Summary

start S5E9 at 37 minutes in
Stiles POV
Stiles secretly trained himself to be a witch after the Nogitsune.
Steter slow burn.
Stiles and Peter leave Beacon Hills.
in the process of changing it away from 1st person.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

- Inspired by Prison Break by cywscross
Leaving Beacon Hills

Chapter by Steter Club ideas (aneria)

Chapter Notes

I have to add this video about the reintroduction of wolves in Yosemite National Park since that's where Stiles relocates to.
https://www.facebook.com/WeJustLoveUSA/videos/232846347198360/

This shows that removing one species from its ecosystem had a much larger impact than was suspected.

January 2012

Scott and Deaton lock up Peter in Eichen House.

I point out that Peter was imprisoned in his mind and body, due to the coma, and went insane. As soon as he was free, he killed everyone remotely responsible for putting him there.

Deaton's response is to put Peter in the cell with Valack.

I really don't like or trust that druid.

I ponder that Deaton didn't say anything about that supernatural prison when I needed a safe place to get locked up, or killed.

I caught Deaton in too many lies and omissions to trust him anymore.

Every time there's a supernatural predator in Beacon Hills, Scott sends me to Eichen House to discuss it with Peter.

When questioned, Scott says, "Deaton says Peter will help you before he helps us."
February

There are a couple of Harpies invading Beacon Hills, so I spend lots of time in Eichen House with Peter.

I notice a ghost walking the halls there.

Tom sees I can see and hear him.

I talk to him in the parking lot where no one observes them. I tell Tom's daughter how he died. Tom's happier but won't cross over because he wants to help spirits trapped in Eichen House get out when they die. He hates Eichen House.

I'm talking with Peter in the observation room when Tom runs through the wall in a panic.

Tom's screaming, "the boiler is about to blow, and it's directly behind that wall! Move to the other side of the room!"

I'm not moving yet.

Tom screams, "run!"

I stand up. "I heard you scream it the first time. I'm moving! I can't attract attention from the guards by the door!"

Peter grabs me and spins around, so he shields me from the blast as it explodes.

I must have been knocked out for a second because I awaken to Peter calling my real name. I groan, "why am I not surprised that you not only know my real name, but you pronounce it perfectly."

Peter gives me an innocent 'I know everything' smile as he feels my head for any damage.
I have a small cut next to my eyebrow but nothing serious.

As we lay there under the debris, Stiles looks up at him. "You can see and hear Tom also?"

Peter huffs, "any person that was dead for more than 20 minutes can see and hear the dead. You were dead for several hours, and I was dead for several months." He ponders, "I wonder if we can get a ghost to pass messages between us without anyone knowing?"

Tom says, "I have no problem passing messages between you!"

They both smile in gratitude to him.

The guards pull off the table and the part of the ceiling that fell on them. They separate me from Peter and push him back to his cell as Dr. Milton checks me out, verifying I'm okay.

In the parking lot, I say, "Tom, ask Peter if I can get him out, would he want to get out?"

Tom catches up with me about thirty minutes later. "Peter says if you can get him out, he would greatly appreciate it."

"Tell Peter If I say 'I plan to take you on a road trip,' that means I found a way and am working on a plan."

A week or so later, Tom tells Stiles there's a Security guard in the locker room, alone. He can loop the camera for five minutes so Stiles can take the spare uniform.

I get in the locker room and use a befuddle spell to make him think he gave his uniform to the cleaners and forgot where he put the receipt to pick it up. I get out undetected and hide it with a camouflage spell to make it appear invisible. My plan is looking up.

March

Tom tells me a housekeeper quit and has his outgoing meeting with the director to turn in his key card on Friday at 4 pm.

Scott's pack is in the middle of a zombie problem, and I schedule talking to Peter that day.
**Friday**

I'm outside the director's office as the housekeeper leaves. I cast a compulsion spell on the director to switch this card with a deactivated one and changes the information on the computers, so this card stays active. I also program it to update with the newest codes and passwords whenever I go into Eichen House.

Isn't technology grand?

My plan is getting safer.

That leaves the mountain ash and a way into and out of Eichen House.

I need an illusion to buy time to get out and away.

I tell Peter in Polish, "I promise, I'll take you on a road trip no later than next January."

He smiles and replies in Polish, "I'm looking forward to it, Little One."

It warms my insides when Peter uses that pet name for me.

**April**

Theo comes to town, and I notice he feels evil. He feels off, like a threat.

I tell Scott not to trust him.

As usual, Scott doesn't listen to me.
THURSDAY
MAY 3rd, 2012

Late Night

Scott and I are talking in the rain.

I plead with him, "I need you to believe that I didn't have a choice!"

Scott doesn't even ask what happened. He believes everything Theo told him and nothing that I say to him. The blood on the wrench is mine, not Donovan's. He acts like I'm going to attack him, and Scott turns his back on me and walks away.

Scott says, "you're a killer. We can't hurt people we're supposed to protect. Don't bother my pack."

I ask, "what are you talking about?"

Scott keeps walking.

My heart shatters into a thousand pieces, and Scott doesn't notice.
Theo hides in the building, smiling as he listens to everything Scott says to Stiles. Everything is going according to plan. Stiles is out of the pack.

Scott stabbed me in the back for the last time. "I'm done with him! We're through! Being kicked out of the pack is being kicked out of Beacon Hills."

I go home and finish making the escape plan I've worked on since Peter was locked away. I follow Kate's example and use the tunnels and sewers under Beacon Hills to bypass the mountain ash in the walls of Eichen House.

I hack into the city sewer's computer system and make a map of the tunnels around the asylum.

Tomorrow's Friday.

Hopefully, everything goes according to plan, and I'll be long gone with Peter before anyone notices. Hopefully, they don't connect our disappearances.
I call Principal Thomas at home.

I helped him recover his job after Gerard disappeared. He owes me a favor, so I ask Thomas to schedule my high school exiting exam for tomorrow and keep it quiet.

Thomas sets it for six am.

I pack two weeks worth of clothes, a picture of Claudia's last good day she had, a photo of when dad made Sheriff, my laptop and the cash Peter gave me during the Deadpool (everything Scott returned, plus some). Nice to have a master criminal fond of you.

Principal Thomas

I wipe my desktop hard drive and rewrite it, so nothing is on it. I reset it to factory settings and then update it, so it’s not evident.

I buy a disposable beater car for $400 from my Russian, Mafia contact, Cousin Alexi, and hide it near the tunnel entrance.

I go to Peter's storage unit, where I put his stuff when he was locked up. I obtain clothes for Peter and pay the unit, for two years.

I put both bags of clothes in the car's trunk.
I write a letter to dad and Melissa, telling them Scott says I'm a killer because I defended myself against a windigo. I suspect Theo sent it after me. Scott said not to talk to *his* pack. Along with the note, I leave a copy of the library camera's footage showing it tried to kill me; it was an accident, I called the cops after, and attempted to help it.

**Stiles running from Donovan**

I set a motion-activated mini-camera in the wall above my crime board, facing the door. I want to know how long it takes anyone to see I'm gone.

Maybe I'm pathetic, but I want... no, *need* to understand how quickly I'm forgotten and replaced.

I sneak into Deaton's clinic, hack his x-ray monitor, and program it to send a video feed to my laptop whenever the light is on in the backroom (read werewolf meetings).
I leave the note and flash drive containing the video on my bed as well as a private letter to dad.

*I can't take Beacon Hills anymore. I need to get out of here before I die, again. Scott put me too close to suicide to stay. I don't want to die because of him. I choose to leave. Don't follow me. I have my diploma and turn 18 next January. I love you. Take care of yourself. Love always, Stiles.*

I reset my phone to factory settings, remove the sim card, and burn it. I then power it off and leave it on the bed. There's no point tracking it if it's on the bed.

I close the door with a last long look at my room. This part of my life is over. There's no going back.

I pass my exam with flying colors, scoring high enough to bypass Lydia as valedictorian.

I've got my diploma in hand by 7 am and on my way before Scott ever gets to school for class.

I park the jeep in front of dad's house and walk away. I may or may not have a tear in my eye.

I travel through the sewers to Peter's cell, put on the security uniform, and the stolen ID.

I have my hat (with a 'don't notice me' spell on it) pulled low over my eyes and a taser ready in case someone realizes I don't belong.

Peter doesn't catch my scent until I'm outside Peter's cell. Peter looks at me, quizzically.
I whisper, "remember that trip I promised you? Time to go, Big Guy."

Peter smiles evilly, growls, snaps Valack's neck, and rips out his heart. He wipes his hand off on Valack's shirt as I open the door.

Peter inquires, "how are you going to get me past the mountain ash?"

I smile. "We're going under it. I then cast an illusion of Valack asleep and Peter pacing. "This will last until Monday. That gives us three days to get away before anyone notices."

Peter looks impressed as I lead the way thru the tunnel and open the secret panel. He walks in, as I close the entrance.

Peter's too weak from the drugs they gave him to seal it, so I improvise. I find a small blow torch and seal it shut.

We get in my car. "Lay down on the back seat, under the blanket. It's spelled to look like there's nothing under it."

A few miles outside of town, I pull to the side of the road and let Peter change. He then burns his prison uniform, and we continue on our way.

As we drive west to the next town, Peter asks, "what made you decide to bust me out now? I'm by no means complaining. That was the worst six months of my life yet."

I say, "I didn't bust you out. That phrase implies violence and property damage. I merely opened the door, and you followed me out. Theo, the latest villain I told Scott not to trust, said I murdered someone. Scott believed him!"

I angrily adjust my grip on the steering wheel. "The truth is, I accidentally killed a Windigo, in self-defense. Scott didn't even ask me what happened. He told me we don't kill people and don't bother Malia or Lydia. He turned his back on me. After everything I've done for him, that's how he repaid me!"

I look at Peter and take a calming breath. "I got my diploma, you followed me out of Eichen House, and I left. End of story."
Peter squeezes my shoulder fondly. "He's a fool to doubt you or to believe another over you. I'd never turn my back on you or abandon you. You're the most intelligent person in his pack. In my opinion, you're the deadliest one there."

I sadly say, "I'm obviously not in his pack and never was. Humans can't be pack, so he never offered. I wouldn't have joined because he kept betraying me on Deaton's orders. Sorry. Suggestions."

Peter growls. "Most of Talia's pack was human. Only an idiot would say humans aren't pack. Humans give stability and humanity to the pack."

He takes a couple of calming breaths. "I want to thank you for trying to talk them out of locking me up. I overheard your suggestion of telling me to leave as he did Deucalion. He's a bigger threat than I ever was. You told them it'd drive me insane and homicidal, again."

I look at him. "No one deserves Eichen House, especially not in the same cell as Valack."

I think for a few minutes. "What're you going to do with your freedom?"

He says, "I plan to stay with you for a while. I need to get those drugs out of my system. Where are we going?"

I say, "remember that money you told me to keep?"

Peter nods.

"I bought a cabin in Yosemite (yoh-sem-it-ee) National Park. We'll be there in about four hours. I'm interviewing for a Park Ranger position tomorrow at 11 am." I didn't say I used that money to buy the cabin. I only asked if Peter remembered it.

Peter arches an eyebrow. "If it's east, why drive west?"
I smile at him. "To confuse anyone following me. I'm selling this car in the next town, buying an SUV, then looping to the north before heading west. They'd never think I drove a semicircle, and my destination is east. Dad thinks I'll always drive a Jeep. An SUV will throw them off. I suggest you wait at least a week before you officially arrive and then you can apply for a ranger job. There's always openings."
I remember that a few years ago, I used my real first name and mom's maiden name to buy my cabin. Mom had already started the process before her death. I love the starry sky here.

Once we arrive, I go to my bedroom and dump my suitcase on the bed. "Peter, pick a room. I keep all the spare rooms made up for surprise guests. Fresh linens are in the closet under the stairs."

He notices it's already furnished and stocked with food. There are even spices growing in the kitchen window. After a quick search of the cabin, he says, "you've been using this cabin for a while now. It has your scent all over it. Why is the basement door locked?"

I run my hand through my hair. "I bought this cabin right after mom died. I practice magic in the basement. I came here to get away from Scott's bullshit and to keep from losing my mind. My magic supplies are in there. I've almost mastered telekinesis. I've only got it at 100% when I'm calm. I'm learning to do it when I'm panicked or scared."
He moves into the room across from mine and unpacks. He leaves the linens with Stiles’ smell on his bed.

I'm making glamour amulets to hide our faces and scents from outsiders. I think I've got it but will test it when Peter's not busy.

He comes down to the basement.

I look up at him. "I need to check this. I'll drop the cloaking spell I use to hide my scent and put on the amulet. Let me know if it hides my scent and my face. They also keep outsiders from seeing our eyes glow."

He says, "sounds simple enough."

I drop my scent shield.

Peter tenses up and gets a strange look in his eyes but quickly hides it. In a tone Stiles can't identify, he asks, "that's what you smell like?"

I look at him strangely as I put on the amulet.

He nods. "Your scent and appearance change as soon as you put that on."

I say, "now to check the second part of it. Put on yours. The amulets are linked, so they don't affect each other."
He puts on his, and he looks the same. "It works. Now I see and smell you as you are."

They look in the mirror and see strangers' faces staring back.

Peter tests his blue eyes, and I check my witch-white eyes.

I have an ID with the face I created for Peter. It just needs a new name.

He wants to keep Peter, but will use Schowany (Polish for hidden).

I finish the ID and hand it over.

My new last name is mom's maiden name Biegacz (Polish for a runner). Wilkszyczawyc Biegacz, Wes for short. Who'd think I'd use my real first name since I hated it so much growing up?

I ask, "are you hungry? I'll make some lunch."

He says, "I'm famished. It's been a long time since I ate real food. It doesn't have to be anything fancy. At this point, I'd be impressed with a bologna sandwich on day-old bread."

I'm cooking in the kitchen when Peter embraces me from behind as he subtly sniffs my neck.
I'm confused. Why would he act like this? I look over my shoulder at him with a raised eyebrow. "Is something wrong, Big Guy?"

He rumbles contentedly against my back. "I spent almost six months locked in a little 6x6 room with Valack, and no bed. I couldn't smell anything beyond two inches from the reinforced window-wall because of the drugs. They made my wolf suffer!"

He looks at me. "No smells and not touching anyone, but Valak, is torture for a werewolf. We rely on our senses. Did you ever notice the pack always touched you when given a chance? They all avoided me because they fear me, except for you. When they noticed my scent on you, one of them immediately covered it with theirs."

He squeezes me tighter and nervously asks into my shoulder, "do you have a problem with me touching you? Or holding you?"

I say, "no. It doesn't bother me. I was curious as to the why? Touching me to calm your wolf isn't a problem, unless you grope me." *I think I'd enjoy a little groping.*
FRIDAY
MAY 4th, 2012

We eat dinner, and then Peter goes for a run to learn the area.

I check my herbs and plants in my greenhouse. Satisfied, I go inside and watch the Mets lose to the Arizona Diamondbacks on TV.

I feel when he finds my boundary geas a quarter-mile out from the house.

I then feel as he follows them around the perimeter.

A little while later, I feel when Peter finds the geas a half-mile out.

He discovers it's not a circle.
The wards move outwards, three-fourths of a mile to the southwest, the odd shape includes a cave I found with natural crystals and a steam fed hot-spring.

I like skinny dipping there.

If Peter explores my cave, he'll discover the night-blooming wolfsbane hidden there, under a hole in the cave ceiling.

It's good for magic, but it also ensures there's no chance of bite rejection and that the bite takes.
I'm comfortably leaning on the couch arm, watching TV when Peter returns.

He smirks. "I wouldn't think you like watching sports."

I off-handedly reply, "mom loved the Mets, and it was something we did together. I keep up with them to stay close to mom's memory."

He smiles and sets me up to sit behind me on the couch, so I'm leaning against Peter's chest as he drapes his arm around me.

"Do you like sports?"

He casually says, "some, but not wrestling. That's a soap opera for women with men in their underwear."

"I take it cuddling to watch TV is a were thing since Malia did it also."

He huffs in annoyance. "I'm not your girlfriend."

I huff amusedly. "Malia was never my girlfriend! I found her in Eichen House. Tate couldn't handle her, and it was Scott's and my fault. I took responsibility for her and integrated her into society enough to function. She still comes off as an overly macho tomboy, but she's better than when I found her."
Peter side-eyes me. "You're not straight? Are you?"

I look at him in surprise. *Did he catch me staring at his ass? Or smell my arousal from looking at those delicious-looking trapezius muscles he's always showing off in those V-necks? I'm a teen! We eternally feel slightly aroused, all the time.*

He adds, "Scott said you're in love with Lydia, but I never smell any sexual attraction for her. I detect envy and jealousy but never arousal. You say Malia isn't your girlfriend, Scott assumes she is."

I look at him. "Are you asking me if I'm Bi? Lydia was my academic rival. I'm gay, not Bi. I've known for a while. I tried telling dad, but he didn't want to hear it. No way I was telling Scott. He doesn't keep other people's secrets unless it affects him in some way."

Peter says, "I'll never win father of the year, but thanks for helping Malia catch up with school and fit in better. It figures, Scott leaves her adrift and moves on without looking back, while you fix everything for him."

"You didn't know she existed until she was 17. I mean, Lydia saying 'Surprise! You're a dad', must've been a shock! I couldn't leave Malia there. It was our fault. I had to help her. No one deserves to be there! The bastards torture their patients!"

I subconsciously rub my scars, remembering what Brunski did to me, as I contemplate Peter doesn't look or act old enough to be Malia's dad. *How is that possible? I know it's not.*

Peter intently looks into my eyes. "Did they torture you in Eichen House? Is that why you're rubbing your side? Earlier you rubbed your shoulder while you discussed that place?"

I glance down and see my unconscious nervous tell. I must have picked up the nervous habit of rubbing my scars when I nervously remember what they did to me.

I freeze and do my patented subject change. I casually ask, "are you hungry? I'll make supper."

I get up, but Peter pulls my back on the sofa. Somehow Peter winds up draped over me, with my hand under his shirt and on his warm side, but I don't notice how awkward this is as I fight my body's arousal.

My mind tries to push me into taking advantage of this position, but I know Peter doesn't feel that
way about me. He couldn't.

He says, "changing the subject may work with Scott, but I'm not so easily distracted from you. You always have my undivided attention. Show me what they did to you."

Peter pushes my shirt up and sees burn scars on my side. The way my' shirt rucks up reveals more scars on my shoulder.

He angrily growls, "Who did this to you?"

scars on side and shoulder

I sigh. "Brunski. An orderly. No one gets out of there without some damage."

He runs a finger over the scars on my side. "He'll get what he deserves for this, eventually. I hope I'm the one that does it to him. No one should ever hurt you. Scott broke your heart, and Brunski burned you. Is this scar from a taser?"

I say, "Yeah, he tasered me in the shower. Repeatedly."

I lean back, content with Peter knowing everything. I change the subject. "I felt you follow my barrier markers on your run."

Peter smirks at the ploy. "Yes. I wanted to see what you considered to be our territory. I can't patrol our land if I don't know how far it extends."
I shyly smile at him. "Our? Are you staying with me? Roommates?"

He smirks. *He plans on staying indefinitely, but Stiles doesn't know that.*

I carefully word my next statement so as not to anger Peter. "You're an Alpha, are you going to build a new wolf pack here?"

Peter freezes and his eyes narrow. He leans in closer as he intently asks, "How long have you known?"

I put my hand on Peter's chest as he's a little too close.

I shrug. "Since you came back from the dead. I know Alphas *can* hide the red in their eyes. You made a point of *never* shifting or using werewolf abilities citing weakness from the resurrection, but I suspected differently. You *never* showed any signs of weakness. You seemed just as strong if not stronger."

He smiles and fondly strokes my cheek. "I should've known you'd figure it out. You never told Scott?"

I shake my head. "No. You're sane, and I trust you. It's *Deaton* that I mistrust. If you wanted to cause Scott problems, you'd have fought him or Alpha-roared at him. You're stronger than he thinks he is."

Peter fondly smiles. "I'm thinking about a pack of two, just the two of us. I want you in my wolf pack, human or wolf! I wouldn't mind adding Malia, eventually, but I don't think that's possible."

I smile at him. "I'd like that. You never know. Malia has a way to contact me if she needs to. I told her my new email address was for her alone."

His eyebrow goes up, then he relaxes and smiles. He focuses on something I said in passing that's bothering him. "That's the *second* time you said you don't trust Deaton. I need you to tell me exactly why? *Everything* he did to lose your faith."

I sigh and look away. "When the sacrifices started, I went to Deaton and explained it was a druid. He already knew. I asked why he wasn't telling us. He said he's hidden he's a druid for ten years."

When we were hunting Jackson's creature, he ensured there wasn't enough mountain ash to surround the building. I had to use magic to finish the circle. He was either testing me or wanted us
to fail. He doesn't know I completed the circle, only Derek knows. I had to open it because Victoria was trying to kill Scott inside and Derek needed to save him."

I continue. "No one knew he was Talia's emissary. He said that after you came back to life and he wanted to turn everyone against you. When Gerard brought him the hunter's body, killed by the Kanima, Gerard said 'Hi, Alan ... I guess you're not as retired as people think.' Deaton told Scott he knew Gerard for a long time."

I sigh. "When we tried to find the Nemeton, he said he didn't know where it was, and we had to sacrifice ourselves to find it. Deaton carved the wooden jar Talia's claws are in from the Nemeton's roots, after she died. He knew where it was! That darkness in our hearts, my open wound from the wreck he caused with his magic at the Nemeton, the herbs he put in my ice bath that wasn't in theirs, and the fact I had no training in magic to defend myself, they all made it possible for the Nogitsune to possess me. He planned everything."

*Peter ponders that's the jar that Derek and retrieved from the Calavara estate in Mexico. How did it go from our home to there? Deaton has a connection to the Calaveras as well as the Argents.*

I turn away again. "When fighting the Nogitsune, I suggested they kill me so I wouldn't hurt anyone."

I see Peter's hand twitch into a fist as I continue. "Deaton and Scott refused. I signed myself into Eichen House to protect everyone. When Deaton and Scott locked you there, I learned of the cells they put you in, where he could've easily put me, to prevent it from hurting anyone. He didn't. He
wanted me to kill Scott's pack."

"He blamed me for Allison's death. As you recall, I was dead at the time. You and Morrell didn't resurrect me until several hours later. Deaton doesn't know I died. Morrell and Lydia didn't tell him. He also doesn't know we used ghosts in Eichen to secretly communicate."

I hunch my shoulders. "I find it odd, Deaton was in that vault, inside a mountain ash circle, to force Scott into evolving into a true Alpha, but Scott flinched, and it didn't happen. I sent dad to help get Deaton. No other sacrifice was surrounded with ash. Deaton staged that. No other victim was able to call for help when abducted. I don't believe Jennifer took him. He did that to himself, to bait Scott."

"His sister was the emissary for Deucalion, and he knew they were already in Beacon Hills before you stopped the kanima. I saw Chris tracking Gerard but didn't find him. Allison, a new hunter with no training in tracking, found him weeks later. How is that possible?"

He pulls me into his arms and strokes my hair, calmingly. "It sounds like he's maneuvering Scott under his control. You're right. He can't be trusted. Did you track Gerard? Did something unforeseen happen to him? He deserves it for torturing you, among other things?"

I lean heavily against him in relief to get it off my chest. "He called his body double and told him to switch places, after Chris found him. As soon as they switched, I abducted him, and killed him, slowly, with Wolfsbane and Monkshood. I ensured it took weeks to die. He was delirious for the last few days. I got some useful information about his hunting network."

Peter says, "if you were a werewolf, your eyes would be blue then?"

I roll my eyes and shake my head. "No. Blue means you regret killing a human. The Windigo wasn't human, that was self-defense, and I don't regret Gerard. So no, they'd be gold." *Besides, Alexi helped ensure he's dead and stays dead.*

Peter laughs and ruffles my hair. "You learned the rules well, Little One."

**Later that night**

Peter strips and walks into the living room, totally naked.
I can't resist staring at his tight abs, and My God is he hung! It takes everything I have not to grab Peter's manhood, run my hands over his length to see how long his dick is when it's fully hard, and if something that long stands straight at attention or at an angle.

I guess from his smirk; he can smell my arousal.

I swallow a few time. "Why are you naked? I'm definitely not complaining. Just curious. Is it a pack thing? Derek was constantly missing his shirt."

He laughs. "No, it's not a pack thing. I'm going to shift to Alpha and run the perimeter. I don't want my clothes ruined. Do you like what you see?" he asks with a leering smirk.
When he strokes his hand down his shaft, my shaft starts to harden, and I desperately try to redirect my blood flow away from my dick.

My brain to mouth filter must have turned off as I blush. "Hell yeah! What's not to like? I'm going to have a hard time not touching you and getting myself in trouble" before I realize it.

*Crap!* I facepalm.

Thankfully, Peter merely laughs. He walks up to me, lifts my chin with a finger and huskily says, "you can touch me **wherever** you want. **Whenever** you want, my Little One. I won't complain" with a leer.

**A little over an hour later**

A sweaty, naked Peter walks back in.

A naked Peter, slick with sweat, is even sexier looking.

*I have to take a cold shower to deal with my awkward boner.*
I'm treated to the fantastic view of a naked Peter as he leaves to run the perimeter.

His new pattern is to run a patrol of our property every morning and night in his Alpha form.

*I'm happy because I get to view Peter's very athletic and gorgeous naked body, twice a day. I'll have a lot of cold showers. But it's worth it! I only wish there was a chance that he might allow me to touch that nakedness or be more than roomies.*

Peter comes in from his run, sweaty and naked, leaning his body flush against my back as he snuffles at my neck. He loves my scent.

He contentedly purrs as he reaches around me to snag a slice of bacon from the pan.

I feel the heat of Peter's body and the line of his heavy cock against my ass.

*Oh, the things I want this big sweaty man to do to me. Maybe I never should have read 50 shades of Grey because I have a vivid imagination of my being Ana to his Christian.*

Little Stiles wakes up, but I'm enjoying the feel of Peter's hot body against mine too much to move or flee. He's giving me a severe case of Blue Balls.

I lean further into Peter and sigh softly, contentedly.

Peter squeezes me tighter to his body with a smirk before moving to calmly lean against the
counter next to me, slowly and seductively eating my bacon.

*I have a different type of bacon I'd love to see that seductive mouth eat.*

I suspect he knows exactly what he's doing to me and if I'm not mistaken, he's doing it on purpose.

I can't resist quietly jerking off in the shower. Of course, I think about Peter's hot, sweaty body on top of mine.

I might suspect Peter's seducing him if I didn't know he's not interested in me that way.

*I don't think he would have to try very hard to entice me. Hell! All he'd have to do is ask if he can fuck me and I'd be naked in his bed before he could blink.*

My imagination is going to get me in trouble.

*Good thing I used magic, so my heart sounds steady from the shower, no matter how excited or loud I get. Not quite soundproofing, but enough to get away with embarrassing hand time. If Peter knew how often I relieve pressure in the shower from his drop-dead-gorgeous body on display, he'd die laughing. I'd die of shame.*

I go to my interview.

They ask, "At what age does a deer becomes an elk?"

I laugh. "At the same age a kitten becomes a lion."

They look strangely at me.

I add, "they're a different species, more like cousins. Elk are much bigger, heavier, and grazers while deer are smaller, lighter, and browsers. That's of vegetation, not the internet."

They laugh and hire me.

I score marksman, on the firing range. I shrug. "My dad's a Sheriff, and my mother was a damn good shot also," *It helps that she was an assassin like gran.*
I get my uniform and equipment.

I luck out with getting the patrol zone where I live. It helps that my new boss was gran's best friend.

I'm assigned Ranger Marco as my mentor to show me the ropes. He sets me on edge because he's always touching me.

This job doesn't allow visual impairment, so I know Marco's not going blind!

After Marco touches me a fifth time for no valid reason, I resignedly say, "please stop touching me. I don't like strangers touching me."

Marco says, "I'm not a stranger. I'm your coworker."

I glare at him. "Dude, my dad barely touches me, and he only hugs me when one of us nearly dies. It makes me uncomfortable when you touch me for no reason. I'm nicely asking you to STOP!"

He shrugs.

God! It's like working with an immature Jackson Whittemore.

Marco touches my arm, like he wants to show me something.

I feel like screaming.

Mom died when I was eight. Malia is touchy, and so was Erica, Cora, Derek, and Peter. They're a wolf pack, and they make me feel wanted. Marco's touching feels like a precursor to being molested. It reminds me of that incident in detention, and it just doesn't feel right or comfortable.
Yosemite rangers

Marco shows me around in my zone and its Ranger Station, rest areas, and camping areas.

Marco is an Arizona Native American. The Pascua Yaqui Tribe. He wants to transfer to the Grand Canyon. Will I be his replacement? So what's with the touchy-feely if he's looking to move? He also looks at girls. Is he bi, or is he trying to annoy and tease the new kid?

Marco drops me off at home with an invitation to dinner, not a date. I refuse and use unpacking from my move as an excuse.

I walk inside, and a growling Peter immediately has me pinned against the pack of the door as he sniffs at my neck, rubbing his hands down my sides. The possessive dominance does things to me, but I see something's wrong with Peter and fight it down.

I'm confused. "Peter? Are you mad at me? Did I do something wrong? Your growling and scent marking me, aggressively, at the same time."

He can't stop growling as he snarls. "His scents is all over you. You shouldn't have their scent on you. He's not pack! You should smell like pack, like me! My wolf is agitated and doesn't like this. We want you to smell like us!"
Oh! Peter's possessive! "So, you're not mad at me? I'll shower off his scent. Marco has an annoying habit of always touching. I told him it makes me uncomfortable and repeatedly asked him to stop."

Peter leads the way. He runs to his room while I go to mine. Well, Peter doesn't run anywhere, unless he's patrolling. It's more of a very dignified, fast walk.

I take off my work jacket and hang it in my room next to the door. I strip down and am about to walk into the shower when Peter bursts into the bathroom. I'm not nervous that I'm naked because of how upset he is.

He's carrying his scented body wash and shampoo bottles. "If you wouldn't mind? To settle my wolf down, would you use my shampoo and body wash?"

I see that a worried Peter's afraid of my response. He's nervous. I don't like seeing him this way. I smile reassuringly. "if it calms your wolf, besides ..."

I take the bottles from him, and his hands suggestively brush mine... "I like how these smell, but I won't spend that much on me. Thank you."

Peter smiles contentedly and nearly purrs as he walks out and sits on my bed.

I smile confidently and close the door.
I finish showering and come out in a towel.

I find Peter lying full length on my bed and clean clothes. At least he's not wearing shoes on my bed. I pick up my clothes from around and under Peter, who doesn't get up or move.

He's gone from acting like a nervous, possessive puppy to a petulant child sulking that someone played with their favorite toy.

I ignore Peter, drops my towel, and stand naked to dress. He saw my nakedness ten minutes ago anyway.

I notice my clothes smell like Peter. He rolled around on them while I was showering, covering everything with his scent.

I don't say anything as he appraises my naked body. I like when he watches me intently.

I smirk, "should I ask if you like what you see? Minus the scars?"

Peter says, "I don't even notice the scars." He languidly gets up, like a great cat stretching, and walks around me, idly running a finger over my abs.

My shudder doesn't escape his notice. Are we playing cat and mouse?

Peter smirks. "I'm surprised you hide such a glorious body under all those layers of clothes. It does keep away my competition, though."

My brow raises at that.

Is Peter, with a body like a Greek God, flirting or being serious?

I scoff. "I hide my scars. I don't like being the center of attention. I'd rather hide in the shadows and watch everyone else. People make me nervous. I can't think of any human that touched me in a good way, besides dad and Melissa."

He's still looking at my abs. "You have an amazingly well-defined six-pack and a very sexy V." He lightly strokes his finger down said V.

I blush, duck my head, and run my hand through my hair.
Peter softly laughs at my nervousness. "I only see you, Little One. The brave, loyal, and resourceful man that saved both my life and the lives of his pack."

*Wait! Did he say, Man?*

Peter holds up his hand to stop me from arguing about being in a pack. "Even if said wolf pack is too stupid to notice how much you did for them."

I try changing the subject and to lighten the mood a little as he chuckles. "I'm lean from always running from supernatural creatures trying to kill me."

Peter laughs. "*I never* tried to kill you! *I did* try to offer you the bite, as you recall, and *you* turned me down."

*I remember. "The parking garage. I wasn't sure if you wanted to kiss me, eat me, or rip out my throat. You gave off mixed signals."*

Peter gives an amused laugh. "Oh, my dear boy. I would've eaten you in a red hot minute *if* I thought you were willing! Not the way you mean, I know. I've always respected you too much to force you."

*I sadly realize Peter said, 'boy.' Man must have just been a figure of speech. Remind me not to get my hopes up. My thoughts get derailed. Wait! 'Not the way I meant?' Does he want *me*? I would be so down with that!*

Then the rest of it dawns on me. I'm shocked, so raise my brow. "You respect me? Even then?"

Peter smiles as he sits on the bed and pulls me to sit beside him. In a velvety voice, he says, "of course I respect you. If you recall, the only time I *did* chase you, while Scott was running around like a scared little rabbit, *you* thought things out. *You* made a plan and trapped *me* in the boiler room, even if it *was* only for a few minutes. You weren't afraid. Curious, but not afraid. You impressed me. I wish I'd bitten you instead of him. If only your dad hadn't pulled you away, shoved you in your jeep, surrounded by cops, and told you to go home."

He sighs sadly. "*C'est la vie."*
I look at him in surprise. Wait! Was Peter there? Was he watching us? I didn't know that!

"You were watching us?!!"

"Yes. I observed you from the shadows. You were incredibly brave! My wolf wanted you as soon as we saw you." His stomach growls.

I idly rub Peter's belly. "That's my cue to cook something to eat. What are you in the mood for?"

He leeringly says, "you."

He's back to flirting and innuendos again.

I roll my eyes and smile. "What food would you like to eat, Peter? You are such a flirt!"

"You love it. How about salmon?"

I laugh as I head into the kitchen to cook.

I have all the ingredients out when Peter comes into the kitchen and offers to help.
I let him cut the vegetables while I prepare the fish. I put it together and in the oven.

We set the table and talk as we wait for it to cook.

_Either I imagine it, or Peter touches me more than before. Every time he passes me, he lightly touches my back or shoulder. He casually touches my arm numerous times while setting the table._

He smirks at my dish pattern. I bought the wolf pattern before knowing about werewolves. It fits the cabin.

Peter buys us crystal and China online. It arrives tomorrow. I would never spend $2,000 on dishes or $800 on crystal glasses. I was practical with stoneware. Twenty dollars or the set, not nearly three grand.

We eat together in companionable silence.

_An hour later_

Peter strips seductively in the living room and goes for his evening run, as I drool and try to stop my blood supply from running south.
I know the striptease is on purpose. Is Peter trying to see me blush or give me a hard-on?

Peter returns in an hour or so, sweat-slicked, and still naked. He cuddles with me on the couch, naked.

I can't help but be easily distracted by a hot naked Peter.

sweaty naked Peter

Maybe if I don't say anything about Peter's nakedness, he'll stay naked! A guy can only hope.

Peter scent marks my neck. "I'm impressed with the plants you've grown in the greenhouse."

I smile and lean against his hot, moist chest. I'm not letting him embarrass me. He feels so good! I won't be embarrassed about his lack of clothes if he's not!

I let Peter's heartbeat soothe me. "I need to get some sleep. I have to patrol tomorrow, and Marco will pick me up at 9 am."

I get up and start walking away.

Peter grabs my hand and pulls me back into his chest and kisses my forehead. "I'll see you in the morning, Little One."

In the middle of the night, I awaken, screaming from a nightmare.
Peter gets in my bed and wraps himself protectively around me.

Peter shushes me. "It's okay. I'm right here. I'll protect you. You're safe with me." He pulls me against his bare chest and spoons me.

I feel safe and warm. I immediately fall back to sleep and have the best sleep I've had in a long time!
I awaken in Peter's arms. It takes a minute to remember why Peter's in my bed.

At least I'm wearing sweatpants, and Peter's in his boxer briefs, that don't leave anything to the imagination.

Naked Peter

I already saw him naked, so I do imagine Peter very naked.

I know I shouldn't objectify another man that would never want a teenager in that way. Not like I'd ever turn Peter down. He's built better than Adonis and I fell for him. Hard.

I realized how much I care about Peter when giving Cora mouth-to-mouth and how much I wanted that to be Peter that I was one step away from kissing.

We breakfast, and then Peter seductively shimmies out of his tight boxers and goes on his morning run.
He returns as I finish dressing in uniform.

Peter hugs me as we hear a knock at the door.

Marco's here.

Peter pulls on fancy sweatpants and a hoody. The man still looks like a supermodel. Wouldn't want to scare poor Marco with the site of such a monster cock hanging out.

Peter

I get the door and introduce Ranger Marco to my roommate, Peter.

I left my jacket in my room upstairs after Peter washed it for me, so rush to get it.

When I return downstairs, I discover a very tense Peter, up-close and personal, with a very pale Ranger Marco, having a quiet word with him.

Peter escorts us out the front door. He pats the hood of Marco's jeep before we leave. "Marco. Keep an out for Wes because I'm very protective and possessive of my roommate and don't want anything happening to him." He points at Marco before going inside.

Did that have a double meaning?

Marco and I patrol and then I learn the reports and paperwork.

Marco doesn't touch me as much, so I'm not as uncomfortable around him.

What did Peter say to him?

I'm scheduled on Tuesday thru Sunday, 9:30- 6 pm. I'm off tomorrow.
Lunchtime

Marco eats a couple of greasy bacon cheeseburgers.

I sit in the jeep and wait for him to finish eating. I used to eat healthy with my dad, so my only indulgence was curly fries. Now the sight of greasy, unhealthy food like that turns my stomach. I haven't eaten curly fries since February of 2011. That's over a year ago, and I surprisingly don't miss them.

Waiting bores me.

I get out and lean on Marco's jeep. I nod to the ghost of the Native riding his horse through town. He nods back at me as he passes.

I pull out my Smart Phone (Android) and use it to check my Email and to find local points of interest.

I mean Wawona has a population of 169 (counting Peter and me).

Good thing I have a wifi hotspot as Peter had in the garage.

Hmmm. The cabin behind mine foreclosed years ago, and the one behind that's for sale also. It's a
Marco finally finishes eating, comes out, and hands me a bag.

I arch my brow in confusion. I open it and about barfs when I see greasy burgers and fries.

Marco helpfully states, "that's for you."

The smell's nauseating. I toss it and apologize. "I eat healthy food, and the smell of that makes me nauseous. That's why I waited out here while you ate."

Marco sheepishly says, "sorry. I didn't realize. Does your roommate eat like you?"

I'm curious where this is going, so play along. "Yes. Peter eats healthier than I do. He loves to cook."

Marco gets nervous and shuffles his feet. "Does your roommate make idle threats? I mean, is he dangerous? He doesn't seem entirely stable."

I laugh. "No. Peter doesn't make a threat unless he can back it up. That depends on how you define dangerous. He's not exactly the poster child for a well-adjusted adult. We both have a lot of baggage, but he hides it better. You should see my cousin if you think Peter seems a little off and dangerous."

Marco pales. "I was afraid of that." *He tries to smile at what he perceives is a joke to lighten the mood, only, I'm not joking.*

"Now, you have me curious. What *did* Peter say to you? I'm happy you're not constantly touching me, but *what* did he say when I was upstairs?"

Marco hunches his shoulders. "He told me not to say anything."

I stare at him. "I can be relentless when I want to know something. *What* did Peter *say* to you? Did
Marco nervously looks around, like he expects to see Peter hiding behind a nearby tree, stalking us. In a shaky voice, "he said not to touch you. You belong to him, and he doesn't appreciate me encroaching on his territory, whatever that means. If he catches me making moves on you, he'll ensure my life is a living hell, and I'll beg to die."

I stare at him, open-mouthed. That means Peter's not flirting. He does want me in that way! When I dropped my scent spell, and he acted weird, maybe it was because I smell like his perfect mate. I researched werewolves mating habits extensively when I was trying to see if Kira and Scott could mate. I know what that means.'

'The striptease he does twice a day is showing he's a healthy and attractive specimen. He hasn't done anything indicating he can provide for me or that he's dominant. Maybe, agreeing to be in his pack suggests I accept his dominance. Perhaps his constant touching isn't to scent mark me, maybe it's to get me used to physical contact with him so he can move to the next level. I wonder how long he plans on waiting before he makes his move? Providing for me would mean protection or hunting.

I'm lost in thought, and Marco's nervously watches me.

Did Marco snap his fingers to get my attention?

I shak my head, clearing the cobwebs. "I won't tell him. I thought he was flirting. I didn't know he's just as interested in me as I am in him. Thanks for the heads up."

Marco looks disappointed. "You're interested in him?"

"Yeah, for a long time. I thought my age was scaring Peter away me, so I never said anything to anyone but Malia."

Marco curiously asks, "how old are you?"

I smile. "I'll turn 18 in January."

Marco looks shocked. "You're only 17?"

"Yeah. I was emancipation a few years ago, and I took my exit exam early. I don't think anyone noticed I left yet. That says something about me, doesn't it?" I sigh sadly.

We finish the day, and Marco drops me off at 7 pm.

I hang up my jacket by the bedroom door.

Sunset is in the next 15 to 30 minutes, depending on trees and the mountain.
It's a full moon tonight, and Peter hasn't felt the full moon on his skin in months. *I vaguely remember when Cora and Boyrd didn't feel moonlight for three months as I wonder if Peter's not in here because he's not sure he can cope with the moon, but he's felt the moon itself in the last night or so, maybe it won't be so bad for him.*

I find a note in the kitchen, on the counter, saying Peter's running in the forest tonight, enjoying his first full moon, freedom, and nature.

**Peter running**

I change and go to the basement.

I get a vial of my unique **WPMP (Werewolf powers mimic potion)** crafted from the night-blooming Wolfsbane. I keep it hidden in a secret panel, and take a dose. Two minutes later, the night vision and strength kick in.

I get a bucket and pack the equipment needed to make a new batch in the bucket and then go to my cave.
I use night vision to navigate, and werewolf strength and agility to jump the chasm in the cave, to get to my plants.

I collect a few petals and make more WPMP.

*I've taken this potion for months. I not only get lycanthropic strength, dexterity, and night-vision, but also their hearing and smell, which should be impossible.*
I realise that I sense a werewolf and listen to hear Peter's heartbeat that I know so well. That comforting heartbeat, that I could pick out of a crowded room.

*Did he follow me and I didn't notice or did he just find my scent in my cave and was curious as to why I'm out here in the middle of the night ... without a flashlight? Crap! That's doing to give away that I'm not normal.*

Peter's observing me from far enough away that only a wolf can feel him.

*I pretend I don't notice as a thrill goes through me that he's watching me, following me, protecting me. I look down at the plants I'm tending. Peter has to recognize the night-blooming wolfsbane.*

I mop the sweat from my forehead and stoppers the two fresh bottles of potion. They should last me at least six months.

I now know from Marco that Peter's seducing me with his magnificent body. He indicates he finds my body attractive. Two can play that game.

In this section of the cave, I built a stairway down to the spring because it's harder to get to than near the entrance, and private enough for skinny dipping every month. I keep a towel on the platform near the water.

I walk down and strip, seductively, I hope. *God, I hope he doesn't laugh at my attempt to be seductive.*

I hear Peter's heartbeat jump and smells his arousal.

I dive into the water and then swim and float in the heated water to loosen up my sore muscles.
I stretch and float for another ten minutes before getting out and putting on my jeans, ensuring he has a good view of me adjusting myself so I can zip up my pants.

I put all my supplies and my shirt in the bucket and head for the cave entrance.

I hear Peter following me.

Peter smells of confusion when I jump the ravine and navigate the dark cave with my night-vision.

*Peter didn't follow me after all. He must've picked up my scent or heartbeat while I was tending my plants.*

I run with werewolf speed to our cabin, and hear Peter behind me, pacing at a distance.

At home, I go to the basement and put the potions in the wall, rotating them, so the older ones are in the front, and put up my elixir making supplies.

I go upstairs and decide to take a revealing shower for Peter to watch.

The shower has open windows and no curtains.

Even with the lights off, Peter's getting quite the show of my *enjoying* myself from his position, hiding in the trees across the yard.

*I'm sure Peter's figured out that the shower is spelled since he can't hear my breathing or heartbeat rise or my moans.*
Later, in the kitchen, I drink a glass of water as Peter enters, naked and sweaty, with his red eyes glowing.

I admire the sight as Peter approaches, takes my glass from my hand, and seductively takes a sip as he watches me.

As usual, my brain to mouth filter lags severely. "You have the most beautiful, ruby red eyes."

Peter smiles, fondly. "Have you had a productive day, Little One?"

I smile. "As a matter of fact, I have!" I pick up my smart phone and show Peter the map of the land next to our cabin.
"This 650k is our cabin; this square is an estate foreclosed on years ago." I point to the $450k. "This cabin is for sale. It's 1 bed, 1 bath which isn't popular around here. I thought if Malia ever comes here, it's perfect for her. It's small and close by, but separate from us, so everyone has privacy."

Peter smiles. "You're always thinking ahead." He grabs the back of my neck and pulls me in for a hug as he snuffles at my throat, scent marking me.

And there's the dominance.

I ask, "did you enjoy your full moon romp or run?"

Peter smiles. "Yes. I did. It'd be even better if I weren't the only werewolf, but it's a start." He looks at me, intently. "Stiles? I thought I saw you running through the trees as fast as a werewolf. That wouldn't be possible, though, would it? You're not a werewolf, right?"

I choke on my water and cough.

Peter pats my back, helpfully.

I look at Peter. "You might have seen me. No, I'm not a werewolf, but I have a plant that only
blooms on the full moon. I use it to make what I call my WPMP potion mimicking werewolf abilities. It lets me have night-vision, strength, and dexterity to run fast and jump the chasm protecting my night-blooming plants. Its effects are supposed to last for six hours. I can only create it on the full moon when my plant blooms. I didn't think you'd see me." I'm rambling and nervous, because he called me out on it.

Peter looks at me, intently, as he crowds into my space.

_I do like having a naked Peter in my personal space._

He strokes my hair as he looks in my eyes, "What night-blooming plant is this? I've never heard of a potion that mimics our abilities. Does it give you our hearing and smell?"

_I have to word this to tell the truth without lying. I don't want to lie to Peter, ever." It mimics the abilities that change when you shift and not your senses you have all the time. I obviously can't physically change, so my eyes don't glow and I don't get fangs, fur, or claws."

Peter purrs, "I see. What's the plant called?"

I shrug in confusion. "I never learned the English name. I refer to it as my moon-flower. It's a secret. I found out about it from my grandmother's journals, which are in Polish."

Peter is content to drop it and asks how my day went.

I say, "It went a lot better today. Marco didn't touch me every five seconds, so I wasn't as uncomfortable as yesterday. I did have a little problem at lunch. He ate greasy cheeseburgers. The sight and smell made me nauseous. He brought me a bag, to be nice, I think. When I opened it and saw a greasy burger, I about barfed. I threw it away. I hadn't realized eating healthy with dad changed the way I view food. I haven't had curly fries since the night you attacked Larson in the video store. Surprisingly, I don't miss them."

Peter asks, "You remember the night I attacked Larson because you were eating curly fries? That was the last time you had them?"

I smile. "That was all you got out of that? I remember what I was eating that night because I was in dad's squad car. He was eating a burger, that was _not_ greasy, and raw veggies with ranch dressing. I was eating curly fries. That's when he got the call over the radio. We were the closest. I promised to stay in the car. I noticed Derek and Scott on the roof as I sat in the patrol car. They saw me, but I pretended not to see them."
I watch for his reaction. "They got up there easily. Dad found you left the store thru the window, but not how you got in. Next day, after they cleared the scene, I went to the roof and saw the spiral. Scott and Derek walked right across it and never noticed it. I didn't bother to point it out. Scott didn't know what a spiral meant, and Derek wouldn't tell him. I found it in one of my old books."

Peter gets wide-eyed when I mention the spiral and thoughtful when I say Scott didn't know what it meant. He smells of pride when I say, "I found it in an old book."

Peter nods. "I heard everything you said. I always pay full attention to your every word. I'm glad you weren't uncomfortable, and I'm happy you don't have his scent on you today. I'm sorry you nearly got sick from the smell of the greasy food. It affects me the same way. You'll never find me eating at an In-N-Out Burger. Most fast food is unhealthy. Your resourcefulness and ingenuity never cease to amaze me. You're my first choice for my second in our pack."

I ask, "second? As in second in command? Your Lieutenant?"

He proudly smiles. "Yes."

I mouth, "wow," and then changes the subject because I'm uncomfortable with compliments. "I'm scheduled off on Sundays and Mondays, and I work 9:30-6. I'm washing clothes tomorrow. Do you want me to clean yours or do you bring your clothes to the dry cleaners?"
He laughs. "I don't like the chemical smell they leave on my clothes. I wash my clothes. I don't think it's fair for you to do your work and mine. How about we both wash our clothes tomorrow?"

I nod. I hold my fingers in the universal symbol for small. "Okay. One other little thing. I usually deep clean my cabin, the day after the full moon. Scott always slept all day, on the day after, and didn't expect me or hunt for me."

I rub my hand through my hair, nervously shuffling around. "Since it's my monthly deep cleaning, I do it once a month, it's hot and sweaty work, and I have a habit of doing it ..." I looks down and mumble "... in the nude. I know that's a problem since you don't want to see my scrawny, naked body running around, getting dirty. I'll do most of it before you get up and wear something I'm not too worried about getting filthy."

Peter smells of arousal before he pushes it down. "Don't change your routine because of me. As a matter of fact, I can help. My strength and stamina will make cleaning go faster. You're right. It's hot and sweaty work and doing it in the nude is rather intelligent. I suggest we both clean tomorrow, in the nude is more than fine with me. You're not scrawny. You may be lithe, but you are toned and sculpted in all the right places." He gives me a lingering once over as he looks at my body.

I don't feel anxious when he does, I actually feel good when he looks at me like that or compliments me like that. I mean he's built like a god and he thinks I have a nice body. That's the best compliment I could ever get.

Peter quickly glances up and down my body. "You do have a heavenly body. Not as divine as mine, but still stellar."

looking

His heart skips when he says not as divine as his. Does he like my body? Does Peter think my body is as fantastic as his? How is that even possible?

Peter asks to borrow my laptop so he can order a computer of his own and some clothes from Amazon and Stitch Fix.

I hand him my laptop. "The pass code is my birthday."

Peter smiles. "Is it 01151995 or is it 1151995?"
I look at him in surprise. "Um. There's no zero in it. I'm surprised you know my birthday."

He smiles as he snuffles briefly at my neck. "You know mine, Little One. You used it on our fake ID's. Why would you be surprised that I know the birthday of the most intelligent person around, next to myself. I was surprised that you added a year to your age on your ID. I suppose you want to be legal."

I smile at his attention to detail. I want to kiss him in the worst way. I wish him goodnight and head upstairs to bed.
I keep waking up in Peter's arms because of the nightmares.

It's nice to **finally** feel safe enough to go back to sleep and sleep for the rest of the night. I had
forgotten what it's like to sleep.

I strip, go downstairs, drink some of my WMPM and get my cleaning supplies. I want the stamina and strength to get this done. I always start cleaning upstairs and work my way down.

I first dust the secret library and clean Alexis's secret bedroom. *It's so small that Alexi assembled the bed inside it because it's too big to fit through the door or up the stairs. I don't know why he wanted such a small room, that's more like a closet, but I accommodated him.*

I then go to the attic that I outfitted as a long-term guest room.

I open the window to air out the room and strip the bed. I dust and use the motorless carpet sweeper on the carpets. I flip the mattress over and put fresh sheets on the bed. I clean the bathroom and close the window before taking the bedsheets downstairs and put them in the wash.
I do the same with the spare room down the hall from mine as well as Peter's.
I move the wash to the dryer and start the next load.

Peter wakes up, so he helps with my room.

Peter says, in a joking manner, "maybe I should sleep in your bed since your continuous night terrors violently wake you. You sleep for the rest of the evening once I'm in your bed. Maybe, if I sleep in your bed, you won't have them."

I hear Peter's comforting heartbeat as I look at him. 'I feel safe when he's with me. I suppose that's practical.' "I don't want to take advantage of you. I'm always hoping I won't have them. I've had them, since Brunski, Gerard, and ... abused me. I guess I've seen and lived through too much not to have problems. I'm just a big baby. Do you ever have nightmares?"

I catch myself at the third name. I don't want anyone to know about that.

Peter walks to me, pulls me to his chest in a tight embrace, puts his hand on my neck as he lifts my chin to look into my eyes. "You're not a big baby. A demon controlled your body, did horrible things to people you love as you watched, helpless. You couldn't move, scream, or warn anyone. When I was in a coma, I wasn't aware. I didn't face the same horrors you did, but I can sympathize because I very well could've been aware. I'm sorry I didn't realize faster that there was something wrong."
Peter continues, "you were tortured and faced death on more than one occasion. Yes. I have nightmares, but according to most people, I am the nightmare. It's reasonable and expected. You don't take advantage of me, and I'm working hard at not taking advantage of you. If you ever think I am, let me know. It'll kill me if I ever hurt you. You're the one person I care about, and you keep me anchored in reality."

Am I his anchor?

I see the sincerity in Peter's eyes and hear his steady heart. I nod. "Okay. I don't think I'll have nightmares if you sleep with me, as long as you wear something. Remember. I'm a teenage, gay, virgin male."

My filter must be faulty because, "I don't think sleeping is what I'll want to do with such a well-hung, gorgeous, naked man draped over me, in bed. My imagination has too many ideas with your naked body touching me."

Peter laughs and whispers near my ear, "you can touch me anyplace you want, naked or not. I won't ever complain."

My jaw drops as I realize what I said. I facepalms. "I didn't mean to say that out loud. I am not objectifying you." Lustig maybe, but not objectifying, Thank God my heart stayed steady!

Peter laughs. "Well-hung, huh? I suppose I am, if you consider fourteen inches hung? I wear underwear during the winter. Summer gets a little warm, but I'll wear underwear, so you feel comfortable."

My eyes widen as I realize what he said.

Peter softly laughs. Fourteen inches, soft! Damn! How long is he when he's hard. I need to stop that train of thought before I get in trouble.

Since we're naked, Peter can't possibly overlook that reaction if I keep thinking those thoughts.
We get back to work with occasional breaks to move laundry from washer to dryer and starting next loads. We clean the stairs and banisters, and wipe down all of the ceiling fan blades.

It is faster for a werewolf to pick up couches, bookcases and heavy appliances, but slower because I keep getting distracted watching the way Peter's naked body moves. Man, watching him flex and his muscles rippling is hypnotizing. The man is just as flexible as me, and I took ballet and ball room once upon a time.

Peter catches me appraising his naked body.

I nervously say, "Having Hercules as a roommate makes this easier. Thanks, Big Guy."

Peter's tip twitches when I call him that and I smell Peter's arousal.
Nice to know 'Big Guy' turns him on. Maybe my smaller size appeals to him.

They clean all the carpets. Peter's very grateful Stiles doesn't have a vacuum. Vacuums always break, and gunk up with hair. Carpet sweepers are more efficient.

Peter says, "it's better for werewolves' ears because vacuums hurt my ears and give me the worst headaches."

I say, "I never thought of that. I guess that's why most canines can't stand the things."

We make lunch and put it in the oven to cook while we head upstairs to take our showers.

*Man the perks of walking behind a naked Peter's ass walking up the stairs!*

Peter has to smell my arousal since I can.

I escape to the shower before Peter can call me on it. My shower definitely involves a little hand time.
After lunch

Peter asks, "can I see the basement?"

I show Peter my witches’ closet, as I call it. "I'll leave it unlocked, but we need to lock it if no one is home." I give him a basement key.
Peter seems impressed.

He finds the 200-year-old book on werewolf mating rituals and racial compatibilities. "Why would you find this of interests?"

Peter opens and reads from where I bookmarked it. "When a werewolf finds a mate they begin wooing courtship rituals proving they're worthy, they can provide, their dominance, and they can protect their chosen mate as they keep them safe. Showing their love isn't required, but a werewolf deeply in love goes to great lengths to show their chosen mate that they give them their heart."

He looks impressed as he flips through the pages. "This book is amazingly accurate. It must be written by a werewolf, or their soul-mate. How did you get a 200-year-old family Lycanthrope Tome on mating in the first place?"

I take the book and turn to the chapter on wolves and foxes. "Someone owed me a favor. Scott wanted research on Werewolf and Kitsune compatibility. I never show them the books I use to research. I let them assume I Google. We both know that when you assume, you make an ASS out of U and ME."

Peter selects the book 'Different Ways to Become a Werewolf' and sees I bookmarked the chapter on bite rejection. "And this?"

"When I heard Paige died of bite rejection, I wanted to know why. I discovered witches reject the bite and die 90% of the time, unless they take a potion to ensure it takes that is."

He sees that I wrote the recipe for the elixir on the page along with the note that I call it 'my WMPM.' He arches a brow that I have the recipe for a potion that ensure the bite takes and there's no chance of rejection. He plays with the bookmark as he talks. While we talk he puts the book down but keeps the bookmark.

I continue, "The only other thing that causes rejection is ingesting mountain ash. I joked about switching Gerard's meds with mountain ash so he'd reject Derek's bite and die. Scott took the bait and replaced his pills."

Peter asks, "did you find why Paige rejected the bite?"

I about get whiplash as I turn to look at him. "You don't know? Oh, my God! I thought once Kate died, she'd gloat about it, and everything else they blamed you for doing."
Peter blankly looks at me.

I start panicking, which is never a good thing. I don't want to anger Peter. I don't want to have another panic attack. I need to get control. Oh, God!

Peter knows I'm panicking about angering him if I tell him how his family betrayed him. He grabs my arm to get my attention. "Stiles, calm down. I need to know whatever you found. I'd never be angry at you for letting me know something I need to know."

I nod, walk to the far corner, pull out a lockbox, and set it on the table. I get the key from over the door frame and unlock it. I pull out two of the three diaries. One is burned. I hand them to Peter.

Peter ponders them. "Laura's diary from 2005, and this is Kate's from 2005. Is the third book in the box Laura's diary from before her death?"

I sadly nods.

Peter sighs. "I take it from your reaction, what's in here will upset me. Can you give me an idea of what's in these?"

I sigh and run my hand through my hair. "Did you ever wonder why a vendetta spiral carved into a deer brought Laura running back to Beacon Hills? Why would a victim check on a vendetta marker?"
Peter narrows his eyes and stops to think about it.

I see when he makes the connection.

His jaw drops. "The bitch! That crazy, murderous bitch!"

He takes all three books upstairs to my reading nook by the stairs and settles in to read.

I open my bookmarks and return to reading through Yosemite's online library about the area, and it's history. I want to know how many other ghosts I have to worry about in town.

A couple of hours later, Peter sits down behind me at the computer. He lays his head on my shoulder, pulling me into a tight embrace as he shudders, and then leans heavily on me with his nose firmly planted in my neck.

I lean into his embrace and wrap my arm around Peter's arms. I wait for Peter to say something.

Peter sadly sighs. "All this time, I held Derek responsible for losing my family. Now, I find Derek was more of a victim than me. Laura and Kate planned everything. They used him as their fall guy. Laura blamed me for Ennis biting Paige and Derek for killing her, but she's the one that asked Ennis to do it, after she gave Paige the mountain ash because she wanted to see what it would do. How did we not see how insane she was?"

I pat Peter's arm. "Some of the most psychotic people in history looked and acted like everyone else. That's part of being psychotic. Look at Jeffrey Dahmer."

Peter sighs. "Did you tell Derek any of this?"

I lower my head. "I told him he didn't plan the killing of his family. He was a teenager, and Kate was an adult. She knew what she was doing. It wasn't his fault."

Peter nods. "Then you didn't show him these,?"

"No. I didn't get those until after Chris killed Kate, and her ghost told me where to find them. Derek had already left Beacon Hills."

Peter looks at the diaries. "Do you have a problem with me sending these to Derek? With a letter telling him, he needs to read these."
I say, "No. No problem. I do want tracking on the package and ensure Derek signs for it. I don't want them lost or misplaced."

Peter nods. "Agreed. I think it'd be better received if your name's on it instead of mine. Can you write a letter saying he needs to read these and here's the proof he had nothing to do with the fire?"

I write the letter.

Peter says, "thanks. I'm going to the post office to mail them to Derek. I happen to know his address."

While Peter's gone I study more local history and email a local Witch I talk with about spells and herbs. She wants to buy some of the unique plants that only I have available because of my earth elemental abilities.

My laptop chimes with an alert.

I open it up and see I'm receiving a camera feed from Deaton's office.

I open the video and stream it as it downloads to my computer.

Liam and Scott

Scott and Liam are talking to Deaton.

Deaton says, "Peter killed Valack, hid cellmate, this morning. Looks like he escaped between 8 and 10 am. Have you seen or heard from him?"

Scott says, "no. But he wouldn't talk to us after we imprisoned him, unless it's to kill us. We'd be dead before we even knew he's there."

Deaton impatiently says, "call Stiles and ask if he's seen Peter. Peter would go to Stiles first. They have a history of protecting each other."

Scott says, "I haven't spoken to Stiles since I told him to stay away from my pack. He's been sulking, waiting for me to apologize, and he hasn't been to school since. I'm not apologizing to a killer."
Liam says, "His jeep hasn't moved from the front of his house. He hasn't answered any of my calls. Everything goes straight to voicemail. Stiles would never kill anyone. Who told you he's a murderer?"

Scott looks put out that the runt is trying to defend me and then he's angry that Liam tried talking to me after he and told me to leave.

Scott growls, "Theo. He saw the entire thing."

Liam looks at Scott in shock and turns to Deaton. "Tell him Stiles wouldn't kill anyone! He's not like that!"

Deaton says, "people change. Killers should be locked in Eichen House."

Scott says, "there's no proof because there's no body."

Deaton says in exasperation, "We had no evidence against Peter when we locked him in Eichen either."

Scott doesn't even notice Deaton admitted they unjustly imprisoned Peter.

Liam and Scott leave together to figure out who the last chimera is.
A few minutes later, the front door chimes as Morrell angrily storms in, demanding, "what do you want? What's so important you can't ask me over the phone?"

"Did you help Peter get out?"

She angrily glares at Deaton. "That's what you had to ask me? If I helped Peter escape? No! I didn't! You had no right imprisoning him. He never broke any laws. You illegally detained him."

She gets a thoughtful and considering look on her face. "Why would you ask me if I helped Peter?"

Deaton says, "he had to have help escaping. I can't figure out how he did it. There's nothing on the cameras. It was someone that knew the system and had access. You have both. The escape was too perfectly executed. A professional, a highly trained Witch, or a Druid had to do it. Have you taught anyone?"

Morrell looks wounded. "No. I haven't. I was thinking about training Stiles. He'd be a natural Witch. It'd be a challenge to loosen up the Druid teaching methods to teach him, but it'd be worth it."

Deaton says, "No! You can't train him! He knows I purposely didn't teach him magic and put weakening herbs in his ice bath so the Nogitsune could possess him. I'm not sure what else it may have revealed about me."
He sighs and shakes his head. "If only Peter bit Stiles instead of Scott. We'd have a thriving pack here by now with a stable power base and a couple of weak wolves that I control. No. It had to be stupid, narcissistic, gullible Scott. He disobeyed my order to call Stiles and imprison him. Scott's no longer useful. Theo has everything in place to kill Scott on the next full moon."

Morrell says, "don't you tire of building packs and then destroying them when your hand-picked leader realizes you're two-faced and lying through your teeth because you want to control the Nemeton? I had enough of your treacherous ways after you introduced Laura to Kate so they'd kill Talia. Shame they decided to kill the entire pack, isn't it? Miscalculated on that one, didn't you?"

He shrugs. "I was already planning on killing all her wolf pack anyway. They saved me the trouble."

Morrell arches her eyebrow in cynicism. "Good luck on your Peter problem. You better hope he doesn't discover you plan to kill Stiles or he'll kill you. Slowly! He loves Stiles and will do anything to protect him. He proved that with the Nogitsune. Stiles showed he's in love with Peter by letting Peter in his head. Derek, Satomi, Lydia, and Scott tried, but only Peter was let in, by Stiles, to stop the Nogitsune. Stiles was able to stop it from hurting Peter."

She continues, "Stiles might not kill you for planning to kill Peter, but he'll make you wish he did. Then he'll hand you over to Peter on a silver platter. If I were you, I'd cut my losses, and run."

She haughtily turns on her high heels and leaves. As soon as the door closes, Deaton punches the table in anger and frustration.

I shut the feed down and power off the laptop.

Does Peter love me?

I think. I did stop the Nogitsune from hurting Peter because I love him! He got in my mind because I let him! Does anyone else realize my love for him let him in my head? How long has Peter returned my feelings and I never realized it? How do I get him to admit it or act on it? If I can have him, it's worth losing dad!'
An hour later

Peter returns with Chinese takeout.

While we talk, I tell him, "they don't know I'm gone, but they think you killed Valak and escaped only this morning. They can't figure out how you escaped. Deaton thinks it's an inside job and Morrell helped. He's trying to get Scott to call me and to lock me in Eichen House, but Scott doesn't want anything to do with a killer. They can't prove I killed anyone without a body."

Peter asks, "how do you know all of this?"

I take a bite as I order my words. "I programmed Deaton's x-ray monitor in the back of the clinic to send a video feed to my computer whenever the light is on in the backroom (read they're having a werewolf meeting)."

Peter smiles. "Count on you to have a way to watch your enemies."

I blush. "Deaton also says Scott's no longer of any use to him and Theo will kill him on the next full moon."

Peter looks at me intently as he cautiously asks, "when are you returning to Beacon Hills? How long before you leave me to save him?"


I scoff. "I'm not! That part of my life is over! I can never go back."

I wave around the cabin. "This is my life now. Besides, Deaton wants me dead or imprisoned in Eichen House. I'm not making it easy for him. I miss my dad and worry about his safety. That's the only concern I have left about Beacon Hills, him and Melissa."

My heart stays steady because I'm telling the truth.

I smell Peter's happiness and contentment. The WMPM potion is lasting for close to twelve hours now. It shouldn't do that.

Peter asks, "are you sure? He was like your brother?" He wants to verify I'm staying with him, here.
I say, "I'm positive. I'm happy here. I like having someone listen to me, want me around, and not use me until something or someone better comes along. I know I can never trust Scott. How long before he'd casually discard me again. It hurt when he wasn't going to do anything to stop Deucalion from killing me because he'd rather protect his mom, who was safe at the time. All the bastard did, was tell Deuc to leave town. Scott didn't ensure he left town."

Peter smiles. "I'm sorry you lost your dad, but I'm glad you realize Scott can't be trusted. I ensured Deucalion left town because I didn't want him going after me or anyone I care about."

I get up and wash dishes.

Peter helps as usual.

*It's nice having someone give me a hand with the housework and not depend on me to do everything for him. That was actually draining.*

### Afterward

I tell Peter, "I need to do some work in the greenhouse."

Peter says, "I'll watch tv."

He turns on the tv as I go out the door.

*I bets he checks the video file of the feed from Deaton's office.*

I'm halfway through my greenhouse chores when Peter comes out and offers to help.

He helps me weed, pick off the brown leaves, and water the plants. "Thanks. I have to work tomorrow, so I'm going to shower and go to bed."

We both go to our separate showers.

While Peter's ensuring all the doors and windows are locked, I plug in my computer to charge.

*I notice it's on, but I know I left it off. I check the history and see Peter watched the video file.*

I leave it the way Peter left it, but ensure it's plugged in and head to bed.

I'm getting in bed when Peter walks in and climbs into my bed with me. He spoons me and wraps me in his warm arms.

I snuggle against his chest and am soon fast asleep. I don't have any nightmares.

*Blessed slumber.*
I'm dreaming of Peter kissing me and other things I want him to do. I slowly wake up to Peter gently combing his fingers through my hair. It's kind of soothing, so I just lie there with my eyes closed.

After about 15 minutes Peter says, "we should get some breakfast, Sleeping Beauty."

I chuckle and roll over to face him. "But this is so warm, comfortable and relaxing. Do we have to?" I make a pouting face at him.

Peter chuckles. "Unfortunately, we do." He stands up and strips as he says "I need to use the bathroom and run the perimeter, while you make our breakfast."
Peter uses the bathroom and hugs me tightly, stroking my back, snuffling at my neck, and scent marking me before we head downstairs. Nothing like a naked Peter's naked body holding you in a tight bear hug. I've got enough jerk off material for years!

I innocently say, "you give the best hugs." He just snuffles my neck before going out on his run.

When he returns, I have breakfast on the table.

While we're eating he's buttering a piece of toast as he says, "I have an errand to run today and will be gone most of the day."

I arch my brow in surprise. "Okay. I'll see you tonight. Be careful, Big Guy."

Yeah, his tip definitely moves when I call him that.

He says, "always, Little One," and ruffles my hair fondly.

Marco arrives to pick me up, and I go to another fun-filled day at work.

Once Stiles leaves for work Peter gets a strangely shaped carrier bag out. He pack it with a tightly rolled up pair of light jeans, a V-neck sweater, and some light tennis shoes.
He then calls Braeden and tells her to meet him at Morrell's house in two hours.

He strips, loosely straps the bag around his naked back and waist. It looks three sizes too big.

He then shifts to full Alpha and the shape and size of the bag makes sense as well as why he packed light clothes in it.

He then runs cross-country to Beacon Hills. *He makes the run in an hour and thirty-five minutes.*

Peter shifts to human, dresses in his clothes, and quietly and stealthily heads to Morrell's house, keeping to the top of the trees to hide his tracks and scent.

He waits outside for Braeden to arrive and then he knocks on the door.

Braeden asks, "why be civil? We *need* to talk to her, just *walk* in."

Peter smiles at her like an uncivilized child. "Because you get more flies with honey than vinegar. We want an ally, not another enemy. I have more than enough enemies right now. Do you have any allies besides me and whoever is paying you and they might decide you're a liability if you know too much about them and kill you as well. Like the Calaveras and Argents or even Deucalion."

*He doesn't mention that he killed Deuc when he tried to sneak back into town to kill his young mate or he broke into one of the death dealers as he calls them and breamated the body.*

She frowns. "Well when you put it that way. I think you and Stiles and maybe Derek might be my only allies. Maybe not Derek after I said no one was paying me to kill him at the time. Maybe I shouldn't have said that."

He smiles egotistically. "Right. We do this my way."

He knocks a little louder.

**braeden**

*Morrell opens the door. "Peter? I didn't expect to see you here. How can I help you?"

Braeden says, "funny you should ask. I don't think you want the neighbors to hear our discussion, though."*
Morrell opens the door further. "Where are my manners? Won't you come in?" She escorts them to the living room where everyone gets comfortable.

Braeden props her fancy booted feet up on the expensive coffee table, earning a disgusted look from Morrell.

She says "that table is Italian."

Braeden haughtily replies "so are these boots."

Peter taps her leg and shakes his head. "Honey, not vinegar."

Braden frowns and lowers her feet.

Morrell hides her amused smile before asking, "does this involve Stiles? I can't think of any other reason you would reappear in Beacon Hills."

Peter smiles sweetly, for him, at her. "In a way. It's more to do with your brother or should I say, your grandfather?" He notices the slight surprise she shows that he knows.

Braeden says, "I found evidence of his advanced age when I was researching what the Nogitsune revealed to Stiles. Stiles wanted to know if those facts are real or fact and they all proved to be real, which is rather frightening."

Morrell sighs. "Yes, he's my grandfather. I'd rather not help with any of his plans. He's destroyed enough lives without my help. I won't help him kill anyone else."

Peter tilts his head questioningly. "Like my sister and our pack?"

She blanches, which is impressive for a non-caucasian girl.

Peter's jaw tightens. "Deaton wants Scott to lock Stiles in Eichen House, but he'd rather Stiles die. I need to keep him safe and protected. Deaton has to die! How long before he decides to kill Scott because he's not obeying?" He adds as an after thought, "or you? Has he killed any of your family?"

Morrell nods. "My father died mysteriously, of mistletoe poisoning. I think it was him."

Peter says "if he killed his son, you aren't safe."
Morrell looks down hesitantly. "He told Theo to kill Scott on the next full moon. He kills werewolves on the full moon when they are at their most powerful so he can take that strength. I want my freedom. The only way that'll happen is if he's dead. I'll help you, but you have to let me help Stiles after. Promise me!"

Peter says, "I promise." He looks at her intently as he conspiratorily adds "I'd also owe you a favor. If I'm capable of helping you in the future, I will."

Morrell nods in understanding as she says, "Scott's pack is having a meeting tomorrow to discuss the Dread Doctors. Deaton is paranoid someone will poison him because that's his only weakness."

Braeden smiles and leans back nonchalantly as she asks, "so how can we poison the bastard?"

Morrell mischievously smiles as she says "he's developed the habit of helping himself to my food and drink because it must be safe if it's mine. If I walk in with a poisoned drink, he'll drink it. I'll wait for it to take effect before I make him tell Scott he's behind everything, in exchange for the antidote. I'll have a vial of water and pretend it's the antidote. I refuse to give him the cure!"

Braeden says, "Stiles is paying me to protect Malia from the Desert Wolf. I can walk in, shoot him and then leave for Malia's house." She thoughtfully pauses as she looks at Peter. Trying to decide if she's going to tell him the other secrets Stiles has her researching.

She reaches a decision and leans toward Peter. "The other matter I researched for Stiles makes me believe you're not Malia's father."

Peter's jaw drops as he says in a shocked voice, "What? How?"

Braeden says, "no one stated you're a father. Lydia said she heard a baby cry from the claws. She assumed that meant you're a father. Talia believed her efforts for you to impregnate Corrine worked. No one ever did a DNA test."

Morrell says, "You couldn't get it up because she's female and you only like males. Deaton order me to make a sedative to knock you out so he could collect your semen for artificial insemination, even though males can't reproduce until they get their first pubes in. How many preteens do you know that have them? That's all I know about it."

Peter looks shocked. "I got my first ones when I was 14. I was a little slow in the puberty arena. Braeden, what did you find?"

Braeden says, "when a male werewolf isn't interested in females, they tend to shoot blanks, if you know what I mean. That and your age means it's impossible for you to be Malia's father. Stiles says Malia is 18 not 20 because she hasn't gotten her molars yer. I don't know who's her father."

Peter thinks and comes up with an idea. "When you kill the desert wolf, say aloud 'if she had any decency, she'd tell Peter how she conceived Malia because Talia ensured he has no memories of it.'"
Braeden arches her brow in disdain as she says "if she's dead, how can that help?"

Peter smiles evilly as Morrell knowingly says, "both Peter and Stiles were dead long enough that they can see and hear the dead. I think that's how they kept in contact while Peter was locked in Eichen House."

Peter smiles sweetly at her. "Seeing as you're the one that brought him back from the dead, for me" as an afterthought he adds "and the sake of his father, you'd know all about that ability. Yes. Several ghosts walk the halls of Eichen House. One of them passed messages between us. That helped me stay sane. Being able to talk to him whenever I was losing my grip on reality, even if it was by proxy, is all that kept me sane."

They finalize their plans, and then Peter goes to his rental unit.

He collects an extraordinary book on magickal plants.

He then goes to the Hale vault where he opens the safe and retrieves a wedding ring set. It's a family heirloom passed down for centuries. He strips, shifts to Alpha and runs home with several stops to ensure Scott or Deaton didn't follow him and to feed. He harvests what remains of the deer to provide for his mate.

Peter arrives home with several hours to spare. He studies the Night Blooming Wolfsbane in his book, hides it in the spare bedroom, and starts cooking supper.

He prepares the deer several different ways because he needs to please Stiles with his gift and show he provides for his mate.

**Stiles POV**

I arrive home in time for supper. I'm impressed with Peter's cooking. I eat a few bites and look at Peter. "Deer? I love deer, but it's hard to come by unless it's hunting season and you bought a license. I'm going to guess you weren't hunting the human way. Thanks for the deer." I smile
happily at him and continue to eat hungrily. I really love deer.

Peter happily smiles that I enjoy the meal he cooked for me. "I was hungry and in the middle of nowhere. I brought down a deer. When I finished eating, I harvested the remainder for you. I couldn't pass up the chance to provide for you." I raise my brow in surprise. He's telling me without telling me this was just for me. "I'm glad you enjoy deer. I didn't think you'd notice the difference in meet."

He looks proud I did taste the difference and accept his proof he can provide for me. If he were courting me, this would be one of the steps.

Wait! Maybe he is courting me and being subtle. He showed me he could protect me, dominate, an excellent physical specimen and he can provide for me. That's all the steps for courting.

I smile. "Deer has a distinctly gamey taste and it's not as fatty. It's healthier than beef. I really love it but rarely get to eat it. "I occasionally hunted deer when we didn't have the funds for beef."

As we finish cleaning up and putting away the dishes my laptop chimes. I frown and look at it as I wonder what set it off.

I open it and check my alerts.

It shows my bedroom door opened. I turn on the feed and see Melissa looking around. I back up the feed so that I can see the entire video, and I sit down to watch it.

Peter sits next to me. "You set up a camera in your room?"

I nod as I distractedly say, "I'm pathetic. I wanted to see how long before anyone realized I was gone."
Peter abruptly says, "you are not pathetic! I'd notice within a day if you were gone. I need to see or hear you daily."

We see Melissa open the door and yell, "Stiles! I need to talk to you! Stiles?"

That's when she sees everything on my bed. She reads the letters, both of them, and calls my dad with a grim look on her face.

"John? It's Melissa. When was the last time you saw Stiles? ... You need to come home right now. You need to see this. I can't say what happened to Stiles, but you need to get home and see this. Alone! I don't want this getting out until I find out everything."

She hangs up and mutters, "I'm going to kill Scott." She paces as she waits for dad to arrive.

Ten minutes later dad rushes in and sees everything on the bed. In confusion, he picks up both letters and reads them, He drops into the chair in shock. "My God! This is dated May 3rd. He left almost two weeks ago, and I didn't notice! I'm a horrible father. What the hell happened?"

He looks at Melissa and asks, "what brought you here? He wants to know why she found this before he did.

She says, "Scott has been having problems with the Dread Doctors, he can't discover the identity of the last Chimera, and refuses to call Stiles for help. I decided I'd talk to Stiles on my own. Liam told me Stiles hasn't been at school, and his jeep hasn't left the driveway, so Scott assumed he was sulking here, waiting for an apology. He didn't say what for, only he couldn't forgive Stiles for whatever Stiles did."

Dad turns on my computer and looks for anything to answer questions. "He erased the hard drive and set it back to factory settings. He updated it so no one would notice right away. Let's see what's on this flash drive."

They play the video and see what happened. Melissa says, "that's self-defense and he tried to help the boy afterward. That's not murder. Scott has some serious explaining to do. Is there any way to see where Stiles went?"

John nods. "Maybe. I think. Stiles is OCD about evidence which kept us alive after Scott betrayed him and gave all his evidence against Gerard to Gerard to destroy. He always backs up things he needs to be kept safe in the cloud."

He smiles. "Chris Argent told me that's how Stiles got Gerard to let him go."

Melissa says, "wait a minute. Scott betrayed Stiles, stole evidence, and gave it to Gerard? They shot you? It wasn't some hunting accident? What do you mean by letting him go? What did that monster do to Stiles?"

John says, "yeah. Gerard immediately has one of his goons shoot me, kidnap and torture Stiles from the lacrosse field, with Allison's help. Gerard was about to kill Stiles and told him he'd kill me next when Stiles tells Gerard he backed everything up on the cloud and set the evidence to go to the police and the FBI if anything happens to him. Chris didn't find out about it until Gerard
angrily had to let him go and Stiles talked Chris into letting Erica and Boyd go."

Melissa says "my God!" She thinks and says "I remember that he reappeared later with busted ribs, a split lip, multiple cuts and abrasions, and a cut on his face. Scott had me dealing with Jackson and his supposed body that was metamorphosing."

John looks surprised when he asks "busted ribs? He told me kids from the opposing team did it because he didn't want me to go after Gerard and get killed by him. I saw his face but didn't know about the ribs. That means he got worked over a lot worse that he told me. God! He took so much pain and suffering to protect Scott and me. I didn't know he died until just now, when I read his letter. When did my son die, and how did I not notice. You think death would affect you and torture as well." He sighs in frustration as he rakes a hand over his face. "That's why I never see him sleep when I'm at home. He doesn't want to bother me with his nightmares. I can't tell you how useless and disappointed I feel about myself right now."

Melissa thoughtfully says, "it had to be after the Nogitsune. Peter and Morrell brought a feeble, severely dehydrated and feverish Stiles to me. I treated him, and he begged me not to tell you. He was weak for a couple of hours, but he suddenly got his strength back and hobbled out. He said he just needed to rest. Peter was leeching his pain the entire time. He wouldn't leave Stiles' side."

John finds the iCloud and looks for the security question to access it. It's my real name backward. He feeds it in and sees several files. "Okay this must be the backup of the Gerard archive, but this folder here is dated three years ago. He has it hidden here, so it's got to be critical to him."
I run my hand through my hair and mutter out loud, utterly forgetting Peter's right next to me, "crap! Don't play that file. That's not a file you want to see. Please don't look at that. I can't have anyone see me like that."

*Of course, he can't hear me and plays it anyway. Damn!*

I hide my face in my hands as I do some deep breathing to calm down before I give myself a panic attack. *I didn't want dad to ever know about that! I don't want anyone to know about that.*

The video opens in detention in school. Harris is dragging me by my arm to the blackboard by his desk. *The video was from four years ago when I was 13. I put it on the cloud three years ago.*

Harris shoves me towards at the blackboard and tells me to write a formula on the board. The formula is above what he was teaching, so I shouldn't know it, but I did. I write it, and he slaps me across the face, hard. He split my lip.

Melissa covers her mouth as the video shows Harris telling me to take my clothes off. I yell "NO!"

He punches me in the chest, then pulls me off the ground by my hair, and bends me over his desk as he starts unbuckling his belt and dropping his pants. I knew he was going to rape me, so I fought back, screaming and yelling. I hit him in the nose with my head and kneed him in the nuts. He gets a chokehold on me as he pushes me down on the desk, and I frantically stretch and grab the beaker on his desk. I hit him in the head with it.

The principal comes in to see why I'm screaming and yelling. He sees my cut lip and my soon to be a black eye and the smashed beaker. Harris tells him I assaulted him. I angrily ask "then why is his dick out and his pants down? Check the tape and watch him attempt to rape me. I'm sure my dad would like to see that video."

Harris goes pale as he asks "video? What video?"

I smugly say, "after Kate Argent, the teacher you banged in the classroom, left a naked kid in detention so she could burn his family with your chemicals and formulas, the new school policy is to film all after school disciplines!"

Harrison asks, "how did you know about Kate?"

"You're never very subtle about which teachers and students and athletes you're screwing so they can pass chem." Harris gets a murderous look on his face and steps forward.

Principal Kane steps between us and says "remember the part where your actions are against the law, and his dad is the Sheriff? Unless you're trying to get yourself jailtime, I suggest you get control of yourself. You just got your name removed the prospective residency list."

Harris says, "you haven't proven anything."

Principal Kane pulls up the feed on his tablet that he always carries with him. We see Harris assault and attempt to rape me and threaten my grades if I say anything.

I say, "looks proven to me."
Principal Kane asks Harris, "if I look at your other detentions, will I see you having sex with students and raping them?" He looks pointedly at Harris.

Harris says, "Stiles is the only kid I had to force. All the others willingly give me blowjobs or let me have sex with them for better grades."

He glares at the professor angrily. "Harris? Tell me why I don't fire you right now?"

Harris smugly says "if you do, then I let the police know you knew Kate left a naked kid in detention while she took my chemicals to burn the kid's family. You've known all along its arson, and you can say something and have it declared an arson instead of an accident, but you want to protect your sacred school's reputation."

He looks at Harris with hatred. "Fine, but you can't ever drop Stiles grade below a B, and you can never have detention with just one kid at a time, ever again. Get out!"

After he leaves, I hug myself. "I need a copy of that video to protect myself from Harris. He holds grudges and tries to punish students for any slight he sees parents giving him, real or imagined."

He agrees to give me a copy of the first part, and I say, "my dad's a cop, if he sees part of the file is missing, he's going to assume it's worse than it was. I need the full file."

He agrees and emails it to me.

Dad shuts down the video, saves the files to the flash drive, and then emails it to his work email.

He says "I can't believe that bastard tried to rape my 13-year-old son. Harris knew all along Kate was the killer, used his chemicals, didn't say anything, and told me it was some blonde he met in a bar. I'm also going to nail ex-principal Kane for not protecting the kids from a rapist or getting Stiles help. No wonder I occasionally see glimpses of an insecure Stiles waiting to be punished and reprimanded for things he didn't do."

I rake my hand over my face in shame that dad saw that. That's when I remember Peter sitting next to me as he drapes himself around me for a hug.

He says "you have no reason to be ashamed or feel guilty for something he had no right to do. You were justified in fighting him off. Frankly, if Jennifer hadn't killed him, I'd hunt down and castrate the bastard."

I lay my head on his shoulder and bury my face in his neck as I fight the urge to cry. I sadly say, "It always felt like I must've done something to get his attention, it must've been my fault. I must've provoked him somehow."

Peter curls his arm protectively around me and holds me.
We hear on the video feed dad calling Principal Thomas.

"Principal Thomas? This is Sheriff Stilinski. I was wondering if you could tell me the last time you saw Stiles? ... Thank you."

He hangs up and looks at Mellissa as he dials Alexi. "Stiles took his exit exam Friday morning, on the 4th, at 6 am. He scored high enough to be the valedictorian."

Whover he calls answers but doesn't answer. "Alexi? I'm Johnathan Stilinski. I was wondering if you could tell me the last time you saw or heard from my son, Wilksiezycawyc? ... Could you text me the license plate? ... Thank you."

He looks at Melissa and says, "Stiles bought a disposable beater car on Thursday the 3rd, and said he was leaving and never coming back."

He gets a text, looks at it, and then calls the station, "Let me talk to deputy Graeme."

He waits a minute for her to get on the line. "Tara? I need you to do me a personal favor, and keep it quiet. It appears Stiles and Scott had a falling out, and Scott told him to get out. Instead of killing himself, he left town because he can't be here and not be able to see Scott. I have the license plate of the car he bought. I want you to run the plates and see if anything came up. He paid $400 and called it disposable, so I'm sure he dumped it in the next town or so. But that will give me an idea how to find him." He hangs up.

Melissa asks, "what are you going to do?"

He says, "Keep Scott away from me because I'm liable to punch the kid. How the bloody fuck could he ever think Stiles was capable of killing anyone in cold-blooded murder! I guarantee he never asked Stiles what happened! I'm going to find my son, sell the house, go to wherever he is and try and fix the relationship we obviously don't have, since I didn't notice my son was gone for two weeks. Don't tell Scott. Stiles obviously doesn't want him to follow him, but I think Stiles may have followed his normal patterns. I may be able to find him. Take care of yourself Melissa, and don't let them get you killed."

She steps up to him, lays her hand on his arm before he can walk out and says, "I'll help you find him. I think it's time I get out of here also. Want a girlfriend to go with you?"

He looks at her in what appears to be hope as he asks, "What about Scott?"
"Stiles paid off the house a few years ago. Scott can have it. I think it's time he was on his own. He never listens to what Stiles or I tell him. It'll be safer for me if I leave. He's 19 almost 20. He's the man he always wanted to be."

Dad smiles and hugs her. "I think I'd like a girlfriend. I can't guarantee I'll have a stable income or career when I find him. I'm giving up my career and house here."

Melissa says, "as a nurse and a single mother; I haven't had a steady income in years. We'll be together, and we should've turned our relationship into something more years ago."

On my computer, he goes to the opendoor.com websiter and puts in the house for an offer as Melissa leaves.

He gets a call. "Tara? What do you have? ... Did you find the car? He sold it two towns to the west! Thanks. That's incredibly helpful."

He hangs up and mutters "that means he's going east. He expects me to look for a jeep. He won't be driving one. He won't drive a car because his mom hated cars. He hated trucks. They're too big and loud. He's driving an SUV. He'd want to be over two hours away but less than six so that he can still take care of my health. Time to start making a few phone calls and calling in a few favors." He leaves my room, and I turn off the feed.

Peter says "he's a brilliant man. Would you want your dad to move here, near us?"

I think about it. *I thought I lost all possibility of having dad in my life.* "Yeah, I would." I wistfully say, "I miss him and I worry he's not taking care of himself."

Peter says, "let's watch TV together, before I go on my run and you do your work out, when I'm not around to embarrass you."

I stare at him in surprise. *You* don't have to work out to resemble a Greek god, but I do, or I'd be a 300-pound couch potato. I'm not always running for my life anymore, so I need to work out a little." *Besides assassins are expected to have a certain level of muscle tone.*

Peter laughs. "Even werewolves have to stay active and exercise to keep this body. We aren't just given this body because we're werewolves. My morning and evening run and my daily workout ensure I don't get overweight and become instant prey to another predator. It's not something to be ashamed of, Little One. I'd like to work out with you sometime, if you'll let me?" He smiles fondly at me and leads the way to the living room.

We cuddle on the couch and watch Season 1 of Leverage on Amazon Prime before he goes on his run. *I admire how Eliot can kick ass without the ego. He's kind of cute, but I have my heart set on Peter. God, I hope he makes a move soon.*

I go down to the basement and take a dose of my potion, then go to the cave and check on my plants.

At my Wolfsbane plant, I smell Peter's scent. A couple of petals are missing from one of my plants. Peter's planning ahead, but the petals are a different color now then they are on the full moon and can only be used if gathered then. I head back to the cabin.
At home, I go upstairs and notice Peter's scent goes into the spare room. *I look in, but stay at the door because I don't want him to find my scent in there.* I notice his scent is strongest next to the nightstand. I concentrate and use my telekinesis to feel a book hidden behind it.

I use my telekinesis to lift it and bring it to where I can see it. It's an Ancient Latin book on Night Blooming Wolfsbane. *I knew Lydia and I weren't the only ones that speak that.*

Now I'm curious, so I telekinetically flip the pages to what he's reading and see a chapter on harvesting it and its uses. Now Peter knows he needs to collect the petals on the full moon when they are white and not gray.

I flip it again, and it's a section on how much has to be ingested to prevent bite rejection. You have to consume enough to mimic the werewolf abilities for it to work 100%. *AKA my WMPM.*

I flip it again, and it's on the chapter for the elixir I use. It says it mimics the strength, speed, and night vision. It says the human/witch using the potion can build up enough wolfsbane internally, so it won't take as much because there's always a small amount in their body. Over time the abilities may become permanent, or they may be able to use other werewolf abilities not easily mimicked, like sound and smell. *It specifies if the skills strengthen over time then the chances of bite rejection drops, permanently.* I did *not* know that!

I flip again, and there aren't any other chapters he was studying, so I put the book back where I found it and take my shower.

I walk out of the shower naked to grab my clothes off the chair and see Peter in bed waiting for me. I ask, "did you have a nice run?"

He says nonchalantly as he studies my abs, "it was uneventful."

I climb into bed and snuggle up to his chest. I let the constant sound of his heartbeat lull me to sleep.
It's glorious waking up from a peaceful night's sleep in Peter's arms. I wake up first and feel him curled protectively around me. I watch him sleep for a little while before I feel his breathing change, letting me know he's awake.

He opens his eyes. "Morning, Little One."

I smile as I look into his crystal blue eyes, like a winter's morning without the clouds. "Morning."

As usual, we get up, use the bathroom, and he goes for his *naked* morning run while I make breakfast.

Marco is a little early so comes in while I get my jacket from upstairs. He sees Peter casually dressed as he lounges on the couch. "Wow! Are you sure he's not a model?"
Peter smirks and shakes his head. "I haven't even shaved yet."

I say, "most models are either a little too mundane or narcissistic, and either don't have a very high IQ or play dumb, so yeah, pretty sure he's not a model."

Marco and I go out patrolling, all day.

Later that night

My computer chimes an alert while we are watching Season 2 of Leverage.

Peter pauses the movie while I check out my computer to see what triggered it.
Dad is searching my room when Melissa walks in. She asks, "what did you find?"

John looks up and says, "I found Stiles."


Melissa says, "that's great. So what's the plan?"

John says "he's a Ranger and must have taught himself how to use his magic. His mom died before she could show him, he's using a glamour to hide his face, but he's using his real first name and his mom's maiden name. His boss retires in 6 months. She's 95. God bless her. I suspect that's the same ranger lady that was friends with his gran."

"I have an offer for her to hire me, and train me to take her place when she retires. I have 48 hours to say yes or no. I want to talk it over with Stiles to see if he'll accept me back in his life. I'm leaving tomorrow at 7am. He lives in Yosemite National Park. The town he's in has a population of 165, approximately. Peter's with him. Can you handle being around Peter?"

I just look at Peter, open-mouthed. "Damn! Glad he's not our enemy!"

Peter smirks, one arm hugs me, and says, "you had to get it from somewhere."

Melissa wistfully says, "Peter was rather charming when I dated him. Stiles ran into us to keep Peter away from me, I figured out when Peter was staring at Stiles' lips that he was far more interested in him than me. A man, or a woman, only stares at someone's lips when they are thinking about how much they want to kiss that person."
I say, "I think she's reading things that aren't there on that one. You weren't staring at my lips. You were focusing on hearing where Scott was hiding."

He doesn't look at me or dispute what she said. *Was he looking at my lips?*

She continues "Peter has never hurt Stiles or me, as a matter of fact, he's always looked out for him and protected him. I don't have any problems with Peter. Should I pack to come with you?"

Dad thinks a moment. "Stay here and pack everything you want to bring with you when we move out there. I don't want to overwhelm Stiles. Let me talk to him and smooth the way. I'm pretty sure he'll let me move near him. When I come back, I'll promote Parish to acting Sheriff until a new election can be run, resign, and pack what little I want to take with me. I'll leave the rest with the house, and they can do what they want with it."

*I'm curious why dad is looking under my bed. He knows I can't stand anything to be under my bed. Dad's still on the floor, on one knee where he was searching under the bed, and gets a severe air about him.]*

I say, "he's not? He is! Alright, dad!"

Dad pulls a ring box from under the bed and asks Melissa, "will you marry me? I think we skipped the dating stage while we were raising our boys together. I do want to date you also."

She has her hand to her mouth in surprise. "I'd be honored, Johnathan." She hugs and kisses him as he puts an engagement ring on her finger.

She kisses his cheek and rushes out the door to pack.
LATER

I get another alert chime. We stop Leverage, again, and I check what set it off.

This time it's at the vet office.

Deaton, Liam, and Scott are talking about the dread doctors.

Morrell walks in with her bottle of water. I say, "something is off about that bottle. She's holding it too gingerly, like it's a snake about to strike. How many people hold their bottle of water away from their body like that?"

Peter looks at me oddly, with slitted eyes.

"What? My PTSD has me catalog everyone that walks into a room to see if they are a threat. Right now, I see that she's a threat and the bottle is her weapon, somehow. I don't understand how, but she sees it as dangerous." PTSD is always the excuse I have for my alertness and training.

He smiles. "I'm glad you're my ally and not my enemy. I'm starting to see how you kept up with me and stayed so far ahead of the Scooby Doo gang. Now that I think about it, Lydia does remind me of Daphne. The redhead that wore mini skirts, was self-entitled, bossy, and acted like a dumb valley girl even though she was almost as smart as Velma. I believe you would be Velma."

I look at him oddly. "I think I'll take that as a compliment. Let me guess, Scott would be Freddy, and Isaac was Shaggy only they switched wardrobes. Was Derek Scooby? I don't think Roscoe would like being compared to the Mystery Machine."
Peter laughs. "Definitely a compliment, as it was intended, Little One." I smile at his pet name for me. "Scooby took great enjoyment from the antics of the gang and never directly confronted anyone or anything until there was no other choice and he always caught the bad guy, mistake or not. I think that sounds like me." *I laugh at the picture in my head of Peter as Scooby.*

Morrell stands next to Deaton and sets her bottle down on the table next to her. Deaton picks it up, opens it and takes a deep sip, drinking half of the bottle. Morrell turns away to hide her smirk.

*That's odd. I look at Peter with an arched brow. He knows something's up. He's got an evil smile on his face.*

I ask, "What did you do?"

He smiles evilly. "You'll see very soon. Amazing that you so quickly added me to that scenario. I love the way your mind works."

I shrug as I lean towards him intently. "You acted like you knew why she was acting like that and was surprised I keyed in on that bottle. I took a leap and figured you have something to do with it. I don't understand why Morrell would jump on your ship, against her family, but that's neither here nor there." I stop and look at him. "I..." *I never said anything about what the Nogitsune showed me. Braeden?*
Peter says, "I think this is about to be the big reveal." He laughs as we go back to watching the camera feed.

Scott and Liam are arguing over who could be the last chimera.

I get annoyed. "I told Scott at the beginning of the whole mess, it's got to be Mason."

Melissa stalks in, glaring angrily at Scott. She slaps him across the face with a resounding slap and everyone stops and looks at Scott.

I say, "Holy shit! I have never seen her raise a hand to him, even when he deserved it. What did he do?"

Peter looks just as shocked as me. "That was a long time coming. I hadn't counted on Melissa being there."

Scott just looks at her in shock as he rubs his red cheek that is already healing. "Mom, what the hell?"

She angrily says, "after what you did to Stiles, you deserve a lot worse than that. He was like your brother. Here's the deed to the house. Stiles paid it off a couple of years ago, not as if you would notice. I leave in less than two weeks. Don't try to find me. I'm leaving here before you get me killed like you did Stiles."

He yells, "What?! What are you talking about?"

Deaton grabs his stomach and groans in pain.

Morrell smiles darkly. "It's about time that poison worked." She holds up a vial. "If you want the antidote, tell them everything you did to the Hales, Stiles, and Scott. From the Hale fire to telling Theo to kill Stiles and Scott and beyond."
I mutter. "She said the antidote, not this antidote. She doesn't intend to give him the cure."

Peter looks at me as he huffs. "You are so very astute. I'm impressed."

I smile at the compliment. Peter is behind whatever is going on and knews Deaton's going to die.

Scott steps back in shock and says, "what? What is going on? Wait! The Hale Fire? No! That was Kate and Gerard!"

Morrell says, "Deaton's my grandfather not my brother and Gerard worked for him not the other way around."

Deaton groans in pain and says, "How could you poison me. Your grandfather?"

She says "you killed your son and my father. How long before you have me killed?"

Melissa holds a hand to her mouth in shock.

Liam says, "I told you Stiles wasn't a killer." He glares at Deaton. "Everything you and Theo told me about Scott and packs was a lie, wasn't it?"

Scott looks lost and betrayed. He must have realized how grave of a mistake he made. "Oh, my God? I fucked up!"

Deaton groans in pain and says "alright. I fed on the Nogitsune to stay young, ever since 1950. I promised it Stiles as a host, in exchange it was supposed to kill all of Scott's friends and family so I could control him easier. I didn't count on Peter risking his life to save Stiles or Stiles letting Peter into their mind. You and Satomi couldn't get in, that wasn't supposed to happen. I didn't know Stiles is in love with Peter."

I squirm as I see Peter stiffen from my peripheral vision.
Scott says, "he's not gay. He's been after Lydia since we were eight. He can't love Peter."

Melissa says "since you were eight. He's over several years younger than you are and Lydia was his rival, not his love interest. He is gay. I figured that out a long time ago. You haven't seen him dance with Danny."

Scott is making the fish face of shock.

Deaton says, "Talia stopped listening to me, so I arranged Laura and Kate to meet and fall in love with a little magic potion I put in their Gatorade at a basketball game. They were on opposite teams. Getting them together when they drank it was rather difficult."

Peter and I look at each other.

I say, "they didn't know a potion was involved in falling for each other. Kate did say it was love at first sight, though."

Deaton continues, "on my suggestion; they killed the Hales so they could be together. I manipulated Jennifer into giving drugs to Peter to have his wolf take over. I got you and Stiles to watch Stand by Me. I hoped it would be him that was bit by an insane Peter, but he brought you with him and then covered for you, leaving you to get bitten by Peter. I wanted him as the werewolf and not you."

I look at Peter as I ask, "he wanted me to be the werewolf? Why?"

Peter says, "you would have evolved into a true Alpha long before Scott did."

I look at him in shock. "A true Alpha? Me?" He nods with a proud smile on his face. "How would he manipulate me as a werewolf?" I freeze as it dawns on me. "He would have used Scott and my dad to control me."

Deaton continues "I pulled strings and got Chris assigned here so Allison could distract you from Stiles. I kept whispering in your ear that no human could have better instincts than a werewolf or a druid so don't listen to him. He's always wrong even when he's always right."
Melissa says, "it was Stiles that always figured everything out and he always suspected you of being Mephistopheles. He said you were always lurking around and knew things you shouldn't and you were too vague to be helpful."

Liam says, "Stiles said you were always using double speak and too formulaic to be helpful. Stiles said that when you did help you sabotaged it, as you did at The Jungle by not providing enough mountain ash to encircle the club."

Melissa says, "Stiles said Deaton was the only victim that was able to call and say he was being taken, surrounded by mountain ash and held in the bank vault that you knew about. Stiles says the entire thing was staged."

Deaton says, "I staged it all. I was never taken by the darach. I tried to push Scott into becoming a true Alpha, but he hesitated. If Stiles hadn't figured it out and sent the Sheriff, I could have died because I gave you too much credit."

Morrell says, "I was the emissary for the Alpha pack and I was talking with Deaton on a constant basis. I warned him they were coming, but he didn't want to warn you or Stiles because he didn't want to worry you about the future you couldn't change. Let you enjoy the present while you could."

Deaton vomits black goo and continues, "I knew where the Nemeton was all along and Stiles caught me on it. He figured out a lot more than that. That's why I told Theo to kill him. He turned Donovan into a Windigo and told him if he wants to hurt the Sheriff he needs to kill Stiles. The blood on the wrench was Stiles' blood. He accidentally stabbed the Windigo, then tried to help him, even though it sought to kill him and promised to kill his dad next."
I say, "I knew he was involved in that. Someone besides the Dread Doctors was pulling Theo's strings."

He continues, "I had to have him out of the way because the Nogitsune didn't trust me and told him I was a threat to Scott and Peter."

Melissa says, "I often played Holmes to his Watson. He just needes someone to hear his theories so he could see if he was missing anything. I know a lot more about what's going on than you think."

Scott looks shocked, so Melissa plays a copy of the video from the library for Scott. He asks, "is Stiles dead? Is that why we haven't seen him?"

Morrell speaks up and says, "Stiles did die, several hours before Allison did. He didn't have anything to do with her death. That was just a wedge Deaton devised to separate you from Stiles even further than Allison already did. Deaton wanted you dependent on him. Peter and Lydia brought me Stiles' body. Peter had to plead with Stiles' spirit to come back for his dad's sake. Being dead for that long meant he was feeble and dehydrated, so we brought him to your mom to treat."

Deaton says, "that's how they communicated. Anyone that's been dead for over an hour can still see and hear the dead. They used ghosts to talk to each other. I knew I should've locked him up with Peter."

Morrell says, "what he means is anyone that came back from the dead by magic can still see and hear the dead. They don't lose that ability when they return to the land of the living."

Scott looks at Deaton in confusion. He says, "in the supernatural prison? He didn't break any laws."

Morrell says "it's not a prison. That's a place Deaton created to lock up supernaturals that are a threat to him, personally, or don't obey him. Peter never broke any laws. He challenged you for the Alpha power. He wanted to separate you from Stiles and Malia because he saw you as a threat to them. If he wanted to kill you, he could have easily done that at any time."

Deaton says, I'm the one that brought the Dread Doctors here. We genetically modified the beast so that he obeys me. I put a toxin in the vat that holds the elixir they use for their immortality, and I give them small doses of antidote to keep them alive without curing the poison. Once the last chimera is taken over by the beast, I'll give them the full dose of poison and kill them forever. They think I will give them the cure then."

Liam asks, "so if something happens to you, they can't get their partial antidote and they'll die? I say we let Deaton die and all of our problems in Beacon Hills, except Theo, will disappear."
Scott says, "we aren't killers, I'm not killing anyone."

Liam says, "we wouldn't be killing him, we just wouldn't save him."

Scott looks like someone just killed his puppy. He tries to make a call, and Melissa says, "it's too late. When you told Stiles to get out, he left town. His phone was on the bed with a note saying you called him a murderer, not to talk to your pack, and to get out. He left that video, so we'd know he isn't. Who told you he's a killer?"

Scott says "Theo!"

Liam asks, "The same Theo that Deaton ordered to kill Stiles and is supposed to kill you next? He told me I have to kill you if I want to be with Hayden because you won't allow me to be with her. You're like the other Alphas, and only the Alpha can have a mate."

THEO, SCOTT AND LIAM

Scott looks shocked. "That's what you were referring to when you asked him if what he told you about packs was a lie?"

Morrell says, "it's not necessarily a lie. If a pack's territory is not stable and has threats, only the Alpha and their mate are allowed to procreate, unless you get permission from the Alpha. You've already shown your pack that your booty calls with first Allison and then Kira are more important than the rest of your pack. You actively encourage the others not to partner up. That shows you're the only one that can have a sexual partner in your pack."

Scott looks shocked and facepalms. "Stiles told me that in a roundabout way. I thought he was jealous of me. I figured it was a joke or something else he got off of Google."

Morrell says, "Stiles never used Google! When he showed you stuff, was it from a book, or on the computer?"

Scott thinks about it. "When he told me what triggers the change he was reading from an old book."

Morrell says, "Stiles was always right because he went to werewolves and witches to get the answers, and has old books he collected to find the answers. I pointed him to a few lone witches that could teach him how to use the powers he inherited from his mother. He's a natural witch. A powerful Earth Witch. I've been told he can grow any herb you want, without seeds, or fertilizer."

Deaton angrily says, "you helped him get trained? I told you not to train him. He's too powerful. The good thing is if you're a witch your body rejects the bite. That means he can't be a wolf. He's
not going to be as big of a threat to me as a witch as he would have been as a wolf that then learned how to use his magick."

Melissa says, "Stiles is one of those people that as soon as you tell him he can't do something, he finds a way to do it, just to prove you wrong."

Deaton groans and doubles over in pain. He asks for the antidote. She drops it on the ground and stomps on it. "I can't watch you kill any more packs, grandfather. I want my freedom from you."

Braeden saunters in and points a gun at Deaton. "You're the one that called the Desert Wolf and told her how to find Malia, to kill her. You're trying to kill off all of Scott's pack. Enjoy your stay in hell." She shoots him and turns around "I have to protect Malia for Stiles."

Scott snidely says, "his girlfriend?"

Braeden slaps Scott's face. "No. Stiles is gay and she's like a sister to him. He took responsibility for her because your actions got her locked in Eichen House. He was tortured both times he was in there by the same bastard. Brunski is torturing and killing patients. He didn't want that to happen to her. As usual, he was cleaning up your mess because you just go on without giving a damn about the results of your actions. So fuck you!" She turns and walks out the back door.

Deaton's body turns into an old man before becoming a pile of dust.

Liam says, "that was so cool. I guess he's really dead now."

Melissa says, "I hate to say it, but I'm glad he's dead."

Scott looks at Melissa and says, "I screwed up. Nothing I did can be undone or corrected."

Melissa says, "maybe if you listen when people try to tell you things instead of ignoring them because they're not you, you might get somewhere. Stiles said at the very beginning who the other Chimera was. I was there. He said it was Mason. Stiles was never wrong. He was right about Matt, Gerard, Deucalion, Jennifer, Derek, and Peter. Check the trunk of Mason's car for the blood-soaked shoes. I'm leaving Beacon Hills while I'm still alive. Do you want me to pass on any messages when we find Stiles?"

Scott looks down before saying, "tell Stiles I've always been a self-centered brat, he was right, and I was always too stuck up to think a human could know something I didn't. I hurt him so many times because I ignored him and belittled him. I never deserved his friendship, and I didn't realize how special it was until I destroyed it and everyone else pointed out what I should've known all
along. He'd never kill someone. He'd make them wish he did. I never protected him. I knew Deucalion was going to kill him after the lunar eclipse and I did nothing. Tell him I hope he's happy because he deserves to have someone treat him like the treasure he is."

Everyone leaves the vet's office.

I turn to Peter. "Wow! Deaton's dead. You're safe now. Scott's not going to find me. He's going after Theo and Mason. He *might* survive the fight."

Peter lifts my chin to look in my eyes, "we are safe. *We* don't have to hide anymore. He's right. You *are* a treasure, I've always known it, and I will always protect you."

I blush and turn away in nervousness and shut down the laptop. I curl into his side as we go back to watching TV.
A few hours later

We're locking up the house to go to bed when I turn around and see a woman standing there. "Jesus! Who are you?"
Peter is instantly between us.

She says, "I'm Corrine, the Desert Wolf. Malia's mother. I need to say Peter's not her father. Peter couldn't have sex with me because I have the wrong equipment and he was too young. It was important to Deaton's and Talia's plan to weaken me by having a child, so Deaton had sex with me. Malia is Deaton's daughter. She's grown into a strong and beautiful woman. Let her know I'm proud of her."

Peter says, "we will. Thank you for telling me the truth. I appreciate it."

She fades away, and the sudden indoor wind tells us she crossed over.
I hug Peter. "Deaton is Malia's father. She's not going to like that." I sigh as I lean into him and ask, "do you still want Malia in your pack even if she's not a blood relative?"

Peter thinks and says, "our pack and yes. She's a worthy addition. Let's go to bed. It's late, you have work tomorrow, and it looks like your dad will be here tomorrow sometime."

We head up to bed, and I snuggle against his chest. I'm nervous that I might soon lose him.
I wake up to Peter clutching me to his chest, nervously. I turn and place my hand on his neck to
   calm him as I look up at him. "What's the matter? Are you alright?"
He calms down a little and cards his long fingers through my hair before saying, "I can't let him take you away from me. I don't want to lose you. I don't want you to leave me here, alone, and go back to Scott or Beacon Hills. Tell me I'm just insecure?"

I wrap my arms around his chest as I say, "you're insecure. I'd never go back to Beacon Hills or Scott. I'm happy with my life here. I haven't been this happy in a long time. I hadn't slept through the night, in almost a year. You make me feel safe and protected. I won't leave you. I promise." My heart is steady and calms him a little.

He wraps his arms around my waist and squeezes me as he buries his nose in my neck, breathing in my scent to calm his wolf. We lie here cuddling for about half an hour until the alarm goes off.

"Peter? If dad offers us the chance to be ourselves, would you want to go back to being Peter Hale?"

He thinks and says, "yes. Life would be easier."

I say, "I can add a spell to our medallions so that when we take them off, everyone that knows us like this will only remember our actual name and face. I can fix it, so the paperwork shows only Ranger Stilinski lives and works here."

Peter says, "do it."

I add the spell to our medallions, we get up and start our day.

Peter strips and presses his warm naked body against me in his usual morning tight embrace before he goes on his run. I love how his naked body feels against mine. I wish he'd kiss me already.

I have breakfast ready on the table when he returns, and we eat in a comfortable silence.

As we finish the cleanup, I get a call from my boss. "Hello?"

"Wes? Something came up this morning, and I need you to drive into the office instead of Marco picking you up for patrol. He'll meet you here."

I raise my eyebrow in surprise. "Okay, boss" and I hang up.

Peter says, "I bet that has something to do with your dad. I'll drive you in. Just in case he was followed, or it's a trick or something."

I say, "okay, Peter." I can tell he's surprised I didn't argue with him.

Before I go upstairs to get dressed, I get a sip of my coconut water I keep in the fridge. I know Peter won't touch it. He doesn't like coconut, and he doesn't know it has my WPMP in it. I don't want to be taken unawares by dad or enemies. Just in case.
We walk into the office, and I smell my dad somewhere close. He's trying to hide his scent with ammonia and bleach. As soon as we're halfway across the office, my father walks out of my boss's office.

Peter's instantly in front of me, doing a fantastic job of not growling and roaring at him.

*I smell his agitation and unease at my dad's presence and his attempt to hide his scent.*

Dad holds up his hands. "Easy Peter. I'm not going to hurt him. I came here to talk to him. Calm down."

I grab Peter's upper arm, and he steps back into me and relaxes his stance. He's still wary but no longer a split second away from attacking anyone.

Peter says, "you'll have to excuse me if I err on the side of caution. We do have someone out there that wants us dead."

Dad says, "he's dead and Scott figured out they lied to him. He didn't think my son would leave. Stiles, I see you mastered glamours. Your mother was good at them as well."

I arch my eyebrow in surprise. "How do you know I'm using a glamour and how would mom know how to use them?"

Dad holds up his hand with the wedding ring. Your mother was a Witch, and she put a spell on my ring to see through any glamour. "Neither of you has to hide. You're safe. You can be yourselves."

Peter and I look at each other, and he nods to me. We remove our medallions and go back to being Wilksiezycawyc Stilinski and Peter Hale.

Dad says, "can we sit down and talk, in the office?"

I nod and we move to the office and take a seat. Peter stands next to me.

Ranger Niksos tells Marco to patrol with his old partner today.

Dad says, "you look good, son. You look better than you did the last time I saw you. You gained the weight back, and you appear to be sleeping again."

I nod towards Peter. "He makes sure I eat and he keeps my nightmares away. Are you taking care of yourself?"
Dad side-eyes me at the subject change and the attempt to talk about him and not me. He wearily says, "I wish you'd told me half of the things I discovered lately. You protected me at the expense of yourself. I want you to let me try to defend you. Father's should protect their sons."

He takes a deep breath before continuing, "It killed me to find out how abused and misused you've been, and I never had a clue. After your mom died, I buried my head in the sand and never looked back, until I realized I lost you. I don't ever want to have that feeling again."

I say, "if I didn't protect you, I don't think you'd still be alive. I didn't want you to die. I didn't mind living with your ghost as long as I knew you were still alive."

Dad says, "I should be protecting you! That's my job, and I failed it miserably. Can you ever forgive me? Can you let me try to rebuild the relationship we haven't had since before your mom got sick? I want to be your dad again. You should have had me there for you, not my ghost."

I nod. "Okay. I'd like that, as long as it's here. I can't go back. That's the thing, Dad. I'm not your job. I'm your son. I would hope you want to be my dad because of me and not because it's your job or obligation."

Dad says, "I do want to be your father. I know I need to earn that privilege. I put in my two-week notice in Beacon Hills. I'm handing the reigns over to Parish. Your boss," he motions to Ranger Niksos, "is retiring in 6 months and offered me the job as her replacement. She'll train me, starting in two weeks, if that's okay with you?"

I smile and bear hug him. "That's fine with me. I'd like to have you around."

Dad says, "Melissa will come with me. It's not safe in Beacon Hills for her."

I smile happily and fist bump as I say, "Yes!"

Dad says, "I have one more thing to discuss with you. Have you noticed how insanely protective Peter is of you?"

Peter sassily says, "why does everyone always have to use that word as a descriptor about me? I'm not insane, anymore. I'm much healthier now."

I look at Peter with a soft smile as I say, "I noticed, but we're pack. I'm the weakest member, so he gets a little overprotective." I hold up my fingers to show a tiny space.
Peter wraps me in a fierce hug, glares and says, "you're not the weakest and you never were!"

Dad smiles and says, "that's not overprotective, son. That's love. He's in love with you, and I can see that you're just as much in love with him as he is with you."

My jaw drops in shock as I say "no ... he doesn't love me like that. He can't! Right, Peter?"

Peter says, "yes I do! I'm deeply in love with you and have been for a long time."

I look at him and say, "but you never said anything or made any move?"

Peter says, "I'm planning on making a grand gesture on the full moon."

I say, "why would you have to wait until the full moon?" Then it occurs to me. The WMPM can only be crafted on the full moon and prevents bite rejection. "Oh! But I have that on hand, why would you need to wait?"

Peter says, "I want to make my own, so I can show you how much I want you, how much I'm willing to do for you, so that we can be together."

I smile softly at him as I say, "Okay. I can wait. I want to see what you have planned." I lean into his shoulder as I say, "But we need to talk a little more in-depth about it later."

He smiles and says, "agreed."
Dad tells Ranger Niksos he'll take the job. They do the hiring paperwork and set Monday, May 28th as his first day of work.

"My dad will be my boss! Wonder how that will turn out?"

I ask dad, "how long are you staying?"

He says, "a couple of days. I need to find a place to live and a car. Where can I find a good motel around here?"

I shake my head. "We have plenty of room. You're staying with us! The cabin behind ours foreclosed years ago. It could be perfect for you. The one behind that, I'm looking at for Malia, when she decides to come out. She wants to deal with her mom first."

Dad says, "I'd like staying with you. If it won't be too awkward? Won't it be a little strained to have Peter's daughter staying nearby? She's older than you are."

Peter says, "she's Deaton's daughter. I grew close to her when I thought she was mine. Stiles took responsibility for her because Scott's actions caused her to live with a human family that couldn't deal with the supernatural and locked her in an asylum. I'm not sure she knows her parentage yet."

Dad's jaw drops in surprise. That wasn't something he expected to hear.

Ranger Niksos tells me to show dad around town and take the rest of the day off.

I suggest, "let's go back to our cabin, drop off your car, and I'll show you the nearby cabin. We can go out to eat in town and get some extra groceries and supplies."

Dad agrees, but Peter says, "not that I don't trust you Sheriff, but I'd feel better if Stiles is in the car with me on the way back to our place." He pulls me into a firm, protective, one-armed hug.

Dad smiles, holds his hands up in surrender, and says "okay."
We drive back home with dad following behind us. Once we start on the trip home, I say "Peter? Now that we're alone, we can talk. I researched mating. Werewolves only mate with werewolves, so you want to turn me first. I don't understand why we can't be together before then. I've wanted you to kiss me for a long time."

Peter thinks for a few minutes and replies with, "I don't just want to fuck you. I want to make love to you and claim you as my mate. If we start kissing ... I don't think I can control myself, because I want you so much. I don't want to hurt you. I love you. I want to seduce you, and have you needing to be turned, mated and claimed. You're too strong of a temptation for me. Let me wait until the full moon, and I'll make our first kiss something you'll never forget!"

*His heart never blips, and I smell sincerity.* I lean my head against his shoulder as I say, "I understand. I just wanted to know why you don't want to kiss me now?" I smile at him as I say, "I believe you. You don't make promises you can't keep."

He pats my leg, inhales and says, "you smell like vanilla and honey. I noticed it before, but the scent comes and goes? I don't understand?"

I chuckle. "That's the smell of me on Nightblooming Wolfsbane. I noticed it about six months ago."

Peter looks at me curiously. "The potion? You wanted to ensure your dad didn't surprise us? If you noticed that scent months ago, then that means you can use the werewolf sense of smell. You more than likely can also see and hear as we do as well. Can you?" He looks at me, waiting for an answer.

I calmly say, "yes. I can. I'm not supposed to be able to do that, so I don't volunteer that information."

Peter says, "that means you've been taking it long enough to build it up in your body and your chances of rejection have dropped. It's still not 100%, and I'm not taking any chances with your life."

I look at him and ask, "where did you hear that? That's not in any of my books."

He says, "I have an ancient family book on magical herbs. The author believes Lykaon created it as a balance for the other wolfsbanes. He named it a type of Wolfsbane so Zeus wouldn't destroy it. It kills your resistance to an Alpha's bite. It's not Wolfsbane building up in your body. It's lycanthropy. That's why you have more of our abilities when you take the potion."

I look at him as I think it over. "Is this what I'd smell like as a werewolf?"

He says, "that's possible. My wolf and I love your smell."
At our house, I pick up dad's bag, and Peter takes it from me.

Dad just laughs.

I lead my father inside and say, "we have several guests rooms, but I think you'll like the attic best. I have it set up for a long-term stay. It's the biggest guest room and has a full bathroom."

We show him all the guestrooms on the way to the attic.

He loves the attic room, and I smile happily.

He puts up his stuff and washes up a little before coming downstairs. We drive him to the cabin behind ours to let him see it. He thought right behind us meant 50 yards or so not a little over a mile.

Peter points out, "we're secluded here. We supernaturals like our privacy."

Dad wants to see the inside, but it's locked.

I use my telekinesis to open the door, with a little bit of balking from dad, and let him look around. He likes it.

I lock it back up like a good citizen. It's a good place for him and Melissa to start their life together. My words, not his.

He'll talk to the bank about it tomorrow.

Peter wants to look at the little house I'm thinking of for Malia.

It's another mile behind this one. We look around, and I point out coyote tracks. There's a den about 75 yards from the back door. She'll love it.

We get back in my SUV, and Peter drives us into town to eat at Big Trees Lodge. He's wanted to take me there for a while now.

We all love the place. Dad wants to take Melissa on their first date.

Big Trees Lodge

Later that night
After supper, my laptop chimes and I check the alert.

It's an email from Malia.

She sold the house, and the move out date is next Friday. She wants to know if Peter will let her join our pack and move near us.

I say, "Peter? This email is more for the head of our pack than me."

I hand him my laptop. *I'm proud of myself for not giving away he's an Alpha, my Alpha.*

They email back and forth to each other for about 20 minutes while dad and I talk about him being my boss.

Since I have my name back, I want to go to college nearby, to be a nurse.

Peter looks over at us and says "you realize it doesn't matter if you get a scholarship or not because I'll pay for it. Take whatever courses you want, wherever you want?"

I look at him and dad says, "take it, Stiles. I'd offer to pay also, but don't know what my financial situation is going to be. I have to ask the bank what the pay off on the house is. You handled all my bills and finances for years, so I'm not sure how much I still owe, so it can be paid off with whatever offer I get."

I look down, shuffle my toe around and mutter "it's paid off. The payments you've been making go into a retirement fund for you, for the last few years."

Dad narrows his eyes at me suspiciously before asking "how did you do that?"

I shrug. "I gave them your payment on the first and I made a payment on the 15th which paid it off three times faster."

Dad asks, "where did you get enough money to make the $600 payments?"

I say "$675. Did you honestly think I was going to school at 5 am every morning? My first class didn't start until 11 or 1pm on late starts. I had a job stocking shelves, and I also sold a bunch of my paintings. I used my paintings to pay off Melissa's house."

Dad says "I thought you used the money Peter gave you for that."

I shake my head and say "The only things I used that on was the disposable car I drove out of town in and my SUV."

Peter taps his chin as he says "what paintings, I wonder? You hung out at the hospital a lot. I noticed your scent there when I woke up from my coma. There was this beautiful painting of a wolf on a moonlit lake hanging in my room. I bought it from the director. It's in my storage unit. The painter's initials are WS. Are you the artist that painted that? I've been trying to track him down since then, to commission a painting. All they'd tell me is he's underage and sells his paintings through the auction house or the hospital director commissions a particular theme for a wing of the hospital. The theme for my wing was that lake."
I blush and nervously say "yeah, that was one I painted for mom's room. You were in her old room. She had an affinity for wolves."

Peter happily smiles as he says "well isn't this a pleasant surprise? I wanted to get a duplicate of one of the paintings I saw a picture of at the auction house."

I shrug my shoulders and say, "I have scrapbooks of my paintings in my upstairs library."

Peter just looks at me strangely while dad ask, "what library? I didn't see a library, and you gave me a tour of the cabin."

I say, "Sorry. I meant my secret library."
I look at them and smirk. I say, "see if you can find it."

Peter says, "I haven't seen a library besides these books. Can you please show us this library?"

I get up and walk over to the bookcase and open it to reveal a set of stairs that double as bookcases.
I motion for them to follow me and go upstairs to my library of old books I gathered from all of my
research. Dad is in awe and Peter is surprised he never noticed this. I say "this is my library. I used
Doctor Who as my inspiration on how to hie my library. I love books, especially old books. These
albums on this shelf are my scrapbooks of all of my paintings. If I painted it, it's in one of these
albums."

Peter starts looking through the photos.
Dad looks around at my books. He finds the first edition of Grims Fairy Tales, Wild Fang, and Doyle's The White Company. Dad says "I've read several of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's books but I've never heard of The White Company, and it's a series?"

Peter about breaks his neck coming over to look at it. "Now I see why you kept this room hidden. There were only 750 of these made. It sells for a minimum of 5,000 GBP or like $6,000 US dollars. This series is a medieval romance that's also an in-depth research on 14th-century English mercenary warfare in Spain and France. I'd love to read this. I've only heard about it in rumors. I've never seen it. Can I read this?"

I smile at him as I say, "of course. You can read any of my books. I know I don't have to tell you to be careful with them."

He says, "I found the painting I've been trying to identify. I need you to tell me about this picture." He shows me a picture of the dream wolf.

I say, "the dream wolf. After mom died, when I was abused or alone and isolated, I started seeing this in my dreams. The more abusive and isolated I became, the more I saw it. The only time I didn't feel bad about myself was in my dreams when I saw this wolf. I got to where I didn't want to wake up. I remember taking some of my mom's sleeping pills so I wouldn't wake up. Scott found
me and called Melissa."

I turn so I'm not directly looking at either one of them as I continue to talk about it. "It's hard for an eight-year-old kid to explain they weren't trying to kill themselves they just didn't want to wake up anymore. I suppose it sounds like I was. Maybe I was. I don't know."

I shake my head "They fucked me up in Eichen House with all the Haldol and Thorazine and everything else they made me take. That's when I started drawing and painting. Morrell got me my first sketchbook."

Peter says, "this wolf, isn't a dream wolf. That's MY wolf, Eclipse. About ten years ago I was dreaming about a young boy that needed my protection, but I couldn't understand what protection he needed. Morrell told me that was my future mate."

Dad and I are looking at Peter in shock.

Dad says, "so when Stiles wasn't coping with his mom's death and in Eichen, his subconscious reached out to his mate for help or stability and found you. You didn't know each other, so it was in your dreams?"

Peter says, "I believe so. I always noticed Stiles scent calmed my wolf and it seemed familiar but different. I didn't connect the smell of those dreams to you until you dropped the shielding magic you used to hide your magic scent from the pack. That's when I realized who you are, we do have a chance, and I need to do something to attract you. That's when I started trying to figure out a grand gesture for you."

I try reiterating what Peter's saying because it's possible. "So that's why you acted oddly when I dropped my scent scrubbers."

Peter says, "it shocked me because I convinced myself those were just dreams and that young boy was just a fantasy my subconscious was torturing me with."

Dad says, "I guess you both found each other."

Peter says, "Stiles? By the way? How far out did you pay my rental unit in Beacon Hills?"

I shrug and say, "two years. They probably think you're in jail because of it."

Peter says, "I want to get my things. When Malia's ready to come out, I'll get her and my stuff. The refund should more than pay for the rental truck."

I hear dad's stomach growl. I say, "that's my cue to make dinner. You guys look around while I cook."

I head down to the kitchen. I place an appetizer of Smoked Salmon Vichyssoise on the counter. Just in case it's too exotic for dad, I also set Squash Soup in baby Pumpkin Bowls next to it.
I put a pitcher of strawberry basil lemonade and some chilled glasses next to it.
I set the Mini Chicken (*read Deer*) Potpies on the counter as they walk into the kitchen.
Dad is eyeing the Vichyssoise suspiciously, so I smile at him and say, "it's okay dad. I don't expect you to try it or like it. Stay with the safer, more mundane, squash soup in baby pumpkins."

I drink down one of the Vichyssoise as does Peter.

Peter says, "the Roe adds a little something extra to this. It's magnificent as always, Little One. John, you may not like the Roe. It is more of an acquired taste. You could try one without the Roe or just stay with the squash."

Dad asks, "what's Roe?"

I say, "salmon eggs." I hold up one of the bowls "this is smoked salmon vichyssoise. Peter and I eat a lot of things that you're not going to like or even want to try. That's why I made the squash also."

Dad surprises us and tries a Smoked Salmon Vichyssoise with the Roe. He eats two of them and says, "it is unbelievable. I haven't had a good one since I met your mom in Poland."

I smile happily.

Dad says, "I just never had a clue what the little red thingies were. Your mother told me it was gelatin drops, but I could tell she was not truthful with me." He drinks a glass of the lemonade and says, "the basil makes it very refreshing. You are an excellent cook, son. What's those pastry things?"

I say, "Mini Chicken Potpies, just a different meat than chicken."

He eats one and says, "fantastic! Deer?"

Peter says, "yes, I was out on an errand and got hungry with the long distance running, so I took down a deer, and what I didn't eat, I harvested for us to eat."

Dad asks, "you ran all the way to Beacon Hills and talked to Morrell and Braeden and then ran back?"
Peter nods in surprise. "I see where Stiles gets his brilliant Sherlockian mind."

John laughs and says, "I can understand why you were so hungry."

We talk as we eat and then they send me into the living room while they clean up since I cooked.

There's a Michael J. Fox marathon.

The three of us watch Back to the future. All of them, and Teen Wolf. The sequel wasn't as funny.

Peter goes upstairs and comes back down a few minutes later in a robe. He hugs me and goes out for his run. I'm surprised Peter's modest. Maybe he figures his future father-in-law doesn't want to see how big his dick is. When he comes back in, we head to bed. Dad flips channels for a while before going to sleep himself.
FRIDAY
May 18th

John wakes up first and makes coffee. He wants to talk to Peter and doesn't want to wait.

He stealthily creeps into Stiles' room where he sees Peter curled around him protectively. He steps closer to the bed.

Peter wakes with a start, pulls Stiles closer and shields him with his body as he raises his head with glowing red eyes and growls menacingly before recognizing John.

Peter's eyes and fangs shift back as John motions for him to follow him.

John whispers "we need to talk."

Peter tucks Stiles in as he climbs out of bed in his sweatpants and follows John down to the kitchen. *Good thing they don't sleep naked!*

John pours them both coffee as he asks "how long have you been an Alpha?"

Peter sees no reason to lie to his future father-in-law. He shrugs. "I never lost the Alpha power."
John arches his eyebrow in surprise. "I take it Stiles knows."

Peter arches his brow as if to say 'Duh!' "Of course. I didn't realize he knew until he asked me if I'd start a pack of my own. He realized immediately. I easily deceived the others, but not him."

peter and dad talk

John says "he's a very intuitive boy, sorry, man. It's hard to believe my little boy is all grown up and in love with a man or werewolf that'll probably marry him. Stiles always figures out everything but never says anything."

He takes a sip of his coffee as he remembers a few things. "After Gerard hurt my boy and I noticed the hurt look he gave Scott, I searched his computer and found everything he had on the Hale fire and Gerard. I understand why you would go insane and kill all of those people."

Peter says, "It killed me when I saw how badly Gerard tortured him and no one noticed, but you and Melissa. I think that hurt him more than being tortured did. Scott didn't believe Gerard would do that. Later, Scott knew Deucalion planned to kill Stiles after he killed Jennifer, but made no move to stop him. After her death, he merely told Deucalion to leave town, but didn't ensure he did. I stayed near Stiles to keep him safe in case Deucalion went after him."

John says "I can't verify any of that information. It's hard to believe that Scott was that trusting of someone that planned to kill all of us and take him. Even Superman had enough sense to arrest Lex Luthor and not just let him walk free after what he did to everyone."

Peter waits as John takes a sip of his coffee as he thinks about the files on Stiles' cloud.

John says, "I wish to God that I had checked his cloud then. I'd have ensured the justice Harris deserved fell on his head and buried him."

Peter bites out with pure hatred and red eyes, "if I had known what that arrogant, contemptible bastard did to him I'd have hunted him down and you would have seen a true animal attack. I'd have slowly dismembered him while he was awake to feel it. I still haven't convinced Stiles he's innocent and did nothing to provoke that bastard."
John takes a sip of coffee and looks down at his crossed ankles in contemplation before stating, "Peter? Take this however you want." He looks up at him and says, "I love my son, and if you ever hurt him, I will shoot you full of wolfsbane. I won't even feel bad about it."

Peter dryly says, "duly noted. I love him, and I'll never hurt him. I never have." He looks into John's eyes intently as he says "I won't let anyone else hurt him either. That includes you!"

John says, "I'm his father. I don't intend to hurt him."

Peter says, "You already have, once. He can't take it again."

John says, "Stiles is a strong, self-confident young man and I don't want you hurting him."

Peter angrily takes a step forward and says, "not right now he's not! Scott broke him! The only reason he didn't commit suicide is he remembers me pleading with him that his death would kill you. He's always waiting for betrayal and abandonment. I won't let anyone else hurt him the way Scott did. Not even you! Don't promise to rebuild a relationship with him and then change your mind. If you betray him, I won't be able to save him from himself. I can't lose him like that!"

John says, "I fucked up and I want to make a fresh start with him here. I do see how you are with him, and I know you love him. I hope it's enough to focus on him and not power."

Peter snarls, "I do not need power or status. Stiles is all I will ever need or have needed since I regained my sanity. I wasn't after power. I was trying to protect him from Scott, himself and neglect."

John confusedly says in a halting voice, "he doesn't seem like that at all! He seems confident, happy and stable."

Peter says, "after dealing with Scott always sniffing after Allison, and being expected to hide how much they hurt him, he's good at hiding it. I smell how he feels, and I pay attention to how he's feeling. I'm working to protect him and stabilize him. He doesn't like people seeing his weaknesses."

John asks, "Allison?"

When Peter nods, he shakes his head in disbelief. "Scott's been dumping on him that long?"

Peter says, "Yes. He ignored Stiles for Allison, consistently. Did Stiles tell you about the pool incident?"

When John shakes his head, he sighs in frustration.
Peter takes a calming breath and calmly says, "Allison gives Stiles Gerard's keys, so he can break into Gerard's office to find the Argent bestiary that Deaton suggests he steal. Scott then goes to the Argent house with Allison, leaving Stiles in Gerard's office, alone!"

He feels himself getting angry at Scott all over again and takes a deep breath. He sips his coffee to steady his control. "Scott didn't check to see if Stiles got out, found the bestiary, or even if he was okay. I mean he just broke into the master hunter's office, someone should have made sure he was okay."

John says, "anyone with common sense would have checked on their partner, not to mention their best friend."

Peter says, "exactly. Stiles wasn't very high on his priorities list, and he knew it. Several hours later, no one's seen or heard from Stiles. I look for him in the last place anyone saw him, the school. I check Gerard's monitors in the school to find him."

He takes another calming breath as he thinks about Stiles nearly dying because of Scott. "He's holding up a paralyzed Derek, who weighs over 80 lbs more than he does, in the pool that's seven feet deep, for over two and a half hours. Did I mention that Stiles was still in full Lacrosse gear with a sweatsuit over it?"

John looks at him, surprised as he realizes that's one of the games he went to see Stiles play and he was MIA. "I get the idea. I don't think most humans could or would do that for anyone."

Peter shakes his head. "No, they wouldn't. Stiles is special. He drops Derek to call Scott. When he gets Scott on the phone, Scott says 'I'm busy' and hangs up on him. Stiles throws his phone to the bottom of the pool in anger and dives down to save Derek, further tiring himself out."

John asks, "the mysterious phone replacement came from you?"

Peter nods and continues "I was furious. By the time I get there, his strength gives out, and they're going underwater. Scott gets there first. He didn't notice me at the door. Allison had figured out the bestiary is on a flash drive on Gerard's keys, that Stiles has. Scott came for the keys. The only reason he finds Stiles, is he hears the Kanima roaring at Stiles in frustration. Derek and I smell Allison all over him. I mean all over him, as if they rolled around together. The bastard didn't even ask Stiles if he was okay or help him home. That's just one example of where Scott's need to get in
her pants nearly got Stiles killed, and he didn't even notice." Peter is suppressing a growl but calming down.

John says "I had no idea this has been ongoing for that long? I thought it was a new thing, because of Deaton."

Peter scoffs and says, "Deaton encouraged it. I was there when Allison asked Stiles if Scott treated him the same way while dating her as he was when dating Kira. Stiles said worse, because that was his first sexual experiences, and he was suddenly getting sex on a semi-regular basis from Allison."

John shakes his head in wonder. "I don't know what happened to Scott. He used to be good for Stiles."

Peter says, "he used Stiles to fill the gap until he found someone else. He just didn't want to be alone, and Stiles was better than nothing."

Stiles wakes with a start from a nightmare and realizes he's in bed alone. He calls, "Peter!" in a panicked voice as he feels the bed and sees it's cold.

Peter hears Stiles call him in panic, says, "Stiles!" and runs at top speed and blurs to him.

John didn't even see him move. One minute Peter's there and the next, he's gone. John heads
upstairs to see what's happened.

He finds Peter wrapped protectively around a nervous Stiles, that's clutching him tightly and apologizing for being afraid.

Back to Stiles POV

I see dad walk in and sheepishly say, "I'm sorry I interrupted your conversation. I didn't mean it. I woke up from a nightmare, alone. I shouldn't have panicked. I'm sorry! I know Peter won't leave me alone without a good reason."

Peter arches his eyebrow at dad as if to say, "see what I mean."

Now John sees the scared and insecure man Peter described. He hates seeing his son like this, waiting to be abandoned. "It's okay, son. I should've waited to talk to Peter later. I have all day, after you go to work. I wasn't thinking. I mean, I startled him awake while he was protecting you."
I quickly realize Peter would've flashed his eyes and growled. I drop my shoulders and nervously ask "so you know about Peter?"

Dad moves a piece of my hair back from my forehead and says, "yeah, he's an Alpha. I also see he's going to protect you and treat you the way you deserve."

I snuggle closer to Peter and sigh contentedly before looking up at him, smiling fondly, getting up and saying, "let's get some coffee."

Dad sees all my scars and says "I didn't realize you had those scars. Are all of them from Gerard?"

I shake my head and point to my forearm and say "Kate, trying to prove werewolves are monsters." I point to my back, chest, wrist, and triceps and say "Gerard." I indicate my shoulder and side and say, "Brunski and Cross. Some are from my first time in Eichen House, and some are from my last stint there." I point to the back of my shoulder where there's a star-shaped scar and say "that's where Donovan the Windigo bit me."

Dad says, "I see I need to do a better job looking out for you. I'm sorry I wasn't there when you needed me. You've always looked out for me, and I didn't look out for you. I'll do better."

I say, "It's okay dad. You didn't know."

Dad says, "I'm going to the local branch of our bank today, and see about getting that cabin. Once I work my two-week notice in Beacon Hills I'll be here for you, and so will Melissa."

I hug dad and say, "it's okay dad, aside from the nightmares, it doesn't bother me anymore. Peter makes me feel safe and protected enough to keep away my PTSD nightmares, or he stops them before they get worse."

John says, "that's why he sleeps in your bed? He keeps away the nightmares? That's why you look like you're finally getting proper sleep? Because Peter makes it possible for you to sleep through the night?"

I say, "yeah dad. I feel safe when he's with me. When he sees a nightmare starting, he cuddles me or soothes me, and he keeps them away."

We get coffee, and Peter hugs me before going on his run. I cook breakfast while dad asks me questions about Peter running patrols in our territory, how far our land extends, how pack hierarchy works and such. As usual, Peter walks in from his run as I'm setting the table, plus a robe. He hugs me, nuzzles my neck, and swipes a piece of bacon from my pan as I lean back into his chest.

I'm glad Peter's getting naked outside and not where dad can see him.

I dress for work as they talk. When Marco arrives to pick me up, I run upstairs to get my jacket. I hear Dad ask Marco where I like to eat since I didn't eat breakfast this morning.

Marco tells him, "Stiles loves The 5 and Dime but refuses to go near it on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday."
Peter curiously says, "that's odd. If he loves it, why would he avoid it on those days?"

Dad says, "it sounds like he's avoiding a problematic person."

Peter says conspiratorially, "what do you say we see who he's avoiding?"

I don't hear an answer as I walk in with my jacket and leave with Marco.

At the office, we have a group meeting and are informed about a pack of poachers of at least three or four hunters, and they're heading south, towards my area. They seem to hunt after dark and are heavily armed. They killed a ranger just inside of the Oregon border. They're illegally hunting bear and deer.

At lunchtime, dad texts me to meet him at the bank. He's not sure about the account information or anything.

Marco drives me to the bank, and I suggest he eat lunch while I take care of some business with dad.

I'm not hungry so don't plan on eating lunch.

Dad asks, "Where's Marco?"

I reply, "I told him to eat lunch while I take care of some business. I'm not really hungry anyways."

I see Peter and dad exchange looks before dad says, "all you ate this morning was a slice of bacon and half a slice of toast. You need to eat lunch."

I say, "I always lose my appetite when I have nightmares. I'll eat more at supper. I just don't have
an appetite right now. Let's get this done."

I see the teller acting like he's too busy to help us. I guess we don't look wealthy enough to concern him.

I smirk at Peter before approaching the teller. "Excuse me, I see you're obviously too busy doing nothing to help us. I'd like to see your manager. Now! Please."

He smirks and walks off to get the manager.

A few minutes later the manager comes up and says "is there a problem?"

I look at the teller and say "yes! There is." I wave around at an empty bank. "There's no one here, and your clerk left my dad waiting half an hour. I have a job to get back to, and we need a bank interested in their customers, no matter how much money they have. Therefore my dad, and I want to withdraw all of our money from these accounts."

I hand him our account information. "As soon as possible. If you don't mind?"

The teller snorts and mutters in a snide tone "the loss of a country bumpkin's money is not going to hurt our bank any."

The manager brings up our accounts and chokes on air. The teller looks over his shoulder and goes white as he whistles softly.

Peter smirks at John and says, "the three of us probably have more money than the entire town does."

The manager falls over himself apologizing, tells the clerk he'll be suspended for a week for his actions and is buttery smooth as he personally handles dad's request to see how much is in his account and helps him apply for the house.

The manager is surprised dad doesn't know how much is in his account until dad clasps his hand on my shoulder and says, "my son here has handled my finances for the last few years."
The manager says, "with monthly deposits averaging $4,275 and interest; you have approximately $150,000 in your account, and your son has over eight million in his."

Dad chokes on air and says, "holy shit! So there shouldn't be any problem with my application for the cabin behind my son's."

The manager sweetly smiles as he says, "no problem whatsoever! You can buy the house outright and not have any problems."

I say, "that cabin has belonged to the bank for nearly a decade. Before my dad signs anything, I'd like an inspection of the property to see if it needs any repairs, and ensure the heat and air work. My dad plans on getting married, and his future wife wants a roof that doesn't leak, electricity, running water, heat, and air."

The manager says "of course sir. I'll arrange it myself, ensure any repairs are taken care of, and everything is up to code and functioning properly. I'll draw up the papers and send over the inspectors."

The manager asks me to continue banking with his bank, so I say, "if you can keep my dad and my boyfriend happy, I'll stay. Speaking of which, I believe Peter needs to get a new bank card and maybe some checks for emergencies."

Peter steps forward and says, "as a matter of fact I do." He hands the manager his account information, and again, the guy chokes on air.

The teller says to himself "the kid's obviously not a gold digger since he's a millionaire himself. I wonder about going for a kid, though. Maybe the kid gives good head."

Peter growls, and I say, "comments like that are not keeping us happy. I suggest that teller find a job that doesn't require customer service. That's sexual harassment and defamation of character. I can sue him for that."

Dad peeks at the balance and whistles softly.

The manager turns to the teller and says, "I suggest you start your suspension right now and do not have any interactions with the Stilinski's or Mr. Hale."

Peter mutters, "money is not the only reason someone finds another person of value or interest." He wraps his arms around my waist and glares at the teller with a small flash of red.

The teller gulps and says, "I'll go eat lunch at The Steak House and start the suspension tomorrow." He grabs his hat and quickly walks out of the bank.

After we finish all our banking business, dad says that he's taking me to lunch and calls my boss. Dad tells her he's bringing me to eat and Marco can pick me up in an hour or so at The Five and Dime Diner.

Crap! It's Friday and Hiram will be working there today. I never go there when Hyde's there. I hang my head in defeat and annoyance.
I try to bow out, but with one on each side of me, there is no getting out of it. At the restaurant, Lucy sees us come in and says "Wes? You don't come here when he's working. What's up?"

I point to my dad and Peter as I say, "this is my dad and my boyfriend."

They wave politely, and I add, "they insist on eating here! TODAY! Please ensure I'm in Roxy's zone?"

"No problem Wes, that won't help, but no problem." She escorts us to a booth, and it takes less than a minute for him to see I'm here.

He immediately comes over and says, "Did it hurt when you fell from heaven and landed at this table? Can I get you something to drink?"

I say, "Nah. It sucked crawling my way out of hell, though. Yet again, I'm telling you, I'm not interested!"

I point to Peter. "This is my boyfriend and my dad. I'll wait for our waitress."

Dad leans back, crosses his arms and says with a frown, "I think I see the problem." Dad reads his name tag and asks, "Your name is Hiram? Is this your zone?"

He snidely answers "yes. My name is Hiram, but for some unknown reason, Wes always calls me Hyde. It's actually Roxy's zone, but I like to think that anywhere that such a cute guy sits in is in my zone."

Peter coldly says, "I can see the reference" as he drapes his arm around my neck. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Hyde was the arrogant monster while Jekyll was the sweet doctor that everyone loved.

Hyde says, "Wes? I have an extra ticket to the theater. Want to go with me?"

I glare at him in shock. "No! That's two! Did you not hear me introduce my boyfriend?"
Dad says, "you really should take no for an answer. Go to your area and leave my son alone. I won't be so nice a second time."

Hyde hrugs. "Boyfriends don't mean anything to me. I'm obviously the better choice. I'm awesome! Not like anyone could ever compare to this." He looks at me and says "you'll say yes, eventually. How about horseback riding?"

I say, "I'd die first. That makes three. No!" I yell "Roxanna!"

The kitchen door slams open and Hyde steps back as a fierce, black crossdresser walks up, grabs his ear and drags him away as she chews him out for bothering me.
I lean into Peter's shoulder and look up at dad. "That's the reason I don't eat here on Thursday, Friday, or Saturday. I don't eat or drink anything he brings me because I'm kind of afraid he drugged it. He's a pushy, obnoxious bastard that's narcissistic as hell."

Peter wraps his arm around my waist, pulls me closer to him, and nuzzles my neck. He smirks and says, "crawled your way out of hell, huh? No wonder you're so hot!"

I smile at him and ask, "how can you say that and it not sound lame? You always did have better pickup lines than anyone else I've heard."
Dad says "I, personally, think you're biased." He pulls out his phone and makes a call. "Sheriff Ross? I'm eating at The Five and Dime, and I was wondering if you could do me a professional courtesy?"

He says, "Sure Sheriff Stilinski. What do you need?"

Dad smiles. "You will? Thanks. One of the waiters here is acting like a dangerously, hardcore stalker. Could you see if he has any outstanding warrants?"

Ross asks, "What's his name?"

Dad says "His name is Hiram."

I add, "Turner."

Dad says "Hiram Turner."

Ross says, "Let me see ... there's no Hiram Turner, but there's a Turner Hiram. He's violated three different restraining orders for stalking. All three young men that filed the restraining orders disappeared without a trace and are believed dead. He stalked six young gay men. All 18-22 with brown hair and eyes. He used Rohypnol on them. He was able to slip it to them in his job as a waiter or bartender. He violated probation for delinquency of a minor and drugging people in possible date rape."

Peter squeezes me and says, "good thing you follow your instincts and don't accept anything from him."

Ross continues, "Wait. He has an APB on him because he killed a Deputy in Utah when they attempted to arrest him for a warrant violation and parole violations. Keep an eye on him. I'm on my way with a few deputies to take him in, run him through the system, and see if it's the same guy. If it is, Utah will want him for the officer's death."

Dad says, "will do. He's after my son, who fits his pattern. He doesn't know my official title as a County Sheriff." He hangs up as the waitress approaches the table.
Roxy takes our order, and I introduce her to dad and Peter. She asks with a smile, "is this the same Peter you mentioned that helped you after you got stuck in a pool for several hours?"

I nod, and she looks at Peter as she smiles knowingly.

She says, "it was very thoughtful of you to check on him, help him out of the car, carry him bridal style upstairs and then massage his legs and back to loosen up the muscles enough so he could walk into the shower and get warm." She pats his hand and says, "I'm glad you finally told Wes how you feel."

She refills his coffee and says, "he's asked me how to get your attention but was afraid you wouldn't be interested in a teenager. I told him a friend would've let him lean on them to go up the stairs, someone who cares might carry him up the stairs, but someone that loves him would carry him upstairs and massage his sore muscles. I just don't understand how he got trapped in a pool for several hours. Most people can climb out again."

*He didn't tell anyone that he had taken care of me after everyone else abandoned me to my own devices.*

Peter says, "my nephew was paralyzed and fell into the pool. Wes dived in and held him above water until someone could help get my nephew out of the pool. By the time we realized something was wrong, and they were missing, his strength gave out, and they were going underwater. That scared me into realizing how much I love him and I don't want to lose him."

Dad looks at Peter with a raised brow as I blush crimson.

She says, "Wes! You didn't tell me you were a hero and saved someone's life!"

I blush and say "I'm no hero."

Dad says, "He's modest. I can't tell you how many times he's saved someone's life, including mine."

We order, and I try to get off with a small salad, but Peter asks her what I usually order and then orders my regular meatloaf with creamy homemade mashed potatoes and broccoli.

I eat half my plate, and that's all I can handle. I get up to visit the head and say, "I'm going to the restroom. Be back in a minute. I'm halfway there when Hyde gets between me and the bathroom, holding a slice of chocolate cake. I stop dead in my tracks. I don't want Mr. Scuzzy cornering me in the bathroom.

He walks up to me and says, "I have a sweet treat for a sweet guy."
I say, "thanks. That's sweet of you, but I don't eat chocolate. It gives me the jitters."

I move to pass Hyde, but he grabs my wrist in a vice-like grip and says, "I insist."

Dad and Peter see everything, so they come over, and dad takes the cake from him. Peter growls, grabs Hyde's wrist that's holding mine and squeezes as he twists it to remove it from me. The bastard bruised me.

That's when Sheriff Ross and his deputies walk in and surround us. It's rather apparent their hands are near their weapons.

As they handcuff Hyde, Peter says, "I believe this cake is spiked. Would you test it?"

Sheriff Ross looks at me rubbing my arm. "Are you okay?"

I say, "just a few bruises. Hyde has a vice-like grip."

He makes a face at me calling him Hyde and says, "I need to take pictures of those for the case."
I pale and say, "I would rather not."

Dad rests his hand on my shoulder and says, "it's okay. We're right here. I'm sure you can trust the Sheriff."

I sigh, unbutton and roll up my sleeve. Roxy takes in a sharp breath when she sees my scars.

When the Sheriff sees the scars on my wrists and forearms, he says, "now I understand why your dad and boyfriend are so protective of you."

Peter coldly says, "the serial killer that did that to him got what he deserved."

He takes pictures of my arm but angles the camera to hide my old scars and only show the bruises. They bring the cake with them.

Roxy asks, "what's going on? Why are they arresting Hiram?"

Dad says, "My son said he never takes anything Hiram gives him because his instincts tell him it's not safe. I saw how pushy he was as Wes or Stiles twice said Peter's his boyfriend. My son's never wrong, and those are the actions of a stalker. That aggressively pushy usually means he's escalated to possibly rape and abductions. I asked the sheriff to check for warrants on the guy."

Dad takes a sip of water and continues, "I believe that he's stalked and drugged several teenagers similar in appearance to my son, and he's the key suspect in the disappearance of three of those young men. He killed a Deputy that attempted to arrest him for parole violations, so they're arresting him on suspicion of murder. They'll double check if it's the same guy. I'm pretty sure it is."

Roxy looks shocked. "I knew he was hung up on Wes, but we never thought he was dangerous."
As we're paying, dad gets a call from the sheriff. It's the same guy, and there was Rohypnol in the cake. It's a small dose, probably to make sure I didn't have an adverse reaction to it and see if anyone noticed.

I wonder why drug me when I have people with me? Did he think he'd never get caught or suspected? Does he have that much of a God complex?

I go back to work, and Peter takes dad home.

Peter's driving home as he asks nonchalantly, "so when Stiles is old enough, and I marry him, can I call you dad?"

John says, "I would rather not have a man my age call me dad."

Peter glares at him. "I'm only six years older than he is. Derek is only four years older. You thought I was nearly two decades older than Stiles?! He's 17, and I'm 23."

John does a double take. "But Malia is almost 19?"

Peter says, "no, she's 17. She's a couple of months older than Stiles. Yes, I would have been seven when my sister wanted me to have sex with Corrine, but I wasn't interested in females."

John says, "she must have been one power-mad psycho. You can call me dad. I was hoping to have grandkids someday, but as long as he's happy."

Peter nonchalantly says, "you can still have grandkids."

John smirks and says, "two males don't have babies unless they adopt."

Peter says, "two human males can't but an Alpha werewolf and his mate can. Well, at least they can If they mate on the full moon. We don't want to take the chance of me impregnating him before he turns 21, so we agreed not to have sex when the moon is full. I'm being overly safe and including the day before and after. I'll make my grand gesture two days before the full moon. just to be safe."

John is sitting open-mouthed. "Male werewolves can get pregnant?"

Peter says "only ones mated to an Alpha werewolf. In case you forgot, I'm an Alpha. We change physically on the full moon, and it is a possibility."

John says, "I'm glad to see you are considering my son's life plans and safety as you plan for the future. And you are making plans for the future."

Peter says, "he comes first with me. We also discussed pets. I can try to share him with our children, but I won't be able to share him with a pet. I'm too possessive."

John laughs at that.
later that night
Back to Stiles POV

I bring home some veggies so I can make stir-fry.

After dinner, I notice dad is not as stiff as I remember, so I comment on it.

Dad says, "Peter brought me to the hot springs just inside the cave on your property. Between those tree roots and your glamour, no one but us will ever know it's there. It's done wonders for my back."

*I smile at him and breathe a sigh of relief that they stayed at the front of the cave and didn't go back to my little flower garden.*

As we're cleaning up dad says, "I understand that the two of you can have children. I'm not quite sure what to think of that, but I'll be a proud grandpa, as long as you don't put off your hopes and dreams of having a career to have a family."

I say, "we agreed not until after I turn 21 and have finished college. Peter thinks I'll finish college by then. I want to start college this fall. I plan on enrolling in May."

Dad says, "I'm glad you have a good head on your shoulders."

Peter gets a phone call, and I look at him blankly.

*Who besides me has his number to call him?*

He answers the phone.

"Hello?" He gets a shocked look on his face as he says, "Derek? What a surprise. I take it you got the diaries?"

He goes upstairs to have privacy.

Dad looks at me in confusion, and I say, "after Chris killed were-cougar Kate in Mexico, her ghost showed up. She showed me where Laura's present-day diary was as well as both of their diaries from before the fire. They were lovers and planned the fire together. Laura set up Derek as the fall guy. That's the entire reason Deaton introduced them to each other. He used a love potion to ensure they were crazy in love with each other."

Dad says, "Oh My God! Laura and Kate, together? Peter sent the diaries to Derek, so he knows he's the victim and not the cause?"

I nod. "I wrote a letter explaining he's the victim and needs to read them so he can forgive himself. He's not at fault, and there's the proof."

Dad says, "I'm glad you thought of Derek and tried to help him like that."
I say, "that was Peter's idea. I only suggested package tracking and a signature ensuring he got them."

Peter comes back downstairs with a smile on his face. He hugs me and says, "Derek says he wants to rebuild our relationship, long-distance. We'll be keeping in contact by phone. I said I found my mate but didn't tell him it's you. I want to wait until after I claim you, if you don't mind."

I'm happy that he's happy, smile at him and say, "that's fine with me. I'm sure you don't want anyone to attempt sabotaging or hurting us."

I hug dad goodnight and head to bed, Peter says good night and follows me to bed.
Poachers

Chapter by Steter Club ideas (aneria)

Saturday
May 19th

 peter

Peter strips in our room and puts a robe on so he can run our land.

I make breakfast as dad checks the house listing in Beacon Hills with opendoor.com.

He does a little cheer and an air-fist. "It sold, and the move out date is May 29th, to give me a little extra time to pack up. My first day at work with Ranger Niksos is May 28th. I would appreciate it if the three of us can go back Monday so you can do the last walk through and ensure you got everything valuable to you out of the house."

I reply, "I can't think of anything that might still be there, but it can't hurt to look. Wait. My sketchbooks. That's the only thing I want to get back. I forgot about them when I left."

Dad says, "good. It's settled then."

I suspect it's dad and Melissa's ploy for Scott to apologize, so I don't leave on such a negative note. It would give Scott and me a little closure. I'm not going to disappoint dad.
AT WORK

We Rangers are briefed to be extra careful and watch for anyone that looks like they could be involved with the poachers. They found a bear trap three miles north of my cabin.

At about 2 pm I feel two people cross my geas and walk into our land from the northwest quadrant. I call Peter and notify him.

Peter calls back about an hour later and says "we found a couple of hikers. They stated they got lost somehow and didn't know they were on private property. John and I escorted them off of our land."

*They don't feel like hikers.*

I say, "something's wrong with this. They don't feel like hikers. Something is off about them." I think a minute. "Did they have water bottles or a map? Were they wearing hiking boots or combat boots?"

Dad thinks about it and says, "now that you mention it ..." He ponders a minute before continuing "They had no water bottles or maps, and they were wearing combat boots."

I hear Peter growl in the background. I'm trying to think things through as I say, "that sounds like they could be scouts for our poachers. Go back to where you found them. See what kind of animal tracks are in that area."

An hour later Peter says, "we went back and the only tracks are mine, in Alpha form."

I sigh in frustration. "Can those tracks be mistaken for bear tracks? By poachers?"

Peter thinks and then coldly says, "yeah, they can."

I nervously say, "dad, make sure you have your gun loaded and on you at all times, and keep an eye open for anything odd in that direction, outside of our territory. I think they're watching somewhere so they can come back after dark to set traps and snares."

Peter angrily growls, and dad says, "will do."

I can tell Peter is feeling possessive and protective and he's going to hurt someone if they attack us.

Other than that, the day was rather uneventful. Just in case, I tell my boss about a possible sighting of scouts for the poachers. She'll keep an ear out for my call and let the cops know about the potential threat so they can increase patrols in that area.

Peter and Dad made dinner, and it's ready when I get home.

LATER

I'm washing dishes, and just as I put a plate down, I feel someone pass through my geas. I freeze, let my eyes bleed white, focus on the geas and look at what or who's trespassing.
Peter is instantly at my elbow, eyes red, looking for danger. I'm aware of dad going for his gun as I lock in on the poachers. There's more than the three or four believed to be in the group, way more.

My eyes go back to normal as I state "we have a major problem."

Dad asks, "the poachers?"

I say, "my boss told me the cops thought there was three or four of them. They just crossed my geas, and there's eight of them. All of them have rifles, pistols, and knives. They're wearing camouflage to hide from view."

Peter says, "we can't let them poach on our land. What if an innocent steps in one of their traps and gets hurt?"

Dad says, "I'll call the local sheriff to send a couple of paddy wagons and the three of us can stop them."

I get my werewolf potion, drink a dose, and explain how it works to dad.

He takes some, as a just in case. I grab my jacket, so we look official, call my boss, and give her a heads up.

Then we sneak up to about 50 yards from the poachers and observe what they are doing.

Dad asks Peter, "so this is how werewolves see at night. It's amazing!"

Peter says, "yeah, that elixir also gives you our speed, dexterity and a portion of our strength. I've seen Stiles jump a 50 foot chasm."

Dad smells confused, but looks surprised. He looks at the poachers, points to a couple of them with his head and says, "those two. The ones setting the snare, they're 'the hikers' we kicked off your land earlier today."

We see them setting a bear trap and a few snares. Dad and I both have our guns ready. Peter strips and dad balks at either he's naked or how well built he is or how long he is. Not sure which. Peter shifts to his alpha form, and now dad understands why Scott was so frightened of him.
The three of us move to surround them. Once we're on three different sides of them, I walk into the light of their headlights. "Howdy boys. You know it's illegal to hunt bears on someone's private property with traps and snares?"

Their leader smirks and says, "but, we have the owner's permission."

I say, "Seeing as I'm the owner, that would be me, and I didn't give anyone permission! You can't hunt bears at night, traps or not, which are illegal. You boys wouldn't be that band of poachers they warned us Rangers about, would 'Ya?"

Four of them point rifles at me. I hear Peter's roar as he jumps into the light.

I use telekinesis to throw their guns into a nearby tree.

Dad walks out and points his gun at the leader and tells them to drop their weapons.

They stupidly rush us.

Dad's moving like a 20-year-old and kicking their asses with gusto.

I fight the ones attacking me.

Peter slaps around the ones that went for him.

They dash for their guns, to get the upper hand. That's when we hear the police sirens.

They drop their weapons and get on their knees with hands behind their heads like dad told them at the beginning of all of this.
Peter snuffles over me and makes sure I'm okay. I say, "Peter, I'm okay. Go back to the cabin. No one can see you." He looks at dad, and when he nods, Peter runs back to the cabin, with a stop to get his clothes on the way.

About ten long minutes later, the police find where we are. One of the poachers yells, "he has a mutant bear in his cabin, and it's trained as a big dog. It's even named Peter.

Dad looks at me nervously.

I laugh and say, "a mutant bear, trained, and in my cabin. You've watched too many movies. You don't train bears. And you don't keep them in your house. Talk about a bull in a china store!"

The Sheriff looks at us suspiciously as he says, "you wouldn't mind showing me your cabin, would Ya? Just to let their minds rest at ease?"

I shrug and say as casually as I can, "Sure. Not a problem."

The poachers look at me strangely.

When we get to my cabin, I hear Peter in the downstairs shower. I call, "Peter! Can you come here for a minute?"

"Just a minute, Little One!" The water turns off, and we hear "Damn! I forgot a towel." He walks out totally naked and damp. He sees the police standing there. He doesn't make any attempt to cover up. Not like you could cover a dick that long and thick.
Every eye is on Peter's package.

The local Sheriff says "damn, boy! How is that legal! Jesus!" He looks at me, scratches his head and asks, "Sure your boyfriend hasn't worked in porn?"

One of the poachers exclaims, "Shit! If something like that were in porn, I'd watch a hell of a lot more of it."

Peter blushes and says, "sorry officer. Stiles and his dad went out to check on the intruders. Both are armed and in law enforcement, and they called you first, so I decided to indulge in a long hot shower. The downstairs bathroom has a larger water heater, so has more hot water. I forgot to get a
towel first and wasn't expecting company. Not like I can cover up something my size. I'll go upstairs and get dressed unless you need something else."

They quickly say, "no, we don't need anything. Get dressed before you catch your death of cold."

I say in exasperation, "would everyone stop staring at my boyfriend's dick. You'd think none of you have ever seen one before."

They all watch his lovely ass as he goes upstairs to get dressed. The Sheriff looks at the poachers. "Having a monster dick doesn't make you a monster and as you can see," he points around and adds, "there are no bears in here. Let's let the nice gentlemen have their privacy."

He points to three deputies and says, "you three deputies ... search the grounds and make sure there are no more snares or bear traps. The rest of you get these guys in the paddy wagon. I'll call Ranger Niksos and let her know we arrested the poachers and there are a lot more than three of them."

They all leave. Dad narrows his eyes as he asks me, "why would you see Peter naked all the time?"

I nervously say, "because his Alpha form's a lot larger than his human one. He strips before he shifts, so he doesn't ruin his clothes. As the Alpha here, and the only werewolf, he feels it's his responsibility to patrol our territory every morning and every night. To show you respect, he's been wearing a robe when he goes out, so you don't see him naked."

Dad sardonically says, "I appreciate that. I don't think I'm ready to see him naked every day. Are all born werewolves built like that?"

A fully dressed Peter's walking down the stairs and answers dad's question. "No. We average 6-10 inches long. I'm 14 inches long. I'm big, even by our standards."

I petulantly say, "Peter? I normally have no complaints about your nakedness, but I'd rather the entire police force doesn't ogle your massive package." I shake my head, and confusedly ask, "What was with the naked show?"

Peter laughs and asks, "you aren't jealous are you?"

When I glare at him, he says smoothly "everyone was too busy looking at my dick to look at my face. I doubt if any of them could tell you what color eyes I have or describe me. I gave them something besides my face to distract them."

Dad tries to be helpful and diffuses my annoyance. He says, "that's true. No one saw his face because they were too busy looking south of the equator. That was a smart move on his part, son."

I huff my annoyance, clinch up. "I'm going to take a shower." I turn and walk upstairs.

I'm sure Peter smells my annoyance and anger. It was dad's first time to take the potion and smell hasn't come into it yet but he can hear my heartbeat, and he knows something's bothering me.

After I take a few steps up the stairs, Dad tries to distract me, and says, "but, you haven't eaten yet."

I half turn and say over my shoulder, "I'll eat later, if I'm hungry." Then I turn and finish walking upstairs.
They look at each other as I walk away for a relaxing shower.

When I come out, Peter's leaning against the bathroom door, waiting for me.

Peter tries to hide his worriedness as he asks, "are you mad at me? You smell off. What's the matter, Little One?"
I can never stay mad or annoyed at him when he calls me that.

I walk up and embrace him as I tuck my head under his chin. I sigh and say, "I'm not angry. I'm jealous, and I felt like I did in detention. I didn't like them looking at you like that. I could smell how they felt and what they wanted. I don't want them or anyone else to touch you. Is that wrong?"

Peter pulls me closer and cradles my head as he softly says, "I'm not going to let anyone touch me, but you. There were too many law abiding citizens with guns for anything bad to happen."

He tilts my chin, so I'm looking into his eyes as he says, "I do understand how that made you feel. I won't ever let anyone touch you in a bad way or touch you without permission. I don't want you ever to feel unsafe or be afraid anyone is going to violate you. It's okay to be frightened, but I won't let it happen, and neither will your dad. Okay, Little One? Especially now that he knows what Harris tried to do to you."

I smile nervously at him.

Dad walks in with a mug of hot chocolate for me and says, "it's okay, Stiles. We won't let anyone hurt you like that, ever again!"

Peter exchanges a look with my dad, and he joins our hug. After a few minutes, dad says let's get some of those fabulous pork chops, or should I say deer chops."

Peter chuckles, and I smile nervously.

We go downstairs and sit down to eat. About halfway through dinner, dad looks at me thoughtfully, and asks, "did you put a camera in your room? That's the second time you mentioned I know something that you shouldn't know that I know. Like getting married or that I know about Harris."
I look down guiltily and reply, "yeah, I'm pathetic. Even though I walked away from Beacon Hills, I wanted to know how long before anyone noticed I was gone. It's across from the door and has a motion sensor on it. Whenever it senses motion, it starts sending me a feed, and I get an alert chime on my computer."

Dad says, "you are not pathetic! Anyone would be curious about how long it took. That's perfectly natural. I used your video of Harris. I brought it to the school board and Whittemore. I filed charges against Principal Kane for aiding and abetting, covering up a murder, child endangerment, and I'm checking if they can press charges against him for sexual assault. We got warrants to look at the rest of the tapes from the detentions. You weren't the only one that Harris forced into a sexual situation. You were the only one that fought back hard enough to stop him. That makes me wonder what else Brunski did to you." He looks at me curiously.

Dad gets a hard look in his eyes as he continues with, "Harris wasn't the only teacher that used detention to molest students."

My eyes get teary while he's talking about it.

Peter says, "I told Stiles it wasn't his fault and he did nothing to incite his actions. He's entirely innocent. Harris is the only one to blame."

Peter one-arm hugs me, and I lean on his chest and try valiantly to hold back the tears.

Dad says, "Peter is right. You did nothing wrong. That was all on Harris. You didn't ask him to do that. You told him to stop and fought back. He knew you didn't want him, but he tried to force it anyway. That's a rapist, Stiles! You did nothing wrong! Now I understand why you didn't like most people touching your skin unless you trust them."
He grips my neck and pulls me into a hug as he quietly asks me, "how many times did Brunski molest you?"

I sigh and lean on his shoulder as I whisper "four ... when I was a kid ... he only likes little kids."

Dad growls, "now I wish I shot the bastard instead of just had him arrested for abusing and torturing his patients."

He looks down at his plate, and I can smell guilt coming from him. He looks up and says, "I should've noticed you never let Scott touch you. The only ones you let touch your skin, like your hands or face, was Melissa, me, Malia, and Peter. You forcefully pushed Derek away when he tried to grab you. Did something happen to you with him? Did he hurt you too?"

I sigh, sit up, grab onto Peter, and bury myself in his shoulder as I say, "not like that. He slammed me into a few walls to intimidate me and got in my face. He got too close, and it made me uncomfortable, and I swear I had a flashback. I punched him the last time he did it. I hurt my hand on his face, but he let me go. He looked at me funny, so he must have picked up some emotion I didn't mean to project."

Peter cradles my head as he says, "I saw that. You smelled of the fight or flight instinct. Panic. Anger. Rage. Terror. After you stormed out, I slammed Derek through the wall and told him if he ever hurt you like that again I will hurt him in the same way."

I look up at Peter with a small half smile as he continues, "I think he realized someone hurt you before, as Kate did to him, and it scared him. He was upset he hurt you in the same way. My being angry at him made it worse. He forgets you're not a wolf because you always seem so resilient. He forgets you can get hurt and you're not indestructible."

I look down and say, "that explains why he never did that again and he always looked at me, questioningly, when I refused to let someone touch me. Even, if it was just shaking off Scott's hand. I guess, I'm even more fucked up than I thought."

Dad says, "you were abused by people that were supposed to protect you and I hate to admit it, but I neglected you for a long time. You should've been getting hugs and encouraging and calming touches from me, and you weren't. I went weeks without seeing you and months without touching you. Some of this is my fault. I'm glad to see Peter treats you the way you deserve. He looks at you the way I used to look at Claudia. The way I feel when I look at Melissa."

I look up at Peter and I say, "He's always looked after me. Protected me. He's always treated me like a person and respected me. I can say he's my anchor, that keeps me sane, with all of the things that happened to me."

I pull his arm tighter around me as I say, "I don't know if I'd have survived without him. I'd never have come back from the dead. I liked being dead too much. No one hurt me there."

I pull out my phone and smile as I pull up a picture. I turn it to show dad a picture of Peter and I working on a plan together.
Dad says, "I can see the total trust and respect between you here. Who took the picture?"

I shrug and say, "Malia. She was proving something to me. That I did have a chance with Peter, if I'd pull my head out and say something. I was afraid of rejection, though. There aren't a lot of pictures of Peter or me floating around. I thought it was good, so I kept it."
MONDAY 21 MAY 2012

The three of us drive to Beacon Hills in dad's car.

Peter gets a Uhaul, and we empty his rental unit.

Then we go to dad's, and I look around. There wasn't anything I wanted to get but a couple of sketchbooks. Peter looks through my drawings and sees some I did of the pack.

Best of the pictures I found ... Don't know who drew these but if anyone wants credit, let me know, and I'll post it.
lydia
twins
losing erica
dad
jackson
I'd kill you if the money was right.
Dad says, "These are amazing. Your paintings are mostly landscapes, but your drawings are all portraits and look so real, mostly. I'm surprised you don't have any pictures of Peter in there."

I open a panel in the wall and pull out another sketchbook. "that's because this is the book I drew Peter in."

I hand it to them.

Peter says, "wow! I can see how you made so much money on your paintings. These are beautiful. You have a real talent here."
Dad says, "these show you have been in love with him for a while."

I blush, duck my head and run my hand through my hair.

Peter says, "this last one is of my face over Malia's. That's the only one with two different people in the same drawing. Is there ... a story behind it?"
I say, "aside from Lydia saying she was your daughter we had nothing else. I was trying to see if there are any features you share. You don't. You both have brown hair, and that's it. I couldn't understand how she was yours especially since I know you're only six years older than I am. Short hair makes you look older, but I still don't see how you could have a child my age when you're close to my age."

I scuff my foot as I nervously continue, "scientifically speaking, the youngest a human male was able to impregnate a female was at nine-years-old. Human beings and lycans might be different, but it still didn't make sense to me. Malia agreed."

Dad looks at me in surprise.

Peter's thinking it over. "You and Malia already suspected I wasn't her father. Why didn't you tell me?"

I nervously say, "Malia liked having a connection to you, and we were afraid that if you suspected you didn't have any genetic, physical, or emotional connection to the pack, you'd leave us, as Derek did. We didn't want to lose you."

Peter smiles and says, "We?" He smirks and says, "I always saw myself as having a connection to you. You're the only one ever to understand me. We're the only ones that can keep up with each other. I wouldn't leave while you're traveling with their pack. If you left, I'd be gone the next day, after I verified you weren't coming back."

I smile happily at him as dad leans against the wall. He says, "you two have always been drawn to each other but were oblivious to the other's feelings."

Peter hugs me and smiles softly. He suddenly stiffens up, focuses on something outside, pushes me behind him and growls "Scott."

Dad goes to the door and waits.

A minute later Peter says "... and Melissa."

We go downstairs, and both dad and Peter keep in front of me. I see Peter tightly coiled, ready for
an attack and my father looks angry. Maybe he didn't plan this?

There is a knock on the front door.

Dad answers it, and lets Melissa in. Scott stays at the open door.

He nervously says, "Stiles? You look a lot better than I've seen you looking in a long time. How are you doing?"

I sigh. No apology, not like I expected Scott to give one. "Peter ensures I eat and sleep on a regular schedule. I gained back most of the weight I lost. Peter keeps away my nightmares, so I'm sleeping again. What do you want Scott?"

Scott looks hurt but continues as he steps inside and Peter steps further in front of me.

Scott stops in his tracks and holds up his hands in surrender. He tries to look around Peter. "Stiles? I am so very sorry for everything I said. I'm an idiot. We grew up together, you know everything about me, and I know next to nothing about you. I don't even know what your real name is."

Peter says, "it's Wilksiezycaawyc."

Scott looks shocked that Peter knows my name. I say, "you never asked. Peter asked when we were tracking down Erica and Boyd."

Melissa says, "it's Polish for wolf moon howl. he was born on the wolf moon, and his mom heard a wolf howl. I wouldn't be surprised if it was Peter's wolf."

Peter looks at her thoughtfully. I never thought of that. What if the wolf mom heard was one of the Hales.

Scott takes a breath and continues, "I'm sorry I ignored you and didn't show that you are important. I should've known you'd never hurt anyone, let alone kill in cold blood. I should've known when you asked what I was talking about, that I didn't have the full story. I'm an Alpha, and a real Alpha asks questions. They find out the facts. They don't go on the first story someone tells them. They verify accusations."

He scuffs his feet around nervously as he continues, "Deaton created a lot of wedges, but I did too. I should've listened to you. That's totally my fault. Being human doesn't mean you can't have good instincts. You're never wrong about people. You knew right away about Jackson, Matt, Jennifer, Deucalion, Valack, Theo, and Malia. You always knew which twin was which by how they felt. We never knew the difference."
He looks me in the eye. "I am so sorry. It kills me to know you died ..." He looks so sad as he continues " ... was dead for hours, and I never knew. Mom says turning my back on you and telling you not to talk to the pack hurt you beyond measure. I am so sorry. I should never have said that. I should've asked you what happened, not accused you and berated you for not telling me he was dead. I know I can never get our friendship back. The way I treated you during our entire relationship, you probably don't want it back. I'd like to start a new friendship with you. I know it'll have to be long distance because you won't be coming back. But I want to try and earn your forgiveness, and maybe some of your trust."

I sigh, grab Peter's arm, and bury myself into his chest and neck for a minute as he pulls me into a warm embrace. I look at Scott and say, "you can try to earn friendship with me, long distance. You have to understand that I'm with Peter and I don't care how you feel about him because I love him. If you can handle that, then yes, we can try."

I sigh as I look at Peter and dad, then steel myself to go on. They both nod encouragingly.

I look at Scott and say, "I don't like to be touched unless I trust you. I kept brushing off your hand if it was on my skin for years. Please respect that. I ... I was raped when I was eight and Harris tried to rape me four years ago."

Scott looks shocked and sickened. "I see why you hated Harris. If you don't mind my asking, who raped you?"

I look at Peter pleadingly. He nods and says, "Brunski."

Scott looks angry. He calms himself and says, "I respect that. I should've noticed. I didn't. Now that I think about it, you wouldn't let me put my hand on your shoulders or anywhere near your neck or hands. I don't have a problem with Peter. He's helped out the pack several times."

He hopefully smiles as he says, "I was never too thrilled that he never got physically involved unless someone touched or threatened you, I see he cares for you and will protect you like I never did. If I were a good friend, I would've had someone with you. We knew Donovan was on the loose and hated you and your dad. Not to mention, the dread doctors and the Beast. I should've never left you unprotected. Donovan's death is my fault."

I look at him in shock. I say, "you've matured and grown up since I left. Did you check out Mason as I suggested?"

Scott nods. "Yes. You were right. He was the last Chimera. He has disappearing twin syndrome. He has two sets of DNA in his body, and the dread doctors were trying to use him to recreate the Beast. Using frequency. Deaton was controlling the Dread Doctors. They disappeared, and we haven't heard from them or the beast since."

I nod and say, "I sent Braeden and Morrell down into the tunnels, with my 'don't notice me spell,' to destroy the body of the first Beast. Once destroyed, the spirit dispelled. They mixed its ashes with mountain ash. That means no one can bring it forth in another body."

Scott makes his fish face, and Melissa hides a smirk. Dad looks astonished, and Peter seems proud.

I add, "Deaton put a toxin in their vat of Elixir they used for their longevity. They should already be dead or near death. You'll probably find their bodies in the tunnels or their lab."
Scott looks a little green. I smile at Peter and say, "I said I wasn't going back to Beacon Hills, and Scott was on his own, but I didn't say anything about not interfering through other means. He was like my brother. I may not be able to kill in cold blood, but I know plenty of people that can, and most of them owe me favors."

Melissa hugs me and kisses my cheek.

Peter gets a thought and crosses his arms in annoyance, looks intently at Scott, and snarkily asks, "did you do anything to stop Theo? I believe Stiles told you when he first showed up that he felt off."

Melissa looks at Peter as she lays a hand on Scott's arm and says, "Malia said Stiles informed them of that, so I asked Parrish to investigate. He found the bodies of Theo's parents in an unmarked grave outside of town two years ago. He used Theo's DNA to ID them. The fake parents asked for witness protection in exchange for information on Theo. It helped that he broke the fake dad's arm to hide his handwriting didn't match the speeding ticket that Stiles found. There's an APB out for Theo, and we know he plans on killing Scott on the next full moon, which is the 4th of June."

I say, "Scott, you need to start talking to your people and listening to them when they tell you things. You're not going to have mama McCall and me doing all the covering for you, especially once she marries dad."

Scott yells, "marries!? Are you getting married?"

Melissa smiles, nods, and holds up her hand to show off her new ring. He air fists and says, "Yes! It's about time you two got together. Can I be at the wedding? Can I be the best man?"

Melissa laughs and says, "I was thinking more about giving away the bride. I'm not sure who's going to get married first. John and I or Stiles and Peter."

Scott says, "you could have a double wedding?"

Dad says, "that's a thought. We want to get married in Wawona since that's where our new life is."

Scott looks at me and says, "if Stiles doesn't have a problem with me visiting now and then, I want
to visit and rebuild our friendship."

I nod, and he continues, "I can come to help out with planning the wedding."

Melissa says, It will be over a year before we walk the aisle, But you can help. I have a feeling that if Lydia has anything to do with it, she'll try to run the whole thing."

Peter looks at me and asks, "would you and your dad have a problem if I take the truck to Malia's to help her load up her stuff while you guys visit with Scott?"

I smile and say, "no problem. I know you'll hear me if there is a problem and I have dad and mom right here."

Peter smiles and kisses me on the forehead. On the way out the door he stops and looks at Scott. "If you do hurt Stiles, it'll be the last thing you ever do." He pats Scott on the head and leaves.

Scott gulps and says, "okay. I was wrong. He still scares me."

Dad hides a smirk, and Melissa laughs.

We help dad pack up what he won't be needing in the next week or two and set it in the living room to go on the truck. Good thing we brought different color duct tape for each household.

Most of the furniture is old, worn and masculine. Dad decided to leave it. He plans to send Melissa up next week, but I think she has other plans, to hit the furniture store to pick out kitchen furniture, a bed set and a couple of bookcases. We talk about anything not supernatural. Scott finds the sketchbooks.

He says, "A sketchbook? Who draws?" He opens the one of the pack and sees the pictures and looks at them in awe. He spends a long time looking at them. "These are breathtaking. I never knew you could draw like this."

I say "Morrell started me sketching after mom died and I was in Eichen House. After that ... " I pick up the most recent scrapbook and show him my latest paintings" these officially paid the bills. There wasn't much money at first with all of the medical bills, and the mortgage and dad didn't make enough to pay them, so I started selling my paintings to pay the bills. I mean between that and my job at Walmart, stocking shelves every morning." I also made a little sniping, but they don't need to know that.
Scott scoffs, "yeah right. Kids can't have jobs."

Melissa glares at him and slaps him on the back of the head. "Stiles painted all of the paintings in the hospital, worked and went to school."

I cross my arms and glare at him.

He pales and mutters, "oh crap. Sorry, Stiles. I have a lot to learn about not putting my foot in my mouth."

I sigh and force myself to uncross my arms. "Unless they have their emancipation paperwork in their hand to prove it's okay. I had to keep up my grades. That was the only stipulation. I pretended I suck at lacrosse so I could sit on the bench and do homework or study for tests."

Scott says, "I thought emancipation is for if there are no adults to take care of you."

Stiles says, "it's also if you have to be an adult to help take care of yourself and your dad. It was either that or get taken away from dad and have no house."

Dad says, "I'm sorry, son. I never realized how hard it was for you and how much you did to keep us together. You gave up your childhood to protect me. You should've never had to do that. I should've pulled my head out of the bottle and realized someone was paying the bills because I wasn't. Someone, you, was cleaning the house, cooking the meals, putting my drunk ass to bed, working 40 hours a week at Walmart, keeping your grades at the top in your class, and painting to pay the bills."

Dad's crying as he continues, "I couldn't deal with your mom's death and didn't see you cry or anything."

I say, "I did cry dad, but only with a friend that let me break down and helped pull me back together again."

Dad looks down as he continues "I was drunk, and you were hiding that you hurt, so I put you in Eichen House. You were there for two weeks when Morrell came and told me I need to see you because it's hurting you more than it's helping. I go in there, and you're sitting in the corner all scrunched up in a ball. You don't look at anyone, and you don't respond to anyone, except to back away when they touch you. If I were half the cop I thought I was, I would've realized that's the signs of someone abused. I got you out, and then neglected you. I didn't even try to touch you or hug you. If it wasn't for Melissa, I don't think anyone would've ever kindly touched you. I'm so grateful that she was there to help you try and keep your sanity and remember that people love you." I think I also had my cousin, who had to hide from dad, but was there for me.

Melissa smiles at me and says, "you've always been one of my boys. I'm glad I was able to help in any way that I could. I had financial troubles of my own until you paid off our house. I'll always be so grateful for that."

I smile and say, "we helped each other in the ways we needed at the time. That's the past. I would like to look forward to hopefully a better future."

A few hours later Malia and Peter arrive. She runs in and hugs me. "Hey there, you. I would rather
not admit Deaton was my biological father, but at least I don't have to worry about my dad marrying my brother. That would have been hard to explain."

Scott makes a horrified look, and I drop my jaw in shock.

Scott says "it doesn't bother you that your boyfriend is going to marry Peter?"

Malia snarls, walks up, and slaps him, hard.

He has a shocked hurt puppy look. "What did I do?"

Malia says, "You self-centered brat. He was never my boyfriend. We both told you that. Repeatedly! He took responsibility for me being in Eichen House because you took away my security of being a coyote. You threw me on a human family that didn't know anything about the supernatural. Stiles said it was both your faults I was in there. He didn't think anyone should be in a place that abuses kids. He saved me and then helped me get back into normal society and catch up. I had eight years to catch up and no one to help me before Stiles stepped up. He was cleaning up your mess, as usual. He's like my little brother."

Scott says, "I'm sorry. I failed a lot of people. I didn't pay attention to what the results of my actions were. All I looked at was you weren't trapped in coyote form anymore. I know Stiles is the one that helped you get control and taught you how to play human and be a better were-coyote. He did the same thing for me when I became a werewolf. I'm sorry I abandoned you. I didn't know. I didn't know about Eichen House until Parrish shot Brunski, while he was trying to kill Stiles and Lydia."

I one arm hugs Malia. "Okay, now that you told Scott the real reason why you're always pissed at him and you hit him to get his attention. I'm pretty sure he heard you since he apologized. You're leaving with us and won't be around Scott anymore so why don't you accept his apology, and we all put the past behind us and move on."

Scott looks grateful.

I ask, "Malia? I take it everything is packed and in the truck?"
She looks at me and gives me a small smile and says "yeah. The house sold last month and the move out day is the 25th, so I'm good. I just graduated, thanks to you."

I smile at her happily and say, "good job. I knew you could do it."

She says, "I never want to go through finals week again. You set up an interview with your boss for tomorrow?"

I say "yep. All set."

She laughs and asks "you and Uncle Peter got me a place to live?"

I laugh. "Uncle Peter? Yes, we did."

She smiles. "He's not my dad and it would be awkward to call him dad when he gets married to you. He said I could call him Uncle since Cora is our age and he's used to Derek and Cora calling him Uncle."

I side-wise say, "Peter hasn't asked me to marry him yet. I would like to assume that we are headed there, but I've learned never to count my chickens before my eggs hatch."

Malia glares at Peter, and he holds up his hands in surrender as he says, "I'm working on it. That's part of what I have planned for my grand gesture on the 2nd. He's off on the third and fourth."

Malia pouts and says, "you better."

Scott asks, "Job? What job did you get? I plan to go to community college to be a vet."

I say, "I'm a Ranger in Yosemite National Park. I plan on going to college in the fall, to be a nurse. The most dangerous thing I have to worry about is a few poachers."

Dad groans and says, "did have to worry about, but not anymore."

I look around. "Should I make a big meal for all of us?"

Peter says, "Let's order Chinese, that way we don't have to clean up or repack the stuff."

We order Chinese, and while we're waiting for it, Melissa says, "Peter, I have two boxes packed up by my door at home. Can I come with you guys now and get a job at the hospital. I have a month of sick leave I'm using and then 168 hours of vacation accumulated to use before I quit here. I earn 6 hours every two weeks. That gives me nine weeks and a day or two. I'll have those checks to keep me going until I start getting paid there."

I say, "all of that time you weren't able to take off or be sick is going to come in handy for you."

Peter says, "that's fine with us. We have a lot of spare rooms. Your house won't be ready to live in for at least two weeks. They still have to finish the inspections, replace the water heater and make sure the electrical lines are functioning correctly. Not to mention inspecting the chimney and the heating and cooling systems. Stiles is in the process of getting solar power set up in our cabins. Your house is behind ours and Malia's is behind that."
I say, "by behind, we mean a mile and a half. We live in the middle of the forest. There is a real coyote den about 75 yards from Malia's back door. I thought she might like to see the little pups. They were just born a week or two ago. Coyote pups are born in April or May. I haven't seen the father around, so I think he's dead."

Melissa says, "that's great."

Malia excitedly says, "really? That's so cool! Can I play with them?"

I say "as long as you're in coyote form. We don't want wild coyotes becoming dependant on humans. They shouldn't be pets." She agrees to that.

Scott asks, "can everyone give me their phone numbers, please?"

Everyone gives him their phone number, and we all get his. We all know his number by heart but make a show of entering it into our phones. I say, "Scott? Where is your sidekick? He was always following at your heels."

Malia says, "yeah, the only reason you were able to defeat Peter is the runt tried to come up behind him. Peter threw a bench at him which made you mad and you threw your anger into the fight."

Scott says, "Liam is with his girlfriend. Peter is it true you weren't trying to kill me, you were challenging me as Alpha?"

Malia scoffs "that's why he pushed me down and told Stiles and me to stay back while he took care of things. If he wanted you dead, he could have killed you at any time."

Peter says, "yes, that was a challenge. If I wanted to kill you, I wouldn't have tried to fight you into submission. I'd have ripped out your throat or heart. I had my hand on your throat a number of times in our struggle. If you recall?"

Scott looks down guiltily. "I'm sorry I didn't listen to anyone before and was such a bad Alpha that you challenged me on it, and I put you in prison."

Peter says, "that's not a prison. That's a place Deaton put all his enemies. I never broke the law, and that was false imprisonment or kidnapping, depending on who you ask. It should've been a clue to you that something wasn't right when he put me in the same cell as Valack. The only reason he let Stiles see me was he knew Stiles was keeping me sane so I didn't go crazy and hunt down and kill Deaton and you for taking away my freedom."

Scott says, "what? He lied to me?"

I say, "most of what he told you was lies, Scott. I thought we went over that already."

Scott looks dumbfounded. He realizes almost everything he told us was a lie. "Was anything he said true?"

I say, "no. Not even Deaton's name was real. His name was Alan Morrell. Deaton comes from the Norman Auton which means oak. Druid means Oak. He was saying that he was a Darach."
An hour or so later, Peter, Malia, Melissa and I head back.

It's a couple of hours drive.

We go straight to Malia's new house and unload her boxes.

Peter and Malia do the heavy lifting. Malia moves the boxes to the rooms she wants them in. Peter shows her the coyote den, and she's thrilled with the coyotes who take an immediate liking to her.

Malia wants a picture of her with Peter and me, so we have fun with the camera.

![picture time](image)

We then go to the furniture store.

Malia picks out a bed and some bar stools for the kitchen, a desk, and a few bookcases.

They will deliver everything tomorrow, and they are instructed to call us before they arrive."

We go to our cabin and Peter puts everything in the living room to move over later.

Mom and Malia pick out a guest room to stay in, and we clean up and go to The Five and Dime Diner for dinner. *It's nice, not having a stalker work there.*

Roxy is our waitress. I introduce her to Melissa and Malia.

She's thrilled to finally meet the lady I've been calling Mom or Momma McCall for a while now.

I told her Malia is like my sister and she's locked into calling Peter Uncle. I get my usual.* Today
has been a very productive but tiring day.

I hide a yawn, but Peter sees. He says time to head home so he can tuck me into bed.

He heads outside in his robe, Malia follows, and they both run a patrol of our territory. *I didn't tell him, I'm so tired because I started making more geas, and extending my turf to encompass their land. I want to protect them as well. I hope that I will finish them tomorrow, but that's a lot of geas to make.*

I am so dead asleep when he comes in that I don't feel him snuggle up to me.
I get up super fucking early, again. I have got to finish encircling the border of our territory around dad's and Malia's cabins with my specially designed geas.

I sit up and longingly stare at my spot in the bed. If I didn't love Malia like my sister and dad, I wouldn't do this to myself. They need to be protected and kept safe. I should finish this no later than tomorrow, but if I don't get my ass moving it won't get done.

As I get out of bed, Peter instinctively grabs my wrist, raises up, and pulls me into his arms where he nuzzles my neck. He must've figured that's why I got up and left before he awoke yesterday.

I say, "it's early yet. Go back to sleep. I thought you'd want to get more sleep."

He arches his brow. "I'd think you'd want to get more sleep considering you could barely make it up the stairs last night. You shouldn't be that exhausted, I haven't exhausted you as I want or will do once you're mine."

I chuckle. "Only you can go from scolding to innuendos and flirting. What makes you think you can tire me out?"

He arches a brow derisively. "I aim to please and I always satisfy the object of my affections."

Peter flips us over, and I let out a startled oompf as my hands go to his warm, broad, and muscular chest. I like touching him so leave my hands right there, if one of my hands is over his nipple, I'm not going to complain.

It takes my mind a minute or two to peel itself away from looking into his beautiful blue eyes and the way his body feels on top of mine.

I have to work at focusing on our conversation. My brow goes up in surprise. "That's a bold statement." I fake pout. "Does that mean that I'm not the only person to ever got caught in your
He smiles. "A long time ago, I had a guy that I practiced my ... technique ... on. I guarantee I'll please and satisfy you more than you could ever want. Before you ask, we agreed only to give our hearts to our true love, but we went through a ... teaching and learning ... experience so that we'd know how to ensure we will meet our mates' needs and give them the most pleasure. To keep them happy and satisfied."

I ask, "should I be jealous or worry that he'll come back for you?"

He climbs higher up my body so that he's looking down into my eyes and certain parts of our anatomy are lined up just right. Even clothed it's very distracting. He smirks, "there's nothing to be jealous about, love. You're the only one I've ever cared about like this."

I like this position, especially when he lifts a little and his groin rubs against mine. I'm valiantly trying not to get a significant woody or moan at how good he feels. "I'm looking forward to seeing what you've learned, but then again, you could be bragging without the ability to put your money where your mouth is, so to speak."

He smirks and slowly lowers himself closer to me "OH? Really now? I think I can put more than my mouth ... where my money is, Little One." He deliberately leans down and kisses my neck on the pulse point. I bite back a moan as my hand moves around to his neck and hair. I pant a little as I turn my head, baring my neck, and I feel his lips as he smiles into my throat.

I catch sight of the clock and see the time. "Crap! It's getting late. I have a deadline I have got to meet."

He is off of me and across the room getting dressed before I even see him move.

I blink. "Damn! You can move fast when you want."

He smirks. "I can also move unimaginably slow when I want as well."

We dress and quietly go out the back door. We hike to where I had to stop working yesterday. I walk to a tree about 50 yards further down, in the rough circle I'm trying to make around our three territories' border to make one area that's protected. I concentrate my magic into the lines of the geas I draw into the tree and watch as the geas glows for a second, indicating that it's active and functioning like I want.

I created my unique geas by combining three runes. The power of three is the most potent aspect of magick.

The 1st rune is Algiz which the strongest rune of healing and protection. It is so powerful that it not only protects the caster but the friends and family of the spell caster as well.

The 2nd rune is Eihwaz - the world tree and the power of the earth. It signifies progress and protection.

The 3rd rune is Dagaz - the full moon. It represents the point of illumination or discovery.

The three together mean the powers of nature, (earth and trees), reveal intruders and threats while protecting us.
I continue working my way around the border. After I finish the twelfth one, I feel the drain and severe tiredness eating at my core. I push through it though. I have got to finish before dad and Malia move in. I **need** them safe. She's like my sister. I don't want anything to happen to them.

As I finish the twentieth one, I'm sweating, and I feel incredibly heavy, like I'm walking underwater or I'm wearing lead shoes. I feel Peter growling subvocally and see him flexing his hands and trying not to make a fist or extend his claws. *Wait! How do I feel his growl? I shouldn't be able to. I haven't taken my elixir in a while. How sensitive am I getting to werewolf abilities?*

I finish laying the quarter-mile geas around our cabins and work on the half-mile geas before I run out of time and energy. God! I am so incredibly tired. We head back to the cabin.

I shower to get ready for work and then lay down on the bed for a nap while awaiting Marco, to pick me up.

I'm not aware of anything for several hours until Marco shows up to pick me up for patrol.

After I leave with Marco, Peter drives the girls into town so mom can apply for the nursing job and then he takes Malia to her interview at the station.
I'm dragging *all* day because I used a lot of energy on the geas. Marco side-eyes me as he asks, "are you coming down with something?"

I look at him funny. "You're the second person to say that today. No. I'm just incredibly tired. I
think I overdid it when I was helping everyone move. Why do you ask?"

He says, "you're not as bouncy or as annoyingly hyper as you normally are. For you, that's unusual. Are you sure that you're okay?"

I say, "I'm just exhausted. I drove several hours there and then several hours back, and helped dad pack. I helped mom and Malia put some of the boxes in their respective cabins until they're liveable and it's safe to unpack them." I avoid mentioning that I used too much magick.

He smiles and nods. "I'll do the reports and paperwork. I'll drop you off early so you can get some sleep. I'm sure a good long rest will help you kick whatever you're trying to come down with."

I gratefully smile at him. "As long as you don't mind. I can do them. You don't have to help me out like this."

He says, "it's not a problem. I'm sure you would offer to do the same for me if I was as worn out as you seem to be."

I nod in agreement. "that I would."

He drops me off and tells me to get some sleep.

I say, "I intend to. I'll get something to eat and pass out for the night. Thanks, Marco. I appreciate this."

I slowly drag myself inside and am greeted by dinner already on the table. Mom says, "we want to do something a little special for you. We made what we hope is one of your favorite meals."

Baked Cod With Tomato, Zucchini, and Peppers with Pierogis. It's one of my favorite Polish recipes. I guess they found my cookbooks. I'm glad they didn't look in the boxes in the cupboard. That could be embarrassing if they realize what I'm hiding in mislabeled boxes.

Malia says, "All I did was guess that since this book and recipe has your scent strongest, that it's your favorite recipe. Since I'm not that good at cooking, all I did was read the recipe for mom to make the meal."
I hug them both. "It is my favorite recipe and reading the recipe is important. Dad always mixes up teaspoon and tablespoon."

Peter says, "she's getting to be a regular Sherlock Holmes."

Malia says, "we appreciate you putting us up in your home until our cabins are ready. You don't have to do that. You could dump us off at the hotel."

I say, "I'm insulted. I would never do something like that to my family. You don't have to be related by blood to be family. I love you guys."

We talk about their job interviews over dinner.

Malia says she got the job.

I air fist and hug her. "Yes! That means you'll be one of my partners. You and Marco."

The clinic near us is just that, a clinic. Open 9-5 Monday thru Friday. Mom can work there and still be close to home, but there's not a lot of medical procedures done there. It might be boring for a nurse that was practically running the ER in Beacon Hills. The local clinic only has 34 beds. Or she could go to one of the five hospitals scattered around the park.

She chose to go to a real hospital. She'll drive 15 miles away, every workday. She's now the new head nurse. She has to be trained by the retiring nurse, but it's hers. She starts tomorrow.

Malia begins on Friday. I'll train her to be my new partner, and Marco is our relief. I'm off work on Sunday, Monday. She's off work on Tuesday, Wednesday. Marco is off work on Thursday, Friday. The three of us work Saturdays. It's scheduled that way because they have most unique events on Saturdays, so more people can go to them. Like the 49er Festival.

We clean up, and I run upstairs, well walk slowly and feel like I'm walking through molasses to grab a shower, so I can drop into bed early.
When I walk out of the shower in my towel to put on my sleep shorts, I’m greeted by the fabulous site of Peter peeling off his underwear.

A very naked Peter looks up, walks over, hugs me, and kisses the top of my head. "You need to get some sleep. You're exhausted. I'm going to run a patrol with Malia. She's in our pack now and needs to learn how to patrol our land. That's part of everyone's wolf pack responsibilities."

I smile at him, sniff his fantastic smell, and say, "I will, but I need to say goodnight to mom first."

He puts on his robe, and we walk downstairs.
I hug mom. "Goodnight, mom. I'm beat. I'll see you tomorrow. Sleep well." I kiss her cheek.

I kiss Malia's cheek and tell her goodnight also.

Everyone gives me concerned looks, but I pass off my exhaustion as moving, driving, and working, all in 24-48 hours.

Peter asks, "Malia? Are you ready to patrol our land with me? You can wait until tomorrow to learn how, if you want. It's up to you."

She smiles, shines her blue eyes, and says, "let's go, Uncle Peter."

They go out back, and a few seconds later I hear him shift to Alpha. They walk past the glass porch door on their way to run the property.

Melissa goes into the living room to watch TV, and I go upstairs and drop into bed. I'm so fucking dead tired. I don't even feel Peter climb into bed with me or feel him cuddle me.

WEDNESDAY
23, MAY 2012
2:50 AM
Thank God it's the last day I have to get up at this ungodly hour. When I try to get up to finish laying the geas, I find Peter's arms wrapped firmly around me as he cuddles me tightly to his chest, as the little spoon.

When I try to extract myself from his arms, he awakens and pulls me tighter to his chest and buries his nose in my neck. I sigh contentedly and hold on to his arms for a few minutes before rolling over on top of him and looking at him as I smell his concern.

I ask, "what's the matter, Peter?"

He says, "I don't like you tiring yourself out this badly using your magic. You shouldn't drain yourself to that extent, ever! You're using way too much magic! I worry about you. I know magic like that can be hard on you. I don't like you hurting yourself like this. I don't want you to do that again today. Please don't do that again? I can't just stand by while I see you hurting like that."

I card my fingers through his hair to calm him as I smile. "Yes, putting up that many geas in a day is very tiring. I need to finish them before they move into their homes. I want them safe and protected. I don't have that many remaining. I only have ten left. Then all of our properties will be protected. I'll know if anything larger than a Chihuahua crosses our borders."
He narrows his eyes as he asks, "Only ten? Yesterday you put up 23. I counted. I could see by the 12th that it was tiring you. At 20 I wanted to hold you in my arms and never let you go or let you make any more that day."

I smile, tuck my head under his chin, and snuggle closer to his chest.

He sighs contentedly and squeezes me as he pulls me closer to him as we roll on our side. He's still worried and nervous though. I can feel it.

He sighs. "After this... If our territory expands any more, or any other pack members join us, you have got to promise me that you'll limit yourself to 10 geas a day. Please?"

I look up at him and see how serious he's being. "I'm not sure I can promise that."

He frowns, growls worriedly, and determinedly says, "we will plan out how long we have to ensure you don't weaken yourself by the end of the crafting."

He squeezes me tightly as he worriedly asks, "what happens if an army of hunters crosses into our territory, but you're passed out from exhaustion and can't feel them attack, or they leave traps, and you're unconscious, so you don't feel they were ever here."

I sigh and nod in agreement. "You're right. You're absolutely right. I see your very valid point."

He sighs in relief. "You're right. You're absolutely right. I see your very valid point."

I say, "It's not safe to deplete myself and be unable to sense intruders. It's safer to do a small number of geas each day and feel what's already in place. Okay, Peter. You win. I promise. We'll plan it out and take our time to do it without draining me. I guess, I need you to tell me when I'm doing something stupid that endangers us, even though I think I'm protecting us. What would I do without you?"
He smiles and squeezes me. "Do you have to do them this early in the morning?"

I say, "unfortunately, yes. I wouldn't get up this early unless it was necessary. How strong my geas are is affected by the time of day I make them. The best time to do them is in the hour before and after sunrise. I can push it to two hours before and after, but one hour is optimum. Sunrise is at 5:46 am. I have to get up and get my slow human ass over there to start the first one by 4:46 am."

I smile at him. "Besides, I like being able to share the sunrise with you. It's calm, quiet, and beautiful." I look into his beautiful blue eyes. "Kind of like you."

He actually blushes. I impishly smile. "You can blush? I didn't think you ever blushed. Did Malia blush when you dropped your robe in front of her?"

He laughs. "I can blush, just not very often. I had my back to her when I took my robe off. Malia was a coyote for eight years, so nudity isn't going to bother her. I was being nice and not openly displaying my Peter in front of her."

I laugh. "Peter's Peter was modest. I would never have thought of that."

He laughs when he realizes what he said.

We get up and go out to finish the geas around the cabins and then, I crawl back into bed while Peter and Malia run the perimeter.

I wake up at 8:30 am, when Peter makes me get up so I can have some breakfast. He doesn't want me going to work hungry.

I go to work with Marco.

Peter brings mom to work and helps Malia move in.

_I think she'll be playing with the cubs most of the day._

While I'm working, Peter brings Malia to the bank to add her name to the paperwork for the house and helps her open a bank account. They make a list of the furniture and household supplies she'll need.
They go to the grocery store and get milk, cereal, fruit, vegetables and some meat. They get her a TV and radio as well.

He has a crew inspect the house to make sure nothing needs repair, and everything works correctly.

She eats supper with us at our place and hangs out with us until bedtime. I like the sound of 'our place.' I smile to myself and curl closer to Peter's side as we watch TV.

Peter and Malia run their patrol while Melissa and I clean up the dinner dishes.

Mom tells me that Scott calls her every day at noon and they talk about everything going on in each of their lives.

I smile. I'm glad Melissa's keeping up a relationship with Scott. She says he'll call me on my day off so we can talk. I say, "okay. That sounds great."

I fall asleep watching TV, curled up against Peter's side as we watch Criminal Minds. He carries me upstairs and tucks us into bed.
Marco picks up Malia and me, and we patrol together. Malia drives her new SUV as we patrol.

Since Hyde's gone, we decide to eat lunch at The Five and Dime. Malia likes the food, and Roxy.

When Marco gets up to take a leak, I take the chance to talk to Roxy about my concerns.
I look down at my hands, and I nervously ask, "Roxy?"

"Yes, sweety."

I take a deep breath. "Moving turned out better than I feared. I came here to start a life of my own. I thought I'd be alone, possibly for the rest of my life. I hoped that Peter and Malia would want to stay friends with me, but I was afraid of jinxing myself by counting on it. There were too many variables, and I figured everyone would stay with Scott because he meant more to everyone than I did. He's the good guy and I'm not. I thought I'd never get to talk to my dad again."

I look up at her "I got to keep my dad because he followed me here and decided to work on our relationship. We haven't a good one since before my mom died. We've love each other, but have been avoiding each other. Peter came with me and decided not only to never leave me, but to admit that we have feelings for each other and we're going to work at being a couple."

I hold Malia's hand. "Malia followed me here, as well as mom, well, Melissa. Dad's asked Melissa to marry him, and together they want to adopt Malia which makes her my real sister. She gets to have a family that cares about her, finally."

I look at Roxy and nervously say, "I'm a little apprehensive that the other shoe will fall any minute now and everything will fall apart, or I'll wake up and realize I'm in an insane asylum and no one wants me."

Roxy smiles fondly at me, pats my shoulder. "This isn't Beacon Hills, honey. That may have happened there, but don't be so sure that'll happen here. Give Wawona a chance. You deserve to be happy after everything you sacrificed for your happy."

Malia one arm hugs me. "Yeah, try to enjoy being happy with us. We love and respect you and will do everything we can to keep you safe. I can't wait to see you get fuzzy. I bet you're still cute."

I chuckle. "I doubt it, but okay, sis."

Marco comes back to the table from his trip to the John and orders his meal. "I can see why you love this place. Between the good food and the customer service, I'd give it five stars out of four."

Marco and I teach Malia how to fill out the reports and forms and then appropriately file them, not to mention patrolling. Then we show her how to teach kids necessary survival skills and the occasional tourist information questions that they ask, and how to check people have the right license for what they're hunting or fishing. Malia loves everything about being a Ranger.

I get a distinct impression that Marco is eyeing Malia.

**LATER**

Peter takes Melissa, Malia and I to the Buffalo Bar in the Wawona Hotel.
Peter looks incredibly handsome in his dressed down suit. The man loves to dress up, even when he’s dressed quote quote casual.
I order the Roast Duck with Pomegranate-Honey-Orange Glaze.

Malia orders the roasted rabbit in rosemary and garlic. Deer wasn't on the menu, and I couldn't get
her to try pizza when she says she loves deer as I did with dad.

Peter orders the baked salmon.
Mom orders a grass-fed Rib-eye steak with scallions and red potatoes.

We talk about what we want our lives to be like here in Wawona while we eat.

*Mom looks like she's debating if she wants to bring something up, but is worried about our response. I've seen that look around Scott, a lot.*

I look at her quizzically, put down my water glass, lean back and say, "you can ask me anything you want, mom. I don't easily take offense to things. I mean look how much shit I put up with Scott. I seriously doubt that *anything* you could *ever* ask me would upset me."

Melissa takes a sip of her wine and carefully adjust her glass on her napkin as she nervously says,
"I've been thinking about things. Things you and your mom used to say and do with herbs and such. I remember the savs and ointments and tonics you both made for Scott's various injuries and his asthma. I've decided I want to learn herbal healing and maybe magic as well. I was wondering ... I was wondering if you could ... teach me or point me to someone that can? I suspect you know several witches, perhaps not personally, but enough to ask for advice."

I smile. "Well, now that you mention it, as it so happens, I'm an Earth Witch. It's a little more than your average witch. It means that I'm tied into the element of earth. I can grow plants without seeds or fertilizer. I'd gladly teach you what I can, and I can find a few witches fully trained that can train us both. I can sense you do have an affinity for magic, possibly healing. When would you like to start?"

Peter smiles. "You could eventually be our emissary. I suppose that means you'll be spending a lot of time in the greenhouse?"

Malia says, "Oh wow! You're going to teach mom to be a witch! That's amazing!"

Melissa says, "if anyone outside of our pack asks, I'm learning herbal cures to be a better nurse. I don't want outsiders to know I'm learning witchcraft."

I smile. "That's fine by me. We can start in the greenhouse as Peter suggests. Are you going to tell dad?"

She thinks and says, "herbs? Yes. Magic? I think I'll wait until I can do something with it first. I won't lie about it, but I won't volunteer it either."

That night I have several odd dreams about Melissa, interspersed with the usual nightmares of my life traumas.
Melissa with baby
Malia completes her training as my new partner. She's only so-so with guns because the loud noise hurts her ears and she just doesn't like to use them when she has claws and fangs. Due to my training as a sharpshooter, I qualified as a marksman. I said it was thanks to my dad, a county Sheriff. Rangers rarely have armed assailants to deal with, so it's not a big deal if Malia is competent with guns are not.

She moved into her cabin yesterday and loves it, or maybe it's shifting and playing with the coyote mom and her nine pups that adopted her as their aunt that she loves the most about her new cabin.
Peter has Malia running patrols through our territory every morning and every night with him. He says all weres should learn how and participate to ensure the safety of the pack.

Dad arrives with the last of his stuff in his SUV. His first day as my boss-in-training is tomorrow. *That has me nervous. Our family dynamics aren't stable to begin with, and now we'll have a working relationship on top of it. He's never given me preferential treatment, so it shouldn't be a big deal.*

*I'm mentally crossing my fingers though. He does get protective when he knows I'm in danger. I remember he freaked when he realized I disappeared off that lacrosse field. I'm glad I was able to*
convince him it was kids and not a psycho hunter that would've killed dad if confronted. I can't watch him die! Especially, because of me.

We're having a construction crew replacing dad's water heater in his cabin. The wiring's worn, and out of code. Not to mention the squirrels ate the electrical wires going into the building. The bank's contractors will finish the rewiring next week. They're also repairing the new flooring upstairs, that has water damaged from a window they didn't close properly after the previous owner died.

Melissa and dad are staying at my place, in separate rooms, for now. They want to date before they hop into the same bed. I believe Mom will stay at my place until they get married. She wants a Christmas wedding but intends to go through the conventional steps of a relationship. She's thinking next Christmas is soon enough and wants Lydia to help her plan it. I suggest Yule. December 21st so they can celebrate their anniversary without worrying about family get togethers for anniversary and Christmas.

Dad says, "he does have a point."

I hired construction workers to install solar tiles that are flush with the roof (fewer chances of squirrels eating the wires or nesting under them) and it looks like a better design. Dow makes them with a mix of copper, indium, gallium, and selenium (CIGS). It's part of a test to see if they're viable in this environment. There is a house in California and Arizona that they're testing as well. We're installing them on all three cabins. I'm glad I have my cousin's contacts to make that possible.
The five of us go to the Furniture store and pick out furniture for dad's place, finish getting furniture for Malia, a few pieces for the guest rooms in our home, a better chair for my upstairs library, as well as a desk, chair, and lamp I'll need for doing school work, soon, hopefully.

Mom and Peter exchange ideas (read debate) for furniture for different rooms for different functions, for hours.

Malia, Dad, and I wind up cheering as the Mets beat the San Diego Padres, two to zilch, on one of the TVs in the shop while they argue over furniture and prices with the harried salesman. I think if Peter didn't show them a handful of money and his bank account they may have told us to go shop somewhere else.

I converted Malia into a Mets fan months ago. I'm glad to see Malia is just as bored as me.

They'll deliver it in two weeks. That gives us enough time for dad's house to be livable after the construction crews finish.
LATER,
AFTER DINNER CLEANUP

Dad offers to join the cooking lineup of our evening meal, but he's not a good cook, so we wisely turn him down. The man can't boil an egg without some mishap. I still remembered the pressure cooker incident a few years ago. "Dad! Two words, pressure cooker!"

Dad blushes. "Good point. Maybe I should never be allowed in the kitchen!"

I laugh and say "it's okay dad. You're an outstanding cop. You just aren't blessed in cooking. Everyone has their strengths. Cooking, obviously, is not yours. We have more than enough that can cook to cover it, dad."

Malia asks "what's a pressure cooker and how bad could it be? I mean what could happen just making a meal?"

Mom and I chuckle as she pulls out her phone and shows Malia a couple of photos after dad blew up the kitchen with a pressure cooker, trying to make rice.
Peter asks, "how in the hell did that happen?! I mean this in the nicest possible way, but you aren't ever going to cook in our kitchen."

Malia says, "wow! I guess it is possible to damage the kitchen!"

Dad blushes. "It was an accident. I didn't try to blow up the kitchen. Geez! Make one mistake, and you never live it down. Wait! Why do you have those pictures on your phone? A better question is why do you even have those pictures?"

Melissa hugs dad and kisses him on the cheek as she says, "for instances like now, when I need to explain to Malia that anything can happen in the kitchen and not everyone should cook."

I say, "lucky no one had a camera the time you tried to surprise my mom with a Thanksgiving turkey." I look at Malia. "Dad tried cooking it in a paper bag as he heard on TV, and burned down
Dad gravely says, "and that's why we now keep a fire extinguisher in the kitchen."

**MEAL PREFERENCES**
Mom tends to make fast, casserole dishes due to all of her years of not having the time to cook.

After all his years of having a lot of money, and time at his disposal, *and* the boredom to try out new things, Peter creates exotic, delicious recipes. I enjoy almost all of them. I didn't like that mussels feel like snot but other than that ...
I, myself, make sizeable full course healthy meals, but I do take requests. I have researched a lot of healthy foods to keep dad fit, so he doesn’t die early on me from a heart attack or diabetes. I love Polish, Czech, and Russian dishes because of mom and grandma.

Malia makes simple things, mostly out of a box. Cooking is new to her, due to being a coyote for
eight years. She will just as readily eat things raw as cooked. She is enjoying learning to cook with us. She likes how the flavors change when spices mix, and you prepare it correctly.

*Peter was a little insulted when Malia said pigs in a blanket is her idea of a fancy dish. Her pigs in a blanket was hotdogs with roll pastry in a can wrapped around vienna sausages on toothpicks.*

I keep a notebook on the counter with the current shopping list on it and ideas for what I want to make next week. When anyone in the pack needs or wants something, they write it down.

As we finish washing the dishes, Malia teases her Uncle Peter about him being domesticated and the perfect housewife.

I finally stomp my foot in annoyance, turn, and say, "I think that'd be me. I love to cook, and Peter's more dominant than I am. I'd be the one in the kitchen while he's out back kicking the villain's ass. Not to mention I tend to stress bake, a lot!"

Dad nods, smiles fondly and says, "yeah, his stress baking looks like he's trying to feed an army. The last time, we donated a lot of it to the long-term care facility at the hospital, and we still didn't have to cook for a week. Danny wound up taking Stiles camping for a week."

I blush, turn away from everyone, and go back to washing dishes with my back purposely facing the others as I silently panic a little. I try to squash it before one of the non-humans say anything.

Peter smells I'm anxious and nervous. He quietly lays his hand on my shoulder and whispers, "are you okay?"

I take a deep calming breath, sigh, and nod. I whisper "no, I'm not. That's not a subject I like to discuss."

Mom sees the entire thing and is silently working on piecing things together. She always has...
known more about what's going on in my life than anyone. She just didn't realize it. I sigh, slump my shoulders resignedly, and add, "it looks like you're about to find out why. Damn it."
Mom sees the entire exchange and is silently working on piecing things together. She always has known more about what's going on in my life than anyone. She just didn't realize it.

I sigh, slump my shoulders resignedly, and add, "it looks like you're about to find out why."

Melissa's wearing her 'Sherlock Holmes face.' She cocks her head to the side and asks, "Stiles? Was that when you and Danny went to Las Vegas for the finals in the two-d competition? What does two-d stand for?"

I drop my head, hunch my shoulders further and say "it's not two-d, its T-W-O-D. It's an acronym."

Peter drops his towel in surprise as he turns and asks, "The World of Dance? Are you that good at dancing? You made it into that competition?! Do you realize how incredulous that is?"

I sigh resignedly and say "Yes. The World of Dance. Why do you think I was stress baking! Wait!! You dance?! That explains why you're so graceful." Did he just hide a blush?

She distractedly says, "Danny says people all over the world compete for the title."

Malia says, "that would explain why it's called The World Of Dance."

I blush as I duck my head and rake my fingers through my hair in nervous embarrassment. "Yeah. When we got to the World level, I freaked."

Dad steadily asks, "so, you didn't go camping? I thought you quit dancing after the first class, as a little kid?"
I shake my head. "I was embarrassed for anyone to know that a guy likes ballet."

Malia bounces up and down excitedly with a smug smile on her face as she says, "I knew it. You do fake being a clutz!! I mean, you never actually knock anything over or damage anything. It's always a near miss, or you exaggeratedly grab something to show you almost drop it or the spectacular fall without ever hurting yourself."

I smile at her as I nod my head. "My reflexes, agility, and flexibility attract less attention if people think I'm a clutz. Peter figured out it's an act when I caught Liam's glass that time when he spazzed and nearly broke it. It looked expensive."

Peter says, "it was. Very. The runt's clumsiness showed me yours is an act. He's constantly dropping things, damaging things, tripping over things. Now you. It's brilliant and fantastic performance that makes it look like anything outstanding you do, that you shouldn't be able to do, is an accident, even when it's not. Ever thought of being an actor?"

I shake my head. "I don't like being the center of attention or in groups of people. My PTSD is too bad. As it is, as soon as I walk into a room, I catalog the exits, how many people are there, who stands as if they can fight, who pays attention to me, who's armed and with what. That's one reason I moved here, where there aren't as many people that I have to worry about coming after me."

Dad hugs me. "Agent McCall told me you show signs of severe PTSD. I got angry and said he didn't know what he was saying. He says that the guy he shot had a gun to your head and was counting down to pull the trigger. You didn't act as any reasonable person would. You didn't flinch or show any fear."
Mom gives Malia a one-armed hug as she says, "I figured out Stiles’ act a couple of years ago. I found Stiles standing on the arms of a chair, as he balanced it on one leg, to change a light bulb in the kitchen. Kind of like Jolie did in that spy movie she did with Pitt. To show me it wasn't a big deal, he backflipped off of it, landing on his feet with barely any sound, and he didn't knock over the chair or anything else. I told him never to do that again and to ask the neighbor for his ladder."
Dad narrows his eyes and asks "did you ask Mr. Selleck for a ladder the next time?"

I shrug and sigh. "Yeah, dad. He noticed I was nervous about using a ladder and didn't trust it, so he changed the light bulb for me."

Peter asks, "why don't you trust them?"

I say "they tend to tip over, close on you, or break while you're on them. Chairs are stable and have four legs that never change position. I trust them more."

Peter moves closer to me, looks at me impressed, and purrs, "I wonder how long you've been taking that potion or even if you need it." The man loves to be in my personal space when he makes those kinds of comments. It's hard not to shiver or lean into him and touch his massive chest.

I just smile nervously as dad gears up to re-ask his question that I thought I had smoothly avoided earlier and hoped he'd forget.

Dad crosses his arms, leans forward and determinedly asks "son? That camping trip? It wasn't camping! You didn't quit dance class as you lead me to believe after your first class?"

I look at dad guiltily. "No, we didn't go camping. I didn't want anyone knowing how much I love to dance and they thought I was a natural ballet dancer. People automatically ostracize guys in ballet as gay. Yeah, I'm gay, but I didn't want harassment for dancing. Mom always told you that we were going to the park to help burn off my energy and we'd secretly go to our dance classes. She was learning the waltz and the rumba. She said it helped maintain her girlish figure while I studied ballet and yoga. Danny taught my Hip Hop."

Melissa says, "you only told me that you made it to world level; however, Danny told me you were in the top three. How well did you place? You never told me how you fared."

I blush furiously, run my hand through my hair nervously and try to decide if I tell them or not. I finally decide, square my shoulders, open a kitchen cupboard, and grab a box that says '9-Mom's
China' on it. I pull it down, open it and pull out a trophy saying World of Dance Champions of 2009.

Dad opens the other two boxes that say '10-mom's China' and 'mom's knickknacks' and finds my TWOD trophy from 2010 and a bunch of national awards. Some of them have just my name and some with mine and Danny's. He looks at me, impressed.

Peter hugs me. "You won! Twice! I'm impressed! That championship is on youtube. I have got to look up your dance routines. Every dancer knows that's the ultimate prize."

I look at him in shock and nervousness. "You competed?"
Peter says "yes. I was more ballroom and jazz, but I can pop it pretty well. I never made it past regionals. Purposely of course. It wouldn't do if a pack's left hand become well known for winning competitions."

Melissa looks at him and comments, "I can see you doing ballroom dance, but I just can't see you pop it. Danny does it amazingly well."

Malia adds, "I agree with mom. You seem too upper class and snobbish to be hip-hop." We look at her wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

She puts her hand over her mouth in shock that she just called Melissa mom! "I'm sorry. You're like the mom I always wished I had, and Stiles calls you mom all the time. It just slipped out. I don't want to offend you."
Mom hugs her. "It's okay, baby. I don't mind you calling me mom. Stiles has called me mom for longer than I can remember. He calls me Mama McCall when Scott's around, so as not to offend him. I'd be honored to be your mom. I'd be happy to adopt you, if that's something you want, even though you're 17."

Malia nearly purrs and asks, "Really? You'd adopt me? I can have you as my real mom?! I'd love that!"

Dad says, "I'll talk to a lawyer tomorrow. Son? Why didn't you tell me you won a competition? Hell, why didn't you tell me you were in one? I'd have arranged to go. You know that."

I shuffle nervously. Without looking up, I say, "that's why. I was already freaking out that I was in the world finals. I would've had another panic attack if you were in the audience. I couldn't have handled the pressure to be perfect for you, so you're not disappointed in me."

Dad lays his hand on my shoulder, "I've never been disappointed in you and never will be. You always do your absolute best, and that's all I could ever ask. You don't have to win or be the best. Just be you, son."

I fight back a few tears as he hugs me and then I panic as I see Peter's face. Oh Crap! What did he figure out and what got me in trouble?
What did Peter figure out and what did I do to get myself in trouble?

Peter scowls. "Another one?!" He takes a step towards me and intently asks, "You either lied to me, or purposely left out information so I wouldn't know the truth."

I arch my brows in confusion. "I've never lied to you. I make sure I don't lie to you. I may have left out a few facts here or there, but I've never lied to you."

He crosses his arms. "Really. So, that panic attack you had after the pool?"

I mutter, "crap!"

He inclines his head towards me. "It wasn't your only panic attack as you led me to believe! I nearly had a stroke when I found you passed out in your jeep after hearing your heart racing and you not breathing. You said it had to be a panic attack after the stress of nearly drowning with someone you felt responsible for keeping alive. You said you heard one can be triggered by stress or life and death situations. How long have you had them?"

I'm nervously toeing the ground. "Since my first stay at Eichen House. It was along time before I could trust anyone. I never got comfortable asking for help. I finally got to where I do go to Dad, if he's around, or Melissa when I feel an attack building up. They calm me down before I pass out."

Peter nods, thoughtfully. "That's why I've heard John tell you to calm down and breathe. I thought it was because you had too much Adderall. I didn't realize it was because of panic attacks."

I nod as dad says, "sometimes just telling him to breathe reminds him he has some control and he calms down."

Mom says, "if that doesn't work, hugging allows him to feel your breathing and heartbeat giving him something to match, to get control."

Peter relaxes his stance and sighs. "I hope you know you can add me to the list of people you can turn to for help?"

I hug him and bury my head under his chin as I look up at him.

He wraps his arm around my back, so I know he's not mad at me.

I step back, duck my head, and shyly smile. "I figured that out when you ensured the twins left me alone, and you tossed Derek through a wall. "I see dad's eyebrow go up in surprise while Melissa does her 'I knew it' smile."
Malia anxiously asks, "I'm on your list, right? You know I'm always here for you. You're my anchor, and you help me be human!"

I nod and try to calm her down as I rest my head on her shoulder and nose at her neck. "I know. You're like my big sister, and you've already stopped me from having an attack, after my fight with Theo."

She looks confused, so I shrug and look down. "I said it was just an asthma attack and I needed to calm down. I mean, I punched Theo in the face when it felt like he might try to force ..."

I stop myself and take a deep breath. "I panicked and hit him. You got rid of him and helped me calm down enough to fight off the attack."

It looks like an angry cloud crosses over Peter's face and Dad looks suspicious, a little upset, but a lot confused. I'm hoping they let it go, but...

...I can see from Malia's face that she's remembering the incident. Damn!

Malia bounces excitedly. "Oh, yeah! I remember! I roared at Theo after I broke his jaw. I yelled that an angry human broke his nose. If you can do that, imagine what I'll do to him if he ever lays another hand on you. You're my little brother, and I can get a lot angrier, and I'll rip his heart out to protect you."

Peter makes the timeout gesture. "Hold it! Rewind! That bastard tried to force himself on you?"

I swallow and nervously rake my hand through my hair. "Umm. It felt like that to me, but I'm a little damaged in that regards."

Mom looks at Malia. "Honey, tell us exactly what happened!"

Malia looks off distantly as she anxiously recounts what she saw. "I remember. Um, I follow Stiles' scent to tell him something for Scott, I forget what it was now. I feel Stiles anxiety coming from the roof of the hospital in waves, and I hear Theo threatening him in a quiet voice. It had a creepy feel to it. It pisses me off when I listen to him call Stiles a murderer and I could hear his heart lying."

She continues, "Theo's asking 'what's Scott going to do when he finds out.' It doesn't sound or feel
right. I know Stiles would never murder anyone, so I jump up and land downwind where Theo can't smell me."

Malia gets an angry look on her face as she remembers what Theo was doing. "He shoves Stiles into the wall and pins him there as he promises that if Stiles switches sides he'll make it worthwhile and it looks like he's about to kiss Stiles. I could tell Stiles didn't want him to do that." She shakes her head as she remembers.

I pale and start shaking. Melissa grabs me, hugs me to her chest, and curls her hand protectively around my head and as she strokes my back to calm me.

I feel Peter and dad seething and angry. It feels like Peter is practically vibrating with anger.

_Malia's still recounting everything, and I wish she'd stop already. I should've done something or told him I'm not interested. I should have done something, anything. Why didn't I? I'm worthless._

I sag into mom's shoulder in near despair.

Malia's biting her lip as she tries to remember all the details. "Stiles freaks, knees Theo in the nuts, punches him in the stomach, and when Theo falls forward to hold his stomach, Stiles raises his knee and slams it into his nose, breaking it. He growls, flashes his eyes, and moves to attack Stiles. I run forward and punch Theo as hard as I can in the face, knocking him down and breaking his jaw. I roar at him as my eyes glow electric blue in anger and tell him if he ever raises another hand to Stiles, I'll rip his heart out."
Peter's eyes glow red as he angrily states "I'll kill him. I'll rip his heart out with my bare hands. He had no right!" He looks at me and intensely says, "you did nothing wrong, Stiles. His behavior is all on him. You and Malia fought him off. You aren't at fault for anything that bastard did." He paces the kitchen.

Melissa holds her hand up in a 'hang on just a minute' gesture. "Scott knows about Theo's plan to kill him on the full moon and plans on locking him up, under Eichen House. I believe Braeden intends to kill him though. He's unstable, evil and powerful."

Peter smiles at that and turns off the red eyes. He tilts my chin, so I'm looking into his eyes. "We ..." and points around to our pack as he continues, "won't let anyone hurt you like that ever again! None of us see you as damaged. Even Malia thought that bastard was going to do something to you and she's not as sensitive to human behavior as we are. If Braeden doesn't kill him, I'm sure I can arrange for the bastard to meet Alexi."

He evilly smiles as he says, "Alexi's just as protective of you as I am. He smells similar enough to you to be related, closely, by blood." I cringe. How?

Dad asks, "what? Are you related to Alexi? How is that possible?"

I look at dad helplessly and answer "umm, our mothers were a late-in-life, unplanned twin surprise for gran. That's how she survived when Gerard went through Warsaw and killed the rest of her family. Klaudia and Kaja were only five, and hid in a crawl space under the floor, for three days, until Grandma came back from a job in Moscow. I guess that makes Alexi my 1st cousin. He's ten years older than I and followed mom here to look out for her and then me, by default. We're a lot closer than we let on. Mom changed here name to Claudia. Bewtween mom's Russian Mafia contacts and the Russian Mafia Guy Kaja married, they stayed in very close contact."

Dad looks surprised. I don't think he knew mom had ties to the Russian Mafia. Wait till he realizes that means I do as well.

Dad looks at Peter. "I don't want to know about any killing or retribution. I am in law enforcement. At the same time, Theo's dangerous, and prisons aren't meant to hold chimeras. I do need to have deniability, though."

Peter smiles. "Of course, Sheriff. Protecting Stiles is always my priority as well as the protection of our pack. He makes a good second and you and Melissa make good pack elders or advisors."
They both look shocked that he'd welcome them as advisors. Melissa says "why, thank you, Peter."
SUNDAY
27 May 2012

Dad and Melissa look shocked that Peter welcomes them as advisors.

Melissa says, "why, thank you, Peter."

Peter then says, "on a different note. I suggest a group fund for maintaining our little wolf pack. Most packs have everyone working put in 10%. If you stay at home and cook for your wolf pack ...

He looks at Malia, and quickly corrects himself "... sorry, canine pack, or if you keep house for us, you get paid. The fund's for emergencies and groceries since we eat supper together. We have the biggest kitchen, so meals should be at our house."

Dad arches his brow suspiciously. "Are you planning on getting a job in the future?"

Peter narrows his eyes as he looks at dad. "As a matter of fact, I do. I wasn't suggesting pay me for keeping house. I'm not a nurturer or caretaker. I plan on joining the Rangers when Stiles quits and goes to college. Financially, I don't need a job, however, as a werewolf, I feel I must provide for my mate."

Dad raises an eyebrow in surprise, and Melissa says, "it is the perfect job for all weres."

We move to the living room, after putting the dishes away.

We catch dad up on Melissa getting a job as the head nurse in a local hospital, Malia is my partner and already signed off as semi trained.

I also inform dad about what stage the repairs are at in his cabin and what my plans are for mine.

Malia says, "I love it here. It's home. I love being in the middle of nature, protecting it, and finding hikers too stupid to stay on the trails."

I smile because I know she means she likes being more in tune with nature than people and that it is an advantage here.

Dad's impressed with how well Malia has adapted to being a Ranger and playing human here.
Peter points out that werehs have a natural affinity for patrolling the forest since they *are* forest animals walking in a human body.

*Malia has to work today because we don't have the same days off.*

I say "there's no Nemeton, Deaton or monthly bad guys to fuck it up. We live peacefully with our pack and family here."

Peter smiles, hugs me, and snuffles at my neck.

Dad says, "I just can't get over big terrifying Peter is so protective and cuddly here."

Melissa and Malia softly chuckle as Peter huffs in annoyance. "I'm only cuddly with Stiles, and I'm still terrifying." He flashes his red eyes for emphasis.

I'm pleasantly impressed when Malia asks my dad to help her pick some college classes to help her apply to the police department. She wants to take a few basic courses at the community college to improve her chances of being a deputy. She hopes that one day she can be a Sheriff here like he was in Beacon Hills.

He smiles. "I'd be glad to help you pick classes and help you apply for college. I'm already proud of how much progress you've made since Stiles brought you home from Eichen. For someone that lost eight years of your life, you've done amazingly well getting your life back. High school is the hardest place to be, even if you didn't miss eight years."

Malia smiles and hugs me. "That's because of all the word games, reading, and writing my brother here made me do. He said any kid that can learn to live as a coyote and hunt down deer and wolves on their own could deal with a few stupid pansy teenagers."

Melissa hides a smile.

Peter hugs Malia. "You're allowed to take some credit for how hard you worked and how quickly you caught up."

She smiles up at him.
Dad says, "you need to complete a basic criminal justice degree like a certification or a diploma which takes six months to a year to complete. Your second option includes pursuing a bachelor's or master’s degree in criminal justice or law enforcement."

Melissa volunteers to help Malia as well.

I say, "How about we keep working on your math, science, reading, and writing so you won't have any problems with college. We can teach you a foreign language as well."

Peter says, "I can teach you Spanish or French."

Mom says, "I speak Italian, which is similar."

When they look at me, I say, "don't look at me. I speak Polish, Russian, Moravian, German, French, Italian, Chaldean, Latin and Ancient Latin. Those are a lot harder to learn than Spanish. And yes I understand Spanish, but I could never trill the damn R, so I don't consider myself proficient in it."

Dad looks shocked as he asks, "why do you speak so many languages and how did you learn so many?"

I blush and shuffle my feet. "Mom taught me Polish and Moravian. Alexi is Russian mafia, and he showed me a couple of his dialects. The Argents spoke French to each other, so I thought it'd be useful. French, Spanish and Italian all have the same root words with slight changes to accent, spelling and a few words here and there. I need Latin and Ancient Latin for researching ancient spells, the same with Chaldean. The German was from my stocking job. The security guard was Lithuanian. I was the only one that could talk with him, and that was stilted, with only my Polish and Russian. He taught me German so we could communicate better."

Malia asks, "Moravian? Where is Moravia? I've never heard of a country Moravia."

I smile at that.

Peter patiently says, "that's the language spoken in the Czech Republic. Like Irish speak Gaelic. The language is not always named the same as the name of the country."

I say, "the Russian Mafia has a stronghold in Czechoslovakia. Everyone associated with them is expected to speak Moravian."

I make several bowls of healthy popcorn so we can watch TV together.
Later that night

We wind up watching a few episodes of Supernatural season 1. I comment "A witch must have written this." Everyone looks at me as I blush, duck my head, and shut my mouth. I hate when my brain to mouth filter doesn't work.

During a commercial, Malia looks at me. "Stiles? Anthony asked me out on a date. I said I need to talk to you about it first. I'd like to date him but not sure how that works."
LATER
We wind up watching a few episodes of Supernatural season 1. I comment, "A witch must have written this." Everyone looks at me as I blush, duck my head, and shut my mouth. I hate when my brain to mouth filter doesn't work.

During a commercial, Malia looks at me. "Stiles? Anthony asked me out on a date. I said I need to talk to you about it first. I'd like to date him but not sure how that works."

I look at her in puzzlement. "Anthony? Who's Anthony?"

She says, "the Ranger that covers for us on our days off. Your first partner. He's terrified of Uncle Peter. Anthony Marco."

I say, "Oh. I thought Marco was his first name. Do you want to date him?"

She nods. "Start small and tell him you haven't dated a lot because we lost you in an accident. If you want to, you can say I'm one of the people that found you and helped you get back into normal things. That's why we're so close. Don't say you were a coyote, but tell him you weren't in civilization for a while and you need to go slow because you're discovering how things work. If he's an honorable man, he'll go slow and give you time to figure things out."

Mom says, "Johnathan, and I'll be dating as well. You can see with your super senses how we go on a date. I'm sure Stiles has no problem with you watching him and Peter date as well."

Peter nods. "I'll warn Marco that if he hurts you, I'll hurt him, so he better treat my precious niece like she deserves to be treated, or else."

I say, "when I say start small, I mean, tell him he can take you out on your day off for coffee, so you can talk about nonwork-related issues, and see if he's okay for you. I always had the rule that dates are not a place to discuss school or work. It's not supposed to be a business date. If it goes okay he can take you out to dinner another night. Don't let him pressure you into sex either. There are a lot of asshole guys out there that do try to push innocent people into sex or the narcisstic ones that think if they buy you a drink oir a meal that you have to repay it with sex."

Malia cautiously asks, "did any guys pressure you?"
I smile. "I was always afraid someone wouldn't take no for an answer. I always set it up in advance so Danny would call me to see how it was going and then later he'd purposely bump into us somewhere. If I wanted him to save me from my date, I'd say some code phrase, and he'd come to my rescue. There were a lot of nights he had to break up my dates so we could" I use my fingers for quotation marks as I say "work on homework or a paper that I already completed."

I continue, "I think I only had one date that Danny didn't have to break up out of like 15. That doesn't mean you'll have any problems, though. I went out with most of them because they pressured me or guilt-tripped me into it. I never liked any of them enough to go on a second date, but I'm picky."

Dad asks, "you went on 15 dates? With guys? I never knew you dated anyone. Of course, I always thought you had a crush on Lydia until I saw you two together and figured out she was your rival and not your crush."

Peter says, "I'm glad to see at least one person close to you was able to see through that ruse about Lydia. I saw through that right away. You weren't drooling."

When I glare at him, he quickly says, "just kidding, Little One."

Mom says, "Malia? You can have Stiles do the same thing with you. He can call you and see how it's going and then stop by where you are and ask if you need help writing a report. Yes, means get me out of here. No translates to Marco's a gentleman and to stay away so you can enjoy your date."

Peter says, "that's a good idea."

Malia nods agreement.

Dad says, "Melissa? Can I take you to coffee tomorrow night after work? Malia can watch us and see how it goes."

Mom smiles. "I'd like that."

Malia looks at me as she nervously plays with her hair.

I ask, "what is it, Malia? You only twist your hair in a loop when you're trying to decide if you're going to ask someone something and you're not sure how it will go. I don't think I have many secrets left. What do you want to know?"

She smiles shyly. "I was just wondering, out of curiosity, who's on your list?"

I ask, "my list of people I would go to for help?"

She nods emphatically. I chuckle and say, "dad, Melissa, Peter, you, Alexi, Danny, Celestria, and Parrish."

Peter asks, "who's Celestria?"

I smile and say "a water witch. You'll love her. I'm going to sleep. See you tomorrow."

Dad mutters in puzzled voice, "isn't your bosses name Celestria?"
I head upstairs, and Peter follows me up.

He's waiting in the bed when I come out of the shower.

I climb into bed and curl up on his warm chest.

He pulls me closer. "**Not** that I'm a jealous man or anything. Okay. I **am** jealous. I was wondering if you ever did anything with Danny? I know you're still a virgin. What I'm trying to ask is, did you ever date him or kiss him? Does he mean anything special to you?"

I look up at him. "He means a great deal to me, but as the brother I never had that always had my back. I could always depend on him, that is until he got a crush on Jackson and started following him around to be his new best friend. That's when I turned to Scott to be my friend."

I frown as I say "Scott was never as reliable, trustworthy, or protective as Danny."

Peter smiles and squeezes me. "Okay. I just had to ask. When it comes to you, I'm insecure and afraid I'll lose you. I haven't got the best track record. I'm **not** human, and I'm older than you. I was **insane**, and I **killed** a lot of people. Most of them, I don't feel sorry for it."
I put my hand on his neck. "Yes, you're six years older than I am, but you spent six years in a **coma**, so that evens us out. Most of the people you killed, **deserved** it. Meyers is the only one that didn't, and that was marginal. **I** was **insane** for a little while also. As for not being human, I'm willing to **join you** in not being human, to be with you, so that's not an obstacle. I'm **damaged goods** thanks to Brunski and Harris, so I feel just as **insecure** as you do. You look like a Greek god while I look like Herman Munster."

He laughs. "how about a compromise. We both look like Greek gods and you better not say, Baccus. I'd be Ares, and you'd be Apollo. You bring light into my dark world."

**Aww. He's so sweet.** I laugh. "I like that. Apollo and Ares. The sun god and the god of war. You have the muscular physique for that. I promise never to leave you. It'd kill me if you ever left me."

He cards his fingers through my hair. "I promise you that I'll **never** leave you. I'll follow you into death. I'd kill whoever killed you first, and then I'd join you. There's no reason to live in a world without you."

I sigh happily, smile and say, "you are so romantic and protective."

Sorry. Between mom's birthday and doctor's on my feet, I lost track of the date. Message me if I forget.

MONDAY
28 May 2012

When I wake up, I see Peter looking at his phone. I turn it so I can look at it. I smile at a picture of me. I kind of wonder how he got it and how long he was stalking me.

He lets me look through his phone. There are quite a few pictures of me, with the pack. My breath catches when I see one of me getting Erica to Derek when she had a seizure. I remember her telling me that I was her Batman.
I sigh and hand the phone back. I sadly snuggle on Peter's chest as he kisses me on the forehead. "There was nothing you could have done for her that you didn't already do."

I say "I know. I miss Erica, and she shouldn't have died like that."

He squeezes me sadly.

**AT BREAKFAST**

Malia is eating breakfast with us when Marco arrives to pick her up.

Dad answers the door and brings him into the kitchen.

Peter's between Malia and Marco when he walks in.

Malia hops up. "Anthony! I lost track of time. Hold on a second while I get my jacket." She runs out the back door and uses were-coyote speed to go to her place and get her jacket and get back in a few minutes.

I look at Marco. "Malia tells me you asked her out. She deserves a good guy that's going to treat her right. If you hurt her, I'll sick Peter on you."

Peter smiles evilly. "Anything happens to my niece, and no one will ever find your pieces."

Dad stands up. "Hurt Malia, and it'd be a shame if my gun happens to go off in your general direction." He turns to Melissa. "We need to go to the lawyers now so we can work on Malia's adoption."

Melissa gets up. "Marco? Anthony? Whatever name you use. Everyone's told you not to hurt my baby. I'm going to inform you of the positives about getting in a relationship with Malia. We can be your worst nightmares, or we can be your greatest allies. Protect my baby and keep her safe and we'll look out for you, hurt her, and we'll bury you. We might even wait till you're dead to do it."

She kisses me on the cheek. "See you later, son. We have business in town. Wish us luck."
I say, "you don't need luck mom. You're already the best mom in the world. It's going to be great having Malia as my legal sister."

Malia walks in the back door as she puts on her jacket.

Melissa and Dad say, "see you tonight. We're going to the adoption lawyers now. Peter made us an appointment. He has a lot of Legal connections." If I'm not mistaken, he looked pointedly at Marco when he said that.

Malia hugs mom, "see you tonight" as they leave for their day.

Peter and I are now the only ones left in the house.

I clean away the dirty dishes as Peter embraces me from behind and noses at my neck. "You'll sick me on him? That's the worst threat you could come up with?"

I lean back into his warm embrace. "He's terrified of you and I know nothing I can think of is half as frightening as what you think up. You're the great big, strong, powerful, protective Alpha I know and love."

He chuckles, rests his chin on my head, and says, "you're the main one I want to protect, and by extension, the ones you love. My happy little pack now includes my mate, a were-coyote, an elder and a Witch in training. We have plenty of space to expand our canine pack and a stable territory with a safe environment for us to have a family, after, you create the career you always wanted. I'll stand by you and support you every step of the way to see that dream happen, my Little One."

I say, "I'm glad we found each other. You're the best mate I could ever want. Now help me clean up before we get incredibly sappy."

He laughs. "I'm just being curious, what's your ring size?"

I look at him oddly. "I'm not sure, but you can borrow my grandfather's ring. I wear it sometimes when I miss gran and my mother. It was passed down through them."

I take his hand and lead him up to the secret library, and over to the table with a marble clock with a stalking tiger on it. I slide the front panel open to reveal a safe. I open it with the code for my birthday, 0115.

Peter says, "I was wondering why that clock doesn't work and you didn't feel the need to fix it."
I smirk. "It's not a clock. It's a personal safe." I put the ring on and verify it still fits before removing it and handing it to Peter. "Just be careful with this. It's ancient."

He says "I'll guard it with my life. I recognize this ring. It's a Royal Russian Cignet ring. Tsars of Russia granted nobility and various lands to the the Yaminsky family for service in the 17th century."

I get a funny feeling that he's not joking. "I'm surprised you know that. The Yaminsky family ties to the Tsars are secret and cloaked in myth and legend and most believe us to be a myth."
He smiles. "All the things I like to study, Little One."

**AROUND 10 am**

I get a call from dad, and he'd like for us to meet him at the lawyers.

We drive into town. When we walk in, I see Malia signing something with a lawyer.

Dad explains he needs me to witness the adoption, legally.

I smile. "I'm glad you thought of me."

The lawyers say they need to explain everything to me before I sign it.

Malia has to get back to work, so she leaves with Marco.

Peter pulls dad towards the door. "John? I need to talk with you why they go over the paperwork."

I look at him suspiciously, but shrug and listen to what the lawyers are saying as they walk out the door.

Peter takes John to the jewelry store down the street. "I was hoping you'd help me pick out the perfect engagement ring for Stiles. I have my grandparent's wedding ring set, and only a mated wolf pair can wear them. That's why my sister didn't have them when she died. Her husband wasn't her mate. Her marriage was for power, not love."

They go into the store. As the front bell rings, the salesman turns and asks, "Hello. How may I help you?"

Peter says, "I'm looking for the perfect engagement ring."

"You've come to the right place." He leads them over to dainty rings, and Peter says, "Sorry. Let me clarify. It's an engagement ring for a man. A very pale one that likes older style things. I'm not sure of his ring size, so I borrowed his grandfather's ring to get the size checked."

Peter pulls the ring out of a small velvet bag in his front pocket, and Johnathan says, "Oh. That ring. Stiles has always loved the antique style of that ring."

The clerk measures it. "It seems to be a 10."

Peter smirks. "Figure he's a 10 in every other way, why not have a size ten finger."
John chuckles and the salesman blushes.

The clerk says, "if he's very pale, silver, platinum, or white gold will look fetching on pale skin. If he likes antique styles, these over here would probably be more his style. What colors does he prefer? Or would you prefer to go with a classic diamond?"

Peter says, "He's not that traditional. He wears red because a friend told him he looks good in red but his favorite color is blue."

John says, "diamonds are alright but not necessary. He doesn't like the idea of blood diamonds, whatever that is."

The salesman says, "how about one of these rings. A simple silver ring with a decent sized Asian diamond, not an African blood diamond.

The Lapis lazuli accent catch Peter's eye.

Peter picks it up and asks, "doesn't lapis lazuli mean fidelity and pure love?"

The clerk smiles. "As a matter of fact it does. I was afraid you were one of those Vampire Diary fans that call any ring with that stone a vampire's daylight ring."

Peter says, "I've never heard of it, but I think this is the perfect ring. What do you think John? Will he love it or should I keep looking?"

John says, "I think it's perfect. Do you have that in a 10?"

He says, "yes I do. Would you like anything engraved on the inside of the ring?"

Peter says, "I think I do." He writes on the order form 'You are the full moon that lights up my dark world.'

John smiles. "How appropriate."

Peter laughs.
The man smiles. "You must be a very romantic guy."

Peter says, "Stiles is the only one ever to tell me that. I don't think I am. I just try to make him happy."

He chuckles. "Basically, that's what a romantic is. Someone that looks at their partner's happiness first, and does little things, just to see them smile."

Peter smiles happily. "I never heard it described like that. I suppose that fits both of us then." He hands the ring back and sees a heart-shaped box in the display case with blue velvet inside it. "Can I buy that box for the ring?"

The clerk says, "of course, sir."

Peter asks, "When will this be ready to be picked up?"

He says, "I can have it ready first thing in the morning, sir."

Peter smiles, nods, and says "thank you." He pays for the ring, engraving, and a lifetime warranty.
MONDAY, 28 May 2012
IN THE LAWYERS OFFICE

Dad and Peter walk back into the lawyer's office as I sign the last paper. The lawyer says, "we'll file these with the courts. It should finalize in about 7-10 business days."

We all say, "thank you."

Dad briskly shakes the lawyer's hands, and mom hugs them in gratitude.

Dad tells me they have a date tonight, so they'll be a little late tonight.

I hug dad. "See you later this evening."

Mom and dad go back to their respective jobs.

It's nearly 1 pm, so Peter takes me to the Five and Dime for Lunch.

Roxy's happy to see us.

Peter somehow uses his charm to get her to eat with us, and we tell her all about signing the papers to make Malia my official sister.

She sees how happy I am about it so gets me a piece of dutch apple pie a la mode as a special treat, on the house!

When I go to the bathroom, Roxy asks Peter how we are, as in, we. He smiles and tells her he ordered an engagement ring while I was signing the forms, and he picks it up tomorrow. She wants to see it, before he gives it to me. He promises to stop by tomorrow and show her.

Peter takes me home, and we watch TV for a while.

LATER THAT NIGHT

After dad and Melissa's date, all of us are watching Leverage in the living room when my computer pings an alert.

Peter pauses the movie as I turn on my laptop.

I distractedly say, "you don't have to stop the show."

Peter humphs. "I've learned that when you get an alert, it means a little more than you have mail."
Dad asks, "someone triggered one of your cameras?"

I absently answer "hmmm. This late at night? It has to be a camera because no one would email me besides Danny, and he's in a happy place right now. He finally hooked up with the guy he was crushing on for years, in London. I guess he finally realized that he's bi and Danny means more than a friend does."

As I bring up my camera feed, I say, "it has to be at the vet's office and Deaton's dead. Something's off. Scott wouldn't be there this late at night."

Malia looks funny and asks, "Jackson? Wasn't he crushing on Jackson? Wait? They hooked up?! Jackson's ... ?"

I nod as I ask "was I the only one that noticed that crush?"

I click on the alert, and it is a video feed from the vet office. Theo is spreading mountain ash around the walls of the room.

Peter asks sardonically, "isn't it a little redundant to spread mountain ash in a building made of mountain ash and Rowan?"

I deadpan, "not if it's a trap for a werewolf."
Melissa looks at me nervously.

Once the circle is nearly complete, Theo hides in the shadows.

Peter says, "that idiot, Scott, is never aware of his surroundings and refuses to let his wolf instincts know if anything feels or smells wrong. It's going to get him killed. Derek and I were always scaring the shit out of him because he didn't sense us."

I say, "Scott fights his instincts because he wants to be human."

Malia says, "but then he never listened to you, the human, that has better instincts than any werewolf."

Melissa curiously and nervously asks, "I take it, that's a problem?"

Peter says, "yes. It is. He won't sense or smell Theo because of it."

About 10 minutes later Scott runs in and with only a cursory glance around, turns off the silent alarm.

Theo steps out of hiding and hits him in the head with my bat, and then steps back into the shadows. He's watching the entrance intently as he pulls out what looks like a syringe and uncaps it.

Scott is lying on the floor, stunned, holding his head and trying to shake it off.

Dad asks, "where did he get your bat from?"

I think about it and say, "Melissa's garage."

A few seconds later Kira walks in. She calls out, "Scott, are you okay? What was that noise?"
She sees him laying on the floor and runs to him. She bends down to check on him as Theo steps out and injects her in the neck with a syringe of what I assume is kanima venom. *Tracy was a kanima before we killed her.*

Theo stalks over to a semi-conscious Scott as he fills in the gap of the mountain ash ring. "I don't know how you and the little runt killed Deaton and the others. You're too stupid and gullible to do it on your own and Stiles is gone. He must've sent someone back to do it for him."

He squats next to Scott and yanks on his hair to make Scott look at him. "Do you have any idea how easily I got you to fuck him over one too many times? I know he won't come back to save you. Not this time! I'm hoping he killed himself when you kicked him to the curb, probably far enough away not to affect his daddy. You tend to fuck over your friends, Scott, as soon as you get a girlfriend, so they leave you alone with the girl."

*He says the name Scott with such utter hatred and disdain. You ruined all of my plans! It took me a long time to track down Stiles’ bat so I can plant it next to your body after I kill you? How does such a bumbling idiot like you make shambles of all my plans? I'm going to enjoy this!"

I say, "Malia? Can you call Liam?"

She nods and starts dialing.

Melissa says, "he won't get there in time."
I look at Peter. "Give me your hand. If we combine our talking to the dead abilities together, we can call up the Theo's sister that he killed so he can have her heart to be the first chimera. Kira's right next to him. I can use the element of earth in the mountain ash of the circle and the building, tap into Kira's elemental electricity, and open a portal right in front of Theo for his sister to trap him in limbo."
Peter takes my hand, and my eyes go white while his go alpha red.

Suddenly, there's a third hand holding ours. I look up to see it's Tara.
I hear Melissa gasp as they **SEE** Tara.

Dad says, "we can see the dead you're talking to if they touch both of you at the same time?"

Peter says, "so it would appear."

Tara says, "I'll help you. Get me there with your portal, and I'll trap him. He won't be able to escape unless the same two elements are combined again. I want my heart back. I wasn't through using it."

I say, "I don't intend on connecting my earth with her electricity again. Gran said it hurts like a bitch to combine elements in one person."

Peter frowns.

My eyes glow Witch white again, and Tara disappears.

As Theo raises the bat to hit Scott, the lights in the vet's office fluctuate, hissing and crackling like something from a horror film.

He stops, turns and looks around. His pulse starts racing with nervousness and fear. "Who's there?"

The ash pulls together into a large pile in the center of the room and then undulates like a giant snake is shifting and pulsing under it.

Theo freaks out and backs up against the wall.

*He's trapped himself there with his fear.*

One of the lights explodes, and lightning strikes from the light fixture to the writhing ash on the floor.

The floor cracks open with a dim green glow.

A heavy, cold and wet white hand reaches up and grabs Theo's leg. It pulls him to the ground and starts dragging him toward's the hole in the floor.

Morrell, Liam, and Lydia rush into the office. They're shocked by what they see happening, and not one of them rushes to help Theo.

Lydia goes to Scott's side and helps him sit up and lean back against the wall.

Theo screams and grabs the examining table that's bolted to the floor. He's yelling *"NO! Tara, no! I'm sorry! I needed your heart to survive! I'm sorry Tara! **TARA!!** Don't do this! Please!"

*He's desperately trying to free himself.*

After Liam gets over his shock, he edges around the hole and runs to Scott.

Morrell stands there, with a small smile on her face, watching Theo struggle.
Theo turns, full of dread, looking back at the hole to see what Tara looks like now. He's fighting to break free when a wet, cold, body emerges from the fissure and climbs up Theo's body.

She has a hole in her chest showing that she's missing her heart. Tara angrily glares at Theo through her wet and matted hair. She grabs his waist and a handful of his hair as she yanks his head back. "Hi, brother! Did you miss me? Stiles says karma is a bitch! Time to pay the piper, brother! I WANT MY HEART BACK!!"

She screams a banshee's scream that's almost as piercing as Lydia's, exploding the windows in a shower of broken glass as she pulls him backwards, towards the waiting hole, a portal into limbo.

Theo's clutching the edge and trying desperately to free himself, but it's useless. She's a dead weight pulling him down.

Liam asks, "Scott, what do we do?"

Scott says, "get back, don't do anything. Morrell! What's happening? Tara's dead! How is she here?"

Morrell says, "It's Stiles! He's doing it. I can't get near them because he's using and combining two elements of nature! I'm a druid not an elemental."
Kira opens her eyes and says "do it." Lightning flows from her hand to her hip, amplifies and then jumps across the floor, electrifying the hole and zapping Theo, stunning him for a second.

That's all it takes for Tara to pull him down into the floor.

The hole closes, and the lights turn back on.
They look around, and aside from a couple of scorch marks on the floor and shattered windows; there's no evidence that anything strange just happened.

That's when Morrell finally walks over to Scott, squats down, and helps him up.

Liam picks up Kira and sits her in a chair.

She's still paralyzed, but she can focus on them.

Dad says, "you've gotten to be a very powerful witch."

My eyes go back to normal, and I collapse into Peter's arms.

He grabs me and keeps me from hitting the floor.

I lay gasping in his arms, as heavy as a sack of concrete potatoes and moan out, "fuuuccckkk! That took ... a lot out of me. Too much!"
I realize I'm too weak to stand and that I'm falling towards the floor. It feels like I was hit by a mack truck. I can't force my muscles to work and brace for the impact of hitting the floor when I feel Peter's warm hands grab me and hold me tight in his arms, saving me from a collision with the ground.

He pulls me tightly against his chest as he protectively wraps his arms around me. He starts to panic as he shouts, "Stiles! Are you okay? This is worse than when you extended your geas around the other cabins. You can't be using this much magic! I can't lose you!"

I swallow and let my head fall back so I can look at him. "I didn't know I was using that much energy. Not until after I stopped. It feels like I got hit by a truck, but I'm okay. It's as if I rode 20 miles on a bike and didn't realize how tired I was until I got off the thing and tried to walk again." He uses his shoulder to brace my head so it's not pulling on my neck.

The others gather around us as Peter pulls me into his lap as he climbs onto the couch the others vacated when I collapsed, as he snuffles at my neck.

I'm not sure if that is to soothe me or him. God I hurt! Peter's hands are showing the black moving veins as he leeches pain from me.

I try to push his hand away so he doesn't hurt himself, but I'm too weak to move.

Malia grabs onto my wrist and does the same. Between the two, my head feels fuzzy and I get dizzy from the sudden release of pain. "I slu out, I'm okay. It doesn't hurt as much anymore. Soo weak."

Malia says, "I got the little runt on the phone, but he insisted on getting Lydia and Morrell first."
On the screen we see Scott looking at the floor in confusion as he prods it with his foot. He then tries to get Kira's attention.

She finally looks at him and says, "someone or something tapped into my electricity. I felt it. They weren't malicious and were trying to help, so I let them. I told them to do it to stop Theo."

Morrell examines the floor and says, "that..." She motions to the floor "That was Stiles. He's an Earth Witch. He needed two elements and someone that has a link to the world of the dead to create a portal into limbo. He called up Theo's dead sister to trap him there. No one can free Theo from there. *Not unless they can combine the same two elements to open it again.* I don't think that's going to happen anytime soon."

Scott coughs and asks, "what's, an Earth Witch?"

Liam asks, "Limbo? Like Superman's Phantom Zone?"

Morrell hides a smile and nods.

She says, "an elemental is a Witch that has control of one of the five elements. With enough training or instinct, Stiles theoretically could create earthquakes or stop them. I've heard rumors that Stiles can grow any plant in existence, or even ones that are extinct, without seed or fertilizer."

She sweeps up the ashes and dumps them in the trash bin. "What Stiles just did was done by instinct alone. He probably hurt himself pretty badly or weakened himself so much he's temporarily paralyzed. He needs training, before he kills himself doing this kind of magick. Not many *full covens* of Witches can do what he just did alone."

Lydia asks, "how did he know to do this now or that Scott needed help?"

Liam says, "Malia called me and said Stiles said to get over here to save Scott and Kira. I insisted on getting you and Lydia first. I'm too little to be of much help alone against a Chimera."

Morrell looks around and says, "He must have a camera here, somewhere, and that's how he saw you need help. I don't know where it could be though."
Liam looks around and idly asks, "is there a reason why the x-ray machine is on? I noticed the other night that it turned on right after we walked in."

Lydia says, "Danny confided to me that Stiles is the one that taught him how to hack into computers. Stiles is super intelligent with a low self-esteem and an insatiable curiosity. I think he needed to see what's going on here, even though he's left."

She slaps the back of Scott's head. "Stiles left thanks to someone's big mouth, stupidity, and ego."

Scott rubs the back of his head and looks at her. "I know. I'm an idiot, and I fucked up. I'm doing what I can to learn from my stupid mistakes."

Melissa says, "it's about time he opened his eyes and learned something."

Kira looks around at the others. "So, he wanted to make sure he could still protect us? Even after he was kicked out? Well technically he was never pack. She looks at Scott and says "you said humans can't be pack."

Lydia scowls. "Derek said packs need humans to keep stability and their humanity."
Scott sighs and looks down. "I didn't pay attention to that part. Stiles did keep me stable."

Liam puts his hands in his pockets and nervously says, "Malia's with them. I think he was only concerned with stopping Theo. I'm not so sure he's worried about protecting us."

Morrell says, "with Theo gone and Deaton dead, you should be able to protect yourselves, now. The Dread Doctors haven't been seen in over a week, and they were using Deaton and Theo to get at you."

Dad says, "both packs should be safe and stable now. There are no active threats against Scott."

Morrel has been examining the machine. "It's not an x-ray machine. It's a monitor with built-in cameras. I bet Stiles hacked into it and set it up to record whenever you got close to it. It's in the back of the shop where customers don't go, so that means you and your pack are the only ones that would get close to it. He's very resourceful. Lydia, did he show you any of his computer expertise?"

Lydia smirks. "A little. Well, I watched what he did and practiced. I'm not as good at it as Stiles and Danny. Let me see if I can find the program and get into it. Maybe I can create a feedback loop so we can Skype them."

She types for a few minutes and says "It's a trojan or back door. I think ... I ... got it!"

A second later a small screen appears on the upper right of my screen showing us sitting on the couch.

Liam waves like a little kid.
Scott says, "hi mom, Malia, Sheriff, Peter ... "

He steps forward to get a better look. "Stiles? Are you okay? Dude, you look worse than I feel."

Peter clutches me even tighter to his chest as I lean heavily on him.

I weakly say, "yeah ... just dead tired. I'd wave, but I can't move right now."

Peter growls and pulls me even tighter into his arms and snuffles along my neck, worriedly.

Scott and his pack look at Peter in confusion and worry.

I say, "Peter's a little protective right now. All of the threats Deaton set against you are now gone, so you should be okay."

Morrell asks, "Stiles? I'm on my way out there to see you. I have my freedom now and can do what I want. You need someone to teach you how to not weaken yourself like that. Can you move at all."

I try to turn my head, but all I accomplish is a very slight movement of my head. I sigh and heavily lean against Peter. "Not right now. I feel as if my body has turned into concrete."

She says, "that's because you used your element, Kira's, and Peter's ability to talk to the dead, all at the same time. Next time I'd suggest doing one at a time, like a relay race."

I say, "yep, got it. Not at the same time. Don't plan on doing that, ever ever again."

I moan out, "That fucking hurt."

Melissa's rubbing my arm and dad's holding my hand. I see it, but I don't actually feel it. I'm numb, my entire body is made of lead and it's numb.

Malia's leaning against Peter's side and stroking my hair with the occasional subtle snuffles along my side.

I meekly say, "if you're offering to teach me how not to feel like this, I'd greatly appreciate it."

Morrell says, "I'll be there tomorrow."
Lydia feigns indifference. "Stiles, you brat! You scored higher than I did on the exit exam. I planned on being valedictorian. Next time some snobby ass tells you not to talk to your friends, tell them to shut the hell up because we're your friends too!"

She looks at Scott. "No offense, Scott."

Scott says, "none taken, I deserve that. I was an ass."

I say, "I left early enough in the year that you can easily get credits to get that title back. Unless it's too hard for you?"

I smirk, or try to. I hate being paralyzed.

Lydia smirks back and haughtily flips her hair. "I've already outscored you. I'll be stopping by to see you this summer."

Malia whispers, "her heart just jumped. She lied about her scores."

I try to nod but can't so nod with my eyes and say, "we can't wait."

Peter says, "you're all invited to visit, ... and apologize."

They smile at that. It's so typically Peter.

A sudden wave of desperate lethargy hits me. I look up at Peter, or as close as I can without moving. "Peter? Don't get all weird or alarmed, but I'm going to sleep now."

I close my eyes and am instantly asleep.

Peter says, "I'm putting him to bed. See you in the morning."

I'm pretty sure they make plans to get us all together, to smooth our ruffled feathers and get back to being friends again.

Peter carries me upstairs, strips me down to my undershorts, and tucks us into bed. He holds me tight as I drift into an even more profound sleep.
I open my eyes and see a lot of daylight. *Too much sunlight. What the hell? I don't remember my alarm going off.* I feel Peter's side of the bed, it still feels warm. He's close by. I hear him in the bathroom.

I roll over and look at the clock.

*It takes me a minute before my eyes can focus enough to read the damn thing.*

*I pm!!!*

*How the bloody hell is it 1 pm? Now that I'm awake I start to panic.*

**WORK!!! I have to get to work!**

I was supposed to be there and patrolling by 9:30 am! *I can't be a no show! I'm still on my hiring probation.*

I try to sit up and get hit by a wave of dizziness.

When the room stops spinning I hop up to get out of bed and get ready for work, which I'm late for, *which was a horrible idea!*
My traitorous legs wobble and give out on me, and I crash to the floor, landing on my knees and hands.

My head is mere centimeters from the floor. At least my arms were strong enough to save my face. I'm too tired to get up and want to just lay down and go back to sleep.

_I want to cry because I can't make my body do what I want and need it to do. I'm in the driver seat, or I should be. Ugg!_

Peter's suddenly there, wrapping his warm arms around me, gently picking me up off the floor and cradling me in his arms as he snuffles at my neck.

_I smell his worry. I try to calm me down so I can calm him down._ "I'm sorry. I panicked. I should've gone to work hours ago. I must have forgotten to turn on the alarm. I was trying to get ready for work, and my legs gave out. Why didn't you wake me?"

Peter says, "you always turn the alarm on at 8:05. Five minutes after it goes off so that it's ready for the next day. You _did set_ your alarm, and it _did go_ off. It went off for half an hour, and you didn't move."

Malia says from the doorway, "I tried to wake you also, but you wouldn't wake up. Mom checked you out and said you were okay, but suffering from severe exhaustion. John called in for you. I volunteered to go in _for_ you, but Ranger Niksos told me to stay home with you. She was _very_ understanding."

Peter sits us down on the bed as he squeezes me to his chest and calmingly strokes my back.

I say, "I'm okay. I _am_ exhausted. Someone hand me a phone so that I can talk to Ranger Niksos."

Malia hands me a phone, and I'm too tired to move my fingers to push the buttons. "Damn! Malia, can you dial this for me?"

She dials the number and then holds the phone next to my head. I sigh and when the secretary answers I ask to talk to Niksos.

When she comes on the phone, she asks, "Stiles? Are you alright? Did you do something you shouldn't have done?"

I sigh. "About that ... _I switch to Chaldean (the witches language) and explain everything that I did last night._"

Peter and Malia look at me oddly as I explain.

When I finish, Celestria says in English, "little wolf, if you weren't my best friends grandson, I'd tan your hide. You know that was very dangerous. Can you move at all? How weak are you?"

I say, "I know Celestria. I fucked up. I didn't think about it. I just acted on instinct. I'm sorry. Trust me, with as bad as I feel; I won't be doing that again. That Druidess from Beacon Hills is coming to help train me properly."

Peter whispers. "Celestria? The one on your list?"
I nod.

Niksos asks, "Wilka? You haven't answered my question. How weak are you? Can you move?"

I say, "I tried to get out of bed and fell on my face. I'm not as weak as last night, but I can't move my body the way I want to yet."

She sighs. "I'll be there in 5 minutes with a little pick me up to get you on your feet. I don't like the idea that you can't defend yourself with a Druidess in our territories, even if you trust this one. I'll use your basement entrance. I take it you're still in your bedroom?"

I say, "yes. Peter and Malia are protecting me." We hang up.

Peter asks "your boss is a witch and one of the names on your list of people you can depend on and your grandmother's best friend? That's why you already had a cabin here? You needed an anchor."

I lean heavily into Peter, not even trying to hold my weight up. "Yeah. She's a Water Witch to match my Earth Witch abilities and gran was a Water Witch that learned how to generate cold with her water magic. Can you help me put some pants on, please?"

They laugh and help me get some pants on, which was a rather funny looking endeavor. It Reminded me of once or twice where dad was too drunk to take off his shoes and jeans before getting into bed, so I had to help him. Imagine the movie Weekend at Bernie's.

Once I'm buckled up, so to speak, I snuggle against Peter's warm chest, breathing in his delicious scent as his heartbeat calms me. *I love his wolly scent, but it bothers me that he smells so worried.*

Malia curls around both of us.

I sigh and look up at them. "I'm okay, I can sit up now..." Peter has to help me sit up or I would fall over. "Okay, with a little help, but I can tay sitting up."

I lean back against Peter's chest. "I'm too tired to do it for long, but I can. That's still better than last night where I couldn't even turn my head."
I look at them both. "I'm just still overly tired, and a little weak. You don't have to worry." I sigh as I mutter, "Sometimes I hate being the weak human."

Peter smiles. "I guess we both need to calm down, Little One. Your not the weak human. You never were."

Malia says, "you're stronger than a lot of wolves I know. You may not heal as fast as we do, but you're just as strong as we are and you're more determined and focused in a fight than most people I've seen. That includes Derek. You broke Theo's nose in self defense. You are not weak."

Peter humphs. "I think the only fight Derek ever won was against Scott when he was freshly bit."

Peter gets a curious look on his face as it dawns on him. "Wait a minute! Hold the phone. You know we're worried? Is that because you smell it?" He cocks his head to the side as he reasons it out. "You haven't had any of your werewolf potion in a few days. How could you know how we smell?"

I sigh and nod nervously. "I noticed a few months ago that when something happens to trigger my adrenaline, like falling flat on my face, it triggers the higher wolf senses, not so much the strength and agility, but the sight, smell and hearing are definitely online. I thought I imagined it until you told me the full moon-blooming wolfsbane builds-up in the body."

Malia says, "I thought that potion only gives you the night-vision, strength, and reflexes of werewolves. It can give you smell, sight and hearing?"

Peter says, "it builds up the effects of lycanthropy in the body. It also lowers your rejection possibility. The longer he takes it, the more it affects him. He's gotten to the point where he has the hearing and smell as well."

I nod. "What about Morrell?"

He says, "she called a little while ago for instructions to our cabin. She'll be here in the next hour or so."

Malia growls as she hears the basement door open.

I say, "easy sis, that's our boss."
Celestria walks in and tut-tuts as she looks me over. She puts her hand on my chest and flows some of her magic water into me.

I suddenly feel loads better. I'm still tired, but only a little.

She says, "that should be enough magic to get you by until yours rebuilds itself. You take the rest of the week off and rest, young man."

I smile fondly at her. "Yes ma'am. Thanks for the pick me up. I appreciate it."

Peter shakes her hand as he thanks her. She just tells him to take care of her adopted grandbaby and leaves.

Malia says, "you moved here because you already had someone here."

I say "my mom started the process to buy this cabin, but died before it was finished. I finished the process. I always planned on moving here, just not this soon."

Alexi knew I was planning on moving out here at some point and already has several estates that he's been watching in nearby towns that's big enough for him to maintain his position in the Mafia and be close to me.

Peter smirks, kisses my forehead and asks "are you hungry, Little One?"

I shake my head. "Not really."

_That's when my traitorous stomach growls loudly._

He arches his brow and asks sardonically, "really? Are you sure?"

I blush. "Maybe a little."

Malia says, "that sounds like more than a little. I'll go set the table." She bounces down the stairs.

Peter stands up, picks me up like a fainting maiden.
I wrap my arms around his neck as I tuck my nose into his shoulder. "I don't know whether to be grateful that you're carrying me or embarrassed. I'm a little tired but should be able to walk now."

He smiles. "Grateful is good. Use the bathroom and clean up. I'll take you downstairs and feed you. Protein will help you get your strength back faster. That's what weres do to speed our healing."

I smile at him. *I lean against the wall and enjoy him washing me in the shower. I wish he would do more with his hands or the soap than just wash me.*

We exit the shower, he dries me off, carries me downstairs, and sets me at the table.

Malia brings me a huge plate of scrambled eggs and sliced deer sausage with some toast.

I say, "I'm not sure I can eat this much. Thanks, sis." I smile gratefully at her.

I quickly eat every scrap of food on my plate and then lean back and rub my tummy as Malia giggles at me.

Peter looks at me with concern.

I blush. "Sorry. I didn't realize how hungry I was until I started eating."

He lets me lean on him as I walk into the living room and get comfy in the middle of the couch where we can all cuddle as we watch TV.
I look at the clock and see it's 2:30 pm.

About 15 minutes later I feel someone cross my geas on a motorcycle. She sensed it and immediately stops and walks over to my geas to investigate it. It's definitely a Witch. No, it's a druid.

My eyes are glowing white as I watch her. *Her? It is* a female. *I'm not sure how I know, but I do.*

Peter notices my eyes and the ozone smell of my magic. "Stiles? What do you see?"

I continue to follow her movements as I say, "a woman on a motorcycle crossed my geas. When she triggered it, she noticed it, and now she's investigating it. A Druidess, wearing a helmet. I can't see her face."

Malia says, "It must be Morrell."

Peter asks, "where is she?"

I lock down her location and say, "on the east side. On the dirt path by the boulder. The geas Northwest of it."

Peter says, "Malia? Stay with Stiles. I'll check it out." He runs out the back door.
I see when he nears her. He stays back and asks, "who are you? Are you aware you're trespassing?"

She takes her helmet off, and I see her face as she says, "I believe you were expecting me."

He nods and motions for her to precede him to the cabin.

I nod. "It's Morrell. Peter's escorting here."

A short while later they walk into the cabin and come into the living room.

I say, "hi Morrell. Long time."

Peter curls protectively around me on the couch.

Morrell nods. "How are you feeling, Stiles?"

I grunt. "I'm tired, not as much as yesterday. I can almost walk on my own."

Malia says, "It's kind of you to come here to help Stiles."

She nods acknowledgment but doesn't respond.

I look at Malia. "Sis? Can you show her the open spare rooms and let her pick one?"

She smiles, nods, and says "sure brother. Not a problem." She grabs Morrell's bag and leads her upstairs.
A few minutes later they come down, and Malia takes up her spot next to me.

Morrell sits on the chair across from us.

Morrell asks, "Stiles? The geas you have around your territory? Where did you learn to do that? Normally only a full Witch Coven can do that. I do mean covens. A single Witch shouldn't be able to do that, alone."

I nervously pull Peter's arm closer to my stomach. "When I was little, Gran stayed with us after she discovered she was dying. I was six or seven. She showed me how to do simple things to keep our Covenant safe."

She holds up her hand to stop me and asks, "covenant? That's the word she used?"

I timidly say, "yea."

She asks, "you know what you are, don't you? Why you can use other elements as well as your own! Why you're casting spells that require a full coven! Why you're using geas made of three
I blush. "My mother tried to protect me from the magic. She was afraid that's what killed gran, so she didn't teach me as much as she should. I was an elemental. I absorbed some of the Nogitsune's magic when it was in my body. I went through it's mind and learned a lot of spells, wards, cyphers, and potions. We were still connected when he died. I fainted when over half of his energy jumped from him to me, like lightning. He was chaos. Chaos is all elements and none."

She says, "chaos makes use of the elements it comes in contact with, but can only manipulate what is already there. You took the Nogitsune's ability to use other elements."

Peter thoughtfully nods. "I suspected you took more than his knowledge."

She asks, "What simple things did your Gran show you, Stiles?"

I shrug. "Geas, runes, psychometry, and how to use healing herbs. I mastered all of that. I was too terrified of dying to master teleportation, until I died. I recently perfected that as well."

Morrell says, "I didn't realize you came from Azazel's Bloodline. Your geas are powerful and intricate. I'd never have thought to combine those three. How much information do you get from them?"

Malia asks, "who's Azazel?"

Peter says "Azazel. One word. A Nephelium or angel. It was said he mated with humans and was kicked out of heaven when he wanted humans to have freedom, magick, and knowledge. Chaldeans say he's the father of witchcraft. His children were elementals. He gave magick to any human that sold their soul to him. The covens are jealous of the covenants because their souls are intact while
they have to barter parts of their soul for their powers. The stronger they are the less soul they have left."

Morrell says, "You didn't answer my question. Your geas? How much can you see and how much did it drain you to make them?"

I say, "When I'm in the circle of my geas, it's like I'm at an open window. I can see, smell, hear and feel everything. If I'm across town and an intruder triggers them, I can feel the shadows of their actions, if I look. I can't find out after the fact though. Peter was right about that. If I'm unconscious, I'm not aware so that anyone can do anything, and I wouldn't know."

Peter squeezes me protectively. "It severely drained him when he expanded the circle. I was apprehensive about his safety after he made 20 in a row. It began to drain him after 12. I could see how much it took out of him."

Malia says, "That's why you were so tired when we first moved here? Damn!"

Morrell says with an open mouth, "Wait! Did you say he made more than 20? In a row? It's supposed to be impossible to make more than 6 in a row for an entire coven, even with making them at sunrise."

I shrug. "Twenty-four is my limit and it exhausts me so badly that I sleep more than 24 hours."

I look at Peter. "I promised Peter I'll confine myself to no more than ten in a day."

Malia asks, "If you can do all of those things, why didn't you use any of it to protect yourself before, or tell us about it?"

I say, "I did use it, covertly. I reminded everyone about the spiral that Ennis left at the Foundry, before Jennifer showed it to them to let them know where she was? I was protecting myself. I promised mom I would. She didn't teach me how to use spells, potions or glamours."

Morrell says, "Your mother didn't die of cancer, did she? That's not possible with your bloodline."
I shake my head. "No. Hunters shot her, she thought she got away, but they used poisoned bullets."

Peter looks at me in surprise. "Hunters? Does your dad know? Wait. Of course, he knows. The wedding ring he wears has an anti-glamour spell on it."

I look down and slowly say, "he talked the doctor into hiding hunters poisoned her with mistletoe, monkshood, belladonna, and mercury. He hoped if everyone thought she died of cancer, then the hunters wouldn't realize she was the Witch that got away. He was protecting me. She died hours after being shot, not over years like everyone assumes."

I look at Malia. "Remember when Deaton drowned us?"

Malia cautiously says, "yeah."

I say, "did you notice my ice bath had herbs in it while the other two didn't?"

She nods thoughtfully and says "yea. I thought that was because you were human."
I say, "Allison was also human. Those herbs limited my magic and weakened my mind so the Nogitsune could possess me."

I look at Morrell, Peter, and Malia. "After the Nogitsune, I've been teaching myself how to do magick from what I remember watching my mom and gran did. I also read their books and grimoire. I made several deals with Witches and covens along the way. I haven't found any other Earth Witches to teach me my element. I know a Water Witch, a Weather Witch, and a Fire Witch, but each element is different."

Morrell says, "of course. She's a very responsible and good-natured woman."

Pete asks, "so it sounds like you have a powerful arcane bloodline but are clueless on how to use most of it. You don't know enough to protect yourself or you didn't before the Nogitsune."

Malia asks, "you can teleport?"

I nod slowly. "I started doing small jumps, like a straight line of sight, when I was five. I was afraid I'd wind up in the middle of a wall if I moved too far. It took dying to lose the fear of death. Go figure."

**LATER**

I'm feeling almost 100% better by supper time.

Marin joins Peter and me in the kitchen as we make supper. She smiles and says, "God this feels nice and homey. I didn't realize how much I miss the family feeling."

Malia says, "I love it also. I didn't get a lot of this before Stiles started looking after me." She finishes setting the table and sits at the counter to talk with us.

We talk about schooling and career choices.

Marin's impressed when I mention wanting to be a nurse.

Dad and mom arrive as we set the table. They wash up and join us for dinner.

We all talk about everything under the sun as we eat.

I say "Malia? Would you like to invite Marco to supper next week? He might like to get to know everyone better here than out in public."

She says, "really? Can I? It's not a problem?"

Peter says, "it's no problem."

Morrell asks, "you have a suitor? That's great! I can't wait to meet him."
She hugs me and says, "I'll ask him to come over this weekend. Oh, wait. Monday might be better."

Peter says "actually, I plan on spending all of Saturday with Stiles. Going out on a date then is perfectly acceptable. That gives me more alone time with my Little One."

Malia smiles happily.
WEDNESDAY
30 May 2012

I come home from work to find Melissa and Morrell reading magic books in my library upstairs. I chuckle as I see Peter curled up in the corner reading *The White Company.* He immediately closes his book and seductively stalks over to me for hugs and scenting.

I smile into his shoulder. "I take it you missed me."

He snorts and tucks his nose behind my ear as he says, "you have no idea, Little One."

I look around and notice that Morrell is impressed with the books I've acquired for my research. I hide my smile that she thinks this is my best magick books. These are my expensive and more normal books. The more dangerous and harder to find books on magick and supernatural creatures are in the basement with my magick supplies. That includes grimoires I've collected from various sources. I'm sure she suspects I have a Witch's Den because of my geas and herbs, but I'm sure she wants to earn my trust more before she asks to see it.

Both Morrell and Melissa are reading some older grimoires. I chuckle as I see them trying out small spells like telekinesis, small glamours, lighting candles and changing colors of the flames.
I chuckle as I think of them as Morrell and Melissa or M&M’s.

Morrell about gets whiplash when Melissa asks, "what's a magic ... magick missile? Is there such a thing as that? It sounds a bit like stuff from Dungeons and Dragons."

I say, "yes, it's a thing, so are the energy shields and cantrips listed in that book. That's a battle magic book. It's a primer and not the more deadly stuff. Yeah, that stuff is real."

Alexi mastered that stuff. I'm still working on it. I think about Alexi, and I remember that we used that magic to face a darach about a month ago. I was the shield while he was the weapon. We worked in perfect tandem. I liked that feeling of connection with him when we work magick together.

I see Morrell's brow arch. Is she impressed by the books or that I can use magic shields?

She asks, "did you master these things, Stiles?"

I stiffen up in nervousness. "I'm still working on it. I can shield myself." I add a disqualifier. "If I have the time to concentrate and the energy's available. My ability to use magick missiles is a hit or miss. Sometimes it works, and sometimes it doesn't, but I'm not vicious enough to use such things on anyone that's not a cold-blooded killer. Now my cousin can use telekinesis to crush someone's heart. I've heard it looks like a heart attack if you examine the heart afterward on an autopsy."

My phone rings with the COPS theme song, and I answer it without a second thought. "Hey, dad. What's up?"

Dad says, "Stiles? After I found out Alexi's your cousin, I called him up and invited him to dinner. He happened to be in the local area already. It turns out he's in the process of relocating to Fresno."
It's closer to us and a large enough city that no one will question a Russian Mafia Don moving there. He says he'd be honored to come to dinner. Tonight!"

*My jaw drops open. Tonight? **TONIGHT!!** CRAP! I wasn't expecting him to stop by for another couple of months. **Damn it!** I think 'gee, thanks, dad!'*

Peter looks at me oddly as I valiantly calm myself down. "Yeah, dad. This town's a little too small for him to go unnoticed. Umm. Is it going to be a little weird for you to be eating dinner with a mafia guy? Are you sure you want to have dinner with Alexi? He's a bit ... umm ... unorthodox and overprotective. Russians believe *family* is more *important* than God! At least they do in the area of Poland and Russia that we come from."

Dad says, "Russian Mafia. That's **not** the same as the *mob*. In Russia, the mafia protects the people like the police do here while the government exploits everyone as our wiseguys do. I think of him as a protector of the people and your cousin. To me, he's only your cousin."

I smile and say, "that's great. You'll love Alexi. Don't mention the Argents returned to Beacon Hills. *It was Gerard that killed mom's family.* Alexi might have had something to do with several Argent's deaths." *That can't be proven, but I know him.*

I think for a minute. "I'll make traditional Russian foods. Blinis with Smoked Salmon and Russian Beef Stroganoff only made with deer. He *loves* deer."
Dad says, "that sounds ... umm ... interesting."

I hang up and say, "he especially loves deer he got to hunt on the full moon."

Morrell looks up in surprise. "He's a werewolf?"

I look up and say "no. He chose to be a coyote. If he was already in the process of relocating to
Fresno, that means he wants to be close to me. I am going to be in so much trouble that they're going to bury me twice. Crap!

Peter says, "wait! What?"

Morrell says, "that's an expression I haven't heard in a long time."

Melissa says, "I think I heard my grandmother saying that. It means you've done something your familial protector doesn't know about and will not understand and could get violent towards outsiders or even some family members, if I remember correctly."

I sigh and say, "Alexi is extremely dangerous and coyote family bonds go way beyond anything you could ever understand and he's going to be pissed. Peter? I mentioned you to him, several times, in the last few years. I left out the fact that you're a werewolf and a Hale. The only saving grace here is that you're at war with Gerard and Kate."

Peter says, "ah. The enemy of my enemy is my friend."

Malia says, "coyotes aren't pack animals. Corrine tried to kill me."

Melissa says, "that confuses me as well."

Peter says, "actually, they are! They have stronger bonds with siblings than wolves do. Wolves have stronger bonds with parents."

I rub my chin before twisting my hands together as I bite my lip, thinking about how to phrase this properly.

"Corrine had PTSD and postpartum depression. Talia's stole you from her within minutes after you were born. She didn't even get to hold you or name you. Talia did that. She combined the words mine and Talia to come up with Malia."

Peter says, "that explains the similarity in name."
I nod. "It didn't help Corrinne's state of mind any either. In a wolf pack, only the Alphas are allowed to have children in a threatening or threatened environment, and they're pregnant for 8-9 months. Now, coyotes are only pregnant for 3-6 months, and any couple can breed because all the children are raised together, as siblings, whether they are or not."

Morrell nods in realization. "That would give cousins a closer bond than most siblings have. That explains why Alexi seems intent on helping and protect you."

I nod. I look at Malia and very calmly and slowly say, "that's why I need you to stress that you're now my sister. He needs to understand that dad and mom are adopting you, to make it official. You'll soon be Malia Stalinski. He needs to see that you are, for all intents and purposes, my big sister."

Malia smiles. "No problems there. You are my little brother now."

Peter contemplates what I want. "So, that would make her part of his pack since he's your cousin or pack brother. He should accept me because I'm your mate."
I smile. "That's what I'm hoping. I just hadn't expected Alexi to visit this soon. I was hoping it wouldn't be for at least another few months ..." I wrap my arms around Peter's neck and lean on his shoulder as I look up at him ... "so that we could cement our relationship. I don't want him to try and separate us."

Malia asks, "he wouldn't try to do that, would he?"

Morrell says, "theoretically, if a coyote thinks a wolf is encroaching on their territory or taking advantage of their family, they could try to kill the intruder."

Peter says, "Oh. That could be a problem. He's your cousin, and I'll follow your lead on how to get through to him that I'm just as invested in your protection and well being as he is."

I smile shyly. "Thanks, Peter. We have to be very careful in how we approach him on our relationship."

I go downstairs, followed closely by Peter and Malia. I put my phone on the counter and begin supper. The three of us discuss coyotes and family and Alexi while we cook.

I silently wonder why parents always have to meddle in things.
WEDNESDAY EVENING
30 May 2012

Morrell and mom are in the greenhouse talking about healing plants and herbs.

Peter is helping me finish dinner preparations as Malia sets the table.

Dad is upstairs taking a shower.

Morrell and mom walk in and sit at the counter, talking, while I clean up some of the mess. My phone chimes and I pull it to my hand with telekinesis.

Everyone gapes at me, and I nervously smile when I realize what I just did. "Sorry. I suppose I got used to using my abilities here. I'll try not to do that again."

Peter says, "it doesn't bother us. We forget that there's more to you than meets the eye."

It's a picture, a text, and a picture from ... Danny in London. It looks like he decided to snoop through Jax's phone while he was asleep.

I download the pictures and I'm a little confused about them. I didn't think Peter actually knew Jax. I mean Derek bit him. I decide to tease Peter a little about these golden pictures.
I arch my brow in confusion as I ask, "Peter? How well do you know Jackson and should I be jealous of your relationship with him?"

He looks at me oddly as I read the text from Danny to myself, hoping it will explain the first picture. The message reads, "Hey, Stiles. Buddy. I was snooping on Jax's phone and found these pictures. I know how much you loved to drool over the trapezius' of this guy, and knew you'd love them. Love Danny. P.S. Don't tell Jax I went through his phone."

I then laugh, because one, it looks staged and two, it's kind of cute. My big bear is a teddy bear. "Or you're more of a teddy bear than I thought."

Peter seems embarrassed and nervous about his relationship with Jackson or that I'm asking him about it. "I may be a grizzly bear but I'm not a teddy bear. Ever."

I show the picture to Malia. She goes "aww. That looks more like a teddy bear than a grizzly. Or a sore loser and I don't think that's possible."
Peter scoffs. "After the whole kanima trouble, I spent some time with the guy to show him that werewolves are still people. He's a spoiled brat. Um, why do you ask? Let me see that!"

I open the second picture, and I think I do drool as I set it as my lock screen. I then send both images to my email for safekeeping.

I send a reply back to Danny. "Thanks, buddy. I love them! I have a new lock screen!"

Dad's trying to hide a small smirk as I look at my phone again before looking back at the others.

I mischievously smile at Peter. "Danny found some interesting pictures of you and Jackson on his phone and sent them to me. Have you ever lost a few tennis matches to Jackson?"

Peter jumps forward and tries to get my phone.

Malia says, "you haven't even seen them. How do you know they're bad?"

I try to keep it out of his reach, but it doesn't work for long. "Aww, Peter. They're kind of cute."

He says, "no, no, no! I'm deleting those! Why the heck does he even have those?"

He growls and says, "they came from Jackson! That says it right there."

I say, "Danny sent them, not Jackson. So this must be the good one. I'll have to ask him about the ones you're so worried I'll see. The second one does look like you were throwing a tantrum that you lost." I smile inwardly that I saved those pictures to my cloud and email before he saw them. I still have them even though he just deleted them from my phone.

Peter huffs. "That self-entitled brat cheats! He threw a tantrum because he was loosing, so I threw the game so the poor baby wouldn't cry. I then had to act all broken up that I lost or he wouldn't think it was real. You don't honestly think I'd look like that because I lost a game of tennis?"

Malia says "aww. Uncle Peter is fuzzy on the inside too."

Dad chuckles, and Melissa hides her smile behind her coffee mug.
Peter growls and says "I am not! I just didn't want to see him cry!"

I smile and say "no, that's why it's so cute. We know you'd never lose or throw a tantrum like this. It looks staged."

I feel someone close and familiar cross my geas, and I look towards the road with trepidation.

*He's early! Damn! He ran here! He didn't even bother to drive!* "**Crap!** Alexi's here! Try not to get into a fight with him, anybody, *please!*"
I don't get a response from anyone. So I roll my eyes and rush out the door, so I can try to head off any conflicts at the pass.

On the way to the door when I turn back. "Don't go near Alexi until he calls me his Wilka."
They nod.

I meet Alexi as he steps out of the shadows approximately 75 yards from the driveway. I know that
he'll act like he didn't want to attract attention by driving here, but I suspect he wanted to get here before I could hide anything that I wouldn't want him to find out about or discover. I am in so much trouble.

I toss him a pair of his pants. He smoothly pulls them on, and I put on my best fake-smile that isn't apparently a phony smile.

He adjusts his pants and smiles at me. I always wonder how I lucked out on being related to a guy with the body of a Greek God.

I hear Morrell mutter, "good God is he ripped!"

I open my arms for the mandatory Polock family bear-hug greeting and cheerfully or forced happily say, "Alexi! How good of you to come to dinner. We always have a place for you here."

He smiles and says, "Wilka! My favorite cousin! Long-time, no see! Well, maybe not so long. It's been longer than I like to go without seeing you."

We hug, Russian Style. Alexi sniffs my neck and frowns. "You have wolf smell all over you!"

I nervously run my fingers through my hair as I try to explain without starting a war. "Yea, about that. I can explain."

That's when the others come out of the house and move to approach us.

Alexi immediately picks up Peter's wolf smell and instantly gets angry. His eyes go red, and his fangs and claws extend as he moves to protect my virtue. "You take advantage of my kin!"

I nervously look back and forth between them.

Peter wisely holds his hands up, showing he's not a threat and holds his ground, proving he's not afraid or weak. Smart move Peter! At least he's using his brain and his instincts to try not to start a war with my family.

Alexi takes a menacingly step towards Peter as he emits a low dangerous growl.

My adrenaline makes my wolf senses come online and my higher olfactory smells Alexi's rage.

I have to stop this! I can't take sides, but I can't allow them to kill each other either. I love them both.

I instinctually yell, "Crap! Alexi stop!" I teleport between the two of them, hold my hand up, and call up a thick wall of stone, about three feet in front of Peter. It's green because I use the element of earth. I have to make it hard and strong enough to withstand Alexi's charge.
The wall rises from the ground a split second before Alexi rams into it. There's a loud crack noise from the impact and dust flies into the air before he lands on his ass with a snarl.

He glares up with glowing red eyes and fully extended claws. He gracefully gets up in a line backer's crouch as he's deciding on if he's going around the wall or over it. He's not sure why I defended Peter but he still wants at him.

I teleport next to Alexi and crouch at his side.

I place my hand on his chest, and say in Russian, "that's Peter, my mate. He's the one I needed your help to break out of Deaton's holding pin. Yes. He's an Alpha wolf, but he's my mate. He hasn't even kissed me yet because he wants to turn me when he claims me and doesn't want to hurt me in the process. I love him, and he loves me. Gerard and Kate Argent killed his family and badly hurt him! Our enemies are his enemies."

Alexi places his hand over mine and nods as he slides out of his offensive pose. I lean my head on his shoulder and look up at him. "The girl is a were-coyote, Malia, that dad and his fiance, Melissa, are adopting. She's my big sister now."

I lower my stone wall back into the ground and Alexi offers his hand to Peter, which he shakes with a considerable amount of enthusiasm.

Alexi says, "I'm sorry. I'm protective of my cousin. I didn't know you're the Peter he's talked so highly of, which is rare. He never said you're a wolf. He has mentioned you helped fight Gerard. I hear that bastard hurt my Wilka."

They breathe a sigh of relief that he's said my Wilka.

Malia looks back and forth between Peter and Alexi and tentatively asks, "so does this mean we're friends now?"

He holds a hand out to her and says, "you must be Malia. His coyote sister. That makes you my
sister as well. I've always wanted a coyote sister."

He picks her up and bear-hugs her as she lets out a little-surprised squeak. He shouts "Yes! We family now!"

Dad holds out a hand to Alexi to shake. "Alexi! I'm glad you could make it to dinner. We're still eating on the deer Peter brought Stiles. If you don't mind deer as the main ingredient, we have a Russian meal for you inside. Are you ready to eat?"

He smiles and looks side-eyed at Peter as he answers dad. "Peter provides for his mate? Good! Yes, let's eat! I'm starving! It's a long run from Fresno to here."

Peter uses his sarcasm and says, "so, if everyone is officially freaked out, can we go eat now?"
At the table, Alexi takes the chair next to me. *Peter's spot.*

*Peter thinks about saying something about it, but Alexi growls at him.*

*I try to keep the peace as usual.* "Alexi's like my big brother, similar to the way you and Derek grew up. I know you like to sit next to me, but can I ask you to switch places with dad or sit across from me so that you and Alexi can see more eye to eye."

Peter nods. "I'll sit across from you so that I can look at the people I know I'm going to be talking to more." He smiles. "Don't worry Little One. I don't intend to start any fights or wars with your kin since I would like us to be one big pack of friends and family. Any family of yours is my family as well."

Alexi says, "I like this wolf. He's wise for someone of our years."

*Dad looks oddly at him with a cocked head. He must think Alexi's older than he is. He probably thinks Peter's older as well. I never asked him about that.*

We finally sit down to eat, pass around the bowls of food, and dig in. *It's quiet for a few minutes as everyone tries the meal and nods when they find that they like it.*

*I breathe a sigh of relief. Russian food doesn't always go over well with American tastes.*

Peter says, "I take it Wilka is his family's nickname? Isn't that Polish for a wolf or Little Wolf? I thought you'd give him a Russian nickname or use his birth name of Wilkksiezycawyc."

Alexi laughs. "Yes. Wilka is Polish for a little wolf. His name isn't a proper Polish name. His mother took three Polish words and put them together. He was born on the wolf moon, and his mother heard a howl as he was born. Wilka is a little wolf, ksiezyc is the moon, and wycie is a howl. Well, literally, wilk ksiezyc means wolf of the moon, and she mixed up the letters of wycie to throw hunters for a loop."

I smirk. "He's been dying to break down my name and explain it for years."

Peter asks, "so his mom was your sister?"

*I snort into my glass and dad gives me an odd look.*

Alexi says "More than that. Our mothers were twin sisters. My mom got pregnant when she was
16, and his mom was 26 when she conceived. I'm only ten years older, so yes, I think of him as my little brother."

I say, "he's way more overprotective than your average big brother. That makes him only four years older than you, Peter."

Melissa smiles at me as she takes a bite of the blini. "What is this that we're eating. This pinkish-orange cheese is delicious."

Dad says, "that's smoked salmon on blini bread. I remember Claudia made it once or twice for her mother when she stayed with us. I'm guessing this brown one is the beef stroganoff, only with deer, and made the Russian way, with pan-fried potatoes."

Melissa knits her brows in curiosity. "If Claudia was Polish, how are you Russian?"

Alexi laughs. "I'm not. Well, maybe on my father's side." He drops the Russian accent and uses his Polish accent. "It's easier to be in the Russian mob when you at least look, sound, and act Russian." He then uses a California accent and says "but there are times when sounding foreign doesn't get me what I need."

*Dad sits there with his mouth open.*

Alexi adds, "Wilka is better with the accents than I am. He speaks Russian with a Russian accent. My Russian has a slight accent showing I'm a foreigner."

*I blush and duck my head."

We talk and eat for another half hour before Alexi asks, "Peter. I have to ask. Wilka says you're his mate, but you haven't kissed him yet. Why?"

Peter blushes. "At first, because Brunski molested him in Eichen House and I don't want to do anything similar to what that bastard did to him. More recently, it's because I love him and I'm afraid that I won't be able to stop at a simple kiss, so I'm waiting until the moonflower is blooming, so I know I don't hurt him."

Alexi's smile went tight, and he froze at the word *molested.*

*I sigh and drop my head into my hand as I set my elbow on the table. Crap! I don't like people thinking of me that way. I had hoped he wouldn't find out about that.*

I see him clench his teeth as he looks at me, and I sadly nod.

Peter says, "Oh. You didn't know about the orderly sexually and physically abusing him. That was the reason he didn't want Malia in Eichen. He didn't want them to do anything to her."
Morrell knits her brows together and leans forward. "I don't understand. Why would you tell me, or should I say order me, to convince John to get Stiles out of Eichen if you didn't know what they were doing to him?"

Dad looks at her in surprise with a raised brow. "Wait. Hold the phone!"

He points back and forth between Morrell and himself. "You told me that I needed to get Stiles out of that place because he was getting worse. It was hurting him more to be there than it was to be at home. How the hell does Alexi come into this whole thing?!"

Alexi shrugs and looks down. "When I discovered you put him in an insane asylum, I used my rather formidable influence to do a surprise audit of the facility and check on my cousin. At my age, I had to have an older person from the organization with me. I needed to ensure he was okay. I didn't like the idea of him being in there alone."

*I'm trying to hide inside myself and vaguely feel when Alexi clasps his hand on my shoulder, and I look up at him and try to calm down and relax as dad pats my hand. Malia looks pretty pissed off.*

Alexi continues, "I walk in there, and they made a point of not showing me the area where I knew he was. I forcibly told them that I needed to see every inch of the facility. The last area that I saw is where I found little Stiles."

He hugs me and sighs. "My little cousin was curled up behind the bed, and he wasn't moving at all. He wasn't aware that I was there and he didn't respond when I called his name. When I touched him, he backed further into the corner, crying and saying no. I was worried."

*He gives dad a hard look. I don't think he ever forgave my dad for putting me there.*

He looks back at Morrell. "I thought it was because his mom died and he was abandoned in that place. I didn't know they were hurting him, or there would have been more than a few suddenly unexplained deaths. You don't fuck with kids, and you don't hurt my kin!"

*I put my other hand over my face.*

Melissa says, "BOYS!"

She grabs the pie and tries to divert the conversation to something safer. "Anyone want some pie? There's plenty more."

Alexi grabs my shoulder and pulls me into a tight hug and says in Russian next to my ear, "black
roses, brother. Black roses."

I nod. *That means a blood oath. Alexi just vowed that with his last drop of blood he'd avenge me. Hopefully, dad doesn't understand the meaning of that phrase. I'd guess from the look on Peter's face that he does.*

Alexi smiles at Melissa. "Thank you. You're such a gracious hostess."

He looks at Peter. "We'll talk later."

*That sounded like a promise.* Alexi takes the pie and gets a slice as he smiles at me. "I see you mastered gran's recipes quite well. From the geas around the place, it's not the only thing you mastered. I haven't seen anyone conjure a stone wall since grandma's mother died. Earth elementals run in our family. I wish I got that from our side instead of the weather from my father's side. The weird thing is, it skipped him, and he didn't know his family was Weather Witch."

Morrell says, "a weather witch. That's nearly as rare. I've never seen one up close. Stiles says you chose to be a coyote. He didn't say how or explain that."

He laughs. "In my little Russian Cell, that's not cell as in a cage, by the way. I have an alliance with a werewolf, were-coyote, a werebear, and a gorgon. They all owe me and Wilka favors. Wolves are close to parents but not their siblings. Coyotes are closer to siblings than parents. Bears are loners. Gorgons are hermits that live in darkness."

He pats my shoulder. "Gerard killed my parents. All I have left is the son of my mother's sister. I wanted the closeness to him without the weakness of wolfsbane that the Argent's favor. Wolfsbane doesn't affect coyotes."

Malia asks, "Wait! It doesn't?"

I smile as I shake my head.

She says in surprise "Wow! I just thought I was lucky and none of the bullets that hit me had wolfsbane. It never dawned on me that it only affects werewolves."

I say, "each species has a different weakness."
Peter says "it's getting kind of late. We wouldn't be acceptable hosts if we didn't offer you a room for the night. We have plenty of guest rooms available."

I give Peter a sideways glance because I know he's up to something.

Alexi smiles and says "why yes, it is getting late and Fresno's a long drive. I have a hidden room in the basement for me to sleep in when I'm here. I won't need to take up one of those rooms."

Peter looks at Alexi in surprise and Alexi gives him a big smile.

I say, "or run, seeing as you arrived on foot."

He smiles. "Run. I didn't want anyone noticing my car and bodyguards coming here, for a visit. I'll take you up on the offer of a room."

Peter smiles and pats Alexi's back. "I'll lend you some clothes if you need them for tomorrow, I'm the closest to your size, before I help Stiles with the dishes."

I narrow my eyes and shake my head as Alexi leads him downstairs to his room to talk. He has clothes here or I wouldn't have had a pair of his pants available for him to put on.

I begin picking up the dirty dishes to wash. The good thing about weres is you don't have to scrape the plates. They don't lick the plates, but they don't leave anything on them either.

Dad says, "hey, is there anything I would want to know about?"
I think. "No dad, there's **nothing** that you would **want** to **know**."

*He grimaces and starts drying the dishes.* "Got it."

Malia whispers in my ear, "what did he say to you?"

I look at her, "black roses, and no, you don't want to know what that means."

She nods and helps Melissa put away what little bit of food is left over.
By the time Peter and Alexi come back upstairs, we have all of the dishes washed and put away.

I tell Peter to set up 'Burn Notice' as I make popcorn to munch.

Alexi comes into the kitchen area to help me bring the two bowls of my recipe ‘maple popcorn’ and ‘parmesan popcorn’ into the living room.

*I don't realize until too late that my sleeves are still pushed up from washing dishes.*

Alexi spots the scars on my wrists and emits a low growl.

I look down at what's got his attention and see my scars. I think 'Oh Crap!' *I try to slide my sleeves back down, nonchalantly, but I can see he's not going to let me get away with that.*

He grabs my wrist to get a better look at the scars and examines the skin exposed from my long sleeves. "Wilha? braciszek? (baby brother in Polish) Who did this?"

I say, "*those* are from Gerard." *I'm hoping that since Alexi and I already killed the bastard, he's going to let it drop.*

Peter picks up the bottles of water from the counter to pass around. "Maybe those are, but the ones on his shoulder, side, and half of the ones on his back are from Eichen House."

I tighten my jaw and sigh. I look at Peter. He's *too* damn helpful.

*Peter gives me a look saying that Alexi needs to know everything.*

I sigh. Peter's right. I don't want to keep secrets from my family.

Alexi crosses his arms and looks at me. Waiting.
I sigh and say, "fine."

I give the popcorn bowls to Peter. "Thanks, Peter. I guess Alexi and I need to talk about history with a little 'show and tell' thrown in. We'll be back in a few minutes."

Alexi arches his brow in a 'really' gesture. "Maybe, longer. Don't wait for us. Mi Wilka and I have watched most of that show."

Alexi and I go to his room, where he ensures he doesn't close the door all the way, and I remove my shirt.

That means the Soundproof Spell won't keep the shapeshifters from overhearing us since the door
is ajar. Alexi purposely wants Peter and Malia to hear what we have to say. He probably plans on asking them if I left anything out.

The thing is, there's a lot they don't know.

I spent years wearing long sleeve and oversized shirts to hide my scars. I got good at dodging and avoiding letting anyone seeing me without a shirt, even Alexi.

He looks at my scars. He points to each one and asks how I got each one. I can't lie to Alexi or avoid answering.

I'm also acutely aware that Malia and Peter are listening to us, upstairs.

Did I hear something break?

I know that he's cataloging every single injury I got in Eichen House. He's a proponent of 'let the punishment match the crime.' Once we go over all of the physical abuse, he asks me to tell him about the sexual abuse. I've distanced myself from those memories. I told myself that happened to someone else, my imaginary friend. I explain to him how I've lived with it and he nods.

Alexi says, "I know brother, that telling me what he did to you has got to be hard, but I need to know and you need to realize that you did nothing wrong. You were a child. An innocent little child that had your innocence and your trust of other people ripped away from you. He is the monster."

I cry silent tears as he says, "I know that you sometimes think that we are the monsters because of the things that we've done, but we did it to help others. We protected people that were too weak to defend themselves. That bastard did it only to hurt you and all the other little kids he hurt. We both know that you weren't the only one he did this to."

He hugs me. "That's how monsters get away with it. They convince the kids the hurt that they are the bad ones or that it's their fault so that they won't tell anyone or seek to get help."

I sigh. "Peter said the same thing when he saw the video of Harris trying to rape me, and I fought back. He told me I didn't do anything wrong. It was entirely on him and not me."

He smiles. "I like Peter more and more. He loves you and wants you protected and happy. You're my little brother, and I want you protected and safe. I always ensure that you aren't the one to kill
when we work on jobs that we know involve a kill."

I smile. "I know brother." I scoff. "I still laugh when I remember the face of that FBI guy when I
shot the mug out of his hand."

Alexi laughs. "You did that from a mile away, with a rifle. I greatly enjoyed them rethinking their
idea to arrest me on mere suspicion. I did warn them that my little brother's a master sniper."

An hour later we go upstairs to join the others watching TV.

Alexi has his arm around my shoulder as we walk into the living room.

I stop and look at a nervous Melissa and dad staring at a stiff Malia and Peter. I notice that there
are a couple of pieces of broken mugs near Malia and Peter.

They both smile nervously, and Peter says, "I need to go into town tomorrow and buy some more
mugs. Mine seems to have broken."

Malia says, "yeah, mine as well. They seemed to have simply shattered. For no reason." *I don't
have to hear her heartbeat to know that's not true.*

I look at Alexi. "Maybe you should have closed the door all the way. My soundproofing spell
doesn't work very well when the door is open."
Alexi shrugs. "**Gran's** Soundproof Spell. She taught the entire family, seeing as it's a family legacy. Like her moonflower or should I say Nightblooming Wolfsbane that only opens on the full-moon."

Morrell chokes on her water. "It exists! It's real! You have some!"

I tighten my jaw and sigh. "Yeah, it's real, and I have some. Let's watch TV for a little while and then get some sleep. Half of us have work tomorrow. Well, that was before my boss gave me the week off."

Alexi nods. "I love it when a plan comes together," in a perfect Hannibal Smith impersonation.

Dad smiles as he says, "you know the A-Team?"

Alexi pats my shoulder fondly. "Wilka got me into it a long time ago. He liked that Face was also on Battlestar Galactica. I think Face and Adama were his favorite characters."

I smile that he remembers.

Peter says, "I can see that. Adama was the perfect father figure to everyone, not just Apollo, and Face was the go-to guy that could talk anyone out of anything with just the right amount of flattery and cunning."
Dad says, "as I recall, Face was also pretty tough and could take a lot. He also kept the peace between Murdock and B.A. He reminds me of Stiles, in a way."

We watch TV for a couple of hours until Peter and Malia get up to run the perimeter.

Alexi joins them so he can see what our pack territory encompasses.
Does Alexi's Plan Affect Us?

Chapter by Steter Club ideas (aneria)

WEDNESDAY, 30 May 2012

When they come back, Peter and Alexi drive into town to get more stoneware mugs.

Dad casually asks, "do I need to be worried that something might happen to Brunski in jail? I know Alexi has a very long reach and he's protective of you, obviously a lot more than I thought. Black Roses is an odd thing to say."

Dad thoughtfully rubs his chin as he says "you know, I remember your mom telling me this story of the Russian mafia. A Don's son was molested, and he couldn't live with his nightmares, fear of being touched, and the way people treated him afterward. Like he was made of porcelain, or they avoided him, so he killed himself."

Dad still looks lost in thought as he tries to remember the details of the story. "At the funeral, the heartbroken Don cuts his hand and spreads his blood over the white roses, turning them black as he makes a blood oath to avenge the wrong done to his kin. That wouldn't be the black roses he meant, would it? A vendetta or blood oath?" That is how black roses became a code word for a blood oath of vengeance.

I take a deep breath. "All stories have a grain of truth in it. You know all about Russian Mafia because you researched it when you found out I occasionally translated for Alexi's people when they were in jail since you didn't have anyone that spoke fluent enough Russian."

Melissa says, "I get the feeling that Alexi will hunt Gerard even harder than he's already being hunted to make him pay for what he did to you as well."

I nod because I don't want to admit that I already killed Gerard or that Alexi helped me get rid of
his body. Alexi dismembered him and sent some of his body parts to several shifter packs for confirmation that he's dead to elicit favors from their Alphas.

Dad says, "I know that I should warn Parrish about Alexi's possible interest in Brunski, but ..."

Mom looks at him worriedly.

Malia says, "we're not in Beacon Hills. Frankly, the bastard deserves his fate. Let him pay the piper for what he did. God knows how many little kids he's hurt over the years. I hope he burns in hell. To tell you the truth, I'd like to be the one that sends him there, but we live here now. This ...." She gestures around the room "this is our home, and Beacon Hills can survive on its own without us or our involvement in its politics. If we run back everytime they can't handle something then there's no point leaving there because it still has its hooks in us. This is my clean break from there. I don't intend to ever go back."

Morrell nods. "She's right. We live in this town now. Beacon Hills can take care of its self. We're moving on with our lives, and I'm not going to go running back every time there is some threat, real or imagined."

Mom hugs Malia and maternally kisses her forehead. "I take it that whatever you and Peter overheard Alexi and Stiles say is bad enough that you feel that whatever happens is justified?"

Malia nods. "The bastard needs to be castrated. I personally want to hang him with his own entrails."

Melissa asks, "what are your thoughts on Alexi's possible plans, John?"

Dad sighs. "One, I don't know for sure that Alexi would bother to kill him since he's already in prison, awaiting trial, as a serial killer. Brunski molested the Prosecutor's son, so he wants the death penalty for Brunski."

He looks at me. "Two, I can't say I don't feel the same way or that I don't want to kill him myself. Frankly, Brunski is a pedophile and a mass murder. If that's his fate, I'm not going to save him. I can't say that there is anything in him worth saving. I'm not Scott, and I know life isn't black or white. There is a lot of gray in life."

Melissa says, "they already proved, confessed and documented he's killed a lot of people. It might save the city on the cost of a trial, lawyers, and jail time. I'm not saying it's safer for anyone at the prison if they aren't on the lookout. I'm not a vigilante, but I'm not superman either. Some people deserve the fate they earned."

Melissa kisses dad and goes up to bed.

45 minutes later

Peter and Alexi walk back in.
Alexi smells of ozone. *I know that's the smell of magic.* Peter must have asked him to cast a spell or two.

Alexi says, "I like your hot spring."

I nod in understanding. *Peter brought him to my moonflower, and possibly got him to maybe soundproof my cave? I actually shouldn't be able to smell the magical energy smell. I haven't taken my potion in days."
Alexi says, "I forgot to ask earlier. Did Celestria have anything to say about you moving near her territory? There's a difference between a house as a retreat near her territory and living here full time. I know that Water Witch was gran's best friend, but still, we elementals are protective of our turf. Especially against different elements."

I smile. "Well, seeing as she's my boss, I don't think she has a problem with it."

Dad chokes on his water. After he stops coughing, he says "our boss is a Water Witch? She was your grandmother's best friend? How did I not know this?"

I nod. "I'm sorry. You were at work yesterday when that came out. I forgot to mention it." I stifle a yawn. "I'm going to sleep now. I'll see everyone at breakfast."

Dad leaves for his cabin while Malia stays in the living room to watch TV, supposedly.

Peter walks into our room, and Alexi growls, "he sleeps with you? In your bed? You said he hasn't kissed you, but he sleeps with you? How does that work?"

Peter arches a brow in a passive challenge. "We stay clothed from the waist down."

I nod defensively. "Peter keeps the nightmares away so I can sleep. He also ensures that I eat on a regular basis. You saw how much weight I lost when the Nogitsune possessed me. My PTSD causes me nightmares from that and a few other life and death things I've gone through."

Malia looks up the stairs and helpfully says, "by that, he means that he did die during the Nogitsune chaos. Peter brought his body to Morrell, and they brought him back, several hours later."

Morrell nods her head.
Alexi grits his teeth and shifts his weight in agitation. "That's yet another thing you forgot to mention to me, Wilka. The Scale Rebalance Spell? Anyone killed by magic doesn't die a natural death and upsets the scales of balance. The essence of Gaia can be invoked to return the dead to the land of the living. I know that spell well. I was keeping the ingredients and a copy of that spell on hand in case anything ever happened to you."

I smile. "Like you always had the Alpha coyote go on jobs with you that looked dangerous enough that you could get hurt or killed on so that you could get the bite to save your life."

He nods. "Good thing I did or I'd be dead now. You've been dealing with supernatural things and didn't tell me?"

I say, "I didn't mention most of the supernatural stuff that I was involved in or that happened because ... it hurt too much. I should've left Beacon Hill a long time ago. I should've known better than to trust someone that ignored me."

Malia helpfully says from the bottom of the stairs, "Alexi. I wasn't going to go to bed yet. We can talk about it over some hot chocolate."

Peter and I go into our room while Alexi walks downstairs to talk with Malia.

Morrell follows Malia and Alexi into the kitchen to catch up on all the shit that I didn't mention. Gerard. Kate. The Kanima. The Alpha Pack. The Darach. The Dead Pool. The Dread Doctors. Deaton. Theo. My head's starting to hurt just thinking about it.

I have a feeling that I'm going to get a lot of in-depth questions tomorrow. He might wind up sticking around for another day. I shrug and don't let it stress me out, or try not to.

When I come out of the shower, Peter's already in bed. "Don't worry, Little One. It was going to come out eventually. He should know everything that has happened in the last few years. Did you mention anything at all to him about the supernatural elements you've been dealing with, virtually alone?"

I nervously nod as sit on the bed. "I told Alexi that a feral Alpha bit Scott while he was trying to refind his sanity. Scott never forgave the Alpha for becoming a werewolf. Scott used his True Alpha roar to force a feral Malia back into becoming human, when she wasn't ready, and she wound up in Echo House." I think for a minute. "Yeah. That's about it for supernatural stuff."

I curl up on his chest. "I did mention that I possibly love this gorgeous older guy with fantastic trapezius muscles that might have had something to do with the animal attacks. Deaton locked him
up in Eichen House to keep him under control and to get control of his land in the preserve."

Peter chuckles as he wraps his arms around my back and waist. "I wasn't sure or not if you like my trapezius muscles, but I figured it wouldn't hurt to wear V-neck sweaters to show them off for you."

I enthusiastically nod as I ask "you knew all along that I was staring at these ..." I gently stroke the muscles on the left side of his neck ... "gorgeous muscles?"

He chuckles as he kisses my forehead and rolls us onto our side so he can move me around to spoon me to sleep. I always fall asleep pretty quick in that position. I love having his big strong arms and body curled protectively around me. It makes me feel safer than I have in a long time.
WEDNESDAY, 30 May 2012

I'm just about dropping off to sleep... when Alexi hops onto our bed.

Peter jerks up and covers me with his body with his red eyes blazing.

I start awake. "What the hell? Alexi! That's not the way to wake up someone curled up in an Alpha's arms."

Peter retorts, "especially when that Alpha's their mate and very protective of them. What do you want Alexi?"

Alexi closes the door with his telekinesis, activating my soundproofing spell. "I have a proposal for you, cousin."

I give him my 'you have to be kidding' face.

He smirks. "You and Peter let me look through your memories of everything that happened with Scott, or I can kill him for the sake of protecting my kin. Your choice."

I lean back against Peter and give him a half-cocked smile. That's my sneaky brother that I know and love. I was wondering when he was going to come out and ask me to show him what happened.
Peter looks at my smile and leans back, "what's going on? Little One, why would that proposal amuse you?"

Alexi smiles evilly. "I'm the Left Hand of our family, and Wilka helped me on more than one occasion. He knows I'll do anything to protect him, my only direct family left."

I nod "I was wondering when you'd take off the kids gloves and ask me straight out what truly happened and wanted proof as well. I know you."

I look at Peter. "If I say no, he goes and gets what he wants from another source, without the niceties. He's asking us both. What do you say?"

Peter thinks for a moment and smiles. "That means I can finally see everything from your perspective and find out how much was you and how much was that idiot? I'm in."

I nod. "I'm going to need my potion, so my neck heals before morning. I don't need dad thinking you attacked me in the middle of the night while I was asleep."

Peter gets my coconut water (read WMPM) from the stand next to the window and hands it to me.

I take a sip and wait a minute for it to kick in.

I curl up in Peter's arms. "Okay, Alexi. Go for it."

Alexi lines up his claws with the back of our neck and then slides them in.

He has me relive everything with Scott from the time we first met.

When I get to the night Peter bit Scott, Peter's mind joins mine. I can't see them standing next to me, but I can feel it just as if I could see them.

When the herd of deer nearly trample Scott, I say, "I take it that's your memory, Peter?"
Peter says, "yes. That's what I saw."

Alexi hones in on the conversation to find Scott's inhaler. He notices I immediately joked about werewolves and mentioned Friday was the full moon.

Peter asks, "you already knew? You knew before Scott?"

I say "Alexi's a coyote. Shapeshifters weren't new to me."

Scott attacked me because I tried to cancel his date with Allison on the full moon.
Alexi and Peter get angry.

I point out Scott wasn't aware of what was happening to him, and it was his first full moon.

Peter says, "the full moon wasn't until much later in the day. It wasn't affecting him as much as you think. That was all him."

THE PARTY

I rushed over to see if Derek brought Allison home and made excuses for Scott. I then used my potion and searched for Scott.
They note that I joked about sniffing him out when I found him. I noticed that I don't like the smell of Scott's wolf very much.

Alexi asks, "you sniffed him out? That means the potion allows you to smell like we do. That means it's built up in your body over a long time. This was a year ago. I wonder how long you have been taking that potion."

I scoff "how do you think I always manage to overhear dad's conversations in the other room?" I whisper, "I started taking it when my mom died."

I feel Peter look at me with narrowed eyes.

It irritated me that Scott only worried if Allison hated him or not. I told he needed an impressive apology and suggested he tell her he's a werewolf.

He didn't like that idea.

If she wanted him, it'd be because of who he was, not who he pretended to be.

He didn't understand because he wanted to impress the girl. That doesn't impress girls. Girls want realness not put on airs.
Scott later told me Ally's dad is Chris Argent, a hunter.

I can feel both of them roll their eyes at that little gem.

At practice, I rushed Scott off the field, and then dodged him until I could calm him down.

They both growl that he attacked and tried to kill me but laughed that I used a fire extinguisher on him.

We see Peter observed the entire confrontation between Derek and Scott at the Hale House.

Peter was proud that Derek mentioned I researched werewolves for Scott and that we thought we had the answers, even if Derek thought I used Google for the research.

_Do I sense attraction from Alexi for Derek? He hid it when he felt me poke at it. Hmm._
I got Scott into the morgue to verify it was the same body. I asked, "is this because you think Derek's the killer or because he told you not to play in the game."
Scott said, "there are bite marks on the legs."

Peter says, "I bit her throat, so that's a lie."

We see Peter's flashback of his attack on Laura after she located him in the forest. He was half out of it and didn't know who she was. He turned and tore out her throat as he was shifting.

I told Scott not to play, and if he did, he didn't have to be a super player. He could cry on Allison's shoulder if he weren't.

Scott freaked out after he made the last score, but Allison calmed him down in the locker room.

I hint he could use Allison as his anchor. I then told Scott that Derek was out of jail because a wolf killed the girl. She was his sister.

They both gawk when Scott got a date with Ally and wanted to ask Derek for pointers on not wolffing out.

I pointed out to Scott that we arrested him (more Scott did), why would Derek help?

Scott got a calculating look in his eyes.

I suspected he knew Derek's not the Alpha.

I know he doesn't feel like one.
AT THE BUS CRIME SCENE

I asked, "why would Derek help you remember he killed someone?"

They see I kept watch while Scott tried to remember from inside the bus. That's when I was Scott's manipulating me and Derek.

We see a fuzzy flashback of insane Peter's attack on the bus driver and Scott getting in the way.

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Again, Peter saw the entire confrontation between Derek and Scott while I used dad's passwords to check out Meyers.

I connected him to the Hale fire and a possible bribe to hide the evidence. I brought up the family members listed living there in the last census and compared it with the list of bodies.

I saw Derek, Laura, Cora, and Peter weren't listed. Cora's last known location was the previous
I brought Melissa lunch, and small talked with her. Then I snuck into the camera room. I saw Peter looked comatose.

I checked the camera feed to see if he moved on his own. When I sped up the tape, it was more evident that he did. He was either very determined or he's not entirely sane and didn't know how to act human yet, so he didn't.

Peter says, "you knew all along that it was me? You saw that I was only going after the ones that hurt my family and didn't do anything to stop me because you sympathized with me?"

I say, "if it was me, I'd have sought justice as well. Who'd believe a comatose werewolf woke up every few nights and hunted down the murderers of his family?"
We see Peter's memory of when Kate shot Derek.

Then, at school. I nearly hit Derek with my Jeep.

Scott threw Derek into my vehicle and told me to take him somewhere while he got the bullet from Allison's.

I suspected he'd check out Ally more than look for the ammo. Every thirty minutes or so I texted if he found the bullet to keep him on task.

They notice when I say Derek smelled like death.

I shouldn't have noticed that. It was almost a day since the last time I took the potion.

Alexi asks, "how long does it affect you? How can you smell that?"

I sigh. "It lasts about 24 hours now. When something happens to increase my adrenalin, it reactivates the sense of smell and hearing. I was freaking out that Derek might die on me and pissed that Scott was having sex with Allison. It activated my senses."

Alexi says, "you don't have any resistance to the lycanthropy left. If Peter bit you right now, you'd turn, with no ill effect."

Peter says, "I'm not taking any chances with his life."
I finally brought Derek to the Vet's office around 7 or 8 while Scott was still at Allison's. School let out at 3:30.

Derek told me to cut his arm off because he ran out of time. I stalled because ... cutting off an arm ... no, just no!

Peter growls at the constant threats from Derek. I can feel Alexi's irritation at the threats as well.

Scott showed up just in time.

At home, I used the police site to discover the victim from the video store had priors for arson. As in the fire?

I checked the roof the next day and found the spiral.

Scott and Derek's footprints went through it, without slowing down, so that meant they never noticed it.

In Chem class, Harris chided me for highlighting as he pointed out Scott wasn't there and neither was Allison.

I noticed he puts his hand on Jax and leaned in, in an over-friendly way. Is that how Jax passed that class?
I went to Lydia's, where she was heavily medicated.

I knew when she called a giraffe a mountain lion that she was of no help.

Peter growls that Lydia's head got amazingly close to my groin.

When she got a text, I accidentally saw the shots of when the Alpha left the video store.

*I took her phone and left a million message for Scott to find out what to do. I finally deleted it when he didn't answer because he was with Allison.*
I say, "Alexi. You don't want to see what I found out, when. You want to see Scott. Can we skim things, the night's not as long as you need, to see every little thing."

Alexi says, "I suppose you're right."

Peter says, "but, I'm finding out that half the shit I did give Scott credit for was you. I also observe that he took you for granted a lot more than you ever let on."

I say, "we were kids and he's suddenly not only getting sex, but he's a fledgling werewolf with no clue how to be one. Not to mention, he's an idiot."

They both say, "don't make excuses for him."

Alexi says "Let's skim and see what we want to know."

Peter followed Scott and saw Derek scared the shit out of him in the garage and told him that he can't be with Allison.

Scott immediately went to Allison's house and hopped in bed with her. He was in her closet when Kate told Allison about the werewolf called the Beast.

I laughed when Peter scared the shit out of Scott and drew the spiral on the car window.
Alexi says, "he was in her bed and would've had sex, if not interrupted, but tried to convince, what he thought was Derek, that he broke up with her. How much does he pretend to be an idiot and how much is real?"

I say, "I never figured that part out. He's manipulative. I think he developed that after his parents split and he doesn't realize it."

Later

Scott told me Derek would teach him to control his shift by using anger to anchor it.

I pointed out anger made him shift and turn. He needed a different anchor than Derek. I taught Scott to use Allison as his anchor even if he wasn't with her.

I angrily said, "the thought of loving someone making you weak is too Spartan for me. You know they used their love for their lovers to make them stronger, even if those lovers were the men they fought with."

Both Alexi and Peter laugh at the keyed car incident that I used to get back at Scott for some of the shit he did to me.

He was able to locate her voice while he was getting his ass kicked.

I watched Derek go see Peter. I needed him to know this was set up by Deaton.

I put a copy of the report Deaton made about the deer with a spiral on it, back in August and this was January, on the front of his car. I already ensured he wouldn't smell me.
THAT NIGHT AT THE SCHOOL

I feel that Peter's impressed when he realizes I'm the one that kept the teens away from him and I'm the one that trapped him in the boiler room.

I was right. There were two wolves that night. Deaton used a spell to take the form of Peter's Alpha and tried to kill Allison and her group while Peter tried to force Scott to kill Allison. That's why no one saw Deaton from the time that he disappeared before Peter attacked us until after the cops showed up.

Derek left before the others arrived and that's why my jeep was the only vehicle in the parking lot.
I feel Alexi’s anger during the entire chase at the way Scott treated me. "How dare that idiot treat you like the idiot!"

I try to calm him. "Scott's an idiot and he always thinks everyone else is the idiot. It's not personal."

They both get pissed when they see how fast Scott threw Derek under the bus and betrayed him. I try not to implicate Derek but I can't come out and say Scott's a liar.

I noticed Allison ran to Jax over Scott more than once. Did she play Scott? Lydia also noticed and got angry.
We got out of the school, and Allison broke up with Scott.

I verify that the two I want to locate are hanging out in the preserve by the bonfire area. I smile to myself. I say to myself, "Sorry, buddy. I need to use you as bait to verify Peter's the Alpha and this is all about the Hale Fire.

I swiped dad's bottle of Jack and took Scott to the park to get drunk. I figure Peter is stalking Scott. The two arsonists arrived, there was an altercation, and we left.

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Peter says, "you suspected they were the ones with Kate that night and you knew they hung out there. You ensured I found them by following Scott? I was actually stalking you. I only followed Scott when you were in school because you never skipped school and he constantly did."

I did not know that. I nod, "I wanted to verify you were following him and that you were killing everyone involved in the arson."

After the altercation I ran after Scott on the way to my jeep.

Peter says, "wait, you just ran after Scott and didn't act drunk at all. You were never even drunk. It was an act."

I nod. "Yeah, it was an act. How many people pass out, drunk, into a Jeep, and wind up sitting
They see me stop Scott's panic attack and I explained to Scott that I used to get them after mom died.

*Neither of them knew that. I still get them.*

I asked Scott if he could ask Lydia if she liked me. He made out with her instead and told me she was totally into me. Jax and I figured out at the same time that she made out with Scott.

That night was the full moon, and I tricked Scott so that I could chain him up.

*They laugh at the dog dish with Scott's name on it.*

Scott escaped, and I went looking for him in the preserve. I found the burned body of Unger and thought it was my dad. I panicked. I didn't notice the Argent's watching from across the street, but Peter did. He wasn't far away.

Derek told Scott that the cure for lycanthropy was to kill the wolf that bit you. That's how you become an Alpha. *He lied and Scott didn't notice the blip in his heartbeat.*
When Peter tried to kill Harris and Derek stopped him I ask Peter, "Why run instead of fight Derek? You're bigger and stronger, and Harris was your enemy."

Peter says, "Derek was family. I didn't want to fight, I wanted a pack. I wanted revenge."

Peter and Alexi get pissed that Derek threatens me again, and then they laugh at how we got Danny to tell us who sent the text.

Alexi says, "you won't burn in hell for getting your dad a little drunker faster than what he intended so that you could go through his case files. You were trying to help people.

Peter nods. "He was already getting drunk, you merely helped it along."

I'm gonna have an eternity in the lowest circle of hell.
I chuckle at Peter telling Melissa she has flawless skin.

He said almost the same thing to Allison.

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Alexi says, "you said that to both girls. Did you say the same to my Wilka?"

Peter says "No. I do have a thing about pale skin though."

I say, "wait. You really had to stop a fashion emergency. You picked out Allison's dress with her coloring. Why do I get the feeling you're not bisexual?"

He says, "because I'm not. I'm gay. Kate tried seducing me, but females don't do it for me. Are you assuming that knowing a thing or two about colors and fabrics makes me gay? Isn't that a little stereotypical?"

I blush. "You're right. I'm sorry. I just can't believe I overlooked that you had to stop a fashion emergency. You have excellent taste, by the way."

Peter laughs when he saw me call the Macy's security (while Lydia tried on dresses) and told them to announce Allison's car was being towed when Peter tried to get too close to her."
At the garage

Alexi says, "so even insane; you had enough control to offer my Wilka the bite and not force him into it. I'm impressed."

At the hospital

Peter says, "I wasn't aware that you and Chris had that standoff."
I nod. "Only Jackson and Chris knew."

At the Hale House

Peter says, "wait! You honked before you threw the firebomb, so that I'd catch it? Did you sabotage yourself? Is that's a tear in your eye? But you didn't know that you're my mate then!"

I nod. "I sympathized with your need for justice for the death of your family and I didn't like that you were burned again. It must be horrible to be hurt by something that hurt you once before so badly that you were in a coma for years."
Harris put me in detention every day because dad let it out that Harris didn't speak up about Kate. They really get pissed when Harris made innuendos about sex and BDSM with his. *I'm going to make you my personal project ... I'm going to give you the full benefit of my disciplinary system ...* the bastard.

Peter says, "as if his attempted rape of a 13-year-old boy wasn't bad enough, you then had to put up with his constant insults and sexual double talk."

Alexi says, "it's a shame that the Darach killed the bastard before I could. That bastard tried to rape you when you were 13?"

I sigh. "Dad found my backup video on my computer that I used to keep him from carrying out his threats or trying to hurt me like that again."

Scott and Derek saw Gerard kill a werewolf, stating it was all-out war.

Scott didn't tell anyone, he kept everything to himself. *I found out because I didn't trust Scott to tell me anything and put a bug in his watch.*

I ask "Can we skip ahead a bit please?"
They watch as Scott joined forces with Gerard and betrayed us to him.

They notice that I'm pissed that Scott forced Derek to bite Gerard. I snarl, you never betray your Alpha to a hunter, definitely not The Argents.

They aren't forgiving Scott about it, even though he eventually did as Deaton told him and double-crossed Gerard.

They get angry when they see he joined forces with Deucalion, who wanted me dead.

We watch everything until the discussion in the rain.
Alexi says, "okay. He doesn't betray people because he's evil. He does it because he's gullible and believes life is black and white. He's also stupid enough to believe anyone close to him and doesn't fact-check first. I'll have a little talk with him and let him know that if he hurts you again, I WILL put him down with extreme prejudice."
WEDNESDAY, 30 May 2012

Alexi withdraws his claws from the back of my neck and Peter's.

I open my eyes and tuck my head into Peter's chest as I look up at Alexi.

Peter wraps his hand protectively around my back and shoulder and pulls me closer.

Alexi hugs me, kisses my forehead, and walks out to get some sleep.

Peter nuzzles at my neck as it heals and we go back to sleep.

I sleep without dreams. *I guess it makes sense since I re-lived most of my life and got a new perspective on a few things. I'm also aware that I can't protect Scott from himself forever. He needs to grow up, step up, and take responsibility for himself.*

THURSDAY 31 May 2012

Melissa and I are making breakfast as we, or mostly I, answer questions from Alexi about the things Malia told him about as well as a few things he saw last night.

Morrell asks me an occasional question or adds to something I stated for Alexi.

Melissa shakes her head in disbelief.
Morrell knew more about the dead pool affair than I thought she did. *It also appears that the Alpha pack was more desperate than I thought.*

I suppose I can give Scott a little more leeway with his decision to side with Deucalion. Not a lot mind you, but some. *He trusted Deucalion more than Jennifer, even though it was more of a foregone conclusion that Deucalion was going to kill all of us for our strength and power. Deucalion wanted Scott alive and Jennifer wanted him dead so it was his survival he was protecting.*
It appears Scott was banking on me finding our parents while he stalled Deucalion until the eclipse. He thought Deucalion would kill Jennifer, and during the eclipse (when all the werewolves lost their powers) that either Chris or I would stop Deucalion. As long as he didn't have to get his hands dirty.

He knew all along that Deucalion would kill me in the end. He also knew that Deucalion planned to either force Derek or Scott to kill the others and he'd then kill Derek and me. Am I the only one that knew Deucalion planned on killing Scott also?

Melissa can't believe Scott was that naive.

I nod. "Even Superman isn't that oblivious to human nature."

She asks, "how can Scott think that a monster, like Deucalion, that killed his pack and countless others would leave town when a kid tells him to, never to return? Life doesn't work that way."

I look at Peter. Wait. It doesn't. I cock my head to the side questioningly. He said he kept Deucalion from coming back and hurting me. Did he kill Deucalion when he came back?

He catches my eye and he nods affirmative with a deep breath.

I smile at him and lower my head in thanks.

He smiles and goes back to making pancakes.

I say, "luckily, all of Deucalion's pack either died or lost their Alpha abilities. Jennifer stripped away most of Deucalion's powers. He's like a new Alpha. He was alone, and no one trusted him. Hopefully, he never goes back. I'm sure he went back to tormenting some new weak pack for their powers."

Peter finishes the pancakes. He embraces me from behind as he snuffles at my neck, swipes a piece of bacon from my pan and walks out the door for his morning patrol.
We hear him howl and then Malia's answering howl. A minute later a coyote runs past the door to run with Peter Wolf.

Alexi shakes his head. "I can't believe Deaton did that much shit before Peter arranged to put him down. You should've told me everything you suspected that Darach of, instead of trying to prove it on your own. It would've been nice if you told someone about all the shit you dealt with, not everyone expects you to deal with your shit and all of their shit too. I think everyone here would've supported you."

I nervously look into my pan at the bubbling bacon. "I wasn't entirely sure that I wasn't just paranoid or jealous that Scott listened to him and not me, even though I consistently proved that I was right. Once I got in over my head, I couldn't see any way of getting out. That is, not until Scott turned his back on me and told me not to talk to the others. I guess that's when I decided I needed to leave and save myself, finally. Either that or kill myself. Peter pointed out when I was dead that my death would kill dad and he couldn't survive without me. I didn't want dad to lose me like that."
I couldn't leave Peter in Eichen House either. I've been there, and I wouldn't put my worse enemies there."

Alexi says, "We both know that I won't take your death very well either. I don't think Peter can either. He's so into you that it's like he's addicted to you. He needs your touch and scent to stay ... nice or maybe it's sane."

Morrell says, "sane, I would go with sane. Peter, without an anchor, is a feral, insane and dangerous Peter."

I sigh deeply. "It still annoys me a little that with Scott it was always 'hey Stiles, we need a plan,' but when I told Scott who I believed the bad guy was or what I believed their plan was, he dismissed me. Later it was always 'well no one knew this.' I'm like 'I did, and I even told you, many times. You didn't listen to me, again!"

I sigh again. "Moving on. That train of thought still frustrates me and makes me mad. I don't like being mad."

Melissa pats my back. "Not everyone dismissed you, honey. We listen to you because we know that you have keen insight."

Alexi says, "it appears that I owe Peter a great deal. He brought your body to Morrell here, to bring back from the dead."

He looks at Morrell. "I take it you used Wilka's connection to the demon that was draining his lifeforce to siphon life back from it for him?"

She decisively nods an affirmative.

Alexi says, "Peter protected you in more than one instance. Malia says he could've killed Scott at any time, but didn't because he was your friend."

I sadly nod as I look over my shoulder at him.

Morrell lays her hand on my shoulder. "Stiles was incredibly weak and frail when he came back to life. I couldn't treat that kind of condition, so I sent them to Melissa."

Melissa says, "they didn't tell me he was like that because he'd been dead for hours. I just saw that he was dehydrated, undernourished, exhausted, and physically fatigued. I did what I could."

I add, "I got my strength back about an hour or so later. Mom here gave me a sedative so I could sleep for a couple of hours. I do remember that much."

We're setting the table for breakfast as my dad, Peter, and Malia walk in the front door.

Peter runs upstairs to get dressed before returning to the table to eat.

We all continue answering questions throughout the meal.
As we finish cleaning up, I feel Marco cross my geas. I turn to Malia. "Malia, Marco just crossed into our territory. He should be at the door in about 5 minutes."

She nods.

Five minutes later Melissa answers the door and escorts Marco into the kitchen.

He freezes in place when he sees Alexi. "Alexi! I haven't said anything. I'm just trying to live a simple life. I'm not a traitor! I'd never betray you or the order."
Chapter by Steter Club ideas (aneria)

Chapter Summary

Happy 4th of July!!!

THURSDAY  31 May 2012

Everyone looks at Marco with suspicion when he shows that he not only knows Alexi but is terrified that Alexi is after him.

I study Marco's shocked face and then look at Alexi. In Kosack I ask "he's one of yours, brother?"

Peter blocks the doorway as Alexi nods. "He was. He just cut and ran after a traitor, and a dirty cop killed his brother. He looks a lot different without the waist-length hair."

Alexi pulls out his phone and shows me a picture.
Malia looks over my shoulder at the phone. "That's Marco? Wow! I would have never recognized him."

I say in English, "Marco is a suitor for my sister, Malia. I hope this doesn't mean he's a threat. I don't like threats to our family, cousin."

Alexi says in English. "I never found him to be a threat. He saw someone killed and ran. He didn't stay around to tell anyone what he saw or attempt to get justice his brother, the victim. He just ran. If anything, I'd say he's a coward."

He turns to Marco. "This is my family. My sacred family. My family always comes first! Malia is my favored cousin's sister. My cousin is my brother. So she's now my sister. You better pray that you don't hurt her, that is if you have the balls to stick around and date her. If you don't, now is the time to run!"
Marco gulps and nods. "Malia's worth staying for, and I won't hurt her. I swear on my life!"

Alexi sagely nods. "Good!" He shines red eyes. "If you hurt her or Wilka, there is nowhere you can hide from me, not even in hell!"

Marco whimpers and quietly says in near terror. "You are a demon!"

Peter steps forward and shines his red eyes. "I have to agree with Alexi. If you ever hurt Malia or Stiles, he won't be the only one hunting you down!"

Morrell decides to get in on the game and casts magic fire in her hand. "Me, I'm just a witch. I don't have to hunt you down to hurt you. I can kill you in your sleep."

He nervously looks at me and asks "having witches and demons in your house doesn't bother you? Wait! Wilka? You're Wilka? The Wilka? The Wraith?"

I nod. "Wilka is a shortened form of my real name. I'm not a real Wraith, that's just my code name."

I look intently at him and then give him a half-smile. I pick up a tomato slice, feel Earth energy and life flow into the seeds and make them grow into a tomato plant bearing tomatoes.

He says, "holy shit! How? That's not possible!"

I smile at his confusion and panic. "I'm a Witch myself, and Malia is the same type of beautiful creature that Alexi is. Such creatures have a very close and strong relationship with their kin. This ..." I gesture around my home "...this is everyday life for me."
He pales and looks at Malia. "I still think you're worth dating and possibly marrying one day."

She smiles as she shows her claws. "That's good to know. I can protect myself, but my family can protect me as well. I hope you know how to treat me right."

He gulps, nods, and says, "yeah, I was just ... I wanted to ask ... umm ... if you'd like to see a movie some night. I wanted to ask in person and not over the phone so that I could see you. I can get tickets anytime you want to go" he finishes in a nervous, rambling rush.

She nods and looks thoughtfully at me. "Peter and Stiles want to be alone this weekend. You can take me on Saturday, and we can eat lunch at the Big Trees Lodge."

She smiles at Melissa and dad "Mom and dad went there on their first date."

He smiles and says, "we can eat an early dinner on Saturday and then go to the theater. That way you can say our first date is at the same place as them."

She smiles happily.

He turns to leave but stops when he notices Peter's still blocking the doorway with his arms crossed across his muscular chest.

Peter smiles smoothly and purrs in his velvety smooth and possibly very threatening voice, "if you want to impress us, bring her flowers. A gentleman always brings flowers to his sweetheart. The flowers say how you feel about them."

Malia gushes, "flowers? No one's ever given me flowers before."

I say, "Peter means don't give her flowers that mean friendship when you want a girlfriend or more. Florists, generally, know the meanings of flowers. Red tends to mean love in some fashion. The flower itself explains the type and intensity."

Marco nods and smiles at Malia. "I'll have to remedy that. I have to go, now." He quickly leaves.

Dad laughs and says "demons? You're not going to tell him what you are, are you? I take it that dialect you spoke is code for connected? He seemed to understand what you were saying."

Alexi smiles and asks "Kosak. Only the Russian mob know Kosak. He suspected I was a were-creature for some time. He has no clue what type. Red eyes indicate the big boss, no matter the species. The fact that he just saw two red-eyed creatures proclaiming protection over Stiles and Malia should put the fear of God into him."

Alexi takes a bite of his orange. "I'm going to go to the station with you guys and have a little talk
Malia nods. "Marco. His name is Marco."

I smile. "Alexi's comparing him to Romeo and Juliet. The famed lovers that risk death to be together. It's just a slang term most days to indicate a boyfriend of someone, especially if you aren't sure of their name or what name they are using." I look at him and ask "what name did he use before?"

Alexi says, "Marco Anderson."

Melissa says, "he kept the name, Marco. Anthony Marco. I suppose it's similar to Marco Anderson."

Peter says, "when you leave your identity, you want to keep some form of stability. Maintaining a
similar name to your real one is common. The Darach went from Julia to Jennifer. The stalker waiter just switched his first and last name around. Stiles kept his real first name and used a Polish surname. I remained as Peter but took on a Polish last name."

Morrell says, "Alan kept the same first name but used the root word that Druid comes from in another language that's rare here to get the name Deaton. Stiles caught that, just as he realized Deaton called Malia's mom by her real name. Everyone else referred to her as the Desert Wolf. No one knew her real name, not even Braeden, and Braeden was hunting her for years."

I hold up the tomato plant. "I'm going to the greenhouse to plant my new plant."

When I walk back into the house, my phone alarm goes off, and I grab my jacket as I say, "time to go to work. Celestria gave me a few days off, but I want to be there when she sees you. It's been a few years since she saw you."

Alexi laughs, and Peter says, "that means I'm driving so I can take Stiles back home afterward."

Melissa kisses dad's cheek, gets in her truck, and drives to work.

Dad waves bye to us as the rest of us get in my SUV. "This is one of the many reasons I got a bigger SUV. I hated not having enough room to comfortably fit everyone in my old Jeep. I miss Roscoe, but he wasn't going to make it another year."

Malia fondly ruffles my hair. "You can only do so much with duct tape, brother." I smile at her as Peter drives us into the office.

When we walk into the office, my boss yells, "Alexi! You scamp! Come here you! Give me a hug and kiss! Gently now. I'm an old woman!"

He obligingly picks her up carefully and gives her a hug and kiss on the forehead. "How's my favorite Water Witch?"

She smiles at him. "I'm fine young'un. I can't complain. How's my favorite Weather Witch? It does my heart good to see you again. I was wondering how long it would take you to come to see me when you visit your little brother."

Alexi mock-shushes her as Malia giggles. "That's cousin, grammy! Noone's supposed to know!"
Shh!" He playfully looks around to ensure no one overheard as he cracks a huge smile.

Celestria laughs and takes Malia's hands. "Did you see this pretty little filly he claimed as his sister? Now you got two siblings to fuss over."

Malia blushes.

He laughs. "I sure did, grammy. Can we talk in your office while everyone goes to work and Peter drives my Wilka home to rest up?"

She gives him a studying look as he leads her into her office.

Peter takes my hand and leads me back to my SUV.
THURSDAY  1 June 2012

10 am
Back at the house, Morrell shows me how to meditate to get closer to my magical energy and center myself. I find it also works for my Earth energy. It helps me recharge what I think of as my magick battery faster.

We practice meditation for over an hour. It does help me focus and center better. It also activates my residual werewolf senses left from the constant use of my potion.

It always amazes me how far I can see as well as how much I can now hear and smell. I use the sound of Morrell's heartbeat and breathing to help calm and ground myself while I meditate.

I have a shadowy wolf hovering in my shadow. I can barely see it, I can feel it's presence and see its eyes but it's form is either unsubstantial or it's cloaked in shadow. I think that will be my wolf, when I turn.

2 pm
Alexi walks in the back door and hugs me. "You take care of yourself, cousin." In Russian, he says, "that wolf better take care of my little brother."
I chew on my lip as I think about how to tell Alexi that Peter speaks Russian.

Alexi laughs and says in Russian, "I already figured it out, little brother, that your wolf speaks Russian. It takes a left hand to know a left hand."

I just realized they were both born to be left hands but were both thrown into Alpha positions.
Peter smiles and says in Russian, "this wolf has a name cousin. Unless you prefer me to call you coyote."

Alexi laughs. "Your wolf has sass. I like him. Fine! Your wolf is named Peter. I call him Peter. Happy, wolf?"

Peter scoffs. "Ecstatic. OH! Before you leave, were traditions say that a new pack needs to go over negotiations when a neutral Were is with them. I'd say you qualify."

Alexi says, "ah. The contract. Haven't you done that yet? I suppose you haven't had anyone here to do that with you. Okay. All the non-weres are here, so Let's do that now."
Peter smiles. "Good. Can everyone gather around the table? We need to talk about expectations and what-ifs."

When everyone sits at the table, Alexi starts, "when a new pack forms, everyone that's not a were needs to decide and formally state your wishes and desires. If for example, say a building fell on you John, would you want them to let you die or save you with the bite, or try magic, or what would you want to happen?"

John says, "oh that kind of expectations. That's a hard decision." He sighs. "If I was mortally wounded and knowing that Stiles either is or will be a werewolf and his cousin is a were-coyote ... I believe I would want to become a werewolf. The connection between parent/child or spouse is stronger in a wolf. I think I can still be useful to the world in general as a werewolf."
Alexi nods. "Okay, Melissa, what would you want?"

She thinks for a few minutes. "I'm learning herbs and magic. I think instead of becoming a wolf or coyote or dying, I'd want to use magic and be or stay a witch. We may need someone that's immune to both Wolfsbane and Foxglove. Someone that can manipulate mountain ash or Black Hawthorne ash as Stiles is teaching me."

Dad asks, "your learning to be a witch? If that's what makes you happy, I'm ok with that. I can see you using it to help people."

Morrell asks, "you can use Hawthorne? I can't do that. It takes a great deal of communing with nature to be able to get it to listen to you. Have you and Stiles thought about opening a clinic and using your magic and medical training to help people? I mean I know Stiles plans on going to school to be a nurse."

I look askingly at Melissa.

She says, "I never thought about that. We could do that, eventually."

Alexi asks, "Morrell?" Do you want to stay a witch or would you want to switch races?"

Morrell says, "I'd rather stay a druid. I'm happy being what I am, now that I have my freedom."
Alexi says, "so, John would want to be a werewolf. Morrell and Melissa would want to use magic and remain a witch. Wilka and Peter plan on going through the claiming ceremony the day after tomorrow. That means you'll be a werewolf."

He smiles at me. "Does that mean, Wilka, that you might eventually give birth to his babies?"

I smile. "I'm not opposed to that, but he insists I finish my education and develop a career before I have babies."

Alexi says, "good to see your happiness and career and family are being carefully planned."

Peter asks, "Alexi? When you speak English, you call Stiles cousin. When you speak Russian, you call him brother. Why?"

I smile. "Our mothers were understandably close, being twins and all, and they raised us to be as close as twin siblings as well. Even though we're cousins, we grew up as brothers."

Alexi says, "as soon as John left for work, mom brought me over to Wilka's house to play and learn necessary fighting skills along with reading and writing Polish and Russian. Our mom's also taught us our family history."
I say, "my mom was a sniper, so she trained me in that as well while Alexi trained in... persuasion, fighting, and leadership."

Peter snorts. "So Alexi was trained to be a Left Hand and Alpha, and you trained to be his enforcer? Almost the same as Talia and I."

Alexi says, "in a nutshell. You should see some of the sniper shots Wilka made. I think the hardest shot I ever saw him do was through two closed car windows to shoot a weapon out of our enemy's hand."
Dad says, "wait! You did that? The FBI asked if I knew anyone highly skilled enough to make that shot. When I said no, they figured Alexi brought in a high-priced Russian sniper for a couple of jobs for him. That was the most impressive shot I ever saw."

I blush. "I forgot you were there for that. You were on the steps of the courthouse, but you weren't in uniform."

Malia leans back and proudly states, "no wonder you didn't have any problems with the firearms test. You're a master sniper."

Alexi says, "I've never let Wilka make a killing shot. He was there for intimidation. He was normally over half a mile away with his sniper rifle. I always ensured he was safe, protected and as innocent of my life as I could keep him."

Melissa says, "I'm glad you looked out for his innocence as well as his safety. Thank you for that."

I remember that Chaldean is a dead language and only spoken by my family and elementals as Alexi turns to me and asks in Chaldean, "do they know that we already killed The chief bastard that killed our family and tortured you, or do they assume he's still out there, somewhere?"

I give him a sheepish smile as I reply in Chaldean, "when Peter saw my scars and asked me how I got them, I told him that I killed him and you helped me hide the body. He won't say anything. I told him my eyes would be yellow if I turn because I don't regret it and he wasn't innocent. He was like a demon in human skin."

They look confused that we talk in a dialect they've never heard before.

Alexi laughs and says in Russian, "I like your wolf. He's the perfect match for you. I could call him brother or cousin."

I scoff, and I say in English, "I'm so glad you approve my selection of a mate."

Peter bites back in Russian, "this wolf has a name. Coyote."

Alexi laughs and says in English "and sass, your wolf, Peter, has sass as well. I like him. Now I need to talk to each of the non-shifters alone before I leave, to verify that their choice was not under duress."

I smile as he leaves for a walk with Melissa.
5 pm  
FRIDAY, June 1st, 2012

My phone rings with the sound of Big Ben's Bongs. I rush to grab it and say, "finally" as I head upstairs to talk to Danny in private.

I answer the phone as I close my door. "Danny! I'm so glad you were able to call me today! Before tomorrow! I need to talk to you!"

Danny says, "easy now. Calm down and tell me what's so urgent."

I blush. "Umm, Danny? I have a couple of very personal and private questions I need to ask you. Don't laugh at me! Please?"
He says, "when I laugh, I laugh with you. I would never laugh at you. What's the problem? How can I help you?"

I take a few deep breaths, so I don't hyperventilate, and try to find the right words for my questions. "OK. Um. You know I'm a virgin? Both ways. I have a huge date tomorrow with the guy I've mentioned to you. The one that I have a thing for, he moved with me here. He lives in my house! Our house!"

Danny tries to encourage me to move on and get to my questions. "Okay. Your crush, Peter, is with you, and you have a date with him. That's great! I don't understand, how can I help you with that from here, in England? It sounds like your relationship is progressing well."

I run my hand through my hair. "Bluntly put, I'm gay and have never been with a guy. Ever! Common sense tells me there's probably something the bottom needs to do so he's ready for the top. I only know what I saw on your internet since I was afraid to use mine and was hoping you could give me a few hints. Anything would be helpful. Throw me a bone. I'm dying here."

Danny chuckles. "Okay. You should probably talk about that with Peter, your prospective ... tango partner." I can hear him thinking things out. "Okay. The important physical thing you might want to do since it's your first time."

Peter knocks softly and inches in when I don't say to stay out.

Danny says, "okay. How do I word this nicely without negative connotations? I've got it! The train needs a clear tunnel. You need to ensure the tunnel doesn't have any boulders or mud-slides blocking access to the train. Especially if the train is larger than most."
Peter puts his hand over his mouth to hide his chuckle as he closes the door.

I don't understand what he's telling me, but I see that Peter does, so I say, "thanks, Danny. You're a big help, as always. I better go. Thanks for calling me back."

I hang up and say, "I don't get it. What does he mean? He said I should probably talk to you about it anyways."

Peter smiles as he says "yes, you should've asked me. I understand that you may be embarrassed by that kind of talk, but if we can't talk about sex, how are we going to have sex?"

I cock my head and shrug. He has got a point. "I was embarrassed to ask you about stuff I probably should already know, but I don't. I mean dad's a cop, and I was afraid that researching anything like that would raise red flags about sudden porn, gay porn on his computers. Besides porn is only the sex part and not the getting ready for the sex part. I asked Danny because he knows everything about that and I didn't think he'd laugh at me or judge me for being stupid."

Peter snickers. "I suppose in a smaller town, the internet providers would notice a sudden amount of traffic in porn on the sheriff's computer, and gay porn might have been a red flag for them to talk to your dad. It does limit where you can search and how."

I scratch my head in confusion as I ask, "what does that have to do with trains?"

Peter laughs. "I do like his analogy. Danny was comparing the train to my dick and your ass to the tunnel. I think you can figure out what he meant by mudslides and boulders."

I think a minute. "Ew. Okay. I still don't know how that helps me know what a first-time bottom should know to be ready for first-time sex with a top. I think it's obvious that I'm the bottom since you're a dominant Alpha."

Peter snickers. "Derek is a power bottom. Being an Alpha doesn't define if you're the top or the bottom. Every top occasionally bottoms for their partner to keep them happy and satisfied. How about we leave that open. We can always switch it up now and then."

I cock my head. "That's good to know. I have seen some gay porn at Danny's, but not very much. They always seemed to focus on the blowjob and that kind of bored me. If I'm going to watch gay sex, I want to see the sex part, at least once."

Peter smiles. "The blowjob usually is to get them ready enough to have sex. I'm going to enjoy teaching you all about sex, while we're having it. I see that I'm going to need to be vocal about what I'm doing and why."

I state, "so, the train that I see every day is larger than any guy I ever saw in the locker room."
Peter smirks. "I'm glad you put in the disqualifier of the locker rooms. I think I'd get jealous if you've been playing doctor with other guys. When guys are having sex on a regular basis, the bottom knows his body well enough to know if there's a blockage or buildup in their pipes. If you're a virgin that way, they recommend you use an enema the day before so you know that there's nothing in there that could be a problem."

I make a fish face. "Oh! I suppose I need to go to the store and get one."

Peter smiles and nuzzles my neck. "In most relationships, the dominant partner goes out of their way to protect and provide for their... submissive. Whether that means condoms, birth control pills, enemas or lube. I'll get it for you. I wouldn't want you to be embarrassed. You may want my help with using it. I know you're flexible, but it's easier if someone helps you with it. Also, I recommend the day before because the full effect isn't always when you take it. Sometimes it hits you again an hour or two later."

I blush and think about it. Peter's going to help me have sex so why shouldn't he help me with this. He probably knows a few tips and pointers to make it easier to do. "Okay. I guess, I can use the help. I've never used one before, so this is all new to me."
We then spend the next 30-45 minutes talking about sexual positions and the mechanics of male on male sex. There's more than one thing that makes me blush and turn red. Rimming just took on a whole new meaning. It's not just used in basketball.

He then lets me know, "you shouldn't feel embarrassed to talk about what you need in the bedroom from your life partner. All partners should discuss what they want and need from the other in their relationship to keep a healthy and happy partnership. Is there anything you know you won't like, from what you have seen?"

I have to think about it. "I don't think I'd enjoy anyone humiliating me or calling me names. I don't like that in normal situations. I don't see that making me aroused."

Peter says, "I don't see how anyone gets off on either humiliating someone during sex or being
treated that way. It's a turn off for me. I think you should love and respect your partner. That's not either one in my book. I'm not saying they're wrong, but they are wired differently than I am."

He squeezes me in a hug. "I better get to the store and get a few supplies for tonight and tomorrow. Is there anything else you want or need while I'm out?"

I look around. "I'd love some of that fantastic smelling body wash that you use."

He smiles. "Done. Let's go downstairs before they send up a search party for us."

Once in the kitchen, Peter says, "I have to go to the store, does anyone want or need anything?"

Morrell mischievously bites her tongue before calling out, "as a matter of fact. I forgot to bring tampons. Could you get me a box and some panty liners?"

Peter gives her a death glare before smiling. "No problem. Do you need light, regular or heavy, and are you sure you need liners and not pads? My sister used those saddlebag looking things while Laura used those thin little things with the wings."

I have to hide my laugh behind my hand as Morrell drops her jaw, speechless.

Malia giggles and proudly says, "that's my uncle."
It takes her a minute to collect herself as dad laughs and grabs a beer.

Melissa chews on her lip as she struggles valiantly not to laugh or crack a big old smile.

Morrell finally says, "I prefer to use heavy tampons with light liners with wings. So if I spring a leak, it doesn't damage my clothes. Thanks, Peter."

He smirks and walks out the door.

*I love the friendly banter of our canine pack.*
Chapter Summary

I couldn't resist Alexi showing Scott what Stiles put up with from Scott. If Peter could do it to him, why not Alexi?

7 pm
THURSDAY, 31 May 2012

Dad and Melissa are out on a date.

Malia is still at work.

Morrell is in town, shopping.

Peter and I are putting dinner on the table when Alexi comes back. He eats with us as we discuss my plans for college in the fall. Alexi is thrilled that I eventually plan on having a child, or two, or three with Peter. He wants to be the favorite uncle.
Peter stresses that he doesn't plan on being a father until I'm at least 21. He's being careful about abstaining from sex on the full moon and including the day before and after it as no sex days.

Alexi chuckles. "No sex days? I like you. My brother picked a good man, I see. Take care of him for me when I can't."
Peter smiles and says, "of course. I intend to keep my mate safe."

We finish eating and cleaning up.
Alexi extends his hand out to Peter. "I'll be honored to have you as my brother-in-law. Officially my cousin. I have to get back now. I'm still setting up my new house. Come to visit me next month, for the full moon, and plan on staying the night."

Peter says, "we'll try."

I hug Alexi at the door, and Peter says, "happy hunting Alexi. Put in a little for me, if you don't mind."

Alexi smiles and says, "I can do that." He salutes and runs off towards his new home in Fresno.

I look at Peter. "Don't tell me what, or who, he's hunting or what that little exchange was. I have a feeling I'm going to need my deniability."

Peter nods acknowledgment as we walk inside. I smile as I realize we will be together in a whole new way, several new ways, the day after tomorrow. I can't wait.

Alexi goes back to Fresno. He collects a couple of his lieutenants and loads up into his SUV.

They drive to Beacon Hills with a few errands in mind on his brother's behalf.

**BEACON HILLS**

They arrive at about 8 pm.

Alexi tells his men to get him the plans to the prison. He wants to know precisely where Brunski is in that place, to the exact centimeter of his cell.

*His men recognize that murderous look and know they don't want to fail Alexi, in any way.*

They move off to get the information that he wants while Alexi runs over to the loft that Scott took over from Derek. He knows the way there from his Wilka's memories.

When he arrives, he sees a black car outside. It appears Derek is back on the scene. *His coyote is happy to pick up Derek's scent but he reminds his beast that Derek left him for another, years ago. Derek is a stranger now and not to be sought after.*

Alexi smiles evilly as he forces himself to get back on point. This trip is for his brother. *Giving his message to Scott's entire pack serves his purpose, excellently.*

He focuses his senses into the den and listens to the heartbeats of Scott's pack to find what they are doing and where they are gathered.

Alexi then teleports into the loft, right in the middle of the pack watching TV.
They jump up to discover who barged into their lair.

He turns his eyes red, grabs Scott by the neck, and slams him into the wall with enough force to dent the brick wall.

Derek runs at him, and Alexi secretly uses telekinesis to make it appear as if he's far stronger than he is, tossing Derek with one arm into the stone pillar, (the same one the Nogitsune threw him into). Derek lies on the ground winded and stunned. Alexi is rather positive that Derek doesn't recognize him. It's been 5-10 years.

Lydia uses her Banshee scream, but he uses his weather magic to push the waves of sound around him and then tosses her back with his pulsing stream of air, without hurting her.

Mason hides behind a post as Liam gets tossed into a wall hard enough to get stunned.
Scott desperately tries to free himself from Alexi's iron grasp. *He's twisting and kicking as he claws at the hand holding him.* It feels like a stone hand pinning Scott's neck and nothing he does seems to faze Alexi.

Alexi roars in Scott's face, inciting a wave of submission from the little brat. He snarls, "If you and your little pack of misfits are done playing around? I'm not here to hurt or kill you. Don't get me wrong, I do want to kill you for hurting the one you call Stiles, but he won't like that. That's what's important to me."

Scott stops fighting and asks, "Stiles?"

Lydia asks, "you know Stiles?"

Alexi says, "Yes. He's the only family I have, and my Wilka says not to hurt you. I'm just here to give you a little warning. If you ever hurt him again, I will kill you! No one hurts him and gets away with it, for long!"

Alexi looks at Lydia and Derek. "When I find out what someone did to him, I ensure it's done back to them before I kill them or ensure their deaths. This brat deserves a lot of payback for everything he did to my Wilka! The worst thing about it is he expected my Wilka to take that treatment and every time he grumbled about it Scott said he was a weak human and that's why he wasn't a real pack member."

Derek glares at Scott. He gets up, looking Alexi up and down. "You're a powerful Alpha. Why didn't we know about you?" *He thinks, do I know you? You smell ... familiar ... mate? Alexi? How is he connected to Stiles?"
Alexi says, "Wilka and I protect each other. I'm connected, and my Wilka was taught not to let his dad know that his mom's family is Russian mafia, especially since his dad is an American cop."

Mason says, "Wilka means wolf. But Stiles is human. I don't understand? Do you treat him like another wolf?"

Alexi laughs. "I like you. My Wilka's right. You're as well-read as him! Wilka is short for Wilksiezycawyc. Our family isn't entirely human. There's a reason the Nogitsune went after him instead of Allison, Chris, Melissa, or John. Each of us has a special ability."

Scott whines, "can you let me go, please? It's a little hard to breathe."

Lydia asks, "what's your message? Why do I get the feeling that Stiles doesn't know you're here?"

Alexi arches his brow in respect of her powers of observation. "Well, probably because he doesn't know."
Derek stands there with a stiff back and dreads the answer to the question he's about to ask. "What did Scott do to Stiles?"

Alexi turns to Derek and says, "Besides the times he betrayed my Wilka to Gerard, Deucalion, and Deaton? He called my Wilka a murderer and told him not to talk to Scott's pack! He turned his back on my Wilka and walked away. The only reason my Wilka didn't commit suicide is that he remembered, from when he was dead, that Peter and Morrell spent hours, pleading with his spirit that his death would kill his dad, not to mention me."

Derek asks, "he was dead? For hours? How did we not know this?" He looks at the Banshee that senses death. Does she know about this?

Lydia says, "because Stiles felt that Scott never wanted to hear that he was hurt or in pain. He hid it. He hid everything."

Alexi looks at Scott and extends his claws. "You need to see and feel what you did to my Wilka."

Scott remembers when Peter did that to him and tries to move away. "NO! Don't!"

Alexi slots his claws in the back of his neck and shows him Stiles memories of everything that Scott did to him and ensures the brat feels precisely how that felt. He feels a little bit of sadistic pleasure that he gets to hurt Scott in some way, even if it is only emotional."

When he finishes, Scott is crying and trembling as he mutters, "I didn't know I was like that. I didn't know. My God! How did he put up with me! Why didn't he hurt me or kill me! If someone had done that to me, I would have killed them. No wonder he's so angry and doesn't trust me. My God, it's all my fault. I was a self-centered, stupid brat. How could he ever forgive me for that?"

Alexi says, "tell me why you would call my Wilka a murderer. You should've known that he won't kill someone, even if they deserve it. He might hurt them, and make them wish he killed them, but he doesn't kill. That's my job!"

Mason balks at that statement. "Wait! The Russian mafia is like our American Police. They protect the people from the corrupt police and government. That means you're one of the good guys. Only you go about it as Batman does, with extreme violence and prejudice."
Alexi nods his head.

Scott says, "Theo told me that Stiles beat Donovan to death with the wrench from his Jeep. He gave me the wrench covered in blood."

Alexi nods, "that was my Wilka's blood from where Donovan tried to kill him and succeeded in biting him. I saw the scar on his shoulder. He barely survived that fight. Humans aren't as strong as windigos."

Mason says, "what? Stiles would never do that to anyone! Scott, you should know that. You grew up with him!"

Derek says, "I don't know him as well as you do, Scott, but I know he'd never do that. Did you ask him? Did you check for evidence?"

Scott sadly shakes his head.

Alexi says, "here's my message, Scott. You may have evolved into a True Alpha, but you don't have the wisdom, strength, or power of one. A real leader always double-checks his facts. My Wilka **always** double and triple checks everything before he does anything! I want you to fact check and talk with the three people here that have a better head on their shoulders than you, before you make a move to do anything. In case you haven't figured it out, that's Lydia, Mason, and Derek."

Derek says, "that's probably a good idea to follow Scott. That'll keep you from putting your foot in your mouth again or losing any more good pack members."

Scott painfully nods his head and says, "agreed. That sounds like the best course for me to follow. Can you let go of my neck know? Please? God! I feel like Scrooge after seeing the Spirit of Christmas Past."

Alexi lets go of Scott and steps back.

Derek holds his hand out to Alexi and Alexi pulls him into a Russian bear hug. Derek didn't realize how vast the man was, until then. It felt good being in his arms again.

They talk for about an hour about Stiles and everyone's plans for their futures. Lydia wants to go to MIT while Scott is desperately trying to take classes and schedule summer school to get his grades
up and pass courses needed for the prerequisites to be a veterinarian.

Alexi says, "I have a few errands to take care of before returning to Fresno. I'm moving closer to my Wilka's new home so I can be closer to him."
Friday, June 1st, 2012

Peter helps me with the enema. I nervously try to cover my dick for a minute before I realize. Why? What am I doing? He's seen me naked, and he's helping me. Tomorrow he's going to be touching me in another way. I shouldn't be embarrassed.

Once I get over that insecurity, Peter helps me with the enema and tells me to lay in this position for at least 10 minutes, until I feel like I have to go and can't hold it.

15 minutes later
Shit! Talk about opening the floodgates.

I must have spent over half an hour on the toilet. I feel relieved when I finally finished. I'm glad Peter let me do this part in private.

An hour later
I'm back on the toilet and finishing the last half of the hour sitting there as I finish my business.

They really need to put a warning on those things saying that it doesn't all come out the first time.

Saturday, June 2nd, 2012

Peter wakes me up at 7 am, with a breakfast in bed that he made just for me.
He closes the door so that we can have some privacy, and he explains a little bit about some of his plans for the day.

Peter wraps himself around me and tucks his nose into my neck as he strokes his fingers over my wrist. "Today is about you. Now, saying that, there are a few things I have to do in a certain order because of timing with the moon and the time it takes for the change to take place."

I'm intrigued and all ears.

He looks at me and says, "everything I do today is a choice for you. You can say no at any time, and I won't think badly of you for it. I'll respect your decision."

I say, "that sounds ominous. Not that I would ever tell you no, but what do you mean?"

Peter says, "I need to bite you this morning so that the change is far enough along so that my werewolf mate is in my arms tonight when I claim you. We can only harvest the full moon petals on the full moon, in two days. That means I need you to drink your potion this morning. We will make the potion together on the full moon, proving I can protect you whenever the need arises."

I smile. "I can handle that."
I move to get out of bed to get my potion and he puts his hand up and stops me. "No. Stay in bed and enjoy your breakfast. I now know that you keep some potion in here, disguised as coconut water. I'll bring it to you."

He wiggles his eyebrows. "I kind of like it when you're in bed for me."

I blush.

He gets my potion while I eat my delicious omelet and fruit. Peter hands me the bottle as he curls lazily around me.

I drink some of my elixir and finish my breakfast. "Peter? I read there are three types of bites. The one you gave Scott is typically on the side, and a mating bite is on the shoulder. The books didn't explain the third bite, besides it's very personal."

He snickers and kisses my wrist before gently rubbing my pulse point. "We give the turning bite to anyone and everyone we want to turn, but the third one you mentioned, we only give it to someone we know or suspect is our mate. It's like a werewolf engagement that also happens to turn you. It's on the wrist, and any other werewolves that see a healing wolf bite on someone's wrist knows not to touch them because an Alpha has already spoken for them."

I arch my brow in surprise as my mouth pops open in shock. But that means ... "Wait! Hold the Phone! In the garage ... you were going to bite my wrist! You were giving me a werewolf engagement bite?"

Peter smiles. "Yes. I'm not a spring chicken, and finding your mate is rare. I'd already convinced myself that the boy in my dreams, a decade before, was just the dreams of an unbalanced mind."

He strokes my cheek tenderly. "After I bit Scott, I found myself attracted to you on levels that I never had before, and I was willing to take the chance that you could be my mate. Or as close to it as I might ever get in my lifetime. In my defense, I was still insane at the time. My wolf wanted me to take you and not let you have a chance to refuse us, but I didn't want you to hate me. For some reason, it mattered to me, even insane, what your opinion of me was."

I ask, "so your wolf recognized me, but didn't tell you?"

He laughs. "You've heard me say that my wolf wants me to do this or wants to do that. He doesn't tell me in words what he wants and knows. Wolves talk with scent, body language, impulses, and feelings. He can't say, 'hey that's your mate,' but he can feel very protective of you and want, revere, respect, and love you. If I'm in a full-wolf or Alpha-shift, I can talk to him in the wolf language, but full-shifts are rare and not easily accomplished. I can do it, as can most of my bloodline."
Peter kisses my wrist and looks at me with hopeful red eyes.

I nod. "Do it. You already know that I accept you. I accept becoming a werewolf and being in your pack, Alpha."

He happily smiles and wraps his long fingers around my forearm and gently extends his fangs into my wrist. Before I can register that there is any pain, I see the black tendrils flowing up his hand and realize he's taking the pain, so I don't feel it.

He licks any errant blood from around the wound and then cleans up the bite mark with the first aid kit. *It doesn't look that bad actually.*

It's not bad enough to be bandaged, and the weather is cold enough for wearing long sleeves, which is a plus. I tend to wear long sleeves anyway.

I reach up and wipe the few drops of blood off of his chin. "So what are our plans now, Alpha?"

He smiles. "I guarantee that even though the senses you get from your potion are more than what humans have, I doubt it's on the same level as ours. So, we're going to walk around our territory and let your wolf get used to the sights and smells before going to *The Five and Dime* where I'm going to propose in front of Roxy and our pack."

He gives me a sly smile. "Roxy's scary, by the way. She insists on seeing you *proposed to properly.* 'There's no way you can tell that woman no when it comes to you. By the way, you're not supposed to know. Try not to imply that I staged it."

I laugh. "That's Roxy! I won't! I'm a firm believer of don't believe anything until the proof is in your hand."
We hike our territory for 4-5 hours while I make the occasional comment about smells I didn't notice before or things I've never seen before. I thought it would be like taking my potion, but it's not. My senses are even stronger now than they ever were on my WMPM potion. I'm entranced by all the new colors and and smells. It's like a blind man seeing colors for the first time. Peter's right, as always.

I marvel at how good our eyesight is now and how divine he smells. I want to burrow in his scent and have it wrapped around me.

I was right about the wolf in my shadow. He's my wolf spirit or totem. I feel as though his name is Lucien.

Peter then drives us to Roxy's. He asks if I want my usual meal or something different.

"I'll take my usual meatloaf."

Mom and dad show up five minutes later.

Malia arrives ten minutes after that, with Marco, for dessert.

Morrell arrives on her motorcycle about 10 seconds later.

After I finish eating my meatloaf and Malia is eating her dessert, Marco's treat.

Peter looks at my dad and gets a sage nod from him.

I arch my brow in curiosity.

Peter reaches into his jacket and pulls out a little blue heart-shaped velvet box.

He takes a deep breath, takes my hand, and smoothly slides down to the floor on one knee and opens the box to reveal a stunning silver engagement ring with a decent sized diamond and blue
Is that Lapis Lazuli? That means true love and fidelity.

I cover my mouth in surprise. "That's a beautiful ring."

Peter takes the ring out of the box and holds it up to me. "Stiles Wilksiezycawyc Stilinski? Will you do me the great honor of marrying me? Please let me love and protect you, forever?"

I smile. "I thought you'd never ask?"

I throw my arms around his neck for a quick hug before he places the ring on my finger and kisses my hand.
He says, "I know you don't like blood diamonds. The jeweler promises that this is an Asian diamond, so you don't have to worry about that."

I smile that he considered that when he picked this out. "Thank you, Peter."

Roxy claps and whistles in celebration.

Peter sits next to me and wraps his long arm around me.

She holds up my hand to look at the ring. "That is an impressive rock. Is there any meaningful inscriptions on it?"

I smile and take the ring off so I can look at the inside. There is an inscription inside it. I beam as I read, "You are the moon that lights up my dark world."

I look at Peter. "That is a very apt thought, love."

Peter smiles. "It's perfectly true, Little One."

I put the ring back on. "I don't intend to take this off again."

After our meal, we drive around aimlessly for a few hours and then get some gas before heading home to an empty and quiet house.

Peter tells me to get dressed in something that moves and is comfortable. Our romantic outing tonight is a private affair.

I head upstairs and take a shower to get ready while Peter goes out on an errand.
After my shower, I get dressed in the suit he got me to match his own. I'm just buttoning the last button on my shirt when Peter walks in with a bouquet of Red tulips, interspersed with Red and White Carnations, and thirteen long-stemmed roses that he added to show his love for me. They mean deep love, unending devotion, and undying love. "I love them. I take it everything has a double meaning today?"
Peter smiles contentedly.

**Meanwhile, a long ways away**

Something dark and ominous hunts in the night.

A sudden severe thunderstorm moves into Beacon Hills and isolates the prison *at the same time that Peter is proposing to his young mate.*

It can't possibly have anything to do with the young werewolves, or does it?
The weatherman says he has no idea where the freak winter storm came from, but he's suggesting that everyone stay inside.

*That's when the power goes out in all of Beacon Hills.*

It appears lightning hit the electric department and separated the power supply from the power grid. All of Beacon Hills is without power.
A sudden severe thunderstorm has caused a blackout by separating the power supply from the power grid.

Something strange and sinister is happening in the county prison.

The inmates, in what the guards fondly call "murderers row," all move with a single ominous purpose and a goal.

What supernatural force could unify them?
A bolt of lightning blasts through the large thick pained window in the center of the ward.

As it strikes the floor it shimmers, morphs, and assumes the form of a giant, red-eyed, muscular man, with no shirt on.

The giant of a man towers over the guards with blazing red eyes as they cower in fear. They murmur in fear... "NO!"

What manner of creature could this be. They don't want to die. Some of the guards thinks this man looks familiar, but not the red eyes.

Those red eyes are hard and unyielding. What does it want? Who does it want? They would give it what it wants so that it will go away and leave them alive.

It smiles at the terror he smells. These little humans are nothing to him. He's come for his prize. *He has vengeance to serve. It's best served cold. He will avenge his brother!*

The guards stand there rooted to the spot, staring in disbelief and fear.

They look at each other and slowly take a couple of steps backward. Slowly backing into a large
puddle of water that leaked in from the rain pouring into the hole in the ceiling that the creature came from.

The large man growls, holds up his hand and points at the puddle the human guards are standing in, *none of them even noticed it was there.*

A bolt of lightning erupts from the palm of his hands and is diffused a little by his finger and flies straight into the rainwater pool, shocking all of the guards into unconsciousness.
All of the prisoners scream and howl in triumph that all of the guards are unconscious.

He smiles as he flings electrical bolts at the locks of all the cell doors.

The locks all sizzle and steam as they click and the corresponding lights turn from red to green as the cells open.

The four murderers that have already agreed to submit to this creature and assist in his vengeance rush and grab the last prisoner as he tries to hide behind his cot in the shadows.

He knows that death has come for him and he will soon reap the rewards of his crimes. This murderer's name is Brunski.

They drag the screaming murderer to the giant man. The creature of death.

One of the prisoners suggests killing the guards. The unconscious guards.

The giant says, "NO! Killing cops is killing yourself. Cops will stop at nothing to stop and kill a cop killer! Lock the guards in your cells where they won't get in our way. Wouldn't you rather see them in your cells? Switching places with them? Making them the prisoners and you the guards? Relieve them of their weapons as well."

They smile and laugh evilly. They drag the guards into their cells and slam the doors closed, locking them in.

Alexi faces the prisoners and smiles. Several of these prisoners have agreed to serve him tonight in exchange for assistance in getting out of prison. He doesn't want them to know how much he's using them and how much he knows about them.

The murderer, this prisoner, screams and yells as he futilely thrashes and tries to escape.

They drag him and tie him with wires to the bars of one of the cells.
The red-eyed man tells the prisoners to find knives and one of the electrical zappers the guards use.

While they are gathering their weapons, the giant man leisurely walks up to Brunski. "You're the bastard that hurt my cousin. Now, I'm going to hurt you, in the same way that you tortured my Wilka. I'm going to enjoy this. You won't, but you earned this fate."

The prisoners return with their makeshift knives and the stunners they took from the guards.

Alexi looks at the prisoners. "Have any of the children in your families been tortured and abused by this bastard or have family members been killed by him in Eichen House?"

Johnson says, "he killed my grandmother, ten years ago. The bastard has been killing people and torturing children for over 20 years."

Roberts says, "he tortured my uncle in Eichen House when he was but a child. He was never the same after that. It broke him. He was a frightened recluse waiting for death."

Shaffer rips his shirt open at the shoulder, down to the waist, revealing scars like my Wilka. "This bastard tortured me when I was six years old, in that horrible place."

Macao says, "not my family, but my wife's brother was tortured and killed by him in that place. She told me the things that he whispered to her of what this bastard did to him."

Alexi smiles widely. "Then the four of you can avenge the innocents he killed and tortured as I avenge my cousin. I suggest we do to him exactly what he did to his victims."

They advance on Brunski, and for the next few hours, you can hear his screams carrying throughout the jail.

When they finish giving him duplicates of the various scars that Brunski gave all of his victims. Johnson says, "he sexually abused those kids at least once. I can return that favor to this bastard."

A broken and wrecked Brunski screams, "No! I'm not gay! You can't do this. NO! Please no!"
Alexi says, "no, you're a pedophile, which is far worse than any rapist."

Brunski's screams make Johnson more determined than ever.

Alexi turns his head away as Johnson has his way with Brunski. *He can watch torture, blood and death, but he can't watch sexual assault. It brings it too close to home for him that this bastard raped his cousin. His brother! His precious brother! His Wilka!*

Afterward Alexi hands him a knife and says, "I think you deserve the honor of finishing this scum."

The others cheer as Johnson drives the knife slowly and deeply into Brunski's heart.

Alexi watches his death with hungry eyes, and then turns away from the bloody mess that is Brunski. He slowly and determinedly walks to the outside door.

He holds his hands up, creating a great wind, a great gust of air. He forces this gale force wind towards the massive barricaded door and blows the entire door out of the building. It lands a good 20 feet away, buried halfway into the ground.

He turns back to the prisoners. "I said I'd help you escape in exchange for helping me avenge my family. There's your freedom, gentlemen. Thank you for assisting in collecting vengeance from that monster."

They nervously walk to the door and their first glimpse of a possible freedom they never thought they would see. They are all on death row or facing death row.

Before the four prisoners walk out, they turn back to say thank you, *but Alexi is gone. It's as if he was never there. It wasn't the giant that tortured and killed Brunski, it was them. He gave them the freedom and guidance to do unto him as he did to them and their families.*

They step through the door and are instantly mowed down by machine gun fire from the prison guards under orders not to allow those murderers to have a chance to hurt anyone in Beacon Hills ever again.

Alexi is on the roof, watching, waiting, ensuring the four murderers die. "I said I'd help them get out of prison. I never said it would be alive. I can't allow murderers out into the general population with innocents." He teleports to the overlook at the far side of the city. The overlook that his Wilka enjoys watching the lights of the city from where he can still feel and hear the quietness of mother
Parrish walks into the prison and finds what's left of Brunski. He sees that the wounds on Brunski's shoulder, side, and back are in the same places as the ones of his victims. He always tortured his victims the same way. "Peter Hale! It had to be Peter! He's the only one that would seek revenge like this."

He gets on his radio. "Tara. Can you bring Scott McCall here to the prison? There's something I
A short while later
9:30 pm

Scott approaches the prison and sees the bodies of the four murderers being covered with sheets. He asks for Parrish and is pointed to the inside.

He walks in and sees the bloody mess as they finally cut Brunski down and lay his body on the ground.

Scott looks around. "What the hell happened here?"

Parrish gestures at Brunski. "Did you notice those wounds match the scars on all of his victims? Stiles was one of his victims. Sheriff Stilinski didn't come out and say it, but I put two and two together."

Scott thinks about his reluctance for anyone to see him naked. "Stiles did made a point of not letting anyone see him without a shirt. I caught a glimpse through a mirror that he has scarring on his shoulder, but not enough of a look to verify it looks like that. It doesn't make sense that Peter would come here, several hours drive away from Stiles, and do this."

Parrish says, "only a supernatural could have done this. I'm sure Peter did this! He's killed again because of his need for revenge. I'm going to stop him this time! Let's drive out there and stop him."

Scott balks. "Wait! I have to talk to Derek, Mason, and Lydia about this. It doesn't seem right! I
always want to think the worst of Peter, but I can't see him doing this! This isn't his style."

Scott walks away to go back to the loft while Parrish goes to the station to get wolfs-bane and start the drive to Yosemite to hunt down Peter.

**AT THE LOFT**

**10:30 pm**

Scott explains the scene at the jail and Parrish's theory and plan.

Derek says, "so Parrish thinks that Peter suddenly decided to drive hours away from Stiles to kill someone that's already on deaths row, for revenge. I don't see it! Does anyone see how stupid that sounds? Was there a spiral at the scene? Peter left a spiral near his revenge kills with the Argent's killers and arsonists."

Scott shakes his head. "I didn't see anything like that. I never noticed the one on top of the video store until Stiles pointed it out to me. You're right. Peter would mark this as his kills or revenge in some way. I don't see anything that indicates that this is his work."

Lydia asks, "so Brunski tortured Stiles in Eichen House? That was what the bastard was hinting about when he tried to kill us. Poor Stiles." She paces is agitation that Stiles went through that and didn't feel able to talk to anyone about it. *Her therapists always told her she can't grow and heal until she's able to talk through it.*

Mason looks up with a gleam in his eyes, reminding them of Stiles when he figures something out. "Wait a minute! Remember what Alexi said? He said that when he finds out that someone hurt his family, he hurts them in the same way. Alexi is here in Beacon Hills, and he said he had errands to run here. He said noone gets away with hurting his family, for long. It's more feasible to think that he did it than Peter did."
Lydia holds up her finger for them to hold on. Something's on the tip of her brain, but she can't quite reach it. *She needs to talk to Stiles' dad. He can answer this.*

She calls John Stilinski. "Hi, Sheriff Stilinski?"

John says, "You can call me John. I'm not a Sheriff anymore. I am a Ranger now. Just call me John."

Lydia says, "I hate to bother you this late at night, but I have a couple of questions. Someone told me that each person in Stiles' family has a unique supernatural ability. **Who** is in that family, and **what** capabilities do **they** have?"

John hesitates a minute. *He and Stiles trust Lydia.* "Stiles is **earth** based. He can grow plants"
without seeds or soil. His cousin, Alexi, is weather based. I'm not sure what he can do besides controls the weather."

Lydia smiles as the pieces fall into place in her brain. "Thank you, John! That's been a big help."

She hangs up. "Weather! Like the sudden storm that covered Beacon Hills or the blackout that isolated the prison. He ensured that all the prisoners on death row were killed trying to escape so that they couldn't hurt any innocents."

Scott looks at the pictures of the wounds on Brunski. "We can't let Parrish kill Peter because he assumes something with no facts"

He stands up straighter as he realizes he and Parrish have switched places. He's thinking things out while Parrish is making assumptions, breaking the law, and going after an innocent person because he didn't get the facts first. "Oh my God! He's acting like me! He's running off half-cocked without the facts, and he could kill an innocent person because of it. We have to stop him! I don't think Stiles will handle losing Peter very well."

Lydia says, "Derek! Scott! See if you can catch up to Parrish or stop him! Mason and I will talk to Tara and see if she can contact Parrish by radio and stop him. Lightning fried the radio, so we'll try to rebuild it."

They all run out the door and get into their respective vehicles. Derek and Scott speed off for Stiles' house while Lydia and Mason rush to the police station.
Mating at Last

Chapter by Steter Club ideas (aneria)

Chapter Summary

Sorry, this is late. I didn't break it up into two chapters as a treat for being late, twice.

SATURDAY, June 2nd, 2012

4 pm

While Brunski is meeting his fate in Beacon Hills, Stiles is meeting his in Wawona, with Peter, his mate.

Stiles POV

I put my beautiful flowers in the overly expensive vases that Peter bought me. He thinks vases are merely display pieces and must be as expensive as they are beautiful. I'm happy with a regular drinking glass.

I then display my exquisite flowers on the counter in the kitchen. I smile as I give them a little turn to show the best view of them and then appreciatively judge that the end product is satisfactory.

I hear a melodic whisper behind me. "I have always believed vases should hold flowers, not dust."

I turn around to see a very handsome Peter, in a suit, looking like an escaped GQ model as he leans against the counter and eyes me suggestively.

Peter wiggles his eyebrows suggestively.

I walk to him as I enjoy the attention of my Alpha and mate. I smile coyly at him as I curl up against his chest and nuzzle my nose under his chin. I sigh happily as I sniff that spot has his smell the strongest. I love his scent.
He scratches at the base of my neck with his nails and squeezes me tightly to his chest. He then kisses the top of my head, leans down, and picks up a large picnicking basket at his feet and a backpack cooler that smells absolutely delicious.

He takes my hand and leads me out the back door and into the woods, which surprises me.

As we walk along, I ask him a couple of times, "where we are going?"

Peter shushes me and says, "all will be made clear soon."

He leads me to my cave. *My cave!*

I smirk. "When you said a private affair I didn't know you meant this private, Love."
He smiles as he leads me back to my secret tunnel with my moon-flower growing in it, which confuses me. He can't harvest any part of it until the full moon.

When we get there, I see that he has a fancy dinner table sitting on my floating deck. *It's set for two, with fancy china and crystal glasses and gently glowing vanilla candles. It is very romantic.*

I admire the fancy tablecloth, candles, and a place setting for two. There's a plank bridge leading to the shore on the far side. I peer across and see an elegant four-poster bed, with hanging drapes and small strings of lights mixed with the lace to give a little light and make it romantic, all set up and waiting. *My mate is a true romantic.*

*I realize it's quiet here. Too quiet.*

I can't hear anything outside of my cave.
I look around in surprise. "This is amazing. Why don't I hear anything from outside? It smells... a little like... ozone. Like lightning in the desert. Alexi's magic?" I place my hand on his chest and coyly look up at him as he wraps his hand around mine. "What did you have him do, Love?"

He puts the basket and backpack cooler down.

I watch as he sets the food on the table.

He offhandedly replies, "I asked Alexi to cast a soundproofing spell that only lasts until the full moon. I don't think you want Malia or the others to hear us making love and having sex. She does have sensitive hearing, being a canine and all."

I scoff. "You're right. I don't want that. I'd be very self-conscious if I had to worry about being too loud during our first time. That food smells delicious."

Peter lights the red candles, which have a soft cinnamon scent to them, and pulls out my chair for me.

I sit down graciously, and he tucks me in, sniffing at my neck as he does. "Your wolf scent does have stronger vanilla and lemongrass tints to it, but also a little hint of citrus and an earthy smell, like a citrus grove after the rain. It's possible that's because you're an Earth Witch."

We shamelessly flirt with each other as we eat. He even feeds me a few chocolate covered strawberries.

Peter then folds up the table and stands it against a rock wall near the bed. He takes my hand, turns on his phone and plays a couple of slow waltzes that we dance together.
The first dance is slow and innocent.

The second is more sensually sexual and heated. *The way his body moves against my own arouses me beyond measure.*

I can't wait any longer for him to kiss me and lift up on my tiptoes to kiss him.

Peter smiles as he stops my attempt by gripping my arms. He whispers, "not yet. Soon. Let me make this perfect for you." He slowly slides his hand along my arms and shoulders up to my neck.

I lean more towards him as he slowly strokes his fingers over my racing pulse in the side of my neck as he finally kisses me.

It starts slow and tender but quickly builds heat and intensity to where we're breathing each other's air.

He slowly backs us up as we kiss and he unbuttons my shirt. How does he do that without looking?

I feel the bed bump the back of my leg as he pushes my shirt off my shoulders and drops it on the ground. He wraps his arms around me and picks me up in his arms as he continues kissing me. He
then lays us down onto the bed without stopping his devouring kiss.

When we part long enough to catch our breath and for him to remove his shirt, I realize that it's brighter here than it should be.

Peter smiles as he gently strokes my chest and removes my shoes, socks, and slacks. "You have the most beautiful golden amber eyes."

*My eyes must be glowing with my wolf.*

He leaves my underwear on as he removes all of his clothes.

I pout, wanting more of our skin touching.

He chuckles and latches his teeth onto my neck as he sucks a hickey into the side of my throat.

I moan and arch my neck as he works my neck.

*He's an Alpha, so it won't fade very fast.*

He purrs, "besides my bite, this is the only other mark I ever want to see on your body."

I smile and huff. "Possessive much?"

He purrs, "you have no idea."
When I try to remove my undershorts, he slaps at my hand and says, "not yet, Little One. Today is all about you. I want you to truly enjoy your first time and I plan on ruining your desire for ever wanting anyone else. I will be the only one to do this to you and with you. I get to deflower the most prized flower in the world. This is your last chance to tell me no, or to change your mind. I won't be able to stop myself once we start. I want and need you too much."

I smile. "I've wanted you to do this with me for too long to even think about saying no. All I can say is yes. I love that you're possessive and protective." I lightly stroke my hand over his firm abs. "I've wanted to touch you and feel you on top of me and inside me in the worst way. You have no idea how much I wanted to say yes in the garage."
Peter spreads my legs apart and lays between them as he kisses me and nips down my neck.

I moan as I arch my neck to give him more access, clutching at his shoulders and back.

He purrs, "hmm, as I told you before, Little One. You can touch me anywhere you want, whenever you want, however you want, and in whatever way you desire."

I moan, "don't tempt me."

He continues to sensually suck massive hickeys into my neck as his hands gently slide down my sides and back, working their way down to my ass.

It feels good and odd as the hickeys begin to heal much faster than humanly possible. They don't heal as fast as a normal werewolf wound or injury does on because Peter is an Alpha. "My Alpha."

My breath quickens when his hands finally move down inside my underwear and squeeze my ass before firmly kneading my cheeks.

I'm soon hard and getting desperate to lose the rest of my clothes.

I pant out, "I need you to touch me, Peter. I want to feel you inside me. Show me how much you want to claim me and mark me as yours. I'm desperate for your touch."

He shines red eyes as he says, "I aim to please. Don't worry if you shift a little, more than you already have. Losing control during the height of passion is common. Especially during your first time after the change."
He reaches a hand under the pillow and pulls out a tube of lube. He coats his fingers and then slides them around and along his hard shaft.

I relax and allow my golden eyes to glow. "I don't see you ever losing control."

Peter smiles, extends his claws and carefully cuts away the last of my clothing, leaving me naked under him. *Hard, moist, and desperate to lose my virginity to him, with him.*

He leans down and kisses me long and hard as his hands knead my ass. He's not touching my shaft, and it's throbbing with a need that I don't understand how to fill.

When the kiss ends, I pant up to Peter "if you don't touch my shaft soon, I think I'm going to explode."

He smiles down at me. "I better take care of that then." He slides down to my groin and takes me entirely into his mouth. *That explains why he hasn't used the lube on me yet.*

I moan and arch my back, reflexively hiking my hips up and my member slides further down his hot throat.

Peter pushes at my entrance with his long, lube-slicked fingers as he sucks hard on my member.

I cum without warning into his mouth. I didn't even realize I was about to cum.

When I finish cumming, and I realize he's milking the last of my sperm from my dick with his talented mouth, I pant out, "I'm sorry. How embarrassing. I didn't mean to cum that fast. I didn't know I was about to or I'd have warned you. I'm "

He's still sucking on my shaft, even though he's cleaned it, and rubbing his knuckles over my entrance. He looks up at me and purrs, "your first of many times tonight, Little One. I knew you needed to cum quickly so you can enjoy a more extended and intense round as I get you hard again. I have to get you ready and stretch you open to accommodate someone of my size. That takes a little while. By the time I have you prepared for me, you'll be hard enough to go again. I want to see how hard I can get you before I finally dip my shaft inside your wonderfully warm heat. Relax, and leave the driving to me, Little One. Just tell me if I do something you don't like. I'll ensure you enjoy this."

I nod as he wraps his lips back around my member.

He slowly nudges my legs open wider until they're as wide as they'll go and bends my knees as he lifts my ass a little higher, so he has better access to my nether region.

It takes me a little while to realize he's distracting me with his talented mouth and tongue so that I don't notice what his fingers are doing in my ass, until he has three of his digits purposely sliding in and out, and one of them is stroking my ... G-Spot?

*No, it's my prostate.* I moan and feel my dick twitching at the constant stimulation from his fingers, his talented mouth, and his golden tongue.
I moan and sass him. "I was hoping something besides your fingers were going to go in there. Do I need to find something else more accommodating or are you going to let me have your spear where I need it most, finally?"

Peter gives me an evil smile and climbs up to kiss me dirtily.

While he's kissing me, he kneads my ass and slides his hand down to bend my knees and position me the way he wants.

I try to keep kissing him as he backs his head back, but he gently pushes me back down. "Last chance to say no, Little One. We don't have to go any further. If we go further, remember that I'm taking you as mine for the world to see." He strokes his hand over my shoulder and hungrily looks at me as he awaits for my answer.

I smile at him. "I can never say no to you. I want and need you. Come and show me how it's done, Love. I need everything you're going to give me."

He nips at my neck as he slides the head of his very hard, thick, and wet member in my entrance. He appears fixated on that one spot of my shoulder where he plans to put his bite.

I can sense, or I should say that my wolf tells me, that he's taking the pain so that I don't feel anything remotely close to discomfort right now.

I arch my neck to give him more access and pant out, "if you're going to take the pain, so that I don't feel anything uncomfortable, then there's no reason for you to go slow and easy. Besides, werewolves like strength and need their dominant mate to dominate them. Don't hold back."

Peter growls and surges forward so that he's fully seated inside me.

I moan and arch my back at being suddenly full in the best way. I clutch his shoulders with my hands and take a few deep breaths to pull back my fangs and claws and unshift.

He kisses me as he begins pistoning inside me. He purrs, "your control is unrivaled. I always knew that you're meant to be a wondrous wolf. My beautiful mate."

I'm lost in the motion of his hips as we move in tandem until I feel like a tightly wound spring about to pop.

He stops pounding his hips as he nibbles at my neck before he pulls out and rolls me over. "Different position. Changing positions extends how long it takes until you orgasm."
I pout as he re-positions me to a modified doggy position and then pulls my back flush against his chest.

He returns to pistoning inside me as one hand on my hips pulls me into his constant hard and deep pounding while the other slides around me to firmly grip my throbbing shaft.

He nibbles at my neck as he increases how hard and deep he thrusts inside me.

When I arch my back, he moves our positions so that we're on our knees so that he can speed up his movements. *He's so deep and hard like this.*
I loudly moan and pant when he adds stripping my wet cock and using that motion to pull me harder into his deep, twisting slams against my prostate.

When we cum, he sinks he teeth into my shoulder. That's the second time he's bitten me today. *It feels different. It feels intensely hot and searing, but there's no pain. God, it feels good.*

My wolf and I both like that he keeps his fanged teeth buried in my shoulder as he milks all of our semen.

I realize that it feels like... it's a claiming bite. *He's just marked me as his. That's why he fixated on that spot. That's where the claiming bite goes.*
We go another three, very powerful and dominating rounds, and he bites that spot during two of those rounds. He then surprises me by making slow, sensual, and soft love to me.

It feels so different and sensual and like he's taking care of me.

I realize that I do need this after the roughness of the other rounds.

We curl up together for a good half hour before cleaning up in the hot spring and heading back to our room in the house. The others are still out.
After a few minutes, he joins me, and we tuck in under the covers and get some much needed sleep. *Naked bodies together, skin against skin.*

The clock shows it's nearly midnight.
Parrish Interrrupts The Afterglow

Chapter by Steter Club ideas (aneria)

Chapter Summary

if we have any photo shoppers out there, can someone adjust this so I can use it here and in my The Life of Stiles?

![Image](image_url)

Chapter Notes

Nine of Four betaed this and the next couple of chapters I'm working on.

**SUNDAY, June 3rd, 2012**

I awaken around 3 am.

*From the amount of ambient light through the window I estimate that it's nearly sunrise.*

I don't open my eyes at first. I sigh contentedly and snuggle closer against Peter's warm chest as his strong arms hold me tightly.
I stretch out my senses. My wolf can't feel outside of our room because of the soundproofing and the fact that the door's closed. My magic detects that mom's asleep and dad's already left for the day.

I pull back to what I can feel and hear inside our room.

I listen to Peter's steady heartbeat. The pattern of his breathing indicates that he's also awake.

I open my eyes and look up into his beautiful blue eyes as he openly watches me sleep.

I smile fondly at him as I idly run my fingers over the scar on my shoulder from his bite. *It feels like it's months old and it's not tender or sore. It's smooth and doesn't feel ragged or ripped.*

I look at it, and it seems like a perfect mold of a werewolf's teeth. "If I didn't know better I'd say that you purposely ensured your bite went straight in so that this is a perfect mold of your fanged teeth. There doesn't seem to be any ripping or tearing."

Peter smiles and gently rubs his fingers over it as well as he admires his handy work. "I did. I want any shape shifters that see my mark on you to know that I take great care with you and don't want you hurt in any way. If I tore into your shoulder that would indicate I only cared about possession and not love and partnership." He leans down and runs his tongue over it before sucking a kiss onto it.

I groan at the sensation.

He looks coyly at me. "If the full moon weren't tomorrow, I'd roll you over and see how many times we can cum before I run out of stamina. But we don't want a baby before you're finished with school and you've achieved your medical career." He sighs in frustration.

My member twitches at the thought. I groan as I pout. "I want a rain check on that! You do know it's not nice to tease me with something you can't fulfill, right?"

He growls, rolls us over, and latches his lips onto my neck where he sucks, nips and kisses before he moves over to my shoulder and licks along the bite with a smirk.
Now I'm panting and hard again. Damn it! He seems to be a relentless tease.

He laughs. "Only if I can't. I know that I can, Little One. Only it has to be after the full moon. I merely have to wait a few more days. Maybe I'll continue teasing you, to see how wound up you'll be by the time we can enjoy that aspect of our relationship, together. I like that I can smell your potent aroma of arousal. It makes me want to do such naughty things to my precious mate."

He heavily lays his groin against mine so that I can feel that I'm not the only one stimulated by his touch and closeness. "I can't wait to indulge my naughty side." He wiggles his eyebrows devilishly as he purposely slides his hand across my chest, rubbing his knuckles over my sensitive nipple, in his move to get up and go to the bathroom.
Halfway down the stairs, I stop in my tracks as I get an ominous feeling that chills my bones.

I cautiously look around and try to figure out what's causing this unsettling feeling. I look around to see if there's something that triggered this feeling or if I can localize where it's coming from.

Peter immediately notices my odd behavior and stops a few steps away. He turns, cocks his eyebrow in worry, and walks back up to me. He grips my bicep to get my attention as he leans into me, and asks, "what's the matter, Little One?"

I look around hesitantly before looking into his eyes. I stammer, "I ... I don't know. I ... I got a bad feeling. I mean ... a horrible feeling. It's too vague to get a grasp of it. I don't know. I think something, no someone, is coming to hurt us. No. You, they want to hurt you!"

Peter says, "we need to be on our guard then. It won't hurt to be careful. That means you're not getting out of my sight for a while, and I'll ensure the pack protects you for me. I don't want you hurt, and I don't want to lose you."

*I recall a couple of times that Gerard and Deucalion went after me to get at Scott.* I can see why he's worried that someone would hurt me to get at him. Luckily, werewolves are more resilient than humans.

We head down to the kitchen to cook the morning meal.

We eat breakfast with mom and Malia and then go out for a patrol run of our territory.

When we reach the cover of the trees, Peter strips down and shifts to a wolf.

Malia says, "I wear organic or natural fabrics like cotton and denim, so I don't have to strip to shift. I did in Beacon Hills because I was used to nakedness before and after shifting. You know, living in a cave and all."

I watch her shift.
**My wolf yips happily and pushes me to try it.** It feels like that should be natural to do. I want to try it. **I think I can shift, and so does my wolf.**

I hunker down and do as Malia did. It takes me a moment, but I shift as well.

Peter looks surprised that I can do it.

**My wolf then tells me that born shifters can do it but only bitten wolves that integrated with their animal natures can do a full animal shift.**

Wait! What? I guess I can see that.

I realize that means Scott can never do it because he fights his wolf.

I look back at Malia and realize I got lost in thought.

We run the entirety of our territory and then go back to where Peter left his clothes.

We all shift and I lean against a tree while I watch Peter dress. I'd rather watch him undress, but watching his body move is great.

I freeze when I feel great indignation and anger cross my geas. **The man feels familiar, but he wants to kill Peter. Why? Who?**

I'm so focused on his approach that I don't hear Peter talking to me and only realize he's trying to get my attention when he snaps his fingers in front of me.

**Peter protectively and possessively grasps my shoulder with the scar.**

Only my mind would think there's a connection there.

He intently asks, "What is it, Little One?"

I look to the side road in the direction that I feel the hell hound approaching. **Why use that road? It's not the main road.**

I look at Peter, keeping my focus on the hound. "Parrish crossed into our territory. He feels homicidal and... he's hunting you. He's sneaking in from an abandoned side road. He feels angry and thinks he's justified."

Peter looks toward the house. "We can't let him hurt Melissa, not to mention your dad or Malia. You can't get hurt either!"

We head to the house.

As we approach the house, we see an aggressive and angry Parish.

**Peter howls to show he's ready for battle and to warn the rest of our pack. I know from experience**
that you can hear his howl from several miles away.

Peter steps in front of me, and Malia stands by my side.

Melissa steps out of the house. "Parrish? What are you doing here? Where's Scott, and the others?"

Morrell comes out in a robe. "Stand down Parrish! Whatever you believe, it is wrong and misinformed! You need to think before you jump the gun."

He's holding his gun out, trying to get a clean shot at Peter, even though innocents are between them. "I came alone, to stop a killer."

I yell, "then you've come to the wrong place. There's no killer here."

Parrish looks at me and says, "I have some bodies that say otherwise." He rapidly points his gun back at Peter and quickly fires a round off.

I dive at Peter, shoving him out of the way, and take the shot in my left shoulder as my dad, and Ranger Celestria Niksos pull up in her SUV.

I forgot they were doing a full tour of the area, starting early this morning.

I grunt in pain and clutch my shoulder as I feel the burning from the Wolfsbane.

I roll onto my side as I sit up.

Peter's arms are around me in seconds, probing at the wound to see how much damage the bullet did.

I hiss as he touches the center of the bullet hole.

Dad's out of the SUV and on Parrish in seconds.

I didn't know he could move that fast.

He punches Parrish in the nose, breaking it.
The sudden pain makes Parrish drop his gun.

While they fight, Peter finishes assessing my bullet wound. *It's about 2-3 inches below my claim mark which angers him.* He turns and roars his anger at Parrish. He snarls at Parrish with his fangs extended. *He's careful to immediately stop his eyes from glowing red.*

I'm shocked that he doesn't run to attack Parrish. *He's remaining next to me, protecting and shielding me with his body.*
Parrish Learns the Pack is a Pack

Chapter by Steter Club ideas (aneria)

SUNDAY, June 3rd, 2012

Dad sees me fall as I clutch my bloody shoulder and yells, "Stiles!" He runs at Parrish, but Parrish dodges out of the way with his supernatural speed.

Parrish slams dad into a tree, stunning him, and then turns to face us as he covers himself in hellfire.

Peter and Malia hunker down in attack mode and snarl at him.

Melissa doesn't waste time with calling for dad or me, she runs inside for her medical kit with great focus and purpose.
A familiar black car screeches to a halt in the driveway.

I sigh in agitation. Great! Tell me Scott's not involved in this shit!

I can’t handle three enemies in my territory while poisoned with wolfsbane. I don't think Peter would be gracious enough to let him walk away from our territory if he attacks us while I'm injured.

Derek and Scott hop out of the car and run to join the fray.

I warily keep my eye on them to see which side they join.

Derek runs to where I'm clutching a bleeding shoulder as Scott runs to confront Parrish. What the
Scott yells, "Parrish! Stop! It wasn't Peter! Stop! He's innocent. He didn't kill them. It was someone else."

I pointedly look at my dad rubbing his head in confusion. *The pain turns my questions turn into pained grunts.* "Dad? Are you okay?"

He looks around as he gets his bearing and rubs his head. "Yeah. Fine. Crap! He shot you! Are you okay, son?"

Melissa runs out of the house with her med kit in hand.

Derek makes it to my side and squats down to get a look at my injury to see how bad it is.

Peter let him get close to me, *reluctantly.*

Melissa slaps Derek's hand out of the way when he tries to look at my shoulder. She gingerly moves my shirt aside to see the damage, revealing the spider-webbing from the wolfsbane.

Derek gasps as he sees it and looks at Peter with an open jaw.

I groan, "never seen wolfsbane bullet wounds before?"

Peter growls in anger when he sees how severe the wound is. He glares at Parrish but doesn't leave me.

Melissa immediately gets to work removing the bullet while I focus on Parrish.
I look at Peter. "I'm okay for now, need an antidote, but I'm alive."

Malia yells in agitation at the hell hound as he tosses Scott into a nearby tree. "Why are you attacking us unprovoked? You are making yourself our enemy! We should be allies!"

Melia successfully removes the bullet from my shoulder, cleans the wound, bandages it, and glares daggers at Parrish. "What the hell are you doing, Deputy!"

Parrish stands a few yards away, with his flames off, as he says, "I was aiming for Peter. He's the killer! I've got five dead men in Beacon Hills that he killed last night!"

I yell in frustration and anger, "we were both here yesterday! He proposed to me in front of nearly 30 people, and then we spent the rest of the night in bed! Together! There's no way it was Peter!"

Derek finally asks in shock. "But? How? How can you be a werewolf?"

Peter growls, "he's my mate!"

Parrish covers himself in his hell hound flames and moves to attack Peter again, now that dad and Scott are out of the fight.

Malia steps forward with claws out and roars in anger. She doesn't intend to allow him to pass.

To reduce the stress levels, my mind immediately jumps to Lord of the Rings when Gandalf says, "YOU SHALL NOT PASS!" Which does immediately calms me, a little?

I look at Parrish with tunnel vision and realize I have to stop his fire before we have a forest fire. I have to protect my mate and our territory. I weakly hold my hand up and move the earth up to cover and smother his flames.

The loose earth from ground flies up and sticks to Parrish enough to put out the flames before falling back to the ground. It took all my strength. The pain is incredible.

I'm too weak from the wolfsbane!
Peter grabs me as I grunt in pain and double over in pain as I try to catch my breath.

Peter wraps himself around me. "Stiles!"

I look up at Peter's worried face and mutter, "poisoned by wolfsbane, I'm too weak to use my element for long."

Celestria is clearly enraged. She yells with her elemental voice. "Stop!" Knocking Parrish back onto his knees with its power.

She shifts to a water elemental and attacks Parrish. Her water puts out the flames he's trying to reignite, and she slams him into the ground, pinning him.
She shifts to a beautiful water girl, looks at me, and shouts, "Stiles! Shift to your earth warrior elemental form. *It will remove the wolfsbane from your system!* It will heal you! *Do it now, Luka!*"

Malia mutters, "now we know the nickname she has for you."
I feel my eyes glow white and then it feels like my body is itchy and my skin is too tight.

It feels like a million ants are skittering over my human form. I then become lighter, larger, and feel my skin loosen.

I still feel weak from the wolfsbane and can sense a great strength and power beckoning me into entering into the ground.

I slowly shift into an earth elemental as I dive into the ground. I feel the wolfsbane drop out of me as I become part of the land.
I feel the heat radiating from Parrish as he attempts to turn his hellfire back on, so I open the ground around him and cover him with earth to smother his body (all but his face since I don't want to kill him) to prevent any flames from erupting.

As soon as I feel completely healed, I emerge from the ground and assume a more humanoid appearance as I scream at Parrish. "We are innocent of whatever it is you think we've done! Shouldn't you ask us about whatever it is before condemning us and trying to kill us?! A good guardian is not a vigilante!"

That's when a silver Lexus pulls up. Lydia, Mason, and that runt, Liam, falls out of the car screaming for Parrish to desist. "It couldn't have been Peter! You need to look at this evidence first!"

A pined deputy nods and says, "okay. I get it. I don't have all the facts and I jumped to a conclusion based on the behaviors of an insane Peter that I've never actually seen. I didn't take the time to think out that Peter acts differently now. I assumed he would act a little insane when it came to someone hurting Stiles. Can you let me up please?" The last question is unmistakably a petulant whine.
I release him, and Celestria returns to her human form.

Dad escorts Parrish into the living room.

Peter keeps himself between the hell hound and me at all times.

---

Derek asks, "Peter? You said Stiles is your mate and he showed signs of wolfsbane poisoning. How did you turn him? I mean, I saw the claiming scar, but you get that after the turning. That means you have to be an Alpha. How is that possible?"

Peter shines blue eyes that he then allows to bleed from blue into red as he drapes his arms around my shoulders and shows everyone my claim bite scar. "I never lost the Alpha power! Stiles has always known, only he didn't feel a need to tell anyone. I was on the outskirts of the pack and always displayed myself at Beta levels. He didn't see me as a threat."

He smiles sweetly at a shocked Scott.

Lydia says, "I knew it! I knew you were too strong to be a Beta, let alone an Omega!"

Peter nods. "When I came back from the dead I was still an Alpha. Stiles figured it out within minutes. I have the perfect mate." He squeezes me tightly as he buries his nose in my neck, snuffling quietly.

I say, "where are my manners. I'll make some coffee. I think we all have a lot to discuss."

Peter leads me into the kitchen where I pull out supplies to make fresh coffee for everyone. I ponder if coffee is a good idea when you're still keyed up from a battle. I finally decide it's calming and gives you something to do with your hands, keeping them in plain view of everyone.

I finish making coffee for everyone while Peter nuzzles my neck from behinds, calming his wolf's agitation that someone shot his mate.

Scott disbelievingly asks, "is that what you want Stiles? Do you want to be a werewolf, and his mate?"

I nod and show them my golden wolf eyes. "My eyes are gold and not blue. If that makes you feel any better, Scott? Don't worry about me. We're taking precautions so that he doesn't get me pregnant before I finish college."

Scott spews his coffee as Derek hides a smile.

Melissa glares at Scott and his mess as she hands him a towel to clean up his coffee.

---

Lydia drops her jaw as Mason says, "I read about that. An Alpha's mate can get pregnant on the full moon, whether it's a female or a male. Something about a gift from Lycaon to further the
lineage of the Alpha bloodlines."

Peter looks at me and asks, "didn't you tell him how Alpha mates work?"

I nod. "Extensively. As usual, he didn't listen."

Peter looks at Derek. "I believe Stiles isn't just a werewolf, he's a Lycan. Malia, shift to a coyote. Your clothes are natural fibers so they will shift with you. Stiles, it's up to you if you want to let the wolf out of the bag."

He looks at Scott's pack. "I'm too concerned about looking good for my mate to wear clothes that don't display my body to the best. My clothes have rayon, spandex, or acrylics in them. I always have to strip first, so I'm not shifting. Derek, your baggy clothes indicate your clothes are natural fibers. Care to shift so I can prove a point?"

Derek glares at Peter before shifting into a black wolf with blue eyes.

Malia shifts to coyote, and then, to everyone's surprise, I shift to a wolf. A big brown wolf with golden eyes.
The werewolves can see the impression of the bite on my shoulder within a blue glow.

Human eyes can't see it in on my wolf form.

Peter scritches behind my ear, and I happily whine as I wag my tail before shifting back to human.
SUNDAY, June 3rd, 2012

I've seen mom shift into a hawk, Alexi shift into a coyote, and Tynk shift into a black panther. All three were bitten.

I know I can shift like them. I already did it once and I need to prove that wasn't a fluke.

Malia shifts to coyote, and then, to everyone's surprise, I shift to a wolf. A big brown wolf with golden eyes.
Melissa crows with a great deal of satisfaction, "Golden eyes! The Windigo wasn't human and was trying to kill him. That was self-defense against a supernatural."
The werewolves can see the impression of the bite on my shoulder within a blue glow that matches a blue glow on Peter's shoulder even though there's no bite. The glow is very bright. I think the brightness of the glow indicates the strength of our mating bond. Human eyes can't see it while I'm in wolf form. They can only see the physical scar on my shoulder when I'm human.

Peter scritches behind my ear, and I happily whine as I wag my tail before shifting back.

Peter looks at Derek as I smoothly return to human form. "I believe Stiles is a lycan like us."

I arch my right eyebrow in confusion. As in Lykaon? Aren't all werewolves considered lycans or lycanthropes? Does that mean that all the shifters in my blood-line are lycans? Is that because we have shifter blood?

Mason bounces on the balls of his feet as he excitedly asks, "lycans? As in lycanthropes gifted by Lykaon with all the powers of the wolf?"

Lydia smiles at Mason, a kindred spirit of know-it-all-ness and helpfully adds, "that includes full shifting, higher senses of smell, hearing, and sight as well as sensing danger like enemies or earthquakes? Most people don't believe Lykaon was anything more than a myth, so lycans like that are thought to be a myth."

When we look at her, she huffs in annoyance, "what? I read it somewhere."
Peter haughtily says, "Well, I think he's real. Exaggerations and half-truths turn truth into myth over time."

I back Peter by adding, "every story has a grain of truth in it somewhere. It just gets hidden under the exaggerations and alterations for the different ages and locations."

Derek looks me over in deep thought as Peter stands behind me and wraps his arms around my middle as he snuffles proudly and protectively at my neck.

Peter then looks at a thunderstruck Scott with a sarcastic and pleased smile.

*God! He reminds me of the Cheshire Cat teasing Alice with the knowledge that everything has a different reality than she thinks.*
In his typical condescending voice he reserves for Scott, Peter smugly says, "Stiles doesn't fight his nature. He embraces both halves and remains in a constant balance, as we born wolves do. That makes it possible to complete a full wolf-shift. I always knew he'd make a fabulous wolf. My wolf."

Derek huffs and crosses his arms. "Shame he isn't the one that you bit that night."

Peter narrows his eyes as he says, "That was the mistake of my insanity. If only I had followed Stiles to his jeep instead of Scott and his inhaler. I should've known easier is not better. I regret that mistake, daily, since."

Lydia asks, "you were there? You saw them both in the woods that night?!"

Scott nods gravely, if a little pale. "I saw their memories of that night."

I look at him with narrowed eyes. "What! How!" I look at the ground, at my feet, deep in thought, as I puzzle it out... before it occurs to me.

I look up at them as the light clicks on. "Alexi! He said he wasn't going to hurt you!"

Peter grabs my shoulder and leans forward conspiratorily. "What Alexi said and stressed is that he won't kill Scott, but instead give him the message not to ever hurt you again! If he hurt you again,
he will deal with him then, his way."

I sigh deeply. "I swear, it's like having *The Incredible Hulk* as my big brother. He really needs to stop swatting flies with sledgehammers."

Lydia says, "Alexi showed up last night and kicked *all* our asses! He showed Scott how badly he fucked up and mistreated you. He said that from now on, Scott needs to talk to Derek, Mason, and I before he makes any decision or acts on any ideas he may have so we can tell him if it's stupid or he's missing the facts." She looks rather smug that she's on the list.

I nod and look at Parrish. "Can someone please explain what happened in Beacon Hills that has everyone in a tizzy?"

Dad digs through the closet under the stairs and digs out his old, slightly small uniform, and hands it to Parrish. "Put this on. You can wear this instead of those burnt rags that you're barely wearing."

Parrish blushes as he takes the old uniform.

Parrish quickly puts on the pants. He buttons the shirt as he nods and ducks his head in guilt and shame. "Last night, about 4 pm, a *freak storm isolated the high-security prison*. All the guards say that a red-eyed man appeared, *out of nowhere*, and freed the prisoners. They don't know how he got in or how he left. It should be impossible to get into any high-security prison, especially ours."

I look at him strangely, waiting for him to continue. "Brunski was tortured." He looks intensely at me. "He received the same wounds that he left on you and his other victims. The guards were unconscious at the time, so they didn't see anything. When the rest of the death row prisoners tried to escape the cell block, the guards in the outer courtyard opened fire. *I* think that the mysterious red-eyed man was *Peter*. It's not that big of a stretch to believe he's the red-eyed man killing someone that hurt you. He was an Alpha, and could still be one. I know they can hide the red with training. *It's conceivable!*"

Peter sighs. "*I am* an Alpha, but I won't leave Stiles alone like that. Not overnight! I might, for an hour or two, while he's working and well protected, but not overnight."

Lydia pulls out her laptop and sets it on the counter. She brings up the file that she and Mason were able to retrieve from the prison cameras and clean up.

Mason says, "this is the prison's security footage."
We watch the tape. The lightning strikes through the ceiling. Red eyes in the darkness, but it's too dark to identify.

I immediately recognize Alexi but keep quiet. It's easy to see he's taller than most men, so it's not Peter.

Melissa says "my medical opinion is he's at least 6 inches taller than Peter."

We continue watching the tape. He knocks out the guards. The prisoners torture Brunski. One of the enraged prisoners sexually assaults him.

Technically, the difference between rape and assault is penetration. That qualifies as rape.

The man then kills Brunski.

The main door then bursts open, and the escaping prisoners are killed by the guards.

Peter helpfully says, "he never touched anyone. All he did was knock out the guards and open a few doors."

_Parrish shifts nervously in his chair._

Morrell pulls out her phone and shows us her recording of Peter proposing to me at 4:08 pm. "This is at the same exact time as that video. That can't possibly be Peter, not unless over twenty people were frozen in time and he teleported."

Melissa looks at Parrish. "That's a ranged spell and you have to have visual knowledge of where you are jumping. Peter's never been to that prison and he couldn't have been close enough to it at that point in time."

Lydia quirks her brow. "That spell? You're learning magick?"

Melissa stutters and then boldly nods as she says, "yes."

Dad says, "she's a natural healer."

Derek notices that I'm a little pale and quiet as my knuckles turn white from my death grip on Peter's arm.

Peter doesn't give any indication that I'm squeezing his arm hard enough to bruise a human.

I'm still as a statue as reality sinks into me like a concrete slab in quicksand.

Derek steps forward and lays a hand on my shoulder as he quietly asks, "Stiles? Are you okay? It's a little eerie seeing you stone still, not fidgeting or even talking about everything and nothing."

I take a deep breath and slowly shake my head in disbelief. "I can't believe the bastard is dead. He's
really dead. It's a relief in a way. All the spirits of the people he killed can finally rest in peace."

Malia looks between mom, dad, and Peter. "Is it wrong of me to say that I'm glad they hurt that bastard the same way that he hurt everyone that he abused? He did that, that to Stiles! My brother! I think fate served him the death that he deserved."

Dad hugs her. "No, it's not baby. It would be if you were the one that did it to him for your own pleasure. You're not that kind of person."

Melissa kisses Malia's forehead. "He deserved what happened to him, honey. It might have been better if he was fatally shot instead of winged when he tried killing Stiles and Lydia at Eichen House."

I look up at Lydia and see a grim and determined look on her face. She's already decided that it was justified and no innocents were hurt or endangered in the process.

Scott tries to diffuse the tension in the room or turn the subject to something not so volatile. He spots my engagement ring. "That's a beautiful ring. Congratulations! I hope he makes you happy."

Liam says, "that's a big rock. I bet it cost a mint."

Scott face-palms as Melissa hides a laugh.

I frown at him. "I don't look at the price tag."

I turn to Scott. "Peter does make me happy! He's the first person, not of my blood family, besides your mom, that actually listens to me. He always shows me he cares how I feel. He makes me feel like I'm the center of his universe. He makes me feel the way Allison made you feel. I'm totally in love with him and have been for a long time."

Peter smiles as he kisses my neck. "You are the center of my universe. You are the most important thing to me. That's why I'm so pissed that he hurt and betrayed you to get at me. Never put yourself at risk like that again!"

I look at his intensity. "I wasn't trying to take that shot instead of you. I was trying to push you out of the way. I misjudged werewolf speed."

When he cocks his head to the side in disbelief, I amend my statement. "Actually, I forgot that I'm a werewolf and just reacted without thinking about it. I'm sorry."
I look intensely at Peter. "I wasn't trying to take that bullet instead of you. I was trying to push you out of the way. I misjudged werewolf speed."

When he cocks his head to the side in disbelief, I amend my statement. "Actually, I forgot that I'm a werewolf and just reacted without thinking about it. I'm sorry."

That startles a laugh out of Peter, “That, my love, I can believe.” He fondly kisses my forehead.

It takes 45 minutes of John chewing Parrish out as Melissa chews the inside of her lip, as she's dying to give him a piece of her mind as well, before Parrish finally convinces Celestria that he knows that he made a mistake and he won't do it again. He feels terrible about it, and he's learned that's not how an acting sheriff or a hellhound acts.

Our two packs spend several hours catching up on everything going on in Beacon Hills and everything going on in our lives.

LUNCHTIME

Peter and I are setting the meal on the table when I feel someone cross the geas. Correction, someone drives across the border. Whoever it is on the main driveway, so they aren't trying to hide their presence as Parrish did.

Peter notices when I stop to focus on the geas to see who or what is in our territory.

When I'm satisfied that our visitor is alone and not a threat I look up from my trancelike state. I see Peter in front of me, staring at me, and our visitors aren't sure what's up.

Derek says, "your eyes were white. Magic?" He remembers Alexi's eyes did that, when he was with the man in his past. He misses him even more than he ever realized. Why did Alexi never come back for him? Is he still waiting for him? He didn't really say anything in Beacon hills. He did give him a special look. Maybe Alexi didn't approach him because he was on errands to defend Stiles. His cousin. The one he mentioned to him as a child, the one he loves like a brother. He shakes himself from his thoughts and focuses on Stiles. He knew Stiles reminded him of his love, but why did it never occur to him that this was the elusive cousin?

I shrug because I'm not sure if it magic or instinct or elemental. "I'm not sure which part of my
abilities I'm using when my eyes turn white." I turn to my Alpha. "Peter? Are you having flowers delivered?"

He shakes his head. "Flowers are personal. I present them, personally. I never deliver them."

I look at dad. "Are you having flowers delivered? To mom?"

He shakes his head. "I also like to physically hand my flowers to the beautiful woman I'm attracted to, and Melissa loves Stargazer Lilies. They have to be special ordered. In Beacon Hills, I had to drive to the next town to get them for her birthday."

Melissa smiles wistfully as she remembers those flowers.

I shrug and look at Malia. "A guy is driving a Flower Delivery truck on his way up the drive to our door. That leaves you as the most likely recipient. Would you mind getting the door when he rings the bell, please?"

She nods.

Scott asks, "how do you know someone is driving a truck up your driveway and it's a flower delivery?"

Morrell smugly says, "Stiles warded his territory. When you cross his geas, he knows. He can see and hear everything in his territory whenever he wishes."

Parrish looks shocked. "You knew I was here before you saw me?"

Malia says "yeah. He even knew you were looking for Peter and you were angry and felt justified about something. Why do you think we were together when you arrived and that you were coming from an old service road to hide your arrival."

Parrish looks in shock between our pack members.
Five minutes later
The bell rings, and Malia answers the door.

A few minutes later she brings a guy carrying a long white box in his arms into the living room.

I immediately feel a shiver as I think of that movie (the Godfather?) where the mafia goons hid Gatling Guns in the flower box, but I smell the roses. The man looks familiar. So I relax.

He looks at his clipboard. "I can't say this name, but it says here that you go by ... um, Stiles? I'm delivering a special order, and I'm required to get a signature. The specialized instructions on this say I have to call as soon as you sign for this to let the guy that sent these know you received them. Fifty bucks is fifty bucks. Can you sign this so I can get to my next customer, please? I wasn't expecting to drive out to Timbuktu today."

I notice his eyes stay on my shoulder a second longer than normal.

He quickly and subtly studies my shoulder.

I look down and notice a little dried blood. I didn't change my shirt. I'm suddenly subconscious of the healed bullet wound and the traces of blood. He had to notice that, but he's not acting as if he did. Why am I apprehensive. This isn't Alexi's house. It shouldn't raise any alarm bells.

I nod. "I can understand that. I'm Stiles. Have we met? I feel as though I should recognize you."

He shakes his head. "It's a small town. You may have seen me making deliveries somewhere in the town."

I shrug, take the clipboard, and sign for it.

When he turns to leave he notices Parrish sitting on the loveseat, by himself, looking chastised, and
surrounded by the others.

He says, "I don't recognize that Police Uniform, Sheriff." He reads the badge. "Where is Beacon Hills?"

Parrish says, "Back west. A few hours away. I'm just the acting Sheriff until the elections for the new Sheriff next month. I hope to win the election though."

The man's heart is steady, too steady. That means warrior training.

I study him closely as Peter opens the flowers and reads the card while I hand the clipboard back to the man.

When the man leaves, I look in the box and see six long-stemmed red roses, and a black ceramic rose in the center. I read the card aloud in Russian. "Justice was served, may your nightmares be put to rest now. Love your big brother/ cousin. Always, Alexi."

I check the back and see a smaller note that's also in Russian "Could you give me the phone number of your mate's handsome dark-haired kin in Beacon Hills? He's very handsome and brave!"

Derek relaxes his stiff shoulders as if whatever was bothering him has been resolved. I doubt he even realized anything was bothering him.

I laugh as I head to the kitchen with my flowers to find one of the fancy-shmancy vases Peter bought me.

Peter translates it to English for all the non-Russian speaking people in my house. "Oh, Derek? My favorite nephew! You have an admirer." He takes the card and shows it to Derek.

I stare at the door. "Something doesn't feel right. Maybe it's just my PTSD acting up." I monitor the delivery guy as he drives away.

Peter looks at the roses. "not as if I would ever be stupid enough to piss off your big brother, but if you see me doing something that might even remotely piss him off, warn me! He's a terrifying man. Is that a black rose in the center?"

I nod. "Yeah. He did promise me a black rose."

Dad grimaces and Melissa looks away.

Scott looks confused. "Brother? You have a brother? Why didn't I know this?"

I frown. "There's a lot about me and my family that you don't know and never want to know."

Lydia nods and rocks back on her heels. "That's from Alexi? Does he think of himself as your big brother? Isn't black roses symbolic of a Blood Oath of Vengeance?"

I look at her in shock.
She mutters, "What? I read it somewhere."

I nod as I place the flowers on the counter. "Yeah. Alexi's a little bit older than me. He's gotten overprotective after ..." I look at dad and carefully think of how to work and phrase my statements so as not to upset dad.

"... after mom died and Alexi was... away... on business at the time. He did what he could to help me, but he was already highly placed in the Russian Mafia, so he had to keep a low profile."

I look at Derek. "You seem to have impressed him, and he's not easily impressed. Can he have your phone number so he can give you a call sometime." I vaguely remember Alexi mentioning a guy he liked years ago that left him for a woman. I think his name was Derin or Devin or maybe it was Derek.

Derek blushes and looks embarrassed.

I'm shocked that the man can blush.

Peter smiles as Derek nervously shuffles as he says, "yeah. Give me your phone, and I'll give it to you. He's a big guy and amazingly strong. I admire people that look out for their family, even when it's hard to do." He looks at Peter and looks down in guilt.

I notice that he didn't say Alexi's name. Why? Is he afraid he might say it with an emotion someone might not understand?

Scott stares at him with an open mouth before scratching his head in confusion.

I place the vase of flowers next to the other two on my counter. As I turn back to Peter, I stop and look off into the far distance where I see the flower man stop his truck about half a mile down the road.

I arch my brow in confusion. "Why did he stop? There's no reason to stop on my land? There are no other houses around."

I vaguely hear Peter ask, "what?"

I need to focus on the Flower Delivery Guy so I don't bother splitting my awareness to my personal surroundings. This is too important. Possibly threats are too important.

I hone in my awareness on him and ensure I see and hear everything that he's doing. It's like I'm sitting next to him in the delivery Jeep.
The man pulls out his phone and takes a deep breath. He cycles through his contacts to one labeled *DemonBoss* and makes a call. "Boss?"

I hear Alexi’s agitated voice say in a clipped manner, indicating his annoyance at a delay. "You're late checking in. I hope you're at least three-fourths of a mile away from the house before you stopped to finally call me! I hope, for your sake, that you delivered the flowers! My cousin has an amazing range of sight."
Alexi to the Rescue, Whether He's Needed or Not

Chapter by Steter Club ideas (aneria)

SUNDAY, June 3rd, 2012

The man pulls out his phone and takes a deep breath. He cycles through his contacts to one labeled DemonBoss and makes a call. "Boss?"

I hear Alexi’s agitated voice say in a clipped manner, indicating his annoyance at a delay. "You're late checking in. I hope you're at least three-fourths of a mile away from the house before you stopped to finally call me! I hope, for your sake, that you delivered the flowers! My cousin has an amazing range of sight."

I mutter, "Bloody hell! I knew he looks familiar! He's one of Alexi's informants that he has watching me for threats. Luckily I extended my range to a mile and he's still in range or I wouldn't be able to pick up his call to Alexi."

The guy continues talking to Alexi. "I gave your cousin the flowers, just as you ordered! Something's wrong, boss! It looks like he has a bullet wound in his shoulder and there are a number of strangers there that I've never seen before. One of them is a cop from Beacon Hills. He looks guilty of hurting your cousin."

I can almost hear Alexi thinking, planning, plotting. Always the military general.

Alexi angrily asks, "how was Peter acting? The one in a V-neck with blue eyes."

The guy says, "he looks like he's in Bodyguard-Mode. He's standing between Stiles and the cop. Not between Stiles and everyone, just the cop! You know? The way you were with your cousin when the FBI agents stopped by to question him about your possible involvement in the harassment of an FBI agent that time."

The guy stops to collect his thoughts as he continues. "From where everyone positioned themselves, and the general feeling I got, I think that 'acting' sheriff is the one that shot Stiles. It looked like Peter and a few of the others were actively trying to keep him away from Stiles."

The guy makes the quotation marks with his fingers as he says 'acting.'

If this weren't such a serious topic that's going to cause me a lot of problems I'd have to laugh.

I hear Alexi’s voice say, "get back to the flower shop! I'm on my way back, and you don't want to be anywhere near there when I get there!"

There's a click as Alexi hangs up, and the man puts away his phone and drives away.
I look for my phone, which isn't in my pocket. It must have fallen out when I got shot or when I shifted forms! "CRAP! CRAP! CRAP! Where the bloody hell is my phone?"

I frantically look around in a panic for it. After a few minutes of everyone looking at me in amusement, and not finding it, I panic.

To hell with them knowing what I can do! I have to stop Alexi. I finally stop searching, calm myself, stand stock still, hold out my hand, concentrate on the summoning magic, and say "phone!" I use telekinesis with my teleportation spell summon my phone to my hand.

I vaguely notice a few startled faces as my phone materializes in my hand, but I'm too focused on stopping Alexi before he gets here, in a frenzied rage, and kills Parrish. I'm not sure if I'm more worried about cleaning up the blood or the fact that he plans to kill.

I rapidly dial Alexi.

It rings and goes straight to voicemail. Crap!

I pace as I leave my message. "Alexi! It's not what you think! I'm fine! Alexi! Call me as soon as you get this! Please don't go off the deep end here! This isn't Berlin!"

Celestra nervously asks, "what's wrong, sonny?"

I look at her as she says that term from when I was a kid. "Long story short. Alexi's informant told him that the acting Sheriff from Beacon Hills shot me and is in my house. Peter's in overprotective bodyguard mode, so that proves who shot me. Do you have any idea what he's going to do when he gets here from Beacon Hills?"

She frowns as she nods. "I've got a pretty good idea."

John says, "that's not good. How dangerous do you think he's going to be when he arrives?"

I derisively shake my head. "Armageddon sounds about right."
Dad frowns. "I assume he's currently on his way here. It's close to a 3-4 hours drive from Beacon Hills. He could calm down and we can get Parrish in hiding." He thinks a minute as I give him a "seriously?" face. "Yeah... maybe calming down's not possible for him."

Peter helpfully says, "it took me an hour and a half to run cross-country to Beacon Hills when I went there to talk to Morrell. I was in Alpha form though."

Derek asks, "you ran from here to there and back again? For Stiles? You? I understand for Stiles, but you?"

Peter nods as he looks at Derek. "There is precious little I wouldn't do for Stiles, my mate."

Parrish pales. "I'm staying here to answer for my mistake and explain what happened. If I run, I'm pretty sure he'll hunt me down."

Melissa says, "that might be best. Running won't help. We need to calm Alexi down and explain that it was an accident."

Mason asks, "what did you mean by one of his informants? Is he watching you? You're his family! Why would he watch you?"

I sigh. "Alexi always has someone near me or in my circle on his payroll to keep him informed of what's going on in my life. In Beacon Hills, it was Lydia here, her mom, Danny, Jackson, and the Coach. I didn't know about Coach until Alexi paid his hospital bills. Here it's Roxy, the mailman, a cashier at the grocery store, and I think the old woman way down the street."

Lydia pales. "You knew? You don't hate me or mistrust me?"

I nod. "Yeah, I knew. I got pretty good at figuring out who was keeping Alexi up to date on my actions. I trust you and don't hate you. You were honestly my friend, you just got money from my cousin to tell him what he needed to know and you made sure he was a friend and not a foe."

I look down. "I figured that's how you and your mom always had money even though your dad refused to pay alimony or child support."

Lydia says, "wait! Dad didn't pay for anything? Mom was also informing for Alexi! I suspected Jackson, but mom!"

_I ignore her personal crisis as I try to think of a way to stop Alexi from coming here to kill Parrish. How? How do I contact him before he gets here?_

Peter looks at me with a frown. "What happened in Berlin?"

I shake my head to focus my thoughts on his question. I sigh and say in a dismissive manner, "long story short. He threw a guy that threatened me over a balcony on the 10th floor. Luckily he hit the pool that Alexi didn't know was there."
Malia asks, "and all he did was threaten you?"

I nod. "Yeah. After Eichen he was overprotective as hell, and he didn't even know about half the shit that happened there until a few days ago."

I run my hand through my hair. "Now that I think about it, I'm not sure how he knew about that guy in Berlin. He was called out on business. His boss asked me to pick up something from a shop on the 10th floor."

Celestra asks, "did that boss have any fatal accidents shortly after?"

I scratch my head. "Now that you mention it, he was mauled by his hunting dogs. They said he forgot to feed them. Alexi was promoted to that guy's position, but the Mafia Prince had already put him in line for that slot a couple of years before."

Dad and Celestra give each other an understanding nod.

Morrell asks, "if he's not answering his phone, is there another way you can reach him? Family bonds? Magic? Elemental? Anything?"

Celestra asks, "Nature? Isn't there a Nemeton there? I understand after the virgin sacrifice, and that Darach killed quite a few sacrifices with its power, that it's awake."

I sigh. "Death not sacrifice. Deaton was a bastard and orchestrated the whole thing, but he didn't kill Paige himself, the bastard. I don't know. That's still a long way away. I guess I can try. I notice Derek pale and look down at the mention of Paige."

I take a couple of deep breaths, close my eyes, extend myself to all my geas, giving me a power surge and an anchor, so I don't lose myself and then stretch myself and my awareness towards Beacon Hills.

My jaw drops. "Holy Crap! I can reach the Nemeton. It has a power base of 4 miles in all directions."

Peter adds, "that's 8 miles across. Can you see him?"

I shake my head. "He's not there now. It may remember how he's traveling, though."

I ask the Nemeton if it remembers seeing my cousin leaving the area and wait for what it shows.
me. "It does remember. I'm trying to access those memories."

I focus a little harder. "There was a movement that's too fast to be human." I focus on that memory. I'm awed with what I see. "Well, that's a different way to use teleportation. He's making teleportation jumps of 100 feet at a time. He's pissed! ... and worried."

I try to mathematically figure out how long we have before he arrives here. "5,280 feet in a mile and 213 miles from there to here. Wait! 100 feet into 5,280 is 53 jumps in a mile. We can jump 10 times in a second. That's 60 jumps in a second. Damn! I hate math! He has to rest for a few minutes after 100 jumps or 20 minutes after 30 minutes of jumping, I wish I had a calculator!"

I sigh and try to focus my thoughts. "Okay. Jumping 53 times in a mile, times 213 miles is 11,289 total jumps. And there are 60 seconds in a minute, so that's...? That means he can travel roughly a mile in a minute. So 213 miles would ... CRAP! I got lost, where was I?"

5280 feet/100 feet jumps = 53 jumps
53 jumps per mile x 213 miles = 11,289 jumps total
60 seconds in a minute times 10 is 600 jumps a minute
11289 jumps / 600 jumps a minute = 18.815 min.

Lydia says, "an easier way to calculate that is, you can jump 100 feet at a time, and you can jump 10 times in a second and 60 seconds in a minute. That's 100 x 10 x 60 = 60,000 feet in a minute. 213 miles is 1,124,640 feet divided by the 60,000 feet in a minute means you can travel that at a minimum of 18.74 minutes. So that's about 20 minutes."

I look up as I realize how long it's been since the phone call. "Crap!"

I look towards the road when I feel something approaching at high speed. Pure rage. "He just passed my first geas! Dad, Derrick, and Malia! Encircle Parrish and don't move until Alexi's eyes aren't red and he's calling me Wilka."

They nod, and my dad says, "got it!"

I look around. "Peter, stay next to me!"

He says, "I wasn't planning on going anywhere else, Love."
I look at Lydia. "You and Mason, duck and cover."

She nods. "Got it."

Celestra stands next to Parrish whiles Mason pulls Lydia behind the couch.

A split second later we hear Alexi’s angry roar from outside.

A second later, I feel a disturbance in the air as he’s Materializes next to me.

He's furious!

I grab his arm and yell in Chaldean "Big Brother! I'm alright. It was an accident. Calm down!"
SUNDAY, June 3rd, 2012

A second later Alexi’s standing next to me.

I can feel his rage!

I grab his arm and yell in Chaldean, "Big Brother! I'm alright. It was an accident. Calm down!"

Alexi angrily growls in Russian, "Getting shot is never an accident! I'd have been here faster if I didn't have to rest every 10 minutes! Damn it!"

He grabs me in his iron grip and gently moves my collar aside to look at my shoulder to discover how bad it is. How can he be so gentle with such a steely grip?

Luckily, my shoulder is fully healed, thanks to switching to my elemental form.

He calms, considerably, when he sees there's no noticeable damage. He does hide a slight smile when he sees Peter's bite in my shoulder. He actually looks proud as he examines it.

I know we aren't out of the woods yet, though, when he pulls me behind him as he turns to face Parrish, the perceived threat.

He turns his blazing red eyes on the acting Sheriff, Parrish, and growls in anger. "You shot my kin! On Pack land! It's an act of war to hurt pack members on their land, for no reason, especially the Alpha's mate! Attacking his pack means you attack my pack! We are Allies!"

I clutch the back of Alexi's shoulder to get his attention, but he's having none of it. He's too focused on Parrish.

I try again, by wrapping my arms around his torso as I tuck my head into the back of his neck. Calling him cousin won't get his attention. "Brother! It was an accident! I moved the wrong way"
and got myself hurt. Calm down so we can talk about this! Please, brother."

He growls and looks at dad and Derek as he tries to ascertain how much of a threat Parrish is to us (or me) considering my pack and allies are around us. Why does he keep looking at Derek? Derek isn't an Alpha or leader?

Derek steps forward with arms raised, to show he's not a threat. He says in Russian, "the hellhound is a soldier, not a general and doesn't know our protocols. He had no teacher to teach him of the supernatural or what he has become. He's trying to become a leader but has no one to show him. He made a mistake and is exceedingly penitent about it."

*I'm impressed with the big words and the fact that he actually used words and not his eyebrows. Good job, Derek!*

Alexi's stance becomes less hostile as he relaxes a little. He smiles at Derek, which I think is more because he likes and respects the Sour Wolf because I do. "Then could you explain what happened and I'll arrange for him to have a leader that knows what they're doing? I don't like my Wilka getting hurt."

I sigh into Alexi's shoulder.

Parrish steps forward with hands up to show he's no threat. "I made a grave mistake. Brunski was awaiting punishment in jail. I discovered him trying to kill Stiles and Lydia when I shot him. The monster proudly crowed about the scars he left on his victims, marking them as his, including Stiles. I thought Peter returned to killing and killed him to avenge Stiles. I didn't check my facts."

Alexi growls as he takes an angry step forward. "Stiles isn't the only one that bastard tortured and raped! One of your fellow deputies and one of the prison guards have the same marks."

Scott is looking back and forth between Alexi and the adults. He's paying close attention to how I interact with him to observe how close we really are compared to what has recently been mentioned. *He wants to see if it's real or hype as a threat.* I think he's satisfied that we truly are close.

Alexi turns towards me to ensure that the talk about rape, especially my rape, don't have me withdrawing into myself and shutting everyone out.
I paled a little and am a little subdued.

He gives a meaningful look to Peter who nods and wraps his arms around me as he tucks my head into his shoulder.

I sigh and snuggle into his warm arms. I can't help feeling safe and protected in his embrace.

Alexi turns back to Parrish. "They are how I knew which guards were working at the prison, which cops were on duty, and ensured the ones that wanted justice was close to the prison to ensure I wasn't interrupted. They let me know who I could persuade to either assist me or stay out of the way."

Parrish gulps and takes a step back from Alexi's fury and hatred of Brunski. He's figured out that he needs to keep Alexi's anger focused on Brunski and not himself or his accidental shooting of me.

He continues as he sheepishly ducks his head to appear more innocent and uninformed or maybe just idiotic. "When I arrived here, I confronted Peter, with my gun. I know, stupid and hot-headed. I should've calmed down before I came. I should have checked my facts as Scott suggested. When I shot at Peter, Stiles shoved him out of the way, but forgot that he's a werewolf."

He looks at me with pained and sorrowful eyes. "Stiles moved farther than anticipated and accidentally got shot. I would never want to purposely hurt him. I trust and like him. He's the most intelligent person I have ever met and it took me a long time to figure out that my instant trust and respect is because, in combat, he acts like a soldier and a warrior. He's unstoppable. I want to keep him on my side if possible. Thank god it wasn't worse. It'd kill me if I killed an innocent, let alone him because I didn't think or check facts."

Parrish looks at dad. "I also fought John and used my fire. Both Stiles and this ranger used earth and water to stop me. I also didn't think about potential forest fires. They explained it wasn't Peter, and I need facts before I act. I am truly and deeply sorry that I hurt Stiles. He's my friend."
He looks at Scott. "I should have listened to Scott when he said it didn't make sense, and there was no proof. He even told me that we can't be vigilantes. This wouldn't have happened if I listened. I thought I was protecting people the way I always saw Scott and Sheriff Stilinski do it. I forgot the Sheriff said 'you couldn't protect everyone all the time and some deserve the punishment they get.'"

Dad crosses his arms. "Celestra and I already chewed Parrish out. I think Melissa was waiting for her turn at him. The wolfsbane forced Stiles to learn how to shift into his elemental form to heal the damage and remove the toxins from his body."

Dad looks at me as he makes a decision. "I don't know how long it would have taken him to learn that, if he didn't have to do that today. I take that as a good thing. I'm still pissed that Parrish shot my son. I do understand that Stiles advanced his abilities and knowledge a great deal. I think that should be important to you as well."

Alexi looks at a crestfallen Parrish. "Very well. Parrish learned from his mistake. I can say that with the people gathered in this room, it better be his last mistake concerning our packs."

Dad nods as he moves to the next topic that he's dying to know the story behind. "I have to ask. What exactly happened in Berlin? I get the feeling Stiles doesn't know everything, and that whatever it was, was much worse than my son knows."

Alexi looks down and sighs as his shoulders sag a little. He hugs me and ruffles my hair. "Good job learning to elemental shift, cousin."

He hands me back to Peter. I am not a rag doll to be handed to people to protect. I'm not made of glass.

Alexi walks into the kitchen and grabs a cup of coffee. "It was indeed worse. Stiles' mom was on a job, so he was staying with me in Berlin. The team I was on was sent to collect a man called The Candyman."

Dad arches his brow. "The child molesting gun dealer?"

I keep forgetting that dad was in the special forces and stationed in both Germany and Poland.

Alexi nods. "One of his victims was the head of the Russian mafia's son."

I remember my cousin Donovan's funeral. It was a closed casket ceremony, and I remember my uncle, the Prince, saying Black Roses at the ceremony. I whisper "cousin Donovan."

Peter cocks his head to the side as he realizes that means the Prince is out Uncle.

Alexi is deep in his memories of the incident in question, deep in his head, for a few minutes. He looks for a starting point and the words in English to explain what happened.
Alexi looks at my dad and with a cold and deadly tone he bites out the bare minimum. "I was 16 and Aunt Claudia was on a job (for the CIA instead of us), and Wilka was with me. I was the second in command of my team. My boss mistook Our Great Prince's blood-bond with Wilka and I, as familiarity. Ungard knew I was taking his position when I turned 18. Ungard wanted me either dead or guilty of insubordination."

He leans against the counter as he takes a sip of his coffee. "Ungard ordered me to go to a meeting out of town, but I didn't trust him. I left a mercenary bodyguard to watch my Wilka."

"I was barely out of town when I received the text that the bastard was using my Wilka as bait, without protection."

He looks at me without looking seeing me. "I scared the living hell out of my escort with my glowing blue eyes. It didn't take much after that to discover my meeting was a setup."

"I ran back, cross-country, scaled the building that where he sent my Wilka, and threw that bastard off it. I handed my Wilka to Elliot, his bodyguard and ordered them to go to our family safe house."

"The prince was nearby and saw everything. He knew Wilka was staying with me and our Prince was concerned for my brother...cousin's safety."

"I was telling off Ungard when the Prince walked onto the roof. Ungard told him that I defied direct orders and put the team at risk."

Our Prince used our familial titles to address me, indicating we're family to everyone that heard him. He asked what happened and became enraged that Wilka was at risk of the same fate as his son because Ungard wanted me dead. He gave me permission to kill Ungard, and take his position now instead of waiting until I was 18, as my coyote, after he mauled The Candyman, in the form of his bear."

I mutter, "that bastard! No wonder Uncle Zatty was pissed!"

Alexi laughs. "I forgot you call Uncle Zdzislaw that. You always had a little problem saying his name."

I sheepishly grin. "My name at least has vowels but his... You rarely use his given name either. You always call him Uncle."

Alexi fondly ruffles my hair. "Yes, but everyone thinks that's merely a sign of respect and not that he truly is our uncle."

*Did I detect Alexi giving a longing look at Derek when his glance passed over the fuzzy caveman? How much does he care for the Sour Wolf? Did I miss something?*
FOR ANYONE THAT WANTS TO READ THE FLASHBACK

Flashback to 10 years ago
Alexi’s POV

The Prince of the Mafia, my uncle, tracked down The Candyman.

He's the one that molested and killed Donovan, his 5-year-old son, and my cousin.

I'm only 16, and this is my first time out with a team since I turned.

I'm officially too young to be a leader. Ungar is the Chief I'm working for on this assignment.

Standard protocol is that Wilka and I never publicly proclaim our family relationship with the mafia princes until we are selected to replace our kin as a prince.

I'm looking forward to helping apprehend the bastard because it would kill me if anyone did to my Wilka what he did to Donovan.
I look at my Wilka sleeping in my bed as I hear El at the front door. It makes me nervous having my Wilka with me as we hunt this bastard. Now I have a trusted Merc, loyal to our Prince and me, to help protect my brother.

El watches and protects Wilka while I use my coyote nose to track the bastard's scent to a shop on the tenth floor of a building in the shop districts.

The Candyman knows we're hunting him, so he's locked himself into his bullet-proof room behind the counter, and he won't come out.

Ungar suggests we use Wilka as bait, to lure him out.

I angrily tell him we aren't using a child as bait and I threaten to inform our Prince of his idea. He quickly backs down.

The next morning Ungar tells me that an informant in the next town is meeting me. He has information about the local soldiers attempting to barricade us out of the capital. He says it's too important to put off and I need to leave immediately.

I can't take Wilka with me and I don't trust Ungar. I have to go to the meeting or be labeled as rebellious and undisciplined. I can't shake the order's trust in me and my loyalty to our Prince.

I put Wilka in El's keeping. The problem is that it means they are still in Ungard's sphere of influence and control. I tell El to call me if they need me for anything. I love my brother more than my own existence.

My pattern is, when I leave Wilka, I drive 35-40 mph as I leave him, but when returning to him, I drive 80-100 mph so that I'm never too far away from him. I don't want him out of my reach, ever!

I drive away from the order's local headquarters for a mere 40 minutes when I receive a call from El. I pull over and answer it immediately, much to my guides' distress. "Yes?"

El says, "Ungar sent Wilka to the child molesting bastard's shop to get some supplies and he won't let anyone go inside with Wilka. We're almost to the building. I can't stall much longer."

I growl, "on my way," and hang up.

I growl and shine my blue eyes at my escort. I move faster than he can see and grab him by the throat with one hand. I effortlessly lift him into the air as I snarl at him. "Answer me truthfully because I can hear lies. Is this meeting real or a setup?"

He wets his pants and stammers, "Ungar set this up to keep you away. There's no meeting. When The Candyman kills the kid and you not only did anything to protect him, but you left him alone and unprotected, The Prince will kill you and Ungard's position is safe."

I roar in anger before telling the frightened man, "get out of here. I will deal with Ungar. Tell
anyone that I am one of our Prince's demons, and I will kill you. Tell Our Prince that Ungar betrayed me and my cousin and you will be rewarded. What do you think he will do to Ungard and any traitors that follow him and help him offer children to the very child molester that killed his own son? My eyes are blue because I kill."

He eeps and goes white-faced. "I will tell our Prince of Ungard's betrayal and trickery."

I let him go and he faints.

I then run cross-country at top speed.

It takes me 20 minutes to get to the building. I don't bother with the stairs or elevator. I scale the back wall of the building to the top floor.

When I get there and peer through the window I see my Wilka running from The Candyman. He's keeping shelves and tables between him and The Candyman, but he's running out of room to retreat, and the bastard is blocking the exit.

I growl and smash my way through the window.

I climb in, with glowing blue eyes, grab him by the throat, and throw him over twenty feet away, through the far window and out of the building in my rage. I can't control my beast enough to keep the monster alive. He needs to die for what he wants to do to my brother.

Wilka runs to me and clutches my arm as we look out the window.

I expect the man splattered on the ground below.

We're shocked to see the Prince's men helping him out of the pool and taking him into Our Prince's custody.

My Prince is leaning on the back of his car and looking up at us.

I use my elemental bloodline to shine white eyes and show the prince what Ungar did to my Wilka.

I hear his answering growl as he stands and walks toward the entrance with his bodyguards quickly forming rank around him.

Ungar runs into the shop where my Wilka stands with his arms wrapped tightly around my waist. He angrily curses me and demands, "what are you doing here? I ordered you to go to a meeting. You defied orders!"

I hide my glowing blue eyes and turn to face him. "You will pay for this! El, take my Wilka to our family's safe house."
El takes Wilka out the door as Our Prince arrives on the scene, unseen and in the shadows.

Ungar then yells at me. "You defied orders. You are to be at a meeting, several towns East of here. You jeopardized my capture of that man. You better hope my men can get down there and collect him before he escapes."

I talk slow and quiet with barely controlled menace. "The meeting was a farce you created to get my cousin alone so you could offer him to The Candyman. You wanted to wait until he killed Wilka before you allowed the man I set as he protector while I was away could defend him. Then you planned on taking him and blaming me for my Wilka's death."

Ungar smiles. "Well, you can't prove that. Now, can you?"

The Prince steps forward with glowing red eyes as he snarls, "you just proved it, yourself, traitor".

Ungar turns to him. "No, Sire. This arrogant youth defied my orders and jeopardized my capture of your enemy."

The Prince, My Uncle, extends fangs and claws as he growls and grabs him by the throat. He casually looks at me, "Nephew, is your brother safe?"

Ungar wets his pants. "Yes, uncle. This bastard sent him up here, alone, as bait. Let me kill him because he tried to get my little brother killed."

He nods. "Granted. Maul him, after I maul The Candyman for what he did to my son." He tosses Ungar to me and leaves.

I wait a week for my uncle to shift into his bear and maul The Candyman, and then I change into a coyote and maul Ungar.

We blame it on his dogs, which my Uncle took in, as pets.

**After the flashback**

I lean back against the wall as I finish my remembering. "A week later a blue-eyed coyote mauled
him and it was reported that his hunting dogs killed him."

I put down my cup. "I took Ungar's position. Our Prince reiterated to everyone in our order that all courtesies and privileges that our ancestors earned are his as well. I fiercely protect my Wilka their lives depend on his safety."

**Stiles POV**

I mutter, "that bastard! No wonder Uncle Zatty was pissed!"

Alexi laughs. "I forgot you call Uncle Zdzislaw that. You always had a *little* problem saying his name."

I sheepishly grin. "My name at least has vowels but his... You *rarely* use his given name either. You *always* call him Uncle."

Alexi fondly ruffles my hair. "Yes, but everyone thinks that's merely a sign of respect and not that he truly *is* our uncle."
SUNDAY, June 3rd, 2012
Stiles POV

Dad's got his calculating look on as he mulls over the history that Alexi just revealed.

Finally, he asks, "The head Mafia Prince is your Uncle? Claudia was an assassin, and she trained Stiles as one as well?"

I stammer, "um, yeah. The mafia has been a family affair since they created it, to stop the soldiers from raping the land and the people. All the top leaders are blood relatives, and we choose which line of shapeshifter we want to become when we turn 21."

Alexi helpfully adds, "they created it centuries ago. I turned when I was 14, for survival. Stiles didn't wait for his transition, because of love."

Derek asks, "you all become shapeshifters at 21? Does that mean Stiles' mom was a shifter?"

I nod. "umm, yeah. She was a werehawk. She loved flying."

Scott asks, "an assassin? ... but Stiles?"

I shrug my shoulders, but Alexi offers, "Stiles learned from his dad that people can change and to give them a chance before killing. He'd rather kill as a last resort. To protect my cousin, we declared that Wilka could only be hired to snipe and not kill. I won't allow him to kill because the first kill changes you, even if you're human."

Dad crosses his arms. "I estimate that period that you say tossed the guy off the building was when..."
Stiles was with his mother at a private clinic for an experimental treatment for her disease. If she was a werehawk, then she didn't have a disease. When did she begin training Stiles to Snipe and assassinate?

Alexi looks at me as he crosses his arms. "They don't know? Did Aunt Klaudia never tell him where her money comes from or what she does when she leaves the country?"

I shrug. "No. She never told my dad about our family. I think she said she was an orphan and had no family or money. What little money he knew of, she said she inherited it from relatives in Russia and Poland. She created a disease that covered for her and me. Then and now. Those 'treatments'..." I use the quotation-marks gesture "allowed her to go on jobs for the Mafia. I went with her because she was training me to take her place as she replaced Gran."

I look at dad. "We've always been either assassins or enforcers. When you thought I was at the clinic, getting tested to ensure I haven't developed mom's disease, I was sniping or learning how."

Alexi glares at dad. "I keep my Wilka safe and out of the line of fire. He only snipes as a show of force, or protection to keep the FBI and CIA away from our operations and us."

I see Scott and his pack's jaws drop in shock.

Dad nods in understanding. "Like that shot, I saw a few years back. I take it that was you? It takes incredible skill to shoot through two closed car windows and shoot a coffee mug out of someone's hand without hitting their hand."

Alexi laughs. "That shot showed he's better than gran ever was, and it sent those bureaucratic cowards running for cover while I simply walked away unhindered."

Peter asks, "Stiles? What's your code name? People like that always have some codename that fits them."

Celestra smiles as she proudly says, "his gran was known as Echo. The only clue she was there, was the body and the echo of her shot."

She looks at Alexi. "Your mother's birth name was Kaja, meaning echo in Polish, by the way. Sher never expected it to be Klaudia that excelled at assassinations and impossible marksmanship. It's normally the firstborn."

Alexi smiles and nods. He's proud of his mother and aunt.
Celestra looks at me with warm pride. "Klaudia was known as Ditto because she fired two shots. The first was to get her victim to look at her, and then she plugged them right between the eyes. Two shots were all the notice you got that she killed someone."

She looks at John. "Stiles made quite a few of those warning shots. He's known as Wraith. You won't know he's there, but he will be there and his shot from nowhere shows no one is safe. He can get you anywhere. He only wings someone or shoots things out of their hands, though."

I shrug nervously. "I tested high for assassin training, and Alexi tested just as high for enforcer training. I like the calm and silence of the shot. It's like I can hear their heartbeat once I'm keyed in on them and nothing else exists."

When I see all the blank looks, I scratch my head as I think of how to explain testing for your life path. "Imagine... It's like, Scott, if say, being in medicine is your family legacy. Like hunting is with the Argents. We test the children to see what their natural talents are before they can be taught to hide their instincts (at age 3) to see if your training will be nurse, doctor, veterinarian, or administration."

Scott runs his hand through his hair. "Now I know why you were so understanding of Allison and her training. You even defended a couple of her actions and said 'that's the way they trained her to think or act, it's not her fault.'"

He looks at Melissa. "Mom? Did you know any of this?"

Melissa cautiously nods. "Only that Claudia and Stiles don't have a disease. I created fake medical records, test reports, treatment plans, and fake clinics and doctors."

I add, "Melissa asked mom to document everything as paid out of pocket to verify we weren't trying to defraud or scam insurance companies, doctors, or hospitals first. If it helps you feel better about it?"

Scott nods. "Yes. Surprisingly, that does make me feel a little bit better."
Melissa says, "I was also the one that made it possible for Claudia to get Alexi and Stiles to get together for playdates as kids. Sometimes Stiles played with you, Scott, and sometimes he was with Alexi and his mom. I didn't know what she did, only that she needed to cover her trips out of town. She also swore she wasn't having an affair."

Mason looks at me with a smug look. "That's why you're unbeatable at chess and pool. To be that good at sniping, you'd have to be way above average at figuring out angles and strategy. *I knew it had to take someone extraordinary to beat me at chess the way you did.*"

I nod with a gracious smile. "Something like that. *Now that we're all friends, how about your wolf-pack takes a tour of the house and our territory while I make brunch. It's too early for lunch and too late for breakfast.*"

I look at Alexi with a mischievous smile. "Derek likes books as much as we do, so why don't you show him the library while Malia shows the others the rest of the house and the perimeter."

Scott and Lyds say, "we'd love that."

Liam follows them silently while Mason follows in a daze with wide eyes.

Derek smiles eagerly with twitchy hands. "You have a library?"

Melissa and dad stay with Peter and me, to help make the meal for both packs.

Malia smugly smiles as she ushers the others to the stairs as Alexi opens the secret door to my library.

Mason and Liam say, "cool. A secret door. *Are those all books? Wow!*"

Lydia pushes Mason from behind to get him towards the main stairs as they head to the attic.

Before Alexi can lead Derek upstairs, Derek grabs Alexi and kisses him full on the mouth.

Alexi looks surprised but quickly gets on board with the heated kiss.
I'm totally shocked until Derek says, "you never came back for me as you promised."

Then it clicks. "Son of... He's the Derek that left you for a woman in New York?!"

Derek looks at me in confusion "NO! I never... I was waiting for him to come back to me, until that witch used her magic to persuade me to get in bed with her. You reminded me enough of Alexi that it helped me break her hold on me."
SUNDAY, June 3rd, 2012

Scott's jaw drops in shock that Derek initiated the kiss with Alexi.

Lydia looks smug.

Liam whispers in confusion, "Derek likes guys? I thought he was asexual."

Peter scoffs. "No Hale can ever say they aren't interested in sex."

I'm totally shocked until Derek says to Alexi, "you never came back for me as you promised."

Then it clicks. "Son of... He's the Derek that left you for a woman in New York?!"

I knew he was in New York for some years, but damn!

Derek looks at me in confusion "No! I never... not for a woman... not willingly! No! I waited for him to come back, until that witch Julia used her magic to persuade me. You remind me enough of Alexi that it helped break her hold over me. That and your tears."

Wait? Derek and Alexi? Alexi and Stiles? What the hell is being missed!

Alexi intently looks at Derek and blatantly ignores us. "I did return for you. I made two attempts. I called your phone about a week after your 18th birthday. A woman (possibly Laura) answered it and said you already moved on and to leave you alone. She even called me a pedophile. Six months later, I was at your doorstep, and your sister said that you, quote, were involved with an older woman named Kate and marriage was being discussed."

Alexi rakes a hand through his hair in a familiar sign of agitation as he shuffles his feet. "I wanted you to be happy, even if it wasn't with me. Her heart didn't skip or jump to indicate a lie. Your happiness is all that mattered, so I left, alone. My Wilka consoled me and kept me from the brink as only my little brother can."

Derek is instantly furious. "That bitch! She was truthful by referring to years before, and the
woman that abused and used me to kill my family. I told you about her. I should have given specifics, like her name is, or was Kate."

Peter growls, "count on a shifter to know how to lie by telling the truth."

Alexi nods. "I do remember that you mentioned an older huntress that likes underage boys."

I helpfully add, "Argent. Kate Argent. Derek thought her name was Kate Silver until she came back to kill Peter and anyone connected to him."

Derek sheepishly shrugs. "I recently discovered that BITCH was also my sister's, Laura's, lover. If marriage was being discussed, it was between those two. I never knew you came back or tried to call me. I waited for you."

Dad's eye twitches at the familiar hand through the hair, nervous gesture. "So, Derek? Let me get this right. You originally trusted Stiles because he reminds you of Alexi?"

Derek shrugs.

Peter smiles. "They are a lot alike! They have the same eyes, posture, and nervous traits, as well as characteristics. They are more like twins than cousins, in many respects. Like how Alexi just raked his hand through his hair and shuffled his feet, and how they look around before divulging more than they feel comfortable with, not to mention they look at the ground when telling you something they feel will make you either angry or disappointed with them."

Derek looks back and forth between Alexi and me with a look of realization and snaps his fingers. "You're right! I couldn't put my finger on it."

Celestria says, "like witches, elementals form cells of three members that depend on each other for survival, making them closer. They're usually family, fighting for their very survival."

Alexi humphs. "You make our family sound cursed or ..." he doesn't finish his sentence as he realizes what he's saying.

Celestria asks "... like the mafia, honey?"

He blushes, nods, and closes his mouth.

I'm still confused about Derek's motives in the past. "Hold on. Derek? You originally followed my plans and trusted me because I remind you of Alexi?"

He nods. "More, it made me pause long enough to listen to your plan and give you a chance, realizing you have the focus and ability to succeed."
I drop my shoulders in irritation. "My God! If you had said something, anything, I could have gotten you two together before now. I always know where Alexi is and how to contact him if I need."

Scott incredulously or jealously asks (I'm not sure which), "you trusted Stiles more than me because of a similarity to Alexi, your ex-boyfriend?"

Derek turns and growls at him. "Alexi isn't my ex-anything. We knew we're mates, but he chose to wait until I was old enough. That and the fact I overheard you telling Gerard that you joined my pack to spy on me, for him, and that you did everything he asked you to do, including stealing evidence from Stiles."

Derek looks at me and then back at Scott, with justified anger and fury that he's kept buried this entire time. "Stiles told you Matt was the bad guy. You ignored him! Stiles was right. He said Deucalion was the bad guy and you joined up with Deucalion! You betrayed him more than you did me! I more than understand how badly you hurt him by how you've hurt me."

He looks at me, in disbelief of Scott's stupidity. "Stiles saved my life from the Kanima in the pool, when he could have run away to save himself. He dived in and held me aloft for two hours."

Derek turns back to Scott. "You didn't even check if Stiles survived or escaped you sending him in alone, to break into Gerard's office while you were with Allison. He earned everything I gave him. You have not!"

He looks at me again as he looks for the words. "I didn't just hand everything to Stiles because he looks and acts like my mate. He earned my trust and respect with his unending loyalty and braveness. He was fighting supernatural creatures and hunters with his bare hands and a bat."

Scott looks crestfallen. "I deserve that. I know I fucked up for a long time. I'm working on correcting my mistakes and stupidity. I'm sorry for betraying you as well. I know I never
apologized. My only redeeming act is that I used the comment that I had believed Stiles made in gesture of switching Gerard's medication with mountain ash to trigger bite rejection. I did as he suggested without even realizing that's what he was suggesting. He knew if he told me to do it, that I wouldn't because I wouldn't trust it. I didn't even know what rejection was until you told me that you were watching for any signs of that from the kids you turned."

Melissa says, "language!"

He drops his head. "Sorry, mom."

I am still in shock "mind blown. Um. Alexi, show Derek up to the library and talk things out, privately. If you close the door, it activates the soundproofing."

Alexi nods and gestures for Derek to go up the stairs ahead of him.

I turn to the cluster of Beacon Hills teens and Parrish by the stairs. "Malia, can you give Scott and his pack a tour of our territory and the other houses, maybe even the geas?"

Alexi leads Derek upstairs into the library but doesn't close the door entirely.

I move to make brunch in the kitchen, followed by my Alpha and the adults of our pack.

I hear Derek's intake of breath as he says, "Wow! This is amazing! Half of these books are believed to be myths."

After looking at my cabin, Malia leads our guests towards her cottage, and out of earshot.

I turn to Peter and ask, "how did we never meet before if Alexi and Derek..." I point between him and me "and you and I..."

Melissa leans forward on the counter, onto her hands. "Could you imagine what could have been if you met as kids or if Derek said 'hey you remind me of this guy I met in New York?'"

I sigh. "IF is the most powerful word in the English language. So many things hinge on the word IF."

Alexi says to Derek, "I have similar books at my home. I've invited Stiles and his pack to come to my home for the full moon. Would you like to see my estate? You're invited as well, Der-bear."

Peter chokes on his coffee, and I smile at the endearment. "Why not? I always call him Sour
Alexi chuckles, "Sour Wolf? I see I need to sweeten my Der-bear up a little."

Derek (Der-bear) chuckles. "I'll never be referred to as a sweet wolf. I definitely do want to see where my mate lives. If you're interested in starting a relationship right now, that is? We are both old enough. but if you've moved on..." in a crestfallen voice he says, "I'll understand."

Alexi says, "I most definitely want you in my life. I said I wanted to see you happy even if it was with another, but I could never be happy with another. I'm very single."

I hear the smile in his voice, as well as the caring and love in Alexi's voice as he says, "I get to see a lot of you since your uncle is my brother's mate, and Stiles is vital to me."

Who wants to hear the brother making out with someone?

Celestria gleefully cackles. "That means both my boys get a mate and a Hale to boot." She looks up to the ceiling and breathes, "thank the gods."

I look at Peter. "I do wonder how things would be if we met as kids. Would you know we're mates since I was human? Would I be drawn to you the same way? My mother said it's better to leave the past in the past to move into the future, only learn from your mistakes. But damn! Truth is stranger than fiction."

Alexi calls down loud enough for the non-wolves to hear, "yes ... I have a Hale mate, that I intend to keep; get used to it."

John sighs in resignation. That means that both Hales and Alexi will be here a lot.

Melissa glances at him and realizes that his resignation may be because mafia and law enforcement isn't supposed to be related or actively working together. "Russian mafia is way better than American Mafia, Johnathan. Besides, you retired as a cop. They can get over your background and themselves."
Dad grabs a small bottle hiding behind the coffee canister, labeled Whiskey.

He adds a shot to his coffee, looks at it critically, and drinks a swig from the bottle before putting it away. "That's still going to rattle a few cages I think."

Stiles squares his shoulders. "Dad? Rafe McCall won't cause you problems because of my connection to Alexi. You moved here and starting a new life here. Let that go."

I don't mention McCall is on Alexi's payroll. I also have a means of making him back off of dad, but I'd rather not bring up my deal with the FBI.

John looks at me and nods. He can't let Beacon Hills dictate how he feels and acts about things here.

I sniff at dad's coffee and realize what's bothering me about it. "That doesn't smell like whiskey, dad."

Dad smiles. "I don't drink alcohol, not anymore. Not since I threw that bottle."

I remember him throwing that bottle at me, near me.

He continues. "This is my crutch. I trick myself into thinking I take a shot of whiskey when my nerves are on edge, to calm me down. It's a natural sasparilla soda I drink flat, so I can pretend it's my fake alcohol."

I nod. "A placebo."

He nods.

Peter asks, "think I should say congratulations to Derek ... and Alexi?"

I shake my head. "Not unless you want to see your brother-like-nephew kissing my brother-like-cousin. Let them have a little privacy. You can congratulate them when they come downstairs."

I look at Peter. "Do not suggest a double or triple wedding. I want everyone to have an anniversary that is unique for each of us."

Melissa laughs and sighs. "A triple wedding could be fun. Lydia would love planning that."

Peter looks out the front door and back at me with an evil smirk. "How about a quadruple wedding. John/Melissa, Malia/ Marco, Alexi/Derek and us."

I shake my head. "No. Just No."

He laughs and refills his mug with coffee.
The downstairs library door closes, finally.

I shake my head. "Alexi and his telekinesis."

Dad asks, "if you become shapeshifters at 21, most of you are born human."

Peter nods in an unspoken understanding of the question dad is trying to ask. "You all have a little shifter blood, to begin with, watered down, that's why you take to shapeshifting better than a born shifter? Hence the shifting to a full wolf. You truly are lycans."

*I sigh at having this conversation on my family.*

I look up at Alexi and Derek(Der-bear) joining us at the counter as I try to figure out how to explain just how unhuman our bloodline and why we strive so hard to keep humans in our bloodline. "The elders encourage us to have children before we turn 21, so we're born human. A lot of us have already turned before we have our first child which is why the rules are there to increase our chances of having at least one human child."

Alexi says, "When shifters have kids, we're encouraged to marry humans to return to human, so the children have a choice of what race they want to be. There's diluted shifter blood in all our bloodlines. Mixing that and our witch blood caused the elemental bloodlines. The constant infusion of supernatural genes has made us stronger and more powerful when we change."

Celestria says, "their reflexes and understanding of the supernatural surpass human, and sometimes, even supernaturals. Sometimes, like in Stiles case, the parent tries to isolate the child from anything supernatural so they can live as close to normal humans as possible. Fate always intervenes and brings them back into the supernatural fold."

I add, "The elders want us to provide human heirs to continue our bloodline and training before we turn. I'm now an Alpha's Mate, and my children will be werewolves, so I bucked the system on so many accounts that they are happy I'll have heirs. Alexi ... well. Alexi is Alexi."

Alexi smiles. "I knew what was expected and my mate shunned me, or so I thought. I did try selecting weak and orphaned females that ensured I had custody of any children until I became an Alpha. I couldn't get it up with females. Then I couldn't cheat on Derek even though I didn't have Derek and I wasn't interested in providing human heirs. I always wanted Stiles and me to have kids we can raise closely together like we were."

I giggle at the thought. "I can't see Derek and me swapping jars of pickles while fussing over not being able to sleep because the bed's no longer comfortable."
Derek laughs. "You never know. That's years away. *It could happen.* I mean I'm open to it."

I stare at him. This isn't the same grumpy Derek (Der-bear). I will always refer to him that way in my head now.

Peter leans forward. "What trainings must you pass on? Besides your speed and ability to outrun a crazed, shifted Alpha? Or hiding your scent when you feel threatened as Stiles has done on many occasions?"

I nod. "Umm. Time-stalling. It's focusing so intently on something that, for us, time slows down (perception wise). It allows me to isolate and shoot off a fly's wings without hurting the fly."

Alexi says, "as a human child I was taught to run through the forest by leaping from tree to tree. By the age of eight, I could jump onto a moving train and land on my feet. I was still human at that time."

He thinks a minute. "I started learning hand to hand when I was four and haven't lost a fight since I was ten. I started teaching Stiles hand to hand after he asked me ..." he looks at me "...I'm guessing it was after that Argent bastard tortured you."

I nod and then smile as I look at Alexi. "*We could show them time stalling with hand to hand.*"

He smiles. "We can do that. Let's go out back, and we'll show you what it looks like."

Alexi and I practice fighting, and to us, *we feel like everything around us slows down, but to them, we sped up,* and every movement is surgically precise and on point. Like *The Matrix.* We move so fast that they can barely see us move.
The others come back from their tour while we practice. Things sound differently when we do this, so I'm not sure what they say, but the tone sounds shocked.

We fight for what seems like hours but it is only fifteen minutes before Alexi wins, as usual, and time returns to normal.

He helps me up off the ground as he says "you've improved a lot, cousin."

Mason looks pretty white for a black guy, and Liam bounces as he says, "that's so cool!"

Parrish says, "that is impressive fighting skills. If I may ask, why wasn't Stiles taught to fight with you as a child?"

Alexi says "he tested as a sniper and we don't waste training time for them on guns when they can learn concealment, mimicking, and of course marksmanship."

I grimace as I look at Parrish. "Snipers don't have to fight or get close to the enemy to be effective. It's not necessary. Mom wanted me to have a chance of being as normal as possible. She kept me away from everything supernatural except Alexi, Tynk, and Uncle. Snipers are taught to outrun and hide from our enemy and to become anyone to avoid detection, with acting and Sherlockian observation."

Parrish asks "chameleons?"

I nod.

Alexi says, "He can act so much like someone else, that with a little makeup or prosthetics, you can't tell who's who. He can hide his scent and his thoughts so not even awere can know it's him. We might realize that he has no scent, but that's not something a shapeshifter would notice."

Scott looks at the darkening sky and sighs. "My entire pack is here, and it's too long of a drive to get back. I guess we can stay here."

Alexi says, "the guy I have going to Beacon Hills, to take over as acting Sheriff and is a guaranteed shoo-in to win the election, won't be in place until tomorrow night."

Melissa smiles as she grabs Scott's arm, "we need to catch up and talk. That's a good suggestion. Stiles? Is that okay?"

I stiffly nod. Alexi is our dominant between the two of us, and he generally makes the decisions. I rarely go against them. Scott makes a few good points. It is a long drive. I'm still apprehensive about them staying, but I know how to hide scents.
Panic at the Theater

Chapter by Steter Club ideas (aneria)

SUNDAY, June 3rd, 2012

Malia, Celestria, and I go to work while everyone hangs out and socializes at our place.

Alexi and Melissa, with some help from Derek(Der-Bear), make lunch for everyone.

Late that night
It's nice to sit here eating pizza with Alexi, Scott and his pack, and our pack.

Mason is watching the musical Alexander Hamilton in the background.

I point out "that is grossly inaccurate. Hamilton and his wife were, historically, white and not Laino or African American, as was Aaron Burr. The younger of the three Schuyler sisters, Peggy, one of his many mistresses introduced Hamilton to her older sister. Angelica was already married with two kids and wasn't even there."

Mason smiles. "The cast isn't white because they are removing the racial stereotyping thought processes of the audience. They equate his struggles with class with the perceived inequality of minorities. This representation reaches more young people than the typical retelling. It's so popular that I either can't obtain or afford the tickets."

Peter adds "Peggy was the younger sister, and it was vastly inappropriate for the two to be publicly interested in each other. Stiles and I can relate to that."

I nod. "Oh, yeah! Do you have any idea how long I was interested but too young even to consider it a possibility?"

Later
I want one more piece of pizza, but the only one left has anchovies.

Peter warns me that it will cause bad dreams as I eat it.

Dreams shmeams. I'm hungry. I burned a lot of calories last night with him and practicing with Alexi this morning.

When the movie, musical, whatever, goes off Scott and his group scatters to our three homes for bed.

Derek promises to visit Alexi on the full moon next month, and they will talk to each other every few days if not every day.

Alexi takes Derek down into the secret room behind the main staircase to his bedroom. It's a good thing he soundproofed it long ago.
DURING THE NIGHT

I have the strangest dream.

I'm in a musical.

Wait!

I'm in Hamilton!

I will never eat anchovies again! It's not a nightmare yet, so I go with it. This could be a fun dream.

How did I wind up as Angelica? Wait! Is it sons and not daughters?

LYRICS

A toast to the groom!

Peter is the groom. Peter Hamilton.

To the bridegroom!

Scott is Elizabeth, and I'm Stiles. How even? Why is Scott marrying Peter? In the musical
Angelica got Elizabeth to marry Hamilton so she could keep him in her life and she knew her sister loved him and would provide the image he needed to succeed.

From your brother

Who is always by your side
To your union and the hope that you provide
May you always
Be satisfied (rewind)

Rewind!
I remember that night, I just might
I remember that night, I just might
I remember that night, I remember that

I remember that night, I just might
Regret that night for the rest of my days
I remember those soldier boys
Tripping over themselves to win our praise
I remember that dreamlike candlelight
Like a dream that you can't quite place
But Peter, I'll never forget the first time I saw your face

I have never been the same
Intelligent eyes in a hunger-pang frame
And when you said "hi" I forgot my dang name
Set my heart aflame, ev'ry part aflame
This is not a game.

(p) You strike me as a man who has never been satisfied.

(s) I'm sure I don't know what you mean, you forget yourself.

(p) You're like me, I've never been satisfied

(s) Is that right?

(p) I have never been satisfied

(s) My name's Stiles Schuyler

(p) Peter Hamilton

(s) Where's your family from?

(p) Unimportant, there are a million things I haven't done
Just you wait, just you wait

(s) So this is what it feels like to match wits
With someone at your level! What the hell is the catch? it's
The feeling of freedom, of seein' the light
It's Ben Franklin with a key and a kite! You see it, right?
The conversation lasted two minutes, maybe three minutes
Everything we said in total agreement, it's
A dream and it's a bit of a dance
A bit of a posture, it's a bit of a stance
He's a bit of a flirt, but I'm 'a give him a chance
I asked about his family, did you see his answer?
His hands started fidgeting; he looked askance
He's penniless; he's flying by the seat of his pants
Handsome, boy, does he know it!
Peach fuzz, and he can't even grow it!
I wanna take him far away from this place
Then I turn and see my brother's face, and he is

Helpless
And I know he is
Helpless
And his eyes are just
Helpless
And I realize three fundamental truths at the exact same time

I'm a guy in a world in which
My only job is to marry rich
My father has no elder sons, so I'm the one
Who has to social climb for one
Cause I'm the oldest and the Wittiest and the gossip in
New York City is insidious
And Peter is penniless
Ha! that doesn't mean I want him any less
(Doesn't mean I want him any less)

He's after me 'cause I'm a Schuyler son
That elevates his status, I'd
Have to be naïve to set that aside
Maybe that is why
I introduce him to Scott
Now that's his bridegroom
Nice going, Stiles, he was right
You will never be satisfied
(I will never be satisfied)

I know my brother like I know my own mind
You will never find anyone as trusting or as kind
If I tell him that I love him, he'd be silently resigned
He'd be mine
He would say "I'm fine."
But he'd be lying

But when I fantasize at night
It's Peter's eyes
As I romanticize what might have been
If I hadn't sized
Him up so quickly
At least my dear Scott's, his bridegroom
At least I keep his eyes in my life

A toast to the groom!
To the bridegroom!
From your brother
(Stiles, Stiles, Stiles)
Who is always by your side
To your union and the hope that you provide
May you always
Be satisfied

And I know (yeah)
He'll be happy as his bridegroom
And I know
He will never be satisfied
I will never be satisfied

Then my dream does the fast forward from the wedding and the toast.

Peter dies in a fire instead of the dual. Scott and I are at his side. Aaron Burr is Derek and set him on fire. Go figure.

I wake with a start and immediately check that Peter is next to me and alive.

My wolf and I are feeling pinned in and trapped with Scott here and jealous because he is the one Peter bit back then and I couldn't accept the bite when he offered in the garage. I can't just return to trusting Scott.

Peter and I mate, werewolf married, and Parrish attacks us on our land in less than a day. I'm worried that I'll lose him.
I slip out of bed and shift to my wolf on the stairs heading downstairs.

Run! We need to run! We slip out the back door to run off some of this nervous energy. I should be back before Peter wakes. In my mind, my wolf knows we won't.

I run all over our property but can't get rid of the anxiety and nervousness.

I feel, we feel, confusion and unsafe.

There's nowhere we feel safe!

The cave!
We go to the cave and lay on the bed where we mated with Peter. Maybe tonight's full moon is already affecting us, or the lunar eclipse that is happening tonight. Well, partial eclipse.

The full moon made Scott emotional his first time.

Being in a place that smells only of Peter and I calm my wolf and me, and we fall asleep with our nose tucked in the covers, whining quietly.

MONDAY, June 4th, 2012
The Full Moon

Peter wake to a cold bed and the smell of Stiles panic lingering. He immediately panics and tries to find Stiles. He smells that Stiles shifted on the stairs and went out the back door.

Stiles ran all over the place, so it takes him almost an hour to find Stiles curled up in a little ball on the bed, in the cave.

He breathes a sigh of relief as he climbs on the bed, and wraps himself protectively around his mate before he nuzzles at his mate's neck. He licks his Mate with small worried whines.

I wake up and see my mate's wolf curled around me with his gorgeous blue eyes looking at me nervously.

I whine and squirm further under Peter's wolf and shiver nervously.

We cuddle like this for a few minutes until I'm comfy from his warmth before shifting back to human.

I explain to Peter about my dream and panic and worry that within a day of mating, he gets attacked. He could have died! I can't lose him because that would kill me.

I also tell him that no matter how hard I try, I can't make myself blindly trust Scott again. I want to, for him, mom, and Derek/Alexi (Alerek)?

I... I just can't! I can cautiously attempt to, but he has to earn my trust back. I'm uneasy with Scott in our territory. I trust most of his pack, not Liam, but the others. I merely can't believe Scott.

He pulls me tight against his chest and wraps his arms protectively around me. "No one expects you to blindly trust him again, Little One. I don't blame you if you can't ever have faith in him. Having said that, and I hate to be the one that says this. The pup is learning from his mistakes and the loss of your friendship. He's trying to prove himself, not only to you but to himself."

I sigh as I look up to him. "I'm a big baby. I'm sorry. Maybe tonight's full moon or lunar eclipse are already affecting me. I wish I could do my usual deep cleaning after the full moon, today, to calm my nerves."

Peter smiles and looks at me. "You are not a baby. You were hurt badly by your spirit brother. You
may never fully recover from that. Now. We have two packs here, and we need to bond with them as possible allies. We can have everyone help and clean all three homes, together, early, today instead of tomorrow."

I smile. "Okay, Alpha. That may help with our pack relations."
Peter has his hand comfortably placed on my lower back to keep me calm as we walk back to our house and the various pack members that should be awake by now.

Alexi eyes me warily as I walk in the door before hugging me.

I sigh and snuggle closer to his chest for a minute. "I'm okay, or I will be. I just needed Peter to remind me it's okay to be a little selfish and look after my needs as well as the packs."

Alexi frowns. "That's not being selfish, cousin."

Peter crosses his arms across his muscular chest as he looks shrewdly at Alexi. "Stiles panicked that he'd have to blindly trust someone he doesn't trust much, for the sake of the pack. I told him the pack would never make anyone ignore their feelings or force them to feel something they don't. That's a dictatorship and not a pack, and we respect him and his feelings."

Dad nods as he covertly looks at Scott. "Got it."

Melissa hugs me.

She has the best whole-body hugs.

She kisses the top of my head. "Honey. Take your time. You don't have to jump into anything for the sake of the pack or anyone else. We know you anchor our pack's sense of humanity and you are the glue that holds us together.

Lydia nods as she realizes everyone, and not only Scott, is making the assumptions.
She rushes up and hugs me. "I'm sorry, Stiles. It wasn't just Scott this time. We all assumed you would take us in and take care of everything without even consulting you or asking how you felt about it. I can see how that made you feel forced into accepting us all as best friends again. No one even suggested staying at a hotel. We just assumed we would stay with you. We barged into your home and territory without warning or invitation. We're sorry."

Scott face-palms and even Derek make a sorry face as Peter grits his teeth before gripping me tighter.

Scott lowers his head in embarrassment. "Yeah, man. I'm sorry. I didn't stop to think about it or use my manners. I do have manners because mom taught me some, but I didn't think to use them. I'm sorry for assuming and taking you for granted, again. I'm trying to learn from my mistakes, and you deserve more respect, especially from me. I should have asked if we could stay with you instead of assuming. That was rude of me. I'm sorry, man."

Dad grits his teeth when he realizes that everyone made that assumption, including himself. He wants to kick himself. He'll find a way of making it up to Stiles.

Alexi sighs. As Alpha, he does make the decisions and rarely consults anyone about them. Even he needs to ask his little brother how he feels about things. It used to annoy him when Uncle did that to everyone.

Peter kisses the back of my neck in apology. "Sorry, Little One. We all need to look after your needs better than we have. Myself included."

Melissa sadly says, "I did ask, but I may have implied that I was asking as a formality and I had already made the decision. I'm sorry about that, honey."

Peter looks at everyone gathered together in my living room and squeezes me in a one-armed hug as he remembers the idea to have them help clean. "Stiles, and now myself as well, always deep clean or spring clean the house every month, the day after the full moon."
He looks at Scott and then Derek as he adds, "the Beacon Hills werewolves, like Scott, always recovered from running around and hunting Thumper and Bambi. Or those like Derek wanted isolation and seclusion. It was Stiles’ turn to be alone and recharge and not think about anything pack or Beacon Hills related and spring cleaning your house can be therapeutic."

Peter looks at everyone gathered in our living room. "Since we have three packs represented here, I suggest we work together to clean all three houses, in the interest of building a strong/er alliance ... between our shifter packs."

Alexi divides us into three groups.

My house takes myself, Alexi, Peter, Derek, Mason, and Lydia. I feel grateful that only the ones I trust are in my house.

Malia's house gets Malia, Liam, Cody, and Scott.

Dad's house gets dad, Melissa, Parrish, and Celestria. They lightly chuckle that Celestria is sitting in a chair and supervising.

**8:30 am**
Marco picks up Malia for work and greets Stiles and Alexi with a warm smile. He spots dad and Celestria as says, "Hey boss, bosses, is that a word?"

Melissa heads over to Malia's house to take over supervising everyone still cleaning Malia's house.

**NEAR LUNCHTIME**
We finish cleaning, not only my home, but all three, way ahead of my typical timeline. I don't know how I would have cleaned all three by myself.

Wait.

I'm not by myself.

Not anymore. It's harder to adjust to than I thought. I'm so used to not being able to depend on anyone, besides Peter and Alexi.

I smile as I observe everyone laying around on the ground, relaxing.

Mason went nuts over the library and hasn't moved from there, not since he discovered my ancient tomes. He's like scrat, running around and reading sections of various books to ferret out the answers to questions he didn't know he had.
It takes almost two hours before he finds one book to sit down with, in the overstuffed La-Z-Boy.

**LUNCH-TIME**

Peter, Alexi, Derek, Melissa, and I set up a cold-cut buffet on the counter so everyone can piece together whatever made-to-order hoagies they want.

I quietly chuckle at Derek and Alexi, finding any excuse to touch and stroke their hand over the other's hand. It's kind of cute watching big brother Alexi flirting with the quiet caveman.

I'm leaning against Peter as we eat on the back deck when I feel someone cross my geas. I focus on it and see it's McCall *and* my handler from the FBI (Tony). "Alexi!"

My eyes must have changed because when I look around, I see everyone looking at me.
I flash my eyes to white as I transfer an image of McCall looking out the window of Tony's vehicle to Alexi. Celestra picks it up also since she is an elemental elder.

Being part of our elemental triad does have its advantages. Gran made the 4th nature element for eldership, and now it's Celestria.

Alexi's eyes flash white as he receives the images, and then he's beside me and watching the drive. I can sense his irritation and curiosity.

Peter's on my right as he quietly whispers, "what's going on?" from the side of his mouth.

Alexi says in an overly calm voice, "McCall and the FBI agent that Stiles intimidated with his awesome sniper skills are coming up the drive."

I nod, "Agent Tony Epps. My handler. It's an official FBI visit since no agent can talk to me without my handler present."

Alexi looks at me in surprise. He didn't know I made a deal with the FBI. He's going to be pissed when he finds out it was to keep them off his back.
I sigh. "I made a deal to keep the FBI from stalking me for information. Tony knows I'm a Witch. He's painfully aware of the fact that I work for you as well. When they suspect supernatural or assassin, he comes running for information."

Melissa looks intently at me. "Do you know why Rafe's *Here?*

I shrug. "Rafe noticed I didn't react to near-death like most people. Alexi didn't like Rafe stalking me to figure it out, especially after he discovered Scott's a werewolf. Alexi drafted Rafe into his employment, so to speak." (*Deadpool already happened.*)

Scott and Parrish look at Alexi when they realize Rafe is who Alexi called to take dad's place. In unison, they shout, "**Him?!** That's who you want in Beacon Hills as sheriff for support and guidance?!! **Him? Whhhyyyy?**"

Dad looks at Alexi. "Him? Rafe? You want HIM to take my old job in Beacon Hills?"

Alexi nods. "He's the only adult or person period that Scott truly listens to, and Rafe does have a good head on his shoulders."

I quietly add, "besides, Rafe listens to you because he doesn't have a choice."

Alexi smiles at me and then looks at dad. "Rafe discovered the supernatural himself while investigating Stiles. That's why I got my hooks into him."

He looks at Peter. "I roped McCall into working for me by obtaining his outstanding gambling debt. A very, considerable debt."

I mutter. "Rafe's one vice. He avoided gambling once his debt got large enough for his bookie to want things he won't give. He *does* have ethics and integrity."

Alexi nods. "McCall's very grateful for my patronage. He texted that he's arriving in Beacon Hills tonight. He didn't mention coming here on his way there."

Dad ticks off on his fingers, "then he's trying to get off your payroll, get info from Stiles, or he's still investigating the mystery of Stiles."

Alexi nods, and I do my patented half step sideways as I run an agitated hand through my hair before rubbing my knuckle as I bite my lip in nervousness as I look at the ground to calm myself.
What did Rafe find? What evidence could I have overlooked? "I think he's still investigating me."

The Old Blue Buick pulls up, and McCall gets out of the driver's seat.

He spots Alexi standing next to me and nods to him in nervousness that he hides very well. We can smell it, though.

Tony whispers to Rafe. "That's Alexi. Stiles works for him. Don't piss that man off because he has a very long reach and connections to upstairs. I want to keep my career, and I'm pretty sure you do too. People tend to disappear after threatening Stiles in his presence."

McCall nods. "I've dealt with him before. I'm well aware of his reach. Don't believe all the rumors you hear." He straightens his tie and squares his shoulders.

I think those rumors only have half the facts and you should listen to them. All of them.

Rafe looks nervously at Alexi and Peter in body-guard mode. He answers Tony in a quiet whisper. "Especially when it concerns Stiles. I wasn't expecting him to be here. Maybe I can find out why he's so protective of the kid as well."

Tony laughs. "Take a good look at those two together. They have the same eyes. They have the same gestures. I haven't figured out how they're related, but I'd think half brothers, or twins if they were the same age. Except, I know the Sheriff would never sleep around, and I don't think his wife did either."

McCall's eyes widen. He looks back and forth between the two of us in sudden realization as he works the stiffness out of his jaw.

He steps up to us, or more precisely, to me.

Scott nods nervously. "Dad? You do realize that everyone like me heard you, don't you?"

He pales and says, "I do now, but I have to know."
He turns to me. "Stiles I need to ask you about your trip to Iraq a few months ago."

Alexi looks at me as Scott scratches his head. "Iraq?"

Alexi crosses his arms in irritation as he glares at me.

I try to deny it. "I'm not sure what you're referencing. I'm sure you can verify that there are no records of Stiles Stilinski flying overseas. I mean, Iraq? What would I do in Iraq?" I didn't say I wasn't there. I didn't say anything untrue, so my heart didn't skip.

Dad asks, "isn't that when you went to that special clinic for your yearly genetic tests?"

I give dad and Alexi my nervous haha before turning back to Rafe.

Rafe pulls out some photos of me in Iraq in a military uniform. A few have me half-carrying Justyna out of a truck. There is also a photo of the two of us jumping off a twenty-story building and landing on a three-story building nearby before running away.

I grit my teeth. "Crap! How?"

McCall says, "I was there because those terrorists thought this girl was one of our agents. I was trying to see who they were holding prisoner and if she was one of ours. Are you and the girl like Scott? Is that how you did these things?"

I shake my head. "None of these pictures are of people like Scott." (I think 'maybe a Witch and a Were-Panther or a couple of elementals.)

He pulls out his smartphone and shows us the video he took from the top of a tall building nearby.
A guard watches the door of the truck that Tyna is in as another guard patrols around the building.

The patrolling guard is grabbed and pulled behind the building. You see him get slammed back into the wall and then dragged back. A minute later it looks like the same guard resumes his patrolling.

When he passes the other, stationary, guard, he acts as though he stumbles, grabs the standing guard, and forcefully slams his head into the truck, knocking him out.

When the two guards in the vehicle come out to investigate the thumping noise, the fake guard kicks their ass with fast-moving and precise-martial-arts.

The rogue guard then enters the truck and pulls out Tyna. He gives her a vial of something to drink as he half carries her out of the transport, and she instantly looks better. They then kangaroo-jump up the five-story building behind them.

The guards discover that their prisoner escaped and runs into the building.

When the guards reach the roof, the fake guard and Tyna jump across to the twenty-story building, smashing through a window with their bodies (matrix style), to enter it.

A few minutes later the pair jump off the top of that building and land on the three-story building beyond that.

The fake guard digs around in a dark corner of the roof to reveal a hidden duffel bag with dark-colored clothes for them.

The girl changes clothes while the guy keeps watch.

The guy then removes his uniform helmet to reveal... that it's Stiles.
Stiles then changes clothes as she keeps watch.

Tony says, "that explains this photo of you in Los Angeles in tactical Swat Gear."
Stiles says, "I needed to know how to wear that type of body armor and be comfortable enough with it to pass myself as one of them. Once I know the basics, I can tailor idiocentrics to be anyone."

They return to watching the video

Stiles and the girl stand at the edge of the roof for a second, Stiles eyes flash white, and then hers do as well.

She nods, and then they jump off, flipping when they are a few feet from the ground and land in a crouching run as they run off, in perfect sync, at the same speed, in the same direction, so fast that it's a blur.

Alexi says in old Polish, "I specifically told you not to go."

I sigh before responding, in the same language, because I know him well enough to know that he wants Celestria, and possible dad, and Peter to understand us. "She's our cousin! Our third! Our
third! You know what those bastards do to shifters and witches when they figure out what we are. We have to protect each other! All three of us! Not just you and I and if it's not inconvenient, toss her a life preserver."

He sighs. In old Polish, he says, "Calm down, brother. You don't have to yell. You're right. I do forget that we are the power of three and need to protect each other. I'm lax in that department. You are most important to me, but I should consider her as well. She does watch both our backs, even if I don't always watch hers."

McCall arches a brow when I yell at Alexi, and that brow rises higher when Alexi scolds me for it, and I immediately apologize and lower my head in embarrassment.

I look down and shuffle my feet. I respond in the same language. "Sorry, brother. I didn't mean to yell."

I sigh and roll my shoulders before turning back to McCall. In English, I ask. "Are you here to ask me something specific or are you here to reveal that you saw me in Iraq?"

My handler says to McCall, "tread lightly, Rafe."

McCall nods. "You became that soldier. You perfectly mimicked his limp and how he carried his weapon in his left hand. This is a photo of that soldier, taken a few minutes earlier, and this is you. The only difference is that you're a few inches shorter than he is. Our experts couldn't notice any differences in your movements from his."

"The computer is the one that noticed the sleight height difference, and that's the only difference in the movements between you. How is that possible? Scott's never done anything like that."

Rafe makes the mistake of saying, "Scott's never done anything like that."

My eyes flash gold in anger for a split second, but I've got my eyes closed to hide it. I step forward in tightly controlled fury. "News flash for you! I'm not Scott! I'm nothing like him and never was! Ask what you want to know or get out of my territory!"

Rafe holds his hands up in surrender. "I know you're not like Scott. I..."

McCall looks nervously at Scott before looking at Alexi and then back at me. "I'm sorry. The supernatural world is new to me. I didn't mean it like that. The truth is, what bothers me is the way you acted when a known assassin held a gun to your head and began the countdown to kill you. You showed no fear or nervousness or even concern. It was like you couldn't care less if he killed you or not."

I shake my head. "The Chemist. I didn't. I've been fighting depression and suicidal tendencies for the last few years. It's not like I can talk to a therapist."

Rafe looks at dad, Peter, and Alexi before looking back at me. He stands taller and continues. "That wasn't just suicidal or surrender. That was... Anger. Annoyance. Determination. Those aren't characteristically reactions in a hostage situation or a life and death struggle, especially not for a teenager. You told The Chemist that killing you would kill him. What did you mean by that? That's not a common threat, and the way you said that made it sound like a deadly mistake on his part."

I scoff. "I'm not a martyr or a hero." I give an aggravated hand gesture as I half turn. "Maybe I was
hoping someone would show up to help."

Rafe rolls his shoulders as he says, "Not likely. The school was in quarantined shutdown with no one entering or leaving. How does a teenager look down a gun barrel, knowing they'll die in a few seconds, and not shake like a leaf, cry, plead or beg for their life, even if they are suicidal. Only seasoned soldiers act like that, and you are too young to be that cold."

Alexi says, "no, he's not, and we both can be cold as ice when we need to be. Compartmentalizing is a wonderful thing. Argent is rather big on that himself."

Tony leans towards Rafe and says, "Stiles is an assassin for the Russian mob. Well. Sniper since Alexi doesn't let him get the kill order because Stile has his dad's beliefs about people being able to change. It's been a family position for decades. Alexi uses him for standoffs and intimidation. They're both Witches, and they have The Power of Three ability indicated by the flashing white-eyes to communicate detailed information in a split second and across distances."

Rafe looks askance at me. "The girl is part of your Power of Three?"

Celestria smiles and nods knowingly. "That's obvious, Sonny. You have a druid in your pocket. It's not detailed information we send to each other; its memories of how something looked, sounded, smelled, or felt. In the old days, the Power of Three joined minds to keep an open circuit of communication, allowing three fighting units to fight in tandem during battle. The closer we are, the better the transfer of information. As long as we're in range of each other."

Rafe looks at her. "We're? You're one of them?"

She smiles as she gives him a wink and flashes white eyes.

Alexi nods and rests his arm around my shoulders as he glares at Rafe. "Stiles meant that if anyone hurts him, I will hunt them down and ensure they pay for it. Ten-fold."

He looks at Parrish. "I don't even have to do the dirty work myself. I always protect, defend, and avenge my kin with all the resources at my command."

He looks at Tony. "Our mothers were twins. We may not be twins ourselves, but we're as close as twins, in most respects."

He then advances menacingly on Tony as he growls out, "you can tell me exactly what
arrangements were made to force my cousin into working with you! For your sake, it better not have been veiled threats against me!"

McCall nervously looks at me. "Umm. Can you stop him?"

I shrug. "I don't know. Maybe. Depends on how pissed he really is."

A very white Tony stammers "it wasn't me! I didn't do it!"

I place my hand on Alexi's arm and lean my head on his shoulder. "Please don't get blood or urine on my floors. I hate that smell in my house."

Alexi nods his head and growls with red eyes. "This runt can move my anger to a different target, IF he tells me who it is, and what the deal is."

Tony looks hopeful. "It was Chang. Samuel Chang. My boss's boss. If Stiles shoots the occasional target or assists in providing information about killers, we turn a blind eye on you. It was also agreed to keep it secret... so... so you wouldn't find out!!"

Alexi crosses his arms in barely controlled anger as everyone keeps a wary eye on him, like they could do anything to stop him. "Has Stiles shot anyone for your people?"

End Notes

This will be a very long story away from Beacon Hills.
Plan on updating the 1st and 15th of every month. If you notice I didn't post update remind me. I've written a lot of this already but still writing it.
Let me know if you think I should keep this story to myself or keep posting it here.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!