from Derek as he paid for his cookies and turned to leave but Stiles ‘accidently’ blocked his way. “The usual Celeste. Thank you!” he called over Derek’s shoulder before looking back at the Alpha with a smirk before it dropped off and he put on his ‘disappointed’ face. “Derek” he said in a flat tone.

“Stiles go home and stay out of it” he said tiredly but Stiles just raised an eyebrow at the man with a disbelieving look.

“Really? You think that will work? Have you met me? Derek we need to share resources and that includes information” Stiles told him but Derek wasn’t listening and tried to step around the teen but Stiles moved to block him.

Derek grabbed for Stiles’ shirt and pulled him close, fist twisting Stiles’ shirt. “Stiles, for the last time, you need to…” Derek’s voice trailed off as he leaned forward and inhaled deeply with a confused look on his face. “What’s going on?” Derek muttered “why do you smell different?”

“You’re making a scene” Stiles whispered and Derek let go and stepped back looking around and spotted Celeste eyeing the both of them with a concerned look. “By the way, has dad tried to sneak in recently?” he asks Celeste suddenly causing the woman to shake her head and look at him slightly confused for a second.

“I told him he was limited to the vegan cookies, as per our agreement” Celeste chuckles and Stiles smiles brightly. He figured that at least two of the deputies were probably buying for his dad, but he would deal with them later.
“That’s just cruel” Derek mumbled and Stiles looked at the Alpha in shock.

“Was that a joke? Did Derek Hale actually try to say something funny?” he gasped with an exaggerated look of astonishment.

Derek rolled his eyes and stepped around Stiles who grabbed his arm causing the man to glare at Stiles’ hand causing the teen to let go with a placating gesture. “Just tell me if there is anything new” he pleaded.

Derek looked at Stiles and the teen could see the conflict in the older man’s face and also the moment he gave it up. “Nothing new. We have been looking for them, but aside from the twins, we haven’t been able to confirm anything. Peter thinks there are maybe a dozen total, six or seven alphas and the rest new betas.”

“Betas? Why would they have betas? I thought they were an alpha pack?” Stiles wondered and saw the exasperated look on Derek’s face. “What?”

“They are fodder, pawns to use against us and once their usefulness is over, they will be killed like the other betas. Peter found that they have done this before” he informs the shocked teen.

“These guys are crazy” Stiles declares and Derek snorts in amusement.

“Glad to see you finally figured it out. You need to stay out of this Stiles. Right now you are just the human friend of Scott so you can avoid being a target. They are only interested in us” he says as he pulls away and exits the shop.

Stiles glares for a minute before turning around to pick up his order from Celeste. She makes sure he is alright but he waves it away telling her Derek is a family friend. He decides not to comment on the look of doubt on the woman’s face.

He frowns looking at the display not sure whether he should go with the cauliflower or broccoli for their vegetable. To be honest, neither really appeals but he needs to find something to balance the meal. He smirks and grabs the broccoli and decides that he will offer red meat with this and save the more acceptable veggies to go with the fish and chicken he was planning to pick up. Bribery may be a crime normally but Stiles isn’t dumb enough to not use it when he needs to with his dad.

Stiles moved on to the meat section to look for something that would be enticing enough to get his dad to willingly suffer the indignities of broccoli. Spotting a deal on steaks he thought back and realized it had been some time since they had them so he felt it was probably okay and if he added a small potato he could also add a salad. He tossed them in his cart as he felt a pulse that reminded him of Derek and he glanced around wondering if he might be able to catch the Alpha doing something so pedestrian as grocery shopping.

He didn’t see Derek or any of the other members of the pack but he was sure that he was sensing ‘werewolf’ in the store when he spotted the massive guy who was glaring at him. Shaking his head he pushed his cart towards the milk section while trying to keep an eye on the guy without being too obvious about it. He glanced back and the guy was gone and Stiles was about ready to think he was imagining things when his cart slammed to a stop and he spun around and saw the guy with his hand on the cart and a superior smirk on his face.

“You should be more careful and watch where you are going” the guy said and Stiles got a vibe worse than any even Peter had ever managed.
Stiles looked at the guy and noted him with a rather unimpressed expression. The guy, bald, was jacked up way more than Derek and looked like a steroid overloaded douchebag. Stiles was pretty sure that Jackson on his best day couldn’t manage what this guy did without trying. “Oh sorry, I guess I didn’t see you there…perhaps you should try working out more” he snarked and added a mark to his tally when he saw the twitch in the guy’s cheek. He really should start keeping score of how many times he could drive an Alpha nuts.

“I’m surprised you are here all by yourself” the guy sneered and Stiles noticed the flaring of the nostrils that only someone who hung around werewolves would notice.

“Well, now that I have finally got to double digits I am allowed out with a a sitter, so…” Stiles says with a smile just as he jerks his cart back catching the guy by surprise and freeing his cart.

The guy almost growled and Stiles would bet if there hadn’t been other people around he would have without restraint. “Hale shouldn’t have let you wander off” he says with a snarl.

Now Stiles had started thinking since the guy had first showed up and he figured he could play this two ways. Sure he could be all cool and collected and show this guy he wasn’t intimidated but he had quickly surmised that this guy was not on ‘Team Alpha’ for his brains so it was option two. Plastering a look of utter disdain on his face, Stiles looked at the Alpha with the most annoyed, pitying, and ‘done with’ expression he could manage, he had seen it enough times on the face of one Lydia Martin that it was rather easy to duplicate. “Oh my god, you are one of Derek’s biker friends aren’t you?” Stiles groaned and rolled his eyes.

It took everything not to laugh outright at the sudden look of confusion on the guy’s face as he reared back like Stiles had smacked him on the nose with a newspaper. “Biker friends? What?” he stammered in confusion.

“Look, I will tell you what I told your buddy Mr. Leather scowl at the bakery. I am not getting my dad to leave him alone. If Hale wants the police to stop following him around, then maybe he should try looking less like a serial killer, but I’m not interested in being his PR guy. He may think getting teenagers to join some kind of biker gang makes him all that, but it’s not. It is kind of pathetic” Stiles looks at the increasingly confused werewolf with a look of pity.

“I…no. You are part of Hale’s pack” the guy grumbled and started looking angry at the direction of the conversation.

“Pack? Dude, watch an episode of ‘Sons of Anarchy’ or something, no one calls it a pack. That’s just stupid” Stiles snorts. “I mean Hale’s weak, sure he does the ‘bad boy’ thing with the leather and the car, but I don’t see him as a ‘pack leader’ or whatever it is you all call yourself.” Stiles shakes his head struggling to keep his smile to a minimum and loving the fact that the guy is totally lost because, thank you magic, his heartbeat sounds perfectly level and normal so all of the guy’s senses are telling him that Stiles isn’t lying.

The guy opens his mouth several times without saying anything and Stiles just looks at him in sympathy. “Look…” Stiles looks at the guy with an expectant expression but he just stares so Stiles sighs heavily “what’s your name dude?”

“What? Ennis” the werewolf replies automatically without really thinking about it and then he frowns when he realizes what he just did.

“Ennis? Right. Okay Ennis, you go back your friend Mr. Hale and you tell him I am not interested in getting him out of trouble. He doesn’t like the cops? Then act like a regular person” Stiles snorted as if the very idea was funny. “And tell him to stop sending his gym buddies to bug me” he rolls his
eyes and moves away leaving the alpha behind looking totally scattered.

It takes about three minutes before Stiles feels the guy leave the store but he doesn’t react or do anything other than continue shopping and finishing his chore. He can feel his heart pounding but knows that the sigil prevented the alpha from hearing it or figuring out that Stiles was both afraid and lying. He figured that having Derek and the pack’s scents on him is what attracted the guy, unless they were being watched and he wouldn’t discount the weirdo twins from doing that. He was also pretty sure that whoever was the real brains behind this wouldn’t be as easily distracted as ‘Steroid Steve’ back there.

Stiles loaded his jeep with the groceries and headed back home. He waited till he was inside the house before he cast a quick spell that would guarantee no one could hear him outside of the kitchen, even if he was screaming, before he picked up the phone and called Isaac, the only one of them whose number he had. Really needed to fix that, he thought.

“Stiles?” he could hear Isaac’s confused answer.

“Just met one of the Alpha’s. Bald gym bunny? Not too smart?” Stiles heard the beta suck in a breath in surprise as he must have remembered the guy from when he was attacked.

“Stiles!” Derek’s voice comes through the phone, the anger and concern clear. “What happened?”

“What?” Deucalion’s voice is velvety smooth with a trace of irritation as he tilts his head at the alpha in front of him.

“He didn’t know Hale was a wolf. The kid thought he was in a biker gang. Thought I was his friend” he added with obvious distaste.

“He was obviously lying” Kali said looking at the other alpha with a smirk. She might prefer Ennis over the other alphas, but position in the pack was always shifting and she had given up too much to settle for anything less than being right after Deucalion.

“I can hear a lie Kali” Ennis snarled “and he smelled normal. Seemed more annoyed that I was bothering him. No fear” he looked back towards their leader. “If he knew anything, he would have been wetting himself” Ennis declared.

Deucalion frowned. He had been almost certain that the sheriff’s son was involved with either the omega or the pack, possibly even as a human member. He had been seen around the Hale pack on more than one occasion and he seemed to be in the middle of things but if Ennis was correct, if he had any idea that he was facing an alpha, the boy would have reeked of fear and Ennis would not be mistaken about that. Instead it appeared that the boy had apparently been more annoyed than afraid.

He glanced over at the twins and frowned. “You two said that the boy was involved” he stated, his unhappiness clear despite the even tone.

“We said it seemed possible” Ethan reminded the alpha respectfully. “Stilinski is McCall’s friend, and as near as we can tell McCall isn’t in Hale’s pack. He’s an omega and the human is his friend but we haven’t been able to determine whether he even knows his friend is a werewolf. He knows the others, but they don't really interact.”

“Besides, the other omega Jackson, seems to pretty much despise the guy” Aiden adds. He had been making connections with some of the more popular students at the school and there had been more than a few girls who were willing to share all the gossip with the chiseled Alpha. “Apparently he has
been chasing after the guy’s girl for years and doesn’t get the message. He’s pretty pathetic” Aiden sneers.

“Jackson’s friend Danny says that Stiles and McCall were pretty much loners until McCall suddenly got better at Lacrosse” Ethan says not pointing out the obvious. “Now McCall is popular and was even dating the Argent girl last year, getting fairly popular on his own. Stilinski wasn’t. He might have dropped the guy with all the new attention he was getting” he offers with a shrug.

Deucalion considers the situation. If the boy is involved, threatening his family might help paralyze the local authorities and keep the police out of their affairs. But if he isn’t, then targeting him could have the exact opposite effect. It would be like sending up a warning flare to Hale, the Hunters, and civilians. They could not afford for the Hunters to unite with an ‘educated’ police force. “Keep an eye on the boy” Deucalion instructed the twins with a quick nod. “See if you can figure out what he knows. He might know about McCall even if he doesn’t know about Hale.”

Ethan and Aiden both nod and Deucalion quickly turns to other issues. The betas have information on the pack’s families and Kali reported that she has taken on a position at the hospital and thinks she can get Ennis some scrubs so that he will blend in if they need to target the place. The omega’s mother works there after all.

Stiles is reading through the book on Necromancy and summoning spirits when his dad knocks and opens the door. “Stiles, I have to go out and I want you to stay in tonight. No going to Scott’s” the sheriff says and Stiles can tell something bad has happened but his dad has his determined face so he just nods in agreement and his dad leaves.

Reaching under his bed, he pulls out the police radio and scans until he catches the report of an unidentified female body found in the woods. Stiles turns pale and feels his heart start pounding. After her party, Stiles tried calling Heather but she didn’t answer or respond and then his dad came home to ask him if he had been at the party. Stiles ended up going to meet with Tara and making an official statement as it seemed that she disappeared from the party and her parents’ had reported her missing the next day.

Stiles had told Tara about being in the basement and feeling nauseous so he had gone upstairs and by the time he came back she was gone. He did not mention her offer of sex as it was definitely not something he wanted his dad knowing. Stiles mentioned Heather’s friend and Tara said she had already talked with her. It appeared that Stiles was the last to see her, and he had wondered if he was a suspect but Tara had told him that a number of guests had seen him both when he was looking for her and when he left with Scott.

“Was there anyone there you didn’t recognize or know?” Tara had asked and Stiles racked his brain but he could only tell her that he didn’t really know Heather’s crowd since she went to B-Prep and he hadn’t seen her in nearly a year.

Stiles and the Sheriff had both gone over to her house and spoken with Heather’s parents as family friends and they had asked and Stiles had walked his and Heather’s dad through his last encounter. He didn’t miss the looks when he told them that she was getting wine for the party, but Stiles didn’t think it really mattered in the grand scheme of things.

It wasn’t until later when Stiles had spotted his dad’s paperwork that he saw notes that indicated that the cellar window had been damaged and there were tracks outside that might be someone being dragged. Since then, Stiles had been on eggshells waiting for some news about Heather while hoping
that it would all turn out to be a huge mistake. He had looked over his books, but he couldn’t think of a spell that would work on such a mundane situation. Most spells required strong knowledge of the target and the truth was that they had drifted apart over the years despite their earlier closeness.

After a restless night, Stiles finally dragged himself out of bed, showered and was getting breakfast before heading to school when his dad came in with a look of sadness and Stiles felt his stomach drop. “Heather?” he whispered and Noah just shook his head and pulled Stiles into a crushing embrace.

“We found her body last night” Noah told his son and Stiles felt himself go stiff at finally hearing those words.

Stiles ended up staying home from school that day to be close to his dad who was more affected by this murder than he wanted to admit. Heather had played in their house and Noah had had to tell her parents that their child was dead and that was never easy. Stiles tried to be gentle but he had to know so he pushed and his dad finally told him that she had definitely been murdered. They were unsure of the exact cause as she had a head wound, signs of strangulation, and a slit throat.

The description caught his attention for some reason but he didn’t have the time to investigate until his father had finally passed out after showering. Stiles called the station and told them not to call unless it was dire for at least eight hours and Tara promised to let the sheriff sleep. Hanging up he started reading and two hours later he found it. The three-fold sacrifice. A blow to the head, strangulation by garrote, and a cut throat. That means that Heather wasn’t murdered, she was sacrificed.

But he didn’t know why or who but right now the only ones they were worried about were the Alpha Pack and this didn’t feel like something werewolves would do. Sure, tear out your throat with their claws or their teeth (looking at you Derek) but the rest? No, this was something new. Stiles reached out to Martinique and Wong to ask if they knew anything and decided that he needed better resources. The Majestic Library was great for studying Sorcery with at least some information about the other domains, but Stiles needed to find the other domains’ equivalent to the library if he was going to figure this all out.

Stiles frowned at the message on his phone. Why on earth did Lydia ask him to come to the school at night? Not that it really mattered he sighed resignedly. Here he was driving to the school anyways and he knew that he probably always would respond when Lydia called despite her ‘perfect love’ for Jackson. Turning the corner he frowned as he saw the flashing red and blue lights of the police cars outside the school and he started worrying when he spotted his dad’s cruiser. Parking quickly he ran up to be stopped by Tara and another one of the deputies. “Is my dad okay?” Stiles demanded breathlessly.

“He’s fine Stiles, promise. He arrived with us after they found the body” Tara told him and he looked at her in surprise.

“Body?” he repeated not sure exactly why.

“Stiles why are you here?” Tara asked him directly and Stiles was startled to see the deputy looking concerned.

“Lydia…Lydia Martin. She sent me a message to come to the school, said she needed me” Stiles pulled out his phone and showed Tara the texts.
Stiles notices the woman’s shoulders seemed to relax a bit as she led Stiles towards the building. They walked through and out towards the pool where a crowd of officers had gathered and Stiles saw Lydia standing off to the side looking sick. He broke away from Tara and ran over to Lydia and grabbed her arms. “Lydia, are you okay?” he demanded.

Lydia barely seemed to register that Stiles was even here when he felt it, a sick, palpable feeling of wrongness that caused him to turn around and look for the source. He saw the body on the lifeguard stand, throat slit and blood all down the guy’s chest and his chair. Stepping closer, drawn by the malevolent aura of pain and darkness, Stiles felt his stomach turn at the sight. It wasn’t the dead body though that was almost too much, no the sense that he had been ‘wronged’ just pounded against Stiles’ senses. Glancing at the boy for any clues he spotted a ring and his eyes widened. A purity ring?

“Stiles?” his dad’s surprised voice shook him out of his review of the scene as his dad came over. “Lydia called you?” he asked sounding a bit surprised.

“Yeah. She didn’t tell me why, but just that she needed help. She found the body?” he asks his dad glancing back at the still disoriented girl. His dad nods and Stiles takes a deep breath “She must be in shock and connected me with the police so she called both of us. Can I take her home?” he asked quietly and the Sheriff seemed to relax at his request.

“Please. This is the third body, all killed the same way” he looks at the boy shaking his head and Stiles realizes that he wouldn’t be sharing this if he wasn’t so rattled. The guy was just a year younger than Stiles and if Heather had bothered him, this was probably another blow.

“Third? Who’s the other one?” Stiles asks and his dad tenses as if he suddenly remembers who he is talking to. “Dad, if it’s one of my friends” he says looking suitably worked up.

“I don’t think you know her kid. Marilynn Roberts” Noah says with a sigh and sees the flicker of recognition from his son. Enough that he probably recognized the name but not a close friend. “She and her girlfriend were camping in the woods and something attacked them. The girlfriend was knocked out and when she woke up, Marilynn was gone. We found her body a few hours ago.”

“They only took Marilynn, not her girlfriend?” Stiles looked thoroughly confused but then he remember the purity ring. “Dad! Did the girlfriend say why they were camping in the woods?” Stiles suddenly demanded.

The sheriff closed off immediately and Stiles knew that he had hit on something. “Stiles, you need to go.”

“Dad, trust me on this, were Marilynn and her girlfriend in the woods to…be alone? Like for the first time?” Stiles whisper yelled.

The sheriff’s eyes widened as he grabbed Stiles’ arm in surprise. “How did you know that?” he demanded.

“Look at the guy’s hand” Stiles said pointing at the body. “That’s a purity ring” he told his dad and saw the man’s confusion. “Heather was talking about wanting to lose her virginity at her party” he added and saw the sudden narrowing of the sheriff’s eyes.

“Stiles…” his voice was definitely not a happy one.

“Dad, all three of them were…virgins” and Stiles saw his dad looking at him like he was nuts. “And they were killed using a method called the three-fold death.”
“What the hell are you talking about” the Sheriff demanded in a shocked voice.

“It’s an ancient way of committing human sacrifice” Stiles answered and saw his dad’s eye start to twitch. “You always say one is chance, twice coincidence and three times pattern. You have three virgins, all sacrificed in a ritual manner” Stiles explained as the Sheriff turned an interesting shade of red.

“Stiles, you need to stay off that crap on the internet” he huffs “and you are supposed to be taking Lydia home. Go. Now!” he says and walks away before Stiles can reply and he wants to scream in frustration.

He walks over to Lydia who is looking a lot more together. “Why didn’t you call me first?” Stiles tells Lydia who looks thoroughly unimpressed.

“I’m supposed to call you before I call the police when I find a dead body?” she asks with an arched expression.

“Yes!” he yells. “Always call me first!” Stiles moves them to his jeep and load them up. He will try again with his dad tomorrow but for right now he’s got another problem to deal with. His virginity, while once embarrassing and annoying, might now be fatal. He wonders if he can craft a spell that makes him appear to not be a virgin.

Grumbling as he stomped out of the locker room, Stiles sent daggers with his glare at Danny’s back and he was sure the goalie was fully aware of them despite his amusement. Stiles had been trying to explain his virgin sacrifice theory to Scott and how it was now life-threatening necessary for Stiles to have sex. Danny had offered and Stiles had actually had a moment of warm appreciation for the guy before he dropped the punchline leaving Stiles floundering. “Tease” he muttered at the goalie and manfully ignored the giggles coming from Scott and Isaac.

“Okay ladies! You have gotten badly out of condition so I think a nice five mile run through the woods will be a great warm up!” he yells and blows his whistle drowning out the groans from the team. Stiles didn’t think it was particularly inspiring for Finstock to have them run while he chased after them on his golf cart screaming to run faster.

They were nearing the end of the run, heading back to the school, when there was a sudden commotion from the front of the group. Stiles picked up his pace as Scott and Isaac had already run ahead even though he had been doing well keeping up so far. “What?” Stiles demanded as he rounded around the tree and saw all the guys circled around something. Looking up he saw the body lying against the tree and he sucked in a breath. Another victim?

Stiles glanced at the body and spotted the head wound on the guy as well as the slit throat which meant that this was definitely another sacrifice. Stiles looked at the boy’s face and flinched, recognizing Kyle from school. “Is that Kyle?” he hears one of the other guys ask as Finstock jumps into the crowd and orders Jackson to run back to the school to call the police while he orders everyone away from the body.

Stiles looks at Scott who is looking significantly less happy about this latest development. Isaac looked a bit sick when Stiles realized that neither Isaac nor Scott had seen the victims before, they had only heard about things. Now they were having to face the reality of it without any filters. Stiles glanced to see if he had a purity ring, but he couldn’t see Kyle’s hand.
“Now do you see Scott? This is number four!” Stiles whispered to the teen and he looked around and saw the horrified faces of his teammates.

“All of you! Back to the locker room. Lahey! Find Jackson and help guide the police here” Finstock instructs and the group starts back towards the gym, Isaac running ahead.

“There goes your theory Stilinski” Danny says looking unsettled. Stiles looks confused at the teen’s comment. “Kyle wasn’t a virgin” he explains and Stiles startles. Not a virgin? Then why was he picked? And his wounds definitely screamed sacrifice.

Chapter End Notes

Up next: Blood, violence, and Stiles' magic is finally discovered. Largest chapter so far, so LOTS of things happening! Things are starting to happen fast now! See you on Wednesday!”
Okay, we are finally here. I hope that everyone enjoys this chapter. This was one of the first scenes I visualized when I decided to write this story, so it’s pretty special. It is also very long because a lot of important things are happening for our story. Hope you enjoy it! - G

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Stiles walks out of English class feeling even more certain that something is off about their English teacher. “I’m telling you Lydia, something is just not right about that woman” he insists as they walk out of class heading towards the cafeteria. “Maybe she isn’t completely evil, but come on!”

“Stiles, she is competent and actually knows what she is doing. She has managed to get almost everyone in her classes to actually learn, including Greenberg apparently. If she can teach him and still manage to teach our advance class, then you are right, she is probably a mythological creature” Lydia deadpans and Stiles rolls his eyes.

“Okay, fine. She is a great teacher and knows her stuff, but even you have to admit there is something off about her” Stiles prods and manfully pretends not to notice her eye roll. Giving up on that he switches topics “Have you heard anything about the Alpha Pack?” he asks dropping his voice down to whisper.

Lydia pauses and looks at him in surprise. “What? I figured Derek would tell Jackson and he would tell you” Stiles mutters and as Lydia continues to glare at him and his voice trails off. “Right… expecting Derek to communicate.”

Lydia harumphs and they head into lunch as Stiles grumbles at how annoying it is when the world doesn’t do what he wants it to, it would really make everything smoother if everyone just did what he wanted. “Good news” Scott says happily as they sit down at the table, Lydia next to Jackson and Allison “Harris is out today so we have a free period.”

Stiles suddenly feels like a ray of sunshine has touched his life. A day without Harris! “Yes!” Stiles fist pumps in appreciation before exchanging high-fives with Scott while the girls roll their eyes. They continue talking for a while when Jackson’s voice suddenly surprises them.

“Danny? What’s wrong?” Jackson asks seriously and everyone turns to look at the goalie who has just walked in looking sick.

“Mr. Waters was killed” he mutters and everyone looks confused.

“The band teacher? What happened?” Stiles demanded. Mr. Waters was married so it made absolutely no sense for him to be a victim.

“A guy from the Jungle I know works for the Beacon Gazette and he knows I am in the band. He gave me a heads up about it. Mr. Waters was on his way to his support group when someone grabbed him. They found him with his throat cut” Danny was guided to his seat looking dazed as Jackson hovered worriedly over his friend.
“Support group?” Allison asked looking at Stiles in confusion but he just shook his head. He didn’t know anything about that.

“He led a support group for veterans at the Annex” Danny muttered. “He helped a lot of service men and women who came back” Danny explained.

“They will get the guy who did it” Jackson growled but Stiles was suddenly feeling really uncertain.

“Danny…you said his throat was cut? Are you sure?” Stiles asked carefully and saw the rest of the group turn to look at him in surprise.

Danny looked at Stiles uncertainly. “Yeah, Roger, the reporter, he warned me about that since it would be in the papers tomorrow.”

“Stiles? What are you thinking?” Lydia demanded looking at the teen with a narrowed expression.

“What if it was like the others? The three-fold death. He might have been another sacrifice” Stiles whispered to her as Danny and Jackson were now talking together and no longer paying attention to their end of the table.

“Stiles, we already know that Kyle wasn’t a virgin and Mr. Waters wasn’t one either” Scott reminded him but Stiles shook his head.

“No but Kyle was in ROTC” Stiles said with certainty. Scott and Lydia both looked confused but Allison was looking intrigued. “Some rituals required virgin sacrifices, but others…they instead sacrificed people in groups. Virgin sacrifices generate power sure, but maybe whoever is doing this wants something more.”

Scott frowned not following. “Stiles? If the first three were virgins, then what is the connection between Kyle and Mr. Waters?”

“Warriors” Lydia muttered and glanced at Stiles who nodded. She noticed that both Scott and Allison were looking at her surprised. “What? I did some research too after I found Kyle and Stiles went on about human sacrifices. There was a really dark ritual called the Five Fold Knot. Virgins, Warriors, Philosophers, Healers, and Guardians were sacrificed in that order to harness tremendous power.”

“So there will be another warrior death?” Scott asks looking at them with concern. But they all look confused when Stiles shakes his head.

“Mr. Harris was ex-military” Stiles said looking grim. “He had a thing on his desk from his days in the army” he explained. Scott and Allison looked stunned but Lydia only nodded looking thoughtful. Harris hadn’t missed a day of school without everyone knowing in advance, he didn’t take sick days. Him not showing up and with all of this information, things were looking bad.

“So what do we do?” Scott finally asks and Stiles looks over to see Jackson and Danny still talking about Mr. Waters.

Stiles glances over at the betas’ table and sees Erica watching him. “Did you hear all of that?” he asks barely above a whisper and sees her nod. “You will let Derek know?” another nod. Stiles turns back to the table. “Scott, Erica will tell Derek but you should tell Deaton. He might know more about this since both the three fold death and the Five Fold Knot are Druidic in history. Allie? Can you see if your dad knows anything?” Stiles asks. Both Scott and Allison agree and then the bell rings and they have to head to their next class.
Stiles decided to tag along with Scott to go to the animal clinic to talk with Deaton. Stiles had been assured by Boyd that they would tell Derek everything that he and Lydia had discussed at lunch. Stiles had been surprised when Boyd had spoken to him after history and carefully asked whether Stiles would be considered eligible for any of the remaining sacrifices. Stiles doubted that the person doing it would see him as eligible for any of the remaining groups. He was touched by the Beta’s concern.

“Are you going to explain everything?” Scott asks as he gets off his bike as Stiles closes the door on his jeep. “I mean you really came up with all of it” he says sheepishly. Stiles just shakes his head at his buddy’s obvious attempt to get out of talking magic with Deaton. Despite everything, it still seemed that Scott felt the office was a refuge from the craziness and that Deaton wasn’t in on all of this even though Scott always went to the man for assistance. Stiles did not get how Scott’s mind worked sometimes but he understood that he needed it.

“Sure buddy. I can do that” Stiles offers as they step in to the office and see the ever serene vet look up at them and nod, not giving away anything.

“Boys. How are you today?” he asks with his typically unperturbed smile.

“Oh you know. Lacrosse practice was intense with the coach making us run suicides, the cafeteria had tater tots, oh and our Chemistry class was cancelled and we think it is because our teacher was probably killed as a victim in some evil ritual of human sacrifice” Stiles tells him with a jaunty wave.

Deaton raises and rather unimpressed eyebrow at the teen and sighs heavily. “Perhaps you might want to explain that last item” Deaton asked cautiously.

Stiles spends the next few minutes going over all of his and Lydia’s thoughts and ideas about the sacrifices including the Threefold Death and the Five Fold Knot. He explains how the first three were probably virgins and the next three were warriors. “We don’t know for sure that Harris is dead” Scott protests and Stiles gives him his patented ’are you serious’ look. “Well we don’t!” Scott defends.

“I am afraid that I agree with Mr. Stilinski” Deaton says surprising both of the boys. “What Stiles and Ms. Martin have concluded provides a very good answer for this situation and if they are right, then we are dealing with someone doing something very dark and very dangerous.”

“Then this is Druidic Magic” Stiles states.

Alan shakes his head sadly. “Unfortunately. But it is not the way of the Druid, but the Darach.” Deaton sits down at the confused looks on the teens. “Druid translates as ‘Wise Oak’ but Darach translates as ‘Dark Oak’ and they are called that because they are Druids who have abandoned their oaths as balance keepers in order to draw power from the darkest elements of our magic.”

“I haven’t found Darach mentioned in any of my readings” Stiles mutters unhappily and Deaton huffs a bit with a smirk.

“I’m not surprised Stiles” Deaton gets up and crosses his office, pulling down a very old book and handing it to Stiles. “This might give you some insights on the Druids to go along with your other studies” he says with a slight smile that causes Stiles to pause. “I’m sorry that I can’t do more Mr. Stilinski but even if you cannot do serious magic, there is still much you can do and knowledge is never a waste” he said hopefully.

Deaton sat back down and clasped his fingers together thoughtfully. “There is something you need to understand Scott, the word sacrifice has many different meanings. At one time, Druids did use the Threefold Death in their magics, but some of those sacrifices were made willingly and knowingly. The magic thus created was not dark, but light” he told them.

“How could human sacrifice ever be a good thing? I mean no one would willing do that!” Scott demanded sounding offended.

“Actually they did and not just druids, but in many cultures” Deaton was, as ever, unperturbed by Scott’s outburst. “Think of a soldier, who in order to save others, throws themselves upon a grenade. They trade their life to save others. The Threefold Death was done in a similar manner, and it often accomplished the same thing. However it was never undertaken casually or without purpose.”

“So what? They just chose some poor idiot to kill in order to grow crops or something?” Scott was getting worked up.

“For it to be a True Sacrifice, then the person had to face the sacrifice with both full knowledge and the intention to do so and no, it wasn’t some idiot. Usually it was a chief, or leader, or even a wise-man who offered up their lives for their people. Sometimes it was a young warrior or maiden, but coercion, deceit, or other ways of manipulating someone would corrupt the sacrifice and make things worse. And it was only used for serious issues that could not be resolved in other ways” Deaton added. "The practice, like anything can, ultimately became corrupted and turned from a True Sacrifice to taking life. That is why the Druids ultimately forbid it."

Scott still seemed to be angry at the idea but Stiles actually understood it. It was similar to other things he had read in his books about the power of intention. If a chief sacrificed his life for his people, that would create some pretty powerful magic which the Druids could harness and use to save many others. “But these are not willing victims” Stiles counters when Scott has quieted down a bit. “So the magic wouldn’t be the same.”

Deaton nodded and smiled at the teen in approval. “Very good Stiles. These sacrifices are definitely unwilling and combined with the Five Fold Knot, which I believe Ms. Martin was correct about, then they are probably being used by a Darach for a much more sinister goal. The Five Fold Knot gives power in specific ways. Killing the virgins generates tremendous power that would be highly effective in certain magics, spells to mask darkness or corruption by using the stolen innocence of the virgins. The Warriors killed gives the Darach enormous strength” Deaton laid it out and Stiles didn’t like it. That meant that whoever is doing this is probably going to be able to hide from most forms of detection.

“Stiles?” Deaton suddenly asks and Stiles looks over to see the vet staring at Stiles’ hands in confusion. Glancing down he spots his moonstone ring and almost flinches. “Where did you get that ring?”

Scott looked surprised that he had a ring on in the first place, great observational skills wolfboy, but Stiles schools his face to look innocent. “This? I found it in a junk shop in San Francisco” Stiles said quickly.

“May I see it?” Deaton asked with a calculating look on his face.

Stiles pauses for just a moment but he doesn’t want Deaton to be suspicious so he slips it off and hands it to the vet. If he knew anything about it, maybe it would be worth Deaton finding out!
Deaton turned the ring around several times, looking thoughtful, before finally handing it back to Stiles. “It is a very interesting ring, silver and moonstone I believe?” he said looking at Stiles.

Stiles smiled broadly. “Yep and even better, the guy said it was magical, owned by a powerful magician” Stiles jokes and laughs when Scott rolls his eyes at his friend.

“I don’t know about that” Deaton says with a chuckle “but it is a very nice ring.” Deaton hands Stiles back the ring and Stiles puts it back on with a sigh.

“So, are you saying it doesn’t have any super magic powers or anything?” Stiles asked hopefully causing the vet to just shake his head as they all got up. Scott went to the back to get started on his tasks when Deaton reached out to Stiles.

“I’m sorry I can’t tell you anything about the ring, but your insights about magic are very good and that should be encouraged. When you finish, return that book and I will get you some others to read that should help you” he offered and Stiles smiled gratefully, thanking the man before leaving for home.

“It seems that Hale is keeping his pack close and they have abandoned his loft” Kali reported and Deucalion was getting annoyed.

“What about the betas? Have you been following them? They should lead you to wherever Hale is hiding” he asked of the betas and they all flinched and avoided his eyes.

“They have been, but there is a problem. The three betas will often leave town and go over to Dansforth where they enter one of the plants there” Kali tells him and when he just stares she sighs. “It’s a meat processing plant. The smell of livestock and blood is so thick that we can’t scent trail them once they go in. They go in and disappear in all of that and somehow they are getting out without us catching them. The next thing we know they are back at their homes or school” she explains, clearly frustrated. “The plant has also planted large beds of wolfsbane and stinkweed all around the place” she adds with a growl.

“A meat plant surrounded by wolfsbane and stinkweed?” Deucalion stares for a moment before he laughs. “Peter Hale” he says with an irritated sigh and Kali and Ennis both start at the older Hale’s name.

“What about him? He is weak and useless” Kali argues but Deucalion just shakes his head at her foolishness.

“Peter Hale may be physically weak after doing whatever he did to return from the grave, but do not make the mistake of underestimating him. He is clever, too clever, by far. Peter was Talia’s hand and was the one she sent when she did not want to be seen acting less than admirably. He is cunning and well versed in our ways and he is capable of anything. This reeks of one of his schemes and I would bet it’s not the only one they are using which is why finding his nephew has been so difficult.” He pauses for a moment before his lips shift to a rather dangerous smile. “Perhaps we should try a different tactic.”

Kali and Ennis both look at each other not catching on. The twins are quiet as usual, Lisa was standing behind the other female alpha, clearly showing her allegiance, while Ricardo just looked uncertain. “What do you mean?” Kali finally asked after Deucalion had been silent for several moments.
“The omegas. What kind of Alpha allows not one, but two omegas to not only stay in his territory, but to act those two have been?” Deucalion asks sounding like a professor.

“A weak one” Ennis declares easily and Ricardo can see their leader’s irritation with the large Alpha.

“No. One who is grooming them to join his pack. The Jackson boy is almost pack by now from what the twins tell us, even though he hasn’t fully submitted. McCall though, that one is the weak point in all of this. He was bitten by Peter Hale, which should make him one of the Hale pack, but he refuses to join and Hale allows it. He is also involved with the Argent girl” Deucalion says with an empty laugh. Deucalion doesn’t share his last bit of information with the pack, that Morrell told him about the boy having the potential to be a True Alpha.

“So we remove them from the field?” Kali says easily with a smile of anticipation. “They can’t join Hale if they aren’t breathing.”

“My dear you miss the point entirely. The boy is desperate to hold on to his humanity and that is why he is not joining Hale’s pack and recklessly dating a Hunter. He thinks he can ignore all of this, but he is vulnerable and if we push his weak spots, then he will do whatever we tell him, perhaps even taking the alpha power from Hale” Deucalion lays out with a smirk. If McCall is truly an Alpha, he will belong to Deucalion.

“Well then, what are his weak points?” Ennis asks and turns toward the twins who have been gathering the most intel on the teenagers.

“Stilinski, Argent, and his mother” Aiden says easily and Ethan nods a bit slower.

“The Argent girl will be protected and we don’t want to draw the hunters in quite yet and his mother has the most value. He will do anything to protect his mother so we can use her to finally push him over the edge. Which leaves the friend” Deucalion nods to himself.

“And Stilinski is connected to Hale’s pack as well” Ethan adds slowly and sees the others look at him in surprise. “He isn’t a member, but he is connected somehow to Hale’s betas. Maybe even Hale.”

“Then if something were to happen to him?” Deucalion asks with a smirk and Kali and Ennis both grin at the idea. “I think it is time that we increase the pressure on all fronts. Ennis, take the boy and bring him here. And restrain yourself, nothing permanent. I want him alive so that we can use him to send an appropriate message to Hale and McCall.” Ennis smiles wickedly and starts to move when the demon wolf’s voice stops him. “Oh, and go ahead and kill the sheriff while you’re at it.”

Allison smiles as Scott holds the door for her as they enter the diner. The dinner with her dad the other night had gone fairly well, at least no blood was spilled, and they had spent quite some time afterwards catching up. Allison had shared her experiences in France and was happy when Scott reacted like she had upon hearing that the Argent Grande Matriarch had once had a non-human lover. “I also got to meet several hunters who had married non-humans. It seems that it is more of a taboo here in America than in Europe. It really surprised dad but I think it caused him to really reconsider some things” Allison said after they had ordered.

“So he is okay with us being together?” Scott asks tentatively and smiles and the nod and smile that Allison gives him.

“He is dealing with it, but I would still like to take it slow though. Dating first. We need to talk about
a lot of things especially about keeping stuff from each other. Lady Argent was very unhappy when she found out about Kate and what she did to the Hales. She worries that it is things like that will lead to all-out war and that cannot be allowed to happen” she tells him.

“Why was she so angry? I mean, she’s a Hunter” Scott was kind of surprised to find out that hunters would have been bothered by it based on Allison’s family. He knew Allison was different, but then she hadn’t been raised to think like hunters even if she was trained to eventually become one. Scott’s impression of her parents? They scared him in how it didn’t seem to ever bother them to kill people.

“Because the majority of supernaturals, even werewolves, know that when humans die so visibly, everyone is at risk of exposure. If one goes feral, it puts the others at risk. In fact it is just as often a stable pack that kills a rogue omega as it is hunters but we have seemed to forget that. So many hunters have been recruited because a loved one was a victim, so they are twisted by their loss instead of learning the full truth. Clarissant found evidence that Gerard had been doing that, recruiting hunters who know no else even knows about and keeping them isolated from the families in order to be his own personal army” Allison said looking mortified.

“So hunters and packs are supposed to work together to keep the peace?” Scott asks and Allison nods causing the teen to inhale deeply. “Then what Kate did to Derek and his family” his voice trails off and he sees the guilt and shame in Allison’s face but he hesitates for a second before he reaches out to comfort her. Kate’s actions were even worse than he knew, and that was saying something! Her betrayal was on so many levels. The woman was truly evil. “Which is why Derek didn’t want me around you” Scott says looking at her and seeing her acknowledgment.

“After what I learned, I realize that he is a lot stronger than I am” Allison admits with a flush. Scott squeezes her hands and starts to counter that but she smiles waveringly. “I mean it Scott. My mom killed herself because Derek bit her, and I let Gerard use that to manipulate me. I hurt Erica and Boyd and if I had even the slightest chance, I would have killed Derek. I didn’t care. I convinced myself that they were not human, just animals. But when Derek was wronged so horribly by my family, he didn’t lose his humanity. There were eleven people in that house Scott, including a six month old baby!” she says, tears running down her cheeks. “But he didn’t go nuts and try to kill people afterwards. He even got you away from me on your first full moon and gave me a ride home to keep you from hurting me.”

Scott nodded remembering how crazed he was that night. Not long after that he attacked Stiles in the locker room and he had accepted that he was having so many issues with control. Stiles had never held that against him and had come up with the idea of using the Lacrosse balls to help him focus, though Scott was sure at least part of that was payback, and the thing was that it did really help him. Allison had turned out to be his salvation in more ways than one in the end. She had anchored him to his humanity, but she had also made him stronger by wanting to be able to protect her.

“Allie, this isn’t all on your family. Derek is not completely innocent in all of this either. He lied to me to get me to help him fight Peter which” he paused and sighed “was probably the only way he could get my help” he acknowledged. “Dammit” he muttered “I hate it when Stiles is right. Okay, but he did keep trying to kill Lydia and Jackson” he reminded her with a look.

Allison laughed and he smiled at her. “It’s okay. Lydia did pretty much the same to me the other day. She reminded me how basically everyone is a little too quick to jump on the ‘kill everything when things go bad’ train” she pauses with a smile “though she did qualify that by saying that killing Peter should always be up for consideration. We really need to fix this so we can all deal with whoever is killing people or before something even worse shows up.”

Scott frowns and at Allison’s questioning look, he proceeds to tell her about the Alpha Pack and
what they did to Isaac. By the time he finishes, Allison is worked up. “Two supernatural enemies at the same time? Scott, that stretches the odds of coincidence. What if they are connected somehow? We need to talk to my dad and find out what he knows and then we all can talk to Derek” she declares.

“You want to talk to Derek?” Scott says in disbelief.

Allison looks at her boyfriend carefully and nods. “We need to fix this and since Derek and my dad are probably incapable of making the first step, maybe it is up to us to bring everyone together. If they hurt Isaac just to send their first message, what will they do for the next one?”

Scott agreed and they left for the Argent’s house and Scott looked happy at Allison’s determined expression. If she and Derek could work together, after everything that happened between them, then maybe he could too. He had a lot of anger towards the guy, especially after Derek wanted to kill Lydia and Jackson when he thought they were the kanima, but these alphas are way worse and if he has to choose a side, he is going to choose the right one.

Stiles pulled the pan of lasagna out of the oven and put it on the counter-top with a smile. He was trying a new recipe and he had used ground turkey instead of hamburger in addition to lots of veggies in his never-ending efforts to get his dad to eat healthier. He typically used the ground turkey when he could get away with it and his dad hadn’t caught on so far so Stiles kept looking for other ideas. He turned to finish the salad when he heard the front door open and he called out “In here!”

Noah Stilinski walked through the living room with a tired sigh but definitely perking up at the smells coming from the kitchen. He had a long shift and unfortunately would have to head back for a few hours after dinner, but he had carved out some time since Stiles had promised him lasagna and he wasn’t going to pass on getting real meat. “Smells great” he tells the smiling teen.

“You have enough time if you want to get changed first” Stiles offers as he moves the garlic bread to the oven.

“You can’t stay?” Stiles says tonelessly.

“You can’t stay?” Stiles says tonelessly.

“I am staying for dinner” Noah declares firmly “but I do need to go back to the office afterwards for a bit. I’m sure that you will hear this tomorrow but we found another victim, your chemistry teacher Mr. Harris.” Stiles didn’t react which triggered his sheriff’s instincts. “You aren’t surprised.”

“He wasn’t in school for the second day” Stiles tells his father. “They guy doesn’t go on vacation unless he loads us down with killer assignments. Him being gone…he fit the pattern.”

“Pretty sure he wasn’t a virgin son” the sheriff says looking tired of Stiles’ efforts to convince him that all of this was about virgin sacrifices.

“No, the second group of three victims were all warriors. Harris and Mr. Waters were ex-military and Kyle was ROTC” Stiles explained to a now thoroughly confused sheriff. “It’s complicated but basically there is this old ritual that I think the killer is following where he or she kills certain kinds of people. I can show you my research” Stiles offers cautiously.

The sheriff stares at his son for a moment, assessing the serious expression and demeanor and realizes that the kid has probably been desperate to help with all the negative press the department
has been getting. He remembered that the profiler that had come to assist had mentioned the killer was probably following some kind of pattern based on the ritualistic nature of the killings so maybe Stiles had found it. “After dinner” the sheriff agrees and Stiles smiles just as there is a knock at the front door.

“I’ll get it” Noah says and Stiles just nods as he heads to the door. Flipping on the porch light, Noah opens the front door and is surprised to see a large, bald man standing at the front door.

“Sheriff Stilinski?” the man asks with a smile and Noah nods slowly feeling suddenly uncomfortable with the way the man is looking at him.

The man’s smile turns vicious and Noah flinches as he sees the man’s eyes suddenly glow red and his face turns into something bestial. He steps back, his hand moving towards the gun that he was still wearing, but he was too slow. The man, monster, or whatever it is strikes out so fast Noah can barely react before he is being thrown across the hall to the living room where he hits the wall, crashing into the television before he crashes to the floor.

“Dad?” Allison called out as she walked into the house, Scott following behind her closely. They had come straight from the diner to update Mr. Argent about the situation.

“Allison?” Chris looks at the determined face of his daughter with concern. He wondered if this was anything to do with the recent killings that had been occurring. Although all of his informants had confirmed that the slit throats were done with a blade, not claws, they were still disturbing.

“Dad, Stiles and Lydia put some information together that we thought you should know about and there is also another problem” Allison tells him with a fierce look that reminds Chris very much of Clarissant Argent and he restrains the smile that tugs on his lips. This summer was very good for Allison and she was already starting to show serious growth.

“Okay, let’s talk” Chris said leading them into his office. Sitting at his desk he motioned for them to proceed. The next twenty minutes involved all of Stiles’ theories, Lydia’s ideas, and what Scott had learned from Isaac about the Alpha Pack. (No Stiles, he didn’t have to talk to Derek to get information, nor was he ignoring everything even if he wasn’t directly involved, thank you very much.)

Chris was frowning, definitely unhappy as the finished their story. Getting up he grabbed one of the Argent histories and opening it up he flipped the pages till he got to the section he was looking for “One of our ancestors fought a Darach who was attempting the Five Fold Knot” he explained and pointed to the diagram and notes on the page. “It is very dark magic and usually is tied to vengeance or fury.”

“So the person doing this is trying to get back at their victims?” Scott sounds confused. “But none of the victims were evil…except maybe Harris.”

“No, the victims are not the important part, they are being used to fuel the Darach’s vengeance against someone else” Chris explains and then frowns. “You know, that may be what happened to that coven” he muses.

“The witches who ran out of town?” Scott asks surprised while Allison looked confused as she had been gone when all that happened. “You think the Darach took them out?”

“It’s definitely possible and even makes a certain kind of sense. If they were in the way or maybe
even competing for something, they may have been eliminated to give the Darach a clear field” Chris suggests but then shrugs "but that's just one theory."

“What about the Alpha Pack?” Allison asks after a moment and her father looks uncertain.

“I haven’t heard about a pack of Alphas. I can ask, but I think that would have been noticed and the word would have gone out. Do you know who any of them are?” Chris asks.

“Isaac said their leader was named Deucalion and he heard the names Kali and Ennis as well. There are also two twins our age, Ethan and Aiden Carver” Scott reports and looks at Allison when they notice the elder Argent’s reaction. “You know them?” Scott pushes.

“I recognize the name Deucalion” Chris says with a frown. He tells them of a peace summit where Deucalion and several other Alphas were meeting with Gerard and that the Alpha had attacked and killed several of Gerard's hunters. The hunters were furious at the betrayal and attacked the packs that were present and Deucalion was blinded by Gerard before the wolves got away.

Scott listened to Chris’ story and noted that it was a new one for Allison as well but something didn’t sit right with him. “Sir” Scott looked really uncomfortable when both Argents turned to stare at him “I know this may sound harsh, but it is possible that Gerard is the one who started the fight?” he asks and sees the older man tense. “I mean, he just seems so anti-wolf, could he have only agreed to the meeting so that he could have the opportunity to attack the werewolves?”

Chris leans back as Allison frowns. “Scott, you are forgetting that several hunters were killed first causing the fight.”

Scott nodded slowly but he was watching Chris and the man’s face gave a different tale. “You might be right Scott” he finally said surprising Allison. “My father was never interested in peace and I remember being surprised he even agreed to try, but I thought that maybe it was because my mother had died the year before. It wasn't from hunting or anything, but I was thinking that maybe he was changing, getting tired. But he never really changed. I hate to say it, but I think that killing his own men to justify his attack on the wolves, not to mention making any future peace treaties between packs and hunters more difficult, is something that makes a whole lot more sense” he said with a heavy voice.

A silence sat over the three of them as they all thought about everything that Gerard had done to each of them and what he was capable of and how it seemed that the aftershocks of the man's actions were never ending and it wasn’t very reassuring. “We need to talk with Derek, share information and see what we can do together” Allison finally stated startling her father.

“You want to ally with Hale?” Chris asked with surprise. Allison just nodded, resolution clear in her eyes. Though technically he was Argent Regent, he also knew that Allison needed to start taking a greater role in the family business and he couldn’t really argue with her logic. Agreeing, he gathered up the information to take with them while Scott called to talk to Derek.

“Dad, I know this will be hard, but we need to do this” Allison said gently looking a lot less certain than she had a few seconds before. Chris could see the concern and uncertainty on his daughter’s face as well as the determination.

He pulled her in for a hug to reassure her just as Scott walked up. “Derek and Peter will meet us at the animal clinic” Scott told them as they walked up. “Derek said he is calling Dr. Deaton to come as well.”

They all head out and Scott was going to call Stiles to join them but he remembered that Stiles was
supposed to be having a night home with his dad. He could talk with him later.

Stiles dropped the salad bowl when he heard the crash and came running around the corner and saw his father sliding down the wall. He screamed and started for the sheriff when the Alpha he had seen at the market suddenly appeared and backhanded him hard, sending Stiles crashing into the breakfast table landing among the wreckage of their dinner.

“Stiles!” the sheriff yelled as he fired his gun at the man/monster in his house twice in rapid succession, both shots hitting the wolfed out Alpha in the chest causing the man to roar in pain. In the blink of an eye, the Alpha crossed the room and grabbed the gun out of the sheriff’s hand, tossing it across the room. His other hand, claws out and pressing against the skin, were gripped around Noah’s throat, slowly cutting off his air supply as the Sheriff was lifted off his feet.

Ennis looked at the sheriff with a maniacal glee and the sheriff had just managed to grab his taser when the Alpha’s other claws raked across his stomach causing Noah to scream in pain and drop the stun gun. “We have plans for the boy, and afterwards, we will leave his body for Hale to find, but first, I am going to let him watch me kill you” the alpha snarled and Noah felt his blood go cold at the man’s threat. He was going to die and there was nothing he could do to stop it or protect his son.

Noah was looking into those glowing red eyes when suddenly there was a bright flash of yellow light and then he was hit with a hot splash on his face as he collapsed to the floor, fingers still tight on his throat as he looked up in surprise at the now screaming man gripping the bleeding stump that used to be his arm.

Stiles had watched movies and the one thing that had always annoyed him was whenever the good guys seemed to waste time talking or giving a warning instead of just shooting the bad guys. He always felt that it was monumentally stupid and though he honestly couldn’t say that he was really thinking about that in this moment, afterwards he is certain that it had affected his decision when he looked up from the mess of dishes, food, and table he was laying among and saw his dad, pinned against the wall, with an Alpha strangling him with one hand while clawing him with the other. Stiles eyes saw red and he summoned his mystic shield. He had begged Wong to teach him how to throw the shield like Captain America and the guy had, even though they both knew that the shield’s motion and return was due to his magic controlling it rather than any skill he possessed, he was still able to make it work.

It was a fluid motion when Stiles summoned the shield and threw in all in one maneuver without saying a single word. The shield that flew between his father and the werewolf was different from any he had ever made before in two very important ways; first, it was spinning rapidly and second, Stiles had visualized the edge to be as sharp as possible. He felt immense satisfaction at the scream of pain the Alpha let out as Stiles’ magic disc hit Ennis’ arm, the one holding his dad to the wall, and sliced it clean off, just below the elbow.

The Alpha reared back looking at the blood gushing out of his bleeding arm in shock before glancing at the teen and Stiles saw a moment of sheer disbelief that turned to terror he saw the glowing lights surrounding the boy as the disc flew back to his hand. Ennis turned to run out the door when he hear a crack like thunder and the wolf screamed again when a whip of light suddenly wrapped around his throat and he slammed to a stop.

Stiles, running high with adrenaline, pulled back on the magical whip, hauling with all his might and the wolf was pulled off his feet and thrown through the back door of the house, tearing the door off the hinges and shattering it into several pieces. “You fucker!” Stiles screamed at the man who rolled
over and stared at the teen, eyes burning a bright emerald green as Stiles’ right arm erupted in green flames. “You hurt my dad! I will kill you for that!” his voice throbbed with rage as he tossed fireball after fireball at the Alpha as he tried to get up.

Ennis was blasted onto the back porch and Stiles stalked forward, arm blazing as the Alpha turned and looked into the green eyes and saw only death. He let out a roar of desperation and jumped to his feet but Stiles’ left arm, the tattoos glowing with a white-blue light, summoned a column of air from high in the sky that came slamming down into the Alpha and Stiles exulted as he heard the loud crack of both of the guy’s legs as they broke and he went down to his knees screaming in agony.

Stiles held out his hand, palm up as the fire burning there intensified. Stiles could barely see he was so mad but all of that rage and fury didn’t stop him from hearing the desperation in his father’s voice. “Stiles. Please. Don’t do this.”

Stiles spun his head around in surprise and saw his dad leaning against wall, blood drenched shirt hanging in tatters, his hands clutching his stomach, staring at Stiles with a look of desperate fear. “He tried to kill you” Stiles yelled.

“I know son, I know. But he didn’t. And I don’t want you to be have to be a killer” Noah whispered but Stiles shook his head and looked back at the groaning Alpha.

“Too late. I’ve killed before to stop people like him. You don’t know him dad. He’s killed people, lots of people, people who trusted and depended on him. He slaughtered them for power and greed and he came here to kill my friends” Stiles voice is angry.

“Stiles I don’t know what’s happening to you and I am so sorry I haven’t been there, but he is beaten. You don’t have to kill” Noah moved to touch his son’s arm and he winces when the boy flinches at his touch.

“Dad, he’s a werewolf. Even if you could hold him, you can’t just arrest him. His friends would either kill everyone at the station to get him out assuming he didn’t do it himself” Stiles looks at his dad but Noah sees that he is reaching him, the flames and light on his arms have dimmed as has the fire in his eyes.

“Then I will shoot him” Noah says finally and that’s what stops Stiles. The green is suddenly gone and his eyes are the warm color of whiskey once again.

Stiles looks at his dad for a moment and knows that his father, the man to whom being Sheriff is the core of his identity, is willing to shoot Ennis to keep Stiles from carrying that burden and he suddenly lets go of his rage. “Okay dad, I won’t kill him…but you won’t have to either.”

“Stiles?” his dad looks confused but Stiles holds up his hands and starts moving them and Noah blinks in shock as a circle of fiery sparks appear behind the…werewolf…and all of a sudden he can see through it daytime blue sky, a white, sandy beach and tropical plants. Once the circle stabilizes Stiles holds out his left hand and his son’s tattoos, which he will address later, glow blue again and a blast of air comes from behind them, slamming into the alpha and throwing him through the circle to crash into the sandy ground.

“Here” Stiles yells and throws the severed arm after him before waving his hands and the circle closes like it was never there.

“Stiles? What did you do?” Noah asks looking at his son who is looking rather proud of himself.

“I opened a portal. Sent him to a deserted island in the south pacific. No people around for hundreds
of miles, just water. He can live a nice, long life rotting on that island” Stiles says with grim satisfaction.

His look of pride slides off his face when Noah groans and starts to tip over. Stiles is there, grabbing him around the back, holding him up as the sheriff pulls his bloody hand away from his stomach. “I think I need an ambulance” he says with a groan.

“I can do better” Stiles does that thing again with his hands and this portal opens into a room that looks vaguely familiar. Stepping through it, Noah realizes that they are in an empty triage rooms at Beacon Hills Hospital.

Chapter End Notes

*Surprise! Who guessed correctly about who would see Stiles' magic first? Anyone? I hope you enjoyed reading the fight scene, I never know for sure how much of the blow by blow should be detailed to get the visuals across. Figuring out person #2 is probably going to be a lot easier. :)*

*Next up on Saturday we have Chapter 12 - The sheriff confronts Stiles about everything, the allies meet for the first time to discuss things and someone stops by the Stilinski home to discover a shocking scene!*
Chapter 12

Wow! Thank you for all the comments last chapter. Seems like everyone enjoyed it. Up next is that awkward discussion that Stiles has been dreading pretty fun. The next few chapters should be fun for all!

On a personal note, a person made a comment that some interpreted as negative, I did not, and reacted to it.
I am okay with people asking questions or even not liking this story. Not everyone will but I just want people to have fun and enjoy themselves. Thanks

Melissa sighed as she finished updating her last chart before her dinner break. Scott had called to tell her that he was with Allison so she didn’t have to worry too much about him and was planning to enjoy the leftover enchiladas that she had brought for a few minutes of peace and quiet. Leaning back in her chair she rubbed her eyes as she glanced at the chart on the wall and smiled slightly at the number of empty rooms on the floor. Alan Deaton and the others had come to the hospital shortly after Stiles’ call and with Melissa’s assistance, they had managed to cure the remaining victims of the witches’ curse. Scott had told her some details about the coven’s defeat but that wasn’t something she was going to focus on. It was quiet now and she was going to enjoy it as long as she could.

“Mrs. McCall!” Melissa flinched as she recognized Stiles’ panicked voice and she looked over her shoulder and saw the teen for a second, moving before she even consciously recognized that the boy’s shirt was covered in blood. She was at his side in seconds but his shirt appeared whole, despite the blood.

“Stiles?” she started but he grabbed her arm and started to pull her back the way he came, apparently from one of the empty exam rooms. “What’s going on” she demanded in a whisper that froze when she saw the look of desperation on his face.

“It’s my dad” he croaked and Melissa’s eyes hardened and she bolted forward as Stile pulled her into the room. Stepping inside she saw Noah laying on the table, his shirt torn and bleeding from multiple wounds on his chest and neck. Melissa felt the mental shift inside her as she went into ‘nurse mode’ and cut off her emotions as she moved to her friend’s side to catalog the wounds. Multiple punctures on the neck in addition to bruising that appeared to be the result of strangulation, four parallel cuts on the stomach that luckily were not too deep, bruising and cuts on the head, and a hand that looked sprained or broken.

“Stiles get that cart” she ordered before reaching for another tray and grabbing supplies. The next few moments were solely focused on checking out everything but she could spot no other major injuries. “What the hell Stiles, why aren’t we in the ER?” she demanded not quite meeting Noah’s eyes.

“One of the Alphas attacked us at our house” Stiles stammered looking pale as she cleaned around the claw marks.

Melissa’s eyes widened and she glanced at the Sheriff who was watching them through gritted teeth. He was watching her and his eyes suddenly narrowed in suspicion. “You knew about all of this…”
this” the Sheriff waves his uninjured hand and sees Melissa flinch. “We will be talking about that… ah!” the shout of pain interrupts whatever he was going to say and Melissa glared at Stiles and he could see the unhappy ‘I told you so’ in her eyes.

“Long story, but did you say Derek did this?” she demanded of Stiles and then frowned at the matching confused looks on the Stilinski men.

“Hale?” Noah asks in confusion but Stiles shakes his head.

“Not Derek, one of the Alpha Pack” Stiles clarifies but sees that Melissa doesn’t understand. “Please tell me that Scott told you about the pack of Alpha werewolves that come to town to kill everyone” Stiles asks and groans at the look of fury that quickly crosses her face.

“He is so grounded” she mutters as the Sheriff looks at Stiles with a calculating look.

“Hale is a werewolf?” he asks and Stiles closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

“Yeah he is. It’s complicated” he starts but the sheriff cuts him off quickly with a move that causes him to gasp in shock.

“Stop moving Noah” Melissa orders quickly and he leans back to let her work.

“Stiles you need to explain things to me. Apparently we were just attacked…by a werewolf who said he was going to kill you to send a message, who pretty much ignored being shot by me, twice, and then you…you did whatever it was you did…” the Sheriff stammered at a loss and Stiles flushed when Melissa looked confused.

“What did you do?” she asked confused.

“I may have been learning magic without really telling anyone. When the guy attacked us, I kind of zapped him” Stiles said looking sheepish as Melissa cocked an eyebrow at him.

“Magic? You zapped a werewolf with magic?” she repeated looking at the teen in disbelief.

“Zap is a bit of an understatement” Noah said with a slightly wild look in his eyes. “You cut his arm off, blasted him through a door with green fireballs, did something I still don’t understand that broke his legs and then you dumped him through a flaming door onto a deserted island.” Stiles was flinching at each new description while Melissa looked more and more surprised. Stiles looked at her and saw the question there.

“Surprise?” Stiles offered and looked offended by the simultaneous snorts of derision from both his dad and his surrogate mom. “Hey!” he yelped and Melissa chuckled.

“Does Scott know?” she asks looking unhappy again but that clears when Stiles shakes his head with a guilty look causing her to frown “Why not?” she asks curiously.

“He’s been really busy this summer” Stiles’ justification was pretty lame even to his own ears, he didn’t need Mama McCall’s look of derision. “Well, he has!”

“How long Stiles?” she demands and he mumbles something “I can’t hear you” she prods and he throws his hands up in surrender.

“Just a couple of months. Since the end of school” he protests and sees her look shocked. “It’s not that big of a deal” he tries to argue.
Melissa just looks at him with that disappointed mom face and he squirms and turns to his dad for any support only to see the man staring at him with narrowed eyes. “Stiles, I think you need to tell me everything. Starting with why Melissa seems to know about this stuff, Hale, the guy who attacked us and everything” the Sheriff demanded. “You have been keeping all of this from me for how long Stiles? Is this what you have been lying about all year?”

“Told you so” Melissa muttered and started when the Sheriff turned his eyes towards her. “Hey, I only found out when that Matt kid attacked the station. Sorry it took me a bit to deal with my son being a werewolf” she says with some serious snark.

“Scott’s a werewolf?” the Sheriff demands looking at both of them. “You are so grounded” he growls and Stiles winces.

“Dad. Okay, I’ll tell you everything, but it will take a bit of time” Stiles promises before turning to Melissa “is he going to be okay?” he asks.

“The cuts are not threatening so yes. We need to x-ray his hand, although that will be hard to do without anyone seeing” she says with a frown.

Stiles smirks and waves his hand over his father, sparkles falling from his hand. Melissa jumps back as the sheriff and the bed both disappear like they were never there. “What the hell?” Melissa says looking at Stiles who is grinning like a loon.

“What’s going on?” the Sheriff’s voice comes from the vicinity of where used to be but wasn’t anymore.

“Illusion” Stiles says proudly. “Makes you invisible so no one can see you. Will that help?” he says waving again and the sheriff reappears looking totally unhappy.

“That was really weird” Noah mutters staring at his now visible hands but Melissa nods happily. Promising to talk later, Stiles hides his dad and himself as they go to the x-ray lab and get his wrist checked out and luckily it’s just a bad sprain, no broken bones. They head back to the room where the Sheriff, now bandaged up, looks at his son expectantly.

“Okay, so…remember the night you found Laura Hale’s body in the woods?” Stiles began and the Sheriff nodded. Stiles then proceeded to tell him about Scott being bitten, the attacks against the people involved in the fire due to Peter going crazy with revenge leading to him killing Kate, Derek killing Peter and becoming the Alpha werewolf, Derek’s new pack, Jackson turning in to the Kanima and Gerard’s attacks on Melissa and kidnapping Stiles, and all the rest to the end of the school year. “And now we are apparently dealing with an evil druid committing human sacrifices along with a pack of Alphas who all killed their packs to gain power and are apparently after Derek.”

Noah sits in silence for a few minutes as Melissa asks some clarifying questions about a couple of items that she didn’t have the full picture on. “And you?” Noah finally asks which causes Stiles to look really uncomfortable.

“Okay, first I haven’t told any of the pack yet, so please don’t say anything until I can” he pleads and they both nod. Stiles then explains how Deaton told him he was a spark, but not a druid which led to more explaining about the vet’s real role in town. He shares how he met the astral form of Dr. Strange who he helped and was taught by the man until they freed his body from the trap and introduced him to his new teachers.

“You remember Wong?” Stiles asks his dad and sees the man pause before nodding remembering the phone call. “He works with Stephen in New York and I spent a lot of the summer training with
him there and at their place in Nepal” Stiles explains the portal system and they both look flabbergasted.

“You have been teleporting to New York? And Nepal!?!” Noah was astonished at his son’s explanation. Then his eyes narrowed and he almost growled. “Is that where you have been getting that pizza!” he demanded.

Stiles started laughing until he flopped down in the chair by his dad’s bed. “I knew it. I knew you would try to find it!” he finally manages to say while wiping the tears from his eyes.

“Dammit Stiles! I have had every deputy in the county trying to find that place” he grumbled and Stiles looked exceedingly proud of himself.

“Sorry dad but now that I have magic, you are so going to eat healthy” Stiles is still laughing at his muttering dad when he spots Melissa looking at them with a fond expression.

“I found an amazing pizza place in Greenwich Village and have been bringing home one each week as a treat” he mock glares at his dad who grumbles at his son. “I knew dad would try to find the place but he had no chance!” he said proudly.

“Magical pizza delivery, very nice use of powers Stiles” she teases but Stiles just looks offended and innocent.

“I only pick it up after I get a lesson” he smirks “it’s like I’m using it to be better at Lacrosse” he smirks even wider as Melissa smacks him on the back of his head. “Hey!” he protests but sees his dad nodding in approval.

“And perhaps you would like to explain what I saw on your arms?” Noah asks suddenly remembering what looked like glowing tattoos during the fight.

Stiles suddenly looks guilty and caught and he looks at both of them like he is getting ready to run but he is caught by his dad’s glare. Sighing he concentrates and the tattoos on his arms appear, surprising both of them. “They are magical tattoos and runes. This one” he shows his right arm “has sigils and runes I designed to help me connect with the element of fire while this one” he shows his left “is for the element of air. The tattoos magnify my ability to control and use those elements” he says while stroking over the different parts and with a flick of his magic, both of them gently light up causing Melissa to whistle softly.

“Any others?” Noah asks looking rather unhappy. “I mean do you have any other tattoos that I did not give you permission to get.”

Stiles sighs but holds up his right leg and pulls up the material “Earth” he says causing the tattoos on his leg to light up before switching legs “and Water” he finishes and puts both legs down. “I’m really good at Elemental Magic, so, they help me be even better” he says trying to sound casual but he falters at his father’s silent stare. Stiles tries to hold out, he really does, but he can only take the parental stare for so long before he cracks. “And on my chest and back” he finally confesses and squawks when both his dad and Melissa give him the ‘show us’ signal.

Muttering about privacy, Stiles takes off his shirt before lifting off the blood stained t-shirt when his dad starts “What is that?” he demands and Stiles looks down in confusion before he spots the wolf, posed like he is howling at the moon on his side below his ribs.

“Oh. That’s my spirit animal” Stiles says easily. “He’s doesn't like to do what he's told” he says to it and Noah is about to question his son's sanity when the wolf actually turns to look at him for a second before running down his son’s chest and disappearing below his waist.
“Stiles…what the hell” Melissa stammers having seen the wolf moving and looking totally freaked out.

“He does that. I got him on my hip but he doesn’t like to stay there. He roams around” Stiles says with a shrug ignoring the bug-eyed look on his dad’s face. “This one is my spirit tattoo” he says pointing to the design over his heart before taking a deep breath and turning around. He hears his dad and Melissa gasp in shock.

It is quiet for a few minutes while both of the adults stare at the tree on the teen’s back, intricate symbols masterfully blended into the branches and roots while they watch the colored leaves flutter in some imagined breeze. It is truly mesmerizing to watch the tattoo and Stiles gives them a bit before coughing gently breaking the spell. “Watch this” he says and they both watch the tattoo disappear completely from his skin as he pulls his shirt back on.

“Stiles…that…” Noah trails off not knowing exactly what to say. He wasn’t sure what to say anymore. He wasn’t happy that his seventeen year old son went and got a bunch of tattoos without permission, but that tree and wolf, how they moved and looked so…alive…it made his hesitate.

“Where did it go? More importantly, what does it do?” Melissa finally asked the teen who was looking rather shy in the moment at how the two most important adults in his life were looking at him.

“I have a tattoo on my hip that helps hide things. Normally it hides the other tattoos, wolfy apparently is immune to that don’t ask me why, but I can also use it to turn invisible. The tree? That is what I dreamed of as I searched for the fundamental core of my power. It symbolizes my ka or chi or soul and it draws on my past and future. I blended in runes and sigils for health and healing and protection so that I could better help the pack fight” he explains. That leads to a brief discussion of the six domains of magic and how unlike others, Stiles is able to use all six.

Noah shakes his head and laughs a bit at that. “Son, you never did follow what everybody else did” he says with a look that was more amused than worried. “You mentioned killing?” his eyes are pained as he asks.

Stiles sees the look of concern on his and Melissa’s faces when he starts relating the story of the coven that had attacked Erica and the others. He explained how Stephen had helped him turn their powers back on them, killing the three leaders of the coven, and the threats he made against the rest. Stiles saw the worry in his father and Melissa’s eyes but then his dad sighed resignedly. “Stiles, I don’t like that you are having to deal with this, but I know you. You have always been fiercely devoted to those you love and I hate it, but you wouldn’t let them face this alone. What you did with those witches…that was probably more mercy than they deserved if what you say is true. I wish you hadn’t had to do that, but I definitely wouldn’t call it murder or even a crime.”

“Well maybe, but I did kind of lose it with Ennis” he said looking ashamed as he reminded his dad about the fight and how he would have killed the wolf if he hadn’t stopped him.

“Son, you severed his arm, blasted him, and exiled him, yes, but you let him live and that was more than he deserved. I shot at him intending to kill him Stiles and I wouldn’t have lost a minute of sleep if my gun had actually worked” he added sounding annoyed. Melissa looks stunned by all of it.

“Yeah…you need wolfsbane bullets to take a werewolf down” Stiles informed him to the man’s surprise. “I have been preparing some weapons for you for when you found out” he adds carefully.

The Sheriff nods slowly but still is struggling with all of this. “Stiles…I don’t pretend to understand all of this, but we will get through it. But no more lies or deception. I want to know everything and
we can start with which of my unsolved cases are actually supernatural issues. Am I good to go?”
Noah asks Melissa who agrees and leads them out of the room.

“Sheriff!” Officer Andy Murray comes running up to them. “I found you! Are you okay?”

Walking into the Animal clinic, Scott can feel the tension in the room go up. Deaton is a serene island, as ever, standing at the end of the examination table. Derek and Peter are both next to him and they had obviously been talking animatedly about something. Erica, Boyd, and Isaac were standing on the other side of the room watching the older three men with interest while Jackson and Lydia were over by one of the cabinets and while Jackson looked bored, Lydia had a shrewd look on her face.

“Derek” Scott said as the three of them walked in and he saw both Hales tense as they saw not only Allison, but Chris enter the room. “Chris has some information about the Darach and the Alpha Pack” Scott told him causing Peter to raise an eyebrow and snort before Derek’s growl cut him off.

“Erica told us about Stiles and Lydia’s theory and Deaton was just telling us that it was a good one” Derek admitted gruffly.

“There was an entry in our book about a Darach” Chris said pulling out a piece of paper with most of the information from that entry on it. He also repeated to the group what he told Scott and Allison about Deucalion and the others.

“I remember that meeting” Peter said with a thoughtful look causing Derek to look at his uncle in surprise. “Talia was approached by Deucalion and the others to join them at the summit but she refused” Peter glanced at Chris and smirked “she didn’t trust Gerard Argent.”

Chris just nodded. “That was smart” he said causing Derek to look a bit uncertain. “Scott raised the idea that Gerard was lying about even wanting peace in order to use the summit as an excuse to attack the packs. I have to admit that it is definitely his style. However, if he is still around, he is going to have a significantly harder time of things.”

“Why?” Lydia asks the elder Hunter when everyone else seemed too surprised by the man’s answer to press.

“The Grande Matriarch of the Argents has declared Gerard to be an Abomination based on dad’s and my testimony this summer” Allison told her friend and saw the redhead look interested.

“What does that mean?” Isaac asks.

“It means that no legitimate hunter will aid him in any way and in fact if they find him they are instructed to send him to the Grande Matriarch” Chris tells the beta.

“So he can get a slap on the wrist” Erica snorts in disgust.

Allison and her father look at each other and the others can see the silent communication going between them. Finally Allison turns to Erica and shakes her head “She said they only needed to send his head.”

Most of the rest of the room looks stunned by the huntress’ words. “She ordered him killed?”
Jackson yelps.
Allison nods. “She is very displeased and trust me, upsetting her is something no one should ever risk. She even ordered the same for Kate, and she is dead. She also ordered them stricken from the family records she was so mad” Allison just looks unhappy but she looked right at Derek. “She also told me to formally ask you for permission to send you something on behalf of the clan to your family” she told Derek who looked thoroughly confused.

“What? Why does she want to send me anything?” Derek finally asked the hunters and even Peter seemed surprised.

“She didn’t tell me” Allison admits but then she smiles a bit “however after talking with her, I think she wants to deliver her personal apologies for what Kate did on behalf of the Argent family.”

Derek actually looked lost at that and his glance towards Peter was not that of an Alpha but as a young man to his mother’s brother. Peter looked very thoughtful before he looked back at Derek and nodded “I have heard of Clarissant Argent and I would not wish to draw her ire. If she is asking permission, then she is acknowledging your authority as the Alpha of Beacon Hills and that of your claim on this territory.”

Derek is still looking stunned but he nods in agreement and Allison takes another deep breath. “I also need to apologize to you Derek” she glances over at the betas “and to Erica and Boyd for my own actions. I let Gerard use my grief about my mom to twist and use me and though it is no excuse, I am sorry. I learned a great deal about being a true Hunter this summer and it is not what Kate and Gerard believed. I only hope that we will be able to work together to protect everyone.”

Derek stared at the girl as she offered her apologies and he knew, as all the werewolves in the room did, that she was not lying. Not only was her heartbeat steady, but he could scent the shame and regret coming off the girl. Derek glances over at the two betas to judge their reactions.

Boyd and Erica were staring at each other and Isaac was probably the only one who saw when Boyd’s expression silently agreed with Erica. The blonde turned to Allison and smiled gently “That man was evil. He was twisted and what he did to us and Stiles…well, we never thought about it but he did it to you too, just differently. We can forgive you” she said sincerely.

“Stiles?” Derek started and looked at the beta who suddenly paled when almost everyone turned towards her in confusion. Erica glanced at Boyd desperately and he grabbed her hand and squeezed gently. Derek suddenly realized that he hadn't heard Stiles talking this whole time.

“Gerard grabbed Stiles after the Lacrosse game and brought him to the basement where he and his men beat him up pretty badly” Boyd said carefully to the shock of everyone but Erica, Allison, and Chris. “He was supposed to be a message to McCall” he added and watched as the boy suddenly looked sick.

“He beat up Stiles to send me a message?” Scott whispered in disbelief. He turned to look at Allison and saw the guilt in her eyes. “You knew?” he asked desperately hoping she would deny it.

Allison nodded. “I overheard them” she said, shame filling her face. “That was what made me realize he was crazy. As soon as he left with his men to drop Stiles off, I went down and freed Erica and Boyd and told them to get to Derek so he wouldn’t find them. Afterwards I told my dad what had happened and he reported it to the Grande Matriarch. I talked to Stiles a little while later to try and apologize but he said that he didn’t blame me, just thanked me for freeing Erica and Boyd. He also told me not to tell you” she said finally looking at Scott.

Scott looked devastated and sat down hard in a chair as he tried to process why his best friend didn’t tell him what happened. “It was the perfect insult to Gerard” Peter mused, the admiration in his voice
causing Scott to look at the former Alpha in confusion. “Gerard’s attempt at sending a message failed if you didn’t ever get it. If Stiles had told you, you might have felt more helpless or less willing to stand up to Gerard. He didn’t want to distract you and that explains the blood and bruises I smelled on him that day. I thought it was his typical clumsiness during the game, I never even considered that it was something more sinister” Peter glanced meaningfully at his nephew.

Derek frowned but then looked confused as he looked around “Where is he?” he asked and everyone seemed to realize at the same time that Stiles wasn’t there.

“He’s having dinner with his dad. The Sheriff has been working a lot of overtime with the murders” Scott replied still wrecked over Erica’s revelation. Pulling out his phone he sent a quick ‘u ok?’ text to Stiles.

“We didn’t you tell me?” Derek growled looking at his betas and they both straightened their shoulders and looked him in the eyes though there was no real challenge there.

“We promised we wouldn’t” Erica said simply. “Stiles asked that we not tell anyone and we felt he had the right to ask that of us.” Boyd just nodded in agreement.

Derek didn’t look happy at her words but he finally nodded in acceptance. Both of the betas realized that there would be words in private later.

“The bigger question is what we do next” Chris said clearing his throat. The next twenty minutes are spent planning out how Chris and Allison will coordinate with Derek to look for the Alphas as well as trying to stop the Darach.

“I am willing to serve as a go-between the pack and the hunters” Scott offers and looks at Derek and he takes a breath “if you are okay with that?” he asks the Alpha and sees the pleased surprise on the older man’s face. Derek nods and they start to break up.

Derek announces that the pack will patrol in pairs and he will organize that and both Jackson and Scott agree to participate and to everyone’s surprise, so does Peter, giving them seven wolves. Chris says his hunters will patrol the town and leave the woods to Derek and then Deaton asks Scott to take a book to Stiles to help with his studies.

“He hasn’t responded to my text” Scott says feeling a bit concerned.

“We will do the first patrol” Boyd offers and grabs Jackson who yelps but goes along with the towering beta. Isaac, Erica, and Lydia all head out to their homes while Peter leaves to wherever he goes.

Allison looks at Scott carefully and he nods. “Dad, Scott and I need to talk with Derek. Meet you back at the house later?” she asks and he nods with a thoughtful look at his daughter. He glances at Scott and notices that the teen is still staring at his phone and looking nervous.

“If you want, I can drop off the book to Stilinski and check on him” Chris offers and sees the quick agreement from the teen. “I’ll let Allison know after I see him.” Chris turns and leaves the vet clinic with Deaton right beside him asking him for a copy of the Argent’s notes on the Darach they fought.

Derek looked at the two remaining teens who were looking uncertain and he realized that both of them had made efforts to reach out to the Alpha and if they were going to work together, he would need to meet them halfway. “I think we probably should all talk” Derek offered and the three of them sat down.
Deputy Tara Graeme took a sip of coffee as she drove her patrol car around the town on the look-out for anything out of the ordinary. With the killings, everyone was working overtime trying to be highly visible to the town. Her family had lived in Beacon Hills for a very long time, her grandmother had some crazy stories, but she didn’t remember anything this weird.

“Tara, you there?” her radio sounded and Tara rolled her eyes. Andy had the worst radio skills of anyone in the department.

“Graeme here, Murray. What do you need?” she asks trying not to sound annoyed. The guy was okay, just very green.

“I was supposed to meet the Sheriff about ten minutes ago and I tried calling him to let him know I got detained and would be late but he hasn’t responded. Sandy tried his cell but he didn’t answer that either” the young man told her sounding a bit on edge.

Tara probably had the best relationship with the Sheriff and most of the staff knew it. From helping out Stiles when he was younger, to helping the Sheriff when he took over for their previous boss, Tara had enjoyed working for Sheriff Stilinski because he was one of the best bosses she had ever had. He never hesitated to give her the tough work or treat her as anything other than one of his best deputies and she knew from colleagues how rare that unfortunately still was for women. The idea that the Sheriff wasn’t answering the radio or his cell was odd enough to trigger a reaction.

“I’m not far from the Sheriff’s house. He said he was going home to have dinner with Stiles, so he might have left his radio in the car to have a moment’s peace. I will swing by and let him know you are running late” she offers.

Andy sighs in relief. “About an hour” he promises and Tara signs off and turns toward the Stilinski’s house.

Tara turns on the street and sees a large black SUV just a few yards in front of her slowing down and parking right in front of the Stilinski house. She has seen the car around before and had gotten a bad vibe off it so she turned her lights on as she parked behind it as she noticed both Stiles’ jeep and the Sheriff’s cruiser in the driveway. Stepping out of the patrol car she saw Chris Argent get out of the SUV with a large book in his hand.

“Mr. Argent” Tara says with a slight nod and sees the man smile easily at her.

“Deputy. Everything okay?” he asks casually.

“Just stopping by to give the Sheriff a message. You?” she asks pointedly.

“Scott asked me to stop by and drop off this book for Stiles” Chris said with a smile. “Said he was borrowing it for some project.”

“Nice of you to bring it by then” Tara said and they both turned to walk to the house.

“Do you smell smoke?” Chris suddenly asked and Tara turned looked at the front and saw smoke coming from the top of the open front door.

Pulling her gun, Tara rushed up the steps and paused just enough to see that the door hadn’t been
forced. The smoke and smell was much stronger as she stepped inside and now she could hear the smoke detector screaming from around the corner. “Sheriff!” she called out and rounded the corner and stopped in shock.

The living room looked trashed with the TV and table in rubble and she was pretty sure that it was blood splattered all over one of the walls and the floor. “The kitchen” Tara turned at Argent’s voice and saw the man looking around her, holding a rather impressive looking gun in his hand. She glanced to the kitchen and saw the smoke was definitely much worse there.

Stepping carefully around the shattered remains of the table and spilled food of what was obviously their dinner, Tara looks into the kitchen and sees smoke and flames pouring out of oven. “Fire!” she yells and is about to order the man out when he dashes to the sink and pulls out an extinguisher from underneath it.

Maneuvering the canister, Chris manages to get the oven door open just enough to spray the chemicals inside putting out the fire. He reaches up to turn off the oven and turns to see the deputy nodding in approval. “We were really lucky, that fire must have just started, but it could have spread quickly” she tells him.

Chris just nodded but he saw the oven and noticed that it had been really burnt. The fire had been burning longer than she thought and it should have spread much farther than it actually did. But now he was more focused on the other damage including the destroyed back door as well as the blood everywhere. He looks at the deputy who is reaching for her radio when he grabs her hand.

“Argent?” Tara barks looking at the man in disbelief. “I need to call this in” she demands.

Chris shakes his head in the negative. “We need to see if he or Stiles are here first. If they have been targeted, you do not want this getting out” he advises her. He sees the struggle in the woman’s face as she weighs his words before grudgingly agreeing.

“Okay. We clear down here first. Only after do we go upstairs” she orders and Chris agrees. They search the house, being extremely careful but there is no sign of either Stiles or the Sheriff. Chris finds the Sheriff’s gun and confirms that it has been fired recently which worries Tara. She stares at the man who is looking at the blood with a look she normally only sees on detectives or forensics teams.

“What?” she demands.

“Not sure” he admits looking at her. “The front door wasn’t forced but it was left open suggesting that whoever came in was probably let in before it all blew up. There was obviously a struggle but why was the back door destroyed? Somethings not adding up” he muttered.

“I’m calling this in. We need to get a team here to look for evidence and to start talking to neighbors to see if anyone heard anything” she says but Chris stops her again.

“I think this needs to be handled…delicately” he says carefully as he looks at the deputy and sees her eyes narrow.

“You think this is related to something supernatural don’t you?” she asks and sees the man’s shocked reaction. “My family has been in Beacon Hills for a hundred years Argent, you don’t live in here that long without learning that monsters under the bed are actually real” she snorts at him as his expression shows his surprise.

“Sorry, just didn’t realize that…civilians…were in on things” Chris finally stated.
Tara rolled her eyes. “There are a lot of people in this town who knew and liked the Hales. They kept the really bad things out and your sister killed them” she looks at him with a glare and saw his guilty acknowledgement. “She didn’t make it safer in this town, she made it worse. My granny always swore that fire was not natural” she finally added.

“She paid for her crime” Chris stated carefully. “But the Sheriff?” he prompted.

Tara smiled and reached for her radio. “Sandy, Tara here” she said into the radio. The woman replies immediately. “I need a code 2 on the Sheriff and Stiles” she instructs.

“Code 2?” Sandy’s voice is startled. “I’ll spread the word. You at his house?” she asks.

“Yes, both cars are here, so they aren’t in their vehicles. Coordinate with me” Tara instructs and the other woman signs off. She sees the confused look on Chris’ face and laughs. “A code 2 is the Sheriff’s instruction for everyone to look for a missing person but nothing is made official or recorded so that there is no trail of what we are doing. Kind of an invisible missing persons. He uses it for when someone is worried, but the search would cause more problems. He came up with it when the Mayor’s daughter was dating that jerk from Madison” she explained and Chris just nodded.

“Deputy Murray” Noah says looking at the man running up to him, eyes wide as he sees the state of the Sheriff’s uniform.

“Sheriff, Tara put out a code 2 on you and Stiles” he says looking very nervous and concerned.

“A code 2?” Melissa asks confused.

“Missing person report that doesn’t get written down anywhere” Stiles explained causing both Andy and his dad to look at him in surprise. “What, you seriously thought I didn’t eavesdrop on you when you had to do one every week for Jessica?” he snorts.

Noah sighs in resignation and asks Andy for his radio. “All units, this is Stilinski. Code 2 is clear. Repeat. Code 2 is clear” he hands the radio back just as it goes off again.

“Sheriff, this is Graeme. I am at your house” she says and Stiles eyes widen in fear as he looks at his father. The Sheriff pinched his nose but took the radio back. “Understood. We are on the way back there, stay in place” he instructs. He turns to Andy, “Deputy Murray, can you give Stiles and I a ride to my house?” he asks and the man nods eagerly. “Thank you again Mel” he says and she gives him a quick hug and promises to stop by and check on him tomorrow.

“Is everything okay sir?” Andy asks as they get in the cruiser. “This isn’t about” he pauses as he looks at Stiles in the backseat remembering the rule ‘don’t tell Stiles’ that the Sheriff has for any police business.

“Murray…” the Sheriff makes an exaggerated glance back at his son “don’t worry about it.”

Andy just nods though he really wants to ask about what he is fairly certain is blood on the Sheriff’s shirt but he knows better than to pursue it. They get to the house where he spots Tara’s cruiser parked in front, the deputy leaning against the car.

Noah thanks Murray and tells him they will talk tomorrow and he sends the man home. “Sheriff” Tara says in a clipped voice as she glances back at the house. “Anything you want to tell me?” she asks with a rather determined expression clearly cataloging the wounds and bandages the Sheriff is
sporting.

“Tomorrow please. I’m wrung out” he says and she stares for a moment before she nods briefly and looks over at Stiles. “You’ll take care of him? The house is in pretty rough shape. The oven was on fire but we got it out” she warns them and they both stop.

“We?” they both ask simultaneously. Stiles smirks at that.

“Chris Argent was here. Had a book for Stiles, he also suggested that you would not want this called in” she indicated the house.

The Sheriff glanced at Stiles who was looking totally rattled. “How did he convince you of that?” the Sheriff asked casually.

Tara snorted. “My family has lived in Beacon Hills for a long time Sheriff, longer than you and we know that there are some things that should never be written down somewhere” she gave him a meaningful look. “But if something is targeting you, and after the attack on the station, I think I need some more information.”

Noah nodded after a moment and re-confirmed that they would talk in the morning before he stepped back in the now aired out house, but the smell of smoke was still pretty strong. The place was pretty badly messed up causing him to sigh heavily. “I will take care of it dad” Stiles suggested and when he looks doubtful Stiles just smirked and waved his hand.

The room was completely restored, the blood gone, the TV back in place, even the back door was intact. Noah looked amazed before he thought about Stiles story. “Illusion?” he asks and laughs when he sees his son blush. “Guess it will work until tomorrow when we can do real repairs” he concedes. “Do you think anyone will try and come looking for the Alpha?” he asks. Noah knows he shouldn’t be, but he is surprised by the suddenly serious look on his son’s face.

“I will set up some protections on the house that no will get through” he swears and Noah sees that green glow in his son’s eyes and desperately hopes that no one comes by, for their sake.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter up on Wednesday where someone new discovers Stiles is more than he has been letting on!
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Thanks again for all the comments and kudos. It is really motivating and fun to see and read everyone’s reactions. I really appreciate it! - G

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles comes back downstairs after getting his dad situated and resting and looks around trying to figure out how to fix things. The first thing he decides to do is to change the protections he put on the house so he starts there by adding sigils and runes to the baseboards, doorframes, and windows to repel those who intend harm to the house or its occupants. He also adds ones to alert him and his dad of supernatural visitors so they won’t be caught off guard again. Finally he grabs his supply of mountain ash and goes into the back yard. Stepping far enough out from the house, he activates his Earth tattoos and magically digs a trench all the way around the house in a circle, even going under the driveway like a little tunnel.

Smiling at his handiwork, he opens the jar of ash and pours it into his hands and concentrates on the ash, on what he wants it to do. Finally ready, Stiles tosses his hands out, the ash streaming out from him and lining the trench creating a circle of ash around the house that flashes blue as it is created. Nodding in satisfaction, Stiles moves the dirt back into place, covering the circle as if it was never dug. With another gesture the grass speed grows to cover the dirt so that there is no trace of where the ash line is actually located.

Stiles drops down to sit on the ground and he sends his thoughts down, searching as he reaches down into the earth, feeling for the rocks resting far below the soil in the yard. Finding a large one, he visualizes a sigil of protection that he magically inscribes on the rock before moving on. One by one, Stiles casts various runes and sigils on each of the rocks he finds in his yard, adding layer upon layer of protection on his house. Finally, he focuses on a really large stone that he finds almost directly under the house. He has special plans for that one so it will have to wait. He knows that unless someone actually tries something and tests his defenses, the house won’t be appear to be different from anyone else’s thanks to the blanket spell he cast and tied to the house. If something magical or supernatural tries to enter the house, the protections will respond and the jig will be up, but his dad will be safe inside.

Deciding that everything else is ready, it’s now time for the big magic. Stiles goes in the house retrieves the books he has been reviewing on witchcraft and magecraft and grabs his notes before heading back downstairs. He had spoken with both Wong and Master Lyra about his idea and had been working it all for a while now. He hadn’t been certain about the timing, wanting more time to research and work out things, but now he isn’t going to sleep until the house is finally safe. Sending his mind to that large stone, Stiles begins by casting an enchantment to tie the stone to himself. Slicing his hand with his knife, he lets his blood fall to the ground as he claims this place.

Feeling the link forming, Stiles stretches further until he reaches the telluric lines and he recites the incantation that Lyra had given him. As he does he feels the slight shift in the line as it moves from its former path and shifts so that it is now connected to the stone, giving the stone a power source like
he plugged it into an outlet. Now any spell he casts will be able to draw on the magic of Beacon Hills to power its effects.

Stiles had read about the creation of a warder, a magical construct that served a singular purpose. As he casts the spell, he focuses on the purpose in his mind: Protect this home. He visualized the ash ring as the borders and, one by one, he links each of the stones he inscribed in the yard to his new ‘house stone’ until everything inside the ring are all linked together, their magic all bent to meet his command. Protect this home from any that would harm it or its inhabitants.

Stiles finally finishes the last spell and he pulls back to observe what he created and he smiles happily as he feels a magical ‘presence’ touch him, recognize Stiles, before reaching out to the sleeping Sheriff inside, and recognizing his link through Stiles’ blood. Stiles fist pumped as he feels the stone settle in place and he knew, without a doubt, that if any Alpha shows up now, they will be in for a nasty surprise. But while the stone is not smart exactly, it does have a form of intelligence. In fact, it will actually keep out humans who wish them harm, but the supernatural is more complicated. It will be tough to distinguish the good and bad werewolves for the stone. He could use a blood bond to each member, but Stiles found an ingenious workaround. His tome on Necromancy explained how to create a personal sigil: a symbol that embodied a person; mind, body, and soul. It was difficult not because of the magic, but because the caster must connect with the very heart and soul of the person, feeling and truly knowing the person in order to have the sigil form. Once complete, Stiles will be able to add the person’s sigil to the house stone and it will recognize them as friend.

Taking a deep breath, Stiles begins his meditative breathing to center himself and then he starts thinking of Scott, of everything about his brother, the good and the bad, the strong and the weak, the things that define him. As he brings up his memories and feelings, one after the other, a totally unique symbol starts to form in Stiles’ mind that grows in complexity slowly until it is suddenly finished and Stiles knows that this sigil is Scott. He sees the teen’s strong sense of right and wrong, his lingering anger at his father’s abandonment, and his desperate need to protect his mother. Stiles also senses that Scott is struggling with the idea of losing his humanity, becoming a beast in truth. And somehow the biggest surprise in all of that is he can see that Scott is on the verge of becoming an Alpha, somehow claiming that power and status on his own merits, not taking it from someone else! Putting that aside for a moment, Stiles allows the sigil to finally finish and he is looking at Scott's essence. The book indicated that his familiarity with a person would affect the ease and speed of creating the sigil so he started with the person he was closest to. Taking a few deep breaths, he knows that this, while difficult, was probably going to be the easiest one he does. Stiles reaches down with his mind to the large stone under the house and inscribes Scott’s sigil on the stone. He feels the stone 'taste' the sigil and react, adding Scott to its protections. The house now knows Scott and will grant him access through the protections just like it will for Stiles and his dad.

Standing up, Stiles stretches and realizes it has been several hours that he has been working. He shakes his arms to get the blood flowing but feels a whole lot better about how things stand. He will meditate on the others in the pack and add them to the stone to allow each of them access. He is also pretty sure that the spell on the house stone will allow the wolves to cross the mountain ash ring even while keeping other wolves out! Stiles smirks, that’s right, he bad!

Looking at the living room he sighs and drops the illusion and decides to tackle the blood first. Summoning water and air, he starts cleaning. After an hour he has gotten rid of all the blood, moved all the debris to the trash cans, including the final remains of their TV. Thankfully his Xbox was upstairs so it is okay. The oven is pretty much gone, he will need to talk to his dad about that tomorrow. They will also need to replace the back door but between the magical protection and illusions, they should be good tonight.

Dragging himself upstairs, Stiles collapses in his bed and is out mere seconds later. He knows
tomorrow is going to be difficult with Tara and Mr. Argent, but that is for tomorrow.

Stiles pulled himself out of bed at the smell of...bacon? The stove is gone so he stumbles downstairs confused only to find his dad setting out several containers from their favorite diner. He is torn between being annoyed that his dad probably choose completely unapproved food and delight as he is starving and it smells awesome. “After the kitchen is fixed, we can eat healthy” Noah says with a snort at his son’s expression before the teen just gives up and dives on the food like a beast. “Is it just me or does the house feel different?” he asks looking at Stiles with a curious expression.

Stiles tells him what he did last night and the Sheriff is surprised and after some questions, the Sheriff expresses his pride and support. After dropping the illusion temporarily to show where things stand, Noah thanks Stiles for getting the blood up and most of the debris. “I’m afraid that the door is going to be a priority over a new TV” the Sheriff says with a sigh.

“We have that extra money Stephen gave me” Stiles mentions tentatively and sees his dad tense up. “I’m just saying that you wanted to put two thousand into the account after I put the original back. Maybe we use that to fix some things instead” he suggests tentatively.

“Stiles, this house is my responsibility. I don’t want you using your college money for this” Noah tells him.

“Well…with my teleporting powers, I could commute to…well, anywhere. We would save on housing” he suggests with a smirk and accepting the look of parental disapproval with a chuckle.

“Are you still going to go to college?” Noah asks quietly after a minute and Stiles sees the fearful look on his father’s face. “I mean with all of this…stuff?”

Stiles pauses and sips his coffee while he thinks about the question. “I’m not really sure dad. I mean with everything I know now, being an accountant or something doesn’t really feel like an option anymore.”

“As if it ever was” Noah snorted and Stiles smiled in reply.

“True. But now I just don’t know. I haven’t really thought too much about it. I mean everything has been happening so fast but I guess I can ask Stephen, Wong, and Doc Deaton for some advice. I don’t know, maybe I should take a year off to think about it and work a little. Maybe that will help some” he hesitantly admits.

After some more discussion, they finally agree to use some of the money to help with the repairs and the Sheriff tells Stiles to go to school, lack of sleep notwithstanding, while he deals with Tara and Argent. Standing up, Noah heads to his cruiser and thinks about everything that Stiles has told him about the hunter and what he has been doing in Beacon Hills and decides that it’s time for Mr. Argent to remember who the law in this town actually is.

Noah Stilinski walks in to the station and sees the looks of concern of his people’s faces, especially as their eyes inevitably locked on to the bandages on his neck and wrist, but they were well trained. Other than a ‘good morning’ and ‘everything okay?’ they didn’t push. The same could not be said of Deputy Tara Graeme. She was watching him with a very determined expression even though she didn’t say anything directly.
He appreciated that she gave him enough time to get his coffee and check his messages. He told Murray that they would meet after lunch and sent the man to patrol near the high school. When he had cleared enough off of his ‘must-do’ list, he calls Graeme in to his office and she shuts the door behind her, sitting across from the Sheriff with a very well put together ‘interrogation’ face. Enough that he was able to call her on it without having to actually say a word and she flushed at being caught before backing down a bit.

“I appreciate you not calling things in last night” the Sheriff begins carefully. “I think we both know that with everything else happening, including the pressure from the FBI about these killings, an attack on the Sheriff would have raised alarms from here to Sacramento.”

“That and if whatever did it wasn’t exactly human, it might cause even more problems” Tara mused and then looked cautiously at her boss. “It wasn’t human was it?” she finally asked.

Noah just shook his head. “No. It was a werewolf” he said and saw her eyes widen in shock.

“A werewolf” she replied with a trace of disbelief. “You were attacked by a werewolf?” she repeated but it didn’t sound any less crazy.

Noah frowned as he looked at how his deputy was handling this. “Tara, I thought you knew about this stuff already” he finally prods.

The deputy just shakes her head at his question. “My granny, she told stories about spirits and creatures in the Preserve and around the place, swore that there were non-humans all over the place when she was younger, but that they had gotten better at hiding. She never gave any specifics, but you know she would tell us not to go to the woods during the full moon…that was a big rule. My brother swore that she was just a bit crazy but I always believed her, there were just enough strange things that happened to make me sure that granny knew more than the rest of us.”

“Graeme, there is a whole lot going on that none of us have any clue about, but you don’t have to know the details. You can call this a Code…what are we up to…9? A Code 9 that covers how to handle all this unnatural stuff. Once you know this stuff…you can’t un-know it” he warns her.

Noah is glad that she doesn’t automatically reply but instead takes her time and really thinks about what he is saying. A few minutes pass before she finally looks back up at him and nods. “I think that we need more than just you knowing about this stuff” she finally says. “Besides, if there are things like werewolves out there I want to know.” She pauses and then looks curious “Granny always said that the Hales were good people, protectors of the county, even if they were not totally human. She never told us what she thought they were, just that they were killed because of it. She never believed it was an accident.”

“Noah sighs and leans back in his chair. “Just since yesterday” he replies and Tara blinks in shock. The man is sitting here telling her fantastic tales when yesterday he wouldn’t have believed himself
“How are you so calm dealing with all this?” she asks in amazement.

“How? I think I have locked everything away in a box until I have time to deal with it. I can’t deny it so I’m dealing but once the crisis is dealt with, I will probably have a meltdown” he laughs. "Also, Stiles apparently has been involved with all this for nearly a year so I got a crash course about everything. Then I found out that Melissa McCall is also in the know. Of course, having a damn werewolf try to kill me was very convincing.

"Also, Stiles apparently has been involved with all this for nearly a year so I got a crash course about everything. Then I found out that Melissa McCall is also in the know. Of course, having a damn werewolf try to kill me was very convincing. By the way, regular bullets don’t stop them. We will be getting some special ammo from Mr. Argent that will” he smiled at her look of surprise at that “whether or not he knows he will be providing them.” Noah chuckles. Argent has always raised his hackles despite never having a real reason to be suspicious of the man but now that he knew a lot of things were falling into place.

“He was at the house and saw the damage. Put out the fire too” Tara reminded him and that led to a suitably edited version of the attack. He did not mention Stiles’ magic, instead just saying that the boy had prepared some weapons and was able to wound the Alpha rather significantly and that he would no longer be a threat. That led to a brief discussion about pack dynamics and the presence of the Alpha Pack and the dark druid doing the sacrifices.

“Shit” Tara finally said when Noah had finished. “Should’ve gone with the Code 9” she says with a small smile. “So what’s next?” she asks.

“Well, we need to figure out what, if anything, we tell the rest of the deputies. I also want to have a rather pointed discussion with Chris Argent about his acting like this town is his personal turf, killing those he deems ‘unworthy’. I also think we will need to look at how we can secure the station to avoid future attacks like the one from the Kanima.”

The next hour was spent going over a number of ideas between the two of them and as they finished Tara called Argent to see if he could stop by as she had some information for him that she would prefer not to say over the phone. Chris said he could be there within the hour. Tara hung up and looked at the Sheriff and they shared a smile for what was coming next.

Today was a stressful day on all fronts. He was still furious with the Alphas for their attack on his dad and he didn’t miss the looks of confusion and uncertainty on the twins’ faces when they saw him walk in to school. He would also admit, if only to himself, that the water fountain that sprayed one of them and the fire extinguisher that ‘accidently’ discharged on the other were childish pranks but it kept him from setting the two of them on fire like he first considered. He also encountered the return of his headache during English class to the point that he was almost willing to go to the nurse. It had been pretty bad making it tough to even pay attention to Ms. Blake’s rather interesting lesson for the day.

“Stiles!” Lydia hissed the third time he put his head down trying to quiet the pounding. Luckily they were near the end of class so a few minutes later the bell rang and he escaped to the cafeteria where his headache finally faded away.

“Stiles! You missed the big summit” Scott said happily sliding in next to Stiles causing the teen to look at him in confusion. “You need to check your phone bro!” he said causing Stiles to remember that his phone had been destroyed by Ennis’ attack.

“I kinda broke my phone last night” he admitted and had to take the ribbing that Scott gave him for
losing another phone.

“Well, Allison and Mr. Argent both agreed to meet with Derek and the pack so everyone went to Deaton’s and shared information. I didn’t tell you because I know you were having dinner with your dad and it all kind of just happened spontaneously. The Argents had some info about a Darach they had fought back in Ireland a few generations ago and Mr. Argent actually had some info about the leader of the Alphas, a guy named Deucalion. Seems that the guy was blinded by Gerard” Scott paused and saw the explosion coming from Stiles at that bit of news.

“Are you kidding me?!" Stiles groaned. “Is there any problem that we are dealing with that doesn’t come back to that guy?”

“We haven’t been able to tie the Darach to him” Scott offered meekly just as Allison and Lydia sat down.

“Anyway, Derek and Mr. Argent agreed to work together to deal with both threats and we have split up the patrols. I agreed to act as a go-between Derek and the hunters” Scott adds proudly.

Stiles glances over at Allison and sees the pride in her eyes as she stares at Scott and he can tell there is something else there. Something that she has been carrying in her shoulders but it now seems gone. “Wow. That’s really impressive bro. I am really proud of you man. You got everyone to work together…I knew you could do it’ he congratulates the beta. Staring at Scott he remembers his sigil and the potential to become his own Alpha somehow and thinks that taking the lead in this is probably a good part of that potential.

“Thanks man” he says and after a quick smile at Allison he turns back and looks significantly more serious. “Allie and I also stayed and talked to Derek…about a lot of things that needed saying. I told him about Gerard and why I did it and everything. Allie wanted to apologize too and Derek was actually pretty good about it. He also apologized for what he had done and apologized for the whole cure thing as well as trying to kill Lydia and Jackson” Scott said noticing that Lydia huffed a bit at that bit.

“Derek actually apologized?” Stiles was shocked. Sure he figured that the guy would eventually unclench long enough to remember that he was a real boy, but he certainly didn’t think it would happen so soon. He had tried suggesting it once to the guy, telling him why Scott was so mad, but it was like talking to a brick wall and after he went all ‘I’m the Alpha now’ it was even worse. It was almost like even admitting he might be wrong was some major werewolf no-no or something. Stiles thought that at least one, if maybe the only, benefit to Peter’s Lazarus act was that it seemed to knock some humility into the Alpha. He had finally realized that he wasn’t necessarily the big bad just because he had the red eyes.

“Yeah, he was very sincere” Allison confirmed and seemed just as surprised. “I think he will always be uncertain and cautious around dad and me, which I understand, but he said he would try and Scott said his heartbeat was steady. I also talked with Erica and Boyd and apologized to them for… everything.” Allison sighed heavily and Scott quickly moved to reassure her.

“You also got them away from Gerard Allie, in the end you did the right thing” Stiles reminded her gently and she smiled at him in thanks. “I am totally impressed with both of you. Seriously. Like I would totally be willing to date you both…just saying” he says trying to look serious but has to duck the French fries both of them fling at his head. “Hey! Where’s the love?” he wails happily.

“Oh yeah” Scott says looking almost angry as he glared at a shocked Stiles “and when it’s just the two of us, we are going to have a long talk about lying to me” he said and when Stiles looked thoroughly thrown Scott finally growls “Gerard”
Stiles eyes widen and he glances over at the leather trio who suddenly were looking anywhere else but at Stiles. “Peter figured out why you did it, but I’m still mad” Scott said looking like a puppy that had just been yelled at. Stiles groaned, not the damn puppy eyes!

“So…everyone knows” Stiles says sadly after a minute and took a deep breath “should have known it would come out eventually” he confessed before being pulled into a tight hug by the beta. They would talk later when it was just them and then things would be okay.

The rest of lunch goes fairly well with the betas stopping by the table with a quick update on the patrol plan and that last night was a bust, Erica and Boyd both looking guilty when they looked at Stiles. Stiles just smiled at them saying it was okay and he was in a much better mood by the time the day ended and he was doing great when he stepped into the hallway after his last class and almost threw up. He glanced around and couldn’t figure out what was causing this because it hit him too quick to not be something bad. He hadn’t felt like this since…the day the crows crashed into Ms. Blake’s class.

Speaking of Ms. Blake, Stiles saw the woman walking out of the school, not too far ahead of him and heading towards a very familiar looking black Camaro causing him to narrow his eyes. Seriously? She walks up to Derek who is standing there, leather and sunglasses, and she moves in and kisses his cheek causing Stiles’ gut to twist. Considering Derek’s history with women, he should seriously be careful about who he dates. Stiles freezes as everything clicks. The coffee shop before school. The English class with the crows. The fact that Ms. Blake must have been in the hallway just a few minutes before Stiles. What if she was involved and not a target?

Taking a deep breath, Stiles casts an illusion around himself to hide his magic from casual sight and casts the more intricate ‘true-seeing’ spell he learned in Kamar-Taj. It takes a bit of power and he sways at the sudden influx of information as he opens his eyes and looks around. The spell was powerful because it revealed so much and he wouldn’t be able to hold it for very long but when Stiles looks out the window he freezes and nearly loses his lunch.

Derek was surrounded by an aura of a black wolf that was pretty stunning but the disgusting thing that he was standing next to was a Frankenstein-like mess! Bald, scarred, with flesh torn and a ‘melted’ face Stiles nearly threw up again when he watched the Alpha lean in to kiss that thing. Stiles’ eyes narrowed and he knew with absolute certainty that Blake couldn’t hide that form without tremendous power, the power of innocence stolen. That woman killed Heather! Stiles almost burst out of the school, intended to blast her into next week when he realizes that with the warriors she sacrificed, she might be more than he could take on at the moment, especially if Derek fought alongside her since he had to be under her spell or some kind of enchantment.

Stiles growls as he lets the spell fade and his eyesight returns to normal as he watches Ms. Blake get in the car and drive off with Derek. He needs to put an end to this and fast. She was too dangerous to let her keep killing and if she also somehow took the power of an Alpha? Stiles shuddered. He needed help!

Stepping through his portal on the street just a few steps away from the Sanctum, Stiles focuses his anger as he enters the New York Sanctum and looks up and spots Wong. “Hey Wong. Is Master Strange here? I need some serious help” he says without preamble.

“No, Stephen is currently in another dimension dealing with a dark incursion” Wong informs him. “Can I help you?” he offers and Stiles nods and tells him about the Darach, the sacrifices, and his
finding when he used the ‘true-seeing’ spell. Wong looks more and more concerned as Stiles explains. Stiles finally asks about the Darach using her magic to mess with Derek’s mind and how it might affect the pack.

“I am not certain. Normally I would say that her spell on one person wouldn’t affect another but the bonds of a pack are magical in nature so her spell may be transferred to them as well. We should check at the library to see if there is anything that can guide us” Wong suggests seriously.

“I looked for information on the Darach but I didn’t find anything the last time I was there” Stiles admits as they walk through the door to Kamar-Taj. “There isn’t a lot on the druids in your library” he informs the monk.

“Well, let’s look again” Wong says serenely and Stiles groans but agrees. It only takes about an hour to both of them, along with three others who join in helping, to ascertain that there is nothing in the library on this issues that they can use.

“So this was a waste” Stiles says sounding defeated.

“Not necessarily” Wong says looking at Master Pei. Stiles looks at the sorcerer in confusion. “We may not have the information you need, but maybe what we need to do is seek assistance from those that do” Wong explains.

“You mean ask a Druid? We have one in Beacon Hills” Stiles says disappointed at the idea. “The guy is great, but he hasn’t given us very much to work with so far when we asked about the Darach.”

“Perhaps you are asking the wrong Druid” Wong challenges. “This may be beyond a common Druid’s knowledge.”

“Then who would we ask?” Stiles says leaning up, starting to get excited again. “Who would know more?”

“There are many sorcerers on Earth, but there is only one Sorcerer Supreme. That person is considered the greatest practitioner of the Art, but only of that Art. Like the Sorcerer Supreme there are others for those in the other domains of magic” Master Pei tells them.

“So who is the head Druid? Druid Supreme? Super-Druid? What do you call them?” Stiles asks one after the other not really giving either man the chance to answer.

“The highest ranked male Druid is the ‘Merlin’ and the highest ranked female is the ‘Morgaine’. Druidic magic is rooted in balance and nature so they have both a male and a female leader, each with very different powers. We can send a message to both expressing your concerns and requesting assistance or at least information” Wong tells the teen when he pauses to breathe.

“How long do you think it will take?” Stiles asks now getting really anxious and excited. If the Merlin or Morgaine were anything like Stephen, maybe they could take down Blake easily.

Wong frowns. “There is not an established way” he admits with a frown before shaking his head “but we can put out the word and hope for a quick response. The uniqueness of this request, coming from sorcerers that is, may speed up their reply. While I am not sure where either of them are I do know where to start” Wong says confidently.

The three of them spend some time crafting Stiles’ plea, and both Wong and Master Pei agree that this should come from him with their endorsement. It shares everything they know so far and a request for them to help Stiles and the pack deal with the Darach.
Stepping back into his house Stiles realized that his dad was still not back yet and he must have had a long day. Checking his phone he found the message from his dad saying he would be back late tonight so he would be one his own for dinner. Instead of doing that, he decided that he was going to meditate for his next sigil. Though he wanted to choose Derek, he knew with the Darach’s spell, he should probably do someone else.

Instead he focused on Isaac. Allowing his thoughts to flow towards the curled haired beta, he brought up every thought, comment, and idea he had about the teen. He pulls on the thoughts of Isaac’s brother and mother and even his father. He even thinks about the freezer that Isaac had to suffer through before Derek gave him the bite. He sees how Isaac went through his leather douche phase, even the near attack at the station, before he settled down. Stiles watched as the sigil revealed itself with each moment and it finished when he saw the beta being drawn towards Scott and Allison and Melissa McCall, taking over as his surrogate family. The final sigil glowed and Stiles added it to the house stone with a flick of his magic.

Opening his eyes Stiles cracked his neck and blinked as he came back to reality. This meditation was giving him not only insight, but a significant understanding of the person as the sigil revealed itself. He didn’t know how, but he knew that Isaac loved strawberries but hated blueberries. He also understood that Isaac had never really dealt with his fear and anger for his father and that it was still affecting him. Shaking off the heaviness of his thoughts, Stiles was able to laugh as his stomach loudly demanded attention. He definitely needed to eat before he tried this again.

Sitting on the couch after eating, Stiles realized that he probably wasn’t going to be able to do more than one sigil per day, it was too emotionally draining. He was still feeling the effects from Isaac’s and right now if the guy showed up Stiles wasn’t sure how he would react. Probably get clawed trying to cuddle up to the guy and hug all the pain and lack of self-worth away. He needed to come up with a system, something logical, which would allow him to deal with all of this.

First he wrote down everyone’s names: Scott, Isaac, Derek, Peter, Boyd, Erica, Jackson, Lydia, Allison, and Mrs. McCall. The house stone knew him since he created and powered it with his blood, so he didn’t need to be on it which meant neither did his dad. Allie and mama McCall were human so unless they meant harm, they would be able to cross the border. So he crossed them off his list and then marked off Scott and Isaac since they were already done. He thought about adding some additional wards against more non-magical threats, but decided to wait and discuss with his dad first.

Lydia. Lydia was a question. There was... something that was definitely there, but what he wasn’t completely sure. It was enough that he was reasonably certain she wasn’t purely human. No human could be immune to the bite and she was.

So that left Lydia, Jackson, Derek, Peter, Erica, and Boyd to consider and figure out what order he should follow? His initial impulse was Derek next, but with him being under the Darach’s spell, that just screamed ‘bad idea’ and since he was the Alpha, the rest of his pack might be too. That left him with Lydia and Jackson. He supposed it was a toss-up but he decided that he wasn’t quite ready for Douchey McDouche so Lydia was #1 and Jackson #2. He also decided that he would do Derek last, Peter would be right before Derek, so that left Erica as #3 and Boyd at 4. Giving him a final list of:

1. Lydia
2. Jackson
3. Erica
4. Boyd
5. Peter
6. Derek

So it would probably take him some time to finish up, but hopefully they could free Derek before then. Putting away his stuff he headed to bed and thought about how he was going to ultimately explain all of this to his friends.

Walking into the school the next day Stiles whispered a reinforcing mantra on his blanket spell as well as one he found to protect him from harmful magics. After doing some more reading, he had figured out that his own magic was acting out in order to protect him from Ms. Blake. It seemed that each time she was using her magic, he was being warned by reacting to her twisted magics. Now that he was warded, he should be okay. He spotted Scott by his locker and came up to him.

“Dude, you are not going to believe this but I figured out who the Darach is” Stiles whispered urgently making sure that no one would overhear them.

Scott’s eyes widened in shock. “You did? Man, that’s great. If we know who they are we can stop them before anyone else is hurt. Who is it?” Scott asked eagerly.

“Ms. Blake, the English teacher” Stiles started to explain but saw the sudden shut down on Scott’s face as he looked thoroughly annoyed with Stiles.

“Stiles, that’s stupid. Ms. Blake is awesome, she is probably one of the best teachers we have. She isn’t the Darach” Scott’s tone was absolutely certain and completely dismissive of Stiles’ theory.

“Dude, I am not kidding here, I know…” Stiles doesn’t even get to finish his sentence before Scott slams his locker shut startling him quiet.

“Look, I’m sorry you are feeling left out or whatever this is that’s making you lash out, but it needs to stop. It’s not cool. Ms. Blake is amazing and you need to drop this. Now” Scott growled the last and actually flashed his eyes at Stiles before stomping away. What the hell?

Stiles tromped out of the class, stilled pissed off at Scott completely blowing him off and not even giving him a chance to explain. It was so stupid he seriously considered magically throwing the werewolf in the pool if it wasn’t for the evil druid nearby who would probably sense it. He approached the door to class and almost passed out from the sudden piercing pain in his head. Falling back against the lockers he tried to refocus but was like there was a jackhammer in his head. “Stiles?” he looked up to see a very worried Lydia Martin staring at him in concern.

“Lydia” he groaned out before he felt a sudden wave of nausea hit him.

“Ms. Martin, Mr. Stilinski?” Ms. Blake said coming of the classroom door. “Is everything alright?” she asks just as Stiles let out another groan.

“I think Stiles is sick, I will take him to the nurse” Lydia offered and Ms. Blake just nodded at the girl and smiled at Stiles.

“I hope you feel better Mr. Stilinski” she said with a smile and he just swallowed down on his desire to throw up all over her shoes, though this would probably be the best chance he would get.
Lydia dragged him to the nurse and with each step he was feeling better. He tried to convince her to stay but she just rolled her eyes and left him with the nurse. He told her that he was suffering migraines so she gave him some time to rest and he quickly recovered once he was away from Blake but he also decided that he wasn’t going to go back to that classroom today. He desperately needed help from Merlin and Morgaine or he is going to crack.

By the time class ended he was feeling just about normal when Lydia showed up to check on him before lunch. They left the nurse’s office and Stiles pulled her in to an empty classroom before they got to the cafeteria. “Lydia, I figured it out, the Darach is Ms. Blake!” he tells her urgently.

Like Scott, Stiles watches her face twist into one of utter disbelief and even a trace of anger. “Stiles enough!” she nearly spits. “You have had problems with Ms. Blake from the first day and this is just too much to take!”

“Because she is evil. She is the one killing everyone” Stiles sputters but Lydia cuts him off without mercy or patience.

“Stiles you need to get over this inferiority complex you have. Just because Scott and the others now have super abilities, you have got to stop trying desperately to get any attention. It’s just pitiful!” she says in her haughtiest and coldest voice before leaving Stiles standing in shock.

Stiles slowly comes out of the classroom and sees Lydia stomping off, fury clear in her every move, and he just stares not getting why no one is even listening. Hasn’t he proven himself by now?

“Stiles, you okay?” Erica says surprising him from behind. Stiles spins around and sees the golden-haired Beta standing there looking a bit concerned.

“No” Stiles snarls and sees the raised eyebrow on Erica’s face at his snap. “What do you think of Ms. Blake?” he asks suddenly.

Erica’s face looks thoroughly confused. “She is a great teacher. Never really liked English class before, but I do now. She’s okay I guess. I think she is dating Derek too, so there is that.”

Stiles grimaced at that reminder. “I think she is the Darach” Stiles tells her and once again, sees the girl’s face get angry.

“You know if you are going to be stupid, I am not wasting any more time on you Stiles” Erica almost snarls at him. She stalks off, heels hitting the floor with way more force than is necessary.

“Seriously? I swear you would think that having super senses would give them a heads up about a psycho, demented serial killer” Stiles mutters as he stomps back to his locker. “You would think…” he trails off and stops suddenly. If I was an evil, murdering zombie-corps druid, then my first targets would be anyone who could mess with my plans. Stiles was pretty sure that she had ensnared Derek, but what if it was more than that and she got to everyone who was supernatural? He knows that he is protected from detection by his magic but he would bet that a druid could spot the others.

So if she got to all the wolves then who is left who can…Allison! Suddenly determined he pulls out his phone and sends Allie a text message. _Urgent!! Come to band room right now. DON’T tell pack!!_ and then hits send. Heading to the band room he steps in the empty room and starts pacing. What if he is wrong? Could the Darach have spelled everyone and he was just protected from it?

“Allison?” Allison’s voice causes him to jump. He spins around and sees the brunette standing there looking concerned. “Lydia said you were sick earlier, went to the nurse” she asks.

“Allie, I need to ask you something. Please” he begged and she looked concerned but nodded.
“What do you think of Ms. Blake?” he asks watching her closely.

“The English teacher?” Allison asks startled by the question. “She’s a good teacher, pretty interesting I guess. It’s not my favorite class or anything” she adds with a shrug.

“And if I told you that I figured out that she was the Darach?” Stiles says glaring at the huntress. She frowns and looks down for a minute. “Ms. Blake? Why would you say that? What did you figure out?” she asks sounding interested.

“You aren’t angry that I asked? Don’t want to jump to her defense? Say something really hurtful?” Stiles demands and Allie just looks at him like he is crazy.

“Stiles, what’s wrong. If you have some info, share it. We are all trying to figure it out” she assures him.

“It’s not that easy Allie” Stiles says with a sigh as he flops down onto one the benches. “She has cast some spell on the pack and Lydia so that they react very strongly when you suggest she is evil. I tried Scott, Erica, and Lydia and each of them nearly tore my head off when I told them I thought it was her. I mean they really went for the jugular” Stiles goes on to share how each of them reacted and Allison shook her head in confusion.

“We have all been desperate to figure out how to stop the Darach, I can’t believe they wouldn’t even consider it” Allison tells him.

“I think she went after anyone who might be able to detect her and made it so they can’t even consider it” Stiles told her with a sigh.

“Stiles…I know they were wrong to say those things, but do you think that you might be, well, trying too hard and seeing things that aren’t there? I mean what proof do you have?” Allison asks making extra effort to sound reasonable.

Stiles stared at the girl for a moment before he stood up and started pacing. “Okay, I haven’t exactly been totally, completely honest with everyone” he rambles but stumbles when he sees the look of concerned confusion on Allison’s face.

“I have been learning magic in secret and yesterday I cast a ‘true seeing’ spell. Ms. Blake? She looks like a mannequin that was sent through a wood chipper before being shoved in a microwave. Just being around her makes me physically ill because her magic is so dark” Stiles says and looks at Allison who is just staring at him, a look of concern on her face.

“Stiles…Scott told me what Deaton said about your…magical abilities” she said delicately and Stiles rolled his eyes. “I just think that maybe you are…HOLY SHIT!” she screams and jumps up, a dagger in her hand before she even realizes that she has drawn it.

Stiles is standing there, his mystic shields spinning like fiery pinwheels centered on both his hands and his eyes glowing with a bright, emerald green. Allison sees the mystical symbols slowly rotating around the circles and she thinks some of them look familiar from her study of the Argent Bestiary. She blinks when she sees the shimmer in the air around him that seems to pulse with his breathing and she swallows hard. “Okay…you have magic. Right. So…Ms. Blake is the Darach. How do we kill her?”

Chapter End Notes
With Allison in the know, and the pack all under the Darach’s spell, how will Stiles save his friends? Up next: The Sheriff has a nice chat. Allison and Stiles plot. A surprise trip gets dangerous. Next chapter up on Saturday! Have a great week.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chris Argent wasn’t particularly surprised when Deputy Graeme called and asked him to come by the station that morning, not after they had found the wreckage of the Sheriff’s house. Chris had seen enough signs of a werewolf attack to think it was likely but he hesitated to alert Hale and then before he could even formulate a plan, the Sheriff had checked in and ended things. Chris suddenly wasn’t as sure about the source of the destruction but since the Sheriff and Stiles were apparently okay, maybe it was something else. As if they are that lucky. He walked into the police station and smiled politely at the deputy at the desk. “I’m here to see Deputy Graeme” he stated with an easy smile.

“And you are?” Officer Murray asked looking the older man over as if he was evaluating him for potential problems.

“Chris Argent. She called and asked me to come by” Chris added and the deputy nodded and asked him to wait before he stepped away. A few seconds later the deputy came back with Tara walking behind him. “Good morning deputy” Chris said with a quick nod.

“Thank you for coming Mr. Argent” Tara said with a serious expression. “Please come back with me” she said as she led him into the station and headed for the sheriff’s office “we can talk privately in here” she said and gestured him inside.

Chris stepped into the office and froze as he saw the Sheriff sitting at his desk watching him with an unreadable expression. He wasn’t quite able to hide his surprise but his eyes were drawn to the bandages on the man’s neck and wrist with a quick glance. “Sheriff. I am really glad to see you are okay” Chris said as Tara closed the door behind him.

“Thank you Mr. Argent. Please have a seat” Noah said, his expression never changing. “I am hoping you might be able to answer some questions for me” he tells the man as Tara moves to stand behind the Sheriff, a move that Chris easily understood was a clear declaration of allegiance.

“Of course Sheriff, is this about what happened last night” he asks not giving away anything. He wasn’t exactly sure what Tara had shared with the Sheriff.

“It was a home invasion” the Sheriff explained and Chris looked surprised. “A guy broke in and threatened to kill myself and my son” Chris noted that the Sheriff’s voice had changed and he recognized the barely restrained fury under his controlled demeanor. He was still mad and Chris didn’t understand why, but some of that was directed towards him.

“Sheriff, I’m not sure exactly how I can help you with that, unless you are looking to purchase some firearms which I would be happy to do so” Chris offers with a professional smile.

“That would be very helpful” the Sheriff agrees with a pointed smile. “Would they include ammunition with wolfsbane or is that limited just to your gang of murdering thugs?”
Chris freezes and glances towards Tara whose face gives nothing away before he looks back at the Sheriff. “Sheriff, I don’t know what…” he starts.

“Don’t even try it Argent. Right now it is taking a great deal of restraint not to shoot you at this moment. Especially knowing that your father kidnapped and tortured my son…in your house” he snarled and Chris’s eyes went wide and he suddenly realized that this was way worse than he imagined. “Your sister, well we already know that she is a mass murderer, but we can add how many murders to your father when he was controlling the Kanima, so what is the total Argent body count?” he asks and Chris leans back and shakes his head.

“You know everything” it’s not a question but a statement but he sees the Sheriff’s slight nod.

“I know that you have been running a paramilitary army in my town hunting and killing like you are judge, jury, and executioner with absolutely no regard to the law” Noah bites out and feels a bit of satisfaction at the man’s flinch.

“Sheriff…my father and sister…they have paid the price for their actions and our family has taken further steps to prevent something like that happening again. I am not sure exactly how much you know about dealing with all of this” he stops and looks at the lawman who is waiting silently and he realizes that the man isn’t going to give him anything. He sighs again. “Sheriff, my family has been fighting the supernatural for centuries and it is not something we take lightly. None of the hunting families do and yes, some of them use…questionable methods, but it is done to protect normal people” Chris explains.

Noah stares for a moment before reaching for a folder and tosses it to Chris who catches it with a frown before opening it up. He sees the picture of the omega that Gerard had cut in half shortly after he arrived. “I believe you were there for that murder weren’t you? I mean you did give my son and Mr. Whittemore a rather graphic description of the procedure prior to it happening. So what part of the code did he violate?” Noah asked.

Chris frowned and now he knew for certain. Stiles. Stiles told him and the boy was the worst possible choice as the kid was too damn smart for his own good and if anyone in this town would have put all of the facts and information together and gotten a complete picture, it would be him. “I do not know if he broke the code or not. Gerard killed him after he attacked an ambulance, tearing into the passenger who he claimed was already dead. We think he was also the one digging up graves to feed” he said and saw both the Sheriff and Tara flinch at that. “When he came here after my sister’s death, he pretty much declared war on all werewolves and I wasn’t sure he was wrong at first. But once I did realize it was a mistake, I sent an appeal to our families Grande Matriarch about him but McCall stopped him before I actually received an official response.”

“Bureaucracy? You are going to go with ‘red tape’ as your justification?” Noah asks disbelievingly as he leans forward.

“Sheriff Stilinski. There are rules to our family just like the ones you operate under. I did what I could short of shooting my own father. And to be perfectly blunt, I wasn’t going to do that over a near feral omega who if he hadn’t broken the code, it was probably just a matter of time. I have studied and hunted werewolves my entire life and you have gotten all this dumped on you since when? A week? A few days?” Chris shakes his head.

“I may not have your experience Argent, but all things considered, I think we did okay considering there is now one less Alpha werewolf in Beacon Hills” the Sheriff replied surprising the hunter yet again.

“He’s not dead, but he also won’t be an issue for some time, if ever” the Sheriff told him. “So you can see that perhaps my people are not quite so helpless to deal with the situation if we need to. What we are going to discuss is what to do about you?”

Chris didn’t like the look in the Sheriff’s eyes. “Sheriff, despite what your son may have told you, you don’t have anything on me or my daughter” he defends “and I am not your enemy, no matter what you may think.”

Noah pulled out a folded piece of paper. “So if I exercise this warrant to search your home, I am not going to find bullets in your house that have been made with the addition of aconite poison?” Noah asked casually.

Chris’ eyes widened just a bit but it was enough for the experienced lawman to know that he had struck gold. Aconite could actually kill non-werewolves and his argument that it was only to be used against monsters wouldn’t exactly hold up in court. “I’m not sure how your state and federal contractors would react to know that you selling weapons and ammunition that has been tampered with like that. I am pretty sure that most of the people I know in law enforcement would react very strongly. What do you think Deputy?” he asked looking at Tara.

“Shooting someone is always a last resort sir. I don’t think there are many cops that would support the idea of using bullets that are made to poison their victims” Tara says firmly.

Chris closes his eyes and realizes he has been completely played. There is no way he would be able to avoid significant impact if the Sheriff serves the warrant. “However, I don’t have to use this today” the Sheriff muses causing Chris to look at the man in surprise. “Assuming that you are sincere in wanting to help protect people…all people” he states.

Chris looks at the Sheriff and sees that the man has orchestrated this whole thing in order to get here. “And how, exactly, can I show you that?” he asks guardedly.

Noah smiles as he leans back in his seat. He glances at Tara who is smiling just as widely. “First. You will be providing my staff with wolfsbane ammunition and spare wolfsbane to offset any accidental poisonings. Second, I want to know who on my staff works for you” the sheriff’s look suddenly becomes predatory.

Chris actually swore under his breath. That damn kid! If he could have gotten to him first, what a resource for the hunters he would have been! “Those were the only two” he finally admitted

“I know. I was just testing you. In case you missed it, you failed” Noah told the man. “And for that? I want full copies of all Argent family bestiaries, codices, indexes, and records of any and all supernatural material that is in your possession as Argent Regent” the Sheriff said with a smile at the man’s look of absolute horror.
“Sheriff…” Chris voice was strained as he tried to protest. He knew that that whatever he gave would end up copied and given to Hale and the pack! That was too much to give up even though he pretty much had been outmaneuvered.

“Chris. The only reason you and all of your people are not sitting in one of my cells is that we are dealing with an Alpha Pack and a Darach and you are a resource. But you have a long way to go before I will trust you or consider you even for what you have done up to now. But now? Things are changing in Beacon Hills. You are no longer some rogue vigilante. Deputy Graeme will be the official liaison between the Sheriff’s department and your hunters. I believe Scott is serving in a similar role with you and the pack” he tells the man.

“So would Deputy Graeme assist in…redirecting your deputies when we need to take steps?” Chris asks with a calculated look at the woman.

Noah stares at the man for a minute. “As necessary. As far as we are concerned, the Alpha Pack and Darach have clearly broken the code without any doubt, and we are willing to recognize your claim to authority to deal with them” he pauses for a second “along with Alpha Hale’s authority.” Noah smiles at Argent’s surprise at that comment. "My people are cops Argent, not hunters."

Chris stares at the man in front of him for a while and wonders what it would have been like if he had tried to get him on their side from the beginning. Hunters typically operated outside the law but if Clarissant was correct in some of the things she shared, then maybe it was time for a change. He also recognizes the pragmatic approach that he saw in the Sheriff’s son and this is one fight he isn’t going to win…at least not right now. “I will have to ask for permission from the Grande Matriarch before I can share everything, but I have Allison share what we can right now” he concedes.

“Deputy, perhaps you and Mr. Argent should talk a bit before he leaves. Oh and make sure he knows exactly the kind of ammo we need and when we can expect the materials he will be sharing” Noah says, the dismissal clear in his voice as he stands up.

Chris looks at the man and offers his hand. “I hope you will believe me Sheriff, but I think that we can work together for everyone’s benefit. There is another meeting tomorrow at Dr. Deaton’s if you or Deputy Graeme wish to attend to get the most up to date information” he offers as an olive branch and sees the Sheriff tentatively agree. “Deputy Graeme” he says as he follows after her.

Noah sits back down and smiles. Stiles may have mentioned the man’s books, specifically the bestiary, but getting copies or access was a spontaneous thought that he had come up with to push the man off balance. Ultimately Noah knew that he would need to work with the man, there was a great deal that his people were better trained to handle outside the law and he would use that, but he would be keeping a much closer eye on all of the hunter’s activities from now on.

“Sheriff?” Tara said a short time later as she walked in after Argent had left. “I think that went well” she smirks and Noah smiles in agreement. “Have you gotten any possibilities for the openings we still have on the force?” she asks and the Sheriff sighs. The department had been hit pretty hard and they needed additional staff but after what he learned in the last day, picking the right deputies is suddenly a lot more important.

“We got some applicants but most of them are not ones that I feel good about. There is one that I hired a few days ago, before I knew about everything, so we will have to just see how he does. He has combat experience from the army, so he might be okay” Noah tells her handing her the folder. “I want you to plan on assessing him, along with the rest of the department. We will be speaking to Rodriguez and Martin, but I want your thoughts on who else should be ‘educated’ about all of this” he explains.
Deucalion is furious. He sent Ennis out over twelve hours ago to get the boy and deal with the Sheriff and there has been no contact or word since. He didn’t expect it to be necessarily quick, he would have to wait for the right time, but more than enough time has passed that the job should be done. Kali had called the man’s cell phone but hadn’t gotten an answer. The betas were out gathering information about Hale’s pack, despite their complete lack of any real success on that front and the twins were at school, though he was beginning to think that was a waste as well.

Turning to Kali he calls the female Alpha to him. “Go to the school. I want you to have Morrell observe the boy, especially if he is actually there and not in Ennis’ custody. Maybe her brother has some information that she can get for us” he instructs and the Alpha nods and leaves.

“Go out and trail Ennis. See if you can find him” Deucalion orders Lisa and the other Alpha nods eagerly and takes off.

It is completely ridiculous that this sorry excuse for a pack is giving them this kind of difficulty. They had dealt with six other packs since Deucalion had recruited Kali and Ennis to his new Alpha Pack and none of them were this irritating, even the two that had managed to survive. Growling angrily, Deucalion cursed again the names of Argent and Talia Hale. If she had just joined his efforts, then the old man wouldn’t have been so quick to strike. Her cowardice cost him his eyes and he would make sure that the last drop of her blood was wiped from the Earth.

“So how are we supposed to free Scott and the others?” Allison asks as they walk out to the parking lot. “You said they seem normal the rest of them time, just that they react strongly when you suggest that she is evil. Do you know what spell she used on them?”

“There are a number of mind-control or possession spells that are all possible, but none of them seem to be exactly right. This is a very subtle spell. I mean Scott and the others are actively looking for the Darach to stop her, but can’t even consider Blake” Stiles says obviously frustrated. “That kind of finesse is pretty impressive” he admits. “Plus we don’t know what else she has planted in their heads that we haven’t discovered.”

“Is there anyone who can help us figure it out?” Allie asks as they get to her car.

Stiles takes a deep breath but plunges ahead. “One of my teachers, Wong, he sent a message to the head Druids to ask them to help us and we are waiting on their response” Stiles tells her. That leads to a discussion about who the druids are and how they are the top ones in the world.

“Why don’t we just ask Deaton?” Allison asks genuinely confused. “I mean he is a Druid and is on our side, right?”

Stiles hesitates and Allison frowns at the teen. “Is this because he wouldn’t teach you?” she asks carefully.

Stiles shakes his head. “No, honestly it isn’t. After Stephen explained my magic, it is not surprising that Doc didn’t know about it or how he could help me. I know he mentioned that he was reaching out to other teachers, but I think his contacts outside the Druids are not quite as extensive as he might
want us to believe, if he actually has any” Stiles tells her. “I just think that if I was an evil druid, my
first target would be the only person in town with any information about me” he looks at the huntress
and sees the understanding hit her.

“You think he’s compromised?” she questions and he just shrugs. “Then we test him” she says
simply. “If he reacts like the others, then we know.”

They spend the next few minutes strategizing about it and ultimately decide that Allie will swing by
the clinic to ‘visit’ Scott and will mention the theory to Deaton and see how he reacts. Stiles would
prefer if he was there but she manages to convince him that Scott is already negatively primed
towards Stiles about the Darach. She can mention it without seeming to support his theory to see
what happens and Stiles has to admit that she is more than capable of handling herself. They separate
with Stiles heading home as Allison drives for the clinic.

Stiles walked into the house and decided he had some time before he would probably hear from
Allison so he decided it was time to add Lydia to the house stone. Arranging himself on the floor he
began his meditations allowing his mind to clear as he focused entirely on Lydia. It was easy to bring
her to his mind, but he struggled for a bit before he realized that he was focusing on his idea of who
she was and not her own truth. Letting go of his expectations, he instead remembers that night in the
warehouse, how she reached Jackson behind the Kanima. The sigil starts forming as Stiles moves on
to more real memories including the dance where he confronted her about her intelligence, her skill
in helping create the Molotov cocktails they used on Peter, even to Peter using her for his
resurrection.

The lines of Lydia’s sigil start moving on their own as he lets go and allows his magic and her
essence to form without his trying to control it. He sees her connection to her mother and
grandmother, the anger towards her father for his decisions, the draw she had been feeling towards
the bodies around town. Stiles sees spectral figures surrounding her as he watched them whisper and
call to the redhead. Seeing it he almost smacked himself for missing it, she was a banshee! A wailing
woman. A being whose voice was a bridge between life and death and an ancient magic that
protected her from Peter’s bite using that magic to kickstart her own powers into gear instead of
changing her.

Once Stiles had seen and accepted that truth, the rest of Lydia’s sigil formed and Stiles was able to
add it to the house stone before pulling back to a more conscious state. Opening his eyes he smiles
before waking up from the crash when he realizes how weak he is. One thing he had picked up on was
that he needed to eat more regularly and healthily when using his magic. Getting up he entered the
kitchen to start making a snack when his phone rang out with an email notice.

Pulling open the app, Stiles spotted the new mail and his pulse raced as he saw it from Wong. The
man had heard back from the Merlin and they had agreed to meet with Stiles tomorrow. Wong told
him to portal to the Sanctum and he would send Stiles on to the meeting place. Stiles shot off a quick
message agreeing to the meeting and grabbed a soda to deal with his headache as he walked to the
couch to rest till Allie called.

Allison pulled into Stile’s driveway and rested her head on the steering wheel with a sigh. That was a
lot harder than she had ever expected it to be and she was very glad that Stiles hadn’t come along.
Walking up to the door she wasn’t surprised when it opened before she could knock but she was
surprised by the look of excitement on Stiles’ face.

“I have amazing news!” he said happily as he pulled her inside and they sat on the couch. “I got a
call from Wong and have an appointment tomorrow with the Merlin…or the Morgaine…or both, I’m not exactly sure. Anyway, I will get to see them tomorrow” he finishes.

“Good, because we are definitely going to need some serious help” Allison tells him looking tired and Stiles gets very quiet.

“Allie? What happened? They didn’t do anything to you did they?” Stiles asked grabbing her hand and noticing that it was trembling slightly.

“It wasn’t pretty Stiles and you were right, Deaton is severely compromised” she tells him taking a deep breath. “I had gone in and waited till Scott left the room and asked if he had any new information about either the Darach or the Alpha Pack. He did his usual ‘we are still gathering info’ spiel which means he doesn’t know anything but he doesn’t want to admit that.”

“You caught on to that, huh?” Stiles said with a chuckle causing the brunette to smile sadly at the teen.

“Anyway after he said that I started rambling. Mentioned that the Darach would probably be someone new to town, not someone who had been here for a while and he even agreed that was likely. Then, taking care to sound like I thought you were crazy, I mentioned that you had gotten worked up about one of the teachers being the Darach” she said looking at the teen who just nodded.

“He didn’t seem to object to that idea but the second I mentioned Blake, his entire demeanor shifted and I could tell he was angry even though he was trying to look calm. He said that it was a ‘stupid idea’ and that he had even met her and she didn’t have a trace of magic, let alone dark magic, on her and then he started saying some really nasty things about you” Allison said with a guilty look. “He was saying how you were obviously desperate for attention or something and that’s why you were saying it.”

“Then Scott comes in and the two of them just go off on you Stiles. It was insane. The way that they were acting” she drops off looking sick and startles when Stiles gentle rubs her hand.

“Allie, it’s okay. This is good news” he tells her and laughs when she stares at him in surprise. “I’m serious. This just reinforces that we are right, that she is the Darach. Before this you were just trusting me about it, but now? You have seen what she’s doing. Eliminating Deaton by killing him when she arrived would draw too much attention. Instead she used her magic to eliminate him by having him refuse to consider her as a possible threat, but to also react strongly to anyone else trying to suggest it. You were really smart Allie, by putting it all on me. If you had said you believed it, they probably would have turned on you too” he tells her.

“Stiles, how are we supposed to stop someone that can control everyone like that?” she asks and he can see that she is truly afraid after seeing both of the men so affected.

“Well, she can’t do that to me” Stiles muses and laughs at her look of exasperation. “Here” he turns his head and focusing, causes the tattoo behind his ear to glow “this is a tattoo designed to protect the core of my identity. It prevents things like mind-control or possession. I might be able to come up with something for you that would do something similar, like the spell of ‘don’t notice me’ I have on my watch.”

“Where did you get that tattoo?” Allison suddenly demands and Stiles sighs and his eyes lose focus for a moment and she gasps as she sees tattoos appear on his arms, eerie and nearly hypnotic in their beauty.

“I got a couple” he admits as she suddenly gasps and stares at him. “What?” he asks trying to look at
himself.

“You neck” she whispers and Stiles touches but doesn’t feel anything. “A wolf…it just…appeared and looked at me before disappearing” her voice is strained.

Stiles laughs. “Oh. Him. Yeah he kinda has a mind of his own. He wanders around” he admits and sees the wild look in her eyes so he stands up and takes off his shirts.

“Stiles!” Allison starts to laugh but freezes when she sees the design over his heart, the blending of dark and light that somehow is elegantly balanced. The wolf, who was sitting on his pectoral muscles, suddenly jumps up and, there really is no other word for it, runs around his torso before disappearing around to his back. Stiles turns around and she lets out an awed gasp.

Standing up slowly she moves towards him and reaches out gingerly with her fingers as she stares at the tree, leaves blowing in some unknown breeze, as she tries to identify all of the different runes, sigils, and signs. Somehow, she knows she should not touch so she pulls her hand back and whispers “It’s incredible.”

Stiles blushes deepen and she steps back allowing him to pull his shirts back on. “A friend of mine out of town did them using some special tools I found and the ink I created using a special formula that allowed me to empower them. She has a good trade going making them now.”

Allison’s face goes hard and she stares at him. “Will she do one for me? That one” she says pointing at Stiles’ ear.

Stiles is about to reply when he pauses looking at the determination on her face. Something about seeing Deaton and Scott being controlled like that really freaked her out and so instead of making a joke, he just nodded. “When?” he asks and isn’t surprised in the slightest when she wants to go right then. Stiles grabs another packet of the herbs he had made to give her and they drive to Kelsey’s.

Despite the short notice, Kelsey is able to see them and when Stiles tells her what Allie wants, she agrees since it is one of the simpler tattoos. The fresh bag of herbs is very much appreciated as her business is picking up with the increased quality of her work. She puts in an order for more, even paying Stiles in advance causing him to smile and promise delivery. Allison decides to get it in the same place and in just a short time they are driving back to Beacon Hills as Allison softly touches her ear.

“You were doing magic” she states rather than asks. “When Kelsey was doing the tattooing” she clarifies.

Stiles nods keeping his eyes on the road. “I was concentrating on the kanja and how it should work to make it as strong as I could” he explains and is surprised when she grabs his hand and squeezes it without saying anything. He gets it. Losing control of herself is as scary for her as it is for him.

After hearing about the trip to New York, Allie had decided that she was going with him, whether or not Stiles agreed. He had been hesitant at first but after a day at school dealing with the pack and Ms. Blake and not being able to do anything about it, he agreed and made arrangements for them to go right after school. He did have a really weird encounter with their new guidance counselor, Ms. Morrell, when she ran into him in the hall. She was nice about it, but he could tell she was looking for something. He felt a tingle that told him that she was using magic on him, but since none of his runes reacted, he guessed it was probably her trying to figure him out rather than something harmful.
However that meant that there were now at least two adults at the school who had magic. He was done waiting, he wanted to free his friends now!

“So how does this work?” Allison asks as she adjusts the bow and quiver of arrows she was carrying, along with several large knives that had made Stiles blanch. She had really gotten hard core since the end of last year.

“Watch and be amazed!” he declared with a smile and saw her roll her eyes until the portal started forming and she gasped in surprise. Once established he looked back with a smirk and strode forward, the huntress following quickly after as they stepped into the foyer of the Sanctum.

“Welcome to New York!” Stiles announced grandly.

“You did not mention that you were bringing anyone” a voice behind them caused Allie to spin around, knife in hand, at the voice.

Wong raised a single eyebrow at the girl who suddenly looked embarrassed and put her knife away.

“Sorry about that” she muttered but the man only laughed.

“I am guessing you are the Huntress Argent?” Wong asked and smiled at her nod. “Mr. Stilinski described all of you very well” he says with a sly look at the teen.

“Where are we supposed to meet them?” Stiles asks feeling a bit nervous.

“I was asked to keep the exact spot a secret, but it is on the coast of Wales” Wong tells them as they walk to the trophy room and to the windows there. “You will be able to portal directly home or here if you wish when you finish your meeting” he tells them as he ‘adjusts’ the window and they see a rocky beach in front of them.

“You’re not coming?” Stiles asks surprised by the man’s demeanor.

“No” Wong shakes his head. “While the Merlin and the Morgaine know and respect the office of the Sorcerer Supreme, they rarely interact with sorcerers. Most practitioners of the art, if they are among the more serious ones, will rarely work with others across domains. The differences are just too great. To be blunt, they do not want any sorcerers in their territory” he says without any rancor as if he would do the same.

Allie and Stiles look at each other for a minute but Stiles figures there was nothing about bringing a human with him so he just signals Wong who opens the door and they step through.

Stepping out of the window Allison pulled out her bow and nocked an arrow as they looked around the wooded area they were in. There were no signs of life, heck there were no signs of people anywhere. They were high on a cliff with the ocean pounding on the rocks below them sending up crashing noise and sprays of water that managed to make it up to them as a fine, salt-kissed mist. The only thing going for them was that the moon was up and really bright, lighting up the area enough for them to see. Stiles hadn’t really counted on the time change when he decided to come but when Allison pulls two lights from her bag he realizes that she did.

“Is this what you were expecting?” she asks glancing around them as they started walking away from the cliff, aware for any danger.

“Actually no. I was thinking it would be like Kamar-Taj but I realize that I probably should have known better. Druids probably don’t do things the same way that Sorcerers do” he admits
sheepishly.

Allie nods and indicates that this is his show so he straightens his shoulders and they start walking into the woods. The trees are old here, Stiles thinks. There is something in the air that feels ancient and tired. Whispers and memories of times long past that were harder and crueler and bloody and Stiles feels the tension building. Thinking back on Wong’s words, Stiles decides to try and avoid using his sorcery and instead decides to use his elemental connections. Concentrating on his right leg, he sends a pulse through the Earth looking for something, anything, which will give him a clue as to what they should do next.

They had been walking only for a few minutes when they heard the simultaneous sounds of a girl screaming and a shrill cawing like some kind of birds. Not pausing they both took off running towards the sound only to come upon a clearing in the woods where they stopped to stare at the scene before them. There was a girl, young, maybe fourteen or fifteen with white gold hair and a rough linen dress that looked more appropriate to a history documentary than modern day England. However that was just unusual, what was shocking was that she was using a broom or stick to hold off three very large birds.

Now Stiles had seen a lot in the last year, but seeing three birds the size of cows, flying and screaming at their young victim, talons extended as they waited for an opening to strike was a new one. A quick glance showed that Allie was angry and he nodded and charged forward as the huntress fired her arrows. The first one hit one of the birds in the body causing it to screech in indignation at the injury and the other two to turn to scream at the girl who had managed to fire a second arrow that pierced the wing of another of the birds causing it to let out an ear-splitting shriek.

Stiles had taken about a half dozen steps when he called on his fire and hurled a green fireball at the third bird like a lacrosse ball. The bird squawked and clawed the air to get away, his fireball passing under it only for the bird to fly right into Allie’s next arrow. Stiles smiled, all three birds were injured and he decided to switch tactics and he called for wind with his left arm and blasted the birds, sending them tossing head over tails across the clearing. They had gotten several hundred yards away by the time they regained control and had obviously decided that they wanted nothing more to do with the girl or her defenders.

“Are you okay?” Allison asks gently as she reaches out to the girl with the wide, staring eyes. She looks at Allison with her bow and arrow and knives and seems to flinch. “We won’t hurt you” she assures the girl whose eyes flip to watch Stiles as he slowly walks over.

“We’re friends, promise” Stiles says holding his hands up. “What were those birds? I have never seen any that big before” he says with a smile.

The girl tucks back a loose hair behind her ear and flushes a bit at Stiles causing Allie to look away with a smirk. “They were the Adar Llwch Gwin, once given to the warrior Drudwas Ap Tryffin by his fairy wife. He used them in battle because they were able to understand speech and follow orders. Until he gave a poor order and they ended up killing him. Now they hunt the woods for their prey. Luckily they only come out every few years” she says dusting off her dress which now that they are closer appears to be much nicer and more modern than Stiles originally thought.

“Thank you for rescuing me” she tells them, tears starting to swell in her emerald green eyes. “My grandfather would be devastated if something had happened. You have to come back to my house to let him thank you” she begs.

Allie and Stiles try to wave her off, but the girl, whose name is Eildria, pleads and pleads until they agree to come. She promises them that is only a short walk, less than an hour! Allie tries to talk the girl she seems to clam up where when Stiles asks her things she gushes causing Allie to give him ‘the
look’ and him to glare at her in return.

“What are you doing living all the way out here?” Stiles asks after they have been walking for a while.

“Oh, grandfather was never one for crowds and he mostly fished and foraged for rare plants in the woods that we used to trade for anything else we need” she tells him with a smile and Stiles wonders how he didn’t notice the delicate earrings that she was wearing before. He is suddenly reminded of Lydia for some reason.

It isn’t much longer before they enter another clearing where they spot a small cottage that causes Stiles to smile in delight. It looks like something out of fairy tale! There was even a trail of smoke coming out of the chimney suggesting a warm welcome. “Come on in!” she calls and grabs Stiles’ hand and pulls him along.

Stepping into the house, she drops his hand to rush to a chair facing the fireplace where she whispers to whoever is sitting there. Stepping back, Eildria helps up a small, old man with white hair, a wispy beard and startling blue eyes who looks at both of them in appreciation. “Thank you so much for saving my dear Eildria. I am Tomas and I welcome you to my home and my table. I am in your debt” he says formally and they both assure him that no thanks are needed.

They sit at the table as Eildria starts moving around the kitchen pulling out loaded platters as the three of them sit down at the table. Tomas asks about their visit as they are obviously not locals and Allison defers to Stiles. “We are visiting from America” he says with an easy smile. “We were supposed to meet some people, but we haven’t spotted them yet when we heard Eildria yelling.”

“Does that kind of thing happen often?” Allison asks as Tomas looks at her clothes and weapons before nodding.

“Yes warrior. In this part of the land, there is still magic and those beings that existed before man came to the isles. They are not as common as they once were, but they still remain in certain places” he tells her. “You are more than you appear, both of you” he says nodding to them. “You have a touch of the gift yes?” he asks Stiles and smiles when the teen hesitates. “I’m sorry, that was rude of me. You and your shield maiden have done us a service, let us return the favor” he says leaning back in his seat and Stiles notices that his shirt is actually really high quality, maybe even silk. He glances over at Eildria and notices that her skirt and blouse are finely embroidered.

Eildria comes over with several platters of meat, vegetables, pastries, and breads, all of which smell amazing. She sets down pitchers of milk, wine, and water before encouraging them to eat. Allie tries to decline, this was almost like a feast, but the girl said that her saviors deserved to be rewarded. Nodding in thanks Allie reaches out to take a roll out of the basket, golden in color and still steaming but Stiles grabs her hand in a vise-like grip stopping her.

“Stiles?” she asks in confusion as both Tomas and Eildria looks at him with worried expressions.

“Just a second Allie, we should say grace first, don’t you think?” he asks and sees the girl look at him confused before realizing that he is tapping on her foot, a pattern. Three short taps, three long ones, and three short. Repeated. Allie freezes as she realizes it’s Morse Code for SOS.

“Of course” she agrees and turns to Tomas “would you like to say the prayer?” she asks their host and the man quickly shakes his head.

“No child you are our guest, please” he indicates but she can see the tension in his eyes and those of Eildria. Not knowing what he is thinking she asks them to bow their heads to pray and just as she
starts to think of what to say she feels a strong gust of wind and the sudden screech of two high pitched voices.

Opening her eyes, Allie pulls out her dagger at the inhuman faces looking at her. Eildria and Tomas are gone and the two standing there in their clothes are, well, there isn’t really any other word to describe them than beautiful. But that beauty is distant and unearthly and rather than being attractive, it makes her blood run cold. Both of them appear both young and ageless and they are staring at Stiles with angered expressions. “Salt!” ‘Tomas’ yells in fury and Stiles just laughs at them, not appearing worried.

“Just a little test” Stiles says with a smile. “Eating food of the fae isn’t the smartest thing to do after all. And if you really were who you appeared to be, the salt wouldn’t have affected you. But you are fae folk using glamour to try and trick us” he says his voice much colder “and I am betting that those birds from earlier were actually just following your orders” he says with a slight uptick of his voice.

Eildria suddenly laughs and Stiles is reminding of the sound of running water, tumbling over rocks in a river and strangely enough windchimes, her laugh is so amazing. “You are very intriguing little spark” she says and Stiles notices that her eyes are now a brilliant amethyst instead of green. “Perhaps you are worthy of an audience after all.”

“Worthy?” Allison asks looking between the two fae.

“Surely you do not think the Merlin or the Morgaine would waste their time with anyone who seeks their attention? They have duties to the worlds” Tomas says haughtily.

“We thought we had already cleared our meeting” Stiles challenged but Eildria only snorted in derision.

“Because of the sorcerer? No. The Lord and Lady of the Wood speak for nature and they do not bend to others, not even to the Sorcerer Supreme. If you would petition them for their assistance, you need to prove yourself worthy” Eildria told them.

“Look we don’t have a lot of time for this. We are dealing with a pretty nasty Darach who…” Stiles doesn’t get any farther when both of the fae suddenly bristle with anger.

“A DARACH!” Tomas screeches, losing his cool. “Foul oath-breakers” he snarls and his form flickers for a moment causing both Stiles and Allie to step back at the barest glimpse of his true face. He calms quickly before looking at Stiles with a suspicious expression. “Your foe, foul though it may be, does not change the rules. You have passed the first and second tests, go forth to face the third and if you succeed, then you will have your audience” Eildria pronounced and waved her hand and a sudden flash of light blinded both of the teens.

By the time Stiles’ vision had cleared he looked around to see that the clearing they were standing in was now empty. No cottage, no Eildria, no Tomas. Even the walkway and the little touches around the rustic cottage were missing and it was just an empty field. “I really hate this” Allison mutters before sheathing her knife and taking out her bow. Stiles could only nod in agreement.

They have been walking for another half hour when they hear the sound of the ocean and they continue following the path that suddenly opens upon a beach inside a small circle of a bay, not a quarter mile across enclosed by tall cliffs. The place looks beautiful but it is deserted, not even birds
or anything, and it appears to have been that way for a while and that makes both of them suspicious. “Why aren’t there any birds or other wildlife?” Allison asks fingering the arrow nocked in her bow as she looks around. “Is this the third test? Not that I know what the other two were” she mutters.

“So some of the stories of the fae that I read mention the test of heart, hand, and head to reveal the true nature of a person” he explains. “I think the first test was heart, by choosing to rescue Eildra we showed that were willing to help a stranger. The second test was probably the head, recognizing the trap that she and Tomas were setting. That could be a test of intelligence, cunning, or wisdom, not really sure which” he rambles causing Allison to think she really needs to stop being surprised by the guy.

“So the last one is the test of hand?” she prompts looking at him with a smile and a slight nudge of support. “What do you think that is?”

“Strength or skill I would guess” he tells her and they jump as the water in the bay explodes. Stiles pulls her back from the water as a large serpent rises out of the water to tower over thirty feet in the air above the water, with a monstrous mouth full of sharp teeth as it roars as them.

“So much for the birds” Allison says as her arrow flies and she is already reaching for a second. Stiles’ arm has burst into green fire and he flings a fireball at the thing as it screams and lunges towards them.

Allison tucks so she rolls as she is suddenly blasted to the side, rolling over and over before coming to stop and shaking herself as she sees the serpent had smashed right where they were standing. “Stiles!” she screams as she fires another arrow, narrowly missing the thing’s eyes. A sudden flash of green lights up the serpent causing it to scream and pull back allowing her to see the stream of fire coming from Stile’s hands like a flamethrower as he stands on the other side of the beach.

“Keep firing” Stiles yells and he stops his fire as he realizes that it isn’t working, the damn thing is too wet! He runs towards the water causing Allison to scream as she fires one of her flash bangs at the beast distracting it.

She keeps firing, even though half of her arrows are bouncing off the thing when Stiles, reaching the water, steps out until he is in the water to his thighs. He closes his eyes and she sees him start to glow a swirl of greens and blues that shoots out from him across the whole bay and suddenly the entire surface of the water freezes solid, the water turning to a giant block of ice trapping the things just as Stiles leaps free.

“Allison, what did you do?” she demanded of the teen. He doesn’t answer as he reaches her.

“Given me one of your arrows” he demands instead and she hands it to him as she sees the serpent, trapped in the ice, struggling fiercely as it tries to break free. “Your knife!” he bellows and she hands it to him and watches as he starts carving symbols into it.

As soon as he finishes carving the runes, Stiles starts chanting and Allison watches as the runes start glowing with a deep crimson glow. The loud crack behind her causes her to turn and see the serpent has partially freed itself from the ice and is staring at them and roaring.

“Here, shoot the damn thing! Eye or mouth!” Stiles yells handing her the arrow. Allison doesn’t pause or hesitate but loads, pulls, aims and fires the arrow all in one smooth motion. The arrow leaves her bow, a trail of red sparks following the arc of her shot as the arrow goes straight into the beast’s right eye followed by a flash that lights up the entire body of the thing like a photo negative.

Allie watches as the serpent sways before crashing to the ice and beach to lay unmoving. “Nice shot”
Stiles says as his eyes roll up in his head and he passes out.

Allison screams and moves to the teen’s side but when she sees he is breathing regularly she relaxes a bit. “I agree” she hears a voice say and she spins around, bow drawn, and sees two people about her dad’s age standing on the beach looking at the entire scene. Both the man and woman look perfectly normal, he is dressed in a policeman’s uniform and the woman looks like she is a teacher or something equally normal.

“You have been looking for us?” the man says with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

Wow. Okay, first some housekeeping notes. I will be traveling this week so Wednesday's update might be delayed. If it does, chapter 15 will be up by late Thursday, so sorry just in case!

Coming up next time: Did Stiles and Allison pass their test, and then what is going to happen? The Alpha Pack is getting really worked up so they decide to send a magic user of their own to investigate. Stiles and Allie also make their first move against the pack as they try to free the wolves from the Darach.
Stiles climbed to consciousness slowly as he forced himself to wake up and finally, he managed to pry open his eyes and see the white ceiling above him washed in shadows cast by the warm light coming through the window. Turning his head he realizes that he is laying on top of a bed, fully dressed, in a pretty simple room. Sitting up he looks around and spots his shoes on the floor. Putting them on he walks out the door and discovers he is on the second floor so he starts down the stairs where he hears voices talking. Coming around the corner he is surprised by the scene in front of him. Allison is sitting on a couch with a cup of tea in her hand facing two people in chairs.

The man is wearing a police uniform and looks to be about his dad’s age while the woman appears to be a little younger and is dressed…well, normal. They all turn to him and the man and woman both smile politely as Allie stands up. “You’re awake. How are you feeling?” Allison asks as she pulls him over to sit beside her on the couch while the woman pours and hands him a cup of tea. Taking a sniff he is relieved that it isn’t Wong’s blend, that stuff is pretty terrible while this smells pretty good. Stiles watches the woman go into the kitchen and return with a tray.

“Fine, good actually. Little confused about exactly what happened or where we are” Stiles replies and then looks at the other two “or who you are” he adds and both of them smile.

“My name is Arthur” the man says pleasantly “and this is Lizzie and we are in her house where we brought you after your fight with the Piast. Thanks for that by the way, the beast had been causing problems all along the coast so thank you for dealing with it, we hadn’t managed to get around to it” he says easily.

“You put a great deal of your energy into the arrow you enchanted so after it killed the beast, you collapsed and we brought you here to recover. We have been talking with Ms. Argent, your friend, for the hour or so that you have been asleep” Lizzie said with a smile as she sets down the tray that Stiles now sees is loaded with small sandwiches.

Stiles flushes in embarrassment at the loud growl his stomach gave off at that moment and he apologizes with a whisper that was overridden by Lizzie’s loud laugh.

“Magical workings take a lot out of you, these should help you recover a bit quicker. I know what’s best for someone who has strained themselves” she reassures him.

Stiles ate one quickly and nearly groaned in pleasure at the explosion of flavors he got from the first bite. It wasn’t too heavy, but it was perfect somehow. “These are amazing!” he gushed and Arthur just chuckled.

“Eildria took quite a liking to you son” Arthur said and smiled when Stiles nearly choked. “She said that you were definitely something special” he said with a wink.

Stiles looked confused but Allison just smirked and shoved him gently. “Stiles, they are the people
we came here to meet” she tells him with a smile and Stiles looks at the plain looking couple in surprise.

“You are the Merlin and the Morgaine?” he gasps and the both nod easily. Stiles is trying to recover but his brain and his mouth don’t quite seem connected when he stares at Arthur and starts to giggle. “The Merlin’s real name is Arthur?” he snorts and loses it at the man’s groan and Lizzie’s loud laugh. “Seriously?” he finally manages.

Arthur looks completely done with this. “Somedays I wonder if it was worth it” he mutters looking at Allison for understanding since the other two were laughing too much to give him any sympathy. “Perhaps we should focus on the reason for your visit?” he prompts looking annoyed.

After a few minutes of apologies by Stiles, broken up by a near crippling case of the giggles that Lizzie totally uses against him, they manage to explain everything to the two Druids with the occasional question for clarification. When they finish both of the druids are looking a lot more concerned and Stiles thinks that maybe his request should have given them more information to avoid the tests. “This is a very serious situation. Normally we would reach out to the nearest druid to assist you, but with him being compromised, anyone coming in to the area would probably alert the Darach” Arthur warns them.

“The good thing is that we do know the spell the Darach is using and how to break it, though it will not be easy” Lizzie tells them. “The herbal powder you will need to use is very unstable and must be used within a few hours of mixing it as its power rapidly fades. But the powder only weakens the spell” she says with a determined look “they will need to break free on their own.”

“How can they do that? They don’t even know they are under it” Allison complains looking at Stiles for support.

“The spell the Darach is using twists the person’s mind to accept what she tells them. It creates a continuous whisper in their ear drowning out anything that contradicts it. The powder breaks that whisper allowing them to hear you, but you have to push them. You need to reach their core, their true self to find that part of them that is fighting the spell and push. The spirit knows it is being chained and wants its freedom” Arthur says seriously.

“Find the thing that is most important to the person and threaten it or make them face the thing they most fear. Their stress of dealing with that will make them fight the spell and if you push them hard enough, that should be enough to allow them to break free. Druidic magic is based on balance, the Darach upsets that balance. This spell drowns out their own loves and fears and makes them subject to the Darach’s will. To break them free, you must restore that balance” Lizzie finishes.

Stiles thinks carefully about what they said and thinks he gets the idea and he eventually nods. “So you can help us with the powder?” he asks and gets nervous at the concerned look they share.

“That is where we have a problem. Anyone can mix the ingredients, but it takes druidic magic to empower it and your druid cannot be trusted as long they under the corrupting influence of the Darach” Lizzie says looking regretful. “We could try to get someone to do it out of the range of the Darach, but the next closest Druid is over a hundred miles from your home.”

Allison looks unhappy but Stiles is just confused. “Why can’t I do it?” he asks them and sees both of them sigh.

“This is Druidic magic and you are not a druid. Sorcery cannot be used in this spell” Arthur said looking like he was surprised Stiles was asking. He frowned at the boy before looking at the woman “From Wong’s message, we were not certain whether you were a sorcerer or not but we did not
detect any Mark when we examined you when you arrived, which considering your success with the Piast was very surprising.

“Oh, right. Sorry about that. Magical protections” Stiles tells them and reaches down and takes off his watch. Setting it aside he looks at them and sees the shock on both of their faces.

“Dangos i mi yn wir” Arthur chants and both Allison and Stiles are surprised when his eyes glow a soft golden light. “Tuatha de Danaan!” he exclaims and turns to Lizzie. “Mae’n cael ei ddawnus ym mhob un o’r chwe maes!”

Lizzie looks stunned and she turns to Stiles and whispers “Dangos i mi yn wir” and she gasps when her eyes glow. “You have all six marks!” she breathes barely above a whisper.

“Yeah. Sorry, I thought Wong told you. He has been teaching me Sorcery, but I have been studying the rest on my own” Stiles admits. He looks nervous as both of the people before him suddenly look a lot different. He thinks about what they both said and he acts before he thinks and he repeats it in a whisper “Dangos i mi yn wir” and Allie turns to look at him sharply as his eyes take on the same glow that Arthur and Lizzie had.

Stiles reels from the sudden rush of power he feels and when he looks over at Arthur he swallows his shock. He recognizes that this is a variation of the true-seeing spell, designed to let him look at someone and see that person's true nature. Stiles could feel the difference in the spell from the one he used before and knew that it wouldn’t break past magical spells or illusions, but if someone wasn’t trying to actively hide anything, it would give significant information.

He stares at Arthur and instead of the seemingly mild mannered man he had been talking to he sees a powerful figure that definitely is not human hovering over the man. Stiles can smell the rich aroma of ancient trees and old earth mixed with a sharp tang of ozone. There is a feeling of ancient wisdom that is just on the edge of the man’s aura. Stiles somehow understands that that ancient shade is the collection of hundreds, maybe thousands, of druids whose knowledge, power, and wisdom is at his command and Stiles flinches at the power the man wields.

Glancing over at Lizzie is almost worse. The sweet and nice girl is overshadowed by the sense of ancient anger and pain. Where Merlin embodied the Druidic priests of the past, Morgaine was the incarnation of generations of Priestesses who served these islands before spreading across the world to serve the natural word. He senses that her heritage is far older than the Merlin’s as her line stretches past humans to non-humans and Stiles can almost taste the Fae magic that rolls off of the woman.

“Wow” Stiles stammers and feels a strange disassociation as he sees the smiles on the human faces while the ancient shadows are…well they are not menacing, but he knows he is being weighed and judged. Stiles releases the spell and can’t help but feel a lot more comfortable not seeing those ancient powers anymore.

“You are quite the surprise Stiles” Arthur says with a laugh. “We can show you how to prepare the powder now that we know that you have the ability to do so.” He looks over at Lizzie who is sitting quietly looking at Stiles with a calculating look. “We will also be willing to assist in your training and will send the druid in your home some resources to assist you, once he is free of the Darach’s spell of course” he qualifies.

Lizzie appears more reserved but she smiles in agreement so they proceeded to her kitchen where she wrote out the instructions. “Do you have everything?” Allison asks as Stiles and Lizzie go over the powder’s ingredients.
“We should. I can probably get them from Deaton or Martinique’s in San Francisco if I have to” he mumbles but Lizzie just shakes her head and starts pulling out jars from her cabinets. Once she pulls down the last one she starts packing them up.

Stiles tries to decline, but he really wants that stuff and avoiding Deaton is probably in their best interest. “Are you sure?” he finally asks weakly.

“Stiles, stopping the Darach is in our interests as well. A few ingredients, even the rare ones, would be well worth it to stop her” Lizzie assures him.

They finish up quickly and both of them exchange phone numbers with Stiles as he promises to keep them updated. Arthur reminds him that they are definitely willing to help teach him and he even extends an invitation to both of them to return to visit if they wish. They gather their things and Stiles opens the portal and Allison and he step back to the New York Sanctum where Wong is waiting for the entire story.

Ricardo ducked and tried to avoid the raging of the ‘Alpha of Alphas’ as the man roared in fury. Ennis had been missing for way too long to be anything other than a major problem. Personally Ricardo wondered if Hale and his pack had managed to catch the Alpha unaware and eliminate one of the threats to his territory. The annoying part was that all of their current betas were turned by Kali and himself so they could not even determine whether or not the man was even alive.

One of the biggest flaws in the whole Alpha Pack idea was that the traditional pack bonds were just not there. Werewolves were social creatures who preferred a hierarchy, but they also trusted and supported each other, something that definitely didn’t describe Deucalion’s pack. They were powerful true, but they didn’t get the benefits of a true pack. He was certain that was why they had failed against the McAllister Pack in Colorado. That pack, even with a new Alpha, was old and the betas were fiercely loyal to their young leader. They fought and drove Deucalion and the rest from their territory at a high cost, but they managed to survive as a pack.

“Where is he?” Deucalion demanded of Lisa again but the Alpha managed to stand her ground without challenging him.

“I tracked him to the house, but I could not find where he left. I tracked his trail there and found a few spots where he obviously waited to watch, but he hadn’t come back to any of them for some time” she told him.

“Did you go in the house?” Deucalion snarls and the alpha flinches at that and Ricardo can feel her humiliation.

“There is an ash barrier around the house” she admits with a small growl of frustration and sees their leader look even more furious but then he stops and smiles evilly.

“He protected his house from us, well then” he smirks “it is time he learns that his little trick isn’t going to keep him as safe as he thinks it will. Kali, get Morrell and have her break the circle and finish Ennis’ job that he was obviously incapable of handling.” Kali nods stiffly and leaves while Ricardo watches everything and starts wondering if this is going to be Colorado all over again.
taking the pack’s power for herself. The druid was not technically connected to any of them, not like Julia had been. Rather Morrell had sworn oaths only to Deucalion, just because she had to work with her didn’t mean that she had to like the woman. The woman served as their emissary but Kali felt that if the opportunity presented itself she would be happy to be rid of all of them.

“That is the Stilinski house” Morrell said pointing to the rather plain looking home. “Can you catch any sign of Ennis?” she asked casually.

Kali growled at the woman’s haughty demeanor but she didn’t do anything that the Alpha could use to put her in her place. “Traces of his scent and Lisa’s but nothing else” she finally admits and they moved to get closer to the house. Kali had barely stepped off the sidewalk when the familiar flash of blue showed a mountain ash barrier. Looking down she didn’t see any trace of the cursed black powder. “Where is it?” she demands.

Morrell raises a single sculpted eyebrow at the woman and steps forward to look, figuring that maybe he buried the circle, though that should have severely limited its effectiveness. She was completely surprised when the barrier lit up and actually blocked her from crossing the line as effectively as the Alpha. Putting her hand out she felt the shield harden as she pushed against it. “This is unexpected” she murmurs.

Kali looks at the Druid in shock. “It’s blocking you as well? How is that possible?” she demands with a snarl. She watches as the Druid tries in several places, walking along the edge of the field that obviously surrounds the entire house.

“This isn’t mountain ash. It’s something else” she finally decides. “I tested the boy at the school but his spark was weak, barely there, but even then I could tell that it wasn’t druidic in nature.” She whispers a small chant and the field sparks for a brief second. “This is something different and it appears to be attuned to the house.”

“What do you mean? How did an untrained kid make something like this?” she asked seeing the unsettled look on the normally inscrutable woman’s face.

“I honestly don’t know” Marin finally confesses. “We should return and tell Deucalion.”

Kali nods and they turn to leave when the Alpha spots a large rock, about the sign of her fist that she reaches down and grabs. Smiling at the rock she turns and throws it as hard as she can, aiming for the main window on the front of the house. Despite her reflexes she is caught completely off guard when the rock hits the barrier and reverses course and smashes into the Alpha’s face breaking her nose and causing her to let out a roar in pain and shock.

“Fascinating” Marin marvels looking blandly at the Alpha and then back at the house “that is a very interesting shield.” She schools her face to look only concerned and it’s not until they are walking again, Kali in front of her, that Marin allows the small smile to finally touch her lips as she remembers the sound of the Alpha’s nose cracking.

Stiles and Allison step back into the Stilinski house and collapse on the couch in two piles of exhausted teenager. Wong had them go over their trip in detail and then they had gone over and picked up two pizzas to bring back for dinner, Stiles getting one with carmelized onions, goat cheese, and prosciutto and the other with Mediterranean grilled chicken and roasted peppers. They had laid out the ingredients for the powder and were going over the preparations when the Sheriff came home.
“Stiles, Ms. Argent” he said looking tired. “You two look exhausted” he says before the aroma hits him and he starts sniffing. Following his nose he sees the two pizza boxes and smiles while rubbing his hands together in anticipation. He pauses “You went to New York today?” he asks looking at Allison in surprise.

Getting plates, Stiles updates his dad on everything they learned and how Allison found out as well as their trips to NY and England. By the time they finish eating, the Sheriff looks very concerned. “Stiles if she can bewitch the entire pack and Deaton, how can you stop her?” he asks worriedly.

Allison explains the powder and how Stiles can use it to break her spell one by one, they just have to figure out where to start. “Lizzie warned us that they would fight us, but I wonder if she didn’t use different spells on different members of the pack” she says looking at Stiles.

“What do you mean?” he asks.

“Well, Derek and Deaton are really critical right? So wouldn’t she use more serious magic or at least ‘power it up’ versus say Issac or Jackson. She wouldn’t really be concerned with everyone right?” she asks him and he frowns in thought.

“I don’t think so. Based on how Arthur explained the spell, she just had to use more power for greater control or complexity. The more complicated it was, the more power it would take and Erica didn’t react any near as badly as you said Deaton did even though I was direct and you weren’t. But in case you are right, we should do Derek and Deaton last and try the others first. But who?”

Allison wants to say Scott but she hesitates. “We need someone who will have less magic on them, or at least less effective magic. Someone that can help us get to the others. Someone strong enough to help us break them free” Allison lists and then both of them look at each other.

“Lydia” they both say together. Stiles and Allison smile at that and the Sheriff asks about what they can do till they free the pack.

“I was thinking of that. I made your badge into a magical talisman. I could make something similar to protect everyone once the are free of her spell. I don’t want to go through all this only to have her recast the damn thing” he says looking at Allie “If we had more time, I could create some protections for anyone who might be targeted by Blake, but some of them would take weeks. But as a singular purpose charm? They should work even though they won’t be as strong as the protections that are on the house” he admits but Allison quickly agrees.

They discuss what they will need and Allison suggests using silver for the charms and asks if they need to be a particular shape. “We have silver at the house as well as the ability to melt it down. I could make rounds with the molds we have, say about twice the size of a quarter. Could you use those?” she asks.

Stiles thinks on it and nods happily. “Both sides could be inscribed with runes and we could put them on a chain for everyone to wear. Allison agrees to go home and work on them and says they will ready for Stiles to do his thing after school. Saying goodnight she heads out and drives home while Stiles and his dad discuss adding some wards to the station to protect the place. Stiles suggests putting special runes on one of the cells to make it supernatural proof which the Sheriff quickly agrees to once Stiles explains how he would do it. Now he just has to find the time!

Walking into his room Stiles realizes that he isn’t going to be able to sleep quite yet after his ‘nap’ and decides to focus on making the next sigil. Sitting down he quiets himself before pulling up the images and feelings he has about Jackson Whittemore and tries not to let his own feelings about the guy affect his efforts but he quickly realizes that won’t work as he is blocked. So he starts over and
starts remembering every slight or cruel word over the years Stiles has heard for as long as he has known the guy. Every bullying moment, every taunt that he used against him and Scott over the years. He thinks of seeing him with Lydia and that moment where she ‘cured’ him, how fiercely protective he is of Danny, even if no one really sees that side of him, and how hard he really works at Lacrosse. The sigil starts to form and Stiles lets go and allows the image to unfold as he watches.

He sees a young boy feeling heartbroken when learning he was adopted and that his birth parents didn’t want him. Stiles feels the desperate need for approval that Jackson carries with him every day and how it drives him to prove himself better than anyone else in order to prove those parents wrong, that he is worthy. Stiles also sees what Jackson doesn’t, that his adoptive parent’s love is not conditional, but constant despite Jackson’s refusal to see it. He also can feel the severed lines of the boy’s birth parents and knows somehow that they both died at the time Jackson was born. The teen was never abandoned by them, he was left behind unwillingly and then was chosen by the Whittemores.

Despite his best effort, Stiles starts to feel for the guy and understands that his ass-ness is just a desperate attempt to protect the child inside, the one that feels so unwanted, to keep it safe from the rest of the world. He also sees the fear that the guy has about Lydia is tied to that fear of abandonment. Jackson has always known how smart she is which is why he could never truly let himself be vulnerable with her, fearing that she would eventually leave him too. Her actions in the warehouse had cracked that shell and the guy was desperately trying to hold that wound together.

The sigil finally formed and Stiles wiped his eyes at the rush of emotions that were overwhelming him. He inscribed Jackson onto the house stone before he finally ended his trance and got up to get ready for bed. Dammit! Now he was feeling nice things about Jackson Whittemore!

“What do you mean it wasn’t mountain ash?” Deucalion asked the druid with a suspicious expression.

“Just that. The barrier isn’t mountain ash, one there was no sign of it and two it also prevented me from crossing it. Mountain ash doesn’t affect humans so it can’t be ash that is protecting the house” she says simply.

Kali watches as their Alpha chews on this bit of information before turning back to the Emissary. “So what is it?” he asks with a raised eyebrow.

“Alan said the boy was a spark, but that he didn’t have the Druidic mark. I tried to identify his magic, but it was weak and I could barely detect it. It’s possible that the boy doesn’t even realize exactly how his magic is working or it may be working solely on an instinctive level” she muses.

“You are saying that he created that shield without knowing it?” Kali snorts disbelievingly.

“It’s possible” Marin concedes and sees the female Alpha twitch. “If he has the gift of magecraft, he could have enchanted the house itself to protect his family. The protections may not be specific against werewolves, but rather simply preventing anyone who wishes harm to the occupants” she suggests.

“Then if you do not wish to harm the boy, you should be able to walk right in” Kali sneers and Marin just shakes her head.

“Not necessarily. Even though I was only there to remove the ring, the shield repelled me. Probably because I am tied to you” she says looking at Deucalion “and you do wish him harm. You cannot
defeat magical protections by pretending and then ‘changing your mind’ afterwards. Something about the shield feels more…organic, almost alive. It tests you and if you fail, you don’t get in” she concludes. “But this is all just conjecture, it is not Druidic magic and so I am afraid I may not be able to give you a better answer. You could reach out to other practitioners” she offers.

He frowns at that idea before moving on. “So then what happened to Ennis?” Deucalion asks curiously. “If he came to kill the boy’s father and take him, if it stopped him from entering, where is he now?”

Marin frowns in thought. “I’m not sure. The shield, if it was there, would have prevented his entry or it could have reacted to Ennis’ intention to attack and kill the sheriff. It may have been enough to cause the shield to destroy him or wipe his memories or send him away. Without knowing more about his magic, anything we guess is as likely as anything else” she tells him looking entirely unmoved about the possible end of the Alpha.

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“Then it seems Mr. Stilinski may be significantly more valuable alive then dead. He may be weak but that shield is actually impressive. I wonder what else could he produce if properly ‘motivated’?” the man smiles before turning to the twins.

“At school tomorrow, take him. Bring him to me and we will see exactly what the boy is and how we can use him” he instructs them. Both teens nod in agreement before Deucalion calls Morrell over to instruct the Emissary to prepare to more thoroughly examine the boy.

Ethan looks at his brother who seems unaffected by the Alpha’s order but he is not so sure. If Stilinski somehow managed to defeat Ennis, even if just by leading him into a trap, then this might not be as easy as it sounds. Perhaps they could force his cooperation if the guy was protecting one of his friends. Instead of attacking when he was alone, maybe they should wait till there was an innocent bystander that could be threatened to get him to come quietly.

Stiles wakes early that morning and decides that he should have enough time to do another sigil and prepare his first batch of the powder. Sitting down on the floor, Stiles shifts into his trance state and realizes that it is getting easier and easier to reach this state. Guess practice does make perfect! Clearing his mind, Stiles focuses his thoughts on the blonde she-wolf of the pack, starting with his earliest memory: seeing her at the hospital when he was visiting his mother. He remembered seeing her around, always hovering on the edges of the popular crowd, desperate to belong. He moved through his memories rapidly and the sigil started forming. When he came to that time she had her seizure at school that must have been her last real one before Derek bit her, he remembered the pain in her eyes when she learned that their classmates had filmed her as she seized.

Stiles felt a wave of shame and a desire to just die wash over him as the anger and sorrow of the girl at the unfairness that was her life turned everything bitter. Then he watched as Derek arrived. Mysterious, dangerous Derek. The man came in almost glowing and offering her freedom from the chains of her broken brain. Stiles felt the girl’s complete acceptance of his offer, knowing that she was totally willing to accept either fate, death or turning, to finally be free. He saw the bite and realized that her complete acceptance of what it represented translated into her transformation being so much easier and smoother than either Isaac, Scott or Jackson’s were. He watched the strength and confidence and how her new state caused her to blossom.

The next part was hard for Stiles to experience as he saw the beta suddenly realize that her new found power wasn’t always going to be enough to keep her safe. Being caught by Gerard and Allison had made her feel weak all over again and then watching the old man beat him in that
basement had left a feeling of shame in the beta. Derek had stressed the importance of protecting the more vulnerable members of the pack, it was instinct with children, mates, and human members and she and Boyd had failed. He saw her shame at failing to do so and then how important it was to reassure herself that he was now safe and protected.

Finally Stiles watched the sigil finishing when he saw the beta’s strong feelings towards…Boyd?! Stiles smirks as he realizes that their shared experiences had impacted the blonde more than any of them knew. Once the sigil is complete, Stiles sees her core fear: being weak and useless. He gives himself a moment to visualize different ways to make Gerard pay for what he did but then he refocuses and adds her to the house stone. Finally he is able to pull himself back to awareness and stands up and stretches. Checking the clock he realizes he has just enough time.

Gathering up the supplies, he takes them to the kitchen where he gets out several knives, a cutting board, and the mortar and pestle he bought on his last trip to San Francisco and begins preparing each ingredient in the powder. It takes him about fifteen minutes to get all of the ingredients in the mortar and he starts singing the chant that Lizzie had written out for him. As he does he reaches out with his magic and focuses on the mix in front of him.

He watches as the herbs and other ingredients in the mixture start glowing a soft, warm golden light before fading and then a flash and a puff of smoke and there is a fine green powder in the mortar that, to Stiles, feels almost like it’s humming. Grabbing an empty glass jar, Stiles pours the powder into it and tightens the lid as he grabs his bag and heads to school.

Stepping into the hallway he sees Scott and Allison talking at her locker and when he catches her eye he nods and sees her acknowledgment. He walks up and Scott smiles at him, but Stiles can see there is a bit of a strain on his friend’s face so he smiles brightly. “You ready for English class? Ms. Blake is going over some of Poe’s works and how they relate to modern horror movies. Should be fun” he says easily.

Stiles sees Scott’s expression clear as he smiles. “Really? You know she is a great teacher” he tells them and the tension seems to evaporate as they talk easily before splitting up. Right before they separate, Allison gives him a nod of encouragement and he rushes to put the powder in his locker and start figuring out how they are going to do this.

English is surprisingly fun. For an evil, homicidal psychopath, he has to admit that Ms. Blake is actually a good teacher. Gives him some mixed feelings until he remembers Heather and all the rest of the people she has killed and the smile slips away. As he heads out of class his phone goes off and he sees Lydia look down at hers as well. “Allison wants to see us in the library” she says looking at him with suspicious eyes.

“Did she tell you why? I just got an order to be there” he says with a big sigh but Lydia just glares at him. “Fine, alright, I’m not going to argue with the most armed woman in the school” he says with defensively which causes the redhead to roll her eyes. “I need to swing by my locker first, will meet you there” he tells her taking off before she can object.

Reaching his locker he grabs the jar and switches out his books before heading to the library. Allie and he had been texting all morning so if it’s all going to plan, she will have Lydia alone in the library with her back to the door. Stepping inside the library he quickly looks around but thankfully doesn’t see anyone here besides them and Allie has her in position, gesturing widely as she yells.

“I swear Scott is driving me crazy. He is hiding something, I know it” he hears her say as Stiles pulls
out the jar and puts about half of the powder in his hand. Stepping up to the girls, he must make some noise because Lydia turns to look at him with what is probably disgust at Allison’s rant just as he holds up his hand and blows the powder directly into her face.

“Stiles!” Lydia screeches as she inhales the cloud of particles and tries to rear back but Allison was waiting for it and she grabs Lydia’s arms and holds her in place causing the redhead to struggle in shock. “Allison! What the hell are you two doing?” she yells trying to clear her face of the powder.

Stiles can see a slight glow around the girl which Lizzie had told him would show him that the powder is working so part one is done, on to part two! Praying that she will eventually forgive him Stiles looks directly at the girl he has been crushing on since third grade and sneers. “Awww, is widdle Lydia too stupid to figure it out?” he says his voice dripping with scorn.

Stiles watches as the blood drains from Lydia’s face and he sees her eye twitch. “Not really a surprise Stiles” Allison says sounding just as disappointed. “I mean come on, all she really has going for her is her looks. No one actually likes her for her brain or her personality” she laughs cruelly and Lydia immediately starts fighting for real, but Allie has got her trapped.

Stiles looks at her and just shakes his head. “You know, I bet Jackson probably preferred the dumb Lydia, you know before she started acting all superior. She was so much more manageable then you know. But hey, maybe instead of being his first wife, you could be some old guy’s trophy one” Stiles suggests and sees the blood flush her face as she turns red and her eyes burn with hate.

“You worthless, miserable, piece of shit!” she screeches. “I swear to God I will tear you into tiny pieces and feed you to Prada you miserable loser! You think I am going to be anyone’s toy!? I am no one’s trophy” she rages on for several moments until suddenly Stiles hears it, a sound like that of breaking glass and Lydia’s eyes flash with white light for just a second. “I will end you!” she threatens.

“Lydia” Stiles voice is back to normal and he tries to catch her attention as she is struggling again. “Lydia, listen to me. Ms. Blake is the Darach” he tells her.

Lydia rolls her eyes. “You said that before Stiles and it is just as stupid now” she snarls as she struggles against Allison.

“Okay, say you are right. Then tell me why she can’t be the Darach?” Stiles demands and he sees her face suddenly look confused. She takes several moments trying to talk but nothing is coming out.

“I mean she…it’s doesn’t make…how did…” Lydia keeps starting and stopping with her face screwed up in confusion.

“You can let her go Allie, the spell is broken” Stiles tells the brunette who lets her friend go and jumps back holding her hands up in the universal sign of ‘no threat’ as Lydia glares at her.

“She may be small, but she is really tough” Allie says with admiration. “How are you feeling Lydia?” she asks delicately.

Lydia glares at the huntress before looking back at Stiles with a murderous look. “Before I end both of you…what spell?” she growls out.

“Blake is the Darach. She put a spell on you to control your mind. It prevented you from seeing her as a threat or even figuring out that she was the one killing people. Your powers would have alerted you of the danger so she took over your mind to prevent you from seeing it. That’s why you argued with me when I tried to explain before but now, without the spell affecting you, you are able to see...
all the pieces of evidence and figure it out for yourself” Stiles explained.

“What powers?” Lydia asks after a moment where she is clearly thinking over what he said.

Stiles looks between the girls and realizes he just made a mistake. He tries to backpedal but Lydia stumps up to him and pins him against a bookshelf and repeats her question in a low, deadly voice. Stiles sighs. “The reason Peter’s bite didn’t turn you into a werewolf is because you not entirely human. His bite wasn’t able to turn you, but it did jump start your powers” Stiles said and Lydia turned to look at Allison who was obviously just as in the dark as Lydia was.

“You are dancing around Stiles. How do I have any powers and what do you mean I am not human?” she presses.

“You are a Banshee Lydia” Stiles finally says with a slight smirk and he sees her eyes widen. “A wailing woman, a being who bridges the gap between life and death. That was why you were able to save Jackson at the warehouse because your connection with the veil allowed you to bring his spirit back. It’s also why you have been the one to keep finding the bodies. She is using them to gain power and the spirits on the other side are crying out, trying to warn you.”

Lydia frowns but steps back. “Okay. I am going to need a bit of time to process all of that and we will be talking about it later, in detail, but what was all that with the powder and…what you said?” she asks her voice dangerous again.

“The powder stops the spell from actively working and prevents it from re-establishing its hold on you, but you still had to break free of her control yourself” Allison tells her.

“We had to push you where you were the most vulnerable, the thing you feared the most so that you would rebel the strongest against her control” Stiles said regretfully. “And we’re really sorry about that, you know that none of what we said is true” he tells her sincerely.

Lydia frowns as she looks at him but then takes a deep breath. “But it is what I worry about.” She frowns looking at Stiles “And I don’t know how you know that much about me, but I guess I am glad you do” she finally admits. “Okay, tell me everything about Blake.”

Stiles and Allie take turns explaining what they found out about Blake while leaving out the bits about Stiles’ magic despite Allison’s silent urging. “So how did you figure out how to break the spell?” Lydia finally asks.

“I made some friends when looking for ways to help the pack and they explained it to us and helped with getting everything to free all of you” Stiles rushes through the explanation to get to the next point. “We have to free everyone individually and that is the hardest part. Allie and I figured that you would be the best person to help us with freeing everyone else.”

Lydia looks slightly mollified. “What about Deaton?” she asks cautiously.

“He’s been affected too. And probably just as strong as Derek is. Getting those two under her thumb would have been her top priority” Allison tells her.

“Jackson” Lydia says simply causing both of them to look uncertain. “Jackson isn’t completely pack yet so he is still on the edges. He will also come if I call without raising any suspicions. You two can be out of sight and then you can do what you have to in order to free him. You do have more of that powder?” she asks with an arched eyebrow.

Stiles nods and pulls out the jar with about half of his original amount. “Enough for one person before I have to make more, and I even have some mountain ash that we can use to hold him until he
is free, but Scott…” he starts.

“No. Scott is not a good choice, Jackson is too vain and angry and less likely to work with the pack. If she is targeting threats, then Scott would be a bigger one. Also, having Jackson free gives us some brute strength when we have to physically take another wolf down, and we will probably need it. Trust me” she assures them sounding certain.

“She’s got a point” Allison says looking as unhappy as Stiles. “Scott is probably going to be watched closer than Jackson would be as well.”

Stiles nods and before he has a chance to rethink it Lydia sends her text and takes the jar. “Wait till he gets in and use the ash. Once he is trapped I will use the powder. Then what?” she asks.

Stiles frowns but he tells the girls Jackson’s fears and weak points. His fear of abandonment and not being good enough. Lydia stares at him with a deeply troubled expression especially when he tells her what she will need to do to break the spell and she almost backs out but she can’t leave him under that woman’s control. Allison and Stiles both move out of the way and step behind a bookshelf. Smiling Stiles pulls out a sharpie and draws a rune on Allison’s hand and smirks. “So he can’t hear or smell you” he says with a wink and then he closes his eyes and concentrates. Allison’s eyes widen in surprise as she watches him fade away leaving the huntress standing there apparently alone.

“Stiles!” she whispers halfway between mad and impressed. His soft laughter reaches her ears and she pulls her dagger out and waits. It won’t be long knowing Lydia, she pretty much has Jackson wrapped around her finger.

“Lydia?” Jackson’s voice calls out as he enters the library and huffs as the redhead steps out. “Are you serious with this message?” he says with a smirk, his voice getting low.

“Actually no” Lydia says with a sniff and he suddenly stops looking so smug. She sees a movement and then a sudden stream of black dust flies out from behind her boyfriend to land around him forming a perfect circle barely three feet across.

“What the hell?” Jackson says looking at the ring around him and he reaches out with one hand and presses against the blue field, preventing the werewolf from moving. He spins around and suddenly sees Allison and Stiles standing behind him and he growls. He didn’t hear or smell them when he walked in! “Stilinski? Allison? What are you doing?” he demands.

“You are under the Darach’s spell. She is controlling you” Allison tells him and Jackson sneers.

“Seriously? This is what you come up with. I expect something this lame from Stilinski, but you?” Jackson shakes his head looking sadly at Allison and turns around just in time for Lydia to blow the dust into his face. Jackson starts coughing, his eyes watering. “Dammit Lydia!” he growls.

Stiles sees the subtle glow cover the teen and nods to the others. “You know, I never really got why Derek bothered with you. I mean you were not really that impressive as a person and even as a werewolf, you are basically pathetic. No wonder you turned into a little bitch for Matt and Gerard the first chance you got” Stiles taunts and Jackson’s eyes flash blue as he roars at the teen.

“Overcompensating probably” Allison says sounding bored. “God knows his desperate attempts to get my attention last year were pitiful. As if he could even have a chance with me compared to Scott” she scoffs.

“McCall? He’s a joke” Jackson rages but his voice trembles just a bit. Lydia’s laughter cuts through
him like a knife. He spins around to see her looking at him, her disdain on full display.

“That’s funny. You think McCall is the one who’s the joke?” she sniffs and stares at her nails for a second before looking back up at the teen. “At least his parents wanted him. Though why anyone would want you is beyond me” she says coldly and Stiles again hears that glass-shattering sound again as the teen reels back as if he had been slapped. Lydia opens her mouth to speak again.

“That’s enough Lyds” Stiles cuts her off. “I think that did it.” Lydia stops and looks at Jackson with narrow eyes.

“But he didn’t react like Lydia did, how do you know” Allison says looking at the teen who is standing in the circle, his hands trembling.

“I could hear it. I don’t think that they have to actually lash out like she did, but rather they just have to face what they fear most and reject it. Jackson’s fear is that no one will love or care for him, no matter what he does to prove himself worthy” Stiles voice is remarkably gently and he knows that he is correct when he sees Jackson look at him with haunted eyes. “Like Lydia’s fear that she was seen and dismissed by people as nothing but a vapid and shallow idiot, Jackson fears he isn’t worthy of being loved. Facing the idea that Lydia didn’t really love him broke Blake’s spell” Stiles explained softly.

“So is he okay to free yet?” Allison asks cautiously.

“Blake’s spell?” Jackson snarls at Allison who tightens her grip on the knife in her hand as Stiles coughs causing the werewolf to look at him. Stiles can see that the boy is moving into full asshole mode, his automatic defense.

“Ms. Blake is the Darach. She’s the one sacrificing all those people” he tells Jackson who looks at him in disbelief.

“The mousey little English teacher?” Jackson scoffs at Stiles and Lydia starts to reach out but stops when Jackson flinches away.

“Jackson!” Stiles yells causing him to shift his attention back to himself. “You’ve been in her class all year. What does she smell like?” he asks and Jackson’s wariness drops off face replaced by a look of utter confusion.

“I…I…I don’t remember” Jackson stammers and he looks even more confused by that fact than anything else so far. He has been dealing with scents since he turned last year and he knows he is actually fairly good at recognizing them.

“Jackson you are a werewolf. You can probably remember the scent of anyone in the school you have met more than twice. How come you don’t remember the scent of one of your teachers?” Allison asks him and sees him looking more and more confused.

“I…I…Jackson’s voice is soft and gentle and Jackson glances at her nervously. “Think back. You were in her class not two hours ago. What did you smell? You were there. Remember!” Lydia urges.

Jackson seems to be struggling when all of a sudden he turns green and bends over right before vomiting on the floor causing Lydia to scream and jump back while Allison and Stiles step back quickly. Jackson heaves several times before he looks up at Lydia, eyes glowing, and looking terrible. She doesn’t pause but reaches out and grabs him, breaking the circle as she does.

Stiles and Allison just watch as Lydia and Jackson hold on to each other. Stiles pulls out the jar for his mountain ash and focusing, summons it all back to the jar, except the part now covered in
“Blood, rot, decay. She smells like death itself” Jackson finally manages to get out. Lydia looks furious and Stiles feels sad for anyone in her crosshairs at this moment. “How did I miss that?” he demands.

“The spell she used took your free will and twisted it. Instead of sensing her, you became her protector, you would even strike out to defend her if someone suggested her. She has spelled all the wolves and Deaton. We only just freed Lydia” Allison told him sounding concerned. “We got the counter spell which was the powder we used but we had to hit you where you were most vulnerable to get you to break yourself free.”

“So you said…” his voice trailed off.

“We said the worst, most cruel things possible so we could to force you to free yourself” Stiles told him and saw the anger still lurking there. “If it helps, Lydia pretty much threatened to chop both Allie and I into dog food when we did it to her” he added and saw the slight flicker of understanding and acceptance as Jackson looked back at the redhead with a hint of admiration.

Lydia sighed heavily and leaned against Jackson. “It’s true. Allie and Stiles were brutal, horrible, and said some things that, if Allie didn’t have me in a choke hold, I would have cheerfully cut them both into little pieces. The cruelest part? It was all things I had said to myself at one time or another” she admitted looking very vulnerable. “When Stiles told me what we were going to have to say to you, it nearly broke me knowing that I would have to hurt you like that” she confessed looking at the werewolf, her regal demeanor missing for the moment. “I’m so sorry” she whispered.

Jackson grabbed and hugged her fiercely for several minutes before they finally broke apart. Taking a few breaths he turned to the others. “So if she has everyone else under her spell, what do we do?” he asks looking determined.

“Allison and I have a plan” Stiles said confidently. “Jackson, can you go with Allie after school to her house to pick up the stuff she has been preparing?” The teen nods. “Lydia, you can ride with me to my house, I will come get you at your last class. All of us need to avoid Ms. Blake like the plague. I don’t know if she will be able to tell what we did, but I would rather not risk it. Once we get to my house, we will plan the next step, I also need to make more powder” he tells them.

“Stiles what’s going to stop her from casting the spell on us again tomorrow?” Lydia asks looking worried.

Stiles smiles. “That’s what Allison has been working on. I am sure that we will be able to protect the pack as well as our families from her magic. She is going to regret ever setting foot in Beacon Hills!”

Chapter End Notes

Translations
Dangos i mi yn wir = "Show me true"
Tuatha de Danaan = "Children of the Goddess Danu"
Mae’n cael ei ddawnus ym mhob un o’r chwe maes = "He is gifted in all six domains"
Hey all! Thinks are starting to get interesting! Jackson and Lydia are now part of the resistance and the Alpha Pack is getting suspicious. What's their next move?
Hi all. Thanks for all the comments and support. I wasn’t sure I would get last chapter posted on schedule but luckily I had a break so I managed to make it work. Unfortunately I lost a lot of writing time with the trip so my supply of finished chapters is running low so I need to get back to writing to stay on schedule. Good news and bad news though. I am pretty sure there will be a sequel, but I will probably take a few weeks off to recover and plan so that I can follow a similar schedule as this one. The bad news? We are closing on the ending of this story. Not sure exactly how many chapters are left, but it will be fairly soon.

I have also posted some artwork that inspired me when I was thinking about Stiles's tattoos so you can check out part two of the series to see the images (none are mine, found online!)

Up now? Now that Lydia and Jackson are free, who is next? The twins make their move and the Beacon Hills police get a new training session! Enjoy

They managed to get through the rest of the day without incident and met back in the band room to avoid alerting the rest of the pack. “Allie, can you bring some weapons and ammo when you pick up the amulets?” Stiles asks.

“For what?” Allison asks as she mentally reviews what she thinks she can get away with taking without alerting her dad.

“Now that dad and Tara know about everything, I would like to enchant and prepare some weapons for those without claws and teeth” he says with a smirk.

“I doubt a knife will be all that useful” Jackson says looking worriedly at Lydia who seems distracted until he says that.

“Actually I was thinking about that” Lydia says with a thoughtful expression. “What do you think about creating essential oils using wolfsbane? We could use it to coat knives and arrows” she suggests and Stiles sees the light go off in Allison’s eyes.

“Potent” he admits “but we need to be careful or it could kill with a scratch. If we do it we need to be extremely careful. I doubt that you could cure that kind of poisoning. Right now we just use the flowers to add to the bullets or boil them in water to create a solution. Essential oils would be extremely dangerous” he says slowly and both Lydia and Allison look a lot less certain.

“Maybe we should wait until we have the antidote before trying that” Jackson suggests very, very carefully as he watches the two women. They both nod in agreement.

“It will take a bit of time to gather everything up at my house” Allison warns them “so it will be a bit before we get to your house” she tells Stiles who nods in agreement. Allison and Jackson leave after Stiles confirms that there are only a few people around. Stiles watches them leave before turning to
the redhead who is looking very disturbed.

“Lydia” Stiles starts gently as he sees the concerned look on her face “it’s not a bad idea, but once that genie is out of the bottle, it won’t go back in and I don’t trust the hunters to have an incurable wolfsbane poison in their arsenal” he tells her and she agrees to not pursue it without including him. But Stiles can see there is more on her mind. “There’s something else?” he asks.

Lydia looks very uncomfortable before she straightens her shoulders and looks directly at Stiles. “You knew things about me and Jackson, things that you couldn’t…shouldn’t know. Things that we didn’t tell anyone, not even each other” she takes a deep breath. “Stiles…how did you know that stuff?” she looks at him and Stiles tries not to flinch.

He is quiet for several minutes as he gathers his thoughts and he almost says something several times but it all feels like the wrong thing to say. Finally he gives up. “Lydia, I promise that I will explain it but I think we should wait till we get to my house. We have some time before Allie and Jackson will get there if you want some privacy but I would really feel better talking about it somewhere more secure.” He looks at her and thinks she is going to argue but she just nods and they leave the room.

Stiles is surprised by how empty the halls are, they must have talked longer than he realized. Of course this was one of the remoter parts of the school so the noise from the band wouldn’t disturb the other classes. They had only gotten a few steps when the alpha twins step out of the shadows directly in front of them, glaring at the two of them in a less than friendly manner.

Stiles stops and grabs Lydia’s arm stopping her as well. “Guys. You are here late” Stiles says to them trying to sound casual.

The twins both glare and then their eyes glow red as their claws and fangs extend causing Lydia to take a step back. “Lydia…get ready to run” Stiles whispers but they twins both roar surprising them.

“She’s not going anywhere. When we have you two, your little omega friends will come running” Aiden snarls as they advance on the teens.

“Besides, Deucalion is very interested in having a long conversation with you Stilinski. If you are lucky, you might even survive it” Ethan smirks.

Stiles’ smirk gets even bigger. Lydia is watching the twins as she tries to casually get her phone out to call Jackson. “Really? Big and stupid suggested that I was just going to be killed to send a message to my pack” Stiles snarked. “Guess since you lost the guy, your plans have changed?” he snorts at them.

“Speaking of Ennis, what exactly happened to him?” Ethan narrows his eyes and growls at the teen not because he particularly cares about the Alpha but if he can get the answer before they arrive that will put them in Deucalion’s good graces.

Stiles face hardens and the smile goes away and his glare is directed at the alpha in front of him. “He made a really bad mistake…he threatened my dad” Stiles’ voice is like ice and Ethan suddenly realizes that he is smelling nothing. There is no fear or nerves, his heart beat is completely level. In fact, the only thing he smells is…ozone? He frowns.

“So?” Aiden sneers looking at the pathetic teen. He really doesn't get why his brother is playing with the spaz.

“Ever see ‘Old Yeller’?” Stiles asks looking exceeding proud of himself. “That’s how you deal with a rabid animal. You put it down!”
Both of the Alphas growl as their eyes flash. “Now!” Stiles yells to Lydia who turns and tries to run but she only gets a few steps before Aiden runs and grabs her to pull her back. Stiles watches as Ethan, claws out, advances towards him.

“You are going to come with us. Don’t give us any problems and maybe the redhead won’t get hurt…much” Ethan threatens.

“Big mistake you dumb mutt!” Stiles growls and Ethan has only taken one step when the boy’s eyes flash green and two spinning discs of fire ignite in a flash over his hands. Stiles shifts his weight as the alpha takes a step backwards in surprise giving him enough time to bring his hands in front of his body, over his heart, each one behind the other as Ethan takes another step back in surprise as his eyes widen.

“What the hell?” Ethan growls out but that’s all he has time for before the discs explode forward from Stiles' hands. They rush forward from Stiles, each seeming to pull the other one behind them like they are connected with a rubber band, stretching apart and pulling the other forward, increasing in speed until they hit the Alpha with the full force of a battering ram. Ethan barely has time to throw his hands up before the magic blast slams into him and sends him flying across the hall, smashing through the glass and wood of the door before bouncing onto the grass where he rolls to a stop and lays there, unmoving.

Spinning around Stiles sees the stunned faces of Aiden and Lydia staring at him before the Alpha reacts. “ETHAN!” he screams his twin’s name and tosses Lydia into the lockers where she slams into them and slides down the wall. The werewolf leaps at Stiles who brings his glowing hand over his head in an wide arc and slams it down onto the floor. His magic, mirroring his movements, slams into Aiden like a hammer, flattening him into the floor without the alpha ever seeing what it was that hit him. He manages to look up just as Stiles swings both arms around like he is swinging a bat and Aiden feels the impact that sends him flying to smash through a window before bouncing in the grass.

He growls as he staggers to his hands and knees, feeling the broken ribs that are currently trying to heal even as he tries to understand what is going on. He looks up and sees the kid that they were sure was just a stupid spaz and what he sees scares him more than Deucalion ever did. The guy’s arms are covered in glowing tattoos and the very air seems to vibrate around him and every sense he possesses is screaming ‘run’. He watches as Stiles steps out of the hole and stabs his fingers into the dirt and grass, never taking his glowing green eyes off the werewolf.

Aiden flinches at the glow in those eyes before he feels something tickle against his hand and he risks taking a look and freezes in shock as he watches tendrils of some plants growing from the ground at super speed. In mere seconds the plants are several inches high and then they start wrapping around his hands and he feels a burning sting and rips his arms free. He roars as he looks at the teen, crouched down with his hands in the dirt, and he plans to jump up and attack him when he feels a sharp burning pain on his ankles. Pulling at his leg he sees that both of his legs are wrapped in the plants and more and more of them are reaching up for his arms and chest.

Aiden roars and struggles but for every one of the plants he dislodges, another two of them seem to replace them and they attach themselves to him. Suddenly they start blossoming and Aiden snarls at the sight of that hated purple flower…Wolfsbane! His struggling increases but he can feel the stinging and burning spread over his body and he realizes that his left hand is now completely entangled. His expression shifts from angry to panic when a rather large vine wraps itself around his neck, burning his skin, as it tightens and he struggles to breathe. He looks at the teenager with the glowing eyes and sees his death. A quick glance shows that Ethan is still unconscious and facing losing the one he can't lose he makes his choice and whispers “Please…mercy” he croaks out.
Stiles is watching the alpha from the edge of the grass. Unknown to the others, he had an idea when he realized he did have druidic abilities. So for the last several weeks, Stiles had been walking around Beacon Hills tossing wolfsbane seeds into grass and flowerbeds, so that they would be there when he called for them or maybe even that some of them would naturally spread. He had gotten the idea of using them against the Alpha after reading one of the druidic books that talked about speeding up plant growth and how to direct the vines and tendrils. When he dug his hands in the ground he had reached out to the telluric line under the school and super charged the plants to grow around the Alpha and wrap themselves around the teenage werewolf who was now trapped and pleading for his life.

Stiles didn’t want to spare either of the twins. He knows that they attacked Isaac and were threatening both him and Lydia, but he couldn't forget the fear in his father’s voice when Stiles had Ennis at his mercy and he begged his son not to cross that line. Stiles knew that he needed to choose once and for all the kind of magic user that he was going to be. He knew that he could kill when he had to, when there truly was no other choice, but was this that situation? He remembered how Stephen had asked why he allowed the other witches to live as if he was testing Stiles. Would he allow his desire to protect his family and friends lead him to become someone as brutal and cruel as those he fought? Stiles struggled but he finally managed to center himself and felt his rage start to subside. Twisting his energies, Stiles causes the vine around the Alpha’s throat to contract rapidly, slamming his head into the ground and momentarily stunning the wolf.

Standing up, Stiles pulled his fingers from the dirt, he looks at the two wolves and stares into the eyes of Alpha who is looking at him with confusion and fear. “I will give you one chance” he tells the wolf and gestures as he creates a fiery portal right behind the unconscious Ethan. “Take your brother and go through the portal or you both die” he said without any emotion as the wolfsbane vines untangled themselves from the alpha.

Aiden scrambles away from the hated plants and rubs the red and blistered spots on his wrists and neck before he glances at the scene that appears on the other side of the glowing circle. It appear to be a jungle of some kind. “Where is it?” he asks as he moves to his brother and sighs in relief as he sees that his twin is still breathing.

“Does that affect your decision?” Stiles asks the Alpha who looks back at him before deciding that wherever that door leads is a hell of a lot better than being here. Aiden lifts his brother over his shoulder and steps through the portal. He doesn’t think they are going to have to worry about the Demon Wolf coming after them anytime soon, or probably at all. Aiden knows that the Alpha had no idea of what the kid was capable of. Morrell was completely wrong about the kid and that mistake would probably be fatal. The moment Aiden's feet hit the grass the portal shuts behind him and he actually breathed a sigh of relief. Looking around him, he puts Ethan down and that's when he sees the blue waters of an ocean behind him and he realizes that he cannot hear, smell, or see any signs of people. They are a long way from California. Sitting down on the grass he waits for his brother to wake up as he feels his injuries healing.

“Stiles?” Lydia’s voice and expression is shaken as she stares at him like she has never seen him before. “How? What? What did you do?” she whispers desperately.

Stiles moves slowly to her side as she is still looking unsteady. “Sorry about all of that, I wasn’t expecting them to pull anything at school, though after Ennis attacked my house, I guess I shouldn’t be surprised.” He looks unhappy and when he looks at the broken window and door he figures they should probably leave before someone shows up and they are blamed for the damage. “We’ll talk at
home” he instructs and pulls her carefully to his jeep where they get in and head for the Stilinski house.

Lydia just stares at him as they drive to his house. She is holding it together when all of sudden she gasps and Stiles looks over to see her staring, ashen faced, at his hand resting on the shift. Looking down he sees his wolf walking along his arm as if it didn’t have a care in the world. “Dude!” Stiles hisses and the wolf looks back at him before glancing over at Lydia. If he didn’t know better he would absolutely swear that the wolf actually rolled his eyes at Stiles before turning and walking, not running like he has every other time, no he walks till he passes back under Stiles’ sleeve. He looks over at Lydia who is looking a bit wild-eyed. “I can explain that…sorta” he qualifies.

Lydia turns back to look out the front. She takes several deep breaths and he can hear her muttering incoherently under her breath. He is pretty sure he hears something like ‘damn town’ before she goes sub-vocal. He tries not to laugh but he really can’t control the smile on his face. They pull into the driveway and Stiles gets out of the car only to notice that Lydia is still sitting in the jeep.

“Lydia?” he asks waving his hands and he sees indecision in her face before she finally nods and gets out. She walks over to Stiles and pokes him in the chest, hard. “Ow!” he mutters.

“You. Will. Explain. Everything.” She makes every word a sentence and Stiles is fairly certain that she was barely holding it together so he just nodded. They walk in to the house and he sits her on the couch while he runs upstairs and grabs several of his books before coming back downstairs.

“Okay, long story, but Deaton told me that I had a magic spark. That was how I was able to use the mountain ash at the Jungle when we were trying to trap the Kanima. Anyways, after we defeated Gerard and freed Jackson, I went to Deaton to learn more about it since everyone was busy with other stuff. He told me that I didn’t have the Druidic Mark and it didn’t seem that I had any other so it was unlikely that I would be able to do any real magic but he did offer to reach out to some friends to see if they could help. He warned me that my spark might not be strong enough to ever really develop into something useful” Stiles explains.

Lydia looks askance at that and raises an eyebrow. “How did he mess up that badly?” she finally asks.

“Technically didn’t. Just wait” he stops her as she opens her mouth to argue. “So I go San Francisco looking for some books to use as resources where I meet a witch named Martinique. She’s really cool and helped me a bunch. She noticed my spark but said I wasn’t a Witch and it wasn’t very strong, just like Deaton had said. She did however introduce me to a monk named Kiran who told me I didn’t have the Magecraft Mark and he too thought it was because my spark was too weak. He did however teach me some meditation and martial arts exercises.”

“Wait a second, what is this Mark stuff?” Lydia interrupts. Stiles explains the six domains of magic and how sparks mature into a Mark in one of the different domains. He also tells her about how the different users rarely interact. “That doesn’t seem very efficient. Why don’t they work together?” she asks sounding irritated.

“I have only met the Sorcerer Supreme and the Merlin and Morgaine of the Druids and it seems that while they have grudging respect for each other…they are just too different. Each domain looks at the world through its own viewpoints and the others are just too odd to each other. There are some basic interactions like...Druids and good Witches usually get along and it seems that most everyone doesn’t like the Necromancers, but it’s like they are all speaking a different language from each other. Anyways, I was meditating one day, trying to find my center, when I met the astral form of a Sorcerer named Stephen. He was in danger due to one of his enemies’ spells and he needed help so I offered to host him so he could rest outside his body. He jumped inside me and that’s when he
figured out what Deaton couldn’t; that my spark is apparently fluid, not set like everyone else’s. It means that instead of having a single Mark, I actually have all six of them. The problem was that my magic was actively hiding from others. So when I was with a Druid or Witch or Enchanter, my magic hid from them. It turns out that when I concentrate I can shift the magic of my spark into whichever of the six Marks I want to use. I can even use several at once if I spread it out” he tells Lydia.

“So there are six different types of magic that don’t really get along or interact and everyone gets placed into one of the six, yet you are able to use all of them instead of being one like everyone else?” Lydia looks at him with a sigh. “Only you Stiles” she says.

Stiles explains a bit about his tattoos, showing her the ones on his arms, before moving to the wards he put on the house. That led to the tough part. “In order for the house stone to recognize supernatural people as friends, I had to come up with a way to let the stone know who to trust. This kind of magic is really complicated but when I was doing some reading in my Necromancy book, I found a way to magically create a completely unique sigil as a symbolic representation of a person’s soul, and once I had that, I could put each sigil on the stone. Creating the sigil requires me to look at each person as truthfully as I can and then let the magic complete it. As it forms, I can see things about each person that they may not even know about themselves. I can see fears and doubts and even connections that exist or don’t. That’s how I knew what to say to you and Jackson” he says looking embarrassed.

“Who all have you done?” she asks cautiously as she thinks about what he told her.

“You and Jackson, Scott, Isaac, and Erica. I did a list after Scott, I put him on it when I made the wards” he replies.

“What about Allison and your dad? I figure that since you made it, it knows you?” she asks shrewdly.

“I used my blood to consecrate the spell so dad and I were both automatically included. Allie is human so as long as she doesn’t mean me or dad any harm, or is associated with someone who does, the protections won’t stop her. Same for Scott’s mom. Anyone who isn’t entirely human would be blocked if they weren’t on the approved list” Stiles says with a laugh.

“Is that how you figured out I was a Banshee?” she asks quietly and Stiles nods. He explains that her sigil showed him that and he did some reading, but he hasn't had enough time to really look into it so he doesn’t really have enough to tell her much. Stiles did share that he had asked the Morgaine about her and she said she would help out when we had time.

They talk for a bit longer and then they hear Allison and Jackson arrive. The two come in carrying several large bags with knives, ammunition, and the finished silver medals that Allison had made last night and left to set. “By the way dad sent you this” Allison said handing Stiles one of the bags. Looking confused he opened the bag and pulled out a book and gasps when he recognizes the Argent Bestiary. He reaches in and pulls out several other books, diaries, and tomes that are all about the supernatural. “How did you get him to let me borrow them?” he stammers in excitement.

“He said and I quote ‘make sure Stiles’ father knows I gave them to you’. He also gave us quite a bit of wolfsbane ammunition. Should fit the Glock 22’s the BHPD uses” she tells him. Stiles smiles happily. “He also gave you some regular ammo and all of this so we didn’t have to try and sneak it out” she adds.

“We don’t have a lot of time to do these right” Stiles says picking up one of the medals “but I should
be able to put a charm on them short term. They won’t hold the spell long, maybe a week, especially if we only use a single spell. If we had time, I could make them more complicated. It took me a couple of hours to do my dad’s badge” he tells them for comparison.

“Can you use them to give everyone the Kanja?” Allison asks and Stiles smiles happily.

“That’s perfect! It will prevent Blake from messing with anyone else’s mind. And she is probably the bigger threat at the moment” Stiles exclaims.

“What about the Alpha Pack?” Jackson reminds them.

Lydia snorts with a smile. “The Alpha Pack is not definitely not having a very good time in Beacon Hills. They have lost three Alphas so far” she smirks and tells the other two about the twins attack and how Stiles defeated them using his magic.

“Wait?! What? You mean real magic? You have magic and were able to take out two Alphas!” Jackson stares in disbelief at the teen.

Stiles shrugs. “Actually he took out three. Ennis attacked his house the other night and Stiles cut his arm off before dumping him on a deserted island” Allison says casually enjoying the rather flabbergasted look on Jackson's face.

Jackson pales as he stares at the guy he has picked on since they were kids. “You cut his arm off? How?” he asks, his voice strained.

Stiles just shrugs and smiles before he throws his right hand out, igniting his shield and starting it spinning around like a buzz-saw. “Pretty cool, huh?” he says with a smirk. Jackson pales but Lydia leans forward and Stiles stops the spin so she can inspect the glowing symbols.

The next few minutes has Stiles discussing some of what he has been learning lately and his time with the Sorcerers and his and Allison’s meeting with the druids. During the discussions, Stiles uses one of his special inks that he made this summer for painting runes and draws the kanja on each of the medallions. Once they are all finished and laid out before him. He concentrates on the kanja, drawing it carefully in his mind, visualizing its purpose and intent, and then he pushes that out into the medallions.

Stiles smiles at the three sudden intakes of breath as the other three all react when the runes on the medallions all start glowing. Opening his eyes he looks them over with a satisfied smile. There are twelve medallions for everyone they want to protect. “That should do it. We have ones for Melissa, dad, Lydia, Jackson, Scott, Isaac, Erica, Boyd, Derek, Peter, Deaton, and Chris. Are we missing anyone?” Stiles asks.

“What about you two?” Lydia asks concerned.

Allison explains their kanja tattoos and shows her and Jackson the magical tattoo that each of them got to protect their minds. Lydia asks a few questions about Kelsey and the entire process and looks thoughtful. “When this is done, I think I may want to talk to this woman” she says surprising the others. “I have been used before by Peter and then again when Blake did her thing. I am thinking a more permanent form of protection is a good idea” she says carefully. Stiles nods, he saw that when he saw her sigil so he’s not really surprised by her attitude.

“What’s next?” Allison asks when they all seem to go quiet.

“Next? We free Scott and Isaac” he tells them and starts planning as they all lean in.
“Mom?” Scott asked as he and Isaac walk into the McCall house and were assaulted by the most amazing smell. “Are you making your enchilada casserole?” he says excitedly as he comes around the corner and sees his mom standing in the kitchen. “What’s the occasion?”

“What? I can’t make my special casserole just because? You two eat like real wolves so I made a big enough batch that should fill even both of you up” she says with an easy smile. “Go wash up and we will eat” she orders them and they both race for the bathroom.

Coming back they see Melissa putting the casserole on the table already packed with salad and tortillas. “Sit down boys” she says smiling as they breathe in the heavenly aromas of cilantro and garlic.

“It smells great mom” Scott says just as their front door opens. Turning around he sees Stiles walking in with a happy wave.

“Is that the famous McCall casserole?” Stiles says coming up to the table behind Isaac. “Smells great Mrs. McCall!” he gushes as starts to walk around the table stopping behind Scott to slap him on the back “feeding these two can’t be easy.”

“Would you like to join us?” Melissa says easily as Stiles continues to walk around the table.

“Sure, that would be great. Can I help get anything?” he asks as Scott is dishing out casserole to the plates. Stiles sees Scott suddenly sniff and look confused and he speeds up.

“What…is that…” Scott looks up sharply at Stiles “mountain ash!” he yells but Stiles has finished his loop around the table and gestures just as Isaac and Scott both jump up from their seats as he steps back.

Both werewolves hit the mountain ash circle that Stiles had been laying around them as he walked and they both turn to growl at him. “Stiles! What the hell?” Scott demands while Isaac’s growls increase. “Mom!” he calls and looks over and sees Melissa watching the three of them carefully.

“It almost worked” Melissa says looking at Stiles. Scott looks stunned at his mom’s comment.

Stiles nods. “I had hoped that the garlic and cilantro would be pungent enough to mask the smell of the ash, but I was afraid that it would not last long enough, but I guess it did the job” Stiles compliments her.

“Mom?” Scott’s voice sounds thoroughly confused.

“I know you don’t want to hear this Scottie but you are under Blake’s spell” Stiles starts and both of the teens growl and start sneering.

“Oh my god! Stiles you idiot! You are so miserable that you are willing to do anything so you don’t feel so useless. No wonder your dad is so sick of you. Ms. Blake is human, I can smell it” Scott roars.

“You are more trouble than you are worth” Isaac snarls. “All you are good for is being a victim or a distraction. Why can’t you just go away like the worthless piece of shit that you are?”

“I know you told me Stiles, but you really weren’t kidding” Melissa says sounding and looking scared as she looks at her son and the other teen. “Where’s…” she starts to ask just as the door opens and Allison walks in the house.
“Allison! You need break the circle. Stiles has gone crazy” Scott demands and his face suddenly shifts to surprise as Allison walks up to Melissa and pours a handful of powder in her hand.

Allison walks around the circle to Isaac and the curly-haired beta is watching her with a suspicious expression. Smiling easily at the beta, he smiles back just as she blows the powder into his face causing him to start coughing.

“Allison!” Scott yells but then Melissa throws her powder into Scott’s face and he starts coughing alongside Isaac. They both try to wipe it out of their watering eyes but they are left coughing and wheezing for several moments. Scott looks around the table but realizes that there is no water on there yet. “Mom. Allison.” Scott whimpers.

Stiles opens his mouth to speak when the front door slams open and Stiles, Allison, and Melissa all spin around as Gerard Argent walks into the house. Dressed all in black, the hunter sneers at all of them as he holds his shotgun in front of him before his expression shifts to an evil grin as he pumps the shotgun and pulls the trigger. Allison screams as she flies backward into a wall and slides down to land in an unmoving pile.

“ALLISON!” Scott screams just as Gerard shifts the gun and pumps again before firing at Stiles, sending him into the wall to slide down and land unmoving next to Allison. “STILES!” Scott wails, tearing streaming down his cheeks and Scott looks up just as he hears the gun pumping for the third time. “MOM! NO!!!” he screams desperately.

“I told you McCall. I promised I would destroy everything you loved if you disobeyed me. Time to pay for your disobedience. It looks like you couldn’t protect them after all” Gerard says with the most twisted smile on his face as he pulls the trigger sending Melissa flying into the couch in a heap.

Scott is on his knees wailing as he looks up at the grey haired man who is sneering at the teen. “I brought a friend who is very happy to see your little friend” he says with a smirk just as Coach Lahey walks in the still open door.

“Dad” Isaac whispers in shock as he steps back from the man walking into the house until he hits the barrier. “No. No! You’re dead!” he whimpers.

“You were always such a disappointment” Lahey says looking at Isaac disappointedly. “I mean I knew you were worthless, but now? Now you’re nothing more than an animal that needs to be put down.”

Isaac is shaking his head at the words coming from his father. “No. You can’t be here. I saw your body” he says with his eyes closed.

Lahey picks up a glass from the coffee table and throws it at the wall behind Isaac causing the teen to flinch. “Why couldn’t it have been you instead of my only worthwhile son? He dies and I am stuck with you” he snarls and Isaac roars in pain and anger as he crumbles to the floor.

That was what he was waiting for. As the sound of glass breaking rings out for the second time Stiles rolls over and sits up. “It worked” he says loudly causing everyone to look at him.

“Stiles!” Scott yells in surprise as he watches his best friend stand up. “How? What?” he stammers as he hears a shuffle and glances over as he watches his mom and Allison both sit up.

“That actually hurt Stiles” Melissa grumbles as Coach Lahey helps her up “are you sure it worked?” she asks.

Allison stands up and straightens her shirt. “It should have, that was pretty much Scott’s worst
“nightmare” she tells the older woman.

"Mine too" Melissa mutters as she steps closer to the ash line.

“I don’t understand. What is happening?” Scott demands in a fragile voice looking at everyone and not understanding anything.

“Don’t be such a dumbass” Gerard says as he rolls his eyes looking completely put upon. “Use your nose McCall. Did you smell any blood? Any gunpowder?” he sneers.

Scott suddenly realizes that he hadn’t. There was no blood from any of them. If they had been shot, the copper-metal tang of the blood should have flooded his senses. He didn’t smell any gun residue either. “Please” Isaac whispers staring at his dad who now is looking a lot less threatening as the man stares as his fingernails.

“Oh sorry!” Mr. Lahey says as he pulls a piece of wood with strange runes carved on it out of his pocket. He breaks the wood in half and it gives off a brief spark and Mr. Lahey is suddenly gone and Lydia is standing there holding the two pieces of the stick. “Better?” she asks Isaac who looks dumbfounded.

“I don’t ever want to see this bastard again” Gerard growls as he pulls out a similar piece of wood and snaps in half. Jackson tosses the two pieces on the table “So is the spell broken?” he asks looking at Stiles.

“I’m sure it is, but we can test it to make sure” Stiles says easily as he looks at his best friend. “Scott. Ms. Blake is the Darach and she had you under her spell” he tells him.

Unlike the last times Stiles told him that, Scott doesn’t go into immediate denial but just stares at his friend in confusion. “I so don’t understand” Scott says slowly. Isaac is still looking slightly terrified and Stiles is pretty sure that the only reason he is still here is the ash circle.

Stiles looks around at the others and sighs, this doesn’t ever seem to get any easier, no matter how many times he does it. “Scott, I know this is a lot and we will explain, but I need you two to calm down and breath, okay?”

“Please” Isaac whimpers as he presses on the ash and Stiles nods as Melissa breaks the circle and steps over to comfort the tall teen.

“How about we all sit down and we can explain over dinner?” Stiles offers tentatively and with a glance sent to the others, they all close in to reassure the two betas that they are who they appear to be. “The Short version? Ms. Blake took over your minds to prevent you from considering her as a threat. All the supernatural folk, including Deaton, were targeted and she spelled you so she could use you” Stiles told him. Melissa moves over and grabs Scott, pulling him into a tight hug which the teen melts into. The memory of Gerard killing his mom almost overwhelms him.

“I’m so sorry honey. Stiles said it was the only way to free you” his mother says as she looks at his hurt eyes. Allison is next for the hug and Scott is just happy that she is alive.

“Start talking” he finally manages after a few minutes when he turns to Stiles. The next few minutes see Stiles explaining that he figured out the Darach, realized everyone was bewitched and then got help from some of his magical friends. He then explained how him and Allison freed Lydia and Jackson and they planned with Melissa to free Scott and Isaac. Leaving Derek, Erica, Boyd, Deaton, and Peter still under her control.

“Those sticks?” Isaac asked looking nervously at Lydia. He wasn’t quite over the shock of seeing his
father again.

“They had runes for illusions carved on them. The illusion was multisensory so they not only looked like those two, but they sounded and smelled like them as well. It only lasts for about an hour once activated but we figured that we wouldn’t need that long” Stiles explained.

Scott and Isaac finally calmed down enough to eat and luckily Melissa had actually made enough for everyone to eat. They finished up and Scott looks at Stiles with his trademark sad eyes and grabs him in tight hug as he starts apologizing for all the things he said. “Scottie, that was her spell” Stiles reassures him. “It was a form of possession. She twisted your mind until protecting her was the most important thing to you but it didn’t change anything else. Since I was a threat, you used everything you had to deal with that threat. Sure it hurt, but to be fair, I was the one who decided what we would need to do to help you break free. So I guess we are kind of even.”

They talk a bit more as Allison, Lydia, and Jackson all add their parts. After a few minutes Isaac looks uncertain “What about the rest of the pack?” he asks uncertainly.

“Erica and Boyd are next but I will need to make more powder once we have a plan for getting them. I know what to do with Erica, but I need tonight to get ready for Boyd” he tells them and just signals ‘later’ when Scott looks at him confused. “Then probably Peter and once everyone is free, then we can attempt to free Derek. Based on what I saw, I think she has hit him the hardest with her magic” Stiles explains.

“I am so confused” Isaac says dejectedly.

“Stand in line” Jackson mutters only to be jabbed by Lydia.

“We have a plan Isaac, we can free Erica and Boyd tomorrow at school. Jackson said you had training tomorrow after school. If we free them, then if everyone shows up for training, we can gang up on Derek and Peter and free them too” Lydia goes on to lay out her plans. After she finishes she turns towards Stiles “can you be ready?” she asks.

Stiles frowns. “I can have the powder ready for Erica and Boyd in the morning, but to get more for Peter and Derek? Also, I will need some time to prepare for both of them to find the key to their freedom” Stiles mumbles. Finally he looks up. “Yes. I can be ready but I will need to stay home tomorrow to prepare” he tells them.

“Might be good if you are in your house all day you know, since the twins took you and all” Lydia says with a raised eyebrow and Stiles smiles at that. “Okay, Jackson and I will take Allison and Stiles home. Scott, you and Isaac stay here and then come by tomorrow to pick up the powder. Oh, speaking of, they need their charms” she says looking at Stiles who suddenly flushes and pulls out the two medallions he made for them. “Keep these on” Lydia instructs. “They will prevent Blake from recasting the spell on you. Stiles, we will call you when we leave school and you can meet us at the Derek’s loft where they are supposed to train tomorrow. Any questions?” she demands and everyone just smiles and nods.

“I could use someone to help me at the Sheriff’s station” Allison asks causing everyone to look at her in confusion. “The Sheriff and Tara want me to explain about fighting werewolves to a small group of officers tonight and go over some of the weapons we use” she tells them.

Scott sputters as Isaac and Jackson both look stunned. “Your dad knows?” Scott finally manages to ask Stiles who looks embarrassed.

“Yeah…a lot has been happening over the last few days. Once the whole pack is free, we can
discuss everything. But it would probably help Allie if one of you guys go so that he can actually prove to them she isn’t crazy” Stiles suggests gently.

Surprisingly it is Isaac who offers to go with the huntress. Both Scott and Jackson had blanched at the idea of it but strangely enough, the beta seemed almost relieved to have the opportunity. Melissa and Scott both attempt to get him to reconsider so he can recover, but he is determined, almost as if he needs to prove something to himself. “Okay. I will go home and prepare while Isaac and Allison go to the station” Stiles said as he stood up. The group broke up and Stiles got in his jeep as he watched Jackson and Lydia leave in Jackson’s Porsche as Allison drove off with Isaac. He hadn’t missed the look in Melissa’s eyes when they were talking and he was pretty sure that she was going to be having a long talk with her son about what happened tonight.

Allison walks into the police station, Isaac behind her, and hoists the duffel bag on her shoulder as she smiles at the deputy at the desk. “I’m here to see the Sheriff. Allison Argent” she tells the man who nods and smiles.

“Sheriff told me you were coming, he’s in his office” the deputy says leading the two teens back into the main part of the office and knocks on the Sheriff’s door. “Sheriff, Ms. Argent is here” he says and the Sheriff looks up.

“Thanks Andy. Allison, Isaac, come on in” he gestures and they walk in as Deputy Murray closes the door behind them. “Stiles called and said you two would be doing the initial briefing?” he asks the brunette before glancing over at the beta.

“Yes sir. Stiles and I talked and we thought it would be a good idea for us to ease them into things. I am going to tell them about werewolves and hunters as well as some of the other things we have dealt with. Stiles wants to hold off on the whole ‘magic is real’ part of things” she says with a shrug. “I brought some weapons and tools that we use and Isaac has volunteered to be our proof.”

The Sheriff looks over at the teen with a concerned expression. “Son are you sure about this? You won’t be able to take it back.”

“Not excited Sheriff, but it’s necessary. If the pack is going to be working with your deputies, they need to know they can trust us” Isaac says carefully. “Besides, first real fight and they will all figure it out anyways” he says with a sigh.

“You need to be prepared as you might get asked about your father’s death” the Sheriff says gently and Isaac just nods. He had thought that might happen, he still got looked at by some folks so he guesses this really won't change anything.

“Okay. Tara and I have talked and we have identified four deputies in addition to the two of us who will be brought in on all of this right now. They are all in the conference room, so if you are ready?” Noah asks and the two teens get up and follow him back to the conference room where five deputies are waiting.

“Listen up” the Sheriff calls them to attention and they take their seats around the table. “I’m going to make this quick so we can get to the important parts. There are things going on in Beacon Hills that are” he pauses and looks at the two teens for a second “unique. Normally, we would not tell you about this as it is dangerous to know. But with the way things stand, it has become necessary. Martin, Rodriguez, and Graeme all have various degrees of this information already. Parrish, Stevens, here’s your chance. If you don’t want to know what’s really going on, now’s the time to
leave” he tells the two men but after a second they both indicate they are staying. “Okay, from this point on, what is said here is confidential. You do not write anything down, you don’t tell anyone else what you hear in here. Allison, the floor is yours.”

Allison stands up as the Sheriff takes his seat and she looks around the table at the detectives, noticing the two former hunters who are looking a bit nervous. “As the Sheriff said, my name is Allison Argent and I am here to tell you about my family. Over two hundred years ago, one of my ancestors fought a monster called the Beast of Gevaudin that had killed men, women, and children in France. She hunted it down only to discover that it was in fact her brother who had become the Beast. How it happened isn’t important, but the fact was that he became a werewolf.”

The deputies in the room all react to that. Tara and the Sheriff both nod, Rodriguez and Martin both look at their fellow deputies to gauge their reactions, while Parish and Stevens both actually laugh. “You’re kidding right?” Stevens says looking around the table but his smile slips as he sees the serious looks on everyone else’s face. “Are you trying to convince us that werewolves are real?”

Allison looks at the two former hunters who both frown but finally relent. “They are real” Rodriguez replies surprising Stevens and Parrish. “Martin and I both come from families like the Argents, who hunt those wolves who have broken the code.”

“What code?” Parrish asks looking around.

Allison explains the code of the hunters and how the families are responsible for dealing with those supernatural threats to regular people. When werewolves go feral or power crazy, the hunters remove the threat. “How do they remove the threat?” Parrish asks narrowing his eyes as if he is not going to like the answer.

“Usually we kill them” Allison answers the deputy honestly. “Once they cross that line, there is usually no way back. If they behave and don’t cause problems, then we don’t have a problem. In fact, healthy packs will often protect a territory from other threats so that normal people never even know that there is an issue.

“Packs? Other threats?” Stevens asks looking at the brunette suspiciously.

“Werewolves are like wolves. They are predators, close to their animal side, but they aren’t necessarily killers. They protect a territory, have a structure for their pack, and are fiercely loyal to their pack mates. And yes, there are other things out there besides werewolves” Allison answers “and some are much worse.”

Stevens stands up and looks at the Sheriff angrily. “Sheriff, I don’t know what you are trying to do, but this is crazy. We have a serial killer operating in town as well as all of those animal attacks to deal with” he says looking annoyed.

“Actually the serial killer is a Darach, an evil former Druid and the animal attacks last year were caused by an insane werewolf and a Kanima” Isaac replies easily. Stevens’ eyes seem to bug out a bit and then he starts to get a twitch looking at the teenager who is sitting there spouting nonsense.

“I suppose you have proof of all of this? Something to show us” Parrish asks looking thoughtful.

Isaac glances at Allison who nods before glancing at the Sheriff. “Stevens, Parrish, I expect you both to remain calm” Noah says causing the men to look confused. Isaac hold his hand up for Parrish to see and then he slowly extends his claws. They grow out and he watches as the two deputies’ eyes widen as they grow.
"Want to see my fangs?" Isaac asks easily. The deputies all look at the teen and he flashes his eyes at them causing them to rear back. He can smell the fear now thick in the air of the room.

"Isaac is a beta werewolf" Allison begins. "You can tell by his eyes. A Beta’s eyes will be either gold or blue. An Alpha’s eyes are red. The Alpha is the leader of the pack and they are significantly more powerful than a beta. Omegas are lone wolves, not part of a pack, and weaker than a beta with a healthy pack. Without the stability that the pack provides, Omegas are at high risk of going feral. As you can see, Isaac has claws and fangs, as well as heightened strength, speed, senses, and healing."

"You’re a werewolf?" Parrish asks leaning forward with a fascinated expression. In reply Isaac does his full beta shift and the others jump back at seeing the ridges, fangs, and hair. "Okay, I believe” Parrish mutters.

"This is a beta form. All werewolves can assume this form and it magnifies their abilities. Alphas can also take on an Alpha form which is more like the ‘wolf-man’ in movies. Very, very strong. Dangerous too. There are a very few wolves who can shift fully into a wolf. It is a very rare ability among them and considered exceptional” Allison instructs.

"If you’re a beta, who’s your Alpha?" Parrish asks and Isaac shifts back to human.

"The identities of the rest of the pack are not going to be shared at this moment. We want to give the option to decide if they want to…well I hate to use the phrase ‘come out’ but essentially that” Noah tells the group.

"Wasn’t your father killed by an animal?” Rodriguez asked the teen looking concerned.

"Actually he was killed by a Kanima” Allison answers. “A shifter that went wrong and didn’t turn right. It is a lizard creature with a paralyzing poison it uses to immobilize its victims.”

"Wait!” Stevens interrupts. “Is that what attacked the station last spring? Is it still alive?” he demands.

"Yes and Yes. A Kanima has no free will but instead is bound to a master, it is basically a slave with intelligence but no free will. In this case Matt Daehler was the Kanima’s master and he ordered all the killings it caused” Allison finished. Noah steps in to give a brief explanation of Matt’s reason for killing the former swim team, including Lahey. “We were able to free the person who was being controlled so the Kanima is no more” Allison finishes.

"So how are we supposed to deal with all of this?" Stevens asks the Sheriff looking bewildered.

Allison smiles and pulls out a large knife out of her bag. “Fighting werewolves or any supernatural being sometimes requires specialized weapons. But many of them are still able to be wounded or slowed down by conventional weapons. Hurt them enough, and you slow them down. Cut off their head and they won’t heal from that but regular bullets or wounds heal quickly. A bullet to the chest will heal in mere minutes.”

"Do they have to be made with silver?” Parrish asks and Martin and Rodriguez both chuckle. “What? Silver bullets are supposed to kill werewolves” he says.

Allison smiles. “That’s actually just a mistake in translation. While it is true that silver kills werewolves” she says with a smirk “that’s because Argent is French for Silver” she says and sees both of the two detectives’ surprise as they work out what she means.

“Now, these bullets are made with wolfsbane which is poisonous to werewolves. Shoot a werewolf and he is poisoned and will die if he doesn’t get treatment. The closer to the heart, the faster it
works.” She pulls out one of her guns and sets it down. “With other supernaturals you would use something different. Blessed iron, silver, salt, etc. But for now we will focus on werewolves and how to fight them” she starts the bulk of her lecture asking for input from Isaac, Martin, and Rodriguez as well.

By the time they finish, nearly two hours have passed with lots and lots of questions from the group. Even the Sheriff and Tara had questions and surprisingly so did the ex-hunters. It seems that the two deputies were not quite as actively involved as she first thought. They were in the know, but mainly served as information resources to other hunters. Parrish surprised her the most simply by the way he just seemed to accept everything while Stevens was still worked up and even called the deputy on his lack of a reaction.

“I saw some things during my tour that make a whole lot more sense now” Jordan finally told the group. “I thought I was going crazy, but now? Now I think I was catching glimpses of all of this.”

“Allison, Isaac, thank you both for coming in. We appreciate it and the ammunition” he said a clear dismissal of the teens. They got up and after shaking hands, which surprised Isaac that he was included without any real nervousness from the deputies, and left.

Noah turned back to his team and signaled them to sit down. “Okay first? Get it out of your system. Everything you wanted to say but didn’t want to with the two of them here. And then, then we start figuring out how we are going to keep this town as safe as we can.” Noah sat back and waited but he didn’t have to wait long before they all started talking. It was going to be a long night!

Stiles hung up his phone as he got out of his jeep. He had made it home and called his dad to alert him to Allison and Isaac’s arrival for the meeting his dad set up. Stiles had originally planned to be the one to do it, but Allison had made a good point about her being the focus of things instead of Stiles. If people don’t know what he can really do, then he becomes a secret resource. Stepping into the house he heads to his room so he can work on the next sigil. He has to do Boyd, Peter, and Derek before the end of school tomorrow and that is going to be pushing his limits.

Calming down he centers himself and starts thinking about Boyd. He visualizes the beta sitting in the cafeteria, the first real memory that Stiles has of the guy that stands out. Sitting by himself, he often wondered about the guy, but back then he and Scott were not exactly popular in the school and the big guy didn’t give off the ‘come talk to me’ vibe. No, he seemed angry but Stiles had learned that it wasn’t anger, it was loneliness.

Stiles remembered getting the keys to ice rink for their trip there and how the guy had looked when he saw them and now he realizes it was sadness and want. Accepting Boyd’s sense of isolation allowed the sigil to start to form in Stiles mind. He thinks about the first time he saw the beta after Derek had given him the bite and how he suddenly seemed…connected. He was always with Erica and Isaac and his isolation had ended as he found people to accept him. Stiles watched and saw the issues with Boyd’s family and the loss of his sister and how difficult it had been with his mother and grandmother, silently blaming him for her disappearance despite how young he was at the time. Stiles feels strange as he senses a connection and realizes that the girl is still alive somewhere and appears to be okay, not in distress.

Stiles then smiles as he sees the beta’s attraction to and interest in Erica. So it wasn’t one sided! He sees them fleeing together and being caught by Gerard and how anger had warred with resignation for the beta. If it hadn’t been for Erica, Stiles was fairly certain that Boyd might have given up. Seeing Stiles fight back with his sarcasm, the only weapon he had, had really unsettled the werewolf.
Boyd had gained power and pack when he got the bite and he broke. Stiles had none of that but still struggled. He had been determined to fight and then Allison had freed them. Erica hadn’t been sure, but Boyd had pushed and they returned to Derek and the pack because Boyd decided that he would rather fight to make Derek a better Alpha than face all the danger on their own.

Stiles understood that for Boyd, the pack was supposed to protect, support, and accept each other no matter what and he was determined to fight for that. The sigil finished and Stiles was rather pleased with the final product, it really reminded him of the strong, silent beta. Inscribing the sigil on the house stone, Stiles finally pulled himself out of his trance and got up and decided he needed something physical. Heading to the backyard, Stiles stripped to his sweatpants and began his exercises and positions, moving from one to another with barely a pause. About an hour later, dripping with sweat he headed upstairs to shower and see if there was anything he could do to prepare for tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

*Next chapter posting on Wednesday! Stiles and the pack continue their efforts to free their friends but Stiles hits a roadblock his powers can't get around and he is forced to confront something that he has been avoiding. Tensions are building!!!*
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Okay, a lot will be happening in this chapter as Stiles and the gang try to free their friends. Enjoy! A really big THANK YOU to Winterchild7 for the artwork on the ring of Seartate!

Stiles woke up early enough that morning that he had time to not only prepare a batch of the spell breaking powder but also to prepare some notes about Boyd and Erica for the pack to use since he would not be there to help. He didn’t particularly feel good about sharing what he knew about Erica and Boyd with the others like this but he also knew that if they were going to get everything they needed to done today, then the jobs had to be split up. He wrote out the information about what to say to free Erica and put it in an envelope addressed to Lydia. Boyd’s letter was going to Isaac, and he only hoped that the beta would be able to manage it. Stiles had carefully considered things and figured that Lydia and Isaac were perfect to trigger both of the betas, and while Stiles knew that Lydia would be able to manage her part, it would a lot harder for Isaac. Not to mention that they would need Erica to free Boyd. Sighing he returned to his supplies and finished the powder before splitting it up into the two doses. He would need to make more before they went to Derek’s loft. He also had enough time to make up a few one-time charms he found in his books that Lydia could use to help them with the wolves since he wouldn’t be there with his magic to support them.

Stiles ate a quick breakfast and waited, looking over his books until Scott and Isaac showed up. Stiles gives the powder and Lydia’s letter to Scott and hands Isaac his letter. “Isaac, I know this isn’t going to be easy, but I need you to do some pretty tough things in order to free Boyd.” Stiles sighs heavily at the beta’s confused look. “I explained it all in the letter, but Boyd’s pressure point is his connection to the pack, how it ended his loneliness. He also carries guilt for not protecting his sister and Erica and I from Gerard. You are going to have hit him there” Stiles explains and only nods when he sees Isaac go pale as he realizes what Stiles is saying. “Stiles…I don’t think I can” Isaac whimpers and Stiles sees Scott twitch as he watches them, but he doesn’t interrupt which Stiles appreciates.

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“I know it’s hard Isaac, but you have to. Hearing that from anyone will hurt, but from you? It will be devastating. He thinks of you as a brother and having your turn on him will hit him extra hard. You have to decide whether you want to free him by doing this or leave him as a slave to the Darach” Stiles says brutally honest. “What do you think he would prefer?” he asks a lot more kindly.

Isaac looks torn and he stares at Stiles hoping for a reprieve of any kind. “Isaac…you can do this” Scott says putting his hand on the guy’s shoulder. “He will understand. We all did, remember? Stiles has managed to figure out how to free all of us so we need to trust that he knows his stuff.” Scott had called Stiles late last night and they had talked for a bit but while Stiles didn’t fully explain everything that was going on, he did promise Scott to explain everything tonight.

Isaac finally nods and the two significantly more subdued werewolves leave for school while Stiles finishes cleaning up. He makes a note to make sure to wake his dad by ten so he can make it in to work by noon and settles down to work on Peter’s sigil. Clearing his mind, Stiles brings back the
memories of the eldest Hale, remembering that first time he saw him at the hospital, scars still there for a few seconds, as he realized that Peter was the Alpha. He remembers Peter threatening Lydia, then offering him the bite by the body of his nurse before they all came together and torched the guy just before Derek killed him.

Stiles frowns as nothing seems to be happening. He remembers Lydia’s hallucinations and how she used Derek to resurrect the man and how they have dealt with him since then but nothing is happening... he isn’t getting anything. Opening his eyes he frowns as he tries to figure out what went wrong. Getting up he goes back to his book and reviews the instructions and then he sees it. Stiles’ view of Peter is entirely fabricated on what Peter wants people to see, not his truth. Stiles doesn’t really know the man so he can’t start the process to envision the man's sigil. The elder Hale is such a mass of contradictions that Stiles is uncertain about who he really is, which means he can't figure out how to free the man from the Darach's spell. Taking a breath, he will just have to figure it out later. Shaking off his feelings about the guy who tried to give him the bite, he decides that without the strain of the spell he is still in good enough shape to move straight on to Derek.

Sitting on the floor in his bedroom, Stiles closes his eyes and takes a long, deep breath. He pushes aside the sudden flare of nerves and remembers. Standing in the woods when a voice called out “This is private property!” was Stiles’ first memory of this Derek, instead of the vague recollections of a teenager from the town’s most famous family. He saw the anger, the unhappiness, but also the moment that he returned Scott's inhaler which didn’t really fit the image he was trying to give off. Strangely enough Stiles finds he has very vivid recall of the guy’s hair and clothes from that day. Memories flash through Stiles’ mind from their encounters over the last year. He remembers Derek getting shot by Kate and the wolfsbane poisoning and how he sought out Stiles to help him demanding that he cut off his arm to save him. Next Stiles feels a lurch as he remembers standing outside the school at night as Derek was calling them idiots for using the intercom to try and draw out the Alpha and the sudden terror that nearly stopped his heart when Derek was clawed by the Alpha and almost disemboweled in front of him.

Looking back, Stiles realizes that was the moment that something that had been building up between them had snapped into place. Seeing the guy almost die for them, even if he didn’t intend to do so, affected Stiles especially as he did it time and time again after that. Stiles guiltily remembers asking Scott to consider letting Derek die. Stiles then remembers how they came together to deal with the Kanima; floating in the pool and how his arms and chest burned from the strain of holding the guy up in the water, how totally helpless he was and Derek swearing that they didn’t trust each other, just that needed each other to survive, but Stiles now knew that was a lie. Stiles was probably the only one Derek really trusted. Derek’s sigil was forming and with each element that became clear Stiles felt a lurch in him that he couldn’t explain.

Somehow his memories were so sharp and detailed about Derek. He remembers every time he changed his hair, his habit of wearing dark clothes, usually tight clothes, and those times that he flashed that wicked smile he got when he thought he was being particularly cool and knew it. Stiles flashes back to when Derek was hiding from the police, standing face to face in his room, Stiles pressed against the wall, so close that Derek’s scent from that moment was still clear today as it was on that day; leather, woods, and musk. He now sees that when he stood up to Derek, that the guy had actually respected that. A born werewolf, he liked it when Stiles, even when afraid, didn’t freeze up or run, but rather fought back. Derek actually liked him! He watches as Derek gets manipulated by Stiles in his room when Danny was there and how Derek knew exactly what Stiles was doing and that he did it anyways. Felt the mix of annoyance at the teen, anger at being used, and a hint of admiration for the way the teen had gotten the other boy’s cooperation. Stiles can even tell that Derek had wondered more than once what things would have been like if it had been Stiles, not Scott, who had been bitten. Stiles swallows down as more and more of Derek’s feelings and emotions unfold before him.
Stiles feels the agony and soul-wrenching pain of Paige’s death at the Alpha’s hands. Discovering that Derek had truly feared her discovering the truth about him and when he learned that she knew what he was and didn’t care had almost broken the teenage werewolf. Having to give her the mercy she begged for in that cellar was, however, too much and he did break. Stiles saw that it was that broken teen, vulnerable and guilt ridden, who became a prime target for Kate Argent. Stiles saw the masterful manipulations that she used to twist and take from the teen before brutally removing his entire family. She had known that Derek wasn’t going to be there when she struck! She wanted him left to live with his guilt as an extra cruelty. Stiles growled as he seriously debated if it was possible to raise her from the dead so he could kill her again and make her death way more painful than Peter did!

But Derek’s sigil continued to form. He saw the fear and loneliness that plagued the Alpha and how he was a walking wound that had only just begun to tentatively heal with the bonds of his new pack. Stiles saw that Derek was so terrified of losing them too that he was preventing real pack bonds from forming. Stiles could see how the guy’s insecurities had affected him, becoming the Alpha when he hadn’t been trained or prepared for it, but desperately trying to prepare the pack for the cruelty that he had experienced. Stiles frowns when he realizes that Derek had forgotten to share with the others the joy that comes from being part of a pack. He could see Derek’s memories of running with his parents and sisters, a little brother who died in the fire still too young to join them in the woods, and wove throughout everything was the love of his pack. Cousins, aunts, and uncles all there, close and supportive, who were now dead and Derek blamed himself for their loss because he was weak and had given Kate the information she had needed to destroy everything he loved.

Tears running down his face, Stiles was helpless to do anything but watch as he saw Derek’s nightmares of that night, the death of his family, his pack, and how often he relived that night over the subsequent years he was on the run with Laura. He saw how desperate Derek was for Laura’s love and support while being terrified of being rejected if she ever knew the truth. How painful it had been when Derek felt Laura die while he was in New York and his race back to Beacon Hills, knowing he was already too late. Finding and holding the murdered body of his sister and how he howled his pain and loss in the woods before burying her near their family with his bare hands. Hands that had burned and stung as he wound the wolfsbane around her grave to honor her one last time.

Stiles then watched Derek’s interactions with his new pack and how he took pride in them when they succeeded, yet being unable to express it for fear of them growing overconfident and reckless. Stiles watched and saw how Derek kept trying and failing to connect with Scott, making mistake after mistake in their interactions. He saw the pain and anguish Derek felt when Erica and Boyd abandoned him, how he believed he deserved it, and the surprise the guy felt when they came back to ask forgiveness. Stiles saw the constant conflict that the Alpha felt towards his uncle and everything the man had done. Derek was torn between rage and attacking the man for killing his sister and knowing that he was all that was left of the once proud Hale family and if he did give in, Derek would finally be all alone.

But that wasn’t right either. Stiles stared as the sigil neared completion and he realized that there were other blood lines connecting Derek to living people, not just Peter. One he was sure had to be a sister, so it must be Cora though how she was still alive he didn’t know but he could tell she was very far away. He also sensed another life, connected to Derek through…Peter? Yes, Stiles could sense a female presence there and he knows somehow that it is Peter’s daughter! And she is very close to them, here in Beacon Hills but something isn’t right with her and Stiles can’t see what it is.

Stiles rears back as the sigil finishes and he stares at the magical embodiment of Derek Hale, everything he is, everything he has suffered, every dream and hope lost, and the man’s desperate need for others that he represses in order to present a strong face to the world. With care and
deliberate attention, Stiles inscribes the sigil on the house stone and feels something significant from the warder. This one is different, it is tied to Stiles in a way the others weren’t.

Stiles opens his eyes and feels a rush of heat in his face that spreads over his entire body. Groaning he collapses on his floor as he realizes that his connection with Derek is way stronger than it was with all of the others, even more than with Scott. Stiles mind goes over the images he saw, his memories bursting with details he never knew he had noted; the sharp angles of Derek’s jaw, how the scruff of his beard seems to wax and wane depending on the day of the week, the ever shifting dance of color that are his eyes, how his hands look…Stiles’ eyes widen as he sits up and holds his head in his hand “I am so screwed” he groans.

Standing in the hallway, Jennifer Blake is staring at the maintenance team replacing a door that had apparently been destroyed yesterday. Students were watching the guys work, whispering about what had happened. Jennifer wondered if the alpha twins had finally made a move against Hale’s puppies but she hadn’t seen them at school yet. She had seen the rest of the wolves, even the Banshee, so if there had been some confrontation, it probably wasn’t the wolves.

Jennifer was about to head back to her classroom when she smelt ozone and paused. Glancing around she looked for signs but didn’t sense anything in the hall so, smiling at the men, she stepped through the door and stepped out of the school and looked around the open area. She was able to spot several pieces of glass and wood that had been missed in the initial clean-up which suggested that the door was blown outwards. Stepping onto the grass she felt it, the residue of Druidic magic! Looking around she finally noticed the remains of purple flowers. Reaching down her fingers brushed the crushed petals of wolfsbane and she smirked. Someone had used magic to grow it here!

“Ms. Blake?” Jennifer turned around and looked at the confused student with a repressed sigh. She was actually enjoying teaching, much to her surprise, but this student tried her like no other. “I had a question about the essay” Greenberg stammered.

Dropping the flower, the woman once known as Julia Baccari smiles easily at the student and walks back to the school. She would find whoever did this and eliminate them. She didn’t need the distraction at this critical moment in her plan. Julia had come too far, sacrificed too much, crossed too many lines for some upstart practitioner to mess with her plans. She paused for a moment before smiling wickedly. He was a true traditionalist so how likely was it that Deucalion hadn’t gotten himself a new Emissary? “What’s your question?” she asks pleased at figuring it out.

“What is it Jackson” Erica says with a bored sigh as the teen walks up to her at her locker. She came in with Boyd but Isaac and Scott showed up and pulled him away not five seconds after they arrived. “Allison found out something about Darach” Jackson tells her in a whisper. “She wants to tell us about it” he adds.

“Okay, I’ll go get Boyd?” she asks as she looks around for the beta but doesn’t see him.

“Scott and Isaac are going to bring him” Jackson assures her. “Let’s go.”

“Anything is better than the garbage that Stilinski came up with. I swear the guy is losing it” she says shaking her head sadly. They sneak out one of the back doors and head for the woods near the
school. “Why are we out here?” she asks as they cross the tree line.

“Allison believes the Darach is in the school. Using the place to hunt for people to fuel the sacrifices” he adds. Jackson pushes forward without looking at the blonde. Lydia had warned him that he had to be exact so as to not lie to her but he still needed to convince her to come. The next part was going to be the hardest.

They walked into the clearing where Allison and Lydia were waiting and Jackson drifted to the side to allow Erica to get ahead of him so he was behind her. “So what have you got and where’s Boyd and Isaac?” Erica asks the girls.

“They will be here soon, but we have to be careful. We think that the Darach has cast several spells on the school so if we do this inside, it might alert them” Lydia says easily.

Erica is about to respond when she feels a shift behind her and she starts to turn just as Jackson slams into her knocking her to the ground. “What the hell?!” she roars but Jackson is fighting hard and he is trying to drive her into the ground while he wrestles her arm behind her. Unfortunately Jackson hasn’t been training with Derek as long as she has and in a maneuver that the Alpha had showed her she flings the other wolf off of her back and springs to her feet.

“Arggh!” she screams as something hits her arm, burning her. Looking down she sees a rope has wrapped around her arm and the burning is coming from the rope. Wolfsbane! She snarls and sees the brunette huntress staring at her with her crossbow out pointed at the beta. Erica remembers this! She is betraying them again!

Erica only has a second to yell before Jackson hits her again, knocking her down and then he springs away. “Coinnigh go tapa iad!” Lydia chants as she tosses the small rock at the blonde beta’s feet. The rock explodes in light and when it clears, the she-wolf is wrapped up in ropes of light that have bound her tight.

“Now!” Lydia orders and Allison jumps forward and quickly encircles the struggling blonde, pouring the mountain ash in a circle around her. She finishes the circle and steps back.

“How long…” Allison starts to ask just as Erica breaks free of the ropes and jumps up to smack against the ash barrier. “Not that long” she mutters.

“Stiles warned me that against someone as strong as her it wouldn’t last even a minute, but it was enough. She can’t go anywhere” Lydia says as she walks up to the line to look at the blonde she-wolf.

“What the hell are you doing?” Erica demands but Lydia just stares at her and then holds up her hand and blows the powder into the girl’s face causing her to step back coughing.

Jackson nods at the girls and leaves to get part two of the plan ready. “Allison, are you ready?” Lydia asks just as Erica opens her eyes and they flash golden as she extends her claws and fangs. “Down fido!” Lydia sneers.

“I am going to rip you apart!” Erica roars.

“Blake’s the Darach” Allison says casually and they watch the beta’s eyes flash again as she yells at them.

“Are you kidding me?! How dumb must you two be to believe that? No wonder your grandfather and aunt were so disappointed in you, poor little princess, so scared of everything! God, your own mother preferred killing herself to staying with you” she snarls.
Allison winces and looks over at Lydia and they share a look. When they are done, she is going to take special efforts to make sure that bitch Blake pays for what she did to her friends. “Pitiful” Lydia says in a disparaging voice while looking at Erica who swings to glare at the redhead. “Did you really think that one bite and the wardrobe of a tramp would hide the fact that you are that same, pitiful, and weak nobody you have always been? You are still that sad, pathetic girl that everyone ignored unless you were entertaining people with one of your fits. I can’t imagine what Derek saw in you that made him give you the time of day, let alone the bite.”

Erica pales as she looks at the redhead. She had watched the queen of the school for many years and while Lydia had never really interacted directly with her, Erica had seen the girl take down more than one social climber who dared to challenge the queen of the school and the girl’s expression made her falter. “You know Stiles told me that Derek said you were his biggest mistake” she taunted “said he was so disappointed that you came back, he had been so glad when you left. Erica heard the steady, unwavering heartbeat as Lydia said this.

Erica trembled looking at the haughty stare of the girl and she screamed out until it became a roar. “I am not weak! I am strong” she stammered, tears running down her face as she stared at the girl. Lydia glanced at Allison.

“Blake is the Darach” Allison repeated. Erica barely glanced at the huntress as she glared at the redhead.

“Fine. Whatever. She is a crappy teacher, I don’t care” she says never breaking eye contact. She sees Lydia’s face shift and the cold, cruel look disappears as she looks relieved.

“Finally. I swear I am going to kill Stiles for making me do that” she says with a groan as Allison put her bow down.

“Erica, I need you to listen to me” Allison says walking up to the beta. “You were under Blake’s spell. She was controlling your mind.”

Erica looks at the brunette and glares. “What the hell are you talking about?” she says angrily.

“Stiles figured it out. She put a spell on all of the wolves, Deaton, and Lydia because they could detect her presence. Stiles and I are only human so she didn’t bother with us. She made it so you couldn’t figure it was her and if someone tried, you would oppose it violently if necessary. Do you remember what you said to Stiles and us when we mentioned it?” she asks and sees the beta suddenly look confused.

“Erica, Jackson said that Ms. Blake had a distinctive scent. Do you remember what she smells like?” the redhead asks.

Erica concentrates but she doesn’t remember anything. No perfume or soaps or deodorant or… Erica freezes as the smell hits her all at once. She turns and vomits her breakfast on the ground as the memory of the woman’s scent hits her and overwhelms everything. Death, decay, and a rotten rank were all fighting for domination in her nose as she raises her eyes to look at the other two girls in supplication. “I don’t understand” she whimpers.

Lydia walks forward and breaks the ash line. “The powder I used broke her spell but you had to free yourself like we all did. You had to face the thing that you feared the most. That you had not really escaped the life where your own body betrayed you. Erica, you have become so strong since joining the pack. That was why we had to hit you in that insecurity so that you would fight back and free yourself from that woman” Lydia’s face turns hard as she glances at Allison who has come to kneel down with the other two.
“But you weren’t lying when you said Derek said…those things. I heard your heartbeat!” she chokes on the words as the emotion overwhelms her and she struggles to catch her breath.

“No.” Lydia’s denial was absolute and quick. “What I actually said was that Stiles told me that Derek said those things. It was true that he told me that. Of course he lying when he told me that but I wasn’t when I said that he said it. Loophole.” She looks at the girl who is staring at her in shock.

“Hey, team human has to somehow get around that damn lie detector you all have” she sniffs and Allison giggles. Erica turns to the Huntress and looks at her as Allison smiles wistfully.

“I really did not want to be the one to try and fight you. It felt too much like before but we are running out of time. I just hope that you can understand somehow” Allison said sincerely and Erica heard the steadiness of the hunter’s heartbeat.

Erica doesn’t quite trust herself to respond so she just nods as the girls all stand up. “We need to get ready” Lydia warns the other two. “The boys will be back with Boyd soon” she tells them and then looks at Erica and looks pained “and we need your help to free him.”

Erica looks at the redhead in confusion. “How can I help? I barely understand what is going on.”

“We need to subdue him like we did you till we can form the ash barrier and then break the spell. Stiles has Isaac leading the ‘attack’ on Boyd, but you are critical to it” Lydia says and then takes a deep breath. “Boyd’s weak point is that he desperately wants to belong, to be appreciated, and to be part of a family that supports each other without judgement. Isaac will be attacking that but Boyd has bonded with you when you two fled and went through everything. If you desert him, you should be the final blow to free him” Lydia finished and Erica paled as she realized what the girl was saying.

“I can’t do that. You can’t ask me to do that to him. Not to Boyd” she pleaded.

Allison frowned. “Erica, he is basically her pet. We have to free him or she could make him attack us to protect her. It will hurt yes, but we can make it up to him afterwards” she promises.

“Stiles told me to tell you something to help you decide” Lydia said carefully. “He said to tell you this...’Boyd feels the same’.” She looked at the blonde who was staring at Lydia in stunned silence.

“How can he know that?” she whispers.

“Trust me. If Stiles said it, then you can trust it. He is completely certain about this stuff. He hasn’t explained everything to everyone, but he did promise to tell us everything after we free Derek and Peter, but trust that he knows” Allison says without pausing.

Erica stares at them and can sense their sincerity. She has been listening and never once did their heartbeats falter and she can feel the shame from Allison and the absolute rage boiling off Lydia but she can also tell that it is not directed at Erica. “This is really confusing but I can’t leave Boyd under her control. What do we do now?” Erica asks.

“After school, once we have you and Boyd free, we are going to free Derek and Peter and that is going to be tough. Once the entire pack is free, we will get everyone together to figure out how to deal with her and the alpha pack. Well, what’s left of them” Lydia says with a smirk.

Erica looks confused but before she can ask she hears Scott and Isaac talking. They are bringing Boyd up and both Allie and Lydia start getting ready. Erica straightens up and braces herself for this as she promises herself that if Stiles was wrong, she is going to hit him but she will be using the whole damn jeep this time.
Stiles is still sitting on the floor when his phone alarm dings and, reaching for it, he moans but gets up and heads over to his dad’s room. Making sure his father is awake and moving, Stiles goes downstairs and fixes up a healthy lunch for the man to take with him and in less than an hour, the Sheriff is already heading out leaving Stiles to deal with his rather impending existential meltdown.

“Okay. Putting all of that aside, how am I going to free Derek from the spell?” he asks himself, determined to focus on something productive. After seeing his sigil, Stiles knew that Derek would not react like the others did to the same stimulus. For them, facing their fear, that core part of their identity triggered either a fight or an emotional loss but Derek was different. He had already lived his worse fear and his guilt had been crippling him so that even if he was faced with more emotional loss, Stiles was sure that it would hardly register. There was nothing that Stiles could say to him that would strike as true enough to break through his guilt.

Walking into his room he glanced over at his books and, seeing his first book on witchcraft, the one Martinique had recommended that day at the beginning of the summer, he thought he remembered reading something that might help. Flipping through the pages he skimmed over the explanations and spells until he hit the one he was remembering. It was a spell to give the caster inspiration and Stiles thought it was worth trying. Getting out his candle, a bell he picked up in Frisco, and set down an empty glass jar. Reaching for his cache of supplies, he added Anise to the jar to ‘raise vibrations to the highest psychic level’ and ‘to refocus for meditation’. Next he added Allspice while thinking about Derek to bring luck or success to his spell. Bergamot brought luck through intuition and he needed all he could get. He next added Cinnamon as a catalyst for clairvoyance as was the Eyebright. Finally he added Sandalwood to heighten spiritual vibrations and stimulate clairvoyance. Once they were all together, Stiles inhaled deeply from the jar, allowing the scents to flow through him as he lit the candle and rang the bell.

He focused on his need. ‘How to free Derek’ he narrowed his thoughts until that was the only one he heard, over and over again, as he sat and waited for something, anything to happen. He recounted the spell’s instructions to be open to how the magic answered the question but nothing was really happening. After thirty minutes he finally opened his eyes with a heavy sigh. Blowing out the candle he stood up and slumped as he realized he had absolutely no idea what to do next. Walking to the door he stumbled and fell against his desk knocking one of his books to the floor.

Groaning he debated leaving it and getting food but it was one of his good books so he turned around and reached for it just as he realized that it was his Necromancy book and that it had landed so that it opened to a page about two-thirds of the way to the back. Reaching down to pick up the book Stiles saw the spell that was listed on the open page and his eyes widened in shock. Sitting down he read through the instructions several times before looking up knowing that he found his inspiration. “Well shit” he muttered.

Boyd walked into the clearing and saw Erica, Lydia, and Allison all standing there looking wrung out. He frowned when he saw the signs of tears on Erica’s face and he started forward just as he heard a growl and he started to turn just as Scott, in full beta shift, attacked. Boyd tossed him aside but suddenly it was a pile on with Isaac and Jackson both joining in on the attack. Boyd was strong, probably stronger physically than anyone other than Derek, but it was three against one and he was trying to figure out what was going on while protecting himself. He yelled for Erica and the blonde came flying towards the melee. The odds were about to change he thought just as the she-wolf hit the back of his knees driving him to the ground.
“Erica?” he called out but then Scott was on him and they were struggling, hands locked together as Scott pushed against the beta and Boyd shifted and felt his eyes flash just as Scott’s strength started increasing. He was getting stronger! Boyd glared at the other teen in surprise, he was also shifted, and for the briefest moments Scott’s golden eyes flashed red and Boyd went crashing down to his knees. Scott kicked and Boyd rolled over and landed on his back.

“Coinnigh go tapa iad!” Lydia yelled and there was a flash of light that blinded him before Boyd felt ropes suddenly tying him up. Struggling against it, when he was finally able to see again he realized that he was tied up with glowing ropes. Allison was circling him and putting something on the ground…mountain ash! Boyd strained and jerked at the ‘ropes’ and they stretched but he couldn’t break them and then Allison was done and she jumped back when his struggling paid off and he finally broke free. Jumping up he looked around him at the group and growled at the group as they stared at him.

“Are you sure about this?” Erica asked Lydia desperately. What is ‘this’ Boyd thought looking at them but before he could ask, Lydia answered.

“Test him. If he reacts, you will have your answer” she suggests and Boyd watches as Erica steps over to him very carefully.

“Boyd. I’m sorry about all of this but we discovered that the Darach is in the school and has cast spells on the pack” she tells him.

“What spells? Do you know who it is? Then call Derek!” he tells her totally confused about all of this.

“It’s Ms. Blake” Erica says and watches as the Beta’s face twists in anger and his eyes flash at her.

“You stupid girl” Boyd growls and Erica rears back at the hateful venom in the quiet beta’s voice. “Are you so insecure about your looks that you have to attack every other woman who was attractive on her own, without magical help?” Boyd snaps.

Erica whimpers at the anger in the beta’s glowing eyes just as she feels Allison’s hand on her back. “It’s the spell Erica, not him” she whispers to the trembling blonde.

“Boyd!” Isaac yells and the beta turns to face the curly-haired beta just as Isaac blows his handful of powder right into the beta’s face sending him into a coughing fit. “Okay. Allie, Scott, Lydia, Jackson” Isaac says as he nods at the others.

“Boyd, the reason why I won’t join Derek’s pack is because of you, not Derek” Scott says looking sad. “I don’t want you as a packmate” he says and looks at Allison who nods in agreement.

“What I don’t get is why Erica even stayed around you. I mean you couldn’t protect her, you let Gerard torture her. You can’t be depended on to help anyone” she says as she turns and leaves the clearing, Scott walking beside her.

“You were a loser before, you are a loser now” Jackson huffs and Lydia just looks at the beta like he is a bug on her shoe.

“I’m done wasting my time on him” Lydia says as she takes Jackson’s arm in hers and follows Scott and Allison.

Boyd looks at Isaac and Erica, hurt and humiliation clearly written on the beta’s face as he silently begs them, his packmates, to stand with him. Derek promised! He wasn’t going to be alone anymore.
“I begged Derek not to give you the bite” Isaac said shaking his head and the words pounded in Boyd’s ears. “I knew you weren’t worth it. You would be this guy that nobody wanted around and we would have to put up with you. I mean you just stood there as Erica and Stiles, weak human Stiles, were beaten and tortured by an old man” Isaac turned his back on the beta and prayed that he couldn’t smell the tears that were running down the teen’s face. “You failed the pack Boyd. Just like you failed your sister. You are done. Leave Beacon Hills and never return” he said and walked after the others.

Boyd was shaking, he was holding it in, but just barely. Isaac was…he thought he was a friend. He thought he might even be like a brother to the other beta as they worked together. Sure they weren’t there yet, but they were making progress, but the other beta had brutally cut Boyd down. Desperate he turned to Erica, his Erica, who was crying as she looked at him. “Erica? Please” he whispered.

“I need someone I can trust, someone I can rely on, someone who cares and you are none of those things” she says as the tears pour down her face. Boyd can’t breathe.

“Erica” he pleads but she turns her back to him and takes several steps before pausing.

“No one wants you” she whispers but he hears it and it is like a knife to his heart and he roars out his pain. He collapses to the ground as he sees that she didn’t wait, but left. He is alone. They all left him. Curling up on the ground he hugs himself into a ball, desperate to run away but they left him here in the mountain ash and he can’t even do that.

“Boyd?” Allison’s voice surprises him and he strains as he looks up and sees the girl walking carefully towards him. “Boyd…Blake is the Darach” she says as she sits on the ground in front of him.

Staring at her he just looks, not saying anything. “Boyd. Did you hear me? Ms. Blake, our teacher, the woman who is dating Derek, is the Darach. How does that make you feel?” she asks gently.

Boyd stares at her but just shrugs. “That doesn’t make sense” he finally mutters and watches as the hunter relaxes.

“He’s free!” she calls out and Boyd turns as he hears them. All of them coming running back into the clearing, Erica and Isaac both looking wrecked. “Boyd, I need you to listen. Blake had you under her spell, she was controlling your mind.” Allison goes on to explain everything about the spell and how they had to break it. He was struggling but as with Jackson and Erica, getting him to remember her scent was the trigger. Allison wasn’t surprised that Boyd managed to control his reaction enough to not hurl.

Once he remembered that smell, he stood up as Allison broke the ash line. Boyd barely had the chance to move before he was slammed into by Erica and Isaac, both of them crying apologies as they held on to him with all their werewolf strength. He finally managed to free himself when he was surrounded by the others, each of them taking time to not only hug, but to scent mark the big wolf in an attempt to reassure him of their care.

“So what was my trigger?” Boyd finally asked after Erica, with help from Lydia and Allison, explained the whole process Stiles had figured out to free the pack.

They all looked guilty but it was Erica who finally answered. “Loneliness. You needed the pack and Stiles told us that if we took it away from you, if Isaac was the cruel one, that it should be almost enough” she said quietly.

“Almost enough?” he asks her, ignoring everyone else.
“He told Lydia that I had to be the one who was the last to leave you because it would be the most painful” she whimpered. “He said it was because you…you might feel about me the way I feel about you” she finished looking very vulnerable as she looked into his dark brown eyes.

Boyd inhaled the she-wolf’s scent and detected the fear and the shame, he could hear her heart pounding loudly and under it all he smelled…arousal? He looked at her and raised an eyebrow and saw her nod gently. Reaching out slowly, to give her plenty of time to pull back or give him any kind of signal to stop, he brought his hand to rest along her cheek. Feeling her lean to his touch, Boyd pulls gently as he moves forward until their lips meet in the most feather-light touches before he hears her sigh and her shoulders drop as she moves into him. Tucking her into his chest, Boyd inhales at her temple and feels the sigh of contentment come from her.

“Finally!” Isaac breathes out before yelping as Lydia and Allison both smack him on the back of the head.

There are a few minutes of quiet as everyone takes a bit of time to recover from the fact that they were all, save Allison, under the Darach’s spell and now they are free. “Okay, here’s the plan” Allison begins and lays down everything that they are planning. She gives Erica and Boyd the charms to protect them from being re-spelled by Blake and they are about to break up when her phone rings. Seeing Stiles’ name, she hits the speaker button. “Stiles, we freed Erica and Boyd” she tells him.

“That’s great” Stiles sounds really distracted. “Look, change of plans, I need the pack to push the training back to eight pm instead of after school and to have it at the Hale House not the loft. Can the trio see if they can make it happen? I need more time to prepare” he rambles for a bit.

Allison looks around at the group but they all nod and she confirms that they will do so. Stiles hangs up without saying goodbye causing several raised eyebrows. “Okay, new plan. Anyone have an idea of how we can arrange that?” she asks them.

Chapter End Notes

“Coinnigh go tapa iad!” – Keep/Hold them fast

Okay, now that we have Erica and Boyd freed, guess who is next? Of course it won't be as simple with Derek because it never is. Also we have our Darach getting suspicious. Coming up next chapter (On Saturday) will be the pack trying to deal with Derek and Peter.
Hey all! Things are coming to a head for the pack and the gang implements their plan to free Derek and Peter. The pack discovers something Stiles has been hiding! Enjoy!

Stiles parks his jeep and gets out, walking into the Beacon Hills cemetery and he heads for a very familiar gravestone. Walking up to his mother’s grave, he sets the daisies he brought for her down next to her marker. “Hi mom. I really miss you and wish I could tell you about everything going on but I am really short on time if I am going to free my friends and pack. I know you are watching so you probably know all of this but I just wanted to say I love you.” Stiles stands back up and gently caresses the stone before he walks off.

Walking to the oldest section of the cemetery he walks around till he spots the monument he is looking for and he walks up to it. Looking around he confirms that he is alone and that no one is anywhere nearby, he can sense three people but they are in the newest part of the park, but just in case he angles himself so that anyone who looks over will only see him standing here respectfully. Looking at the markers he confirms the names he had listed before he recites the spell from his book. After he calls out each name on his list he pauses and when he feels the slight tremor in response, he activates his earth sigil and pulls, drawing the item through the ground, up from the graves, to break free on the surface. After a few minutes he has a small pile of seven bones gathered together. Reaching down, Stiles respectfully puts them in the small box he brought before he concentrates on the grass to encourage it to grow over the holes he just dug.

Getting back into his jeep, Stiles heads for Kelsey’s and picks up the phone. “Hey Stiles, I got your message and I had to bump a paying customer, so this better be important” Kelsey halfheartedly teases.

“It’s really is Kels” Stiles assures her. Hanging up he speeds up as he drives out of town. He had decided not to portal there to save his strength but the clock was running down and the one thing he couldn’t determine was how long it would take Blake to figure out that the pack was free and what she would do when she did.

“He said what?” Derek asked Isaac after the teen walked into the loft.

“Scott said he and Jackson both wanted to train with us and Allison said she was willing to show us some of the tricks that Hunters use so we can practice fighting against them” Isaac told the Alpha who was staring at them looking off balanced.

“Allison said that if we knew their methods, we would be better prepared” Erica said looking bored. “I’ll admit I still have some trust issues, but I like the idea of learning how to protect myself” she adds with a look at Boyd.

“And they are not here because?” Derek prompts his betas.
“Allison said she was busy with something until later. Suggested we meet at eight to train if it was okay with you. Jackson said if we met then he could also come” Boyd contributed.

Derek stood there, arms crossed, as he processed all of this. He had been trying to get Scott and Jackson to be more connected with the pack but while they had showed up on occasion, he had never managed to get everyone together at one time. Let alone with the option of Allison offering to help them prepare to protect themselves from Hunters. Definitely seemed like a win-win scenario “Okay” Derek finally tells them. “Let the others know and we can meet here.”

“That’s the other thing” Isaac said looking slightly guilty. “Allison suggested that we meet at the Hale House. She didn’t say why.”

Derek frowned but Erica snorted. He looked at the blonde and she laughed. “Maybe she didn’t tell you, but I heard her tell Lydia that she was going to booby trap the woods for us” Erica told them and saw the surprised looks on the three men’s faces. “I think Lydia was going to help her set some of the traps. At least that’s what I guessed when I saw the evil look on Lydia’s face when she glanced at Jackson” she chuckled.

Derek raised his eyebrows and thought that it might actually work. “Okay, let them know we will meet at the house at eight” he agreed. Isaac pulled out his phone and started texting while Boyd and Erica moved over to the window and Derek got a small smile as he saw how close the two of them were standing. Did one of them finally make a move he wondered?

Stiles leaves Kelsey’s shop and tries to sit up in his seat so that he doesn’t rub his back any more than he has to in order to avoid irritating his new tattoo. After reading his books several times, he realized that if he wanted this particular spell to work, he was going to have to make a rather permanent commitment that, once done, could not be undone. Strangely enough he was able to find the perfect location for the new tattoo and Kelsey had added it to his tree, blending it perfectly like it had always meant to be there. Stiles decided that he definitely did not want to consider the possibility that he was always planning this. No tonight at least, but he realized it would probably be soon, assuming he survived this.

Dialing his phone he waited till the other voice answered. “I need a favor. I need you to get Doc Deaton out of his office and keep him out for twenty minutes, tops. I am twenty minutes out from the clinic” Stiles said quickly.

“Stiles” his father said with a sigh. “Do I want to know what you are going to do?” Noah asked even knowing he shouldn’t.

“Just a little B&E, light theft, nothing major” Stiles quips and smiles at the expression he is sure on his dad’s face. “It really important dad, I wouldn’t ask otherwise.”

Noah took a deep breath and agreed, extracting a promise for answers later before hanging up. Stiles continued to the clinic but stopped far enough back that he could watch the clinic unnoticed. He was lucky, he only had to wait about five minutes before Deaton came out, locked up, and drove off. Moving quickly, Stiles drove around back and parked at the rear of the clinic. Reaching for the key that he knew was hidden, Stiles paused and allowed his mind to relax and once ready he opened his eyes “Dangos i mi yn wir” he chanted and glanced at the door. Stiles saw several runes and markings appear, the protections that Deaton had put on the place. He smiled as he recognized them and opened the door.
Walking in Stiles glanced around for any more magic and saw that most of the protections on the place were against werewolves and other supernatural beings, not other magic users, but he wasn’t going to take any major risks. Heading for the cabinet where he knew the doc kept his supplies, Stiles was relieved to see that there were no additional traps or protections there. Opening the door of the cabinet he smiled as he saw the jars and bags in front of him and he started looking for what he needed.

First he grabbed a jar of dried Rowan berries. Rowan was powerful on its own and the berries are known to give one sway over spirits. Searching he yelps in surprise when he sees the candles labeled Mullein, jackpot! Mullein candles will help in the seeing of spirits and communicating with them. He wonders why the doc has them since they are used mostly by necromancers but since they appear to be a bit old, so maybe he's had them for a while. Stiles spots the jar of Dittany of Crete and almost fist pumps in excitement, the stuff is awesome and Stiles was sure that he was going to have to find an alternative for it as it was one of the best herbs to help spirits appear.

If his luck holds, Stiles will be able to get everything he needs here in one stop! Glancing around the jars he passes over most of them before he stops again at a bag labeled ‘Yew’. Opening it up he finds leaves and branches from the tree and he smiles wildly. Yew is often called the ‘Tree of Death’ so Stiles adds it to his backpack with the other ingredients. Finally he spots the jar of Mugwort and adds it to his pack before closing the cabinet and hoping that the vet won’t need anything in the next few days.

Leaving the clinic he relocks it before getting in and driving back to the house. He has about two hours before he needs to meet the others. Looking at his phone he opens his contacts and hits ‘call’.

“Allie? We good? Really? Okay. Look I need Lydia to meet me at the my house, can you let her know? Jackson and Scott can help you with the final prep. Thanks” he hangs up and takes a deep breath. This was going to be rough.

“Hello” Alan Deaton said politely to the deputy as he walked into the station. The Sheriff had called and asked if he could come in to help them out and despite the oddness of the request, it had been a rather slow day so the vet was able to close up and come right over. “The Sheriff called me to come in” he said with a smile.

“Sure thing doc” Andy said easily and stepped into the main area just as Tara stepped forward.

“I can take you back” she says to Alan and nods at Murray who smiles at them. “Thanks for coming Doctor Deaton” Tara says as they walk back to the Sheriff’s personal office. Walking in they see the Sheriff pacing by his desk and he looks up and nods at them.

“Thanks for coming doc, have a seat” Noah said as he sat down. “Deputy Graeme and I were talking and we want to do some renovations for the station and we wanted to see if you could advise us.”

“Sheriff, I’m not sure how I can help you with that. I am not a contractor” Alan responds genuinely confused at the question.

“I was hoping that you could refer the person who built your front counter” Noah says with a smile. “You know, the one made of rowan wood to keep out werewolves?”

Alan never lost his poker face, the Sheriff would have to give him that, he just raised a rather judgmental eyebrow and looked at the two of them. “Werewolves?” he asks, his voice managing to convey both pity and disbelief exceptionally well. The sheriff figured that he wouldn’t give an inch
more than he had to based upon Stiles’ rather colorful descriptions of their interactions. “Sheriff I am not sure that I am the person you should be talking to about this” he says never flinching.

“My apologies” Noah said smiling. “Obviously I was mistaken. I was under the impression that as the local Druid, as well as being the former Emissary of the Hale pack, this was one of your areas of expertise.” Noah smiled as the vet blinked and sighed.

“Stiles told you” Alan said looking at the man with a resigned look. “I am guessing he told you…?” he raised his eyebrows.

“Everything” Tara says with a smile. “Right Sheriff?” she asks her boss and he nods in agreement causing the vet to take another glance at the man. “I mean what he didn’t, Argent filled in when we brought him in” she added.

Deaton looked at the deputy with an extremely interested look. “So Mr. Argent knows you know” he muses.

“Well, telling him that if tried pulling his ‘hunting crap’ in my town without following the code so close that no one would have any doubt of his adherence, that I would personally put him and his merry band in a hole so deep that he would never come out of it counts, then yes, he knows” Noah says and Alan’s eyes widen, impressed at the man. “He is providing those of my deputies who are in the know with the appropriate weapons and ammo however after the Kanima attacked the station, we feel some defenses here are warranted as well. Don’t you?” he asks and Alan smiles.

“This is definitely new” Alan admits looking at them. “You son is going to make things interesting around here. I am only sorry he didn’t have the magical gifts to be a druid” he sighs genuinely disappointed. The teen was smart, resourceful, and… “you are distracting me aren’t you?” he asks knowingly.

The Sheriff smiles. “He said he needed to do some shopping among your supplies. I didn’t ask for details” Noah admits. Alan shakes his head.

“It was hardly necessary, I am happy to help out. I will speak with him about that later. But you wanted to discuss some ideas for protections?” he asks leaning forward and seeing both of the officers smile and Tara pulled up a chair to sit beside him. They started writing down thoughts and ideas.

Stiles pulls up to his house and sees Lydia standing on the porch looking annoyed. Jumping out he grabs the box and his supplies and heads for the door. “I am assuming that this is important?” she asks sharply.

Walking in the house, Stiles nods as he leads her into the kitchen. “I need to make an ink for tonight and I need your help” he tells her. Putting down the box on the table, Stiles moves to the kitchen and starts unloading the stuff from the clinic next to the supplies he had already set up before his errands.

“What is all of this?” she demands suspiciously.

“I robbed Deaton’s supply cabinet” Stiles says with a smirk. “I figured he would have what we needed. Okay, we have to make three things: one a very special ink that needs time to brew, a special mix of herbs to burn as incense, and a special tea that we will be drinking.”

Lydia looks intrigued, but she doesn’t say anything which Stiles counts as a win. Pulling out his
book, he turns to the recipe for the ink and pulls out a pot. “Okay, I am going to start here” he mutters and starts adding ingredients. He reaches for his dad’s bottle of whiskey and whispers an apology to the spirits of alcohol, snort…spirits...Stiles laughs having amused himself, and pours it in the pot. He asks Lydia for each ingredient, preparing them before adding them to the pot, until he has all but the final three items.

“Next we add gravedirt” he mutters as he pulls out the jar of dirt he collected at the cemetery earlier and puts in a scoop. “Then…the hair of a Banshee” he says turning to the redhead with a guilty look.

“I’m sorry” Lydia’s tone is frosty “I am certain I did not hear you correctly.” Her glare pretty much promises death.

“Lydia, it’s necessary. You are a banshee, and Banshees are closely associated with spirits and death and when Peter used you in his ritual, you were also…altered” he tells her.

Eyes blazing, Lydia grabs his hand “Altered how?” she whispers and Stiles can see the mix of fear and anger behind the question.

Taking a deep breath he tried to sound reassuring “you pierced the veil between the living and the dead. That leaves a mark. Because a banshee is supposed to herald death, but Peter used that power to instead reverse death, so now you have an aura of death. Necromancers call those who have been affected like you Ángixe to thánato or ‘touched by death’. It means that your abilities will be much stronger than a regular banshee, but it also means that you will draw death to you wherever you go” he says gently.

“So Peter Hale turned me into a some kind of DEATH MAGNET?” she demanded shrilly.

“Kinda. As a banshee you would always be drawn to death, especially to those facing death. But as a ‘touched’ you are not just drawn to death, it is drawn to you. You should probably avoid haunted houses” he suggests with a smirk that fades when she turns and slugs his arm.

“How much hair?” she asks in a very dangerous voice. Stiles holds up his fingers to show about an inch as he hands her a pair of scissors. Lydia glares as she grasps her hair, but she cuts the amount he needs and Stiles add it to the bubbling mixture.

“You said three ingredients? What’s left?” she asks looking at the thick black mixture.

“Blood. But that will have to wait till we get Derek and Peter for it, but it isn’t a problem, we can add it to mix once we get there” Stiles assures her. “Now the incense.”

Stiles and Lydia spend the next few minutes chopping, crushing, and grinding items into a powder that looks significantly different from the one they used to break the Darach’s spell. “How are you going to make this into a cone or stick?” Lydia asks curiously looking at the large pile of powder.

“We don’t have time for that. Instead we are going to use the easy way. I picked up some bamboo charcoal for the incense and we will light it up and sprinkle the herbs on the coals, releasing the scents” Stiles explains.

Lydia nods and pauses for a moment. “You know…I think my mom has an antique incense burner at the house. She bought it at some charity auction, why I don’t know, but it’s one of those that hangs on a chain so you can swing it around. Would that work?” Lydia asks.

Stiles looks at her with a blinding smile. “That would be perfect! I could kiss you!” he says happily.

“Oh…no” Lydia says looking at him sharply.
“Spoilsport” Stiles says with an easy look that surprises Lydia. He turns back to finishing the mix completely unaffected by her dismissal. Not even a flicker of hurt or sadness.

Lydia narrows her eyes and stares at the happy teen. “You like someone!” Lydia accuses and smiles when she sees the startled reaction from the teen. “Don’t even try to deny it. You do! Who?” she says with a look of delight.

“I am not talking about this, especially not tonight. Besides, you know that I only have eyes for your perfection” he says with a sappy look.

“No…you don’t, not anymore” she smirks at the rather panicked look on his face and decides to delay this particular confrontation. "I will let it go for now, but we will be discussing this later. You have found someone new, someone you are not trailing after like you did with me which probably means you are actually nervous about it” she ponders and Stiles reacts just enough that she recognizes it. He has got it bad!

“We need to make the tea next. It will help all four of us tonight” he says and Lydia frowns.

“Four of us? Which four?” she asks.

“You, me, Peter, and Derek” Stiles answers. He then proceeds to explain exactly what his plan is for the night and how they are going to free the Hales. Lydia, ashen faced, stares at Stiles in something close to fear or shock, he isn’t exactly sure which.

“Can you really do this?” she whispers. "Should you?"

Stiles looks uncertain. “I don’t know” he finally answers.

Stiles pulls up to the Hale house about twenty minutes before the ‘official’ training time. They had stopped by Lydia’s house to get the censer, the official name, to burn the incense so they were almost ready to go. Allison, Jackson, and Scott were already there and Stiles and Lydia watched briefly as Allison directed the three wolves finished setting up the field according to her instructions. Lydia and Stiles headed to the house and slipped down to the basement.

“This is not a place I ever wanted to be” Lydia says, distinctly unhappy.

“I’m sorry Lyds, but I need to see if they are here” Stiles says as they walk into the scorched basement, soot and smoke damage still clearly visible on the walls and floors. Stiles sits down and slips into his meditative state as Lydia sits across from him. After a moment he reaches out and they clasp hands and Stiles reaches out with his senses…but nothing. He tries for several minutes before he gives up. “It’s not here either” he says sadly.

“Maybe nothing survived the fire” Lydia suggests but Stiles shakes his head. He knows something did, and he is pretty sure of what he is sensing so they must have made it, but that means he will need either Derek or Peter to cooperate. Stiles knew that this whole effort was going to be the hardest thing he had attempted so far and he figured he only had a 10-15% chance of success, but if even one of them responded, it might be enough.

Stiles and Lydia headed back upstairs where they saw that the others had gathered in the yard and he
notices that they are looking at each other, worry clear on their faces. Putting on a reassuring smile, he and Lydia walk out to join them, Lydia going to stand beside Jackson as the four of them all turn to Stiles in expectation. “Okay, Lydia and I are almost prepared for tonight, but here’s the deal. Right now, we need to trap Derek and Peter in mountain ash in the yard. Once they are secure, Lydia and I will need to do some stuff because we need to do something different for Derek. I know this will be hard, but once we are ready, I need all of you, and the trio, to leave” Stiles finishes and waits for the reactions.

“Wait! You want us to leave you two here? With them? No way!” Allison barks and Stiles sees that both Jackson and Scott are in full agreement with the huntress.

“Guys, I couldn’t find Peter’s key and Derek will not react like you all did. I can’t free him that way and what I need to do…he doesn’t deserve to have witnesses. If I could, Lydia and I wouldn’t be here but we have to be” Stiles says carefully.

“Wait a second. Everyone heard our fears and doubts, why is this any different?” Jackson demands.

“You don’t want to be here” Lydia whispers and they turn and see the look of fear and apprehension on the girl’s face. “I don’t want to be there but I don’t have a choice. The more of us that are there, the less likely Stiles’ spell will work.”

The other three look conflicted but Stiles can see that they are about to agree when they hear the familiar roar of the Camaro. The sleek black car pulls in and parks next to Jackson’s Porsche and Stiles’ jeep. Derek, Erica, Isaac, and Boyd all climb out of the car and Stiles watches as Derek spots him and Lydia and he looks momentarily confused at their presence. Stiles notices that he is wearing a tank top that really shows off his arms and shoulders along with some rather tight jeans that cause him to squeak.

He glances over to see Lydia staring at him thoughtfully. Nope. Not dealing with this. Standing up he heads to the rest of the group. “Is Peter coming?” Stiles asks casually.

“Who knows” Derek sighs. “I told him to but that only means we have an even chance. He listens about as well as you do” he says looking at Stiles who manages to look offended at the comment. “Allison, would you like to start?” he offers with just a hint of trepidation.

“Thanks Derek” she says with an easy smile. Turning the group she nods at them “I have set up something that should be quite a surprise. When hunters attack, they will often target the Alpha as a priority target” she explains. “Taking out the Alpha means that the pack becomes destabilized. While the Alpha is a pack’s strongest weapon, they are also the most vulnerable weakness because a pack is lost without them. So for this exercise, your job is to protect Derek.”

The betas, Scott and Jackson, all surround Derek in a circle with Erica and Boyd at his back, Jackson and Scott at his sides, and Isaac out front. Derek frowns at the deployment of the wolves and he glances at Allison to see if she is going to say anything. She doesn’t.

“The other thing to remember is that hunters are not going to engage you hand to hand, that is a last resort and it means that everything else has failed. Hunters prefer to use long distance weapons and tools designed to mess with your senses. Be prepared” she warns seconds before a siren wails causing them to clap their ears at the jarring noise. Seconds later several loud explosions go off with bright flashes of light and there is the sound of something launching. Derek looks up and sees a few dozen balls arcing towards them. “Move!” he yells and starts to run only to crash into Jackson who has dropped into Derek’s path with a loud groan.

Derek pauses at the beta’s distress just as he feels claws hit his leg and he falls forward rolling as he...
snaps up with a snarl and sees Erica, claws red and dripping leaping for him. He grabs her and tosses her to the side about to demand answers when Boyd crashes into him sending him stumbling. “Stop!” he yells but Isaac and Scott leap at him both of them aiming for his head and stomach. Derek blocks Scott’s punch and shifts them around so that the beta’s body takes the hit Isaac throws instead of him.

“Teamwork!” Allison calls out with a happy smile as Derek’s legs are kicked out from under him by Jackson, sending him crashing to the ground. Erica leaps at him but Derek kicks up and sends the girl flying to crash into Boyd who was running in for another attempted hit. Derek jumps up and glances around and sees Allison circling the fighting wolves shouting instructions while Stiles and Lydia are both watching seemingly unconcerned. That's when it clicks, Allison set this all up so they could try and fight an Alpha as a pack.

Nodding in agreement with the idea, he turns and jumps several feet landing right next to where Isaac is getting up as he grabs the blonde beta and picking him up he tosses him to a tree as the teen grunts. “High Low” Jackson yells as he launches at Derek’s head while Scott goes for his legs. Derek manages to dodge Jackson, but Scott manages to get a good hit in and Derek goes down. He manages to kick Scott off but it is a short reprieve as Boyd lands hard on him. The next few seconds sees the rest of the pack launching at him, Scott pinning his left arm, Erica his right while Jackson holds down the left leg and Isaac the right. Boyd presses down on Derek’s shoulders and they seem happy so Derek let them have a moment of victory before he roars and shoves with all of his strength throwing all five of the wolves off of him.

“You got cocky” Derek said as he started to sit up and saw Stiles walking around him towards his feet, something falling from his hands.

“Or they were just a distraction” Lydia says with a chuckle as Derek turns and sees the redhead circling him, dropping…mountain ash! Derek springs forward but it’s too late. Stiles tosses his handful of his ash and the circle is now complete. Derek hits the field and is pushed back with a flash of blue and he stands up and looks carefully around him. He is well and truly trapped.

“That was unexpected” he admits. “Okay, undo it and we can try again.” The pack all look at him for a second before looking, as one, towards Stiles.

“Sorry Derek, but that’s not gonna happen” Stiles says sounding guilty. “There are other plans for tonight.” He turns to the rest of the pack “has there been any sign of Peter?” he asks but everyone shakes their head. “Boyd, Jackson, try and find him and bring him back here. Tied up if necessary” he instructs them and they both nod and run off.

“Stiles…what the hell is going on?” Derek growls rapidly feeling that he is losing control of this entire situation. Why is everyone suddenly looking to Stiles and following his orders?

Stiles looks back at the Alpha and takes a deep breath. “I am going to have to ask you to wait a bit longer for that explanation Derek. I need you to trust me that this is necessary. For the pack, for all of us.”

Derek glares but he can see the Alpha’s nostrils flaring. He stares at Stiles for a long time before looking around at the others one by one before coming back to Stiles. He heard the teens steady heartbeat and while the others reek of nerves, Stiles is more...determined. Finally he lowers his arms. “Fine” he concedes and Stiles feels a rush of relief. “I trust you.” Stiles heart soars and he is pretty sure every one of the wolves heard it but he can’t help but smile. Derek sniffs and finally recognizes the smell that’s been hovering at the edge of his senses. “If you tell me why are you bleeding?” Derek suddenly asks surprising everyone. Everyone turns to stare at Stiles.
“You shouldn’t be able to smell that” Stiles mutters looking concerned. His concealment tattoo should have blocked the pack’s senses but Derek has somehow detected his bandages. “It’s a tattoo” he admits and sees several shocked expressions from the ones who haven’t seen them yet. Derek’s eyes just narrow.

“Show me” Derek demands in an even voice, never breaking eye contact.

Stiles hesitates. He really isn’t ready for this, not with what he still has to do tonight. But looking at the Alpha who is calm and not fighting them despite being trapped by humans, a hunter, and a pack that has apparently betrayed him, Stiles realizes that he needs to show some trust as well. Sighing in resignation, Stiles starts to unbutton his shirt, and manages to ignore the cat calls coming from Erica. Tossing off his plaid overshirt, he reaches for his t-shirt and lifts it off, trying not to feel self-conscious about being shirtless around the carved statues of wolviehood. Stiles turns around to show his back to Derek and reaching back he pulls off the small bandage.

“There’s nothing there” Erica says disappointedly. “Is it really small or something?” she asks. Stiles just chuckles and focuses on the eye tattoo. He really should have practiced better and he might be able to only reveal some of them but he hasn’t managed to do that yet so as he cancels the tattoo’s effect and the tree on his back appears, covering from his shoulders to his waist, magical symbols wrapped in the branches and leaves and there, in the center of the trunk of the tree is his new tattoo. The Hale Triskelion.

“Holy shit!” Isaac yelps and Stiles hears several others mutter similarly. Taking a breath he turns around and sees eyes widen further as they see the tattoos on his heart and both arms.


“Friend of mine. Summer. Long story, later, promise” Stiles tells Scott.

The air is pierced by Erica’s squeal. “Oh my god you have a wolf on the back of your neck!” she screams pointing at the black wolf. “What the hell?” she jumps back as the wolf moves around to walk across his chest to lay down over Stiles’ heart.

“Oh him. Yeah. Longer story” Stiles snorts but hesitantly looks back at Derek who is watching him with an unreadable expression.

“Impressive” Stiles spins around and sees Peter walk out of the woods and everyone jumps. “While I am fascinated both by the view and the untold story of your new…decorations, I am slightly more concerned about why my nephew is trapped in an ash circle.”

“Coinnigh go tapa iad!” Lydia yells as she tosses her last rock at the beta. Peter looks surprised at her shout but that is nothing compared to his reaction when the magical ropes suddenly wrap around him. He falls to the ground struggling but Stiles moves and quickly circles the beta in his own ash circle.

“Nicely done” Stiles compliments the redhead just as Peter breaks free. He slowly rises to his feet, staring at the circle in disdain before glaring at Stiles in disappointment.

“Really? And what is your plan for all of this?” he asks the teen.

“You and Derek are under the control of the Darach” Stiles tells the two older werewolves. They both look at him in surprise before looking at the teen in disbelief.

“And how exactly have you come to that conclusion?” Peter asks. Stiles only shakes his head and
goes to his bag and pulls out the supplies that he and Lydia had made this afternoon. Walking over to Derek he touches the small pouch of herbs and summons a small flame causing the bag to catch fire, burning the herbs inside. Tossing the bag at the Alpha’s feet he looks at the suddenly shocked Alpha.  

“Sorry but I hope you understand that this really is necessary” Stiles says just as Derek starts to choke. He blinks but the smoke is too thick and he falls to the ground, dizzy and disoriented. He lasts a few more moments before he collapses to the ground, unconscious. Stiles waits a bit before pulling out a cup and knife and steps into the circle. He reaches for Derek’s hand, slicing across it as he holds the cut over the cup as the blood drips into it.

“Why isn’t he healing?” Boyd asks as they watch the cut continue to bleed.

“There is a weakened strain of wolfsbane on the blade. Not enough to poison him but it will slow the healing for a bit. Long enough to get enough blood” Stiles explains and then moves Derek’s hand just as the cut finally closes up. Stepping down, Stiles puts out the herb bag and steps outside the ash circle, careful not to break it. He moves over to his bag and grabs another sachet of herbs and looks at Peter with a smile. “Your turn.”

Peter glances over at Derek before raising his hands. “Perhaps we can negotiate?” he offers Stiles. “I’ll let you collect your blood, you don’t…well, do that” he nods towards the unconscious Derek.

Stiles narrows his eyes as the stares at the eldest wolf. “Okay” he finally says and pulls out a second cup and he steps over to the edge of the circle. Tossing the cup, Peter catches it just as Stiles tosses the knife which the wolf also catches. “Do what I did with Derek, one cut till it heals should be good.”

“Stiles?” Lydia sounds nervous. Stiles just smiles, his eyes never leaving Peter’s as the older man performs the bleeding. He smiles once done and waits with the cup in his hand as he smirks oily at the teen.

“Don’t Peter. I will still smoke your happy ass if I have to. Just set it down carefully and then stand back up” Stiles instructs.

Peter smirks at Stiles but he sets down the cup and the knife with exaggerated care and then stands up as he waits for the teen to reach for the items but Stiles just smirks back and gestures. Both the cup and knife raise up about two inches and float across the line before setting back down. Peter’s eyebrows shoot up and his eyes flash just as Stiles, safely outside Peter’s reach, picks up the cup and knife. “Thanks Petey” Stiles smirks and sees the older man nod at the teen’s maneuver.

“You are definitely more than I expected” Peter said admiringly as he watches Stiles walk backs to his supplies and then his breath catches. “You have the triskelion” he says suddenly sounding very angry.

Stiles ignores the werewolf and starts mixing things up. He pours both blood cups into his bowl and then pours in the mixture that he and Lydia had made. Stiles looks up as Boyd and Jackson walk back to join them joining their girlfriends. Stiles nods at Allison who must have called them back.

“Adding the blood to the mix, Stiles nods in satisfaction as there is a brief flash and a plume of black smoke that rises up. Stiles sets the mixture aside and reaches into his bag, pulling out his box and reaching for a paintbrush. Opening the box he starts carefully setting out the bones. Picking up the first fragment, Stiles paints the crescent moon and the triskelion on it before setting it back down.

“What are you doing?” Scott finally asks as they watch Stiles moving in his tasks. Stiles doesn’t respond as he concentrates as he paints the second fragment.
“Where did you get those bones?” Peter whispers, his nostrils flaring.

Stiles looks up at the man and his voice is firm but he notices that the pack all take a step back, even trapped, Peter is dangerous. “The Hale plot in the cemetery. They are from six of the ones who died in the fire plus Laura” Stiles tells the man and sees him blanch before roaring in fury as he flings himself against the barrier.

“You went grave robbing?” Scott’s voice is horrified and Stiles looks at his friend for a moment before he finally nods.

“Yes. And I need you to help me get the final thing we need” Stiles says looking at Scott for a moment before he turns back to the railing Peter. “Where are her claws?” he asks and Peter freezes and his face immediately goes blank as he stares at the teen.

“Whose claws?” he says with a voice empty of emotion.

“I couldn’t find any trace of Talia in the graveyard or the house, but there is a trace of her that is still out there. The claws of an Alpha, especially a powerful one like she was, would be magical artifacts. Her claws survived didn’t they?” he asks the man.

Peter’s eyes are twitching as he stares at the teen, completely ignoring the rest of the pack. “Why should I tell you?” he snarls.

Stiles nods and walks back to his bag. Pulling out his supplies he mixes up his powder and once finished he brings a dose over to the beta and holding up his hand he blows it at Peter’s face causing the man to cough and wave away the residue.

“Really? What was that for” Peter says rolling his eyes. Stiles freezes as he stares at the beta. There is no golden glow. It’s like it didn’t work. But why would it not work. It had worked every time before…”You aren’t under her spell” Stiles reasons out.

“Whose spell?” Peter asks trying to sound bored but failing.

“The Darach. Ms. Blake, the English teacher, is the Darach” Stiles says.

Peter stares for a minute before snorting. “You mean my nephew, our illustrious Alpha, is dating a homicidal killer…again?” he asks looking highly irritated.

Stiles sighs and reaches out with his foot and breaks the ash line. “Yes. She had cast spells on the entire pack to protect her from detection or even being considered a suspect” Stiles says as he walks back to his stuff. He wasn’t prepared when Peter slams into him, hand and claws at his throat before anyone else can react.

“And why should I not tear your throat out for violating my family” Peter growls and the others move forward but Peter squeezes causing Stiles to whimper and they freeze. “Another step and I will gut him” he growls.

“No you won’t” Stiles whispers causing Peter to look back at him in time to see the green fire ignite in the teens eyes. Peter’s eyes widen and his grip lessens a bit before tightening. “The entire pack was under her control and she is killing to gain power. Right now she has Derek under her spell and she might be able to compel all of you using the pack bond” Stiles manages to say around the pressure on his throat.

Peter stares at the teen, looking into those fiery green orbs for any sign of deception or lies but the boy doesn’t blink, tremble, or falter. “I am thinking that I should have bitten you that night my boy”
Peter says stroking his cheek gently.

“Don’t” Stiles says loudly and Peter smirks at the teen.

“You don’t like that?” he almost purrs as he squeezes just a bit on Stiles’ throat.

“I wasn’t speaking to you. I was telling Allison not to kill you, along with the others” Stiles says, his eyes shifting from looking at the elder Hale to over his shoulder. Peter narrows his eyes and slowly turns to look over his shoulder into the arrow currently aimed directly at his heart. He also sees the other packmates, eyes glowing, in their beta forms, all glaring at him.

Peter looks back at the teen and smiles. “It seems we have a standoff. They can’t attack or I will rip out your throat and if I let you go, then they attack. I guess we will have to see how much they want to keep you safe” he suggests.

“Or” Stiles says and places his hand on Peter’s arm and the werewolf blinks as the tattoos on his arm suddenly glow red and flames ignite on his arm causing the wolf to flinch. “My tattoos versus your claws? I am willing to test that, are you willing to burn…again?” Stiles asks in a dangerous voice.

Peter looks at the boy and sees strength there that eerily enough reminds him of his sister. Slowly he opens his hand and lifts his fingers away from the boy’s throat, his claws retracted. “Another time perhaps, maybe without the others?”

Stiles smiles and the fires on his arm suddenly engulf him completely causing Peter to leap backwards. “Anytime Pete. I will be more than happy to send you back to the darkness” Stiles says simply. Another second passes and then the fire goes out leaving him standing there, shirtless and untouched by the flames. “Try that again Peter and you won’t even feel the fires that incinerate you” he warns.

“Stiles!” Scott whimpers in shock.

“Damn” Lydia says admiringly. “I was really hoping for a repeat of yesterday. I doubt Peter would have been much of an effort after you took out the psycho twins. Maybe next time” she says with a disappointed sigh.

“What?” Peter’s voice was strained as he stared at Lydia before turning back to Stiles. “You eliminated the twins?!” Peter suddenly looked a lot less certain as he stared at the gold-brown eyes that were looking at him without blinking.

“He also eliminated Ennis” Allison says and Peter blanches and swallows hard.

“You…you have…” Peter pauses and looks at the teen, reassessing this new information, and realizes that perhaps discretion is a better decision. “Laura put her claws in the vault. I can get them for you” he offers hesitantly.

Stiles nods. “Scott, you and Isaac go with Peter and bring them back. I need them, and Peter, back here by 11:15 at the latest” he tells them. Stiles can sees the questions in his brother’s eyes but he just shakes his head. “Later” he promises and Scott nods and leaves with the other two.

Now? Now Stiles needs to finish preparing. Derek and Peter are going to have to face their family tonight and he only hopes that the Alpha will forgive him for this.
"Coinnigh go tapa iad" = Keep/Hold them fast
“Dangos i mi yn wir” = Show me true

Up next: It's time to meet the family! Derek and Peter are going to finally face their past. And once done, Stiles will have to answer a whole lot of questions. Next update on Wednesday!
Deucalion was getting seriously annoyed by everything that was going wrong in this damn town. He had planned, prepared, and studied carefully before they came here and nothing had showed up that even suggested that dealing with this pack would be that much of a challenge for them, let alone cause the problems they have encountered so far. The boy Alpha was weak and foolish and had barely had the power of an Alpha before they arrived. He had chosen a group of children as his pack and had allowed not one, but two omegas to occupy his territory without submitting to his authority. The boy had also allowed the wretched Argents to occupy the place with their hunters. The only thing the boy had done worthy of note was defeating Argent and possibly causing the old man’s death.

He growled at that thought. Gerard Argent was his to kill! He had betrayed the packs that had come to the treaty table and blinded the eldest werewolf before Deucalion was able to escape the trap the hunter had set. His own beta had betrayed him by attempting to take his power but Deucalion had killed the beta instead and felt the rush of power that was like nothing else. It didn’t take long before he had wiped out his entire pack for the power they represented, leaving him stronger than any werewolf, Alpha or not. Convincing Kali and Ennis, both of whom were betrayed by Argent at that summit to follow his example when they saw the power he had gained by his acts, was easily done and they were quick to duplicate his actions. Kali even killed her Emissary and lover to gain the power of an apex Alpha.

It had taken a few years before Deucalion had pieced it all together and realized that Argent had killed his own men for the ‘justification’ of his attack. The man had spread that story to hunters far and wide who viewed the survivors as the oath-breakers instead of that damned man. He growled again when he remembered Talia Hale’s warning not to trust him and how she would not bring her pack to treaty with Argent.

“What did you find?” he finally asks turning to the calm and distant woman who was waiting for his questions with neither fear nor irritation.

“Ethan had told me of their plan so I provided a distraction to empty the part of the school where they were going to confront him. As soon as I finished, I left for the day but when I returned this morning I discovered that there had been damage done in the area, broken windows and doors and such” she explains calmly.

“There was no sign of them?” he asks already knowing the answer.

“No. The principal thought it was random vandalism, but the signs were there of a struggle. I also checked and Ethan, Aiden, and Mr. Stilinski were all absent from school” she tells him.

“The others?” he asks trying to find some explanation.
“All there. They didn’t seem nervous or worried, but I am not exactly in a position to know their thoughts” she said with a shrug. “I did find something of interest.”

Deucalion looked up at the woman’s serene expression and thought, not for the first time, that taking her offer to serve as his Emissary to spare her pack was perhaps not the best decision he had made. “What did you find?” he finally asks.

“There were signs of druidic magic at the scene of the struggle and wolfsbane plants were all over the area. Plants that were not there yesterday” she adds.

“The vet?” Deucalion ponders.

“No. I would recognize Alan’s magic and it wasn’t him. But I did speak with him and learned something that may be of concern. There have been a number of people killed recently by what appears to have been a ritual method. The police are keeping the details out of the news, but it appears that they were sacrificed using the Three Fold Sacrifice. Alan is almost certain that it is the work of a Darach” she tells the Alpha.

“A dark Druid?” Deucalion muses. He had heard of the Darach of course, but he had never encountered one before. “What would a Darach be doing here?” he asks Morrell.

“That’s the question. Alan doesn’t know its goal, but the sacrifices are to give it power, lots of power and, well a Darach is never a good thing. Beacon Hills has power and to some beings, claiming this place would be a temptation very difficult to resist. With the death of the Hales, the guardians, that power is no longer protected…or at least not as it once was” she finishes.

Deucalion frowns. That was one thing that caused him to hesitate. He was furious with Talia Hale for refusing to help them but the Argents, thrice damned hunters, had destroyed her entire pack in their own den, something that struck even him as deeply wrong. Though the discovery that it was the daughter who had done the deed, Deucalion had never doubted that it was Gerard’s hand behind it all and it was yet another point to be balanced when he finally found the man who had managed to disappear so completely. “Talia Hale was foolish” he muttered and could tell by how the Emissary reacted, though she tried to hide it, that she disagreed. “You disagree?” he said calmly but with the air of danger in his voice.

Marin Morrell looked contemplative before she responded. “Talia Hale was a powerful Alpha, not a fool. She warned you that Argent could not be trusted” she said simply and paused as she observed the slight shift in the tension of the Alpha’s body. “Gerard Argent was driven by hate and anger and the presence of her would probably have been an even greater motivation to attack. He was twisted, cunning, and determined. You were trying for peace, he wanted extermination.” Morrell’s voice was flat, no judgement or valuation in her words, just facts. “But in the end, even she underestimated how dangerous the man was and it cost her everything” Morrell added sadly.

Deucalion frowned. He had accepted the woman as his Emissary for two reasons. One, she was actually rather gifted and while she always sought to minimize any ‘collateral’ damage, she obeyed his instructions. Second, while he would not accept a traditional Emissary like he previous one, he knew the value that they brought in dealing with others. “Did you have Kali check out the scene at the school?” he asked.

Marin hesitated for the first time and Deucalion was quick to catch it. He leaned forward. “She was limited because of the wolfsbane, but she did detect the blood of both Ethan and Aiden at the scene but Stilinski, while his scent was present, there was none of his blood” she finally admitted.

“No blood from the boy” Deucalion muttered. “Why?”
“It is possible that the Darach targeted him or the twins” she suggests and Deucalion looks uncertain. “The Darach sacrifices for power, the power of two Alphas such as them would be substantial. Even the boy’s death would give the Darach power to advance their goal.”

“And what is the goal? Why here and now?” he asks her slowly.

“If the Darach is after the power of the Nemeton, they will be able to draw enormous power from all over the area. The ley lines that merge here extend for hundreds of miles. Normally, a healthy Nemeton would refuse something as corrupt as a Darach, but the Nemeton here is not healthy, not anymore” she adds.

Deucalion frowns. He knows some of this from his earlier life, but magic and mysticism has long passed his attention. “Why not” he finally forces the question out, almost against his will being interested again.

“The Nemeton was centered in a large Oak tree in the preserve but it was poisoned and cut down” she pauses for a moment “by Gerard Argent.” Deucalion snarls as yet another problem is laid at the man’s feet!

Jennifer stepped into the parking lot and smiles when she sees the man pull up and get out of his car. A doctor at Beacon Hills, Jacob Danniger, had moved to the small town nearly thirty years ago and had spent almost his entire medical career serving the people of Beacon Hills. He was perfect for the first of the Healers she would need. Stepping up to his car just as he closed the door, Jennifer cast her spell on the unsuspecting man and he swayed, disoriented and unable to resist. “Get in the back seat and lay down” she told him as she took his keys. Jacob shambled into the car, laying down without complaint. “Sleep” she whispered and he was out like a light.

Smiling she turned back to the hospital and figured that she would try for a second tonight. It was quiet enough and she was getting short on time. Walking in to the Emergency Room she glanced around and saw a rather empty waiting room, surprising her a bit as she looked around. Spotting a nurse sitting at the desk she walked up to the brunette woman and with a twist of her magic, made her arm appear bloody and tore up. “I need some help” she said with a break in her voice, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears.

The nurse looked up and spotted her arm and immediately started moving. “Come with me” she said confidently as she guided Jennifer to one of the exam rooms. “We will get you taken care of, what happened?” she asks staring at the wounds.

“I was going to my car when this animal attacked me. I didn’t get a good view but I think it was a dog” Jennifer says as she sits on the table.

“Mel, you need any help?” a young nurse says walking in to the room.

“Has Dr. Danniger shown up yet?” she asks the other woman who shakes her head. “Okay, we can page Dr. Michaels” she decides and pulls out bandages, swabs, and tape before turning back to face Jennifer.

Jennifer wonders if she should just take the nurses or wait for the other doctor when she spots the woman’s nametag, ‘Melissa McCall’. ‘McCall? Would you happen to be Scott McCall’s mother?’ Jennifer asks innocently.

Melissa smiles that smile that mothers do. “That I am. How do you know Scott?” she asks as she
reaches for a clean set of gloves.

“He’s in my class at school. I teach English” Jennifer says easily. Jennifer is watching when Melissa freezes for a second before glancing up at her.

“Oh. That’s nice” she says but Jennifer sees the fear in her eyes. Narrowing her eyes she casts her spell on the woman but she sees it shatter before it can reach the woman.

Jennifer Blake smiles and her hand shoots out and grabs the nurse’s neck and suddenly she feels a sharp burning in her hand. “Argh” she cries letting go and tossing the woman aside. “You are protected!” she snarls at the woman.

Melissa looks afraid but Jennifer is not expecting the metal tray that the nurse swings, slamming into her head and knocking her into the wall. “Tracy, run!” Melissa yells but Jennifer is faster. If she can’t touch McCall, there is another nurse here. Tracy had frozen in shock and she barely whimpers when Jennifer grabs her throat and twists her around.

“I was going to take you both, but maybe I should just kill this one” Jennifer says looking at Melissa with a smile. “Would you like to watch this little bird lose its wings?” she teases as she presses on the girl causing her to squeak.

“Let her go, please” Melissa begs, hands up to show that she is unarmed.

“Remove your protection, and I will let her live” Jennifer offers and Melissa pauses but then Jennifer tightens her grip causing Tracy to cry out again.

“Oh! Okay” Melissa agrees and lifts off the necklace, placing it on the counter top. “There, I took it off, let her go” she tells the woman.

Jennifer smiles and gestures and Melissa goes flying into the wall behind her, slamming into it and sliding to the floor unconscious. Jennifer turns to the trembling girl beside her. “Now I believe that you were going to call the doctor?” she purrs.

Derek found himself fighting to wake up, the smell of some kind of incense still heavy in his nose, along with the familiar combination of the scents of junk food, Adderall, and body wash that Derek knows equals Stiles. Opening his eyes, he sees that he is laying on the ground and he sits up slowly as he looks around. He spots Stiles, sitting with his back to Derek, hunched over something, with that tree tattoo prominently visible on his back with the Triskelion in the center. Derek watches for a moment before he sees the wolf. The black wolf walks around Stiles’ side to stand at the base of the tree and it turns and stares at Derek. The wolf then turns and runs up his back and down Stiles’ arm.

“What?” Stiles suddenly says looking at his arm. “What do you want? Is Timmy in the well?” he says with a chuckle before he glances over and meets Derek’s eyes. Turning around fully he looks at Derek with a sad smile. “Hey…welcome back” he says carefully.

“You drugged me” Derek growls as he stands up shaking off the last of those fumes.

“Yes” Stiles agrees simply. “I found a recipe for a knockout smoke and added some wolfsbane so it would work on you guys.”

Derek stared at the teen who didn’t look guilty, but at the same time he didn’t exactly look happy or proud either, which Derek would have expected. “Why?”
Stiles sighs and takes a deep breath. Looking at the Alpha he wets his lips before speaking. “I needed some of your blood and I couldn’t take the chance that you would use the opportunity to break the barrier.”

“I said I trust you” Derek reminds him with a slightly strained voice.

“I know. And I hope you still will after tonight, but you are under a spell and I am not sure what it might make you do as I try to free you. It may make you attack us. When we freed the others they all reacted badly, lashing out. I’m afraid that it will be worse with you” Stiles said with a heavy sigh. “I think I figured a way to break it, but…you may never forgive me” he says so quietly that Derek barely hears the words.

“Stiles…what are you going to do?” Derek says feeling a touch of fear among the uncertainty. He has never seen the teen so serious, so still, so…determined.

Stiles looks up but shakes his head. “Peter should be back soon. Once he is and the pack leaves, I will explain it to you. Just wait a little longer, please” Stiles begs.

Derek stares for a moment, staying quiet. Stiles grabs his book and lays it down in front of him, reviewing the spell again. He knows he will have this one chance and he has never tried something like this before but it’s the only thing he can think of to do. Standing up, Stiles grabs the bag of baseball line chalk he picked up earlier and begins laying out the summoning circle and symbols. He uses Derek as one point and creates a second circle for Peter that he lines with more ash, though he doesn’t close that circle. Once done, Stiles begins placing the candles in front of where he and Lydia will be standing.

“Stiles…what is this? What are you doing?” Derek asks as he watched the teen and Derek is feeling the air charged with….something.

“Soon” Stiles promises as he goes and gets the tea and pours it into four mugs. Placing them by the spots for the others he gets the censer out and puts in the bamboo charcoal to start burning. Once it gets hot enough he will add the incense.

“Stiles!” Allison’s voice calls out and Derek looks over as the brunette walks up to them. “Scott called, they are on the way back and they have the claws. Should be here in five.”

“Good. Once Peter is here, have Lydia join us. Tell the rest of the pack I want them to form a protective circle around us, but make sure that they stay outside of normal hearing range. I want them to be watching for anything. We can afford for anything to interrupt” he tells her as he glances at his phone. “Make sure they don’t eavesdrop okay?” he pleads. Twenty minutes to go.

Allison nods gravely before she smiles. “I didn’t just fake our prep Stiles. There are quite a few booby traps out there if we have any uninvited guests. I will also make sure everyone stays away, but after seeing how Lydia reacted, I’m pretty sure no one wants to actually be here” her look is understanding as she glances over at Derek and nods at him before disappearing back to the woods.

Derek stares at Stiles for a moment before he asks. “Stiles…what claws?” he asks slowly and deliberately.

Stiles looks fearful as he looks back at the Alpha. “You mother’s claws” Stiles finally answers and Derek’s nostrils flair and Stiles can see the barely repressed fury. “You might want to wait on the anger until you hear everything” Stiles suggests with a tired voice.

Derek doesn’t respond, he just watches and waits. Stiles finishes his preparations and is standing up
when Peter and Lydia walk up. “Here they are” Peter says holding out the box and Stiles takes it carefully and opens it seeing the five claws, the only remains of Alpha Talia Hale. Carefully he goes over to his supplies and paints the necessary symbols on the box. Standing up he turns to Peter.

“Step into that circle, I will close it once you are in. Lydia, you are over there, close your own circle” he instructs and Lydia moves but Peter hesitates. “Problem?” Stiles asks.

Peter looks at the teen. “Why the ash circle. I said I would help.”

Stiles stares at the older werewolf with a disbelieving look. “One, I don’t trust you to keep your word, especially once things start happening. Second, the barrier doesn’t just keep you in, it will keep others…out. All of us will be in ash circles along with the protections I laid down” Stiles replies with an arched look and waits for the man to make his decision.

“I am not under her spell, why do you need me?” Peter finally asks looking nervous as he glances at Derek.

“You need this. As much as he does Peter” Stiles tells the man. “Get in the damn circle” he says with no anger or heat and Peter just makes a noise and walks over. Stiles closes Peter’s circle before moving to his own and laying out all but one part of the final circle. With a gesture, the four mugs of tea all raise up and float to their respective person. Stiles looks at the other three. “Drink it all” he tells them and downs own his mug. Lydia does just a quickly while Derek and Peter hesitate. Stiles looks at Derek without saying anything, just watching him, and watches as the Alpha sniffs cautiously at the mug but with a sigh he drains it down.

“Peter?” Lydia prompts and the older man looks unhappy but after a glance at Stiles he drinks it down, wincing at the bitter taste.

“Lydia, are you ready?” Stiles asks the redhead who looks nervous but she nods. Opening her mouth she begins chanting in Latin. It’s not complicated, just a single phrase repeated over and over again.

Stiles steps out of his partial circle and moves to the outer most ring around the entire group and as moves in a clockwise motion around them, he places the eight totems in each of the cardinal points. North, Northeast, East, Southeast, South, Southwest, West, and Northwest. At a gesture the six candles all ignite and Stiles steps back to his circle and closes it. Finally he tosses the incense in the censer and watches as the fragrant smoke rises up and seems to surround the four of them.

Closing his eyes, Stiles focuses on his chest tattoo, that symbol of spiritual balance and begins to recite his summoning spell.


Stiles opens his eyes revealing them shining with a solid white light. Derek feels the hair on the back of his neck stand up as the temperature around them drops very noticeably as the teen takes a deep breath.


Stiles voice rises and falls as he chants the spell from beginning to end. Taking a breath he nods at
Lydia pauses in her chanting, taking a deep breath, and wails. It isn’t a scream like before, it can only be described as a wail that causes both werewolves to slam their hands against their ears. Stiles hears the pack howling in the distance at the sound. Stiles begins the spell again and when he reaches the end Lydia wails a second time. Stiles recites the spell the third time ending with Lydia’s third and final wail.

The clearing suddenly goes quiet, no chanting, no spell, and no wails. Stiles blinks his now normal amber eyes carefully and looks around but doesn’t see anything. He is about to groan when he realizes how quiet it is. No sounds at all. He can’t hear crickets or frogs or birds. Nothing. “Is that it? Rather disappointing performance” Peter looks at the teen mockingly.

Derek however is trembling. From the first time Stiles spoke his mother’s name he had a cold dread about what was happening. He saw the bones that Stiles had placed around them and even through the haze of the incense, Derek could smell that smoke on them. He had listened at Stiles had listed seven of his family who had died that night and Laura and he had desperately wanted to run away and but for the ash barrier, he isn’t sure he would have been able to resist the driving urge to flee. Peter had reacted when Stiles had called for Peter’s wife, and he was sure that the man’s demeanor was more defensive than a real challenge.

“Oh, Peter. You never did have faith that there was more in the world than that what you could control, did you” a woman’s watery voice comes from the shadows. Derek spins around as he watches a soft white light seemed to coalesce under the trees until it takes the shape of a woman and Derek’s heart races as he watches her step out of the shadows and he goes cold with fear at the sight of her. Her familiar eyes flash red, just for a second, before shifting to their normal green while the breeze moves her black hair slightly in the breeze as Talia Hale walks up to the four of them. She looks over at Stiles and gives him a gentle smile and nod before turning back to Peter. “Oh Peter, you killed my Laura” she says with the saddest, most disappointed tone. Peter flinches and steps back, as far as he could retreat in the circle.

"No. You can't be here" Peter whimpers.

"Only you can cross back is that it?” Talia Hale says with a knowing look. "I think that you will have to face a great many uncomfortable truths this night Peter.” Peter trembles at his sister's words, gently said, but with the steel of an Alpha still present.

“Oh my dear sweet Peter” this voice, too, too familiar, calls out of the shadows, a voice thick with grief and raw emotion. Peter goes white, eyes wide, as he slowly turns around as sees a soft light form into a beautiful young woman who steps up to stand beside him. Her golden hair is done up in a long braid down her back and she appears to be in her early twenties and Peter’s sudden gasp of pain drives the beta to his knees.

“Hannah” the man sobs desperately as he stares at the ghost of his dead wife walking up to him, a sad smile on her face. She stops at the ash line, her hand held up to rest just outside. She smiles so gently at him it hurts to even see the love in her eyes as he tries to hide from that penetrating gaze.

“Oh Peter, you messed up really badly this time didn’t you?” a man’s voice calls out as a tall man, close to Talia’s age steps out beside Hannah. “Was your revenge really worth the price you paid for it?” he asks sadly and Stiles watches as Peter sobs again at the sight of his older brother.

Derek is watching his aunt and uncle as they talk to Peter, desperately wanting to avoid looking back at his mother but so wanting to look at her again. His throat is thick and hard to breathe as the wind shifts and he smells the scents he will never, could never, forget. Mother! Pack! Brother!
“Hey Der” a young male voice calls out and Derek pales again but he has to look. He tears his eyes from his uncle Ian and looks over at the young boy, no more than five years old, who has stepped forward to stand next to Talia. “I really missed you big brother” he says in a piping voice and Derek goes to his knees, tears running down his face as his breathing hitches.

“Daniel” Derek whispers reaching out but the spirits stay outside the ash barriers. Another figure, this of a teenage boy of about fourteen, steps forwards and puts a hand on Daniel’s shoulder. “Andrew” Derek whimpers.

“Hey cuz. So…you are an alpha now, that’s cool” he says with a smile. “And you got the Camaro too?” he smiles and winks at his cousin. "Man I always loved that car. I remember when Laura..."

“That’s enough Andrew. Derek, son?” the man who appears causes Derek to bury his face in his hands, his shoulders trembling as he breaks down. “Son, it's okay, we're okay. We are together and we love you” Robert Hale reassures his son as he kneels down to look at the Alpha in the eye.

Derek sobs as he sees the love and truth in his father's eyes. They don't know! They don't know how it was all his fault. All of it! When they learn...he sobs again shaking his head at the kindness coming from them.

“Oh my dear boy, I only hope that you can forgive us for failing you” Talia’s voice is thick with emotion as Derek looks up to stare at her in shocked surprise. “Derek, you were a child. We were supposed to protect you but we failed and that woman was able to hurt you. I let you down my boy, my sweet son, and I am so, so sorry” she tells her son, eyes glistening as she kneels down beside the ash barrier, lifting her hand to hover just outside. She knows! Derek looks at his father and sees the love, the understanding. Daniel and Andrew both look at him like they always had. They all know!

“But it’s all my fault” Derek starts to say but is cut off.

“No son” Robert says forcefully and Derek sees the others all looking at him with kindness and gentle smiles “it wasn’t. We knew about the Argents, the danger they represented and we failed to prepare you kids. We thought that you would be safe from them. You were just kids. We didn’t realize how bad they were and how far they would go in their hatred.”

“What she did to you was evil Derek” Ian said forcefully. “She abused you and used you and twisted you up. She took joy in making you suffer because she was so full of hatred and rage, and, cultivated by her father, she embraced her madness as righteousness. You need to forgive yourself.”

“How can I?” Derek yelled. “I got all of you killed!” he screamed, emotion choking him.

“Oh little wolf” Hannah said shaking her head. “You didn’t do this thing. You didn’t want it to happen. We never blamed you and once we saw the truth…we were so upset that you all had to endure the aftermath of that evil day. We love you so much and were heartbroken for the suffering that she laid upon all of you who survived that night.” Hannah looks down at the devastated Peter who is staring at her desperately. “It is true that evil exists in the world. You can’t deny it and often it strikes cruelly and unfairly. You can only choose whether you will chose to stand against it or if you will let it break your spirit.”

Peter whimpered at his wife’s words and she moved down to him and began whispering to him as Ian and Andrew both drifted over to join her. Talia glanced at the two humans and smiled gently. “You have found a new pack my son, friends and allies who will stand with you. You can build something new here. These two challenged death itself to free you from the dark spell that was twisting you. That you inspired them to take such a measure speaks of how much they care” she says with a smile as she leans down, Robert and Daniel moving with her.
Stiles looks over at Lydia and tries to distract himself while both Hales speak quietly with the shades of their family, giving them as much privacy as they can while they speak. He isn't sure how long it takes him to notice, but when he does he frowns and looks around. Finally Stiles realizes that there are only seven apparitions in the clearing with them, not eight. Spinning around, Stiles double checks before he finally looks back to Talia Hale. “Laura didn’t come” he says questioningly as he looks to the Hale Matriarch. “I had hoped that she might show. I wanted to apologize for digging her body up” he says with a wince.

Talia smiles knowingly as she looks at Stiles. “She knows cub. Laura’s spirit has chosen to move on to serve a new purpose” Talia looks back at her son “but I know she was so sorry for leaving you alone. She did not think of that when she came and she was very angry with Peter for a long time for leaving you alone.”

“She wasn’t angry at the killing part?” Lydia muttered but Talia just smiled easily.

“Death is not something to fear Banshee. To the wolf, it just…is. All that lives must eventually die and end. It is the way of nature and the way of wolves. When it is time, you put aside all of the anger, rage, grief, and fury and leave it behind. We do not carry that forward into the next realm so no, Laura easily forgave Peter his madness. She did not blame him for his fury, or even his acts. She only grieved because it meant that her beloved brother was left alone…until now” Talia smiles at her before turning that powerful gaze to Stiles.

“You are walking down a very dangerous path cub” she says with a sad look in her eyes. “I am not sure that you can even step away from where it will take you, or that you even would if you could see what’s coming. I can give you this bit of advice: you will face a choice, a terrible and final choice, but if you are strong enough to bear the cost, it could be a very good choice. I will not be able to help you again but I will give you this. You chose to bear my family’s mark, the Triskelion” she says with a confident nod. “Know this; you have my blessing. To our family, you will always be pack young Mieczslaw” she says pronouncing his name perfectly and her voice is wavering with that watery quality again.

Stiles watches as each of the spirits look back to their mortal family members as they start to fade away one by one until Talia, the last one there, nods at her son and brother before fading into the shadows. It is only a few seconds before the nighttime sounds of the forest return and Stiles’ eyes roll up and he collapses in a faint.

“Stiles!” Lydia screams and runs to the teen. Derek and Peter are both still trapped so they can’t help but Lydia screams out knowing the wolves will hear and come running.

“Lydia!” Derek yells looking over at the redhead as she holds the unconscious body of the teen. “Let us out!” he demands.

Lydia relaxes a bit as she finds Stiles’ pulse and sees that he is breathing fairly normally. His complexion is pale but he appears to be stable. Looking up she sees the two werewolves, both looking more wrung out than she has ever seen them before, staring at her. “Derek, I can’t. Not until we are sure it worked” she suddenly pales and gasps. “Oh god! We forgot the powder” she whispers looking at Derek in shock. He looks confused but they all hear the groan coming from the unconscious teen.

“I got him with it while he was knocked out” Stiles mutters causing the three others to all look at down at the teen as he groans. “That sucked so much” he moans.
Derek looks up as he sees the rest of the pack entering the clearing, each of them slowing as they approach the scene before them. “Stiles!” Scott yells and runs up to him and Lydia.

“Too loud!” Stiles groans as he flinches as the noise. Scott drops down beside him and, placing a hand, he tries to pull pain but nothing happens. “Sorry buddy, don’t think you can take this kind of pain” Stiles mutters.

“Stiles…did it work?” Allison asks looking at the two older men, her bow and arrow still loaded as she looked at both of them.

“Peter was never under her spell, and Derek… I’m not sure. It was so different than the others” he admits tiredly as he finally manages to sit up with help from Scott.

Allison steps over and breaks the circle around Peter before stepping up to Derek. “Derek” she says loudly causing him to look at her suspiciously. “We figured out who the Darach is” she pauses as she watches Derek but he doesn’t react. “It’s Jennifer Blake.”

Derek flinches as his eyes widen. “What? Your English Teacher? Why do you think it’s her?” he asks sounding confused. Allison sighs and breaks the ash line before she puts away her bow and arrow.

“Stiles figured out it was her and we got some help from some druids to break her spell. She had cast it on all the wolves, Lydia, and Deaton to prevent any of you from even considering her as possible threat and made it so that you would even protect her from others. She used her place at the school to find her victims” Allison told the Alpha who just looked more uncertain.

“Why would she target us?” Derek finally asks. “I mean we barely met her and you all only had her for class. I spoke to her once but she didn’t seem unusual and nothing the Darach has done seems to have been aimed at the pack.”

Everyone looks extremely uncomfortable but no one seems too excited to explain. “Derek, what do you mean you spoke once? You have gone on several dates with the woman” Peter finally says sounding more tired than he ever had before.

Derek startles. “What? No I haven’t. I met her one time at the school when I went to get Isaac and I helped her carry some boxes to her car but I don’t think I’ve even seen her since.”

“Derek” Stiles says looking sick “you kissed her. Right before she got in your car and you drove off together.”

Derek looks at the teen, whose heartbeat never wavered. “That's not...I mean I...I don’t remember that” he finally says looking pained.

“She seems especially gifted with spells to mess with people’s minds” Lydia says trying to sound reassuring but suddenly she looks determined and turns to Stiles. “I’ve decided. I want that tattoo” she tells Stiles.

“What tattoo?” Erica asks confused.

“Stiles and I have a tattoo that prevents us from being possessed or charmed. It protects your identity from tampering” Allison explains and moves her hair to show the blonde the Kanja.

“Is it explanation time yet?” Scott whimpers and then everyone turns to look at Stiles who sighs and suggests they head back to the Hale house and get comfortable. Luckily his dad and Scott’s mom are both on the night shift so they being out after midnight won’t be a problem.
“So…spill. What the hell are you?” Jackson says to Stiles as the group all gathers around the steps of the Hale House. Stiles has sat down, still feeling a bit drained from his spell work. Holding the spell for so long was exhausting and he was so ready to crash but he knew that the pack had trusted him to do a lot of things without knowing the whole story up to now, but now that everyone was free, their patience was pretty much used up. Even though they needed to figure out how to deal with the two threats, there were too many questions buzzing around them. The rest of the pack grumble at Jackson’s crassness but they don’t really protest as they want to know too.

“Okay, let’s see. It all started shortly after we freed Jackson from Gerard and being the Kanima. I was feeling a bit antsy, everybody was really busy with other things, so I went back to Deaton to ask him about my Spark. If I could train with it so I could maybe do more, be more useful” Stiles told them. He continued explaining Deaton’s findings and how it led to Stiles meeting Martinique and Kiran and how they helped him understand the six domains of magic, which he had to explain as well. He shared his studies and training while everyone else was busy all summer until he met Stephen and how the sorcerer figured out Stiles magic and started training him more directly. He explained about Wong and Kamar-Taj and how they helped continue his training when Stephen left.

“How did you train in Nepal?” Lydia demanded when Stiles mentioned traveling there and to New York regularly.

“Um…well, like this” Stiles says and slips on his sling ring and gestures and a portal opens up and the pack sees the Himalayan mountains lit up with a bright blue sky through the fiery portal. “I can pretty much go anywhere” he says and then shuts the portal trying not to preen at the looks of awe on the pack’s faces.

"That is so cool" Isaac mutters and most of the pack nods in agreement.

"It's a really cool way to travel" Allison says with a smirk which causes everyone to argue about how she got to go somewhere already. Derek finally calls them all down to refocus on Stiles.

Stiles then moves on to explaining how he started getting sick at school and how he came to realize that it was dark magic and how when he cast his ‘true-seeing’ spell, he saw the true face of the Darach. That led to him trying to tell the pack about her and how they lashed out and he figured out that they were under her spell.

“That’s when he came to me and we discovered that I wasn’t affected” Allison added and shared her impressions, not sparing how she initially didn’t believe him until he showed her his powers and glowing tattoos.

“Wait, when did you get the tattoos?” Scott asks and Stiles has to go back and explain how he found the tools in a shop and started creating designs for tattoos that would help strengthen his magics. Once he found Kelsey, she put the tattoos on and Stiles explains the purpose of each of them.

“How do they move?” Isaac asks curiously.

Stiles pauses and then laughs. “I have no idea. Kelsey did the tree on my back and when she finished it started swaying in the breeze. I think it is because I infused magic in them but I’m not totally sure.”

“What about the wolf?” Erica asks looking fascinated.

“Kelsey and I were talking and I decided to cast a spell to summon my spirit animal. Kind of like a familiar but a real animal. I saw a black wolf and described it to Kelsey and she added it to the base
of the tree. That’s when we found out that it pretty much has a mind of its own. It can ignore my tattoo that hides the others and pretty much does whatever it wants” Stiles tells them just as the wolf walks down his arm and pauses just above the elbow and looks around at the pack before sitting down.

“That is…fascinating” Peter muses from his spot on the edge of the pack. Stiles notices that for the first time Peter seems to want to be included but he isn’t pushing too hard.

“Did you, by chance, have anything to do with those witches who cursed Erica?” Boyd asks Stiles and the rest of the pack looks at the flushed teen.

“Oh…that. Well okay, after I figured out about the other cursed victims, Stephen and I figured out that when Deaton freed them, that would cause their spell to backlash. I tried to call you but no one picked up so we went out to deal with them” Stiles continues and explains how he arrived just as Deaton and the pack freed the people and how they attacked Stiles. He skipped the story of his ring as he still didn’t exactly understand that, but told them how the three leaders killed their own people to get power to attack Stiles and how he turned it back on them, killing the three.

“Hold on. Are you telling us that you are the demon sorcerer of California?” Peter demands of the blushing teen.

“I wouldn’t say that…exactly” Stiles mutters but the pack is looking pretty shell-shocked at the news of how he drove the coven out. Remembering how Chris told them about how the coven had reacted made them all stare at Stiles with uncertainty.

Isaac coughed causing everyone to look at the curly haired beta with uncertainty. “Look, that’s all really impressive, I know, you took out some bad witches, yay you. But the bigger question is how did you figure out how to free all of us from the Darach’s control?” Isaac asks quietly.

Stiles takes a deep breath. “Well, I had taked to Wong about it and he had an idea of asking for help so he sent a message to the Merlin and the Morgaine, the heads of the druids, and they actually replied. Allie and I went to England and met them and they told us how to free you” Stiles says and he turns as he sees Peter choking in surprise.

“You met the Merlin and the Morgaine!” he screeches.

“Did you remember to mention that Stephen is the Sorcerer Supreme?” Allison asks Stiles and glances over to see the look of disbelief on Peter’s face.

“Guess not” she mutters. “Anyways…” Allison and Stiles take turns explaining their time in England how they came back and freed the other members of the pack up until they had caught Derek and Peter.

“But how did you know all that stuff about us that you used to free us? I mean I know you know me better than anyone else does, but the others?” Scott asks still confused on that point.

“That’s a bit complicated but it was when I was creating protections on my house to keep out any supernatural being but I wanted a way to make sure that it would still allow the pack to enter. It was the night Ennis broke in and attacked my dad and I” Stiles starts but the others all start yelling.

“Stiles, why didn’t you tell us?” Derek demanded, his eyes flashing in anger and Stiles saw the other wolves look just as furious.

Stiles looks at Derek and shrugs. “It all happened really fast and then it was over. It didn’t seem important with everything else going on.”
“Stiles, they attacked a human, that isn’t supposed to happen! And if we knew, we could have helped protect you” Derek said controlling his anger.

Stiles suddenly looked dangerous. “He threatened to kill my dad” Stiles says in a deadly calm voice as his eyes flare a fiery green that cause the others to startle. Stiles activates the shield on his right hand and while everyone but Lydia and Allison jump back, Stiles stands up and he turns and throws it. The disc flies across the open space and slices through the ‘No Trespassing’ sign, cutting it in half. Stiles turns back to Derek with a smirk. “Question…can werewolves re-grow a severed arm?” he asks and sees the shock on everyone’s faces.

Derek shakes his head in the negative and Stiles smiles “Then I guess we will be calling Ennis lefty from now on.”

“You cut his arm off?” Scott squeaks. “Oh my god! Then what happened?”

“After I hit him with a fireball? Well I was going to kill him but my dad asked me not to, and I didn't want to upset him since he had just been attacked so I opened a portal to a deserted island in the middle of nowhere and threw him through it” Stiles said looking at his best friend with a shrug.

“Was that the same place you sent the twins?” Lydia asks with a curious look that caused more excitement which led to Stiles and her explaining Stiles encounter and defeat of Ethan and Aiden.

“You defeated three Alphas, you are mentored by the Sorcerer Supreme, and you are friends with the Morgaine and the Merlin” Peter summarized with a stunned expression. He looks carefully at the teen “what a wolf you would have been” he mumbles.

Stiles just smiles and Peter swallows nervously. “Anyways, after Ennis attacked I put a shit ton of protections on my house but I needed a way for the house to recognize you all. I thought about doing a blooding, but that has problems of its own so I decided to use a necromancy spell that allowed me to create a sigil for each person. Basically, the spell created a magical image that was the physical representation of your soul. So it revealed certain things about each of you as I watched it form. I was able to use that information to figure out how to push you to break the spell.”

“So why wouldn’t that have worked with Derek?” Isaac asks thoughtfully. He had been shook up by seeing his dad and hadn’t quite gotten over it.

“Derek…” Stiles paused and looked at the Alpha and hesitated. “All of them were hard, but Derek’s was really...complicated. I created his sigil, but once I really saw it I knew that what I did with you wouldn’t work. Look, each of you hadn’t really had to face your worst fears. Scott, for you buddy it was seeing everyone you loved killed because of your actions and choices. Facing that scenario freed you from her control. It was the same with the rest of you and that's what we used to help you break free. But Derek…he had already faced his worst fear and was still haunted by it. I realized that I had to go in the other direction.”

“You wanted to help him face that fear, to remove the pain. You wanted to help him forgive himself for what happened” Lydia says softly. “You wanted to free him from the guilt and blame” she said looking at the teen carefully. “And you included Peter for the same reason.”

Derek stares at the redhead before turning back to the teen who suddenly looks very uncomfortable. “You saw my…soul?” Derek asks slowly, looking pretty uncomfortable himself.

Stiles pauses but ultimately nods. “It’s hard to put in words but yes, I learned and saw things that I know are very private, but I learned some things that are good too” he says carefully.
“Like what?” Derek’s voice is pained and Stiles sighs knowing that the man would react this way to the violation of his privacy, even if it was done for the right reasons. He knows the Alpha’s emotions are probably way too raw at the moment.

“I can see connections between people, such as the link between you and Peter. When I focused, I was able to see that your sister is alive, since she is younger than you, I think it must be Cora” he says and sees both Derek and Peter go white.

“What?” Derek gasps. “No. She died in the fire. She can’t be… How can you know that?” Derek asks desperately grabbing on to the idea.

“I can’t exactly explain it, it’s hard to put in words but I was able to see that her connection to you is still there, still healthy. I could tell that she is alive and that she is not in any distress. I know that she is very far away, but that’s all I was able to figure out.” Stiles looks over at Boyd and smiles gently “It’s how I know that Boyd’s sister is also alive and seems fairly happy, but she is also really far away” Stiles says as he looks at the stunned beta.

Erica grabs Boyd’s hand as he seems to have some trouble breathing. “She’s alive?” Boyd pleads and Stiles nods gently.

“While Stiles was doing that” Allison says awkwardly into the silence as everyone seems to be struggling trying to absorb the impact of the latest revelations “Isaac and I briefed the Sheriff and some of his deputies about how to fight werewolves.”

“You revealed us to the sheriff?” Derek looks horrified.

“Dude, Steroid Alpha broke in to our house and threatened to kill me and my dad while all wolfed out and dad kinda noticed when I blasted the bastard with my magic. Cat was definitely out of the bag then. Then Chris and Deputy Graeme came by my house and saw the wreckage of the attack after I portaled dad to the hospital. He was pretty pissed about everything” Stiles pauses and looks really uncomfortable “and he also wants to talk with you and Peter, privately. Fair warning, he has wolfsbane ammo now, so just giving you a heads up. Allie and Isaac trained four of the deputies about this stuff so they can be prepared” Stiles finishes.

Derek shut his mouth and glared, arms crossed, but he didn’t say anything else which Stiles decides to classify as a win. “So the sheriff not only knows about us, but he also knows about the hunters?” Peter asks knowingly and sees Derek’s look of surprise.

“Yeah” Allison snickers. “Apparently the Sheriff pulled my dad in and basically ripped him a new one. Told him that if his, and I quote, ‘band of murdering thugs’, crosses the line in Beacon Hills again he would end him. Then demanded wolfsbane ammo and our family bestiary and books for Stiles. Apparently the Argent Grande Matriarch pretty much told dad to make the Sheriff happy and that dad should do whatever he needed to keep the Sheriff on our side.” Allison smiled at the look of pride on Stiles’ face.

“Dude! Your dad is so badass!” Scott saying smiling happily at his friend.

“Dad did say that the Alpha Pack and the Darach were clearly code breakers so he gave Chris and you Derek, his full support to end them” Stiles told the surprised Alpha.

Stiles finishes his story telling them about the charms they made and gives out the final ones. “Now we need to figure out how we are going to deal with everything.”

“There is one still one little detail that does not add up” Peter says looking at Stiles studiously. “How
all of this ties together. Deucalion and his pack are here to challenge Derek, probably because he is still furious about Talia refusing to join him at the summit so now he can finally get his claws on the last of the Hale pack, but how does the Darach figure in to things?” he asks the group.

“Do we even know that they are connected?” Scott asks looking back at Stiles.

Stiles looks over at Lydia and Allison before glancing at Derek and seeing the agreement there. “Technically no, I mean we don’t have any proof, but the odds of all of this hitting Beacon Hills all at the same time would be a pretty big coincidence. Packs have Emmissaries…could the Alpha Pack have a Darach as theirs?” Stiles asks uncertainly.

“I have never heard of one before, but then Darachs have been more rumor than real for several hundred years as far as we know” Peter admits.

“I don’t think so” Derek says slowly and the others look at him curiously. “I heard my mother talking about Deucalion and sharing power was never his strong point. Even now he is the Alpha of Alphas, not just an Alpha. I don’t see him sharing power with a Darach.”

“So…we will need to figure out how take them both out. But as for now, I am wiped out” Stiles says looking at Derek and the Alpha can see the exhaustion in the teen’s face.

“You said that your house was protected from everything?” Erica asks in a tentative voice and Stiles nods. He’s not sure exactly how it happens but the entire pack decides to stay together so they all pile in to their cars and head towards the Stilinski house. Stiles smiles as he drives the jeep and wonders how his father is going to react.

Chapter End Notes

_I call on the spirits of the family Hale, by these totems of their bodies. Hear my plea and cross the worlds to speak. Hear the song of the Banshee calling you, giving you direction and purpose. I am Mieczslaw Stilinski and I summon you in my name._


_I summon Talia Hale, Alpha, mother, guardian of the wood. I summon Robert Hale, Beta, father, husband. I summon Daniel Hale, beta, son, brother, last born. I summon Hannah Hale, beta, wife, mother to be. I summon Laura Hale, alpha, daughter, sister, betrayed by family. I summon Ian Hale, beta, brother, uncle, husband, father. I summon Margaret Spencer, sister, mother, aunt, teacher. I summon Andrew Hale, son, cousin. Hear my call and come to me._
Whew! Made it through that! Up next we have a surprise interlude, The Pack finds out about Mama McCall, and a confrontation at the school surprises everyone!. See you on Saturday!
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Lots of stuff happening today! See the pack deal with Melissa’s disappearance and more! Thanks again for all the support and encouragement and welcome to all the new people joining us!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Lizzie Gwynne adjusted her cloak as she stepped along the wooded trail. She had been struggling with this for the last few days, ever since meeting that boy, and she knew that even her vast knowledge and wisdom was not enough to answer her questions. At thirteen tender years of age, Lizzie had assumed the rank and power of the Morgaine when the previous avatar was killed in an unexpected automobile accident. Up till then Lizzie had been happy as a teenager living with her grandmother and learning to use her powers and following in her grandmother and aunt’s footsteps to be a druidic priestess.

She had started her formal training at nine years of age, but her Grandmother had been preparing her as far back as she could remember. On that fateful day in April, Lizzie had nearly been overwhelmed when she became the incarnation of the Morgaine, turning her into one of the two most powerful druids in the world. She had gained the wisdom and knowledge of her predecessors which had been the only thing that kept her from going crazy with everything that hit her on that day. Abagail Pritchard, the previous Morgaine, had died in that car accident, reminding everyone that power was not always enough, but luckily for Lizzie she was not entirely gone. Lizzie learned about her powers and her history from Abagail and all of the previous Morgaines before her.

It was strange for the teen. On one hand she was a typical teenager living in Cornwall and on the other she was the living repository for aeons of magical knowledge. Her grandmother was tough though and when it happened she didn’t hesitate. She never gave Lizzie an inch more than she had ever had before, but when it came to magic, the old woman had immediately deferred to her granddaughter. She drew lines between ‘Lizzie’ and ‘Morgaine’ and held them firm through the next six years. By the time Lizzie was nineteen, she was fully vested in her abilities and was able to distinguish her mortal and magical lives.

Lizzie remembers meeting Arthur about fifteen years ago when the previous Merlin died and she had helped in his transition. She had been surprised to learn that the Merlins did not share the same ancestral memories that she had. Where Lizzie could consult not just the memories, but the personalities of those women entire, Arthur was only able to see the dry facts and information which made things much harder for her male counterpart. However the greatest difference between them lies in where each of them were strongest. The Morgaine understood the flows of the worlds, the energies that linked this realm with the others while the Merlin was the master of ancient knowledge. Abagail had explained it by saying that Merlin was the Knowledge of Power while the Morgaine was the Wisdom of Power. When they acted together, in harmony, their shared power was immense.

However Lizzie knew things that her partner did not and one of them directly affected the young American teenager who had come to them for help. She had been stunned when she saw that he was gifted with all six Marks, and though Arthur had been as well, it was for different reasons. Arthur had been surprised that it had even occurred while Lizzie knew that it had happened before, more
than once, and the consequences were never easy or simple. When she searched her memories of what it meant, Lizzie had run into a dead-end. Something had blocked her ability to access those memories which could only mean one thing. That her prior incarnation had willingly submitted to a block on her mind and there were only four beings capable of such a feat and she was going to confront them now.

Stepping into a clearing, Lizzie looked at the ancient circle of stones and moved to stand within the center and she began chanting. The words were ancient and were any mortal ears around to hear them, they would have caused the listener to wail in agony and run screaming in fear. Lizzie feels the crackle of electricity in the air as the power builds in the stones until she has summoned enough power to open a door and then she steps through into the realms of the Fae.

Stiles parks his Jeep in the driveway and steps out. Scott, Isaac, and Allison got out with him as Jackson parked his Porsche on the road, with Derek’s Camaro right behind him. The pack all spilled out the cars and headed for the house. Stiles turned around just as Peter slammed into the barrier and was thrown back, landing on his back.

“What the hell?” Peter groans as sparks of electricity continue to dance on his skin. The rest of the pack looks surprised but there is more than one giggle coming from the teens. Derek, who had been walking right beside his uncle with it happened, was untouched and surprised as he turned to look at Stiles in confusion.

“Right…I wasn’t able to create a sigil for Peter” Stiles sheepishly admits. He older Hale glares at the teen who just laughs. “Not my fault dude. You are so closed off that I don’t know the real you enough to create your sigil.” Stepping across the line he holds out his hand to the beta who, while looking askance at his hand, nevertheless takes the hand and Stiles walks him forward. Peter hesitates but Stiles jerks and the pack can see the energy dancing around the beta as it allows him inside with Stiles’ assistance.

“Where’s your dad?” Scott asks noticing the missing cruiser.

“He was working a double, should be home in the morning” Stiles answers as he opens the door and they all pile in. Lydia, Erica, and Allison all take over and in a few minutes they have organized a giant slumber party with cushions, blankets, and pillows all over the living room, with space for Peter and Derek on the couches.

“You two are staying” Lydia doesn’t so much as ask as tell the two men but either in a sudden appearance of smart decision making or possibly they had already planned it, both men agree. It takes a few minutes for everyone to settle into a spot, Stiles finds himself between Scott and Erica but he doesn’t have time to really think about it before he finally gives up and passes out.

Stepping into the golden sunlight, she looks at the vibrant colors, scents, and sounds that define the realm. On earth, Lizzie had always felt the shadow of the Morgaine hovering over her, ready to provide the Druid with the knowledge and power of her position. But here? Here it felt as if Lizzie was the shadow to the Ancient and Powerful Morgaine who stepped out of the portal, her ebony robes appearing with a gesture, the black velvet and gold chains shining in the light of a sparkling sun.
“Welcome Great One” a beautiful fae male said, head bowed respectfully. Morgaine quickly saw that the youth, barely a few centuries old, had been waiting for her arrival. “Her Majesty is pleased at your visit and extends her hospitality to yourself” his words, smooth and cultured like honey rolled from his tongue, a delight to her ears.

Morgaine smiled at the youth and his clumsy attempt at charming. Morgaine was amused at his arrogant superiority but then it pretty much came naturally to the Fae as easily as breathing. “Son of Eloirth” she smiled at the boy’s startled reaction “you favor your grandmother Illeseria but I think you also share the bearing of your grandfather Morowin. At least as I remember him in his youth” she says with a slight caress of her hand against his cheek as she steps past him on the path to the Court.

The boy swallowed nervously as he appeared to suddenly remember that while she may appear human in form, she was not and he would be well advised to remember that. Walking determinedly, Morgaine walked a path she had not stepped upon in nearly three centuries, a blink to the Fae, but several incarnations for her. The truth was she had no reason to visit the Spring Court of the Fae before now. She had however met the Queen less than a handful of years ago so Lizzie had felt the most comfortable starting here.

Stepping into the clearing, Morgaine took in the simple beauty of the Spring Court. Two seats formed of living wood were situated to the side of a clearing flush with green grass, wildly colored flowers all fully blooming, and warm sunlight that danced through the eternally green leaves of the trees surrounding them. Looking up she saw the Queen and King of the Spring Court and stepped up to the thrones, pausing at a place dictated by eons of custom for visiting equals. She nodded briefly to both of the monarchs.

“Morgaine, wise in power of the human realms, welcome to our Court” Orlaith said with a warm smile on her beautiful face. The Queen of the Spring Court was young, beauty, and grace all in a form that was exceptional even among the magnificent beauty of the Fae. “You have not graced our fields in many years” the words convey wistful disappointment rather than real concern. Her consort nodded politely but had apparently decided to follow the Spring Queen’s lead.

“Your Majesties are gracious” Morgaine says perfectly. The other members of the Spring Court are arranged around the clearing, watching the entertainment of the visit. Morgaine glances around with the barest movement of her eyes “I hope to deliver my appreciation for the testing your Court managed recently. Tomas and Eildria were wise and graceful in their actions.” Morgaine knows that the Fae do not like debts, owing or being owed, and suggesting that one did or owed a favor with the Fae was the surest way to rile them up.

“Eildria was very…intrigued…with the young magus” Orlaith said with such casual indifference that it sent alarms through Morgaine.

“He is very unique” she agreed and moved on to other topics of interest. Dealing with the Fae was a complex and ritualized dance of words, meaning, and intentions. Morgaine had clearly explained her reason for visiting which the Queen had obviously known and had offered that there was more, but protocol came first. After nearly an hour of pleasant exchanges of news and thoughts, Orlaith declared a feast to welcome Morgaine to the Court and that led to a nearly six hour banquet where she smiled politely and graciously to the various members of the Spring Court, applauded the performers, and complimented those responsible until it finally concluded.

“Come Morgaine” Orlaith said rising from her chair with an elegant grace. “I would show you a new spring that our water dancers have created.” Morgaine rose and followed the Queen, each of them nodding and greeting others along the way until they came to a screen of vines and flowers which an older Fae in the armor of the Court’s guard pulled aside to let the women enter before dropping it
Morgaine stepped into the grotto and didn’t have to falsify her enthusiastic gasp of appreciation at the magnificent sight. The place was stunning. A grotto, lined with white flowers that glowed with the silver light of the moon that flooded the small pool and grounds. Gentle trees shielded the grotto from everything else and one could almost believe that the rest of the world was the dream. “You approve?” Orlaith asked with a teasing smile.

“Very much so your Majesty” she replies easily. Orlaith laughs for a moment before she sighs, tailing her fingers into the silvery water.

“You have concerns about the human?” she asks gently and Morgaine nods but waits for a sign from the fickle Fae.

“Eildria and Tomas both reported that the boy was touched. We had sensed his potential far to the west, but we were not sure what to make of the signs” she finally admitted.

“Orlaith…My memories of this thing…they are not present. I know that ones such as him have occurred before, but someone I don’t know the circumstances. The only way my memories would be touched would be if I agreed to accept such a block. Only one of the Courts could do so” she added cautiously.

Orlaith paused for a moment, considering the Ancient One’s words carefully. “After the last time…it was felt that it would be best if this knowledge was…contained. There was doubt that humans even still carried the potential to even reach there, but there are still enough in the world that remember the possibility of the Arcanist” the word causes Morgaine to shiver, fear and excitement twisting together with whispers of exultation.

“An Arcanist? I don’t know this word…but I do” she says carefully testing the rightness of it before agreeing with the sentiment.

“It is part of the blocked memories. Merlin’s knowledge was also blocked, but we could not block your awareness that the knowledge was missing. A woman’s intuition is strong” she says with a smirk. “If the child truly has the potential, then you need to know” she says and faster than Morgaine can react the Spring Queen touches her forehead and in a flash, the door in her mind opens and she falls over with the rush of knowledge.

Morgaine is blinking, not sure how long she was submerged in those memories, when she sits up and stares at the slightly disturbed face of the Spring Queen. Worry, concern, fear, and hope all vie for expression, something that surprises even Morgaine. “I remember. The boy is on the path and our actions have led him unerringly to have to make the choice” she says suddenly realizing that their actions had jeopardized the boy’s very soul.

“If he walks away from his power, to willing forgo the working of magic” Orlaith tentatively offered but Morgaine quickly cut that off.

“The boy is a protector. He will gladly sacrifice his own life to protect those he cares about. He faces a Darach and that is not the situation that will allow him to sit on the side. His power will continue to grow” she confesses to the Queen.

“The more power he uses, the faster he will fall” Orlaith says with absolute certainty. “The power is too much for mortal limits. There are only two fates for one such as that. His power will grow until it consumes him utterly rendering him into a Draíochtan unless he can be bound to the Earth. Only a true binding will enable him to choose the path of the Aracanist.”
“Your Court guides new beginnings” Morgaine says tentatively “but to raise an Arcanist is dangerous. There hasn’t been one in nearly fourteen hundred years. And only three ever in my memories” she reminds the queen.

“Is he worth the effort?” Orlaith prompts and Morgaine sadly remembers that those three were the only successful ones. She remembers a dozen who fell in their rising.

Morgaine struggles with that answer. She liked the boy, he was quick, smart, and had a delightful spirit, but she knows that power has destroyed others just as wonderful. “I wish I could say yes, but in truth? I can only say possibly. He has tied himself to a wolfpack without ever seeking their power for his own. He sought learning for his own gifts, but when we looked at his heart, I did not find the hunger for power, only a determination to protect his own. I think in that pursuit, he would be capable of terrible things” she tells the Queen.

“And who would be his own?” Orlaith asks with a smile. The Fae were often called cruel or callous by the mortals, but ultimately their loyalty was to their own. Such a declaration of the boy’s likely reaction was more complimentary than concerning for a Queen of the Folk. Morgaine nods in understanding and Orlaith stands up and brushes the flower petals from her dress. “I will call the Queen’s Council” she tells the human vessel with a firm voice. “If all agree, then we will aid you as much as we can, but the human realm is difficult for us now. You will have to be the one to know when to act” she advises the woman.

Morgaine nods in agreement as they leave the grotto. She knows that her previous selves had spoken to all four Queens, but together? That happened very, very rarely. Usually only when the world was about to shift.

Noah Stilinski was tired, furious, and not quite ready to deliver this news. He had been called in last night and walking in to the Beacon Hills Hospital, he had demanded information from his deputies who were trying to figure out what had happened. Apparently the two ER doctors had both disappeared and it wasn’t for several hours that the staff had realized that. They had noticed the missing nurses earlier, but since both of them were well respected, the other staff assumed that something had happened to draw them away. It wasn’t until all of the staff had started comparing notes that they realized something was wrong.

Noah had nearly lost his control when the deputy reported that Melissa McCall was one of the missing nurses and he had to restrain himself from calling Stiles right that second. He would have if his son hadn’t warned him that tonight was critical and that it was also dangerous so Noah had held back and instead focused on the facts. There were four missing people; Dr. Richard Michaels, a new doctor who came to town about five years ago; Dr. Jacob Danniger, a doctor who has been here for thirty years; Tracy Pearson a young nurse in only her second year of work; and Melissa McCall.

“Could it be about drugs?” Parrish asks the Sheriff looking around at the staff that were working with three of the missing people. Dr. Danniger had apparently never made it in despite that he left home at his normal time. Noah didn’t wait and ordered an APB on the Doctor’s car, he would deal with any complaints about not waiting the required time if it came up. Jacob had never blown off work in thirty years, if he wasn’t here, then something had happened.

“Evidence Deputy. Get the facts first” Noah says though his own mind is racing. It takes several more hours before they manage to put together a time line and the final nail that causes Noah to discard drugs or other mundane reasons is when Jordan finds Melissa’s amulet in one of the examination rooms. A quick check confirms that there is a security camera on that hallway and Noah
sends Deputy Parrish to check. His finding of the footage that showed the nurse and doctor walking after the brunette woman, apparently willingly. Melissa however was unconscious and being carried by Dr. Michaels. He had then split his deputies with the 'in team' working their own investigation alongside the rest. Noah suddenly thought that he might need to bring in the rest of the staff at this rate.

Noah had finally left for home and he now pulled his cruiser in his driveway and saw the collection of cars in front of his house and blinked in surprise. It appears that they had visitors!

Stiles had woken to a feeling of intense warmth and comfort and a rather pleasant spicy smell. Opening his eyes he realized he was snuggled up to Scott’s back while Erica’s back was firmly against his own. Pulling back a bit he felt a bit embarrassed until he heard a soft chuckling. Looking up at the couch he saw Derek was awake and watching. “I know I shouldn’t be surprised, but you talk in your sleep” the Alpha says with a smirk. “I guess you never do shut up” he adds and Stiles mutters at the injustice.

Prying himself up slowly as to not wake anyone else, Stiles manages to get up and make it to the bathroom before he loses it. Apparently that tea ran right through him. Stepping in to the kitchen he jumped at the sight of the sleep rumpled Derek Hale that was standing in his kitchen, barefoot and looking rather dazed. “Wanna help make breakfast?” he asks and the werewolf nods cautiously.

Stiles opens the fridge and pulls out eggs, milk, and two packets of imitation soy bacon. Stiles giggles at the look of disgust on Derek’s face before he wiggles his fingers like a magician before moving his hands over the packages. Derek blinks at the now revealed packets of brown-sugar crusted extra thick bacon that is revealed. “You used magic to hide bacon?” he finally manages to ask looking disappointed.

Stiles snickers. “Ever since I figured out how to cast illusions! I have been making cookies look like Quinoa and Ice Cream like frozen Brussel sprouts” he answers proudly. “Dad hasn’t found any of the stash so far!” he gloats.

Derek just shakes his head but follows instructions and places the bacon on trays to go in the oven, apparently Stiles does not like to cook them on the grill. Instead he mixes up an enormous batch of batter and begins cooking pancakes. Derek starts the coffee pot under Stiles direction and then begins cleaning fruit for the pancakes. “Stiles” Derek says after they have been cooking for a bit in silence “about last night” he pauses as his voice breaks and feels the rush of emotions nearly drown him.

Stiles had done some really difficult things before. Holding up a 200 pound werewolf in eight feet of water for two hours, fending off an attack by a crazed brother with a fire extinguisher, getting whacked by that damn bamboo stick over and over again, but this was the hardest thing he had done all year. Wait. Not speak. Not push. Not ramble. He just looked at the Alpha breaking down in his kitchen and stood firm, patient and trying to radiate understanding.

“Thank you” the words were whisper quiet but he still heard them. Derek looked up and Stiles saw the raw, blistered emotions in those incredible eyes and his breath caught. “I don’t know how I can ever repay you for that.”

Stiles shrugs and smiles. “We’re pack” he says and the moment the words are out of his mouth he knows they were the absolute right words from the look of amazement on Derek’s face.

“Yeah” he says carefully. “You are.” Derek looks at Stiles and wonders exactly when this happened.
When did he go from being the spastic, rambling, annoying, smart-ass who drove him crazy into this…nothing seemed to fit any more? Derek’s mother had told him that Stiles spell that night was driven by the young man’s determination to free him and his willingness to commit to the Hale Pack by placing the Triskelion in the center of his tree. It was not a spell that would work again, not for them, and with the chance to say goodbye, they were able to move on.

He knows it will take time, time to believe them, to accept their forgiveness, maybe to even forgive himself, but he thinks that he can see a time where he will. And that peace, that serenity, is due to the amber eyed man standing there, watching him carefully. Derek steps forward slowly, agonizingly slowly, giving the teen time to move or signal Derek to stop or anything but he doesn’t. He just watches and waits as Derek moves until they are almost touching, face to face, staring eye to eye.

“Derek” Stiles whisper is broken and rich with feeling and Derek takes a deep breath as he moves closer.

“Coffee!” Scott moans and several other voices call out “Food!”, “Bacon.”

Derek moves with supernatural speed and is across the kitchen before Stiles can blink and then the pack is shambling in, groaning and wiping their eyes. “You cooked?” Erica says with delight as people start grabbing stuff and fixing plates completely not noticing the reactions of the other two pack members.

Stiles watches from his corner, quieter than ever before, but luckily no one is awake enough to really notice though he is pretty sure that Lydia did just give him a look. Breathing deeply to regain control after….whatever that was, Stiles finally fixes his plate and sits down with the others.

“Stiles?” Sheriff Stilinski says as the man steps into his living room overrun with teenagers and two men all devouring pancakes. “Is that bacon?” the Sheriff asks wistfully before he spots Scott and sighs.

Noah Stilinski truly hates this part of the job, especially now. He sits down in the chair graciously vacated by Peter who stands instead as he looks at the group. “It appears Blake hit the hospital last night” he starts and sees the entire pack tense. “She took two doctors and two nurses” he begins but get stopped before he can finish.

“My mom. She was working last night” Scott whimpered as he looked at the tired face of the Sheriff. “She knew about Blake and the danger.”

“Melissa is one of the missing” Noah says sadly and sees the sudden look of fear and panic on the boy’s face. Allison is suddenly holding him but she isn’t the only one. Isaac and Erica both engulf the pair and it’s only a few moments before almost everyone is touching the distressed beta, trying to give comfort.

Stiles however looks pissed off. “How did she get Melissa. The amulet should have prevented that” he growls.

Noah sighs. “It was left in the exam room. I am guessing since there were two nurses in the room with Blake, that Melissa took it off.”

“But why?” Scott whimpered as he looked at the tired face of the Sheriff. “She knew about Blake and the danger. We warned her!”
“The other nurse” Lydia says carefully and everyone looks at her. “If Blake threatened the other nurse to force Melissa to remove the amulet…” she suggests and from the look of despair on Scott’s face the all know the answer to that. Melissa would never let someone else be hurt in her place.

“But you said two doctors and two nurses” Stiles asks sounding confused. “Why?”

Scott makes a noise but Allison just tightens her grip. “She only needs three Healers” Lydia mutters as she thinks.

“A mother. Mother to a werewolf. Protecting another nurse. Protecting the pack” Peter’s voice surprises everyone. “Melissa is also a Guardian” he tells them and sees the comprehension in Stiles and Lydia’s faces.

“Of course. Her plans have always included the pack. She might be after all the parents” Stiles warns. This causes concerns from everyone as they start talking.

“No. I don’t think so” Derek says cutting off the others who stare at him in surprise. “Melissa is special. She is affiliated with the pack, but she also had your amulet for protection. Most of the rest of the pack’s parents are not in the know. She probably wants true Guardians, those who know and fight anyway.”

“Then there are only two other Guardians” Lydia freezes and looks at the Sheriff in surprise and fear “you.”

“And dad” Allison finishes just as Stiles jumps up and everyone goes deathly quiet.

“New priority. She dies” Stiles growls and Noah is surprised at the flashes of red, blue, and gold that answer that statement.

“So what are we going to do?” Scott finally demands after everyone had been talking for a while. The Sheriff had updated them on everything that had been done far including checking out all of the medical staff’s homes as well as Blake’s, but her apartment was empty. He had a car there watching it just in case.

“We get Melissa back” Derek says immediately and the pack turns to him. “We break into teams. Erica, Boyd, Jackson go to the hospital and try and pick up the scents of any of the doctors or nurses in addition to Melissa. Blake may have hidden Melissa’s scent but she might have missed the others. Allison, Lydia would you two go and update Chris? See if he or any of his hunters have seen any signs or can help. Sheriff, can you be our central coordinator?”

Noah nods. “Can I take Isaac? I can have him help Parrish and Tara on our end.” Derek agrees before turning back to Scott.

“Scott, you, me, Stiles, and Peter will go to the school and see if we can find any trace of her or what she is doing. If she has been using the school as a hunting ground, there may be evidence” Derek says and Stiles can see that Scott looks better with something he can do.

“What about Deaton?” Scott asks looking at the Alpha.

“He’s still under her spell” Stiles reminds him “and I have no idea how to break it like I did with the pack.”
“I think I should go with you” Lydia says sounding uncertain. Derek looks over at her and raises an eyebrow questioningly. “I’m not sure why” she admits.

Derek looks over at Stiles who catches the Alphas eye and nods slightly. “Okay. Lydia you are with us. Jackson, take Allison to her father before joining the others.” Allison opens her mouth to argue but Derek cuts her off. “None of our vulnerable members goes anywhere alone, not now” he says and while she looks ready to argue she then sees the look of fear on Scott’s face so she just agrees.

Getting out of the Jeep and the Camaro the five of them move to the main doors of the school. Stiles had wondered if coming during school hours would be a problem since they were all technically skipping but it was too important to wait. They entered the school and Lydia and Peter separated to head to the office to see if Blake had shown up and to find any information that they could get on the woman. Scott, Stiles, and Derek all headed to her classroom but Scott and Derek were able to tell she wasn’t there from the hallway. “Should we search her room?” Scott asks.

“Let’s wait till class change. I can do a quick spell to see if anything shows up and you two can do your thing” Stiles suggests. The three wait for a few minutes when both the wolves turn to look down the hall where Ms. Morrell suddenly appears around the corner. Seeing them she looks surprised and walks over to them.

“Mr. Stilinski, glad to see you have returned to school” she says easily before turning to Derek and looking concerned. “And you are?” she asks the older man.

Derek starts to speak but then he pauses and sniffs. Suddenly he growls and his claws come out. “Derek!” Stiles yells just as Ms. Morrell tosses her hand out causing a stream of black powder to fly out and encircle the three of them. Derek and Scott slams into the ash barrier.

“Who are you?” Derek growls at the seemingly undisturbed woman.

“You are not a student here so I am not sure you are in any position to make any kind of demands. Besides you three are trapped” she says with a slight smile.

“You do know I’m not a werewolf, right?” Stiles asks raising his hand like he was in class while looking at the woman curiously.

Ms. Morrell frowns. “Yes, but you are something. I catch a wiff of magic, minor, but enough to stand out. I will figure it out eventually” she says without concern.

“So are you with the Darach or the Alphas?” Stiles asks and the woman looks off balance for the first time.

“A Darach is an abomination” Marin replies, her unhappiness at the thought clear on her face. Derek and Scott both growl and press on their barriers.

“So you are with the Alpha Pack. Their Emissary?” Derek concludes and the woman looks at him for a moment before finally nodding.

“I have agreed to serve in that role for Deucalion” she says simply.

“Huh” Stiles says with a curious look causing the druid to look at him. “You know I read that specificity of language was a hallmark of druids. You did not answer Derek’s question, rather you gave information tangentially related. You serve in that role, not that you are an Emissary. You also
clarified that your relationship is with Deucalion, not the pack” Stiles says looking at Derek who is watching the teen with a look that on another person Stiles would say was pride.

“So what does that mean?” Scott asks confused but definitely not happy.

“It means that she is playing a game of some kind” Derek explains. Morrell doesn’t reply or react to their comments. Instead she pulls out a small bag.

“This won’t hurt you, but it will render you more…tractable” she tells them causing both of the wolves to glance at Stiles with concern.

“Are you using Garnier’s Herbs of Acquiescence?” Stiles asks sounding like he is in a classroom. Ms. Morrell looks at him in surprise. “I read a lot” he explains. “So you are going to be able to command our bodies, but not our minds or mouths. Hope we don’t yell or anything” he snarks.

“I think you won’t. I know you would hate for your classmates to see you shifted” she says and throws a bunch at Derek who sneezes. Scott rears back but he isn’t able to get away so he gets dosed too. She throws a final batch at Stiles who doesn’t fight it but he does sneeze.

“When I break the lines, you will walk straight to your vehicle, you will not stop” she instructs.

“This feels really weird. I want to move but I can’t” Stiles says looking down at his body. Scott and Derek both look at him with looks of confusion. He looks at Derek and winks. Morrell breaks Derek’s line and turns to do the same to Scott when Derek’s hand moves to fast to see and closes on her throat and slams her into the lockers behind her.

“What?!” she gasps in shocked surprise as Derek leans in, eyes flashing red and his fangs out as he shifts into his beta form.

“Ohhh” Stiles says with a chuckle “I probably should have warned you that the herbs weren't going to work, but you know, enemies and all.” Stiles steps across the ash barrier and slides his foot to break the circle around Scott. “Not a good day to be stuck in the hall with two really pissed off werewolves.”

“How?” she gasps as Derek tightens his grip and she claws at his hand.

“Oh, the protective charms I made them prevented the herbs from working” Stiles says easily and sees the woman’s eyes widen. “Now, let’s have a talk. You are going to tell us everything you know about the Alpha Pack and I will try and convince tall, dark and brooding here not to tear you into tiny little pieces.”

“Stiles!” Scott looks really unhappy at Stiles’ suggestion and the teen sighs.

“Fine. We will just give her to Peter to play with” he says and sees the woman’s eyes widen with fear.

“I swore oaths that I cannot break. You can ask Alan, he can explain” she tells them looking at Derek and trying to get him to loosen his grip.

“Unfortunately Alan is under the spell of the Darach, so we re not gonna be trusting him anytime soon” Stiles says sadly.

Ms. Morrell’s reaction is not what any of them expected. She looks genuinely concerned and worried. “Alan is my brother. I would know if he was under a spell” she tells them.
Stiles glances at Derek with a questioning glance and he nods. She wasn’t lying. “It’s a subtle form of mind control. She had the whole pack under it” Stiles tells her.

“She? How do you know the Darach is a woman?” Marin asks suddenly looking at the three of them with suspicion.

“Because we know who the Darach is” Scott says. Stiles tries to wave him off but the teen misses his signal “Ms. Blake? The English Teacher?”

Stiles takes a deep breath but Marin suddenly looks horrified. “I met and spoke with her and I had no idea.” She turns to Stiles “How did you know? And how did you free your pack?” she asks.

“I got the recipe for a powder that interrupts her spell from some friends and then forced them to face their deepest fears and selves” Stiles tells her.

“Enoch’s Filtre?” she asks knowingly and Stiles nods confirming her guess. “Then I can free him. There is another way to break that kind of mind control for those who have the Druidic Mark. Please. Let me free him and then he can confirm everything” she pleads to Derek.

Derek stares for a moment before looking at the two teens who are watching him. “Opinions?” he finally asks surprising them both.

“If she can free Deaton, and is his sister, maybe we should” Scott offers looking at Stiles. “Can you stop her if she tries something?” he asks.

Marin looks confused but then she sees the green fire in the boy’s eyes and she flinches. That is power. Suddenly she realizes that he is leaking power, not a little like before, but quite a lot. “You. You were the one who used magic on the twins. It wasn’t the Darach. And the shield on your house” she guesses.

Stiles shrugs. “After Ennis’ dropped by and got blood all over my house I didn’t want any more surprise visitors. The twins pissed me off so I got rid of them too” he says casually. Hey, he doesn’t have to admit they are all still alive...as far as he knows.

Derek leans forward and gets right in Morrell’s face. “Try anything. Anything other than what we tell you to do, and I will tear your throat out. Assuming that Stiles doesn’t get to you first” he says with a ferocious smile. Leaning back he lets go and the Druid slides down a bit and tries to compose herself.

“Let’s go” Stiles says and waves his arm causing the mountain ash on the floor to all swirl up in a little tornado, move across the hall, and the wind funnel disperses over a trash can dumping the black powder inside. Stiles smiles at the look of concern and sudden understanding on the woman’s face. She never had the upper hand.

“Well that was a waste of time” Lydia complained as they walked out of the administration office. Her and Peter had made it in with no problems, but there they had run into a brick wall. Ms. Blake hadn’t called in but the school had gotten a sub to cover her class and no one seemed interested in answering any of their questions.

“I disagree, you need to look at what isn’t there as much as what is” Peter said sounding amused and entertained.
Lydia gave him a glare that would have caused many lesser beings to rethink their decision to come into her presence but the beta only laughed. “What do you mean?” she finally managed to ask.

“She doesn’t show up, nor does she make arrangements for her absence, but no one seemed even the slightest bit concerned, surprised, or even annoyed?” Peter prompted and Lydia frowned before she got his point.

“Blake spelled them” she points out.

“Probably not what she did to the pack, but something similar to make the staff here view her in the best light, especially when she acts out of character. It doesn’t change or control them, just makes them like her more than she deserves” Peter answers. While Lydia had been speaking with the secretary, Peter had drifted around and his conversation with several of the people had been enlightening. While all of them said they barely knew her, they all had a near unanimous positive impression. Hell, they practically gave the woman a testimonial. He wouldn’t be surprised if she wasn’t voted teacher of the year or something.

“If she was caught on tape, she isn’t coming back” Lydia said, more statement than question.

“Only if she is a fool” he replies but then looks up and sees the rest of the group approaching with a strange woman. “That is not her” he says indicating Morrell.

Lydia frowns. “That’s Ms. Morrell, the new counselor.”

“Did you finally decide that you needed professional help?” Peter quips as they walk up to the others looking askance at his nephew before noticing the man’s carefully contained anger. “What?” he asks looking more closely at all of them.

“Meet Ms. Morrell. Apparently she is Doc Deaton’s sister” Stiles tells them before adding “and also is the Emissary to the Alpha Pack.”

Lydia’s eyes widen but Peter only raises an eyebrow. “And you are giving her to me as a gift?” he asks hopefully.

“Depends on whether she can free Deaton” Stiles says easily while Scott blanches but doesn’t exactly disagree. “We are heading there now. If we can free him, that will be a huge help. Anything on Blake?”

Lydia and Peter share their news and thought that the woman is gone for good at this point as they walk to the cars. Marin Morrell watches the pack as they walk and is surprised at the way Peter has moved to position himself in such a way that if she tried anything, either he or Derek would be in the best possible position to kill her. This is not something that she would have expected from such a pack. Perhaps Deucalion’s information about the fractured status of this pack was wrong. Glancing over she watches Stiles carefully before she concludes that this may very well be the end of the Alpha Pack if what she is sensing about the teen is correct. She thinks that Deucalion and his Alpha Pack have made a very deadly mistake.

“Dad!” Allison called out as she stepped into the house. Rounding the corner she saw her father and two men and a woman that she didn’t recognize. “Dad?” she asks looking concerned.

“Allison, these are our distant cousins Jacqueline, Louis and Enzo Argent” Chris said and Allison relaxed a bit. “They came on behalf of Clarrisant” he says with a look that made her suddenly
concerned.

“Is something wrong?” she asks looking at Jacqueline directly.

“We received word from a…ally of our cousins in Greece” Jacqueline said looking at the teen. “The High Witch summoned the hunters in Athens as she was concerned about omens that were disturbing the covens. Dione said that they were not sure exactly what was happening, but they were worried. The Grande Matriarch decided to send us since the High Witch had indicated that Beacon Hills was where the danger was.”

“We are dealing with a Darach and an Alpha Pack” Allison told the group “and the Darach just took Scott’s mom” she added and saw her father suddenly look concerned.

“I don’t know who Scott or his mom are” Jacqueline said sounding uncertain “but even the presence of a Darach would not be enough to draw the attention of the High Witch. Unless it was in her territory. No, this has to involve Witchcraft in some way which is why she is getting warnings.”

“The only witches we have had were driven away after about half of them died in a fight. Are you saying we have another crisis to deal with?” she said sounding very unhappy.

Jacqueline rolled her eyes. “To be honest? Witches are not the most reliable of sources, and while I respect the High Witch’s…omens? Portents? Signs? All of it seems too nebulous for me. I would rather deal with something more tangible.” Allison saw similar expressions on the other two men’s faces.

“Have you ever heard of an Alpha Pack?” Allison asks her cousin and the woman suddenly looks interested. “Because if you would rather help with something tangible?” she says with a smile.

“Little cousin” Jacqueline smiles happily “tell me all about it.”

“Well?” Jackson asks as he walks over to Erica and Boyd who are standing right outside the main entrance of the hospital.

“We were able to follow their scents to the parking lot, but then nothing” Erica says sounding frustrated.

“Where?” Jackson asks and Boyd leads him over to where they traced the scent. The sign at the front of the spot says ‘Doctor Parking’ and Jackson frowns. “Didn’t the Sheriff say one of the doctors’ cars was missing?” he asks them.

Erica nods. “Yeah. The guy who was supposed to be coming in to work. The one who was inside, his car is still here.”

Jackson leaned down and inhaled deeply at the empty parking space. A subtle mix of oil, gasoline, and brake fluid that created a very unique fragrance. Tossing his keys to Boyd he smiles “You drive, I can follow the scent of the car” he gloats at the surprised looks on the other two wolves faces.

“How? I didn’t smell anything special” Erica demands with a mix of doubt and irritation that the other wolf could do something she couldn’t.

“My dad has been getting his BMW serviced in Park City as far back as I can remember” Jackson says with a smirk.
“So?” Erica demands while they walk to Jackson’s car.

“They do all this stuff to the car whenever he goes and the first time he did it after I was turned, let’s just say the smell was intense. This doctor must have a BMW that he takes there too. I can smell my dad’s car for weeks after a service trip and since the doc apparently got his car serviced fairly recently, I recognized it. If Boyd drives, I can track it” he says smugly.

Boyd wisely refrains from smiling at the look of disgust on Erica’s face as she climbs in the back. He backs out and starts driving following Jackson’s instructions. The only saving grace of this whole thing is that Stilinski isn’t here for the inevitable dog jokes that he would make if he ever saw them driving around with Jackson’s head sticking out of the car.

“Turn here” he instructs and Boyd does without comment until they finally come to one of the lesser visited public areas on the edge of the Preserve. “Stop!” he yells and Boyd hits the brakes just as Jackson jumps out of the car. Boyd and Erica quickly follow the other teen as he races across the field until Boyd spots the car hidden in the bushes.

“Is that?” Erica asks as them step up but then the wind dies down and the scents hit them. The rank smell of the Darach, Melissa McCall, and the other three!

“We follow the trail!” Jackson says but Boyd’s hand on his shoulder jerks the teen backwards causing him to growl.

“We need to call this in to the Sheriff” Boyd says and both of the other wolves look aghast at his comment. “The Sheriff knows remember? We probably also don’t need to chase after her without the whole pack.”

Erica and Jackson both look sheepish but agree and Erica is calling when the wind picks up and they smell it. Blood! Both Boyd and Jackson’s head turn towards the smell and they are moving. “Stay here” Jackson yells at Erica who growls and ignores the teen. The three of them get about fifty yards into the woods when they find them. The bodies of the two doctors and the other nurse, all with their throats cut, laid out in a circle. There is no sign of Melissa.

“Call him” Erica says looking at Boyd. “Tell them we will meet them at the car.”

Chapter End Notes

Well, things are really coming together quickly which tells us that the ending is in sight! Next chapter up on Wednesday!
Will Marin be able to free Deaton? If she does, how will he react to everything that has been happening? Hey....has anyone heard from the Alphas recently...hint, hint. See you soon!!
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

*Things are moving really quickly now as we head to the climax of our story! Eeep*

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Scott walked into the vet clinic but didn’t see anyone at the counter, even though the bell had rung and the front door was unlocked. The rowan counter was closed so he had to wait for Stiles as the guy walked in behind him. “Scott?” he heard the vet’s voice coming from the back as Deaton walked out to see them. “Stiles. What can I do for you two boys?” he asks with his usual expression that always seemed to hover somewhere between general suspicion of what the two of them were up to and resignation at their antics.

“Hey doc, we wanted to ask if you had a sister. Maybe working at the school?” Stiles says bluntly and Scott gives his best friend a look of exasperation.

Deaton, if he is surprised by the question doesn't show it, however he does give them a raised eyebrow which Stiles is going to count as a point. “Though we don’t often share that fact, yes I do” Deaton answers. “Why?”

Just then the door opens and Derek, Lydia, and Marin Morrell all walk in the clinic. Deaton looks up and nods at the woman. “Marin” he acknowledges cautiously. He turns back to the others with a curious look.

“The Darach took my mom, another nurse, and two doctors last night” Scott says and Stiles, watching the vet, sees the honest surprise and concern on his face.

“What? Do you have any leads?” he asks before he pauses and looks at his sister “and why are you here?”

“You mean after we found out your sister is working with the Alpha Pack?” Stiles says looking at the woman with suspicion. Alan is surprised by the angry emotion in the teen’s voice. He also notices that Derek’s claws are out and are dangerously close to his sister.

“Yes. After that” Alan answers and Stiles just nods at the confirmation that the vet not only knew what his sister was doing, but that he purposefully didn’t tell them.

“We are giving her a chance. She said she can help us with a problem and if she does Derek won’t rip her throat out” Stiles says causing the vet to look at him with a disturbed expression. “If not, she dies” he tells the man.

“Stiles” Alan looks very unhappy “things are often more complicated than they often appear. And I would appreciate it if you would refrain from threatening my sister” he tells them.

Stiles looks at the vet and shakes his head in disappointment. “I’m sorry doc, but you knew that someone from the Alpha Pack was at our school watching us, giving them information about us, and using that information to target us and our families and you didn’t bother to warn us or anything. Ms. Morrell has made her choices, whatever the reasons, so she will have to live with the consequences.”
Alan watches as the others silently support the suddenly furious teen "The Alpha Pack came to my house to kill my father and whether or not she was directly involved, she has been helping them which in my mind makes her just as guilty” Stiles adds looking particularly angry with the woman and the vet. “The two of you have been playing a game with the rest of us and it is going to end now one way or the other.”

“Stiles” Scott’s voice is not quite a whine but Stiles knows his brother and he knows how unhappy he is right now.

“If Ms. McCall or anyone of our pack or family is hurt by the Alphas that she is supporting, she won’t leave Beacon Hills alive” he promises with a voice of steel that causes both druids to look at him in shock. Stiles’ tattoos on his arm appear and start glowing as he gestures and Alan flies backward to slam into the wall.

“Doc!” Scott yell competes with Marin’s “Alan!” but Stiles doesn’t pause for either of them.

“Now!” Stiles says coldly, barely loud enough for anyone to hear and Alan, just starting to step away from the wall suddenly feels razor sharp claws close on his throat.

“Hello Alan. So nice to see you again” Peter whispers dangerously in the vet’s ear as he grabs the man’s arm with his other hand effectively pinning the vet in the werewolf’s grip.

Alan immediately recognizes the voice and freezes in place. Stiles turns to Marin. “You said you could free him?” he bites out.

Marin, appearing unaffected by the scene before her, just nods. “He should have what I need among his supplies” she tells the teen and Stiles nods and gestures her towards the room where Deaton keeps most of his herbs and miscellaneous equipment. Deaton looks around at everyone and stops on Scott.

“Scott, can you explain what is going on?” Alan asks sounding almost unconcerned about the werewolf holding him.

“You are under the Darach’s control” Lydia answers and at the man’s look of disbelief she looks thoroughly done. “Don’t feel too bad. She cast her mind twisting magic on all the wolves and me as well. Stiles and Allison were able to free us and now it is your turn.”

“She?” Deaton asks sounding curious.

“Yes. It is Ms. Abernathy, the home economics teacher at the high school” Lydia says and Deaton looks confused.

“What…really?” he asks looking confused. Ms. Abernathy is close to sixty.

“No, not really. It’s Jennifer Blake” Peter sasses and feels the druid go rigid in his grip.

“Are you insane? You damn fleabags. I would have thought you at least had enough brains to deal with real problems but now I see that I was wrong. You are too crazy to think things through. I told you that I checked her out already and she is nothing, no magic whatsoever. And that is why you are threatening me and my sister? And you Scott” he almost snarls causing Scott to flinch “I should never have wasted my time with you, you will never amount to anything.”

Scott suddenly looks angry and his eyes flash and there is a general look of surprise when there is a suddenly a flash of red among the gold in the teen’s eyes. “Now I know you aren’t in your right head doc. But you will be” he says confidently.
“Scott” Lydia starts but Derek grabs her arm and shakes his head when she glances at him but he is staring at Scott.

Before anyone else can say anything, Stiles and Marin return and she is holding a steaming cup of something that smells terrible. “Peter, force his mouth open” she instructs and the beta smiles wickedly as he does and she pours it down the vet’s throat causing the man to choke and cough but he swallows most of it.

Stiles gestures and Peter let’s go of the vet just as Marin places her hand on her brother’s head and shouts “Athchóirigh an t-iarmhéid i gceann seo!” The vet’s eyes roll back in his head and he almost collapses but Peter is back and catches the man and lowers him to the floor carefully.

“What happened?” Scott demands as he crouches down beside the vet. He can hear Deaton’s heartbeat slowing and his breathing almost stop.

“His body is throwing off the Darach’s spell. Druids are responsible for maintaining the balance in nature and a spell such as the one she used on him only works because it disturbs his own natural balance. The potion I gave him causes his body to destabilize itself which will cause his own natural powers to react by correcting his imbalance. By doing so, it will break her spell and free him” Marin explains. “It will take about half an hour” she says looking at Stiles carefully.

“Good” Derek says causing the woman to look at him “that gives us time for you to tell us everything you can about Deucalion.”

The Sheriff arrives at the scene with Tara, Parrish, and Rodriguez right behind him and he spots the three teens standing beside Jackson’s Porsche. Stepping out the car he walks over to them and they all look slightly sick. Boyd had called in that they found the doctor’s missing car and they needed the Sheriff. “You found the car?” he asks and they all nod, the Sheriff sees how even Jackson seems off kilter. “What else?” he asks.

“Three bodies” Boyd tells him and the other deputies all look sick. “Ms. McCall isn’t one” he adds quickly.

The Sheriff follows the teens to the spot with the bodies until they arrive, then keeping the teens back as he eyes the scene. “Okay, Graeme, I want you to take these three and get their statements” he says with a look that Tara easily understands. “Parrish, get a hold of the station. I want a full team out here. Rodriguez, I want you to secure the scene.” He turns and walks over to Dr. Danniger and looks down at the body and feels his blood chill. That crazed woman had Melissa McCall and they had no leads.

“Ohhh” Deaton groaned as he opened his eyes and winced at the horrible taste currently taking residency in his mouth.

“Here” he heard his sister’s voice and he looked over and saw her handing him a bottle of water. He took it and drank it down in one go as he sat up on the table that he was laying on. He looked around and saw Scott, Stiles, Derek and Peter Hale, and Lydia Martin in addition to his sister. He vaguely remembered…something?

“What’s going on?” he finally asks looking at Marin.
“Raehm’s Elixir” Marin tells him and the pack sees the vet’s eyes widen in surprise. “You were under the Darach’s control.”

He looks around at everyone “You know who the Darach is?” he asks and sees the looks of concern on Scott and Stiles’ faces. They nod. “Who?”

“Jennifer Blake” Peter replies and Alan gets a sudden rush of Déjà vu and a feeling of choking around his neck. They told him this earlier! A sudden rush of memories hit him and Alan now remembers everything. He looks stricken as he turns to the teens.

“Scott, I am so sorry I said those things. Derek, Peter, Stiles, all of you, I am sorry, I don’t know how she did it” he frowns looking at his sister. “You threatened Marin” he remembers.

“Well she did free him, so I’m going to guess that you are not going to still consider the option of killing her” Peter says with a heavy sigh looking at Derek in disappointment.

Scott frowns but Derek and Stiles pause to look at each other. “We aren’t, are we?” Scott yelps.

Stiles sighs. “No. She did free Deaton so she earned herself a pass for that, but we have to figure out what to do with her. We can’t risk her going back to the Alpha Pack now. Derek, I’m not sure what to do here?” he says looking unhappy.

Derek looks at the woman before turning back to Deaton. “Is there something we can do other than imprisoning her?” he asks the man who looks back at him with gratitude.

“Yes. There are some oaths she could take that don’t conflict with any she has with Deucalion. But we would need to know what she swore to him” he explains.

The next few minutes are spent with Marin sharing what she can of the Oaths that she took. Deucalion was very careful in his choice of words for the Druid. Her previous pack was safe and protected by it, but she was severely tied to the man. She could take no actions against him, nor could she keep silent about any information she learned. “However I am only required to share what I know, not what I conjecture or guess” she says with a slight smile that Derek sees reflected in Deaton.

After they figure out the parameters, Deaton and Stiles set down a few oaths of their own to protect the pack. They can’t stop her from actively helping the Alphas, but Lydia gets the idea to have her swear that any spell she casts or magic she attempts will fail for the next three days and that she will not be able to explain it until the time is up. That creates a loophole to help and inform that does not conflict with her oath. Deucalion did not include a timeliness element when she first swore.

Finally done, Derek turns to Marin and gives her the final instructions they had agreed upon. She nods and leaves the clinic to deliver Derek’s ultimatum to Deucalion. Turning back to Deaton, Derek glances at Stiles and the teen nods and takes off his watch, setting it down.

He will admit it. The look on Deaton’s face when he senses Stiles’ magic is priceless and Stiles can’t help but feel some vindication. “Stiles! Your spark, it…it’s so strong. How did you…” he pauses and looks at the watch and reaches out with his senses and feels the magic in the item. “Are you an Enchanter?” he asks looking excited.

“Not exactly. You might want to sit down, we have a lot to tell you” Stiles says just as Derek’s phone rings.

The Alpha looks down and sees Jackson’s name on the phone and decides to step out of the room to answer. Stiles begins to talk to Deaton, explaining what’s been happening with the Darach and that
he has been learning magic. The story comes in bits and pieces, but Stiles tries to cover the major points.

Derek walks back in looking miserable causing all of them to stop and look at him. He looks at Scott and the teen pales and shakes his head at the Alpha. “They found the bodies of the Healers. Melissa wasn’t there” he says quickly and Scott starts panting nervously.

“So she was definitely taken as a Guardian” Lydia mutters and Stiles moves to embrace Scott as the teen tries to get himself under control.

“Where were they?” Deaton asks Derek.

“Near the Hansom Trail end point. About fifty yards in, moving north, north east” he says.

Deaton suddenly looks concerned and moves to his cabinets and opening them, rummages until he pulls out a large map and spreads it on the table. They all gather around the map of Beacon Hills and the Preserve and Deaton moves till he finds the spot Derek mentioned. “Here?” he asks pointing at the trail marker. Derek follows the line and indicates roughly where the bodies were found. “Where were the other bodies found?” he asks and Stiles pulls out his phone and after a few quick taps, he starts marking where the other bodies were found.

When he finishes he looks up and sees Deaton looking sick. “Doc, what is it? Does this mean something?” he asks.

“They sacrifices were all on ley lines. She’s after the Nemeton” he says after a moment’s hesitation and the rest of the group looks at him confused. “In the Preserve, there was a large Oak Tree that was the Nemeton, or guardian, of the magical energies of Beacon Hills. All the ley lines in the area, and for almost three hundred miles in every direction, all channeled into the Nemeton. It took in the power, tamed and cleansed it, and used it to help the land flourish. But it was cut down shortly after the fire and ever since, the ley lines have become unstable and erratic, twisting the magic of the land. Blake must be using these sacrifices to corrupt what’s left of the Nemeton in order to get it to accept her and give her access to all of the power it has.” He looks at them with a deadly serious expression “If she succeeds, she will be able to use the Nemeton to gather and twist that power for her own designs, I am not sure how anyone will be able stop her.”

Marin Morrell walks into the room with a sense of nervousness that didn’t reach her face as she glanced around the warehouse lair of the Alpha Pack. The betas were out but all of the remaining Alphas were there and it appeared that Kali was arguing for a frontal assault on the pack. Ricardo was suggesting that they should pull back to take time to gather more information.

Deucalion ‘looks’ over towards the Druid as she walks in and gets a smirk on his face. “Perhaps our resident Druid has an opinion” he says confidently. The rest of them all turn and look at her as she stops in front of them.

“I ran into Hale and some of his pack at the school” she begins and sees the sudden shift as everyone is paying much closer attention to her. “Hale had protections on him and he surprised me. To be honest, he captured me and demanded to know if I served you or the Darach.”

Kali snorted at the woman “If he knows you serve us, then why are you still alive?” she demands of the Druid.

“It turns out that the Darach had Alan Deaton under her spell. I agreed to help free him in exchange
for my life” she answered simply.

“Her? They know the Darach is a woman?” Deucalion asks much more interested in this bit of news.

“Yes. It was a teacher at the school. Jennifer Blake” Morrell tells them blandly. “It seems that she is exceptionally gifted. I met the woman more than once and never picked up on her identity.”

“So they spared your life for helping them, why didn’t they imprison you?” Ricardo asks genuinely confused. Removing her from the field would be the smarter move.

“Hale wanted me to deliver a message to you” she says looking over at Deucalion. “As your Emissary, he offered to let me carry his message to you.”

“And what message does the Hale scion have for me?” Deucalion asks sounding amused.

“Get out” she said clearly. “Your pack has committed crimes in his territory and your life is forfeit for those actions. If you don’t leave, never to return” Marin paused as she saw the fury on Kali’s face and the amusement on Deucalion’s “you will meet the same end as Ennis, Ethan, and Aiden” she finishes.

At the mention of the missing three Alphas, the mood shifts. Kali roars in fury and Deucalion looks beyond irritated. Lisa is snarling beside Kali but Marin notices that Ricardo looks seriously concerned, the only one unfortunately.

“I refuse to believe that cur defeated Ennis” Kali snarls and Lisa growls in agreement but Deucalion doesn’t look quite so sure.

“What did you see of their pack?” Deucalion asks the Druid shrewdly.

“The information you received about them was apparently flawed. They are as united as any pack I have seen, including both of the Hales. They also have aligned with several non-wolves and their Emissary is significantly more than I expected” she says carefully.

“You didn’t know your own brother’s capabilities?” Deucalion asks with a dangerous undertone to his voice.

“My brother is not Hale’s Emissary. The Stilinski boy is” she says and sees the sudden surprised reactions.

“You said he was worthless” Kali accused the Druid.

Marin looks at the Alpha with a disinterested expression that clearly conveyed her opinion of the unstable woman. “I said that I did not detect magic from him but that was because he was being protected from detection. However it turns out that he is more than I believed” she turns back to Deucalion “if you want my honest opinion?” she asks and he nods with permission. “Run. It is not Hale you should worry about, it is him. There is an aura around him that I have not encountered before. While Hale may allow you to leave, I would not trust that the boy will not seek your end. You sent Ennis to kill his father and I think that it is only that he is dealing with the Darach that has kept him from repaying that action.”

“The Human? What? Is he is going to attack with twigs and berries? Maybe grow some flowers to throw at us” Kali scoffs in derision at the thought of running from a pathetic kid.

Marin looks sad as she shakes her head at the woman. “Tell that to Ennis. It doesn’t take much to guess that it was him and his father who killed Ennis. And his house’s protections will prevent any
attack there.” She turns to Deucalion “I thought it might have been a chance happenstance, but now I believe those protections were very much intentional and if he can do that, I cannot guess what he is capable of” she concludes.

Deucalion smiles. He takes a deep breath and looks immensely happy “Perhaps you cannot guess, but that just means that he is even more intriguing. He will submit or die, it doesn’t matter which” Deucalion shrugs and orders Marin to go over everything. Luckily most of what she has is not facts but conjecture so she shares only those few facts with an occasional bit of conjecture, clearing indicating that even if most of her conjectures were knowingly wrong. Luckily her oaths did not require her to reveal secrets of her order so she did not have to reveal that Stiles had been touched by the Morgaine. She had finally perceived it when they were preparing the cure for Alan and she nearly fainted in surprise. The touch was clear to any druid who looked at the boy as was the message he carried from her; ‘This one is under my protection, all who see shall render aid’. Marin had smiled when she realized that her very first oaths, the most binding of all, were to her order and superseded any later ones which means that ultimately she could help Stiles over Deucalion’s pack without any magical consequences and that might be the thing that finally allowed herself to be rid of the odious man once and for all.

“So what’s the plan?” Scott demands looking around the room desperately. The others all look concerned for the teen.

Derek seems to be thinking but he finally turns to Stiles and Deaton “Can you do anything to protect the Nemeton?” he asks and Deaton looks uncertain.

“I put some spells to make it difficult to find the Nemeton long ago but we might be able to add some protections to try and keep her out. Though I cannot guarantee anything working, Blake is exceptionally gifted” Alan tells the Alpha. “Her sacrifices have probably already given her some degree of access to it.”

“I might be able to help with that plan as well” Stiles tells the Alpha who nods.

“Try your best” Derek instructs the druid. “Lydia, stay here and help them out. The rest of us will join with the others and we will try to track Melissa from where they found the car and the bodies. Taking her through the woods will make it difficult to hide their trail” he says with determination and Peter and Scott both head out the door while Derek looks back and Stiles and looks like he is about to say something before he stops and follows the other two out.

“So what are we doing?” Lydia asks the vet. Deaton starts explaining some options for helping wrest the Nemeton’s control away from the Darach and possibly removing the taint of her sacrifices but he warns them that with twelve sacrifices made, she will be powerful.

"Mr. Stilinski" Deaton says carefully. "I am concerned about this sudden willingness towards violence." Deaton looks concerned and worried all in one.

Stiles rolls his eyes and looks over at Lydia "You want to tell him?” he asks with a smirk and sees an answering one on her face.

Lydia smiles at the vet "When your sister goes back what will she tell them? That she was told 'help Deaton or die'? Did we give any indication that we were working in collusion with her or did she manage to save herself without breaking any oaths or having to lie” she says with an arched look.
Deaton pauses for a second before he gets a slight smile. "You lied to her so she could tell that lie to Deucalion without it being a lie when she says it" he repeats and sees both of the teens look smug. "You are getting skilled" he praises.

"That doesn't mean that what we said didn't have truth in it" Stiles says looking serious. "If the Alphas hurt our pack and your sister is part of them, then she shares their guilt. I get that she made oaths to protect her pack, but how many innocents have Deucalion killed in his rush to power? How many of those were possible because of her?" Stiles shakes his head sadly. "I get that she was a victim too in some ways but that doesn't erase things nor does the fact that you knew about her and let her gain access to us" Stiles tells the man with a definitely unhappy look.

"Stiles..." Deaton begins but he stops at the look from the teens. "It isn't that simple" he settles for saying.

Lydia snorts and both men look at her. "It actually is pretty simple. You didn't swear any oaths to keep things secret did you? Even if you were attempting to 'stay neutral' in all of this, that means you balance both sides, but the fact was that they had the advantage and you stood by willingly and didn't tell us. You know that Derek will never trust you now? First his family and now this? He knows that you are willing to sacrifice anyone to keep your status 'unblemished' or clean" Lydia says with a shake of her head.

Alan looks extremely uncomfortable at the redheads words but he doesn't argue against them.

"This is a discussion for another time and place" Stiles says to both of them. He knows that Scott is very attached to the vet as both a mentor and guide and Stiles doesn't plan to make it more difficult for his bro. They just need to re-evaluate Deaton to being closer to a book or other resource, it's not all-knowing or perfect, but rather they know and deal with the limits that come with him. "So what do we need to do to make this work?" he asks politely.

Deaton seems to appreciate the change of topic and begins going over some of his ideas with the two of them. Lydia asks some questions and makes suggestions of her own as they try and create a list of best possible options. The biggest concern out there seems to be who to prepare for, the Alpha Pack or the Darach? It is stretching them too thin. Stiles frowns. He doesn’t like this. There are too many things going on which could go wrong. Listening to Lydia and Deaton talk he makes a decision. “I need to take care of something” he says interrupting the conversation causing both of them to look at him. “I will back within the hour” he says and starts to walk out.

“Stiles?” Lydia surprised voice stops him and he looks back at the redhead. “Where are you going? Why?” she asks confused.

“I have an idea to help us but I need help. I will be back before you have to head out. I know Doc needs time to get everything ready. Trust me” he says with a smile and heads out for his jeep, jumping in and taking off across town.

Deaton turned to look at Lydia who only rolls her eyes. "I think I liked it better when he wasn't quite so mysterious." She gets a sour look on her face and glances at the vet “you are a bad influence.” Alan, wisely, doesn’t respond other than to smile slightly.

“Call the others” Deucalion orders Kali. “Once the betas are back, I want you to take them and strike against the Whittemore, Boyd, Reyes and Martin family members that they have identified…and bring them back to us alive…well at least most of them” he clarifies.
Kali smiles wickedly at the Alpha and nods as she walks out to call the betas. Deucalion turns to Morrell and smiles. “Once we have our hostages, Hale’s pack will disintegrate and they will be easy to destroy.”

Marin does not respond but her concern is overwhelming. Attacking that many families, including two as well-known as the Martins and Whittemores will not be ignored, it will be national news. Deucalion’s plan will bring down every Hunter in the western US down on them, howling for blood. Marin feels her blood freeze as she realizes what he is planning. By doing this, Deucalion can still flee if he has to and Hale and the others will be left to deal with aftermath. If he wins, he will blame Hale’s pack for the killings and claim that he put them down to punish them. Win or lose, he will still destroy the Hale pack.

Stiles walks up to the house and takes a deep breath. He’s pretty sure that Derek would definitely not approve of what he is planning. He rings the bell and doesn’t have to wait long before the door opens. “Mr. Stilinski” Chris Argent says sounding surprised.

“I need your help” Stiles says simply and Chris steps back to allow the teen to enter and closes the door behind him. Walking into the living room Stiles sees the large group of men and woman gathered there, all looking rather determined.

“Stiles?” Allison asks, surprised to see him but he just signals for her to wait and is thankful that she does.

“Mr. Stilinski is a human member of the Hale Pack” Chris says introducing Stiles to the others. Stiles can feel the tension in the room suddenly increase but he tries not to show any offense. “You were saying that you needed my help?” he asks the teen.

“I need you to do some killing, specifically the Alpha Pack” Stiles says simply and notices that he has everyone’s undivided attention. “I’m not exactly expecting you to succeed, and I don’t want you to take any unnecessary risks, but I need you to hit them and hit them hard. Everyone you take down is one less for us to deal with” he tells the group.

“There are rules” Jacqueline Argent responds carefully as if trying to avoid any potential disagreements while exerting her authority.

“They have been declared code-breakers by the pack and the local police” Stiles tells the woman and sees her expression of surprise. “The Hunters have full permission for any actions against them. However, their Emissary, is to be left unharmed.” Stiles turns to look at Allie “Ms. Morrell” he says simply.

“Our Guidance Counselor?” Allison demands in shock and Stiles sees the tic in Chris’ cheek at that bit of news. “Is anyone at our school just a teacher?”

“Well, it does seem that you have to have a secret agenda to work there, you know it seems to be a favorite place for crazy people to infiltrate” Stiles says sarcastically and he is pleased to see the wince that comes from Chris Argent at that one. Stiles hasn’t forgotten that Chris fully participated in attacking their principal so that Gerard could take over.

“Okay, we can do that. But what do you want exactly?” Chris asks. Stiles asks for a map of the area and once it is laid out, he pulls out a small piece of fabric tied to a piece of string.

“What’s that?” Allison asks looking at the bag in the teen’s hand.
“When we were talking with Morrell I snagged a piece of her clothing. This spell should show us where she is and since she was going to the Alpha Pack to deliver Derek’s message…” Stiles trailed off as he pulled out the scrap of paper with his notes. Swinging the string with the scrap over the map, Stiles believed, he focused on the belief that this piece of clothing wants to reunite with its source. He allows his energy to flow until he feels the reaction and he opens his eyes. “Far a bheil e mo chàill pìos” he chants and the piece of fabric jerks down and lands on the map right over one of the abandoned warehouses in the industrial district on the far side of town.

“That’s where they are” Stiles says looking at the Allison and Jacqueline who suddenly looked very interested. “I imagine they probably stay in during the day to keep from being spotted, going out after dark” he offers.

“We have some time before sunset” Allison says looking at her cousin with a smirk. Jacqueline smiles back and the others start talking.

Stiles waits for a bit, answering a few questions, before Allie gives him the signal and he heads back to clinic. He smiles as he gets in his jeep.

Derek steps out of the Camaro with Peter and Scott right behind him. He looks over and spots Erica, Boyd, and Jackson and surprisingly Isaac. Walking over to the group he looks at the curly haired beta “What happened? Why are you here?” he asks quickly.

Isaac explains that he was assisting the deputies back at the station when the Sheriff called in about the bodies. He hitched and ride and had only just beaten Derek to the scene. Jackson, Erica, and Boyd take turns explaining their efforts and what they found. Derek nods and spots the Sheriff coming out of the woods. Spotting Derek, he shifts his walk and comes over to them. “Hale” he says with a tired expression. “This has to stop” he says furiously.

Derek nods in sympathy, he can smell the blood from here but he knows any words would be empty. “If we can pick up any scents, we may be able to trail her to find where she is keeping Melissa” he tells the Sheriff while ignoring the growl-whimper that comes from Scott. “Hiding out here is actually harder, even with her magic” he tells the man.

Noah nods and signals Tara to come over. “Graeme, they are going to search the perimeter for any clues. Why don’t you walk with them to keep them away from the crime scene” he says formally and the deputy nods smartly and leads the pack off. It takes them a few minutes to get to the far side of the crime scene when Tara steps back and indicates for them to do their stuff.

“Spread out and find Ms. McCall or Blake’s scent” Derek orders and the pack moves quickly through the brush. Tara is left standing alone when she hears a sudden growling that sounds furious. Moving quickly she gets to the source to see Derek Hale restraining a wolfed-out Scott McCall, whose eyes are glowing amber as the teen growls loudly. In a few seconds the rest of the pack converges on them and Derek turns to the others.

“Scott found his mother’s scent. Pick it up” he says indicating the side of the tree which the entire packs sniffs and Tara feels an atavistic chill as each of their eyes flash with that inner light, amber in all but Jackson Whittemore and Peter Hale, whose eyes are an icy blue. “You have it?” Derek demands and they all nod “Then let’s go” he yells and lets Scott go who takes off, the rest of the pack tearing off behind him leaving a very startled Tara Graeme in the dust.

The deputy stares after the pack before she turns and heads back to inform the Sheriff. Remembering
that they lost their liaison, she decides to send a message to Stiles. Found scent. Chasing. She
smiles at the text. If anyone ever looked at her phone, she doubted that they would be able to make
any sense out of the message. God, this is her life now. Shaking her head she walks back to the
Sheriff.

Derek was furious. The pack had been chasing Melissa’s scent for the last hour and it only took half
that time for him to determine that they were not only no running a straight chase, but were
crisscrossing their path. They had ran through this clearing forty minutes earlier and there had been
no secondary trail then but when they arrived this time, the first trail was now gone. It was like it was
disappearing as they ran. Deciding to change tactics, he split the pack up. Peter, Jackson, Scott, and
Isaac followed down the main scent trail while Derek, Boyd, and Erica circled out from them to
create a circular border around the main group. Derek hoped that if the Darach was laying a false
trail, maybe they could catch it.

Stiles walked into the vet clinic looking determined but more at ease than he had before. “Everything
taken care of?” Lydia asks with a slightly annoyed expression.

He smiles at the redhead. “Yep. I just sicced Argent and his hunters on the Alpha Pack. They should
give Deucalion something to focus on besides us right now. Luckily Chris and Alli had some out of
town family visiting so there are even extra hunters to help out.

“You do realize that you are breaking all kinds of crazy rules by using Hunters to stave off an
invading wolf pack? I willing to put money on Derek not being happy about this” Lydia
complimented but then stared “but how are they going to find them?” she asks archly.

Stiles snorted. "Pretty sure Derek wouldn't be happy no matter what but I promise you, if I could, I
would bring in the Avengers if I thought it was necessary. I didn't agree to any of these 'rules' so I
don't particularly feel obligated to follow them now" he told her with an expression that he usually
applied to his rather flexible morals about snooping on his dad's cases. Then he grinned “And how I
found them? I snagged a piece of Morrell’s clothing and used it to track her to a warehouse. The
Argents are going to hit it tonight” he says looking extra proud of himself. Deaton walks in as he is
explaining and he adds “I’ve told them to avoid Ms. Morrell, but even if they manage to take out one
or two of them, it should be enough to mess up their plans or at least give us some time to deal with
Blake” he turns to Deaton. “Are we ready to go?” he asks the vet.

“Yes. Ms. Martin and I have assembled everything I think we will need” Alan responds and then he
looks worried for a moment. “Stiles, Lydia say you spoke with the Morgaine and the Merlin” he says
carefully, obvious trying to be exceedingly diplomatic.

“Yes. They gave us the powder we used to free the pack” Stiles tells the vet and sees the hesitation
there. “What is it?” he asks.

Deaton looks really uncomfortable but he takes a deep breath. “Stiles, the Morgaine has marked you.
It’s like a message to all druids to let them know that you are…favored” he explains and sees the
teen’s surprised reaction. “You didn’t know” he says looking at Stiles. “She didn’t just help you
Stiles, she basically ordered all druids to help you as well.”

“So why didn’t Ms. Morrell know that?” Stiles asks sounding confused. “I mean she was going to
“Turn us over to the Alphas.”

“Your watch hid your aura from others so it also blocked her touch on you” Alan told him. “Once you were no longer actively blocking it, it became clear to us but that means that if you face her, that Ms. Blake will also see it.”

“So?” Stiles asks confused especially by the look of concern on Lydia’s face. “She is already after all of us, how will this change anything.

“Stiles” Lydia says slowly “a Darach is a twisted corruption of everything a Druid stands for. Seeing you ‘blessed’ by the top druid will be like waving a red cape at a bull. She will probably come after you more than the rest of us.”

Stiles holds up his hand and flashes his watch “Uh…I still have this” he reminds them but they both shake their heads sadly.

“Stiles that only works if you don’t use your magic. If you actively use magic in her presence then it won’t prevent her from realizing who and what you are” Deaton warns. Stiles looks unhappy but they don’t really have time so they head to Stiles Jeep and he drives to the old Hale House where they will park and start walking. Pulling in the clearing with the burned down house, Stiles grabs the bags of supplies and follows after Deaton who leads them right up to the house.

Chapter End Notes

_Athchóirigh an t-iarmhéid i gceann seo – Restore the balance in this one!

_Far a bheil e mo chall píos – Where is my missing piece

_Hi everyone, things are getting close to the big confrontation!!! Next update on Saturday!
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

Whoo hoo! Things are getting tense!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Noah Stilinski shook his head in negation at the Deputy’s question and he walked back towards the clearing. The forensics team had finally finished with the scene and the coroner had taken the three bodies away which left a few minor details before he could leave as well. Tara had headed back a while ago to prep the station since he had gotten word that the FBI would be arriving soon to ‘consult’ with the department on the entire case. Twelve killings screamed serial killer and he wasn’t exactly in a position to correct the Bureau’s assumptions with a ‘no, it’s actually human sacrifices’ as the truth.

“Sheriff?” Jordan asks as he walks up to his boss looking concerned. “We have several reporters at the end of the road. Apparently the word got out about all this” he says looking a bit angry.

“Parrish” Noah says with a heavy sigh “with the entire force, the coroner, and the emergency vehicles all coming here, there was no way we were going to keep a lid on it. Don’t worry. I imagine that the feds will prefer to handle the press so we will let them.” He looked around carefully before asking “have we heard from the pack?” he asks in a whisper.

Jordan shakes his head. “No sir. Tara said they took off a while ago after they caught Ms. McCall’s scent, but we haven’t heard anything since. Have you heard anything from the others?” he asks.

“Stiles told me that they think they have identified what they think is Blake’s target and that they are going to try and prevent her from using it, but nothing else” he says with a sigh. “Head back to the station, help out Graeme.”

Deputy Parrish nods directly, just shy of a salute, before he heads back to his cruiser. Noah instructs his other deputies to finish up and secure the site before heading out, reminding them no communication with the press. They both nod in agreement just as a police cruiser pulls up. Noah watches as Deputy Murray steps out of the car and he looks around nervously. Spotting the Sheriff, the man makes a direct line for him and Noah can see that the deputy looks really off.

“Sheriff” Andy says looking sick. “I just heard what happened and, and I don’t get it. Why is this happening?” he asks forlornly.

“Son, are you okay? We have been dealing with this for a while” he says carefully not understanding the man’s behavior.

“I went out with Tracy about four months ago” he admits and Noah suddenly feels sick again at the memory of the young nurse. “Nothing came of it, I mean she was nice and all but we just didn’t… click” he adds quickly. “But this, along with everything else…” he trails off looking around nervously.

“Everything else?” Noah prompts the man when he stays silent.
Andy takes a deep breath. “I was on patrol and I saw these guys and I figured they were bikers or maybe gang or something based on how they were dressed but then I swear I saw their eyes glow. I mean not like a reflection, but really glow” he says looking very skittish. Noah quickly glances around and pulls them away from the others.

“Son, tell me what you saw” he says carefully.

Andy looks scared but he shakes his head. “You will think I am crazy sir and I am not” he says sounding worked up. “I don’t want to be that guy!”

“I won’t think you are crazy Murray, I promise you. But I need you to tell me everything you know about these people” Noah urges.

Deputy Murray looks conflicted, staring at the Sheriff and then out at the woods for a few moments before he finally nods. “Can we, maybe talk somewhere more private?” he asks looking around them. “I really don’t want to be overheard if I am going to tell you the rest of it” he tells Noah.

Noah nods and they both walk along the trail. The Sheriff waits while they pass into the woods and in a few minutes are out of sight or hearing of the rest of the department still in the clearing. “It wasn’t just their eyes sir, they had claws and fangs, like some kind of animal” he says sounding really off kilter.

“Werewolves” Noah says simply and the deputy looks at him in surprise. “There is a group of them here in town to cause trouble but we are handling it…quietly” he explains. “But if you can tell me anything. Where they were? Numbers? Descriptions?” Noah prompts and sees the young deputy start to relax.

Noah hears the sudden snapping of a twig and when he turns he sees a brunette woman standing there watching them. It only takes a second before he recognizes Jennifer Blake and he is pulling his sidearm when he feels the sharp piercing impact on his back right before the taser discharges. Noah grunts as he drops to the ground barely able to focus on his deputy who is holding the stun gun, finger still on the trigger.

“That’s enough my boy” Jennifer Blake’s voice is dripping false concern as she walks over to them. She reaches for him but a sudden spark leaps from the Sheriff to her hand causing her to snatch it back with a snarl.

“Take him” she orders the deputy who moves, puppet-like, to pick up the Sheriff. “I may not be able to touch you but your deputy can. He has no intention to harm you but he will do whatever I tell him to do so your protections will not protect you” she says with a vindictive laugh. “Come my Guardian, only one more to go.” Noah starts to lose consciousness as he watches the woman lead them further into the woods.

“What are we doing in the house?” Lydia asks as they step through the front door, the smell of smoke is still pervasive despite the years. Ever since Stiles dragged her to the basement, Lydia had been determined that she wouldn’t set foot in the place again.

“Talia didn’t want any magic on her home, she didn’t trust magic users near her pack unless they were truly pack” Deaton says with a sigh of regret.

“But isn’t the Emissary part of the pack?” Stiles asks confused by the way the man had said it.
Alan takes a deep breath. “It...depends. Some Emissaries are full pack members, often the partner of a pack member or born into the pack. You would be surprised how many human born members that end up with the potential to use magic. But Talia’s grandfather, who was Alpha of the Hale Pack, had an Emissary, a witch, who betrayed the family. She had become obsessed with Raphael Hale and actually attempted to kill his wife in order to take her place” he explains.

“She tried to kill her rival” Lydia said with a judging look that spoke volumes. Her own family had ended over her father’s infidelities.

“She tried, but failed. The pack was able to rescue Mirabelle in time and they quickly discovered their Emissary’s plan” Deaton told his avid audience. “Helen, the witch, had planned to come running at the ‘news’ of Mirabelle’s death so she arrived all concerned but found an alive Mirabelle and a furious Raphael who confronted her. She was unhinged and tried to argue that she was doing him a favor” Deaton said with a raised eyebrow.

“So what happened?” Stiles asks the vet despite the slightly ‘icky’ feeling of learning about Derek’s family from him.

“Raphael killed her” Alan said which didn’t surprise either of the teens. “After that, the Hales have only had one Emissary who wasn’t kept at arm’s distance and he was married to Raphael’s niece. The rest, including myself, have worked mostly with the Alpha, not the pack. I don’t fault her decision or those of her father and grandfather, but it meant that she did not want me using magic on their home because she saw it as a vulnerability.”

“Which exposed the family to Kate’s plans” Stiles adds unnecessarily. “They probably didn’t count on how advanced the hunters would get with their weapons.”

Alan nodded sadly. “To be honest, I am not sure any effort of mine would have prevented the tragedy, my magics are more subtle, but I think it could have given them some warning at least” Stiles sees the regret on the man’s face. He shakes his head like he is trying to clear the memories away. “But that’s not what’s important. The Nemeton is tied to the land, as is the Hale pack. This has been their territory for centuries, before even the Spanish arrived, when the original natives that lived here were a wolf pack” Alan says surprising both of the teens.

“So what are we doing?” Lydia asks as Deaton looks a bit unhappy and slightly guilty.

“To create protections, we need to remind the Nemeton of its ties to the Hale Pack. Lydia I need you to go upstairs to the bedrooms and bring me a piece of wood from each room. We will used them to create protective runes to link to the Nemeton” Alan says and just nods and hands the redhead a heavy knife with a serrated edge. “They should be about the size of a playing card but that’s the minimum. Just pry or cut it out” he tells her before turning to Stiles. “I need you to go to the basement and in the walls there are stones that were used in the construction. If you can, use your magic to free them, we will need eight stones about the size of a ping pong ball or larger” he instructs and Stiles just nods and heads out.

“What will you be doing?” Lydia asks looking very displeased at this job.

“I will be harvesting several plants and trees that I know have been here for a very long time. Wood, Stone, Leaf, Vine, and Stem. I would prefer if they had a well where we could draw water, but it collapsed during the fire and we don’t have time to dig it out” he says with a sigh. Lydia nods and heads upstairs with her knife/saw thingy while she started planning how exactly she was going to explain vandalizing Derek’s house...again.
Allison adjusted the focus on the night scope that she was using to watch the warehouse Stiles had identified as the base of the Alpha Pack. Chris, Allison, and Jacqueline had planned out tonight’s mission and she could tell that her cousins were excited about the plan while Allison felt distinctly uncomfortable with how it reminded her of Kate and Gerard. “It isn’t normally like this” Chris said to her as he looked over the side of the building on whose roof they were standing. “Usually it’s more tracking a feral, not a rational pack, especially not a pack with multiple Alphas.”

“Then it’s probably good that we are not trying to directly engage them” she says with a slight trace of bitterness. She had been outvoted by her father and Jacqueline on several of their ideas, and while she admitted, deep inside, that these werewolves weren’t like her friends, it still felt a bit too easy to slip down that slope of rationalization.

Chris sighed. He looked at his daughter and sighed “If we get the chance, we need to eliminate them. All of them are code breakers, even Derek agrees with that. Tell me, what would Peter or, more importantly, Stiles say about it?” he prodded.

Allison frowned. “Peter would probably just blow up the building with everyone inside. Stiles” she paused and remembered the time they spent in England together and she sighed “he would probably have come up with even worse stuff to do to them” she finally admitted “or not, but he wouldn’t hesitate to remove the threat.”

“He is protecting his pack and he is totally committed to it” Chris says a trace of admiration sneaking into his voice. “You know, I think I will always regret we didn’t get to him first. He would have made an amazing hunter” he says and chuckles at the look of shock on his daughter’s face. “And don’t think I don’t realize that there is a whole lot more going on there that I don’t know about. I have seen Derek and the others look to him before making decisions. That doesn’t happen normally. The pack, even Hale, sees him as someone to listen to and he has managed to bring us and the Sheriff’s Office to his side and help keep his pack safe.”

“Allison…” Allison says carefully but he just cuts her off with an easy gesture.

“I have my suspicions but I don’t expect you to betray anything. If he can contain his pack then I will be happy enough with that” Chris says easily. He pauses as he watches the building. They had arrived shortly before dark but their advance team had been in place long before and had reported seeing at least three pretty rough looking guys going in about an hour ago. “Something’s going on” he says and alerts the others by their radios.

Allison moves closer to the edge of the roof, adjusting her bow and the arrow that’s already notched and stares at the main door of the warehouse. She watches as two large men in leather and jeans and looking like bad extras in a biker movie come out when a woman with long black hair comes out after them and they both move quickly out of her way. That must be Kali she thought and then another woman comes out right after, probably Lisa, and she was followed by four other men. Allison glances at her father and nods, those are definitely the female Alphas that Isaac described. And based on the looks, she is betting those are the betas with them.

The lead guy gets about twenty feet from the door when he slams into the mountain ash line that Enzo had managed to lay down shortly after they arrived. Allison saw the other wolves react but she wasn’t waiting and her first arrow was already in the air as she grabbed her second. Her arrow hit the guy at the barrier right in the shoulder causing him to grunt in surprise and the other wolves to start looking for the archer but Allison was already out of sight.

The crack of several shots rang out from another building and Allison smiled. Jacqueline had
demanded second blood after Allison got first shot and it sounded like she was cutting loose. Stepping back to the edge she saw another two wolves were hit and bleeding and since her father had supplied the weapons and ammo, they were now dealing with wolfsbane poisoning.

Allison glanced at the group of wolves that were spread out in front of the warehouse. Two of them ran along the side of the building heading for the alley there but Louis was waiting with several hunters and they opened fire cutting down the two betas before they got very far. Allison really wanted to take down Kali, the bitch that had hurt Isaac so bad, but the Alpha was flanked by a beta and some debris that prevented her getting a clear shot. She spotted the other Alpha female when she moved to join Kali and Allison fired and felt a surge of satisfaction when her arrow went right through the woman’s neck, sticking out through the other side as she dropped to her knees.

Allison was reloading just as Chris’ rifle fired and the struggling Alpha roared as his bullet hit close to her chest. The Alpha stumbled but then one of the betas jumped at her and slashed her neck, killing her as she dropped to the ground. Allison and Chris both startled but it was only for a second when Kali, screaming in rage, jumped the former Beta and tore his head off him before he could even react.

The door suddenly burst open and a harsh voice roared and Kali dove back inside just as the door slammed. “Status?” Chris called on the radio.

“Two betas down” Louis reported instantly.

“Two more by us” Jacqueline said happily from her position.

“One Alpha and two betas down by the door” Allison added looking down at the scene before them. She suddenly looked up in surprise “there are only three left” she tells her father.

He nods but frowns “Unfortunately it’s the most dangerous three.” He starts off to rejoin the others and they finally regroup at their secondary location. He steps up to the team he has watching the back of the warehouse “Any sign of them?” he asks.

“Nothing. We got all the exits covered” the man says with certainty but Chris doesn’t like it. He radios in Jacqueline who joins them few minutes later and gets updated.

“We are still watching the front and if the back entrance is covered, they are trapped” she says with a frown. “It is not like wolves to trap themselves so easily” she looks concernedly at Chris and Allison.

He debates but nods and signals the others. “We’re going in. We will hit front and back at the same time. Enzo, line the rear door with ash now so they can’t escape.” The Argent cousin nods and heads out.

It takes another fifteen minutes before they are ready but Chris has organized things well and they go in carefully. It takes another ten minutes before they realize that no one else is in the building. Chris is furious but when Enzo finds the tunnel in the basement he realizes that they fled underground from them, they had never been trapped. He turns to Allison “Let Stiles know what’s happened” he orders.

“I will call him, but I think I should go join the pack. If Stiles, Lydia, and Deaton are doing something magical, I can protect them” she informs her father and though he grimaces, he doesn’t protest.

“Go cousin” Jacqueline says with a happy smile. “We will track these wolves for you and maybe we can get a few more, no?” she hugs Allison who wishes them luck before heading for her car, phone
Derek has had enough of this crap and stops the pack. “This is ridiculous” he growls and sees the frustration on the faces of the other wolves.

“We can’t stop!” Scott pleads looking desperately at the Alpha. He glances around and sees the faces of pity on the others.

“We are just chasing our tails” Erica snarls in exasperation. “That witch has screwed with the scent trail and we are running in circles” she tells the teen. The others express similar thoughts and Derek can see that the teen isn’t handling it very well.

Scott looks ready to argue when Derek cuts them off “We need help” he says looking around at the suddenly surprised faces. Derek Hale admitting they need someone else? “Stiles and Deaton are at the house, we will head there and see if either of them can give us any help in tracking her” he looks over at Scott trying to be supportive “we can also call Chris and Allison, they may have some ideas” he adds and sees the beta suddenly look hopeful at the Alpha's willingness to ask the hunters for help. The pack takes off and heads for the Hale House and they make pretty good time and arrive about twenty minutes later.

Coming into the clearing, Isaac and Jackson are in the lead and they stop and glance over at the Jeep parked by the house. By the time the rest of the pack as arrived, Deaton is coming around from the back of the house with a bag full of leaves and plants.

Deaton sees them and frowns “What are you all doing here?” he asks just as Lydia and Stiles come out of the house with their own bags.

“Blake used magic to mask the trail and lay down a false one” Derek growls and the vet looks tired and unhappy. “We hoped that you might be able to help us…magically” he admits and doesn’t fail to see the look of surprise on Stiles’ face. He frowns and growls just as Stiles cell phone goes off.

The teen pulls out the phone and looks concerned before he answers “Everything go okay?” he asks.

The wolves all hear Allison’s reply “Really okay. Are you still at the Hale House?” she asks and when Stiles confirms that they are “I will be there in fifteen, can you wait for me?” she asks and then hangs up when he promises that they will wait.

“Mr. Stilinski. Ms. Martin. While we are waiting, we can prepare your items” he takes their bags and empties the wood pieces and rocks and sees the pack look confused.

Deaton pulls out a black bottle and a paintbrush. “We will need to add the Hale Triskelion to each rock. We will also need to carve or burn it onto the pieces of wood” he tells them and takes Lydia’s knife back and starts laying out the different items.

“What are those?” Derek asks looking confused and a bit suspicious. Deaton explains about the connection between the Hales and how he is planning to use it in their wards. He turns to the first of the wood pieces that he has laid out when he jerks back as he smells smoke. “What?!?” Derek snarls and Deaton looks on in shock when a Triskelion slowly appears on each piece as if drawn on by a wood burning tool.

“This is…” Deaton says but stops and looks over at Stiles causing the rest of the pack to look at the teen and the vet looks resigned and barely smiles at the shocked gasp from one of the wolves at the
sight. Stiles’ arm, held out in front of him, is glowing red and his eyes are lit with a green fire as he magically marks the pieces of wood in just a few moments. Once he finishes the glows disappear and he looks back at the vet.

“Not sure how to do that with the rocks doc, sorry” he says with a shrug and a barely concealed smirk that the vet didn’t miss at all.

“I think I can manage them” Deaton says easily and turns back to the task.

“I am not sure I am ever going to get used to that” Jackson mutters and Lydia, who has moved to stand next to him, elbows him causing the teen to ‘oomph’ at the blow.

“Allison” Scott says spinning around and looking at the road to the house. The other wolves hear her car before Stiles or Lydia do but in a few moments, Allison is parking and getting out as Scott steps over to her. She grabs her bow and quiver as the group closes in on her.

“Details?” Stiles asks pointedly and sees the sudden smile that lights up the girl’s face and feels himself relax.

“Better than expected. We went to that warehouse you identified and were set up before nightfall. We were originally planning to just watch and wait to see what they were doing but it appears they were planning something major” Allison gloats.

“Wait…who are we talking about?” Scott asks nervously.

“The Alpha Pack” Allison says easily causing the rest of the pack to startle.

“Stiles” Derek growled suddenly as his eyes flashed “what does she mean you told them that?”

“Is this the errand you ran while Deaton and I were preparing earlier?” Lydia asks offhandedly and Stiles flinches a bit at the look of fury on the Alpha’s face.

“I swiped a bit of Morrell’s clothes and used a tracking spell to find her when she went to deliver your message” he defends himself to Derek. “The hunters were just sitting around so I sent them to do what they do best, deal with out of control werewolves. I figured even if they didn’t manage to stop them, it would cause enough of a distraction so we could deal with Blake without having to fight on two fronts” Stiles says staring right back into Derek’s blue?…green?…gray? eyes, dammit what color were they?

Derek and Stiles stared at each other angrily for a few moments, neither looking away, before Derek snarled “so what happened?” he asks Allison without ever taking his eyes off of Stiles.

“We managed to take out all the betas and the Alpha female, not Kali” she says proudly and now Derek and Stiles both turn to look at her in surprise.

“You took out six betas and an Alpha?” Peter said in shocked surprise before either Stiles or Derek could react.

“Well, my cousins from France are visiting and dad had called some friends so we had nearly two dozen of us and my cousin Enzo laid down an ash barrier in front of the main door so they came out and slammed right into it. They froze in surprise and we were able to take them down. Kali made it back inside but when we went in to the place, they were gone. We finally found a tunnel that they used to get out underground. Jacqueline and a team are tracking the remaining three Alphas” she says looking exceedingly proud of herself.
“Allison! That is so awesome” Stiles gushes and pulls the brunette into a crushing hug. “I just hoped you would annoy them but this is so much better…you were amazing!”

Derek growls for a moment before he looks at the huntress and nods in appreciation. “Thank you” he manages to say but then he glares at Stiles who is looking way too proud of himself.

“Oh. Oh! OH!” Lydia gasps suddenly and everyone turns to look at her in surprise. She is staring at Derek, eyes shining, before she composes herself again. “Sorry about that. Just realized something that’s completely unrelated to our current situation” she says and then smiles wickedly. Derek looks confused but Stiles has a momentary flash of fear. “Carry on” she waves at them with a truly terrifying smile.

Chris is driving in a grid around town hoping for any sighting of the remaining wolves. The tunnel turned out to be an access to the steam tunnels that crisscrossed that part of Beacon Hills. Jacqueline and her team had managed to track them for a few hundred yards when they finally lost the trace. There were just too many turns and tunnels for their team to explore so he recalled them back to the surface where he broke the hunters into smaller teams to try and spot any sign of the Alphas on the streets.

When his phone rings he doesn’t even pause to check it but answers immediately “What have you found?” he demands.

“Chris? This is Deputy Graeme” the woman’s voice sounds like she is trying not to be overheard and Chris startles at both the caller and her manner. It screams problem.

“Deputy, what’s wrong?” Chris asks cautiously.

“The Sheriff isn’t responding. He was at the crime scene and Deputy Murray showed up and they were talking according to the deputies with him, but now neither of them are responding to their radios” she says sounding desperate. “I also have the FBI at the station so I can’t leave and if I send someone to officially check on them, it will be noticed” she says obviously frustrated.

Turning the car around Chris makes the decision “I am not far from there. We will check it out and I will call you back” he promises and heads out. Making a quick call he lets Jacqueline know that he will check on the Sheriff and the other SUV with him will continue searching. He briefs the other two hunters that they will need to look like civilians since they are going to be dealing with the police and he doesn’t want to risk alerting the Feds to their presence.

Fifteen minutes later Chris parks his black SUV next to two police cruisers, one he recognizes as the Sheriff’s, and gets out followed by the other three hunters. He glances around and spots a deputy coming out of the woods. Chris thinks it is the younger kid he met the other day. Tara said he wasn’t in the know though so they will need to be cautious.

“Can I help you gentlemen?” the deputy says looking at the group of hunters.

“I was hoping that I could catch the Sheriff, I heard he was still here” Chris says with a smile and the deputy appears to relax.

“Yeah, he is at the scene where we found the bodies. I know you are some kind of consultant” he says hoping for more information but Chris just smiles.

“It’s really important” he says and Deputy Murray just nods and leads the man into the woods, the other three following behind them. They get to a clearing with lots of crime scene tape and step into
it but there is no sign of the Sheriff. He turns to the deputy who looks confused.

“He was just here” Andy says looking around. Chris looks anxious and signals to his men to spread out and look for any sign.

“Maybe he went back and we missed him. Maybe you should go check?” Chris suggests and the deputy just nods and smiles as he heads back the way they came.

“Okay, look for anything, especially signs of a struggle” Chris orders his men and they start looking around the clearing, flashlights out and sweeping when there is a sudden drop in the air pressure and Chris hears his man scream as the guy is thrown across the clearing to slam into a tree, the cracking of the man’s bones from the impact clear in the still night air.

Chris doesn’t have to signal, the others have already pulled out the weapons and are moving back together when the second of his men yells. Chris barely sees the man go flying before he slams into ground, rolling over and over again until he ends up in an unmoving heap. “Fire” Chris orders as he unloads several shots in front of him, his remaining hunter doing the same as they attempt to flush their opponent.

“Chris!” the man screams and Chris turns just as dozens of roots burst out of the ground and shoot forward, impaling the man from all sides and Chris watches as the man chokes out his last breath before he spins around looking for anything. He decides to retreat just as he spots a woman stepping out of the woods.

Despite the fact that the woman looks harmless, like she got lost on a nature hike or something, Chris doesn’t pause and fires at her aiming for dead center. The flare of light that stops his bullet is a surprise but he doesn’t slow as he empties his gun trying to get through that shield. Once empty, he drops it and pulls his taser and is about to fire when he hears someone running up behind him.

Glancing back he spots the deputy and shouts for the man to get away. He turns back to the woman who is smiling at Chris and he knows this must be the Darach. He aims the stun gun but before he can fire he feels the sudden change in air pressure behind him and tries to duck but the deputy’s baton strikes the back of his head and Chris goes down. The last thing he sees is the woman, walking towards him, looking exceedingly pleased.

“Are you insane?” Ricardo growled at the woman across from him. He was so done with this crap. “I didn’t kill my entire pack to be wiped out by some pack in the middle of nowhere. Hale’s pack has wiped out four Alphas and six betas. The only reason we are alive is we ran from those damn hunters” he snarls.

“You coward” Kali snarled back at the man. “You just want to run. These bastards killed our pack, they must die!” Kali’s fangs and claws were fully extended as she glared at the other Alpha, her eye mad with fury.

“And when you attack, they are going to kill you as well. They haven’t lost a damn member of their pack yet and we are down to just us three” he waved at the three of them. “Go ahead. Attack them like you have been doing and Hale and his allies will have your head on a stake!”

“Enough” Deucalion roared and both of the other Alphas quieted down. “We underestimated Hale. His willingness to use the hunters to attack us is unheard of. No legitimate wolf pack would ever sink so low as to align themselves with hunters like that.” The Alpha walks around the other two as they...
begin to argue again.

“We should leave” Ricardo demands.

“No! They think they have us on the run, now is the time to attack” Kali snarls and Ricardo mutters something rude causing the female Alpha to roar and jump him. They tussle for a few seconds before Deucalion roars again and they both flinch and jump apart. We need to act like Alphas” Deucalion says in an icy voice as he steps between the two Alphas and he looks at Kali “we need to be take advantage of our own strengths” he says and Kali’s eyes narrow just as Deucalion spins and around and tears Ricardo’s throat out with a single slash. The alpha stumbles backward, hand desperately trying to stop the bleeding, his eyes wide with shock and fear as he crashes to the ground. “You were always a disappointment Ricardo, I really should have gotten a better wolf from your miserable pack. You were weak, you never embraced your power” Deucalion says with a sad shake of his head before he turns and walks off without looking back at the dying Alpha.

“So we attack?” Kali asks with a wicked grin as they leave the building.

“Yes. Hale sent the hunters after us so they could focus on the Darach who has stolen the boy’s mother. They will think we are either running or dead so they won’t expect us to attack. We can start by returning the favor to those hunters who attacked us. They are no doubt out patrolling the city looking for us, so we will take one group and I am sure that you will be able to convince the survivors to tell us whatever we want to know. Once we know where Hale is, we can pick off his pack before they even know we are there.” Kali’s smile of excitement may be unseen by the Demon Wolf but he knows it’s there. They walk out and head for a position to watch for those black SUVs.

Allison feels her phone vibrate and steps behind a tree before she pulls it out and sees Jacqueline’s name pop up. Rather than answering, she shoots a quick text What? It only takes a second before she gets an answer back Call me – your papa and Allison feels her heart accelerate and she hits call.

“Allison?” Jacqueline’s voice sounds decidedly too delicate.

“What’s wrong with my dad” she cuts her cousin off. She hears the sigh of the French hunter before she starts talking.

“He got a call from the gendarmes, the police? The Sheriff wasn’t responding so he was going to where he was last. His team radioed that they arrived but then nothing. He has missed two check ins” she adds and Allison pales.

“Allison?” Scott is beside her from out of nowhere. The others have all stopped and are coming back to the huntress.

She looks at Scott for a moment before shifting her attention to Stiles and he sees the fear in her face. “Allison? What happened?” Stiles asks sounding more than a little concerned.

“My dad is missing. He missed his check ins after he went to try and find the Sheriff who is also missing” she says.

Everyone looks sick at Allison’s news. This means that the Darach has all three Guardians. The pack seems to turn to look as one at Stiles in sympathy but instead of a panicked expression on him, they see a predatory smile that causes several of them to take an involuntary step backwards.

“We have her” Stiles says with a smirk and he takes out a crystal on a chain and his eyes ignite.
The man's breathing is liquid and fading as Kali pulls back her bloody claws. The two Alphas had found one of the Hunter vehicles and had quickly overpowered the four men and one woman who were riding in it. They killed two outright but the other three were subdued and subjected to the memory ripping power of the claws of an Alpha. Learning that Allison was meeting the pack at the Hale House and that the Sheriff and the elder Argent were both likely dead by the Darach, Deucalion saw his moment. "Quit playing with them Kali. It is time to end this once and for all" he says, his voice thick."

"You want us to attack them now?" she asks looking confused.

"Are you afraid of Hale and his pack of children?" Deucalion taunts and the Alpha growls at his words. "They have been successful I will grant, because they are cowards and fools. They hide and strike and run. Which worked, but facing us in direct battle? They will try to run away and we will gut them and their druid" he says with a laugh.

Kali grins at the thought of more blood. Her desire to plunge her claws into the heart of that fool of an Alpha gives her a rush of excitement. Perhaps she will kill his pet human while he watches or turn him in front of the Alpha eyes before he dies. They will pay for the insults the Hales have given to their pack!

"We will go but on the chance that this so-called Darach might be of some concern, we will bring our own druid to deal with her. After all, it is the duty of a druid to destroy any Darach" he sneers and Kali's laughter rings out as they two Alphas walk away from the blood stained alley where the hunters fell.

FLASHBACK TO THE STILINSKI HOUSE AT THAT STRESSFUL BREAKFAST

Scott was breaking down in the living room after his dad had told the pack that Melissa was missing. The problem with fighting Blake was only she knew who she was targeting for her sacrifices so they couldn’t protect everyone who qualified but she had finally made her mistake. Targeting the pack’s parents for her Guardians meant that they knew who her next two targets were. Stiles waited till everyone was distracted and he motioned to his father to follow him into the elder Stilinski’s office.

They had barely stepped in the door when Stiles held up his finger indicating silence. The Sheriff looked uncertain but he nodded. Stiles reached for his dad’s hand and drew a rune on it before focusing on the matching one on his back. “They can’t hear us for the next few minutes so we need to be fast” he tells his dad.

“Stiles…what is it?” he asks looking suspicious.

“Is there any chance I can convince you to stay at the house, behind the wards, where she can’t get you?” Stiles asks his father with a determined look.

“Stiles” his father still had the ability to load an unhealthy amount of meaning to just his name, totally unfair. “I have a job to do and I am not doing it by hiding at home.”

Stiles sighed heavily but didn't really seem surprised. “I kind of figured that you would say that. But, you need to be sure. Unless you are willing to stay by my side while we deal with this, you are going to be out of my sight which means that she will probably grab you and take you no matter what protections I give you” Stiles tells his father unhappily. He sees the older man tense up to argue but
Stiles just barrels on “I mean if she used Tara or threatened to kill Melissa if you didn’t come with her, would you refuse? Would you let her kill them to stay safe?” he prompts and sees that he struck a nerve.

“So? What’s the solution Stiles? Because all of this? This is out of my expertise and I am trying as hard as I can” his father finally asks sounding way too close to the edge for Stiles' comfort.

Stiles gets a calculated look on his face. “If we can't stop her, then we take steps so that when she does take you, we are ready. I can use our blood to enchant a tracking crystal that will find you and what's great, her Druidic magic wouldn’t be able to stop it since I will be using an entirely different kind of magic.” Stiles pulls out a piece of quartz and holds it up. “I can enchant this, with our blood, so that I will be able to find you anywhere. If nothing happens, no problem, but if she does grab you, then she won’t be able to hide from me!”

Noah looks at his son in surprise. "So if she takes me, she will probably take me to where she is keeping Mel" he adds and his son nods in agreement. The boy was becoming more and more like his mother with every day. He knew that Noah would never hide away in the house so he had a plan B. Noah agrees and Stiles uses his knife to get some blood and he casts a spell on the piece of quartz. “Now, this is important. You have to stay alive till we get there” his son's voice waivers when he says that and the Sheriff pulls him in tightly. “I can’t lose you too dad” he whispers but the Sheriff still hears it.

BACK TO PRESENT

“What is that?” Derek asks suspiciously but he starts as the crystal starts to glow and it rises up and tries to move off into the woods, held back only by the chain Stiles is holding.

Stiles smiles hugely. “This? This is how we are going to find our parents. My dad is that way” he points the direction the crystal is indicating. He turns to Derek with a triumphant expression and quickly explains what he did and less than two minutes later the full pack is tearing off, following the crystal’s directions. Only Deaton seems to realize that they are headed straight towards the Nemeton.

Erica and Isaac are the first to break into the clearing with the large stump in the center, Derek, Scott, and Jackson right behind them. Stiles stops Lydia, Deaton, Boyd and Peter before they get there and motions them to wait. “Stiles?” Lydia whispers at him.

“Peter. Boyd. I want you to go back and circle around the clearing. My dad and the others are somewhere close, I am sure, but let the rest of us distract her. You get them out of there.” Stiles says seriously as he hands the glowing crystal to Boyd who looks distinctly uncomfortable holding it but he swallows it down and they leave. "Allison” he turns to the huntress, “Give me your hand” he demands and when she does he draws three runes on her arm. “We need you to be our surprise weapon. Stay out of sight and get somewhere that you can act when the opportunity arises. The runes will help hide you from magical or werewolf senses” he smiles at the look of determination on her face. After the three have left Stiles turns to the last two. “I need you trust me on this, but I can’t go in there yet, I need you two to try and counter Blake to buy me time. Can you two do that” he asks and they both nod in agreement and follow after the main pack leaving the teen behind.

“I don’t see or smell her” Scott says with a growl. The wolves are looking around them when Lydia
and Deaton enter the clearing behind them looking determined.

“Well, well, well. So good to see all of you” Jennifer Blake says, her voice dripping with scorn as she steps out of the shadows across the clearing from the pack. The wolves growl and flash their eyes at the woman who only laughs. “How cute, you think you still have free will. Submit!” she says in a voice thick with power and compulsion as her eyes go completely black. But the power she emits washes past them leaving them untouched.

Derek roars his defiance at the woman and the pack answers loudly causing the Darach to startle at their resistance. “How are you resisting? You are mine!” she snaps but is cut off by the haughty laugh from Lydia Martin who walks up to the rear of the rest of the pack.

“We broke your spells you second rate hack. We are free and you will pay for every evil thing you have done” she throws the challenge into the woman’s face and Blake’s eyes turn icy.

“Nimhe Bréan staile mo foes agus sruthán a gcuid fola” Blake calls out and throws out her hands, fingers wide as a half dozen balls of sticky darkness, like they are made up of living shadows, that fly out aiming for the various pack members.

“Carraig, bláthanna, agus vine, tarraing an olc as an áit seo” Deaton yells out as he tosses a handful of stones that flash brightly and the shadow balls suddenly fly away from the pack and head for the glowing stones instead, stones that seem to suck in the Darach's spell before falling to the ground cracked and smoking.

“You dare?!” Blake screams at the druid. “How are you free?”

“I freed him” a woman’s voice calls out and everyone turns and sees Marin Morrell step out of the woods, but she is not alone. Deucalion and Kali both are right behind her, Kali fully wolfed out with her fangs and claws extended while both of the Alphas’ eyes are glowing red. "You will answer for your broken oaths" Marin says darkly.

“Kali!” Blake’s voice is cold and deadly as she looks at the woman ignoring everyone else. Her eyes flash that black darkness again as she stares at the Alpha with fury and hate pouring off of the druid so thick the wolves can smell it even over the rotting scent of the fallen druid.

“My dear, you have irritated my plans for this territory for the last time. You should never have come here” Deucalion’s voice is smooth and calm, like he is at some high society mixer or luncheon. “You have no idea of how annoying you have been. I don’t know or care why you showed up here but now? Now you are just going to die with the rest of them” Derek frowned at the Alpha’s offhanded manner. His complete lack of concern about the Darach is what convinces Derek that the man is truly insane.

“I will be your death monster!” she says to the blind wolf. “I am Vengeance. Returned three fold to pay you back for your crimes” she says with a smirk and then the illusion drops and everyone is able to fully see the scared and terrifying creature in front of them. Several of them actually take a step back at the horror of the truth of their English Teacher. Both druids looks sick and disgusted at the ultimate perversion of their order.

“Julia” Kali whispers looking stricken and sick. Her words however are clear to the rest of the wolves and Deucalion looks stunned.

“You were supposed to kill her!” he demanded of the growling female Alpha.

“She tried. Oh yes! My Alpha, the one person we were supposed to be able to trust above all others,
the one I should have been able to trust, betrayed our pack and our bond to claim power for herself on your orders” the Darach’s raspy voice grates “I can still remember how it felt when she tore me into me with her claws, the cruelest betrayal ever as she left me to die. But she failed.” She turns to look at Derek and his pack "And he has come here to do the same to you. To twist you to commit murder and betray your pack. This is what he does!” she screams at them.

"And he failed" Derek says, his voice confident and certain. "He sacrificed everything for his vengeance, just like you. They are all that's left of his so-called Alpha Pack" he says looking at the two Alphas. "Release the Guardians, you don't need to harm them. Deucalion and Kali are already beaten" Derek tells her. He waits, tense and ready to act, but giving her the chance to step back from the edge.

Julia's lip curls in derision. "You are no better than them" she yells at Derek, her eyes dancing with fury and insanity. "I have made nearly all the sacrifices necessary to bind me forever to the Nemeton, I will be able to draw on the power of this place and be more powerful than you can ever imagine” she gestures around the clearing. "And I have you to thank for that Hale, you twisted the energy of this place, corrupted it by your virgin sacrifice in the very roots of the Nemeton" Derek pales at her words and he looks stricken. "I survived thanks to that awakened power and it will be mine to control. If you will not submit to my glory, then you will die for your very existence is an insult!” she roars and raises her hands with a flash and the clearing explodes.

Thick, twisted roots and tendrils explode from the ground and seem to attack everyone simultaneously. Deaton and Lydia both flung backwards from the same root that slams into them, flinging them to crash into the ground and land and roll into two unmoving piles. The wolves, both Hale and Alpha Pack, dodge that first assault but the roots appear to be able to target them and they are all jumping and dancing around desperately trying to avoid the grasping tendrils that are seeking them with amazing speed and accuracy. Kali races towards the Darach, her claws extended as she roars at her former lover. The Alpha slams into a barrier of mountain ash that surrounds the dark druid and is flung back hard only to be grasped by seeking roots.

Derek snarls as a branch wraps around his ankle and starts to tighten, thorns extending and tearing at his foot until he manages to pull free, leaving a chunk of blood and flesh behind for his efforts. “Isaac, Lydia and Deaton! Everyone, Attack!” he roars at the rest and the pack surges forward, trying to find their way to the dark druid, while Isaac moves back to help the unconscious Lydia and Deaton.

Jackson sees a root shoot towards him like a spear and he dives sideways and rolls, barely dodging it, when he hears a piercing scream from right behind him. Looking back he spots Erica clutching the root he dodged that has impaled the beta through her thigh, bringing her to the ground with blood pouring from the jagged wound. He doesn’t pause but leaps for the root and rips it apart with a roar of fury. He grabs the blonde she-wolf and starts moving just as another root narrowly misses grabbing them.

“Scott!” Derek yells a warning at the beta who barely slows in his rush to the Darach but Derek’s warning gives him enough warning to look up and his eyes widen as he sees the feet of Kali, now free and with the claws on her feet fully extended and razor sharp, coming right at his chest. Derek is stopped from helping as he barely manages to dodge and deflect the other Alpha's attack, as Deucalion, in his hideous Demon Wolf form launches himself at the Alpha

“Die! Die! Die!” Julia Baccari cackles happily as she watches them from safely inside her shields.
Nimhe Bréan staíle mo fios agus sruthán a gcuid fola – Foul poison strike my foes and burn their blood

Carraig, bláthanna, agus vine, tarraing an olc as an áit seo – Rock, Vine, and Flower draw the evil from this place

Hey all, sorry to leave you on such a cliffhanger! Don't you hate it when that happens? Next update on Wednesday!
Chapter Notes

ARE YOU READY TO RUMBLE!??! It's time for the BATTLE ROYAL. Hope you enjoy it, this was actually the inspiration for the story - more on that in my end of story notes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jackson dives over another damn root, causing the blonde in his arms to bite back an exclamation of pain as they finally manage to cross the tree line and get some cover as he moves them to join Isaac where the beta has dragged Lydia and Deaton. “Here!” Isaac calls out and he jumps up helping Erica over to sit with her back to a tree where the she-wolf is able to lean up against it with a slight whimper.

“Go! I will be fine, it will heal in a bit” she orders and Jackson looks torn staring at Lydia and can’t control the whine that escapes his lips at the sight of the unconscious redhead. “I will watch her Jackson, I swear” she says, her voice sincere and her heartbeat strong and steady despite the wound. Jackson looks at her but then nods and turns to leave. “Go with him Isaac, I will watch them” she urges the other teen and he hesitates for only a second before running after Jackson as they return to the fight.

Jackson spots Kali swiping her claws at Scott, tearing across his chest, but luckily Derek’s warning shout had given the beta just enough time that he was able to pull back and turn what would have been a killing blow into just a serious scratch. The Alpha landed after flipping around but Scott had somehow still managed his own flip and his foot caught her on the chin, catching her by surprise, and spinning her around where she almost got nailed by a root. Scott took the moment of freedom to back away from her as he tried to staunch the blood flowing from the wounds on his chest.

Kali however recovered faster and started for him again just as Jackson and Isaac roared and crashed into the Alpha, their own claws out and tearing into her flesh. Jackson remembers how angry he had been when Scott had suddenly gotten skilled at Lacrosse out of nowhere and how when he figured out that it was being a werewolf that had given him that strength and power, it had consumed him with a jealous rage. It wasn’t fair and Jackson was blinded by the urgent need to have it for himself. He had been terrified of Peter when the man was the Alpha, and Derek honestly wasn’t much better during those days, but he still managed to demand the bite and he thought he had forced Derek to give it to him. Looking back he seriously wondered why the Alpha had agreed to do it, he could have stopped him from talking any number of ways. Instead Jackson had been forced to experience being twisted into the Kanima and used by Matt and Gerard to kill people. He had wanted the strength and freedom that came with being a werewolf so that he could finally prove himself and instead he became a mindless slave and it seriously messed with his head. Even once he was free and actually was a werewolf like he wanted, stronger and faster than he had ever been before, it hadn’t erased his fear of not being good enough.

Fighting this Alpha was a cruel reminder that no matter how strong he got, there was always going to be someone stronger and right now, she was much stronger than he was. It didn’t take more than a few seconds of fighting to realize this, the crazy woman was fighting three werewolves and she was pretty much kicking their asses. Not to mention that they all still had to duck and dodge the ‘murder
garden’ but Jackson Wittemore was done with this and he was ready for it to be over. He couldn’t beat her by himself? Fine. But the pack, his pack could. He ducked a swipe of the woman’s feet just as Isaac landed a blow that spun the Alpha around when Jackson felt a surge of strength he hadn’t felt before. It was like drinking a double espresso or an energy drink, he somehow felt more complete.

“Jackson!” Scott yells as he jumps back from a root that exploded in front of him and Scott saw a flash of red and Kali was diving for his throat, claws out. He wasn’t sure how, but Jackson somehow managed to leap into the air and kick out, his feet connecting with Kali’s face and sending her careening off to the side as he fell, rolled and sprung up beside a gaping McCall.

“Dude! That was incredible” the teen said looking at him in shock. Jackson wasn’t sure where it came from but he definitely wasn’t going to complain. Instead he just grinned wickedly and smirked at his co-captain before turning back to the Alpha.

Kali looks at the betas and snarls. Two of them are standing side by side when she spots the third beta a ways apart and just then a grasping root causes him to jump away from it and that move brings him closer to her and she narrows her eyes and smiles. With a bounce she closes in on him and she hears the others shout “Isaac!” too late but it still causes the pretty boy to look up just as Kali’s claws rip through the tender flesh of his stomach. Her claws tearing through the skin like warm butter followed by a burst of hot blood and the teen’s scream of agony.

Kali spins around, claws out and ready to rip his throat out when she is slammed into by a roaring ball of claws that rip into her sides as she goes crashing and slams into a tree.

While Scott went savage at the sight of Isaac being cut down by the crazed Alpha and launched himself at her, Jackson felt as if he was doused in ice water and everything he was feeling just shut off. Racing right behind Scott, Jackson ignored the snarling Alpha and scooped up the bleeding beta in a bridal carry, regretting the roughness of the move but knowing speed was more important than kindness right now. He yelled and Scott broke away from Kali and followed him, moving like they did on the Lacrosse field, dodging and weaving around the grasping roots as they got their packmate to safety. Jackson was moving fast, faster than he ever had before, and he leapt out of the clearing and turned and ran for Erica, hoping the vet was finally awake, McCall right behind him.

Breaking through the brush he crashed into the part of the field where they were and he found himself face to face with a snarling and golden eyed she-wolf who was standing in front of the unconscious Lydia and the slow moving Deaton, ready to rip apart whoever was coming at them. Recognizing Jackson, she began to stand down when she froze as she saw and smelt the blood coming from the curly-haired beta cradled in the other wolf’s arms. “Isaac!” she screamed and moved to help.

They got Isaac down on the ground and the boy was trembling with pain and agony as Deaton finally got enough awareness to notice what was happening and then he was shoving them aside as he reached into his bag and began pulling out supplies. “Erica, I need your help! Hold him down. You two, help with the pain” he demands and the two betas both reach out and grab hold of Isaac, black veins running up their arms as they pull his pain while Erica pins the teen down. Jackson flinches when Deaton pulls out a large needle and starts sewing up the tears on his skin that are not healing fast enough due to having been inflicted by an Alpha.

Scott winces at the distant but still close sounds of the fight and knows that they can’t stay here long, but they need to make sure that Isaac lives!
Kali, no longer occupied by the three retreating betas, spots Hale fighting with Deucalion and smiles viciously. Racing for the fighting pair she leaps for the back of the Hale Alpha but he must have heard her coming as he suddenly drops down and as she is flying over his head he kicks up, slamming into her gut as she goes over and she crashes to the ground.

Unfortunately for Derek, the female Alpha doesn’t stay down long, but is up and attacking him in no time and now he is facing two insane Alphas. Deucalion has shifted into a monstrous form that screams ‘abomination’ as much or even more than the kanima ever did for Derek. He is as twisted a werewolf as Blake is a twisted druid, both of them corrupted by their thirst for power, revenge, and hate. He slashes at the man but he knows he isn’t winning.

For every blow he lands, it seems that they each land one of their own and Deucalion’s blows are stronger than Derek’s. He has killed not only his pack, but so many others, taking their power. The man has become beyond corrupted in a way that screams ‘wrong’ to his senses but that very corruption has also made him unbelievably strong. Derek leaps and slams his fist into the man’s head sending Deucalion sprawling onto the ground just as he feels claws tear at his back and he screams as Kali rips his back from waist to shoulder blade and he spins around and slams against a tree, his back screaming in agony from the impact.

He looks up and sees the insane woman, her fangs shining inside her twisted mouth as she growls at him. Derek slides down the tree as his legs give out and he sees the smile of triumph on the woman’s face. He is staring at the woman and has the shocked joy to see her face when the first bullet tears through her right shoulder, knocking her forward, and a second later a second bullet slams into her back.

Roaring in fury, Kali spins around and Derek can now see the flashing blue eyes of his uncle running towards them flanked by Sheriff Stilinski, firing his gun at the woman, while Chris Argent, knives out, is racing towards the Darach.

“No!” Derek hears Blake shriek in rage but he doesn’t have time to deal with that. Peter is no match for Kali or Deucalion and the sheriff is using regular bullets which means that she will shake those off in moments. Pushing up he grimaces and leaps for the woman as Peter arrives.

Boyd moves through the trees keeping a close eye on Melissa McCall as she runs behind him. He and Peter had managed to get to the edge of the clearing before everything went south and watches as Stilinski’s crystal, constantly pointing right at that tree stump no matter where they moved, the thing kept shifting to keep pointing at it which delighted the older Hale. Peter drew them to the far side where they had a clear line to the stump and they raced over. Boyd had been shocked as Peter led them to a hole in the ground with a door down there and when they dropped through it, they found themselves in a room under the tree and there they found the Sheriff, Melissa, and Chris Argent and the body of a deputy.

Peter and Boyd quickly freed the parents and they all moved out of the room pausing only for the Sheriff to grab his gun belt which had been taken from him by Blake and Murray when they brought him here. Chris’s weapons were back in his car, except his knives so he was able to grab them, but that was it. The Sheriff had asked Boyd to carry the body of Officer Murray out of the cellar. Blake had slit his throat in front of them after he dragged Chris down and the Sheriff was still dealing with having to watch as the kid went down without making a sound. Chris had raged at the woman who
only laughed at them before leaving promising that their deaths were for ‘a higher purpose’.

Peter quickly updated them on what was happening and Boyd had taken off with the deputy’s body, Melissa in tow, heading for where Deaton had been. Boyd inhaled at the shift of wind which brought two scents to his nose; blood and fear. Growling he sped up, a meep escaping from Melissa as he did, as the beta raced into the space where Deaton and Erica were holding on to Isaac who was bleeding, Jackson and Scott holding on to the teen. “Mom!” Scott yells looking up in relief and shock.

Melissa however doesn’t pause to greet her son because as soon as she spots the bleeding teen, she shifts into her 'nurse mode’, one Scott recognizes immediately, and he pulls Jackson back and out of the way as she moves quickly to take her place at Isaac’s side as she barks at Deaton “What do you need!” she demands and the vet quickly starts her what he needs her to do.

Scott and Jackson both stand back and wobble a bit from the effects of the pain drain as Boyd lays the body of the deputy out of the way before looking at the triage team. “We need to help Derek” he tells the other two who both look down at Deaton and Melissa.

“Go, we’re good” Melissa orders and the three wolves take off to rejoin the fight as Erica begins pulling Isaac’s pain.

“No! You will not escape me! You are mine!” the Darach screams and she lets out a blast of shadows that slam into Chris and Noah and send them flying like they had been hit by a car. The two older men hit the ground hard, but both of them are still moving. “I will have my power, I will command the Nemeton and all of its power and you will die for a glorious purpose!” she shrieks just as a bullet flies past her head, the heat of its passage causing the woman to scream and duck.

Noah is staring at the woman from the ground, his gun still smoking. “Dammit” he moans “missed!” he complains but before he can respond, strong arms are grabbing him and hauling him up. He looks around and spots Scott pulling up Chris as Boyd helps him up and they move away from the Darach’s part of the field. Jackson breaks off and lunges for the Darach but she flings her hand and a root flies across the field and catching Jackson in the side sending him slamming into the trees with a painful sounding crash.

“We’re getting killed here” Noah says looking at Chris as Boyd and Scott race for the Darach and the other man only nods and looks grim. Noah looks around the field looking but he doesn’t see him. Where is Stiles?

“We need to help Derek” Chris points and the two men start moving.

Derek would definitely appreciate any assistance. He and Peter have moved to cover each other’s back but they were facing two Alphas and Peter was still not 100% after whatever he did to come back from the dead. But what he lacked in physical strength, Peter Hale made up in being plain mean and sneaky as hell. Kali was striking at him but he managed to dodge just enough to still get in his own blows before dancing out of range. Unfortunately this left Derek to deal with the insane Demon Wolf who was both brutally strong and insanely smart. He got in several hits but the Alpha just shrugged them off.
He was dazed from a blow to the head when he heard a gunshot followed by the whistle of a knife, both of them slamming into Deucalion as the Sheriff and Argent both decided to help him out. They stayed out of the Alpha’s range, Chris making sure of that, but they gave Derek enough of a breather that he managed a solid hit on the Alpha causing him to stagger just in time for Scott’s claws to rip along Deucalion’s back as the beta flew past. Jackson and Boyd right behind him, both of them striking slashing blows at the Alpha without slowing down as they raced past.

Derek smiled at them. None of the betas could fight the Alpha of Alphas one on one or even three on one, but they could strike when he was distracted and he couldn’t chase after them with Derek ready to take advantage of any distraction. They were annoying stings and bites, like three Chihuahua attacking a mastiff but they were enough to make things a bit more even for Derek and he was going to take anything that he could get.

Derek saw that Noah and Chris had quickly shifted to helping Peter with the arrival of the betas helping him so he trusted them to be okay and focused his attention on Deucalion. Unfortunately that left the Darach free and she sent a blast of magical energy that caught Derek in the side, burning and tearing his skin and sending the Alpha to the ground in a sprawl just as Peter was knocked down hard by Kali.

Kali spots Derek Hale go down close to her and she shifts her target and moves towards him as she is intercepted by the brunette beta. “Don’t touch him” Scott roars and attacks the Alpha in a blur of claws, punches, and jabs. Kali is pushed back and cannot believe the strength and speed of this omega when she sees his golden eyes flash red. Her eyes’ widen in shock and recognition and realizes that this was why Deucalion had ordered them to leave this boy alone, he was a potential True Alpha!!

She snarled angrily, furious at being kept in the dark about the boy but…he wasn’t an Alpha yet. She watched and after he swung a bit too wide she saw her opening and plunged her claws into the boy’s guts, her hand sliding inside him as his eyes widened in shock. He dropped to his knees as he slid off her claws and he looked up, eyes wide and disbelieving as Kali Steele roared in triumph and aimed her claws to tear out the boy’s throat.

Scott watched her arm pull back, her red eyes blazing, and he saw his death looking at the woman. The only thing that helped was knowing that his mom was safe. Kali had just started to swing her arm down when he heard a loud ‘twump’ sound and he found himself staring in confusion at the vibrating arrow now sticking out of the woman’s chest. From the look of shock on her face, Kali was just as surprised. A second arrow embedded in her chest next to the first and knocked her back a step as did a third arrow. Kali stared at the three arrows for a moment, blood pouring from the wounds, before she roared and looked up for a target, her red eyes blazing with hatred.

Peter Hale watched in satisfied fascination as he saw the exact moment that the female Alpha make her fatal mistake. Looking up, her eyes red and blazing like a bullseye gave the archer a precise target. Allison’s fourth arrow went straight through Kali’s right eye and out the back of her head, the arrow still twitching from the impact. Peter saw her blood shift from red to black even with the low light and he roared in joy as he realized that Argents weapons were, of course, thick with wolfsbane and the insane female alpha was dead before her body hit the ground.

Derek is stunned by the roar of shock and fury coming from Deucalion when he hears Peter’s roar of triumph and he glances over and sees the arrow ridden body of the Alpha go down. Seizing his advantage of the man's distraction, Derek lunges forward and slams into the last member of the Alpha Pack and he goes to his knees but he doesn’t go down, not yet. Deucalion roars defiantly at
Derek and rises up, hands locked with each other in a fight for dominance, but he is forcing Derek back, his strength so much greater than Derek’s. He glares at the Demon Wolf and grunts and groans loudly so the man won’t hear Jackson and Boyd who are racing towards the struggling pair.

Jackson and Boyd leap, claws out, and rip deeply into the back of each of Deucalion’s legs, ripping out the muscles in his legs and driving the Alpha to his knees in shock. He looks up and roars but Derek Hale has freed himself and is right there, looking so much like his damn mother that Deucalion’s red vision blurs in rage. He doesn’t see them but he feels Hale’s claws as they tear through his throat and his blood starts pouring out of the wounds. Derek watches as the former pack leader strives to physically hold his torn flesh together. He starts to wobble and his eyes lose focus just as the Hale Alpha drives his claws into the man’s chest and with a watery gurgle Deucalion, Alpha of Alphas, Demon Wolf, the wolf of wolves feels the razor sharp claws that tear into his heart for only a moment before he drops to the ground.

Boyd, Jackson, and Derek roar in triumph and Derek turns around and sees his pack, struggling, but still standing as the last of the Alphas dies at his feet. Peter had helped Scott stand up, who is somehow healing faster than Derek would have guessed possible, as they both turn and charge the Darach.

Julia Baccari watched in stunned amazement at one arrow after another slammed into her former lover, the final one piercing her eye and sending the Alpha to the ground dead and she screamed in fury. Kali was hers to kill! Hers to punish for her betrayal. She looked around them, searching with eyes and magic, but she could not spot the archer despite her powers. She felt something blocking her sight and magic and she screamed in frustration. How did that damn druid summon so much magic without her knowledge?

She heard another roar, this one of pain, and she turned and saw Derek Hale fighting Deucalion. That stupid boy whose connection with the land she had used in order to link her magic to the lines of power flowing through this place was still fighting. She had used his family’s ancient connection to the land to allow her to further corrupt the Nemeton and increase what she gained from every sacrifice. Of course she had had to use some of her precious magic to twist his memories so that he didn’t remember her using him, all while arranging for his pack to see them as dating, as if she would ever touch another filthy animal! All the time and effort she put into controlling those dogs and hiding her from detection and it had all come to naught as they were somehow free and fighting her.

Nevertheless she was stunned when she saw the boy tear out Deucalion’s throat before plunging his hand into the man’s chest finally killing him and something inside her broke into a white-hot blinding rage. She had been denied her vengeance yet again! Both of the Alphas who destroyed her life had escaped her and these wolves would pay dearly for that!

She hears a roar, much closer this time, and looks up to see Peter Hale and Scott McCall rushing towards her, both of them snarling with their claws out but she only laughs as they bounce off her shield. Baccari flings her magic out at the elder Hale, slamming him into the ground as she conjurs a ball of fire and tosses it at the suddenly panic stricken wolf. Her fireball slams into the man and explodes, the fire igniting his clothes as the man screamed.

Peter screamed in terror and pain at the familiar burning that overwhelmed every sense he had. Rolling around he tries to put himself out but the pain is so intense. He never sees it coming but something slams into him, hard, and he finds himself being enveloped in something heavy and in moments the fire is out, leaving his skin raw with painful across his chest, neck, and arms. Looking up he sees the faces of the Sheriff and Chris Argent, who had just tackled him and put out the fire.
with their jackets right before he passes out.

Scott flinches at the sound and smell of Peter igniting in flames but he hears Chris Argent yelling they have him so he jumps for the Darach and slams into the barrier but he doesn’t bounce back, he actually gets a grip on it. He is still bleeding from Kali’s claws, but he has healed enough to continue the fight though he didn’t know how much more he could take. But he couldn’t stop, not when she was still here. Blake had done too much, killed too many people, and she had to be stopped. He felt his claws pushing into the barrier, like he was digging in and feeling that ever so slight give in the barrier as he pushed harder and harder against it and felt his eyes flashing and brightening with the effort.

Julia had seen the simple teen attack her field but she wasn’t concerned. The hunter and the Sheriff had saved Peter Hale for the moment, but she had plenty more fireballs. She would spare the two humans a quick death, but only so that they could live long enough for her to sacrifice them and gain power from their deaths. A flash of blue startles the Darach as she turns and sees the boy still pushing against the mountain ash barrier and her eyes widen at the sight of his claws moving and pushing into the glowing wall! He is digging into the barrier, he is not being thrown back by it, and she watches in absolute shock as the teen’s eyes flicker from gold to red before stabilizing a bright crimson and then the barrier shatters and she is knocked back from the force.

“How? You are a beta, you cannot be an Alpha!” she stares at the teen, his eyes blazing red as he looks at her with pity, but little mercy.

“He is a True Alpha” Marin Morrel says with a proud ring in her voice as she steps out from behind a tree. “He has risen to his power solely on his own merit and a True Alpha is gifted in so many ways” she says happily.

“Alpha, True or not, it won’t be enough to save him” the Darach roars and she lets out an explosion of energy that blasts out from her and throws everyone away from her like leaves in the wind.

Scott spins to feet and leaps and catches Ms. Morrell just before she slams into a tree. Peter, Chris and Noah all crash to the ground behind them. Scott looks over and sees Derek, Jackson, and Boyd all being tossed into ground where the blast had caught them by surprise and tossed them away from the Darach and surprisingly sending them not too far from Derek. “Derek” Scott calls out to the Alpha.

Derek rolls over and tries to stand up but he hurts everywhere. Fighting Deucalion and Kali had taken almost everything he had and he was struggling to keep going. He smelled the blood and wounds on the rest of his pack members and he knew that they were just as bad shape. He looks over at Scott and tries to figure out why seeing the teen with red eyes registers as both wrong and right in his head, but he can’t clear his head. He looks over at where the Darach, and sees her ranting and raging as she crackles with energy, her eyes a solid black as she screams into the air.

“You will all die and I will have my power” she yells at them as she raises her arms to the sky. There is an explosion of thunder and suddenly the wind is roaring through the clearing, bending the trees almost in half, the cracking of tree limbs above them audible even over the mad wind.

“What the hell?” Jackson yells looking on the edge of freaking out. To be fair, the rest of them don’t look much better. The woman is insane and the power she is throwing around is like nothing they have ever seen. “How are we supposed to fight this?” he demands shrilly.

Derek doesn’t know what to say or do. If any of them rush her, he knows for certain that she will kill them effortlessly, but they can’t let her succeed in her plans. He opens his mouth to tell them to attack despite the cost when he feels a familiar prickling across his skin as he feels the hair all over his body
start to rise as the air pressure in the clearing plummets and he remembers when he felt this sensation before. He was out with the pack when he was much younger when he experienced this right before….Derek’s eyes widen in fear and he screams “GET DOWN!” at the top of his lungs, pushing all his energy into his full Alpha voice which adds magical authority to his words and drives his pack members to flatten themselves on the ground immediately. Boyd flings himself over the Sheriff as Derek covers Peter and Chris Argent as a blinding flash of light burns into their retinas, whitening out everything.

He knows there must be a space of time between the flash and the explosion but it doesn’t feel like it. Derek feels the wave of scorching hot air blast over them just as the sound does and then the full force of the explosion hits them and Derek tightens his grip on the two men beneath him as he feels shrapnel tear dozens of cuts into his skin. The blast is strong enough that the very earth moves and they are moved backwards several feet before the worst of it is over.

Lifting his head, Derek blinks to clear his vision from the blinding lightning bolt that struck the clearing with way more force than the one that hit a tree near the pack during that night so many years ago. Derek had been fascinated by the lightning strike, even with the teasing from Laura, but this one was like nothing he had ever heard of or experienced before. Finally able to see he looked out at the clearing and his eyes locked on the burning crater that was now sitting where the stump of the Nemeton once was, because it was completely gone now, the few remaining bits and pieces of it burning like ash on the wind.

“Fuck!” Jackson groans as the beta looks up and sees the devastation. Several trees, closer to the stump, are now leaning precariously away from the crater, obviously pushed over by force of the blast.

“What was heck was that?” Scott groans as he staggers up to his feet. Derek stands and sees that Morrell is still out cold near Scott and Peter is still unconscious from the Darach’s fire. Chris and the Sheriff appear to have been knocked out by the blast, but both have steady heartbeats and he doesn’t smell too much blood so they are probably okay. Boyd stands up next to Jackson and the four wolves look over and see the Darach stagger to her feet, her jagged skin torn and bleeding and smoke rising from burns visible even from here.

“Oh my god! What does it take to kill this bitch?!” Jackson whines and Derek finds he agrees but she looks off so this might be their only chance. He is about to order his weary pack to attack when a piercing shriek shatters the air.

“What have you done?!” Julia Baccari screeches out as she stares at the wreckage of the Nemeton, still smoking and burning in the crater in the clearing. She is looking both furious and bereft as she looks around her. “How have you done this? You destroyed it!” she rails and Derek sees the woman has become completely unhinged.

“The Nemeton is gone” Deaton’s voice surprises the wolves who look over and see the vet staggering out the trees with Lydia beside him. “It has been destroyed and its power has gone to its new home. Your corruption has been burned away and it flows true once more” the vet’s voice is filled wonder but is underlined with an unearthly tremor.

“You can’t have done this” the Darach shrieks "you do not have the power!" and sickly blue fires ignite in her hands as she raises them towards the vet.

Derek sees Lydia step in front of the vet and he watches her inhale deeply but that in no way prepares him for the wall of sound that rolls out from the redhead and drives him to his knees, his hands clasped to his ears desperately trying to block out the shrieking as he sees his betas all writhing on the ground beside him. The sound wall hits the Darach and Derek is barely able to focus enough
to see the woman as she goes flying backwards to slam into the ground as Lydia wilts, the sound stopping suddenly. Deaton grabs the girl who looks wrung out as Derek sees the Darach stagger to her feet, yet again, bloody and dirty from the ground. Damn it! How is she still going?!

“You cannot stop me! Your Banshee used all her strength and it wasn't enough. The dogs are down and your magic is nothing compared to mine” she screams at Deaton.

“It isn’t his magic you should worry about” a voice says, cold and vibrating with power yet sounding oh so familiar and Derek looks over in surprise and sees Stiles step out of the trees “its mine” he says, his voice sending chills down the Alpha’s spine.

Derek and Scott both whisper “Stiles” and the look of shock on their faces make them look more like each other than they would ever be comfortable with admitting. Stiles is finally there, but he looks so wrong that Derek is not completely sure that the teen he is looking at is in fact the one he knows. His Stiles is wild, anxious, and energetic. Always moving and talking, his eyes taking in everything with their warm, whiskey color that never seems to miss anything. This…being…isn’t him.

The youth walking into the field is cracking with energy, a kaleidoscope of colors dancing around him like some kind of aurora borealis of color and energy shimmering around his body as he steps into the clearing. His eyes, not that fiery green he once saw, are now a rainbow of colors and his tattoos are glowing a brilliant blue white on his arms, legs, and chest. The tattered remains of his pants are all that’s left of his clothing and his face has an expression of nearly inhuman calm and detachment.

“You want the power of the Nemeton?” Stiles says in a strangely detached voice of vibrations and reverberations but no real emotion. “Then take it” he says and holds out his hands and a cascade of multicolored energy shoots forward from his hands to the Darach, to be sucked into the dark shadow that seems to surround her.

“YES!” she screams in exultation as the power touches her. Julia Baccari feels power like she has never felt before in her life pouring into to her from a boy, the boy that she had written off as the pitiful mascot of the wolf pack, the one not worthy of the bite. But he was now channeling the full power of the Nemeton into her and she drank it in. She felt herself being charged like never before, those hurts and bruises from the blast were a thing of the past as every cell in her body was filled with the magic he was giving her and she felt herself yelling in triumph at her success. This was so much more than she ever expected.

Scott stared at his friend, the powerful light flowing from him into the Darach and he watched as she healed. First all the cuts from the battle, the burns from the blast, and every mark they had made, but then he saw the older cuts, the one inflicted by Kali so long ago, were closing up as well as the woman seemed to fill with power and life energy. “Stiles! What are you doing? Stop it! Stop helping her!” he yells as he sees the woman look ecstatic at her new power.

Derek grabs the new Alpha’s arm to stop him. This seems wrong but not like Scott is thinking and he whispers “Trust him” as Derek sees the Darach’s smile slip as she looks suddenly concerned.

“Stop. That’s enough” she says but Stiles doesn’t stop, the power flowing even faster than before. “Stop it!” she screeches in fear and Derek watches as he sees smoke rising from all over her body. A flicker and her skeleton flashes under her skin, lighting her up from the inside.

“You wanted power Julia Baccari. You broke the oaths you swore. You killed innocents to corrupt this place. You murdered my friends. You sought power? Well here it is, take it” Stiles says mercilessly and the power flow increases again.
Julia Baccari’s screams rise to nearly inaudible levels as the woman’s skin starts cracking, lines of glowing light seeping from them spreading across her face and body. Her screams get even louder as her body is overwhelmed with more power than she can survive and Derek suddenly smells it, smoke and electricity and fire, along with the smell of burning flesh that he has never forgotten. He stares in shock as he sees the woman’s fingers turn to ash as Stiles pours magic into her, watching as it consumes her atom by atom. He watches with wide eyes as the former druid, the murderer of so many in her mad quest, is incinerated by the very power she sought so desperately to possess.

There is a flash and an explosion, much smaller than before, but when they look up all they see is Stiles standing there, his glowing undiminished in any way, and a circle of blackened earth, scoured clear of any grass or wood with only ash remaining, where Julia Baccari once stood. Derek looks at Stiles but he doesn’t see the guy he knows. The guy who held him up in the pool for so long or the guy who nearly passed out at the thought of cutting off his arm or when Scott got his tattoo. No. This person looked like Stiles, but everything that made him…Stiles. That made him so…human...was gone. The being standing there looked human, but it lacked any humanity.

“Stiles!” Scott calls out a mix between happy and hopeful but Derek watches as his words seem foreign to the glowing mage. He gives no sign of understanding his best friend but he holds his hand up in front of him and Derek watches as the magic dances around his hands as Stiles stares at the energy, curious but without any joy or humor.

Scott starts to move forward but Derek grabs him and holds him back. “That’s not Stiles” he growls but the new Alpha is strong and he pulls free and moves closer but the power the teen is giving off is too much and Scott can’t get too close. He yells and yells but Stiles isn’t paying attention. He gestures and Derek is stunned to see lines of white/green energy appear from across the clearing and seem to link into the boy making him appear to be standing in the center of a web of light. He makes another gesture and the earth shakes hard enough to cause even the wolves to struggle to keep their balance.

“What?” Derek hears a groan and glances over to see the Sheriff looking at his son and the man’s face goes white with fear. He struggles up and moves closer to his son as he calls out. “Stiles! Stiles, stop this. Son listen to me!” he yells above the noise of the energy.

Derek watches as Stiles turns to look at his father, the man that Stiles tried so hard to protect and care for, his last remaining family, and Derek sees nothing there. No recognition. No understanding. No love. Just curiosity. Like he was surprised to be staring at something beneath his notice that had somehow managed to catch his eye. “Who are you?” Stiles strangely affected voice asks, genuinely curious, as he looks at his father. It’s only a minute before his attention shifts and he ignores the two men again who are desperately trying to reach him.

“Deaton! What’s happening?” Derek calls out to the vet who is staring at the teen in shock and confusion.

“I…I don’t know. He has so much magic, I’ve never heard of this before” he admits looking lost and is about to say something else when there is a tremendous clap of thunder that shakes the field. Derek turns back to look at Stiles and is surprised to see a look of uncertainty on his face, that noise just caught him off guard.

Stiles opens his mouth, Derek doesn't know what he would have said, but all of a sudden a column of golden light comes shooting out from the trees like a battering ram and slams into the teen, knocking him to his feet. Derek yells and starts to move before he freezes as he watches the light spin
around him and he stares as it thickens and solidifies like glowing honey. He stares as it grows and envelops the sparking teen. Stiles’ struggles and his eyes flash but nothing he does seems able to stop that golden ooze that is covering him and in seconds it has completely absorbed Stiles before it darkens and turns solid, leaving the teenage trapped like a fly in amber.

“Stiles!” Noah Stilinski’s voice is thick with fear and worry as he moves to slam his fists against the golden column trapping his son but Derek sees something in the trees where the light came from. Turning towards it, he extends his claws and feels his eyes flash crimson as he sees a dark shape manifest and suddenly a woman is stepping out of the woods.

Derek is very forcefully reminded of his mother. Deucalion’s presence screamed ‘Alpha werewolf’, even as twisted and corrupted as he was, there was no doubting his power. This woman? She made Deucalion presence seem like a whisper while she screamed power, Alpha, and strength but unlike the Demon wolf, she didn’t feel wrong, she felt very right and it was all Derek could do not to drop to one knee in submission. The woman’s eyes were glowing golden, her black dress shining like velvet that was accented by the chains and golden jewelry adorning her. Flowing behind her was her cloak of black feathers that shimmered as she walked and Derek caught accents of the deepest blues and greens among the black. “Who is that” Jackson croaked and Derek glanced to see the normally arrogant teen looking overwhelmed.

“We have very little time” the woman snapped at them. “If we are going to save him, we will have only one chance.”

Derek was angry at everything. Tired of everything. And this was just the final straw. He was about to snap at her, no matter how powerful she seemed when Deaton looked at the woman in shock. The normally unflappable vet dropped to his knees and bowed his head at the woman and he looked up at her in stunned awe. “Morgaine” he said, voice thick. Derek looked at her and gulped down his anger and a bit of fear, he knew that name!

Derek started to speak but then he heard Allison’s voice cry out happily “Lizzie!”

Chapter End Notes

Well, there we go. No more Alpha Pack or Darach! I hope everyone enjoyed the final show down. But things are still not resolved for our intrepid team. Up next, can Stiles be saved? What is Morgaine here for? Will the pack come through this intact? Next update is Saturday!

I have officially changed the count to show Chapter 25 will be the end of this part of the story if you didn’t notice so I will be ending things with that chapter, and I want to make some notes/comments about the entire story that will either be attached or will be a Ch.26 A/N (not content) - G
Allison moves quickly to the woman, the others still too shocked to move and are surprised when the powerful woman embraces the Huntress. “What’s going on?” Allison asks looking back at the teen frozen in his golden prison.

“I shifted the flow of time around him. He isn’t actually trapped, but time is moving much more slowly for him than it is for us. I had hoped to arrive before it became necessary, but it appears that I was correct in fearing that the fight with the Darach would push him too far” Morgaine tells the girl.

“Everybody just stop!” Sheriff Noah Stilinski roars and everyone looks at the man in surprise. “I want answers right now. No more of this mystical bullshit! This is my son!” his voice breaks on the last word and Derek swallows at how close to breaking the man appears.

“Sheriff” Deaton whispers in a warning tone, his voice breaking as he stares at the woman while trying to restrain the bereft man.

Lizzie looks at the Sheriff but something about her changes. Her eyes become older and an aura of power and strength suddenly appears causing everyone to tense with concern and a bit of fear. “That is why I am here. You are his father?” Morgaine says looking at Noah who nods but she doesn’t pause long enough for him to talk. “And who are the rest of you?” she asks before looking at Allison. “Warrior?” she prompts.

Allison quickly introduces everyone and when Morgaine glances at the bodies of the two dead werewolves “Those are the last two of the Alpha Pack…wait wasn’t there a third guy?” she suddenly remembers.

“And the Darach?” Morgaine asks looking around the clearing.

“Uh, well…” Scott says and looks over at the scorched piece of earth where their English teacher used to be “what’s left is over there. She kind of went poof” he says looking sheepish.

Morgaine raises a single eyebrow in such a way that the True Alpha squirms under her judging stare. “It seems that she burned up from the power Stiles fed her” Derek tries to explain and the woman turns her disarming stare on him.

“You are the Alpha of this land. Derek Hale I believe she said. By what Right do you claim this territory?” Morgaine asks with a sharp note in her voice.

“My family has been here for generations. This has been our territory for longer than California has been a state” he tells her.

“So Derek Hale” she pauses for a moment “you are the son of Talia Hale?” she asks and the Alpha nods and Morgaine suddenly looks a lot less stressed.

Turning back towards the Sheriff Morgaine’s expression softens. “How much has Stiles told you about the nature of his magic?” she asks him and glances at the group.

They all pause trying to figure out how to answer but Lydia steps up. “He said that he has all six Marks which means he can use all of the different domains of magic.” She quickly shares some of
the information that she and Stiles had discussed just recently and most of the pack was surprised how much more detail she got than they did when Stiles talked to the whole pack.

“He was wrong about one thing. He is not the first to have all six Marks. The truth is that while rare, it actually happens more often than anyone realizes. However the great majority of those born with all six Marks never truly manifest as such. Many of them are born to lives where there is no longer knowledge or familiarity with magic. Without the belief to ignite their Spark, it never appears and they live their entire life never even knowing that they are capable of magic” Morgaine tells them.

“Stiles association with your pack is what ignited his Spark or he would most probably have been in this group for his life” Morgaine informed them carefully watching Scott and Derek who suddenly looked guilty. “Once his friend had been bitten, it was simply a matter of time for his own development.”

“If we had kept him out of it?” Scott starts to ask but she cuts him off quickly.

“It is not exposure, it is knowledge and acceptance. Once he knew werewolves were real, the die was cast” she assures him.

“But surely some people with the six Marks are born where they will experience magic even earlier in life” Lydia reasons.

“There are. Children who grow up around magic begin manifesting their own magic but, like most children, they often imitate what they see and what feels familiar. A child with all six Marks born to a Witch will normally display the Witch Mark first and will therefore be assumed to be one and trained as a Witch. The same is true with Druids, Sorcerers, or any other user of magic. While their Spark is fluid, they never seek to bend it into another form and thus they simply use a singular form of magic all of their lives, the potential for more ultimately fading away” Morgaine says with a look at Deaton who is still overwhelmed by the woman. “This is the safest course for them because they never cross the barriers between the domains so their power, no matter how strong, stays ‘channeled’ appropriately.”

“But Stiles said he is strongest in the ‘in-between’ magics” Allison says carefully remembering her discussion with Stiles in England. “He said that it was easier blending the domains.”

Morgaine sighed sadly “And therein is the problem. When one of the Sé anam huaire, what we call a six-fold soul, embraces their full gifts, then there are only three options for them. One, they can surrender their magic and bind it away, never to access or know it again.”

“There’s no way Stiles would give up his magic and leave people he cares about in danger” Allison says quickly.

Morgaine nods understandingly. “The second, and most common outcome, is that the Sé anam huaire grows in their magical ability until they finally shed all of their humanity and connections to the world and they ascend to become a Draíochtan.”

“What the hell does that mean?” Noah demands, his blood freezing at the woman’s words.

Morgaine looks troubled but she continues. “In magic, there are five Elemental Forces. Do not think of them like the elements in science, Helium or Gold or Iron. The Elemental Forces are primal, ethereal, and symbolic. They are four Primaries: Earth, Air, Fire, Water; and the Binding Element, Aether. They each represent fundamental forces of existence. For example, when we say Earth, we are not meaning dirt and rocks. Earth is stability, strength, and foundation. It encompasses gravity as well as a seemingly unlimited ability to absorb power, which is why we call use the term
‘grounding’. The other elements are similar, they are more than their names. Each element also has an Elemental, a living manifestation of that element.”

“Like a Slyph?” Lydia asks knowingly, a small smile on her face.

“Yes. Slyphs are Elementals of Air. Gnomes are Elementals of Earth, while Salamanders are Elementals of Fire. Finally Undines are Elementals of Water. These are most commonly known names by practitioners of magic and even non-magical people remember them. They are other names in other cultures, but they all describe the same thing” Morgaine explains.

“You said five elements though” Scott asks looking at the woman like one of their teachers.

“The fifth element is Aether. Some call this Element ‘Spirit’ but it is more accurately described as ‘Magic’ as it encompasses all six of the domains of magic. The Elemental of Aether is the Draíochtan. It is a creature of living magic. No identity or individuality, just power and purpose, and that purpose is to create magic” Morgaine says with a sigh. “When a Sé anam huaire gains enough power, they will burn away their mortality and become an Immortal Draíochtan and leave this plane of existence to join with the Aether.”

“Are you saying my son is going to turn into some mindless…thing?” Noah demands incredulously.

Morgaine looks sad but resigned. “I don’t know. He may be too far gone to save if the magic has burned away too much of himself” she says looking weary. “There was a powerful Nemeton in this place, an intersection of the lines of power that all fed into it, giving it power and strength. It's destruction shattered many bonds, but enough remained to anchor the lines to delay the chaos that such a loss would cause. Even though it was weak, when Stiles destroyed it, that power needed a new anchor and his physical proximity resulted in those lines shifting to him. And it wasn't just the lines of the dying Nemeton, their shifting to him attracted others and it seems that all of the lines have now found a new home within him.”

“Stiles is now a Nemeton?” Deaton breathes in shock and the rest of them look at the vet’s expression and worry. “But that means that all of the power of the area is pouring into him.” Morgaine nods sadly and the vet pales at the idea.

“You said there were three options? That’s only two” Lydia glares at the woman, her anxiety causing her to snap.

“The third is the path of the Arcanist. Only three Sé anam huaire have ever managed to walk that path in all of history. If the six-fold is able to bind themselves to the land, then their power stabilizes and they are able to bridge the divide, retaining their humanity and their power” she tells the girl.

“Then lets to do that!” Scott yells followed by several of the others.

Morgaine looks wrecked as she stares at them. “I do not know how they did it” she admits and sees the looks of desperation on their faces.

“What do you mean you don’t know?” Noah demands of the woman, desperate to save his son.

“As I said, only three have ever become an Arcanist and they were not very forthcoming about how they did it. They were all secretive and did not easily share their knowledge. I only know it is possible. The one Arcanist that I knew personally was just as protective of his magics. He was called Myrddin Emrys though history calls him Merlin the Magician” she tells them.

“Arthur?” Allison asks into the stunned silence but Morgaine just chuckles.
“No my dear. Myths and history have gotten tangled up and combined them but ‘The Merlin’ is the title passed down to the male High Druids through the generations much as ‘The Morgaine’ is, but Emrys was never ‘The Merlin.’ But he was a powerful user of magic so people just assumed and it became mixed up in stories and tales and by then it was too late to fix it. Emrys was secretive so even though I remember him very well, I never learned how he became an Arcanist. I have sought assistance, counsel from those that have more knowledge than I do, but even I am not certain whether it will come” she sighs.

A ripple of laughter resounds in the clearing and the wolves all shift to look for the source but Morgaine suddenly straightens up because she knows that laugh. All of a sudden Orlaith steps into the clearing right beside Erica causing the she wolf to literally jump in shock and growl at her appearance. Orlaith is beautiful beyond. Her hair is the color of shimmering gold, framing a heart shaped face and eyes of the softest lilac. She is dressed in a light dress in shades of green and gold, flowing and billowing in the soft breeze that appeared with her arrival. She is adorned with a crown of flowers and the wolves breathe in a perfume of sunshine, grass, and blooming flowers. “You doubted us?” she teases the woman gently.

“I would say that I simply hoped…cautiously” Morgaine corrects and before anyone else can speak another woman steps out besides Jackson and he jumps. This woman, as beautiful as Orlaith, looked very different. Her gown is of a heavier fabric rich in color, a cascade of reds, oranges, and browns. Her hair is the darkest auburn that drops to her waist and her eyes are a fiery orange in a face that is both ancient and eternally young. Unlike Orlaith, her features are sharper and more defined. Her crown is made of woven vines with ripe red and black berries.

“Arethusa” Morgaine nods respectfully at the woman and the wolves stare. Scott glances over at Deaton who looks like he is going to pass out.

“Morgaine, we have word of the information you requested” Arethusa says carefully.

“We have more than just word” another woman’s voice says with a haughty laugh. Melissa jumps as the woman walks past her and she shivers at the sudden drop in temperature. This woman is starkly different from the other two. Her hair is a black as a raven’s wing, and done up in an elaborate braid that comes down the center of her back. She is wearing a heavy gown of blinding white, lined with fur, and her boots are strong leather topped with more white fur. Her crown is made of woven bands of silver with diamonds and sapphire shards twinkling from the silver threads. Her face is sharp and angled and while her age is impossible to distinguish, she definitely appears older than the other two. Even so, no one would ever describe her as less than beautiful, though that beauty is distant and untouchable, much like a piece of art.

“Mab” Morgaine bows respectfully and Lydia gasps in shock at the name. Mab looks at the redhead and smirks.

“Something concerns you little Banshee” she teases but Lydia doesn’t rise to the taunt. Instead she bows her head respectfully and even does a small curtsy surprising everyone but Mab who just smiles and acknowledges the girl’s choice.

“Time is short Mab, we need to decide whether or not we should act” a fourth woman says as she appears across from the group. This woman is older, closer to Mab than the other two, but she is as beautiful as any of them. Her hair is a darker gold than Orlaith, like the color of late afternoon sun and is styled in an elaborate design interwoven with white flowers and shimmering gems. A crown of golden wheat woven with laurel leaves and white flowers adorns her head. Her dress is heavier than Orlaith’s though still light, the blues and greens of the fabric remind everyone of the blue-green waters of the Lake in the preserve. It appears simple, but Lydia and Allison both spot the ways her
elaborate dress is designed to merely look that way.

“As you say sister” Mab acknowledges the other woman tone “you were, after all, the one closest to Emrys” she taunts.

“That was only after you made him distrust your motives sister” Orlaith says happily and the white clad woman looks mildly irritated with the youngest of the group.

“Titianna, what can you tell us” Morgaine politely interrupted the two arguing women drawing them back to the matter at hand. Lydia and Deaton both react at the mention of the name of the Summer Queen.

“The binding requires a three-fold unity. Birth, Blood, Breath. All three Arcanists, well...those that were successful, managed each of the three elements to create their binding, so while it is possible, the Sé anam huaire must still make the choice” Titianna tells them and Morgaine nods in understanding.

“Someone, please…” Noah’s voice breaks and suddenly the Sheriff feels Scott move to stand at his side, supporting him, as Melissa does on the other as both of them embrace him.

“My apologies Sheriff” Morgaine says formally. “Noah Stilinski, father of Mieczslaw Stilinski, may I present you to the Queens of the Fae Courts on behalf of your son. Her Majesty Queen Orlaith, the Queen of the Spring Court” the first woman in the flowery dress smiles and Lydia and Deaton both bow with a cough and the others quickly follow their example, though some (cough Derek, Jackson cough) do so grudgingly.

“Her Majesty Queen Titianna, Queen of the Summer Court” Morgaine introduces the most recent arrival and the pack bows again.

“Is she the Queen from that Shakespeare play?” Isaac whispers but Titianna still hears him and laughs.

“Oh yes, he was one of my favorite humans” she sighs happily. “I enjoyed listening to that word maker talk, though his description was not exactly as accurate as it could have been” Titianna says, her voice sounding like music.

“Her Majesty Queen Arethusa, the Queen of the Autumn Court” Morgaine continues quickly but respectfully as she bows to the woman in the colors of fall and the pack all bows with her. Arethusa smiles gently at Noah, Chris, and Melissa and they feel a special bit of attention from the Queen.

“And the Queen of the Winter Court, her Majesty, Queen Mab” Morgaine introduced the final queen who accepted the pack’s gesture of respect with a slight tilt of her head. “I appealed to the Queen’s Court to help me with Stiles” she explains.

“Help how? And what is this blood thing she mentioned?” Noah asks confused.

“A Sé anam huaire that awakens their power will either become a Draíochtan or an Arcanist, there is no other option. To become an Arcanist, Stiles must be bound to the land three times, in three distinct ways, if he is to retain his humanity. If any binding fails, then he will become the Draíochtan” Titianna says, her musical voice now serious.

“The first binding is that of Birth. An Arcanist can only be bound to the land upon which they were born. The connections between their magic and the place of their birth is very powerful and will anchor him to allow him to stand tall” Orlaith tells the pack with an inquiring eye.
“Stiles was born here in Beacon Hills” Scott says quickly and they see the Spring Queen glance over at the Sheriff who affirms Scott’s claim.

“He was born at Beacon Hills General, a few miles from here” Noah assures her.

“Then he possess the first binding. The second binding is forged by blood. The Sé anam huaire must forge a blood connection with the land to indicate their intention to be tied to the welfare of the land. However a blood bond takes time to forge and develop” Arethusa says looking sad. “At least three days must pass for the bond to solidify enough to withstand the pull of ascension. And we do not have three days.”

Morgaine looks stricken and the pack all pale. “So we can’t do anything? Why can’t we take some of his blood and do it now?” Scott demands.

Arethusa shakes her head sadly. “It will not be enough. The Morgaine’s spell will only hold for a single hour and then he will be free. And with the power he now possesses, he will surely ascend this night. Without the blood bond, any attempt on our part will fail.”

“There must be something” Derek growls and his eyes flash red as he stares at the Autumn Queen.

Lydia’s eyes widen in shock. “Wait a minute! He has it!” she yells and everyone turns to look at the redhead in surprise. “Stiles said that he created magical protections on his house.” She looks at Arethusa “He told me that he created sigils for each of us so that the warder would recognize us and let us in but he said that he used his own blood when he made it so that it would know him and his dad” Lydia yells excitedly. “Wouldn’t that count as a blood bond with the land” she demands.

Everyone turns to look at Arethusa but she just turns to look at Morgaine. “It may. Can you sense the connection? Human magic is so very different from ours” she says with a shrug.

Morgaine closes her eyes and reaches out with her senses for a source of protective magic. It doesn’t take her long before she finds it. It is bright and strong and fully formed. She sees the layers of protective magics surrounding the small house and Lizzie is impressed with the way Stiles has tied the ley lines into his magically created warder allowing it massive power without being a beacon on its own. She smiles the instant the warder recognizes her presence and it pushes her back, a clear little ‘you don’t belong’ message and she pulls back to avoid causing any negative reaction.

Opening her eyes she turns to the Autumn Queen “The Banshee is correct. He has created a magical warder with his blood that is aware and what’s more he tied it into the ley lines themselves.”

Arethusa smiles in surprise “Then the binding of blood is also done.” She turns to Mab “All that remains is Breath.”

Mab gets a cruel look as she turns her eyes toward the Alpha who suddenly tenses at the woman’s stare. “It would seem then, that the boy’s fate rests with you young wolf” she taunts looking at Derek.

The rest of the pack all turn to look at the Alpha just as a groan from the ground causes Derek to look down and see his uncle sitting up. “It seems that I missed some things” he mutters as he gingerly touches his still healing burns.

Derek looks back to Queen Mab who is staring at him with some kind of twisted delight. “How is it all up to Derek? What is the Breath thing” Noah demands. Mab raises and imperial eyebrow at him and the Sheriff is suddenly reminded of his paternal Grandmother and he gulps “your majesty” he adds sounding a bit more respectful.
“The bonds may appear simple but they represent three distinct intentions. The Birth Bond represents you and your mate’s intention to bring him into this world. The Blood Bond represents his intention for this to be his territory by committing himself to the Earth. The Breath Bond represents the land’s acceptance of him as entitled to claim this territory” she says with a cold laugh.

“But how can the land accept him?” Noah asks confused.

“Because the land has its champions. One whose blood has spilled protecting it, one who has nurtured it, and who is connected to it through death, both by ending life and losing those who have returned their essence to the Earth” Titianna explains gently. “The Land’s champion can offer the acceptance of the Arcanist’s right to this land and by doing so, they are able to complete the final bond.”

“But why Derek? I mean we have all fought and protected the town” Erica asks looking at the others. "Aren't we champions too?"

A slight laugh breaks their focus and everyone turns to see Peter shaking his head. “The Hales have been here for generations my dear. We have been protecting the land, being born here, dying here, buried here for years and years. Out family's link to the land spans centuries” he says looking at his nephew. “And since you bear the power of the Hale Alpha Derek, you are the embodiment of our family and all they stood for” he says.

“You are all champions” Deaton adds softly looking at Erica “but how many of you were born here?” he asks and sees the surprise when they realize that only Boyd and Isaac were actually born in Beacon Hills. “Also, you are all bitten wolves, your connection to the magic world is too new to be of use.”

“So then do it” Scott demands moving over to look at Derek desperately. “You have to accept him Derek!” he pleads.

“Scott” Deaton’s voice is tentative and careful. “Derek’s a werewolf” he reminds the teen who looks totally confused.

“I know that” Scott says looking around but no one else seems to get it until Lydia sucks in a breath.

Lydia pales as she stares at the trembling Alpha who looks trapped. “Scott...how does a werewolf accept someone into their trust? How do they make them pack?” she asks.

Scott frowns in confusion. “He bites them” Jackson whispers and Scott’s eyes widen as he looks at the teen before turning to see Derek’s pale face.

“You have to bite Stiles?” he says sounding sick. But then his face clears “Okay, well then that’s that. Do it!” he yells but Derek was staring at the Morgaine, his face a war of emotions.

“Wait! So he is going to be a werewolf?” Noah asks the woman who is staring at the trembling Alpha.

“His magic is too powerful. The turning bite would not affect him, his magic will not allow the Turning Bite to override who he is” the Morgaine says softly, her eyes never leaving Derek’s. “That bite would have no effect.”

“Then how can he save Stiles?” Scott demands angrily but then he hears soft chuckling coming from the ground and he turns to see Peter, sitting on the ground, laughing.

Derek looks at his uncle and growls, but it is a weak growl, not strong like it should be, closer to a
whimper. “There are two kinds of bite Scott” Peter says with a wicked smile as he looks at his nephew who looks trapped and even takes an involuntarily step backward.

“No” Derek whispers, barely audible to even werewolf ears as he stares at his uncle before turning to Morgaine, a plea in his eyes, who only looks back at him with sympathy. He looks at the four Queens but their eyes hold neither kindness nor sympathy, only the knowledge that this is the choice he has to make, a choice he can’t make for the teen, but that he has to.

“I don’t understand” Noah says looking at the pale young man who seems about ready to either pass out or throw up.

“If the Turning Bite won’t work” Deaton says gently as he looks at Derek “then the Mating Bite might.”

Noah frowns as he stares at the vet before turning back to see the panicked expression on Derek’s face. “I’m sorry, I think I heard you wrong” Noah’s voice is level, but there is a dangerous edge to it that causes Derek to take another step backwards.

“You did not” Morgaine says as she walks up to Noah. “The final bond must be the strongest and with a werewolf, there is only one option if we want this to succeed. The Mating Bite, given by an Alpha, is the strongest bond in a pack and it would be twice as powerful than from any other wolf. Alpha Hale’s bite would not just demonstrate the Land’s champion accepting him, it would also create a bond for Stiles to the entire Hale line, it would allow him to share Derek’s link to this place. I am not sure anything less would be able to pull him back from the path he has already gone down.”

“You cannot feel it son of man, but your son’s actions have already shifted the lines of power in this part of the world” Queen Mab informs the Sheriff. “If he becomes a Draíochtán, then this place will lose the connection that is holding firm the lines of power. They will go wild, lose all control, and this place will become twisted for generations.” Her manner suggests that she is rather indifferent to the outcome and that she might even welcome the chaos that would come.

“I can’t” Derek whispers as he stares at his pack’s faces and the Sheriff who looks thoroughly lost. “I can’t do that to him” he pleads with them. “There must be some other way.”

“Derek” Lydia’s sharp voice causes the Alpha to flinch. “You can’t let him be taken from us like this. Not after what he did.” Her words, though simple, cut something deep in Derek. He knows what she is talking about, the closure that Stiles gave him and the encouragement that his mother implied when she told Stiles that he was pack.

“I can’t make that kind of decision for him. To take away his choice…” his voice breaks and Lydia suddenly realizes what it is that’s tearing the Alpha apart and her eyes soften.

“It’s not the same Derek” Peter says before she can, his voice gentle and Derek has to look at his uncle who sounds so much more like the man he once was so long ago. “What she did…that wasn’t your fault, no matter how I might have blamed you.” He sighs deeply. “I needed someone to be angry at, someone to carry the guilt from that loss and you and Laura were easier to blame than to accept that you, a child, were as much of a victim as those we lost.” Peter steps closer to his nephew and reaches out but stops just short of touching. “What she did was wrong, not you.”

“How is this different? I would be taking his choice” Derek’s voice is rough and broken but there is something pleading in it.

“It’s different because Stiles would choose you” Lydia says gently and Derek looks at her doubtfully. “Derek, he cares about you, and I know you care about him. I’ve seen it and I know this,
no matter the cost, Stiles would not leave his family for anything. He would gladly do this” her voice is certain though Derek still doubts.

“Son” Noah looks at the man, looking so similar to that night he found him and his sister outside the burned wreckage of their home. Neither one of them had to be told. They knew no one made it out of the house and Noah remembers the broken expression on their faces. The expression he sees again on the man’s face. “I’m begging you…please save my son” he pleads and Derek looks stricken.

“Please” Scott whimpers and Derek looks around and sees the agreement on everyone’s faces. They will stand with him in this. He takes a deep breath and prays that somehow, someday, the teen will forgive him.

“What do I have to do?” he finally says.

Morgaine orders everyone but Lydia, Deaton, and Marin to move into the trees, out of the clearing. The Queens move around till they have encircled the golden prison that now has cracks in its surface and Derek can see slight movements of Stiles’ hands.

Deaton and Morrell are positioned behind Morgaine and Lydia stands off to the side. Morgaine looks at Derek and, seeing him ready, starts to chant. The words disappear almost as fast as they are spoken and Derek cannot remember them but the air seems electric. The sky flashes from horizon to horizon with ribbons of colors dancing in concert to the Morgaine's song. The ground begins to rumble and Derek watches carefully.

Morgaine had given them their orders. She would do her part and it would take most of her power and once done, she, Marin and Alan would be out of it as they were giving her their energy to assist. Once they fell, Stiles’ prison would shatter and he would be free. Then it was their turn.

Morgaine’s hands were raised to a sky filled with the glowing blue and green ribbons, blotting out the stars and moon, and wind roar, whipping through the clearing, tearing at everything. Thunder and lightning rang out in those clouds and Morgaine, eyes blazing and surrounded by a blinding aura of power reached down and yanked and the ground seized and buckled and Derek went to his knees.

All around the clearing, giant stone monoliths burst up from the ground and rose up creating a stone circle around Stiles, Derek, and the Queens. The stone pillars looked like fingers rising from the ground, each rising to about eight feet in height before they stopped and the wind suddenly dropped to nothing. Morgaine’s light went out and the woman dropped like a puppet with her strings cut, Marin and Alan falling right beside her.

An explosion of light and sound from the center of the circle was the sign that Stiles’ prison was gone and Derek stared at the lightning dancing across his now freed body, his eyes glowing that rainbow of colors. Stiles looks irritated but before he can even react to his new found freedom, Derek hears the shrieking wave of sound that rolls forward and slams into the teen driving him to his knees as Lydia screams at the top of her lungs.

Once he drops she collapses from the strain but the Queens are ready for the teen's distraction. In a strangely delicate dance of movements, each of the regal Fae Queens raises her arms and Derek staggers at the power that suddenly rushes out from the center of the circle. The stone monoliths light up, each one glowing so bright they can’t be stared at directly but Derek isn’t trying to look at them. He is looking at Stiles who sags to the ground, the light and energy that surrounded and flowed in him apparently gone. He looks up and Derek’s heart seizes as the sight of the warm whiskey eyes
that he knows so well.

He didn’t really think of it but he is moving and in seconds is dropping down beside the exhausted teen. “Stiles” he croaks and the teen looks up at him, concern and worry clear in his expression, but also confusion.

“Derek? What’s happening? Did we win?” he asks and Derek winces at the gravelly rasp of his normally smooth voice. Stiles grips Derek’s arms and is holding on tightly as he winces in pain at the stress his body has been under.

“You only have seconds young wolf” Queen Mab yells at him and Derek looks at the teen who is staring at him, no doubt or fear in those eyes.

“I have to… I need to…” Derek freezes. How can explain this? There is no time.

“I trust you.” Stiles says, his eyes open, honest and accepting and then Derek whimpers as he shifts. Stiles doesn’t flinch in the slightest and Derek allows himself a moment of hope before his eyes flash red and he shoots forward, his fangs piercing the teen’s skin at the juncture of his neck and shoulder as Stiles lets out a short yelp.

Derek tastes the hot, coppery blood that flows into his mouth as the teen whimpers at the sharp pain of Derek’s fangs biting into him but then there is a shift and Derek feels his vision go white. He bit Jackson, Isaac, Erica, and Boyd but it never felt like this when he bit them. With them, he felt a piece of himself going into them, forging the link to them as pack and planting the need to be his, to accept him as their Alpha. This is completely different. There is a loop of connection as Derek feels himself moving into the teen but he also feels an energy coming back into him only for the exchange to continue over and over again.

“Derek!” Stiles gasps at the sensation and Derek knows that not only are Stiles eyes glowing, but so are his tattoos. He also feels a burning on his own back and he would bet that his own triskelion tattoo is glowing as brightly as Stiles’.

Retracting his fangs, Derek doesn’t let go of Stiles skin, his tongue sliding over the bite and tasting the blood again as he gently sucks on the wound before he finally pulls back. He looks down and sees the bite mark he made has already sealed over on the shoulder and looking healed but permanent. Derek looks nervously at Stiles face and sees confusion on the teen’s face but no fear or worry. “Derek?” he croaks.

Derek pauses looking at Stiles, staring in his eyes when they flash green again. “Boy! Move!” Queen Mab yells her warning at Derek, her voice cracking like shattering ice and Derek has jumped away before he even realizes he moved. Stiles looks hurt for a moment before he screams as his body bursts with color and light as the power that the Queens had blocked comes rushing back into his body.

Derek is ready to launch himself at the teen but the sheer power coming off the teen is too much and is physically pushing Derek away even as he drives his claws into the ground to try and hold on. Stiles’ scream goes higher in pitch and Derek blinks at the wind ripping at him when he feels a wave of heat and light roll over him. Looking behind him he sees a column of fire erupt in the southern part of the stone circle. The fire roars up nearly thirty feet and spins, a fiery swirl of red, orange, and yellow flames with flashes of blue and green. Derek stares at the fire that dances there and remembers seeing his house engulfed in flames and his wolf lets out a whine of anguish at the sight.

Derek’s attention is shifted when an explosion directly opposite the fire erupts. He stares as a column of dirt, rocks, and earth shoots up into the air, about the same size as the fire and Derek can smell the
rich soil and loam coming off of the column of earth. Seconds later there is a sudden drop in pressure and Derek looks up and sees a twisting of clouds and the air in the east side of the circle starts spinning, picking up dust and leaves and all a miniature tornado of wind forms, spinning and wobbling in place when a fourth explosion causes the Alpha to dig his claws deeper in to the ground.

In the West a column of water shoots up, a geyser that rises up to tower over the stone monoliths and Derek snarls at the four elemental pillars that are now standing there, roaring and driving out all thought with the chaos of noise and pressure that makes him howl in desperation. Looking up he sees Stiles, body aglow, as he lifts up and hovers in the air, suspended between the four pillars. Derek finds his voice and roars as loud as he can. He howls for his pack, calling them, demanding every wolf to answer and come to him, and he howls for his mate. The roar of the elements is deafening but he still manages to hear his pack respond.

Derek is staring at Stiles, desperate to figure out what to do next since Morgaine didn’t mention this, when he sees a face in the water column, a woman's face. He glances over and sees other faces in each of the columns and each face staring at the teen. Stiles’ eyes fly open and they look straight at Derek. He watches as the teen’s eyes shift from the rainbow of color to the more familiar fiery green he had before and then there is a sudden pulling that is suddenly dragging Derek towards the center of the circle. He scrambling with his claws to try and stop himself and watches as the four pillars all seem to fall into the circle right onto Stiles and Derek roars, refusing to accept this when there is a momentary pause, a single heartbeat of silence as if the world was holding its breath, and then an explosion of light rushes over Derek who braces for the blast that is surely following, but it doesn’t come. The wave of light doesn’t hurt, in fact it feels…right. Restorative. Healing.

The clearing goes dark and Derek sees Stiles start to drop. He scrambles to his feet but he knows that he can’t make it, not in time to catch the falling body but he still tries. He rushes but then Stiles’ fall is suddenly slowed and he touches down on the ground almost like a feather. “We would not lose him after all of that” a musical voice laughs and Derek sees Orlaith smiling at him as she walks forward.

Derek reaches the teen and pulls him into his arms and Derek suddenly feels himself relax a bit when he hears the steady heartbeat that he recognizes without even trying. He hears Stiles’ slow and even breathing and he looks up and sees the four Queens staring at him, various expressions of satisfaction on their faces. “What happened?” he asks desperately.

“He chose” Queen Titianna says easily. “Just as you chose to give him the bite, he had to choose to accept it, to give up the power he once held, and to accept his new destiny.”

“He had to give up his magic?” Derek asks sounding concerned and confused.

“Much of it” Queen Mab says with a shrug. “There is a significant difference between an Arcanist and a Draíochtan. The Draíochtan is power incarnate. An Arcanist will never have that level of power but that does not mean none. As humans measure things, he will be…gifted. But, as with all things, there must be balance. The Draíochtan is power with a singular purpose. But the Arcanist? They do not sacrifice their humanity for their power, they sacrifice instead their freedom.”

Derek frowns. “Stiles would never give up his freedom” he says with certainty.

Tatianna and Orlaith both laugh, strong and happy sounds. “Freedom means different things wolf. Do not be so quick to think you know of which we speak.” Both golden haired women look amused at Derek challenge.

Arethusa looks at her sister Queens and just shakes her head in resigned amusement. “We shall give you some time for both of you to find your place before we talk again. Besides” she sniffs unhappily “being in the human realm is…unpleasant, so we will return to our Courts.”
“But we will see you again young wolf. The presence of an Arcanist in the world again will change everything” Queen Mab cackles with amusement. “Oh yes, this will be the most entertainment we have had in centuries.” The Winter Queen disappears in a swirl of white and Derek is astonished as he sees snow on the ground where she once stood.

“Wolf” Arethusa nods with a smirk and she is gone, a swirl of leaves, all red, orange, and yellow in her place that fall to the ground gently.

Tatianna smiles warmly and Derek feels a warm rush of air, heavy with the smell of sunshine and grass, waft over him and the Summer Queen is gone and Derek sees thick, green grass where she once stood, clearly standing out from the dried grass everywhere else.

Derek looks at the last Fae Queen who is smiling at him. She laughs, her musical voice like wind-chimes and birdsong as she twirls around, her dress flying up, as she disappears in a sudden flurry of flowers accompanied by a rush of perfumed air that makes Derek feel lighter just smelling it. “To new beginnings” he hears her voice whisper happily and she is gone leaving Derek alone in the clearing with the unconscious teen in his lap.

“Stiles!” Derek looks up and sees the Sheriff running towards them, the rest of the pack right behind and Derek breathes a sigh of relief at the sight of them coming to him.

Noah drops to the ground beside his son and grabs the boy and pulling him into a hug, his bloody shirt from Derek’s bite still hanging on him, as Derek releases the boy in his lap. Noah looks up at Derek uncertainly but Derek looks wrung out and at the end of his limits.

“Is he?” Scott says quietly as he looks down at the scene before him, the rest of the pack surrounding them, watching the teen breath steadily.

“He is now bound to the land” Lizzie says as she walks up, Marin and Alan stumbling groggily behind her. Allison comes over to her side and the woman smiles gently as the huntress lends her a hand to steady her. “Thank you Allison. That was something I would prefer doing again anytime soon” she says with a soft laugh and a sigh. "Creating a stone circle usually uses thirteen druids."

“So what happened?” Erica asks looking lost. “I mean is he going to be okay?”

Lizzie takes a deep breath. “To understand what happened, you need to understand something. Magic is magic. But sentient beings, human, fae, or otherwise, all seek to understand the world around them. It is why the fundamental question, the one that changes a species from existing to being, is learning to ask the question ‘Why’. That first question, seeking to understand, leads to discovery and growth. It is through our search for understanding that the structures of magic developed. Magic did not exist in the six domains, it was simply magic. It is intelligence that divided it.”

“I don’t understand. Why would they do that?” Isaac asks her.

Lizzie smiles gently. “We seek meaning in everything cub. Why do leaves change colors? What does that scent tell you? How can I gain the greatest yield for my harvest? Magic follows those rules. The earliest practitioners all sought the rules of magic and so they ‘discovered’ them. This was before humans even existed. But the different efforts of those pioneers resulted in different rules. Witches created the rules of Witchcraft and shaped it into what it is today. Thus it was for each of the six domains.”
“If you know that, then why do people still follow those rules? They are limiting themselves” Lydia challenges her.

“Stop seeing the color blue” Lizzie says with a smirk. At Lydia’s startled reaction she chuckles. “The boundaries of magic have been set and reinforced over millennia. At one time, those who first discovered magic might have been able to ignore the rules, but they are too ingrained now. The only reason we even know the truth is because of the Draíochtan and the Arcanist.”

“Why? I thought the Dra…whatever you said, was some mindless thing” Jackson asks looking confused.

“The Draíochtan is an elemental of magic, but it is not mindless. More importantly is what it is not. It is not an elemental of sorcery or of witchcraft or of druidism. It is simply of magic which allows us to know that magic is simply a single force” Lizzie explains to the teen.

“And the Arcanist?” Lydia asks looking at the sleeping Stiles.

“Before, Stiles could shift his Spark to any of the six Marks to use the magic of that domain. He was could use his magic to ‘empower’ whichever of the six domains within him that he chose to use. An Arcanist still has all six Marks, but they are now fully present and operate in Unity. In other words he can use all six magics at once” Lizzie said with a proud smile.

Alan and Marin both looked awestruck. “So he is a super magic user? Like you?” Scott asks slowly.

Lizzie shakes her head easily. “I am the High Druid and Stiles, strong as he is, will never be my equal in Druidic Magic. Just as he will never rise to the level of the Sorcerer Supreme with his sorcery.” She gets a wicked look on her face “But he isn’t limited to only using that magic. So while he isn’t my equal in Druidic magic, I cannot match him on any of the other five domains.”

There are several confused looks but Lydia, Marin and Alan all look concerned. “So…could Stiles defeat you in a fight?” Allison asks cautiously and Lizzie laughs.

“I am not sure, but I do know that I would not wish any place to host such a battle” Lizzie reassures the huntress. She looks down at the face of the Alpha who looks sick of the conversation. “However Queen Mab told you that there is a price to pay for such power” she reminds Derek.

Derek frowns as he looks down at the calm face. “She said he sacrificed his freedom” he says softly.

“And there is the balance. The Arcanist is powerful, but bound to their territory. They cannot leave it.”

Derek looks at the woman and sees that otherworldly woman hovering behind her face and he pales. “He is trapped in Beacon Hills?” he demands and sees the rest of the pack look shocked.

“You underestimate the definition of territory. Emrys’ territory was the British Isles. I imagine that Stiles’ territory encompasses all of the lands that the ley lines that once fed the Nemeton. He will be able to sense it when he awakes but it will probably be several hundred miles in every direction” she says with a smile.

"So he won't be able to go to New York or Nepal anymore?" Allison asks concerned but Lizzie just shakes her head in negation.

"No” she says sadly. "But I imagine that will be less of a burden than you might think” her eyes twinkle as she obviously knows something they don't.
Derek opens his mouth to reply but stops when he hears the groan coming from Stiles as the teen starts to wake. He freezes and watches as the teen slowly comes awake and when he opens his eyes they are glowing white and the Alpha hears the gasp from the Sheriff and the others. “Stiles?” Noah Stilinski asks gently.

“Dad?” his voice is hoarse and he seems disoriented. “I feel so strange” he moans and Derek’s eye catches a flicker of movement and he spots the wolf tattoo coming to rest near Stiles’ heart, staring up towards Stiles’ head.

“You are connecting to your territory Stiles. It is trying to talk to you. The sensations are probably...dizzying” Lizzie assures him and Noah suddenly feels a rush of relief at the painfully normal giggle coming from his son.

“It tickles. I can feel...I can’t explain it” he finally gives up and smiles happily and snorts, not looking at anyone in particular.

Lizzie nods at Derek. “He will be like this for a while until he adjusts. You should take him somewhere he can rest and make sense of things” she tells the Alpha and Derek nods, flowing to his feet with Stiles cradled in his arms once the Sheriff lets go.

Derek suddenly frowns and looks around the clearing before turning to the Sheriff. “How are we going to explain all of this?” he asks suddenly serious. Keeping their secret has been so important but so much has gotten out of their control.

Noah looks around and blinks as he realizes he has to explain Melissa’s kidnapping and the death of Deputy Murray not to mention Blake’s other victims. Add in the crazy weather and earthquakes that were probably felt for miles and Noah is at a loss of where to even begin.

“I can help with some of it” Lizzie says easily and she holds up a hand and there is a rumble and suddenly vines and roots break the ground around the remains of Kali and Deucalion, surrounding the bodies, and churning the ground. The pack watches in stunned amazement as the bodies are pulled into the ground and then all traces of the former Alphas disappear as grasses and flowers cover the former battlefield.

“Oh man that was so cool” Isaac mutters and Scott agrees just as quietly.

“I had forgotten about those two” Noah admitted sheepishly but he nodded his thanks to the woman.

“I have an idea about the Deputy and Melissa” Chris offers and he explains that his men had an eye on a deserted cabin on the other side of town. They had investigated but it was empty and had been for months. He suggests they take the Deputy there and ‘adjust’ the site to appear to be Blake’s hideout and then they can explain that she tasered Murray and the Sheriff and took them as well. She had killed Murray before she grabbed Chris. But when she brought Chris back, Noah had gotten free and had managed to free Chris but Jennifer escaped while he was protecting Chris and Melissa. Once free, they can ‘find’ help and call in to the station to start a ‘search’ for Blake.

They argue for a bit as they walk back to the Hale house, Derek carrying Stiles as the rest follows. They reach the vehicles and split up. Derek, Stiles, Erica, Boyd, and Isaac all head back to Derek’s loft. Peter and Lydia offer to help fleshing out the story so Jackson goes along and Allison announces that she and Scott will recall the hunters back to her house so they are out of the way. The rest of them head to the cabin and Lizzie offers to go along to make sure than the crime scene will pass inspection, much to the shock of both Deaton and Morrel. She reminds them that keeping a Darach out of the news is part of protecting the balance. They both leave and she accompanies the team that will set the cabin up before leaving the Sheriff, Melissa, Chris and Deputy Murray’s body
for the feds to find.

“Derek?” Stiles asks sitting in the back of Camaro where Derek had laid the teen out carefully. “I can feel the pack. I mean, I can really feel them” he says sounding drugged. He lifts his hand and it glows and Derek feels a warmth spread through him.

“Well? What was that?” Erica barks and Derek sees looks of shock on her, Isaac and Boyd’s faces which tells him that they all felt it. Stiles giggles happily.

Derek is about to ask the teen what that was when their phones go off. Derek snorts as he hears Scott, Lydia, Jackson, and Peter all calling to ask about what just happened. Stiles is laughing and Derek feels the tension drain away as Erica loudly exclaims that Stiles is apparently playing. The Darach and Alpha Pack are gone. The parents are all safe and sound and Stiles…Stiles is now his mate. Derek looks down at the smiling face in his lap and softly smiles.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, we are approaching the end of the first Story in our Teen Sorcerer Universe. The next chapter will be the closing part, but I am working on the outline for Part 2.
Chapter 25

Stiles felt himself slowly waking up and he stretched out his legs and arms and felt the comfortable sheets that he was currently snuggled in. He inhaled a scent that tickled his memories it was so familiar though he couldn't immediately place it. He smiled and opened his eyes and stared at his ceiling. It took a few moments before he realized that it wasn’t his ceiling that he was seeing. Looking around Stiles realized that he wasn’t in his own room at all, but the room was familiar, he had been here before. This was Derek's room! It was the upstairs room in Derek’s loft that the Alpha had moved into after the pack had driven him out of the living room where he had been sleeping when he first moved in to the loft. Sitting up he looked around and, yep, this is definitely Derek’s room.

Pushing down the covers, Stiles looks down and sees that he is wearing a t-shirt that is too big on him and his boxer briefs and that’s it. He definitely did not remember getting undressed and this isn't his shirt. Looking around he spots his jeans and shoes folded up in a chair and he moves to dress quickly. He wonders where Derek is and then he gets a strange sensation and he knows that Derek is near, very close. “Derek?” he croaks and feels a surge of awareness wash back over him.

Stiles turns towards the door and then he hears them, footsteps on the circular stairs in the loft. He takes a deep breath and somehow he knows that they are not alone in the loft. He knows that others are here. How does he know that? Stiles is feeling a bit of a panic when the door opens cautiously and he sees Derek looking in with a concerned expression. “Stiles?” he asks sounding concerned about the teen.

“Yeah” Stiles answers but when Derek doesn’t reply he sighs heavily. “I’m not gonna lie, I am feeling really confused. What happened? The last thing I remember was that we were in the woods going to find…my dad!” Stiles eyes widen and Derek can smell the sudden fear and concern from the teen hit his nose.

“He’s fine! So is Melissa” Derek says quickly. “We rescued all of them and everyone is fine.”

Stiles looks at him for a moment before he relaxes and nods his head looking wrung out. “Okay… I’m gonna believe you, but until I see him, I reserve the right to freak out again. So what happened?” he asks again.

Derek sighs heavily. “Are you hungry?” he asks instead and Stiles opens his mouth to argue when his stomach lets out a rather significant rumble that is probably audible throughout the entire loft. Stiles sees the slight upturn of the corners of the Alpha’s lips and the smug satisfaction in his eyes. “It’s a really long story” he adds and Stiles realizes he is being told to pick between food and answers. He is about to choose information when his stomach growls again and he gives up.

“Okay, food first. I am starving but I still want answers” Stiles complains as he follows after the Alpha as they go downstairs where Stiles spots several of the pack still asleep. Erica, Boyd, and Isaac are all snuggled up together on the floor in a pile of blankets and pillows. He sniffs the air and smells food cooking and worries that Derek went off and left their breakfast to burn but then he spots Peter standing in the kitchen watching over things.

“Finally awake I see” Peter says with a smirk and then a leer “sleep well?” Somehow Peter manages to lace that simple question with enough innuendo to cause Stiles to blush though he isn’t exactly sure why.

“It was fine” Stiles mutters looking at the beta and is surprised by the fact that there is something
different about him. He isn’t quite so…creepy. Still creepy but more…creepy light. Stiles snorts at
the thought.

“Lydia said that they are on their way over. She said they would pick up coffee and pastries on the
way” Peter informed them and Stiles frowned in confusion. “Lydia, Jackson and your friend Lizzie”
Peter clarified.

“Lizzie’s here?” Stiles says surprised but then he frowns. He knew that. Didn’t he? He really doesn’t
like not remembering things.

“Allison and Scott are also on their way over too. The Sheriff, Chris, and Melissa are apparently still
dealing with the police. Apparently the FBI is here now and that is complicating things. But he said
once they were cleared, he would call” Derek assured him.

“The FBI? Why?” Stiles felt as if he was trying to swim through fog or something as he tried to
make sense of Derek’s explanation.

“The delightful Ms. McCall was kidnapped rather publicly remember? Her return has raised
questions and we can’t exactly tell everyone the truth” Peter says with a smirk. Stiles frowns at the
elder Hale but he can’t exactly argue with the man.

Stiles glares for a second at the rather pleased beta who seems to be enjoying himself way too much.
“I need food if I am going to deal with you” Stiles finally mutters and steps away from the kitchen.
He remembers going into the woods after his dad was taken, following the tracking crystal he had
made earlier. He remembers when they got close, sending Boyd and Peter to free them, and
obviously it must have worked. He even remembers sending Lydia and Deaton ahead while he…
what was he going to do?

Stiles steps up to the windows and looks out and lets out a gasp of surprise. The town is a swatch of
colors, placing glowing in various degrees and even little twinkles of lights in the distance and to top
it all off, he sees lines of light running through the town, lines that pulse like a heartbeat. The
Nemeton! He was going to try and take control of it so Blake couldn’t use it against them! But it was
too corrupted. He remembered seeing the rot from the Darach’s sacrifices and that he decided to burn
out her touch.

“Stiles?” Derek is suddenly there and Stiles turns and the werewolf blinks in surprise at the teen’s
glowing white eyes. “Are you okay?” he asks careful not to startle or touch the teen. Stiles stares at
the Alpha and sees the shadow of a large black wolf hovering over him. He somehow knows that
this is Derek’s wolf and it is actually pretty impressive. He also sees colored lines extending from
him, three strong ones he follows that connect to each of the now awake betas who are all awake and
staring at him. Stiles smiles at the three wolf shadows that hover over Erica, Isaac, and Boyd. Each
of their wolves are different and he doesn’t know why this is funny but it is. There is another line to
Peter, solid but different from the other betas and two more that he somehow knows connect to Scott
and Jackson. What surprises him the most is the two fainter lines that he is pretty sure lead to Lydia
and Allison. Looking down he sees the strongest line connecting himself and Derek. He pauses as he
wonders how and why he has the strongest link.

“Stiles?” Erica’s voice, more timid than he has heard since she was bitten, breaks his chain of
thought and he looks up and stares at her, his eyes shining, as he sees a faint line connecting her and
Boyd together.

“I can see the pack bonds” Stiles says after a moment and he turns back to see the shocked
expression on Derek’s face. “And the whole town” he points out the window “it’s alive with color
and lines of light” he looks back at the amazing display before him.
“Lizzie said you were still adjusting” Derek says gently and Stiles looks back and his eyes return to normal.

“Adjusting to what?” he asks. Derek stares for a moment but then all four wolves turn towards the door and Stiles can almost see their ears all twitching. It’s funny enough that it breaks the strange tension he was feeling. “What is it boy?” he asks and Stiles is sure that he feels Derek’s eyes roll even though he can’t see it happening.

“Scott and Allison just arrived and Jackson is right behind them” Derek says with a heavy sigh at Stiles’ joke and there is a shuffle as Isaac moves to open the door while Erica steps into the bathroom to ‘freshen up’. Stiles waits, nervous for some reason he isn’t quite sure about, and then he sees the goofy smile on his brother’s face that immediately replaces the look of concern as soon as Scott spots Stiles.

“Stiles!” Scott yells and all of a sudden he is wrapped up in a McCall bear hug…wolf hug? And then he isn’t really worried about it, he is just enjoying his bro. Scott pulls back and looks him over like he is checking to see if everything is there “Are you feeling okay? Are you alright?” he asks sounding worried.

“Yeah. Except for a big blank about last night” Stiles complains just as he spots Lydia, Jackson, Allison, and Lizzie walk in.

“Lizzie!” he says with a big grin and he moves to hug the woman.

“Well, guess that answers where we rank” Lydia snarks and Stiles blushes at her rather fond/annoyed tone. Allison snickers and Jackson looks strangely unconcerned, in fact he looks downright relaxed. It’s kind of freaking Stiles out. He gets a quick hug from Allison and Lydia rests her hand on his shoulder in support before walking to the table.

“Lydia brought coffee” Allison tells them and holds up two cartons of coffee that smells amazing. Lydia isn’t carrying anything but Jackson has another carton and a large bag with him. “And pastries!” she adds and Stiles’ stomach chooses that moment to growl again, much to everyone’s amusement and the teen’s embarrassment.

“After last night, we should probably feed him” Lizzie says with a smile. “I seem to recall my own boys nearly eating me out of house and home at your age and that was without having just worked a major magical event” she teases Stiles and the teen flushes again.

The next few minutes are a flurry of activity as everyone piles on the food that Lydia brought along with the mountain of eggs, bacon, and sausage that Peter had cooked up. There was no way they would fit at the table so everyone just migrated to the couches, chairs, and the floor with their plates and the next few minutes were mostly eating with some idle conversations. Stiles finished off two plates of food before he was ready to call it quits and he leaned back in contentment and closed his eyes.

He felt something strange and looked up and around but he couldn’t figure out what was wrong.

“Stiles?” Allison asked noticing the teen’s strange behavior. “Is everything okay?”

“It’s…” Stiles pauses and looks out one of the windows and realizes he is looking north, northeast and something there is bothering him. Something is…off. Narrowing his eyes he feels the ‘wrongness’ separate into five different irritations, one stronger than the other four, but definitely there. “I think there is something…not wrong, but…” he trails off and doesn’t see the looks of concern from the others.
“Stiles” Lizzie’s voice is warm and soothing. “What is it you are sensing?” she prompts and Stiles is about to snort at the question. How is he supposed to know…

“Werewolves. Five of them” Stiles says and he knows that he is right. He can feel them and he knows they are not pack! Stiles turns to Lizzie in confusion. “How do I know that?”

Lizzie doesn’t answer but she does nod and looks in the direction Stiles indicated. “How far from here do you think?” she asks softly.

This time Stiles doesn’t have to think, he knows. “About 50 miles” he responds easily and feels Derek relax. Stiles looks over at the Alpha in surprise. “You aren’t concerned?” he asks.

Derek shakes his head. “Satomi’s pack in in Park Hill and that is the direction you are pointing. She was a friend of my mother’s and her pack, though small, has been there for a while” he explains. Stiles frowns and looks at Lizzie.

“I am really confused” he finally says and the Druid smiles reassuringly. “You are familiar with werewolves so it’s understandable that you would identify them the easiest. But I suppose perhaps it is time for answers” she says laying a hand on Stiles’s knee in support. “However, I think your father wanted to be here for this so do you want to wait till he arrives to share everything?” she asks gently and Stiles is suddenly demanding information about his dad instead.

“Mom and Chris just texted to say they are on their way” Scott says holding up his phone. “The Sheriff told them he would be able to leave in about an hour.”

Stiles relaxes a bit but he is still anxious about his dad. “Okay, so we got the parents back, what about the rest?” he prods.

The group hesitates but Allison clears her throat. “Do you remember that we took out an Alpha and all the Betas?” she asks and Stiles nods at that. He remembers Allie telling them her good news. “Well Deucalion and Kali both showed up when we confronted Blake so it turned into a giant three-way battle. Blake trying to kill everyone, us trying to stop the Alphas and her, and the Alphas trying to kill us and when they discovered that Blake was Kali’s former Emissary, who she failed to kill, they were after her.”

“Wait” Stiles stops the brunette hunter. “Blake was Kali’s Emissary? So she tried to kill her to join Deucalion’s pack of psychos?” Stiles groaned. “Great, so we can add her to the list of wonderful consequences of Gerard’s crazy schemes.”

Allison freezes at the comment and Stiles suddenly feels bad for the girl. He opens his mouth to apologize but she cuts him off with a shake. “No, you are right. His attack on Deucalion caused a lot of our problems. I will need to inform the Grand Matriarch about this though” she says with a sigh as Scott leans in to give her a hug of support.

“Allison” Derek starts looking very unhappy “I think we might want to consider exactly what we tell her about Stiles” he begins cautiously and Stiles looks from him to a suddenly concerned Allison.

“Me? Why me?” Stiles asks but Lizzie just chuckles.

“Oh young man, I think it would be a very good think to let the Grand Matriarch of the Argents know exactly what happened here” she tells the Alpha with a reassuring smile. “She can pass the word to the rest of the Hunting families about the new situation. Their hunters need to know that coming here without permission could be considered an insult and I am sure that none of them want
to risk any provocations or possible reprisals. Knowing the basics of the situation, not necessarily all the specifics” she says with a pointed look at Allison “would probably help you avoid a great deal of potential problems.”

“Still lost here” Stiles mutters but it seems that everyone is talking around him.

“Perhaps we could talk about the battle up to a certain point” Lizzie suggests and Stiles agrees. The rest of the pack takes turns telling Stiles about their fight with the Alpha Pack, the Darach, and the freeing of the hostages. Each of the wolves takes particular care to share their version and there is a lot of stops and starts and retelling from other perspectives. Stiles is very concerned about the injuries of Erica, Isaac, and Scott but all of them quickly reassure him of their recovery.

“Yeah. Doc Deaton came over to the loft with a salve for me” Isaac said and Scott piped in that he visited Allison’s house as well and “that helped accelerate my healing from Kali’s claws.”

The story picks up and Stiles gushes proudly when Scott beamingly tells how Allison took out Kali from her hiding spot. That shifts the telling to how Derek and the others took out Deucalion and finally ended the Alpha Pack. Stiles frowned unhappily when he heard how his dad had been in the middle of things but he was glad that he was there to help Derek more than once during the fight. He demanded reassurance again from Scott that his dad was okay and Scotty could never lie to Stiles, not about that. So when he promised that the Sheriff was totally okay, just a little banged up, Stiles was finally able to really relax about it.

They had just finished up when Melissa and Chris arrived and Stiles had to hug his surrogate mom once he saw her safe and sound. “So what have you two been doing? And where’s my dad?” Stiles asks them.

“Maybe if you let them sit down. Coffee or breakfast?” Derek offers the two exhausted looking elders. Both nod in agreement and Isaac jumps up to get them cups and plates. Derek signals and Erica and Boyd move to give one of the couches to the two as they shift to sit on the floor.

Derek can see that Stiles is getting antsy but the surprising part is how he doesn’t jump all over the adults to tell their story. In some ways it worries the Alpha but he notices that Stiles seems to lose focus every so often and he gets this distracted look on his face like something else is attracting his attention. “So how did everything go?” Lydia asks finally and that causes Stiles to look back to the group with interest.

Melissa looks over at Chris with a smirk as she chuckles. “Well…I am pretty sure that the Sheriff is seriously considering locking up you, Peter, and Chris if the three of you are ever in the same room at the same time.” Lydia looks offended while Peter looked proud. Chris just sighs heavily. “He was apparently not prepared for the level of deceit and manipulation that the three of them were capable of when they worked together” Melissa says with a faux disappointing look at the three guilty parties.

“So what happened?” Scott asks his mom with a trace of concern.

“Well, Chris and Peter pretty much were able to stage that cabin to look like a real murder scene and Lizzie used her magic to make it able to stand up to police scrutiny. She assured us that unless they have a powerful magic user on staff, the evidence they will find will support our story. Lydia also helped Chris and Peter create the stories that we all told once we were back at the station.
Lydia looked especially proud as she glanced at Allison. “I also arranged for Allison’s cousins to report seeing Ms. Blake a short way out of town later today. It appears that they were coming back to Beacon Hills from a visit to San Francisco last night and they saw her getting in her car and heading out. They will wait until the police ask for information, naturally though their much heavier accents will probably make things a bit confusing for at least a while.” Lydia’s smug expression causes Stiles to laugh.

“That’s not it is it?” he asks knowingly and sees the redhead smile happily.

“Allison and the other Argents will also arrange for some tips that will lead the police to believe that she is headed towards Mexico” Lydia explains.

“I’m confused about how anyone is going to believe that she was able to do everything on her own. I mean she was pretty small” Isaac asks looking at Chris and Melissa who only smile.

“Well” Melissa glances at Chris who looks overly proud of himself “it appears she had a previously unknown associate who was helping her slash working together with, at least that’s what the Sheriff and I saw when she and her associate came in with Chris” Melissa looked smug.

Everyone looks confused at her words but Peter just chuckles. “Yes, apparently her associate is an older white male, blonde, with a slight British accent who apparently was pretending to be blind” Peter says happily.

There is a pause as everyone looks at Peter before bursting into laughter, even Derek. “You told them that Deucalion was her henchman?” Erica squeals delightedly and looks at Lydia with new respect.

The redhead shrugs and looks at Peter. “It was a joint effort. Chris identified that we needed an accomplice to explain how she got both the Sheriff and deputy to the cabin and later Chris. Peter suggested our dear departed Alpha” she adds with a touch of admiration. “Of course, there are quite a few people who will be able to testify to seeing him around town I am certain. At least enough to get a good description, maybe even show up on video somewhere, especially considering how shady I am sure he was acting” she tells them setting off another round of congratulations.

“So why wasn’t my dad able to come back with you” Stiles asks Melissa and she sighs unhappily.

“He got taken to the hospital and checked out with both of us, but once he was cleared, he was pretty much overwhelmed with everything demanding his attention. The FBI advance team are here and they are all worked up and bringing in a special team. Some serial killer task force or something. Then Noah was having to deal with the press and the Mayor. Luckily Mayor Roberts has basically declared the Sheriff to be a hero for rescuing Chris and me and officially identifying Blake as the killer since he saw her kill Deputy Murray. She was really talking up how much he risked for the town and everything. There was a rather rude comment about him getting nabbed, but the story about how he and Deputy Murray were attacked helped shut up that reporter” Melissa assured the teen.

“Do you think this will affect his position as Sheriff?” Stiles voice is quiet and uncertain as he looks at Melissa and Chris.

Chris just shakes his head and smiles reassuringly. “I don't think so, unless it makes it better. After what he did, I am sure that we will be able to make sure that he comes out okay” the hunter promises. “Besides, he not only rescued us and identified Blake, he was able to give them information about a previously unknown accomplice in Deucalion. It also appears that there have been several other killings done in the same way outside of Beacon Hills that will probably track
back to Blake.” Chris leans back in his chair. “Having the Sheriff not only in the know but in a position to help guide everything will change things for the better around here I think.”

Stiles turns to Lizzie but the woman just rises and heads to the kitchen. Everyone else is talking among themselves so Stiles stands up and follows her into the small space. “Lizzie? Is there a reason you are not telling me about last night?” he asks directly and sees the woman breathe in deeply.

“Yes” she admits after a moment. “I will tell you what I can, and the pack can describe what they saw, but they are not aware of what it truly means. Even my knowledge of it is limited so you are going to have to discover much of it for yourself. My concern is” and here she pauses and looks back towards the others “are you certain you wish for everyone here to hear all of this? Perhaps you should hear it first and then decide what you will share with them. It is not just your pack in there” she reminds him gently.

Stiles frowns but he doesn’t immediately argue with her which almost surprises her. Instead he walks back in and sees the furtive glances of the wolves who are all looking like they weren’t just listening in on their conversation. Rolling his eyes, Stiles walks over to the large windows and stares out over the town. It looks normal now but he finds that he can flip his vision to see the magic now almost like a switch. He does it several times just to feel it before stopping to think about what Lizzie just said.

He isn’t sure why, but he appreciates that the rest of the pack appears to be willing to leave him alone to consider. He stands for a minute before he realizes that there is someone behind him and he is immediately sure that it is Derek. He doesn’t say anything, but rather he stands slightly to the side, looking out the window, and is just there. Stiles appreciates that Derek isn’t pushing.

“It’s not that I don’t trust the pack” Stiles starts and glances over at the Alpha who is watching him quietly. “But…I am not sure what she is going to say. I’m not worried about dad or Melissa, but I know that Allison and Chris are talking to other hunters. And then there’s Peter” he trails off looking back at the group who are talking among themselves.

“You don’t owe any of us anything” Derek says softly and turns in surprise when Stiles snorts at his comment.

“You seriously think Lydia or Erica will accept that?” he asks with a rather significant side eye. Stiles smiles at the blush on the Alpha’s ears when he says that. “I trust Chris and Allie, but I don’t know the people they trust” he says carefully “and while Peter seems better, I am not ready to quite to totally trust him.”

Derek smiles slightly as he casts his eyes back towards his uncle. “That’s not exactly a bad thought. There is a lot he still needs to deal with” he admits and Stiles smiles at the Alpha’s support. Derek turns and looks determined “They will have to accept your decision Stiles. I will support you asking anyone to step out, even me” Derek looks entirely serious which reassures the teen.

“Stiles?” Scott’s voice is tentative and right behind them. Stiles turns around to see his bro standing there, looking tentative. “Derek’s right. You can ask anyone to leave, including me, and we will support you” he promises and his eyes flash crimson causing Stiles to flail.

“Dude! What the hell! How are you an Alpha?!” Stiles yelps and Scott looks guilty for a moment before he smiles sheepishly. Stiles hears snickering and looks over at the rest of the group who are all trying to hide their laughter and failing miserably. “Fine! I guess I am the only one who didn’t know this?” he demands. “Who did you kill?” he asks looking worried.

“No one” Derek says just as Scott looks crushed by the question. “It seems that Scott is a True
Alpha, that is, he was able to rise from Beta to Alpha based solely on the strength of his convictions. Deaton explained that by turning away from power, more than once, and standing for his principles even at the expense of his own desires, he rose up all on his own” Derek looks actually proud staring at the blushing teenager.

Stiles grins widely. “Dude! That is so cool. Wait” he frowns “so you are both Alphas? How will that work?” he asks looking between them.

Scott shrugs easily. “We’ll work it out” he says confidently and without worry. “Besides” he suddenly gets a sly expression as he glances at Derek “pretty sure Derek is going to be distracted for a while by other things” he says smirking and Stiles notes how the older Alpha suddenly growls but Scott is already moving away, laughing and rejoining the rest of the pack who are all equally amused about something.

Stiles raises an eyebrow but doesn’t push. Somehow he knows that Derek is embarrassed about something and it involves him so he will let the guy work it out. Several of the wolves turn towards the door and Stiles looks over just as it opens and his father walks in the loft. Stiles moves to quickly intercept the man who appears to be on the same mission to confirm his son is okay. One rough, and much needed, hug later and the Sheriff is updating the group about things he has been doing, basically that he told the FBI team that he needed sleep and would be back in twelve hours but until then his deputies would have to handle things. Until then, he was recovering with his family and did not want to be called.

Everyone settles down and Stiles looks at Lizzie who is watching him with questioning eyes. “Okay, I want the full story now. I trust all of you so I am not going to ask you to leave but I may ask that you not share certain things with people not in this room. If you can’t agree to that” Stiles pauses and takes a deep breath “then, well I guess you need to go.”

Derek and Scott both glance around but no one seems to disagree. Derek looks at Chris directly and raises an eyebrow. “Based on what Lizzie has told us, I think Allison and I can agree to that condition” he tells the Alpha.

“Allison promises and Stiles relaxed a bit.

Taking turns, the pack picks up the story from when Stiles arrived to face down Jennifer. The teen goes from intrigued, embarrassed, excited, and then concerned over the course of the recitation and looks at his dad more than once in concern. The Sheriff moves closer to his son and pulls the boy into his side as Lydia gets to the part where Stiles didn’t recognize Scott or his father.

Stiles pales and looks at his dad with pleading eyes. “I’m not going to lie son, it wasn’t something I want to see again. It wasn’t you no matter how much it looked like you” he confesses and Stiles hugs his dad tighter.

Lizzie takes up the story with her investigations and concerns about the teen after they met in England and then her arrival in time to see Blake destroyed and Stiles being lost in the powers that he took from the Nemeton. She tells him how she trapped him in a time spell so that it would take an hour for a second to pass. Stiles looks impressed and then explains how she had asked the Fae Courts for help.

The pack then takes turns describing the arrival of each of the Queens and Stiles complains bitterly about missing out. “Dude, they were really impressive, but I have to admit, they were also kind of scary. The Winter Queen was seriously terrifying” Isaac tells him.
“Yeah, the Autumn Queen wasn’t much better” Erica agrees with a shiver and several of the others nod in agreement.

“It’s because of their domains” Lydia says causing them to look at her in surprise. “Autumn and Winter are darker and crueler so are the Queens. Right?” she says looking at Lizzie.

“Not the words I would have chosen” she admits cautiously “but not inaccurate either. Each of the Courts has a purpose and history. Mab and Arethusa are of the Unseelie Court or the Dark Fae and their roles are more connected to death, endings, and loss. They have always been regarded as crueler in myths and legends, but the truth is something far more complicated. Orlaith and Titianna are of the Seelie Court, the Light Fae, and their responsibilities are birth and renewal so they have been cast as ‘good’ to men. Truthfully, no Fae is entirely trustworthy for humans” she says wisely.

“Still can’t believe I missed meeting them” Stiles grumbles but Derek snorts and the teen looks at him in annoyance.

“You don’t have to worry about that. They said they would give you time to ‘adjust’ but they would be back. It seems you are a source of entertainment for them” Derek tells him in a voice that doesn’t sound very happy.

Stiles looks confused and glances at Lizzie. “While I would definitely advise not giving offense to any Queen of the Fae Courts, it is also not necessarily a good thing when you are amusing to one either” she advises and Stiles nods slowly.

The story continues until they get to the binding part and Stiles gives Lydia a high five gesture when they tell of her figuring out that his protections would count for the second bond. But when they tell him that Derek bit him, Stiles’ jaw drops.

“Wait! You bit me?!” he demands of the Alpha who looks tormented. “So I’m going to turn into a werewolf?” he demands incredulously.

Derek flashes his eyes at the group, several who were going to speak, to cut them off. “No. Your magic was too strong. My bite just connected you to the pack, it made you part of us without changing you.” Stiles seems to calm down at that and he reaches up and absently rubs where Derek bit him even though no one had mentioned that particular fact in the story. Several of the pack look really uncomfortable.

“Derek?” Scott says tentatively, the concern clearly there, but he snaps his mouth shut at the look from the older Alpha.

“It’s a lot to deal with, we shouldn’t push him too hard” Derek says looking around his loft ignoring the expression on Lizzie’s face. “Stiles went through a lot, he doesn’t need any unnecessary stress or problems right now in addition to everything else. I know that everyone wants him to just be able to figure things out for himself.” The pain in the Alpha’s eyes is clear to see and they realize that he has decided not to explain the bite to Stiles to avoid making the teen feel trapped.

“Oh hell no!” Lydia snaps in annoyance as she stands up moving towards Derek and Stiles with anger flashing in her eyes. “I am not dealing with weeks or months of this crap you self-sacrificing idiot! You are not going to spout that crap and then leave the rest of us to deal with the two of you dancing around each other, making each other miserable, as you emotionally stunted…MEN…screw things up. No way in hell!” Lydia glares at the Alpha who starts to growl back at her looking ripped up.

“Lydia’s right son” Sheriff Stilinski’s soft voice cuts the tension in the room and everyone turns to
look at him. “Also…I’m did not agree to keep this from him” he says looking at Derek who stares at the man in shocked surprise. He was certain the Sheriff would be happy that Derek was willing to step away.

Stiles is staring at his father’s face before he looks back to the angry eyes of Lydia and the guilt ridden ones on Derek’s face and recognizes that look. He knows that the Alpha blames himself for a lot of things, things he really shouldn’t and this feels like he is feeling like he did something wrong again. He look around at the people in the loft, none of them seeming to be willing to look him in the eyes, they all looked messed up. Pausing he catches the eyes of the person he knows will be honest.  “Please explain?” he asks gently.

Melissa looks at him in surprise. She looks up at Derek and Lydia before looking back at Noah before her shoulders drop and the tension leaves her face. “He gave you a Mating Bite” Melissa says gently and Stiles pales. He starts to shake and turns towards Derek, a look of betrayal and hurt on his face.

“I’m so sorry Stiles. It was the only way to save your life and we couldn’t lose you” Derek says desperately, looking like he was horrified by what he did. “I would never take advantage of you like that..” he begins when all of a sudden he finds himself flung across the loft to slam into the wall. “YOU BASTARD! YOU WERE NOT GOING TO TELL ME?” Stiles roars and the rest of the pack scatters at the magically enhanced voice that causes the whole loft to vibrate. Stiles is glowing again, eyes and tattoos, and the air is whipping around. “You were going to pretend like nothing had happened and just suffer in silence like usual weren’t you? Because Derek Hale has to be miserable” he yells. “You Stupid!” an arc of lightning shoots out and narrowly misses Derek who jumps out of the way “Miserable!”, another dodged bolt, “Asshole!” Stiles yells and his third bolt takes out a bookshelf. “How dare you take that choice from me?” he roars.

"You were going to die if I didn't" Derek says, fear of loss in his eyes.

"I don't mean the bite, I know you wouldn't have done it unless there was no other choice" Stiles snarls. "But not telling me? That was a choice and you were going to take it from me! I deserve to know so I can decide what to do!” he yells and sees the shocked surprise on the Alpha's face."

Scott moves to step between them but the hand on his arm stops him. Surprised he sees the Sheriff who just shakes his head. "They need to work this out" he says simply.

Stiles is breathing heavily but his glows start to dampen as he stalks up to the Alpha who appears to be waiting for final blow with resigned acceptance. Stiles grabs the Alphas shirt and moves in, anger pouring off of him. “If you ever try anything like that again I will make sure that you regret it for a very, very long time” he warns and Derek looks in those whiskey eyes that are staring at him and knows that the teen completely, thoroughly means every word. “I am tired of you punishing yourself” he whispers.

The next moment Derek feels the warm press of Stiles lips on his own as the teen pulls them into their first kiss and he freezes for only a moment before he gives in and returns it forcefully. His hands slip around his mate's waist to grab his hips and Derek pulls him in close to deepen the kiss as the Alpha feels a surge of satisfaction from his wolf and the rather sharp scent of arousal from the man in his arms.

“Oh, well damn” Erica says admiringly.

“Aw man” Scott whimpers.
Stiles hears something but he is too preoccupied with the feel of Derek’s lips to really care about whatever it is. His hands start to drop down the Alpha’s back heading south when he hears something that breaks through. “Get some Stilinski!” Erica crows.

“AHEM!” a much more familiar voice clears his throat and Stiles pulls back to see his dad glaring at the two now blushing men. “Just for that, I am having steak and a baked potato for dinner” he says daring his son to challenge him and when Stiles opens his mouth to protest “with extra butter!” Stiles glares at his father but he is nowhere near as accomplished at the look of disappointment that the elder manages.

Derek, wisely, decides not to say anything though he does plan to arrange for a few deliveries to the Sheriff’s station to attempt to get on the Sheriff’s good side. And he is not going to call it a bribe even in his own head.

“Perhaps we can finish up? I actually could use some sleep at some point” Noah says looking tired.

Stiles nods and they all move back to their seats. “Lizzie, what can you tell me about what all this means. I mean Kelsey mentioned something about an Arcanist, but what does it mean?” the teen asks her.

Lizzie leans back in her chair to collect her thoughts. “First off. My knowledge is limited and shrouded in mystery. The truth is that you will learn more about what an Arcanist truly is than I will probably ever know unless you tell me, but I will share what I have managed to figure out from my memories and the knowledge that the Queens shared. There had been those whose power overwhelmed them and they became Draíochtan. Not just humans, but others as well. However, the first we know of a different outcome was about five thousand years ago in Ancient Mesopotamia. A sorcerer grew powerful and his magic grew and grew until he was on the verge of changing into the magical elemental when all of a sudden he became something different. He lost much of his powers but they were still formidable, nearly supreme without his territory which included all the lands of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers to the Mediterranean and west to the Indus Valley. He used the title of the Arcanist and he lived a long life and he not only created many magics, his very presence in that place appears to be one of the reasons that so much magic rose there. The Queens shared that his descendants were powerful mages, though they were never his equal. According to legend, one of his son’s was responsible for the rise of Egypt.

“The second Arcanist arose in Ancient China about 3,600 years ago. She was extremely gifted Witch and she used her powers to greatly impact the area. As her powers grew, she too appeared to be about to become a Draíochtan when everything shifted and like her predecessor, she claimed the title and powers of an Arcanist. Her territory included much of China and her descendants spread around Asia and had similar impacts on the region for generations afterwards. I’ve already told you that the third Arcanist was Emrys and he arose in the British Isles. Each of them used their magic to influence the world, but more importantly, their presence resulted in significant changes to the lands they claimed as their territory.”

“What kinds of changes?” Allison asks curiously. “I mean, you said it was just their presence?” she clarified.

“An Arcanist and the Draíochtan are similar in many ways. Both relate to magic in its purest form. The Draíochtan is magic and they help create and distribute the magic of the world while the Arcanist concentrates and shapes it. Magic is drawn to magic and it seems to flourish in the presence of an Arcanist. The ley lines in this part of world are actually shifting around as they center on Stiles and his lands and they will stabilize and strengthen over time. The natural magic of the area that is
already here will grow stronger and purer and that will draw even more here.”

“More what?” Chris asks sounding concerned. Stiles sees concern on several other faces.

“More…everything” Lizzie says eventually. “Magical beings will sense his presence and they will know on an instinctive level that this place will become more and more hospitable to their kind. You will see an increase in magical creatures coming here to make new homes. The magic will be strong enough to physically affect the material world. Rivers and lakes will become cleaner as will the land and air, poisons and chemicals will break down faster as natural processes are supercharged. Some beings will see the place as a possible haven, a place that helps keep the barriers of pollution and technology at bay and provides them with a refuge. Some will come because the barriers between the different worlds will become thinner. I would not be surprised if the Fae are not planning to establish a colony in the area.”

“If magical creatures come here to feel safe, won’t others come after them?” Lydia asks with a calculating look.

Lizzie nods sadly. “You will see some of the more destructive ones come, either drawn like the others or chasing after them. It is the natural way of balance. The good with the bad so to speak” she tells the redhead.

“So we are about to be overrun?” Noah asks looking more tired than Stiles likes.

“I would not say that, not exactly. Many of those that come will actually want to stay hidden and most of you will probably have little to no interactions. There are many that are shy and wary of men and seek only a safe place to live in peace. Some will come to serve as wardens to the magic of the area, to help guide and shape the healing of the land. And some will come and blend in to live among regular people so that you may never know that they are not human themselves” Lizzie assured the Sheriff. “And their presence will bring many unexpected benefits with them. I would imagine that people will be healthier in general, creativity and ingenuity will blossom, and the land itself will become stronger. The concentration of magic will help cleanse many things. It has been so long since there was an Arcanist we just don't know what to expect.”

“But the darker parts of magic are there too aren’t they” Lydia insists and Lizzie looks conflicted by her words.

“Would you consider a wolf dark and dangerous? Probably not if you were a tree, but if you were a deer?” Lizzie smiles. “There will be some of those, but those of true evil intent? Those will tend to avoid this place.”

“Avoid it? Why?” Jackson asks and then manages to look guilty for showing that he was actually interested in what was going on.

“Because this territory is claimed. This isn't like the territory of a coven or a pack. The land itself will respond to Stiles. The three previous Arcanists were capable of major works in all six domains. The Arcanist is not just the source of all this magic, he will be its master. Inside his territory, very few magical beings will be his equal and many will recognize his authority. Only a true fool would seek to challenge him here. In fact, it would not surprise me if you didn’t receive more than a few contacts from the others seeking to meet you” Lizzie says smiling at Stiles.

“The others?” Stiles asks her with a confused look "What others?”

“The Agatheira. The circle of the strongest of each of the Domains. You already know the Sorcerer Supreme and Arthur and I, but each domain has its own most powerful practitioner. I expect that
Dionne, the High Witch, will reach out to you sooner than later. The Lord Alchemist and the Grand Enchanter are both somewhat scatter brained, I mean they are highly focused on their projects” she smiles at him “so I have no idea how long it will take them to even notice your presence. The Night Lord will probably reach out to you but I am not sure when, but it has been several incarnations since any Morgaine has had direct interactions with the master of the Necromancers.”

Stiles looks fairly stunned by Lizzie’s statement. “Why would they come here?” Scott asks into the quiet room.

Lizzie smiles reassuringly at the teen. “The seven of us know and respect each other, even if only by position, if not personally. There is an…understanding…between us and those who use the magic of our domains. Some, like the Witches and Druids, have a mostly loose structure that still recognizes an authority. While the Enchanters often go their whole lives either not knowing or caring about the Grand Enchanter who is often too concerned with his or her own projects. The Alchemists are just plain crazy” she pauses as several of them laugh “I’m serious. You have no idea how many fires, explosions, and general havoc in history have been caused when one of them gets ‘distracted’ by their work” Lizzie looks seriously annoyed. “Anyways, the fact is that Stiles is a new player on the board and he will most likely be considered to be an eighth member of the Agatheira…my associates are going to be curious.”

“What about Arthur?” Allison asks the woman.

“Well, once he figures out I knew something he didn’t, he will probably be very annoyed, but he will get over it. There was a reason why our knowledge was locked away and we understand that it happens that way sometimes. He will probably visit too. I would imagine you will also be visited by some of the more powerful magical beings who will wish to take your measure” Lizzie warns him.

“You mean they might attack us?” Derek demands with a flash of his eyes and Stiles grabs his hand to calm the Alpha down.

“Possibly but unlikely” Lizzie admits with a shake of her head. “More likely, they will be concerned that Stiles can be trusted with his power. Emrys’ presence in the Isles meant than many magical beings came there and the land benefited from it, but it took time. He had to face immortal beings skeptical of humans. It would not surprise me to see dryads, satyrs, naiads, brownies, pixies, sprites, and even fairies show up to see if they can trust him.”

“Wait…aren’t fae and fairies the same thing?” Isaac asks and then looks hurt by the simultaneous scoffs from Lydia, Stiles, and Lizzie.

“Definitely not. The Fae are ancient, powerful, and not to be trifled with. The fairies come in many forms, often very small and they are warders of the land. Think Tinkerbell…but with a bazooka” Lizzie tells the teen who goes from amused to concerned very quickly. Lydia and Stiles just smirk.

“But what does it mean for me? I mean what am I supposed to do about all of this?” Stiles asks Lizzie and though he tries not to, he knows his voice has a bit of a whine to it.

“You will need to continue your training. There will no doubt be a surplus of practitioners willing to teach you. Having you as an ally or at least having a positive relationship will be very attractive to many. You will also need to test your connection with your territory. Right now you are still very unstable, but you will need to find a true home, a place to declare as yours. That way the land will center itself there. The good news is that once you have done so, then you will be able to move about without causing everything to shift whenever you do so. Just bringing you to the loft caused the whole area to magically shake” she informs the teen.
“So I will be trapped in one place?” Stiles whispers, his face pale.

Lizzie laughs. “Once you have your home established, things will stabilize and the need for your physical presence will lessen. You will be able to move easily about without any effect. I would guess probably twenty or so miles from your home without causing any kind of reaction. You will have to test it to know for sure. After a year or so, things will be stable enough that you will be able to go anywhere in your territory for probably a few days, a week even, before you need to return to your home or the else center will start to shift to follow after you.”

Stiles looks frozen as he processes that. He looks suddenly bereft “So I guess college is out” he finally says and sees from the expressions that everyone was surprised by that thought except Lydia, of course.

“Stiles” the Sheriff’s voice was heartbroken as he turned to Lizzie. “Isn’t there anything we can do?” he pleads.

Lizzie looks at him sadly. “I’m truly sorry Noah, but I don’t see how. While there are universities within his territory, if he goes there for any length of time, then things will shift and that will bring all that I mentioned to that place. You could choose such a place as your permanent home if feel it would be better, but remember a large number of magical beings seek your proximity?” she challenges. “Beacon Hills is, for lack of a better word, just about perfect as a good place, much like Camelot was for Emrys. The fact is that while your entire territory will start showing the effects, it will be strongest here.”

Scott moves over to sit on the floor next to Stiles. “You know, we could go to Beacon Hills Community College you know?” he offers and Stiles looks at his bro with gratitude.

“Thanks Scotty, but you want to be a vet remember? I mean I had thought about delaying college for a year or so with all the magic stuff, but I figured I would be able to eventually go. But now I can’t even go to Kamar-Taj anymore” he says despondently.

Lizzie laughs at the teen. “So what? You can’t go there? Open a portal and grab any book you need. If Stephen gives you any grief, tell him you want copies of all the books for your own library. In fact, ask him to help you make a Sanctum here in Beacon Hills so Wong and your other friends can visit.”

Stiles’ jaw drops at her suggestions. “I can’t do that!” he protests looking embarrassed.

Lizzie’s face twists and her eyes darken and that otherworldly presence comes forward and Stiles feels it in his magic. Something is in his territory! “Of course you can. You are the Arcanist. The world is full of sorcerers, witches, alchemists, and enchanters. But you are unique. If they want your attention, they will bend. You are the mountain and they will come to you. The other Arcanists all used their position to benefit their territory. The British Isles benefited from Emrys’ time there for centuries afterwards. If they want your time… make them pay for it” Morgaine says with a sly smile.

Stiles looks at her as the presence fades and it is once again Lizzie but the woman seems to be in agreement with her other self. “You know” Lydia says looking thoughtful. Stiles looks over and sees the girl’s calculating expression. “Everything I read about the Fae Courts say that they don’t particularly like or respect humans” she says glancing at Lizzie who nods with a smirk. “And I would describe their interactions with you as at least generous if not respectful.” Lydia looks at the older woman with a wicked look. “You said that the Fae would probably want a colony here…but they need Stiles’ permission to do so don’t they?” she asks with a wicked smile.

Lizzie laughs at the redhead and how Stiles looks stunned. “You are quick my dear. And correct. Magic users, even the Fae, will not come here without permission less they risk his wrath. As I said, I
certainly would not seek to challenge Stiles here, and if I wouldn’t…” she drifts off.

Lydia laughs heartedly. “Oh Stiles, we are going to have so much fun” she declares clapping her hands. She turns to look at Derek with a determined expression. “So, are you going to make your mate live in this run down place or are you planning to maybe do something about it?” she challenges.

Stiles opens his mouth to object when Derek beats him to it. “I would like to rebuild my family’s home. I still own the land” he says quietly before looking over at Stiles. “If you would want that as your home?” he asks cautiously and Stiles heartbeat twitches at the vulnerable expression on the Alpha’s face.

“I’d like that” he says simply taking Derek’s hands.

Lydia claps her hands and rubs them together and smiles “And now we get to plan it!” she crows and Stiles and Derek both look scared.

THE END
AUTHOR'S NOTES

I just want to once again say a huge thank you to everyone that read, liked, or commented on this story. The feedback and support I received was amazing and it definitely kept me motivated and sticking to my schedule. I really wanted to see if I could actually keep to the posting plan for the entire story and it is as much of a surprise for me that I actually didn't miss a scheduled update (though the three chapters in one week was TOO MUCH!).

To share some of the process, I had been reading a lot of STEREK fics and combined with a really good Season 6A (though lacking both of our favorite heroes) I wanted to try my hand with writing in this fandom. After seeing Dr. Strange, an idea began brewing. My first real thoughts about this particular story was actually the final battle between The Darach and Stiles and it pretty much went down exactly as I first envisioned it.

I have normally written and posted pretty much as I go along, but for this one, I tried something different. I had written the first five chapters before I actually posted chapter one so I was able to stay ahead of things for most of the process, though my lead chapters dwindled as I got closer to the end. I also had laid out the first 17 chapters so I knew the major plot points and stuff far out, though there were lots and lots of changes as things developed. The whole 'reveal' plans for how people would find out about Stiles' magic changed several times as I tried to find a way that worked the best.

Several people have asked about Stiles' powers and limits and from the beginning I wanted to avoid making him too powerful as one of his key characteristics is his embrace of his own limits without concern, pushing himself to be the best he can within who he is. In the show, he never asks for the bite, and we don't really get too far into why. Lots of comments and thoughts about reasons, but I think the best ones are where he doesn't see being a wolf as making him better like it did for the others. So in giving him magic, I wanted him to be unique (having the six marks) but not too crazy powerful. I didn't want to make him so overpowered that nothing would be a challenge. That idea of him being super-super charged is what created the magic elemental path. I liked the idea of balance. That meant that there needed to be a yin to every yang, up for every down, etc. So that's where the idea that he would be really powerful, but limited to a geographic territory. The idea of making him like a modern Merlin, the protector of British Isles, led to the plan that he would stay in his territory and lose the ability to travel so I gave him at least some time to travel before that happened.

CREDITS SCENE #1
The black SUVs pull up into the parking lot of the Beacon Hills Police Department and the FBI Profile Team climbs out of the vehicles. They are joined by a special agent who will be serving as their liaison with the local police and he will coordinate things here while they get a handle on the Blake situation. They have already established that the identity is a fake, but they will find the woman. Thirteen confirmed dead and another five strongly likely deaths has brought a great deal of attention to the case.

“I still don’t get why you are planning to set up here” Agent Jones says to their liaison. “Once she was exposed, the likelihood of her staying in the area is fairly low. She is probably running so we won’t be here for very long.”

“Perhaps” the agent replies. “But Beacon Hills has a reputation of being a strange place and it wouldn’t surprise me to discover that a serial killer is just the tip of the iceberg. There may be a lot more going on here than we know and this will be the chance to fully investigate everything. The police are not exactly the best here” he adds disdainfully.

Jones raises her eyes at that. “Seems the Sheriff did okay. Despite being tasered and tied up, he managed to get free and rescue to civilians and he even identified not one, but two suspects” Jones reminds him.

The agent frowns at Jones. “He also got caught and got his deputy killed” he tells her and sees the woman tense up.

“You are blaming him for that? The guy is the sheriff to a small town, he isn’t an avenger. Two serial killers who have evaded others for some time are not what most cops are trained to deal with” she reminds him as they enter the station. The deputies still there look up and the Agents see that all of them look exhausted.

“Is the Sheriff here?” Jones asks the Deputy, Parrish his nametag says.

“No, the Sheriff went home finally to get some rest and to check on his family” the deputy tells her. She sees the advance team and signals her group to join them.

“So he isn’t actually working?” the Agent asks the deputy in a condescending tone.

Jordan Parrish does not like this guy. He is too slick and he has seen the type too often. “The Sheriff has been working double shifts for the last week, barely getting eight hours off a day and was coming off a double when he was attacked. Yet he still managed to free himself, Melissa McCall, and Chris Argent from being killed before spending several hours with your people trying to find those two before he headed out to sleep, shower, and eat like a human being” Jordan says looking at the agent with scorn. “You have a problem with that?” he demands.

Jones sees that if she doesn’t do something fast this is going to get bad. She knows that some police do not like it when the feds come in, especially when they are feeling looked down on. Her liaison is going to make things worse, not better. “Absolutely not” Jones starts but the Agent cuts her off.

“Why don’t you show us the files on the killings?” he demands and Jordan laughs at him.

“Maybe you should ask your people since they currently have them. But I guess you are not very informed about what your people are doing” he turns his back on the man and walks away just as Tara walks in and freezes when she spots him.

“You!” she snarls.
“Agent Graeme, so nice to see you again” the Agent smiles at the deputy.

“Sorry I can’t say the same Agent McCall” she replies.

AUTHOR’S NOTES - CONTINUED

There have been some questions about Stiles' territory and we will explore that a lot more in part 2, in detail, but for now let's just say that he has a pretty large geographic area, I originally had this whole scene worked out with the pack running till dawn to establish his territory, but I ended up using the Ley Lines instead. So it goes west to the ocean, east to the mountains, and north into Oregon, and south quite a ways. Not quite what he told the witches but I have a feeling his influence will be felt even outside his official turf. He may not be able to return to New York or Kamar-Taj, but he has some room to move around in.

The Fae Queens were especially fun for me to write and research to get a different perspective in how they would operate in our story. The idea came pretty early that they would be critical in Stiles' transition into the Aracanist though I will admit I didn't have the final form worked out completely when we first heard about it from Kelsey. I like to think that one of the Queens decided to tease the possibility to Stiles by sending it to him in a round about way.

One issue that I realize probably didn't work as seamlessly as I would have liked was the timing of everything. I feel that if I wrote it down right now, things wouldn't exactly fit together in a smooth timeline, there was just so much going on and trying to get it all to flow, I am sure I made mistakes. But I'm going to just say that any continuity errors are instead quirks. :)

CREDITS SCENE #2

Stepping into her house, she looked at the boxes and crates in surprise. The whole room was packed up and even the furniture was wrapped up in that familiar way that said that they were moving again. Sighing she set her bag down on a chair and walked further into the apartment. Moving around was just how far along things were, her mother's work seemed to always end up moving them every year or so, but usually she had more notice that it was going to happen. Going with Anna and her family to the beach this weekend was supposed to be relaxing and stress free. There had been no hint of a move when she left and normally they had weeks to prepare.

"Kira?" her mother's voice came from the other room and Kira looked up to see her mother walking towards her, a smile on her face that Kira recognized as the one she wore like a mask to hide her true feelings.
"We're moving again? When and where this time?" Kira asks sounding resigned but still allowing her irritation to show in her voice.

"An emergency has come up and we need to leave immediately. The movers will take our stuff, but we are leaving in two days. It will take us a while to get to California" she tells her.

"California?" Kira asks surprised. They had been in New York City for nearly eleven months and before that was Miami, then Chicago, a nearly two year stay in London, and many more places. But Kira had always gotten the impression that her mother didn't like California whenever the family discussed moving.

"Yes. Your father already has a teaching position at a school. It is a small town in the mountains. Beacon Hills."

Kira notices the tightening of her mother's eyes and the sudden stress in her hands and shoulders but there is also something that Kira might call fear if she could ever imagine her mother being afraid of anything. She just nods in understanding and her mother returns to her packing leaving Kira standing there confused. She goes into her room and pulls up her computer and Googles 'Beacon Hills' and reads. A half hour later she is completely confused. They have never lived in a place so small before and the fact that the town had only one high school meant that she will probably end up in her father's class. Sighing, she shuts it down and starts packing.

AUTHOR'S NOTE - CONTINUED

I did want to say something about part 2. I have ideas (the teasers show that - kind of like at the end of a marvel movie?!?) but I need to take care of some other projects both on here and personally so it will probably take a few months before I start posting those chapters. I want to build up a stock again so I don't have to write every single day to meet my deadlines and I will probably post weekly instead of bi-weekly. It is really hard to do, so I apologize in advance.

I want to bring some more MCU elements into our story and work a bit more on the Sterek parts. I had thought I would get things there faster with the guys, but the other elements just seemed to take time away and I wanted to make sure that it felt organic and natural and not rushed. I also went back and forth on Derek's reveal of the mating bite. I seriously considered allowing our self-sacrificing alpha to avoid telling Stiles so that he could 'be free' and then deal with angst, longings, and misunderstandings but I kind of like Lydia kicking him in the proverbial ass and not letting him get
away with that, for a number of reasons.

I also want to address the issue of redemption. I think that the show wasn't able to show how people changed and dealt with the consequences of their actions and they seemed to gloss over parts, which to be fair (1) I did too and (2) there is only so much airtime for the story. So while I don't think we got to see Derek and Scott really lay out their issues and deal with them, I am going to assume that there was something off-scene that accomplished that, like I did with them and Allison.

Another element of Part 2 is our heroes dealing with the aftermath of the Bite and Stiles new powers and responsibilities. Him and Derek went from maybe having an interest, maybe, sorta, to being basically married with nothing in between and so they will have to deal with learning to live together, not to mention Stiles' new 'father-in-law' who isn't too keen about his high school son planning to move in with Mr. Hale just yet. Also, the Sheriff will be dealing with the aftermath of all of this now that the 'crisis' is over and he has time to think again.

Well, I guess that is it for now. Thanks again for coming along on this trip and I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did!

Works inspired by this one

Artworks for "Teen Sorcerer by G8rguy" by WinterChild1994

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